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Seeing the rock lift from the earth in the distance, Richard wanted to turn and share his excitement. He doesn't. He keeps his eyes trained on it, telling himself he is approaching a beautiful natural cathedral of the world. Had he read that? That this Aboriginal place of worship was like St Paul's or the Sistine chapel? He got the idea, but you couldn't really compare them. St Paul's was a work of human endeavour, architectural genius and sacrifice. This, despite its power, its beauty, had been pushed up through tectonic shifts. No one had died in the making of it, and the markings on its surface, although he couldn't see them yet, were no match for Michelangelo. The American's bluster rose,

It's Ayer's Rock for Christ sake

It belongs to the Anangu, they –

Who pays for it? Not the Aboriginees

Aboriginals

Whatever. To me it's Ayer's Rock. Always will be

Uluru is a much nicer name

Every time I hear the word it's said differently. Ayer's Rock, on the other hand, always the same, simple, straightforward

Richard turns.

Henry Ayers. A heartless Englishmen, who drove miners to an early grave, their pockets and stomachs empty, as he kept himself, and his fellow shareholders of the Burra Burra mine, living in the lap of luxury. Let's celebrate that shall we. Maybe it's called Ayers Rock because he was such a hard bastard

They all look at Richard as if he has just stepped in through the window. Andy laughs, Maria smiles, the Japanese girls look to each other for some understanding, and there is a

moment when the American's mouth stops moving. Richard returns to the window, the taste of triumph moistening his mouth, he sets his sight back on to the big red rock.

Continues....