Storyteller 1: Late one night, for no particular reason,

Storyteller 2: something stirred in the black mud at the bottom of Berkeley's Creek.

Storyteller 3: The fish swam away in fright,

Storyteller 4: And the night birds in the trees hid their heads under their wings.

Storyteller 1: When they looked again, something very large and very muddy was sitting on the bank.

Bunyip: What am I?

Storyteller 2: it murmured.

Bunyip: What am I? What am I, what am I?

Storyteller 3: And the night birds quickly hid their heads under their wings again.

Storyteller 4: In the morning the thing was still sitting there, scraping mud off itself to see what was underneath.

Bunyip: What am I?

Storyteller 1: it kept saying.

Bunyip: What am I?

Storyteller 2: But the night birds were all asleep.

Storyteller 3: A passing platypus solved the problem.

Platypus: You are a bunyip.


Storyteller 4: Then he sat straight up and called out,
Bunyip: What do I look like?

Storyteller 2: But the platypus had dived into the creek.

Bunyip: Am I handsome? Am I?

Storyteller 3: But nobody answered him, and the bunyip went on sitting there for a long time lost in thought.

Storyteller 4: Presently a wallaby came by to drink at the creek.

Bunyip: What do bunyips look like?

Wallaby: Horrible. They have webbed feet and feathers.

Bunyip: Fine, handsome feathers?

Wallaby: Horrible feathers.

Bunyip: Handsome webbed feet?

Storyteller 1: But there was no answer.

Storyteller 2: The bunyip sighed and walked off to find someone else.

Storyteller 3: There was a rustling in the bushes behind him, and suddenly an emu shot past.

Bunyip: Wait! What do bunyips look like?

Storyteller 4: The emu stopped and considered.

Emu: They have fur, and tails.

Bunyip: How many tails?

Emu: One to each bunyip.

Bunyip: Fine handsome tails?

Emu: Horrible tails. And even more horrible fur.

Storyteller 1: And he settled his feathers and crouched down low, and streaked off into the distance.
Storyteller 2: The bunyip wandered sadly along the creek.

Bunyip: Will someone tell me what bunyips look like?

Storyteller 3: he said, to anyone who would listen.

Storyteller 4: But there was no answer.

Storyteller 1: Further along the creek he met a man.

Storyteller 2: The man was busy with his notebook and pencil, and did not look at the bunyip.

Man: Shh, I'm busy.

Storyteller 3: The bunyip waited for a long time, and then he said very slowly and clearly,

Bunyip: Can you please tell me what bunyips look like?

Man: Yes, Bunyips don't look like anything.

Bunyip: Like nothing?

Man: Like nothing at all.

Bunyip: Are you sure?

Man: Quite sure. Bunyips simply don't exist.

Storyteller 2: The bunyip was shaken.

Storyteller 3: Then he sighed a long, deep sigh.

Bunyip: What a pity, what a pity, what a pity.

Storyteller 4: And he walked slowly back to his waterhole.

Storyteller 1: Then he fished his belongings out of the water, packed them in his bunyip bag, and walked away.

Storyteller 2: No one saw him go.

Storyteller 3: The bunyip walked all day, and just as the sun was setting
he came to a quiet, still billabong.

Bunyip: This will do, no one can see me here. I can be as handsome as I like.

Storyteller 4: And he unpacked his bag, and laid his bunyip comb and mirror out on the sand, and put his billy on to boil.

Storyteller 1: Late that night, for no particular reason, something stirred in the black mud at the bottom of the billabong.

Storyteller 2: The bunyip put down his comb in surprise.

Storyteller 3: Something very large and very muddy was sitting on the bank.

Bunyip 2: What am I? What am I? What am I?

Storyteller 4: The bunyip jumped up in delight.

Bunyip: You are a bunyip!

Bunyip 2: Am I? Am I really? "What do I look like?"

Bunyip: You look just like me.

All: And he lent her his mirror to prove it.