

TCHALLINGMER AND LENGO

PELICAN AND MAN

A Broome Legend

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In the Yammaing times of long, long ago, Tchallingmer the pelican was a ko-al gurdi womba (Southwestern man) and Lengo was a Kularra booloo womba (Western man). They were travelling koo'nian (north).

Lengo had a very good Koolmi lanji (heavy, fighting, broad triangular-shaped boomerang) but Tchallingmer had only a light jirib lanji, made from the wood of the jirib tree, and Tchallingmer greatly coveted Lengo's fine lanji.

Lengo was a great fisherman and he showed his kularra booloo *(Western)* brothers' sons how to catch fish with bait. He broke nee'barda and jang'i and many other kinds of ban'mungo (shellfish) into small pieces and threw them into the sea and the big fish came up to eat them, and Lengo killed as many as he wanted. He also caught a karrajoonoo (small mullet-like fish) and cooked it and chewed it and spat it out over the sea, and the fish came fast and fast to eat the karrajoonoo so that the kularra booloo men had always plenty of fish. Lengo threw his koolmi lanji amongst them and the lanji would go round and round in the sea and kill many walga-walga and other big fish.

One day Tchallingmer and Lengo were fishing and Lengo's koolmi lanji killed many big fish, but Tchallingmer's jirib lanji only killed small and "no good" fish. He was very jealous and envious of Lengo's good lanji. When Lengo caught all the fish he wanted, he and Tchallingmer sat down neat the barda (beach) and Tchallingmer said, "Joong-goo wan birdin." (Fire make.)

Now joonggoo was the koal-gurdi word for fire and nooroo was the kularra booloo word and all womba liked their own speech best, and always mimicked the speech of their neighbours, for they thought their own speech better than any other.

So Lengo said very crossly, "Nooroo kannu birdin," (Fire I will make)"and I will talk my own speech."

While the fish was cooking they argued and argued about their ngang-ga (speech). By and by they stopped arguing to eat and when

they had eaten Tchallingmer said, "You and I change lanji."

"No," said Lengo, "I won't give you my lanji."

"Ngowai," said Tchallingmer, and he did not ask again, but when Lengo put his koolmi lanji on the ground Tchallingmer picked it up and put his jirib lanji in its place.

Presently Lengo picked up the lanji and saw it was not his, so he said, "You have my lanji. Give it back to me."

"Let me throw it first," said Tchallingmer, and he threw the koolmi lanji up, and told Lengo to catch it, but every time the lanji came near him it rose up over his head and went round and round again. Tchallingmer said, "Get your mung-oorl (spear) and stop it," but though Lengo held his spear high up, the lanji rose higher and higher and went round and round and round and at last went into the sea.

"Oh, my lanji, my lanji!" cried Lengo, and he swam off to where it was floating, but every time he tried to reach it, the waves rose up and pushed him back to the beach.

Lengo was very angry and Tchallingmer said, "I will get it," and he swam to where the koolmi lanji was and caught it in his mouth, and when Lengo saw his lanji in Tchallingmer's mouth he said, "Now you can keep my lanji, but it will stay in your mouth always, and you can never get it out again," and when Tchallingmer changed into a pelican he had a mouth like a koolmi lanji.

Lengo travelled further north (koonian) and went into the ground at Lengo-goon, near Weera-gin-marri, at the place where he used to catch fish with banmunge and karrajoonoo bait, and all the kularrabooloo men who went to Lengo-goon to fish had to use the same bait that Lengo used in Yammainga time and they always caught plenty of fish.

Lengo had a little son whom he greatly loved and one day while he was away fishing, lightning came and took his boy and Lengo was so angry with his jeemarra (wife) that he hit her on the back with his nowloo (club) and she died and turned into stone near Weema-gin-marri, and there you can see the bent form of Lengo's jeemarra, whom Lengo killed because she had not saved his little

son from the lightning.

Tchallingmer said to Lengo, "When men meet one another they should always exchange their things with each other, lanji, mung-oorl, nowloo (boomerangs, spears, clubs, etc.) when asked to do so, for that is the law of all womba (men)."

And the stone woman of Weergin marri tells all women that they must always take care of their children so that no evil magic can come to them.