

Tchanbur was a Yamminga womba and was maam-boong-ana (a fully initiated man). He had two jandu (women, wives) who used to go out every day for mai (vegetables, roots, seed, fruits, etc,) and bring home yarrinyarri, yirgili, and many other seeds and fruits, always with their goolbi or warndal (wooden scoops) quite full. Tchanbur used to go out walli (meat) hunting, but was too lazy to catch much, and so he oftencame home empty handed and his jandu and he had to live most of their days on mai. Now a womba must always find walli for his family and his women must always find mai. No womba must look for mai and no jandu must hunt big wallee.

One day an old man called nalja came and sat down by Tchanbur's camp. He saw the women eating only mai and so he went out to the pindan(bush) and speared a kangaroo and brought it to the camp and gave it to the women, Tchanbur also helping himself to the walli. Everyday Nalja went out and each day he brought back walli, and the jandu getting a great deal of mai, they all got very fat and strong. Tchanbur let Nalja go and bring home walli and so one day while Tchanbur was away, Nalja ran away with the jandu and took them towards his own country. Tchanbur came back empty handed as usual, but found his camp deserted and his women gone with Nalja, and no mai or walli for him. He was very angry and tracked Nalja and the jandu till he came up to them. Nalja said to him, "You stand out there and we will fight, you are no good, you never catch walli and you eat mai always." They stood out at some distance from each other and Tchanbur threw his spear at Nalja, but he had not a strong arm, and Nalja easily dodged his spear. Nalja then threw his spear at Tchanbur and killed him, and kept the women, for he could always catch plenty walli for them. A man must always find walli for himself and his family and not depend on others to catch it for him. If he allows other men to feed his jandu, these men can then take the jandu away and keep them.

Another Version

Tchambar had two jandu and every day he went out hunting and always returned in the evening with plenty of meat. He pretended he had to go a long way for it. "But you never come hom tired," said the jandu. "Oh, that is because I am big and strong," he said. Tchambar however, who was a Pindana womba, only went a little way and then he went into the beega and lay down and slept. A Koojong womba named Nalja used to meet Tchambar every day and share his wallee with him and that was the wallee Tchambar brought home to his jandu, saying he had caught it marra - far away.

Nalja was a great wallee hunter and so Tchambar always had a big portion of the meat. Tchambar went only to Nalja's camp and sat there waiting until Nalja brought the wallee home and shared it with him. This went on for a long time and at last Nalja got tired of giving and giving the greater portion of his wallee to Tchambar and getting nothing in return. So one day he caught a langoor (opossum) with his other wallee, and he said to himself, "Now I'll let the jandu know that Tchambar does not get his own meat," so he took all the entrails out of the langoor, instead of taking only the stomach, but he made the same small hole that is made when the stomach is taken out. Then he filled all the inside of the langoor with doogur (red ochre) and closed up the little hole he had made, fixing it tightly with a wooden skewer, as is always done when the stomach is taken out, to prevent the flies from getting inside and spoiling the wallee.

That evening Nalja gave Tchambar a great quantity of meat, duck, turkey, long-tailed iguana, and the opossum. Tchambar was so glad that he took them all quickly without looking at them, fastened them by their heads to his namba and walked home to his jandu very proud with such good meat. The jandu were very pleased and said, "We will cook the iguana and opossum and give Tchambar the turkey, for that is what he likes best." But when they opened the langoor and saw the doogur, the elder one said to the other, "Tchambar never caught this, he has not been catching any wallee at all. Let us track him and see who has been giving him wallee to bring to us."

So leaving the wallee they stole away and following Tchambar's tracks soon reached Nalja's camp, and he said to them, "I knew you would come when I put doogur in the langoor. You come away with me, for I can find you plenty wallee always. If Tchambar wanted to keep his jandu, he should not let another womba feed them with wallee. Womba must get wallee for their own jandu and not take it from other men."

So Nalja and the jandu went away koojangoora. Tchambar followed his women and by and by came up to where they were sitting in Nalja's camp. "You come back to my booroo," he said. Nalja answered for the jandu, "No, they won't go back to you. They don't want a womba who won't hunt for his own wallee. I have been giving you wallee for a long time, and you took it, took it, and never gave anything back. I can always get plenty wallee for the jandu, but I will fight you for them." (Tchambar had found the doogur langoor, and then he knew that the jandu had found him out.) He said to Nalja, "Yes, I will fight you," so they went out in the open with their spears and karboorna (shields) and Tchambar threw his spear but he had let himself get so lazy and fat that the spear only hit Nalja's karboorna a little bit. Then Nalja threw his spear and it went right through Tchambar and killed him. So Nalja kept the jandu and always found plenty wallee for them, for he knew if he did not the jandu could go away from him.