

Tchan-bur was a full-grown man. He had two wives who used to go out every day for mai (vegetable food), and bring home plenty of fruits, seeds and roots. Tchanbur went out to hunt, and brought back the meat. He said he had to go a long way for it.

"But you never come home tired," said the jandu (wives).

"That is because I am big and strong," said Tchanbur.

He did not go hunting at all. He went only a little way, and lay down and slept in a beega (shade). He had a friend named Nalja, a great hunter of meat. Nalja would bring his wallee (meat) to Tchanbur every day, and share it with him. This was the meat that Tchanbur brought home to his wives, saying he had caught it marra -- far away.

This went on for a long time. At last Nalja was tired of giving such a big share of the meat to Tchanbur, and getting nothing in return. So one day he caught a lan-joor (opossum), and he said, "I'll let the jandu (wives) know that Tchanbur does not get his own meat."

He took the insides 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 the langoor with doogul (red ochre), and closed up the little hole, fixing it tightly with a wooden skewer, as is always done when the stomach is taken out, to keep the flies from getting inside and spoiling the wallee.

That evening Nalja gave Tchanbur plenty of meat, -- duck, turkey, long-tailed goanna, and the opossum. Tchanbur was so glad that he took them all quickly without looking at them, and walked home to his jandu, very proud of such good meat.

The jandu were pleased. They said, "We will cook the goanna and opossum and give Tchanbur the turkey, for that is what he likes best." But when they opened the langoor, and saw the doogul, the elder one said to the other,

"Tchanbur 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 they stole away, and followed Tchanbur's track, and came to Nalja's camp. He said,

"I knew you would come when I put doogul in the langoor. You come away with me. I can find you plenty wallee always." If Tchanbur wanted to keep his jandu, he should not let another womba feed them with wallee." Men must get meat for their own wives, and never take it from other men."

So Nalja and the jandu went away together.

Tchanbur followed them, and came to where the women were sitting in Nalja's camp.

"You come back to my booroo (ground)," he said.

Nalja said, "No. They won't go back to you. They don't want a womba (man) who won't hunt for his own wallee. I have been giving you wallee for a long time, and you took it, and never gave anything back. I can always get plenty wallee for the jandu. I will fight you for them."

Tchanbur said to Nalja, "Yes. I will fight you."

They went out into the open with their spears and shields. Tchanbur threw his spear, but he had let himself get so lazy and fat that the spear only hit Nalja's shield.

Then Nalja threw his spear, and it went right through Tchoonbur and killed him.

So Nalja kept the jandu, and always found plenty of wallee for them, for he knew that if he did not they would go away from him.