The ancestral hero Ngurunderi paddled his bark canoe down the small creek which was later to become the River Murray. He had come from the Darling, following the giant Murray cod. As this fish swam, its tail swept aside the water, widening the river to the size it is today. When Ngurunderi paused to rest the cod swam on into the Lake, and he gave up all hope of catching it. Then he thought of his 'wife's brother', Nepele. Quickly getting into his canoe he rowed to Bumondung, and from there called out to Nepele, who was sitting on a red cliff named Rawugung, Point McLeay. Nepele pushed out his canoe, rowed it to some shoals, and waited with spear in hand. The cod swam down toward Nepele, who speared it opposite Rawugung and placed it on a submerged sandbank there. When Ngurunderi arrived they cut up the cod into many small pieces, throwing each into the water and naming the fish it was to become. Finally they threw the remaining part into the lake saying, 'Keep on being a Murray cod.'

Ngurunderi continued his travels. Eventually he reached Bamundang, where he disembarked and pulled up his canoe: his footprints are still there. Carrying the canoe he walked to Larlangangel, where he left two large mounds of fresh-water mussels. One day, on his way back from Granagung, he saw some people at a place called Ngirlungmurnang. They were frightened of him and hid in the reeds. But Ngurunderi could hear them whispering, and he transformed them into a species of blue bird. At this juncture Ngurunderi's two wives appeared. They were at Gurelbang cooking the dugeri (silver bream), tabu to women, and the breeze blowing from that direction carried the smell to him. Having no further use for his canoe, he stood on the two mounds at Larlangangel, and, lifting it up, placed it in the sky where it became the Milky Way. He then set off for Gurelbang. In the meantime the two women, thinking Ngurunderi might smell the fish, had made their escape on a reed-raft, poling their way across Lake Albert to Thralrum, on the western side. There they left the raft, which was metamorphosed into the reeds and yaccas found at that point today, and continued down into the Coorong.

When Ngurunderi reached Gurelbang and found them gone he too made a raft, and followed them into the Coorong. Here he met a malignant spirit named Barambari. Ngurunderi asked whether he had seen the two wives, but Barambari started a quarrel and speared him in the thigh. Ngurunderi laughed, pulled it out and threw it away. Then he threw his club, knocking Barambari unconscious, and thinking he was dead turned to go. But Barambari regained consciousness, and manipulated his magical spear-
thrower in such a way as to stop Ngurunderi from walking on. Ngurunden returned, and killed him with his club. He lifted some large gums and other trees, piled them into a heap and set them alight, then lifted Barambari's body and placed it on top of the blazing pyre so it would be completely consumed. Turning around he tried again to walk away, but again could not do so. He picked up all the congealed blood and threw it on the fire, and after that he was able to continue. At Wunjurem he dug a hole in the sand to get fresh water. Kneeling down to drink he put his head against the sand, and this depression was transformed into rock.

Eventually he came to Ngurunduwungungirl (Ngurunderi's home), where he lived for some time, giving up all hope of finding his wives. Later he continued his wanderings down the coast along Encounter Bay, and after a number of adventures was about to cross over from the mainland to Kangaroo Island when he saw his wives starting to do so. It was possible, at that time, to walk across to the island. When they reached the centre Ngurunderi called out in a voice of thunder saying, 'Fall on them, you waters!' Immediately the sea rose, and they were drowned; but they were metamorphosed into Meralang, 'Two Sisters', now called The Pages, north-east of Cape Willoughby on Kangaroo Island. Ngurunderi then went to Kangaroo Island, called Ngurunguau, meaning 'on Ngurunderi's track', referring to the path taken by all spirits on their way to the spirit world. He made a large casuarina tree, under which he rested. Then he walked down to the western side of the island, and threw away his spear into the sea: rocks came up at that place. Finally he dived into the sea to cleanse himself of his old life, and went up into the sky: Waieruwar, the spirit world. But before disappearing, he told the Jaraldi people that the spirits of their dead would always follow the tracks he had made, and eventually join him in the Sky-world.
OH-O-WAH WAS A BIG SNOWY OWL, AND A CURIOUS
bird was he.

Oh-o-wah wanted to be like the swan and have
a long neck. He wanted to be like the white heron and
have a long beak. He wanted long legs. He wanted
everything other birds had.

It was a good time to want things. In those days
Ra-wen-io was making the animals and the birds as
they wanted to be. He walked through the forest and
asked each fur-coat and feather-coat how he wanted
to be. Ra-wen-io was very patient.

One day he came to the bushlands where he saw
Hippity Boy, the rabbit. Rabbit was sitting on a
stump beside the trail waiting for Ra-wen-io to come
along.

Rabbit was singing a song, "How I'd like nice
long ears and long legs like the deer! How I'd like
nice long hair and sharp claws like the lynx!"

The Owl’s Big Eyes

Ra-wen-io, the Masterful Owl,
tive song of Rabbit and came like a
A-ctive story of Rabbit and came like a
Hoot and Owl rolled his eyes and began to look.

"Oh-o-wah, oh-o-wah," hooted
Raatatat and Ra-wen-io saw
the forbidden thing to do. He
the tree and shoved his head
right side of his head and began to look.

"Henceforth, now and forever,"
all owls shall have short
eyes that cannot roll, and all owls
Ra-wen-io, the Masterful One, heard the plaintive song of Rabbit and came like a cloud to him and took him in his hands.

“All the feather folk, all the scale folk, all the fur folk, hear!” said the Masterful One. “Turn your heads, close your eyes, for none shall see the miracle I perform.”

From his perch in the tree, Oh-o-wah looked down. “I want nice long legs, I want a nice long neck, I want a nice long beak, I want the best feathers, I want everything better than anyone else,” hooted Owl.

“Be still and close your eyes,” said Ra-wen-io, while he pulled at Rabbit’s ears to make them long. Then he grasped Rabbit by the waist and began to pull his legs to make them long.

Just as he was fixing Rabbit as he wished to be, Owl rolled his eyes and began to blink. He turned his head and began to look.

“Oh-o-wah, oh-o-wah,” hooted Owl.

Ra-wen-io looked up and saw Owl looking. This was the forbidden thing to do. He plucked Owl from the tree and shoved his head right down into his shoulders. He looked into Owl’s eyes until they grew large with fright, and then he smoothed Owl all over.

“Henceforth, now and forever,” said Ra-wen-io, “all owls shall have short necks. They shall have big eyes that cannot roll, and all owls shall live in the
dark where they cannot see what is done on earth when the sun shines." Then he put Owl into a hollow tree.

Ra-wen-io went back to the stump where he had left Rabbit, but Rabbit had run away the best he could, for his legs were only half finished.

To this day, Rabbit hops and is called Hippety Boy. And to this day, owls live in the dark and hate all rabbits, hunting them whenever one strays into the dark of the wood.

So that is why owls have big eyes and short necks, and why rabbits hop.

This is a short story, my nephew, but it's all the old folk know about it, so I am done. Na ho.

The Woeful Tale of Long Tail Ra and Long Tail Lyn

Bear had a long tail, Woodchuck had a long tail, and even Deer had a long tail. Panther and his cousin, Lynx, had a long tail. Rabbit had a long tail once, and he didn't know who to run around with, he didn't know who to run around with, he didn't know who to run around with.

Of course there is a fox in the forest that is why neither Rabbit nor Lynx has a long tail anymore. Now comes the story.

Once upon a hill, a long time ago, there lived a deep forest full of dark mystery and secrets. In this forest lived a mighty tribe of animals, each with his own business pretty well—all of them. His companions called him Jiggledy because his face was so fat and had side-whiskers.

Little Lynx had a splendid eel of a tail he kept streaming out behind on