



THUNDERBOLT'S WAY

PHOTOGRAPHER **DAVID GRAY**
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We arrange to meet out near the air-strip, where the tarmac fades into dust. Thunderbolt's Way. It's where the dreams are born, where the story begins, or at least the suggestion of the story. It's warm and still, it feels exactly how you'd imagine such a place should feel, equidistant between the city's flesh-warm concrete and the chilled midnight air of the rusted interior.

He tells us how he dreams the names of horses: Herb's Pal, Mystic Falcon, Hope Street - last night it was Savannah Air in the 2.15 at Moonee Valley. They don't always win, he says, but it must mean something.