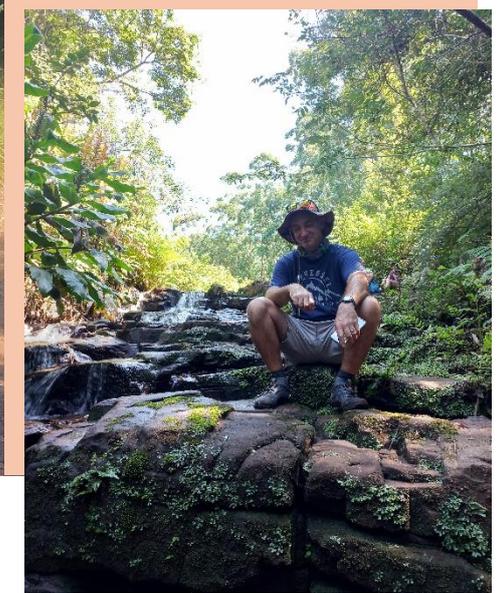


MOREWOOD FARM

7 FEB 2026



Neville, Libby, Bruce, Cheryl, Sandy, Kate, Charlie, Mayalee & Katy



Originally meant to be a hike at Honey Hill, this had to be cancelled as the owners fell short on their promise to clear the overgrown paths. Thanks to Neville & Cheryl, a suitable family friendly replacement hike was suggested at the last minute and around half the original group voted in. We arrived early and after the obligatory pre-hike ablution we ambled off in the direction of the path. Some of the group had hiked here before, but not specifically on the planned 'silver' trail we opted to follow. Sandy warned us upfront that while they claimed the paths were well marked this wasn't exactly the case – there were indeed plenty of markers, but not at every fork or junction – but assured us that it was impossible to get lost. With this in mind, we jovially strolled through the forest paths at a rather leisurely pace, suitably matched for the one little pair of legs with us (my 6yr old daughter). Whilst we may not have been burning the required calories to quantify our after-hike lunch, we did fill up our soul tanks, taking time to look at the birds and the nature around us, and of course a slower pace also allows for more chatting and laughter! There was quite a steep climb early in the hike, which may have quietened a few of us temporarily, but thereafter the path mostly meandered about on a level plane until slowly descending towards the little hidden gem of a waterfall.

This teatime stop rejuvenated 'little legs' Maya who didn't hesitate to switch into her swimming attire for a splash in the water. From there we wandered along various paths of varying vegetation, searching for the elusive silver sign boards that would lead us back to civilization. We did find civilization, only it was a road in an urban area and not at all where we anticipated being, so we retraced our steps whilst trying to convince the more anxious of us (Mayalee) that we were definitely not lost, just rerouting...! Neville noted a silver flash in the branches - the sign hanging limply and quite uncertain which direction it should be facing - and loudly proclaimed that 'his gut says to go right'. Some of us being more practical, noted the position of the solitary nail in the board and deduced we should instead bear left. We found our trail once again and eagerly trekked onwards and downwards, with the sounds of humanity drawing ever nearer until at last, we broke through the trees into the clearing.

It was only then that we felt the immense heat of the day, no longer being cooled by the shade of the forest, and it was a relief to make our way to the Bistro for a cold drink and a scrumptious lunch!



Charlie, Katy, Libby & Bruce



