

# KwaDedakushe Falls Tenting Weekend, Highmoor

Report by: Deon Small

Leader: Deon Small

Date: 28-29 March 2026

Distance: 16 & 18 km

Number of hikers: 8

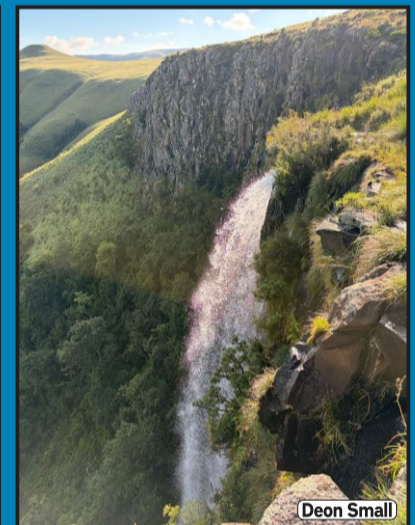
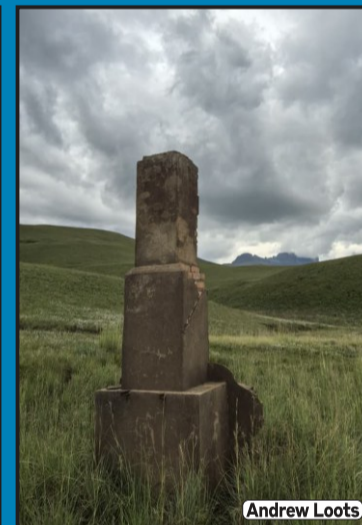
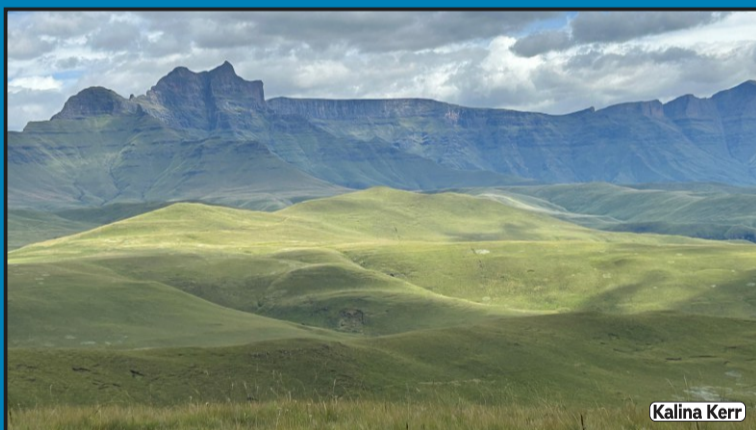
Severity of hike: A moderate hike.



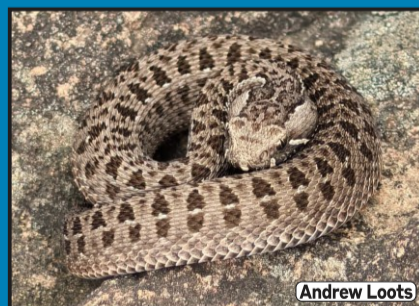
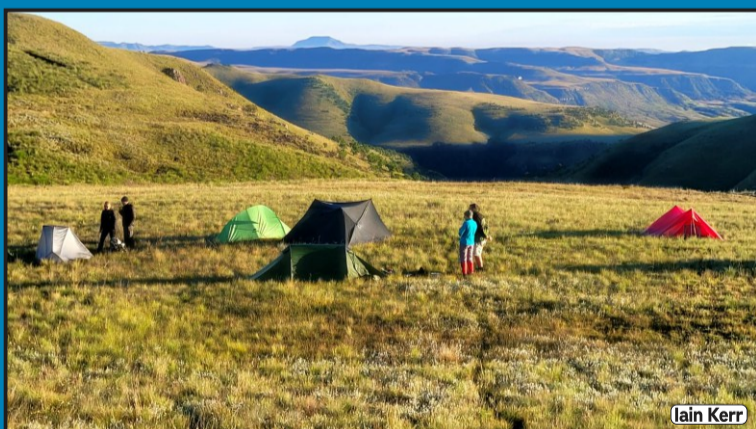
The weather leading up to our hike did not look the greatest, and there was a real risk of the trip being postponed or worse, cancelled. The Friday night, we were hammered by an almighty electrical storm and if the weather report was anything to go by, Saturday was going to be good weather till the afternoon, when storms were going to start forming.



We all met at Highmoor bright and early, the weather was ideal for the hike that lay before us. We were all eager to set off, some faces showed a bit of apprehension, as the bags, heavy laden with supplies and tents, were being picked up. After a quick group photo, we set off, with the Giant looking out over us. The path I planned on following is not the standard trail, and I opted to follow the "jeep track" that runs towards Kamberg, before turning almost 90 degrees towards the Giant. The path is easy to follow and being a "twee spoor", we could walk next to each other and discuss just about every topic under the sun.



Before long we could see the path overlooking the valley that now has opened up before us. We had the most amazing views from Giants Castle all the way to Champagne Castle. Unfortunately, the plaque, that was erected to commemorate the formation of the park in 1972, has been removed, however it is still a major landmark in the area. From here it was just a stone's throw away down the valley – we just had to get down the steep spur, before we got to our home for the night. The sun by now was going down and the air was heavy with humidity and the storm clouds over the high Berg were beginning to build and to the south we could hear some far-off rumbling.



The whole plan from the beginning was to get to the falls, find a suitable camping spot, and put tents up well before any storm hit us. The wind was a welcome relief in the heat and as our tents went up, the area started to look more and more like home for the night. For the rest of the afternoon, we explored the area around the falls, and went looking for the old ranger's hut. We found it just over the ridge and a reminder of a bygone era long forgotten. Unfortunately, our explorations were cut short as the rain was coming and soon we were running for our tents. We all dived into our shelters and waited the rain out.



The rain did not last long and soon we were all standing outside enjoying the cool fresh air washed clean by the rain. Iain had a bit of issues with his "TEMU" tent, (not really from TEMU). In its heyday this tent was state of the art, and would stand up to any rain storm the Drakensberg would throw at it, unfortunately time was not kind on it. Due to all the rain, it sprung a leak and Iain had to jump into action to keep his sleeping bag dry. We all had a good chuckle about it, luckily for us it was not a high berg hike that would have spelled a disaster.



Beth Bester



Iain Kerr



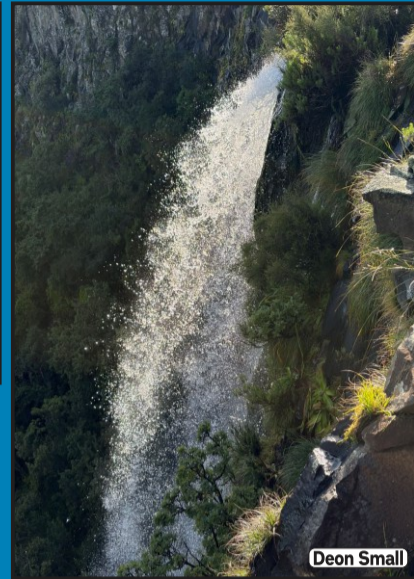
Iain Kerr



Andrew Loots



Deon Small



Deon Small



Deon Small



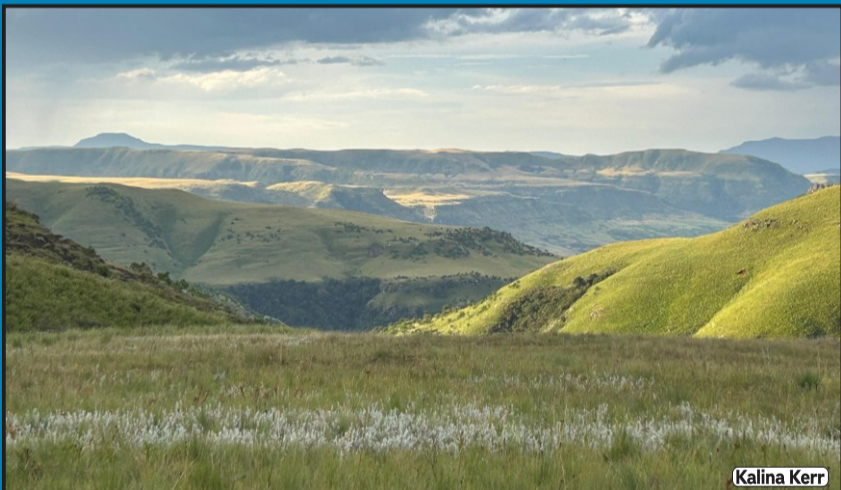
Andrew Loots

Supper was enjoyed, and we were all still standing outside enjoying the last bit of light, watching the sunset and stars begging to come out. There was a slight flicker of lightning way off in the distance but we still had some blue skies around us and it did not look like any more rain. With this false promise we all retired for the night. I woke up from the light rain on the tent fly sheet and soon it was pelting down, no thunder, no lightning, just a heavy rain, and as quick as it started it finished.



Dusty Shaw

I awoke the next morning and was greeted by a stary sky and a feint orange line on the horizon, a promise of a great day. Soon we were all stirring in our tents and one by one we emerged, glad to have survived the night. We all turned to face Iain as he got out of his tent, he was full of smiles, he survived the night and looked like he enjoyed it. We started to pack up and soon the warmth of the rising sun was drying our tents. We stood around and chatted. Then, as if a switch was flipped, we all shouldered our packs and set off on our way home. I changed the route ever so slightly and decided to rather walk up the easier route instead of straight up the steep spur we came down the day before. Luckily for us, it was still nice and cool and before long we were on top.



Kalina Kerr

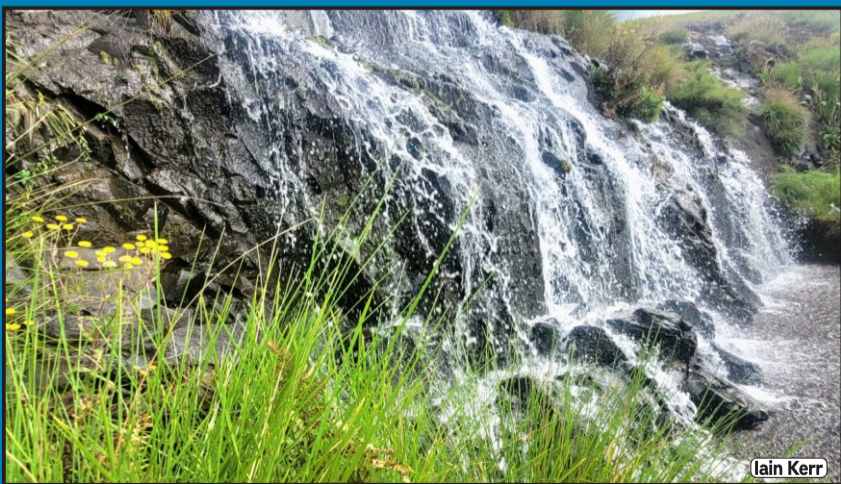


Andrew Loots



Kalina Kerr

From here we basically just walked on auto pilot, and we took the slight turn off and soon we could see Salmo Dam on the horizon. As we got closer to the dam, we were startled by a flock of Cape Vultures, who were feeding on a carcass and while we were watching them circling overhead, we were greeted by a low fly over from a Bearded Vulture, one of the rarest birds, but also the most majestic bird in the Drakensberg.



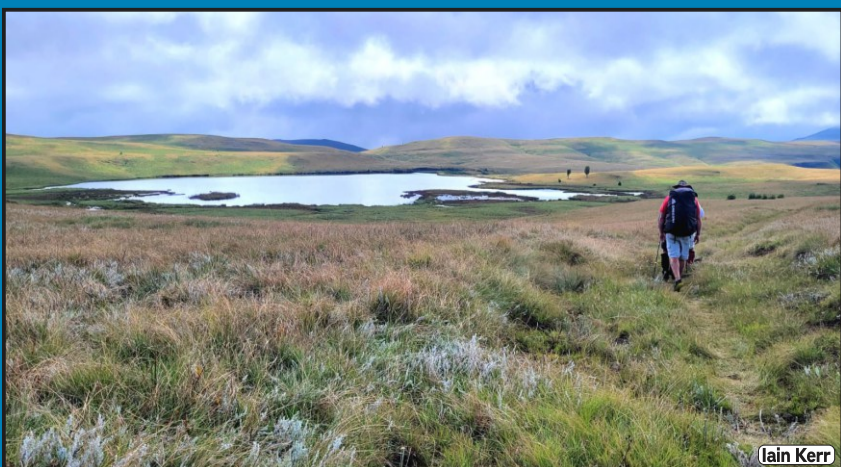
Iain Kerr



Andrew Loots



Iain Kerr



Iain Kerr

Soon we were back at the vehicles, and another great trip came to an end with great friends. This trip was very successful, for some it was ideal to test new gear setups and for others to just get out of the rat race of everyday life, and the promise of many more wild camping trips to come.

Watch this space for the next tenting adventure.

Iain Kerr



Deon Small