Janga are spirits and will assume many shapes. Sometimes these spirits take the form of snakes, and work evil only, sometimes they are the spirits of dead yungar who did not go to Kuramup, but turned back when half way there to their own ground which they haunted ever afterwards. These janga would choose a shady or thickly wooded spot or cave on their ground, and sit down there always, and after they were once seen the place was avoided and became winnaijung or sacred ground. When their own moorurt passed near by the janga would not hurt him if he strewed some leaves or rushes as he passed by, but if this service was neglected by the moorurt, the janga would send some magic inside him which soon killed him.

Sometimes janga chased any yungar they saw passing and when they caught him would kill and eat him. If a yungar were chased by a janga and he could pick up some nuts from the red gum tree, if he threw these behind him as he ran, the janga would stop to pick them up and so the yungar would have a chance of escaping. Or if the yungar could run towards a river and swim across it, the janga would be unable to cross the water after him, or perhaps when he reached the edge and looked into the water and saw himself, he would forget the yungar and let him go, for he would sing to himself like this:

How Marra ooladha wooraji koole! How Marra ooladha wooraji koole!

Sometimes a yungar will be clever enough to escape from the janga. In times a Malmaling yungar was out getting bardi and a janga suddenly came close to him and said, "What are you eating my bardi for?" The yungar was greatly frightened to find the janga so close to him, but he said, "I did not know they were your bardi. I am sorry that I took your bardi," but janga mouthed at him and caught hold of him quickly, for he wanted to take him home and eat him, so he put the yungar in his goota (skin bag).
(skin bag) and went off through the trees to his cave.

As they went through the trees the yungar tried to get out by catching hold of a branch and at last he caught hold of a thick bough and got out of the bag. Janga went on through the bush, thinking the yungar was still in the goota.

When he got to his kala (fire) he put the bag on the ground, got a stick and lifted the top of the bag very gently so he could kill the yungar when he put his head up out of the bag. But there was no yungar there to kill! The janga shook the bag and held it up side down, but there was nothing there. Then he became so angry with himself for letting himself be tricked by a yungar that he beat himself with his stick all over his body, and turned into a stone at Dargin, and now you can see the stone janga at Dargin with the marks of the stick all over it where the janga had beaten himself. Dargin then became winnajung.

No yungar ventured near the Dargin stone janga and so until the white people came from over the sea, no yungar ever chased or caught an animal which they had speared and which took refuge at Dargin. As soon as it went on the winnajung ground, the animal also became winnajung and was left there. The white people being janga themselves could go into all winnajung places without any harm coming to them, and after a little the yungar thought that the Dargin stone janga could not harm them. One day a yungar chased a warr that he had speared and that had taken refuge near the stone, and he caught the warr and brought it home and divided it amongst his people, but shortly afterwards his mother and sister died, and until all the yungar died on the coming of the white janga to their country, no yungar ever again caught or ate game that took refuge at Dargin.