

In the Nitting times of long ago there was no sea, only lakes and swamps. Jittijitti the wagtail lived in this fine country where then there were plenty of good things to eat, fish and fruits and roots and honey. One day Jittijitti went a long, long way north, travelling away from his own home. He stayed away a very long time, and while he was away a number of yunga (men) came and settled down in Jittijitti's ground, though they knew it was his. They built their maia and got very fat and strong on the good food that belonged to Jittijitti.

One day they looked north and saw Jittijitti coming home. "Here's a kalleegur (owner of fire, hearth) coming," they said, and they went and caught good fish and cooked them and offered them to Jittijitti, but he was so angry with them for coming on his own home ground without his permission, and settling upon it as if it were their own kalleep that he would not touch the fish they had cooked. He did not speak to them, but went over to the lake where they had caught the fish and taking his biggest spear he thrust it into the middle of the lake, down and down, and then splashed the water all about.

As he splashed the water it rose higher and higher and drowned all the people who had invaded his home. By and by Woggal the Carpet Snake who was Jittijitti's great friend came up and made hollows with his big body and the hollows he made became rivers and creeks to carry the waters Jittijitti had made with his spear to the sea, and the water rushed along these and made the sea.