

WARRIGAL & THE MUNDURRAH

THE OLD DINGO & THE HUNTER

WARRIGAL, the dingo, was too old to run the wallaby down. He had crept into striking distance when it was startled and fled. As Warrigal wondered angrily what had spooked the wallaby, an old mundurrah (hunter) appeared. He too had been tracking the wallaby, and he too was angry. When he spotted the old dingo he raised his spear.

"I am so hungry, even a skinny old warrigal will do," he shouted.

The Warrigal trotted off with the mundurrah in pursuit, both weary from age and hunger. When Warrigal could run no further, he turned. "Why chase me, brother?" he said.

"To eat you. And you are not my brother," puffed the mundurrah, grateful for a rest.

"But we are both lonely, lame, old hunters, are we not?" said Warrigal. The mundurrah scratched his beard while he thought.

"Perhaps we are sort of brothers," he said.



"Of course we are," said Warrigal, "and brothers do not kill each other, though both must eat."

"And neither of us eats well any more," said the mundurrah. They both sighed.

"If we are brothers," they agreed finally,

"then perhaps we should hunt together, and share the catch. We would both eat better together than we do separately."

And so they did, as do their descendants. Hunter and dog can be seen in any camp to this day. ■

