

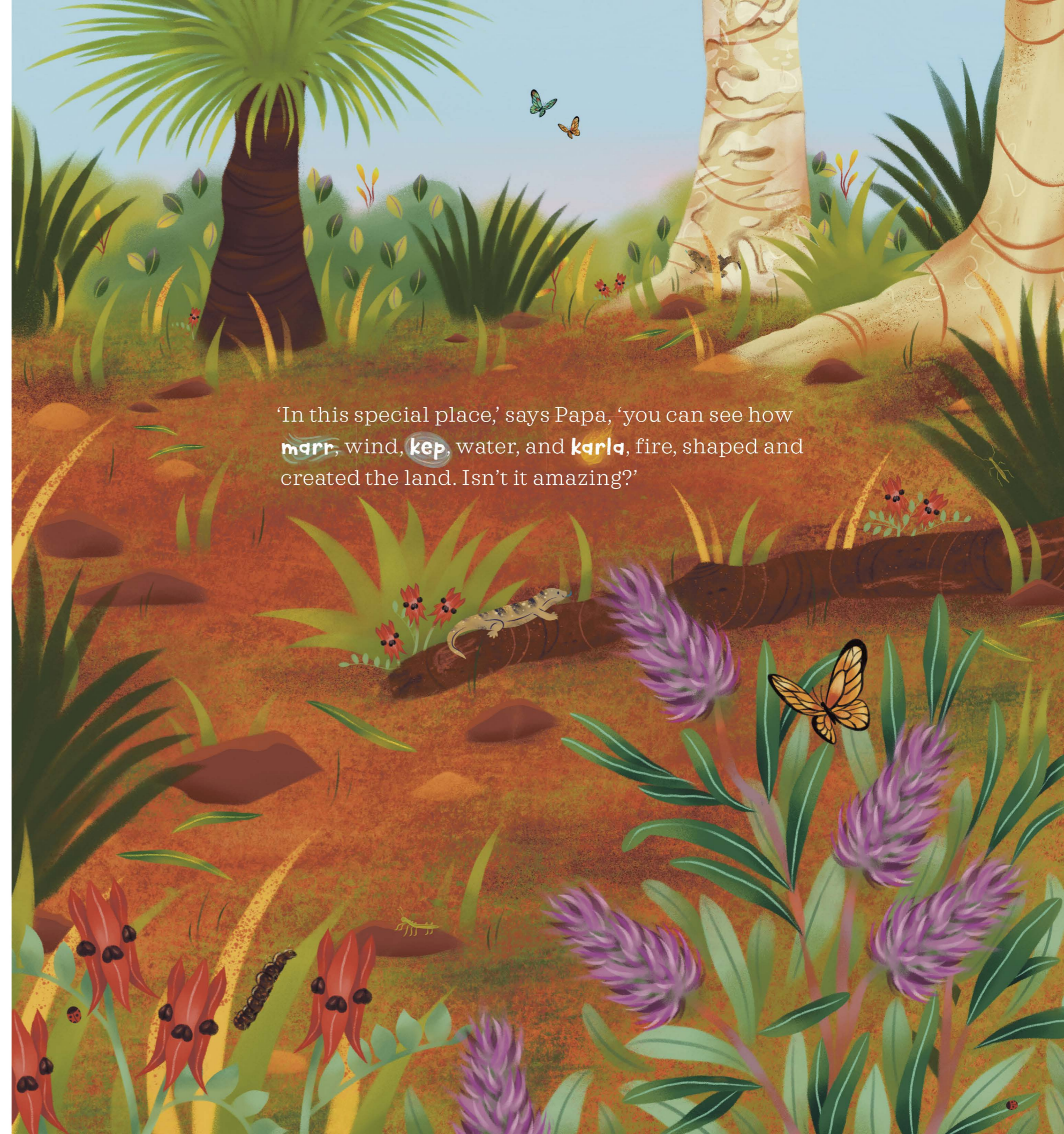


I see two red-tailed  
black cockatoos overhead.

I hear leaves and grass crunching  
as a monitor lizard crosses in  
front of us.



We walk along the river  
and pick our way through  
the rocks. I can feel my own  
heartbeat with each step.



'In this special place,' says Papa, 'you can see how  
**marr**, wind, **kep**, water, and **karla**, fire, shaped and  
created the land. Isn't it amazing?'

'Hats and backpacks,' says Mama,  
as we get ready to go.

Papa walks ahead.  
I run to catch up.





I stay close to Papa.  
He squats, making the action of  
a snake in the rushing water.  
'**Marr** and **kep** helped create  
this gorge, son.'

The wind picks up and the gorge  
becomes darker as the clouds  
rush overhead.

We follow Papa through a narrow  
path where the rocks are slippery  
and sharp, and prickly spinifex  
catches on our clothes.

Suddenly, lightning strikes  
overhead.

'Quick, this way,' says Papa.

