



# *Mooregoo the Mopoke and Bahloo the Moon*

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Australian

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*Easy*  
*1 min read*

Mooregoo the Mopoke had been camped away by himself for a long time. While alone he had made a great number of boomerangs, nullah-nullahs, spears, neilahmans, and opossum rugs. Well had he carved the weapons with the teeth of opossums, and brightly had he painted the inside of the rugs with coloured designs, and strongly had he sewn them with the sinews of opossums, threaded in the needle made of the little bone taken from the leg of an emu. As Mooregoo looked at his work he was proud of all he had done.

One night Bahloo the moon came to his camp, and said: "Lend me one of your opossum rugs."

"No. I lend not my rugs."

"Then give me one."

"No. I give not my rugs."

Looking round, Bahloo saw the beautifully carved weapons, so he said, "Then give me, Mooregoo, some of your weapons."

“No, I give, never, what I have made, to another.”

Again Bahloo said, “The night is cold. Lend me a rug.”

“I have spoken,” said Mooregoo. “I never lend my rugs.”

Barloo said no more, but went away, cut some bark and made a dardurr for himself. When it was finished and he safely housed in it, down came the rain in torrents. And it rained without ceasing until the whole country was flooded. Mooregoo was drowned. His weapons floated about and drifted apart, and his rugs rotted in the water.

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