

# OCUPER

*Guest Experience Magazine*

**EXPECT THE BEST**

The best is what you deserve



How did we do... ratings that matter.

*Mid North Coast  
NSW*

**EASTER 2026**

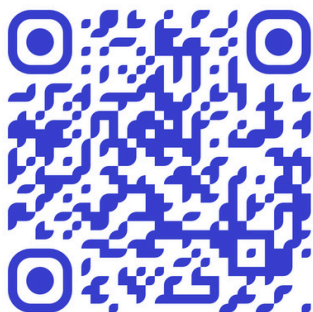
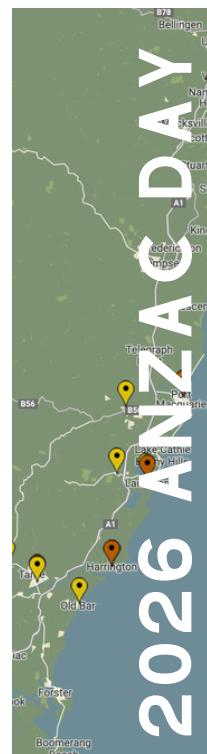


# MID NORTH COAST RURAL FIRE SERVICE **NSW**

*Stay up to date*  
CHECK FIRES NEAR ME...

## Surf Life Saving Clubs LNC & MNC

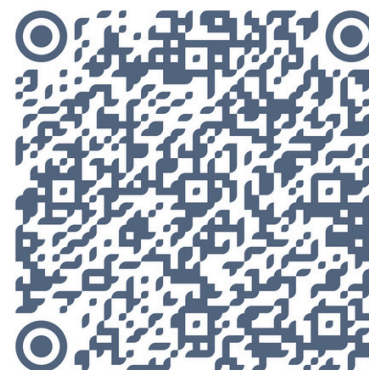
The Surf Life Saving Clubs (SLSCs) along the Mid North Coast of New South Wales play a crucial role in ensuring the safety and well-being of beachgoers in this region. These clubs are part of a larger network that trains lifeguards, promotes beach safety, and provides educational resources to the community. Each club serves as a vital part of its locality, offering services that include lifesaving patrols, first aid, and rescue operations. Here's a list of some SLSCs in this area:



- [Pacific Palms SLSC](#)
- [Cape Hawke SLSC](#)
- [Forster SLSC](#)
- [Taree-Old Bar SLSC](#)
- [Black Head SLSC](#)
- [Crowdy Head SLSC](#)
- [Kempsey-Crescent Head SLSC](#)
- [Camden Haven SLSC](#)
- [Wauchope-Bonny Hills SLSC](#)
- [Tacking Point SLSC](#)
- [Port Macquarie SLSC](#)
- [Hat Head SLSC](#)
- [South West Rocks SLSC](#)

# MID NORTH COAST PLAYLIST **NSW**

*Share your Clips*



SEE WHAT OTHERS SEE



# My Easter Socials - Seaside Bingo

Dolphin Watching	Footprints IN the Sand	Surfing @ Sunrise	Beachcomber Quest
Sand Castle	Seaside Frisbee	Beach Picnic	Pelican Sighting
Seaside Stargazing	Horse Back Riding	Beach Volleyball	Rock Pool
Sunrise Yoga	Beachside B.B.Q.	Beach Pebbles	Bird Watching

## #HASHQUEST

how many hashtags can you tick off our list during your stay?

### General Area Hashtags

Forster-Tuncurry:

#ForsterTuncurry,  
#VisitForsterTuncurry

Pacific Palms:

#PacificPalmsNSW,  
#DiscoverPacificPalms

Seal Rocks:

#SealRocksAdventure,  
#ExploreSealRocks

Hallidays Point:

#HallidaysPointNSW,  
#DiscoverHallidaysPoint

Cape Hawke:

#CapeHawke  
#ExperienceCapeHawke

Laurieton:

#LazyLaurieton,  
#StayLaurietonNSW

Nambucca Heads:

#NambuccaAwaits,  
#DiscoverNambucca

Crowdy Bay:

#CrowdyHeadsNSW,  
#CrowdyAdventure

My Easter Socials - Hash Quest

### Beachin

#ForsterMainBeach  
#OneMileBeach  
#TuncurryBeach  
#DiamondBeachNSW  
#RedHeadBeach  
#BlackHeadBeach  
#RainbowBeachNSW  
#GrantsBeach  
#HatHeadNSW  
#CrowdyBay

VISIT  
**SNAP**  
#Tag  
Post



# MARKET CRAWL Mid North Coast NSW Australia

- Beachside
- Organic
- Riverside
- Countryside

Plan your weekend, plan your stay. Find upcoming markets and local experiences.

## EASTER WEEKEND 2026

10 markets across the Mid North Coast this long weekend

### Friday 3rd April

✓✓✓ Eungai Creek Farmers 9am~12

### Saturday 4th April

- ✓✓✓ Wingham Famers 8am~12
- ✓✓✓ Kempsey Riverside 8am~1pm
- ✓✓ Valla Beach Markets 8am~2pm

### Sunday 5th April

- ✓✓ Blackhead Bazaar 8am~1pm
- ✓✓ Pacific Palms 9am~1pm
- ✓✓ Harbourside @ Coffs 8am~2pm
- ✓✓ Crescent Head 8am~1pm
- ✓ ✓ MNC @ Cassegrains 8am~1pm

### Monday 6th April

✓✓✓✓ Harrington Easter 8am~1pm

## Recurring Monthly Markets

@MarketCrawlMidNorthCoastNSW  
#MyMarketCrawl  
#MarketCrawlMidNorthCoast

### 1ST SATURDAY

- Wingham Farmers
- Kempsey Riverside
- Vala Beach

### 1ST SUNDAY

- Kendall
- Blackhead Bazaar
- Growings @ Coffs

### 2ND SATURDAY

- Gloucester Farmers
- Johns River Hall
- Beachside @ SW Rocks

### 2ND SUNDAY

- Forster Town
- Elands Community
- Nambucca Heads Plaza
- Urunga Riverside
- Crescent Head

FOLLOW US ON

Facebook

For live updates, new markets & last-minute opportunities visit Market Crawl.

[MARKETCRAWL.COM.AU](http://MARKETCRAWL.COM.AU)



[markets mid north coast](https://www.google.com/search?q=markets+mid+north+coast)



**Claim your free listing & grow your stall or event with us**

hayokha.com  
THE QUICKENED SOUL

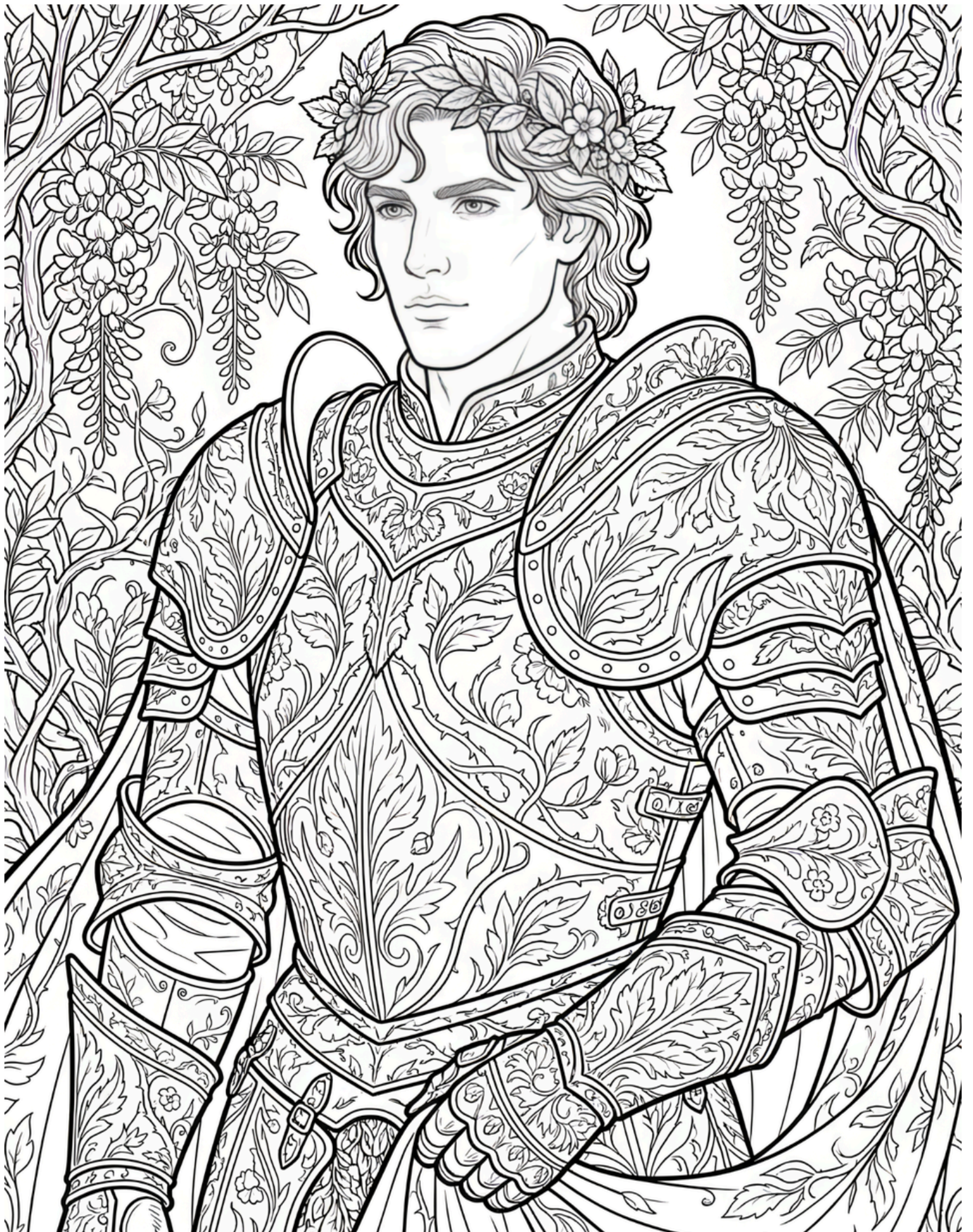
## The Quickening

There's many different factors that can cause someone's soul to quicken. Really any experience that causes you to see the world in a new or different way can be the catalyst for quickening.

When souls are quickened, it is often said that they have had a "spiritual awakening." Often times, when someone has had their soul quickened, they will feel called to share their new found knowledge with others. They may feel compelled to write books, start blogs, give lectures, or teach classes to help enlighten others. This is because they want to help others awaken to their true potential and come into alignment.

If you feel like your soul has quickened, know that you're not alone. There's many people who've had similar experiences and who are also on a path of spiritual awakening. You may feel called to share your new found knowledge and understanding with others. Trust your intuition and follow your heart. The world needs your light!





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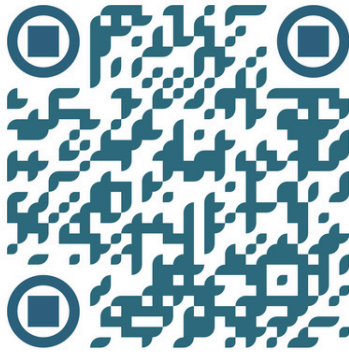


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# KINDLE



# Amazon Author Page



## Get your Kindle copy today

## From Under A Crescent Moon...

The paddock fire was taller than the shed, eating half a tree in gulps, roaring like it meant to swallow the sky. Smoke carried gum and resin, sweet and choking at the back of the throat. Laughter cracked louder than burning timber — brash, human defiance pitched against an ancient, hungry blaze. Kids streaked through the dark with sparklers, dogs snapping at shadows. The old men stood circling with stubbies in hand, their voices rising with every coarse joke, every half-true story shouted across the flame.

I kept to the fence line. Always safer at the edge. From there you could watch them all, join in if you wanted — or not.

Not that I couldn't. If I wanted to, I could out-laugh half the paddock, slice a silence wide open with a line sharp enough to draw blood, then grin until they forgot they'd been cut. Easy. That was the trick. The mask. Trickster, they'd call me. Wolf, if they knew better.

But not tonight.

Because she was here. The new woman Dad had dragged in — and her girl. Quiet as her shadow, half pulled by her mother's orbit, half outside it.

I'd decided already: I wouldn't like them. Couldn't. The house was ours, still my mother's even if she'd gone. My brothers had taken the easy path, packed off to avoid watching another woman stitch herself into the gap. I couldn't blame them. Better to leave than stay and see your blood replaced.

The fire bent then, wind dragging its light across the girl's face. She wasn't laughing like the rest. She stood just back from the crush of people, close but apart, like she didn't belong to them. The flames seemed to choose her, pressing their glow against her cheek, a kiss from something older than any of us.

For one heartbeat her hair flared gold in the light, crowning her face. Not soft, not doe-eyed — intent, solemn, as if she could hear something no one else could.

It struck through me, sharp as an ember landing bare on my skin.

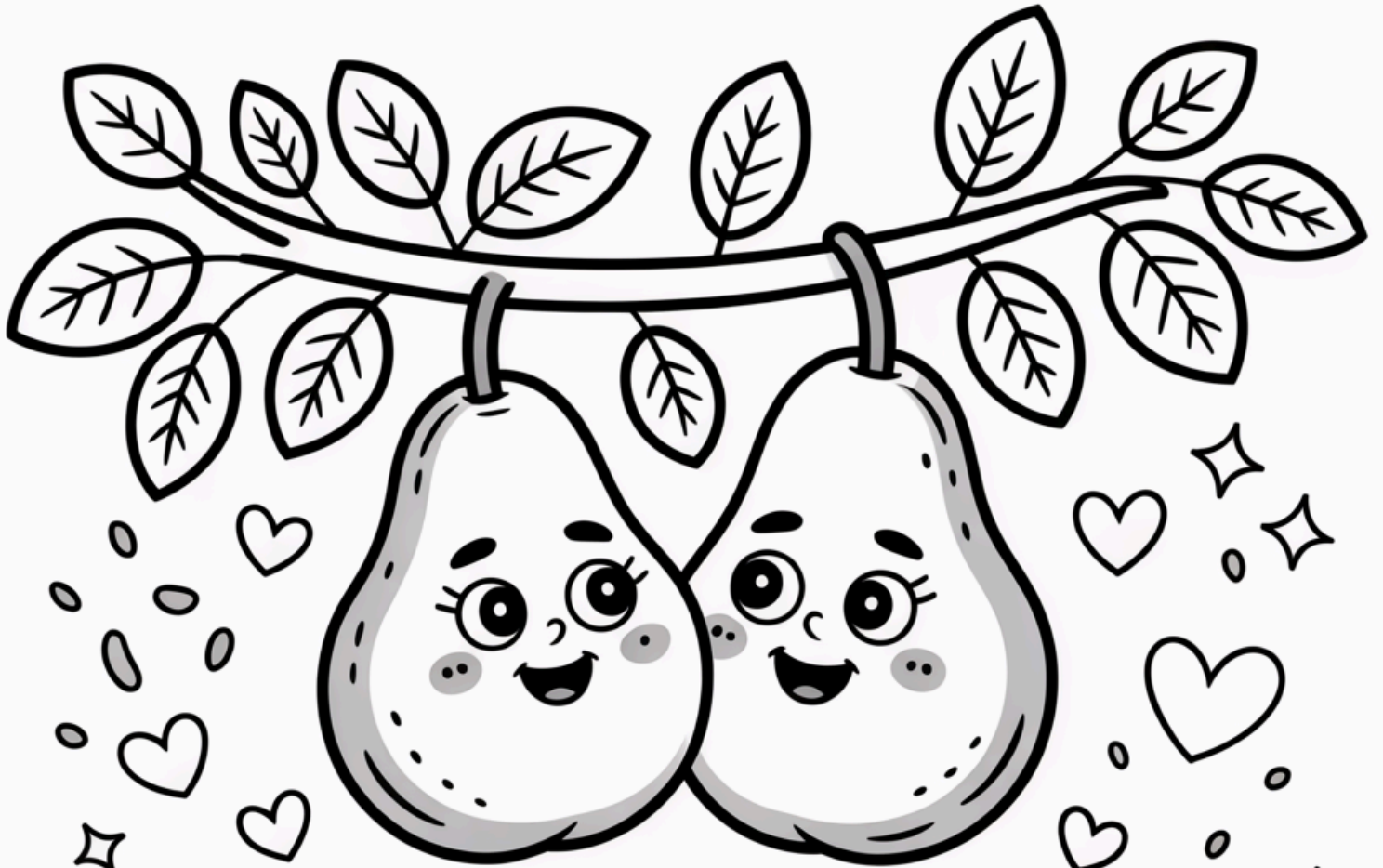
From the car at the paddock gate, static carried a song across the smoke. *Wildfire*. I hadn't noticed it before, but now the words pierced through. A girl. A horse. A winter death.

The song and the owl's cry tangled in my chest, and something rose with it — not English, not anything I'd been taught, but a sound old as the fire itself. *Teine*. Wild fire. It flickered through me, strange and familiar all at once, as if I'd carried it a long time without knowing.

*Recommended for mature readers (18+). This story explores themes of violence, trauma, exile, and identity, including depictions of war and psychological struggle. Follow the flame. Read the next chapters on my author page.*



TESTICULAR  
CANCER  
AWARENESS  
MONTH - APRIL



HOW ARE  
THEY HANGING?



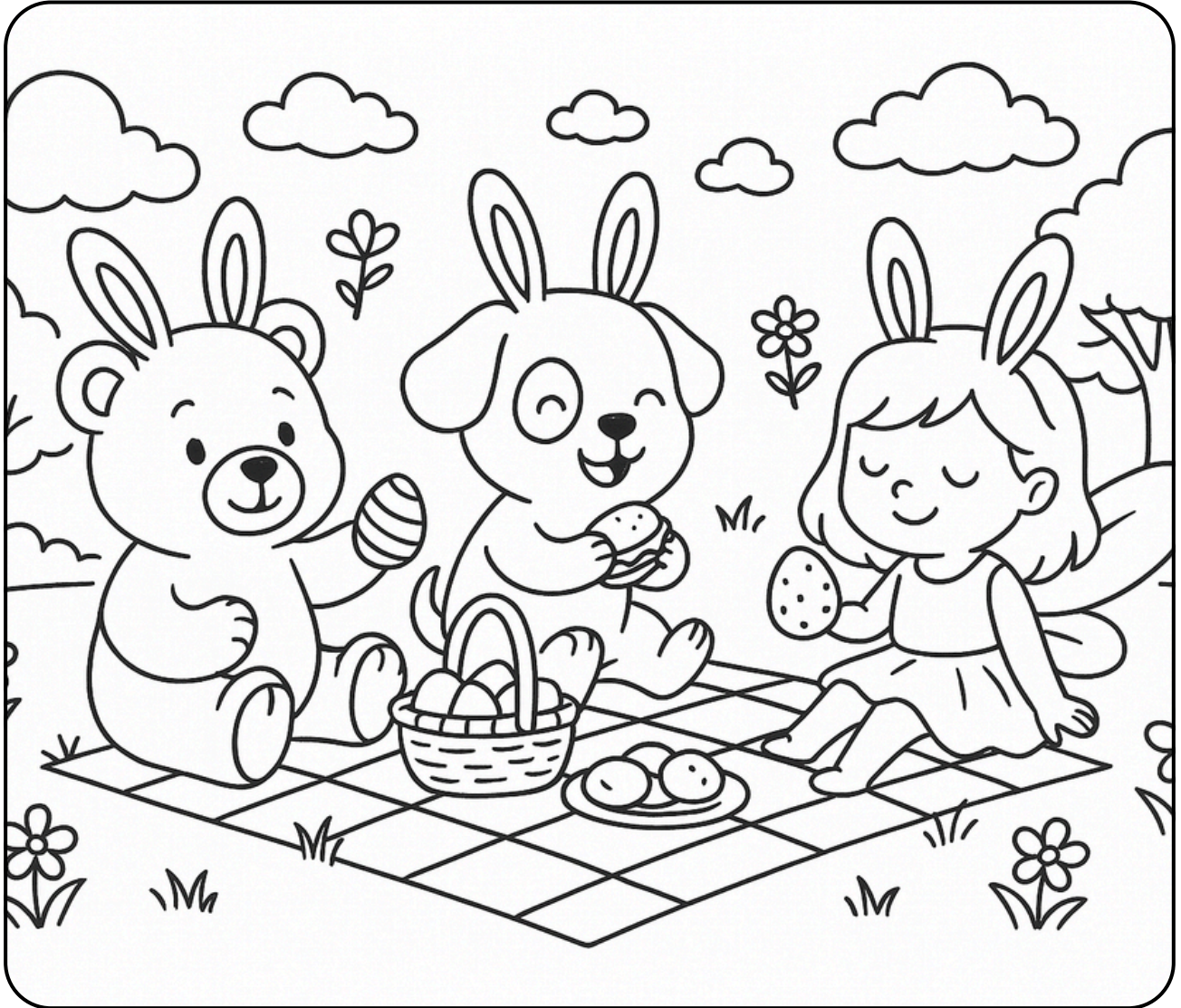
"BALANCE • CALM • STRENGTH"

CHECK  
YOUR PAIR



EASTER IS TIME  
TO CHECK  
YOUR EGGS

# My Easter Activities - by Dionisius



Follow Dionisius...

Imagine by Dionisius



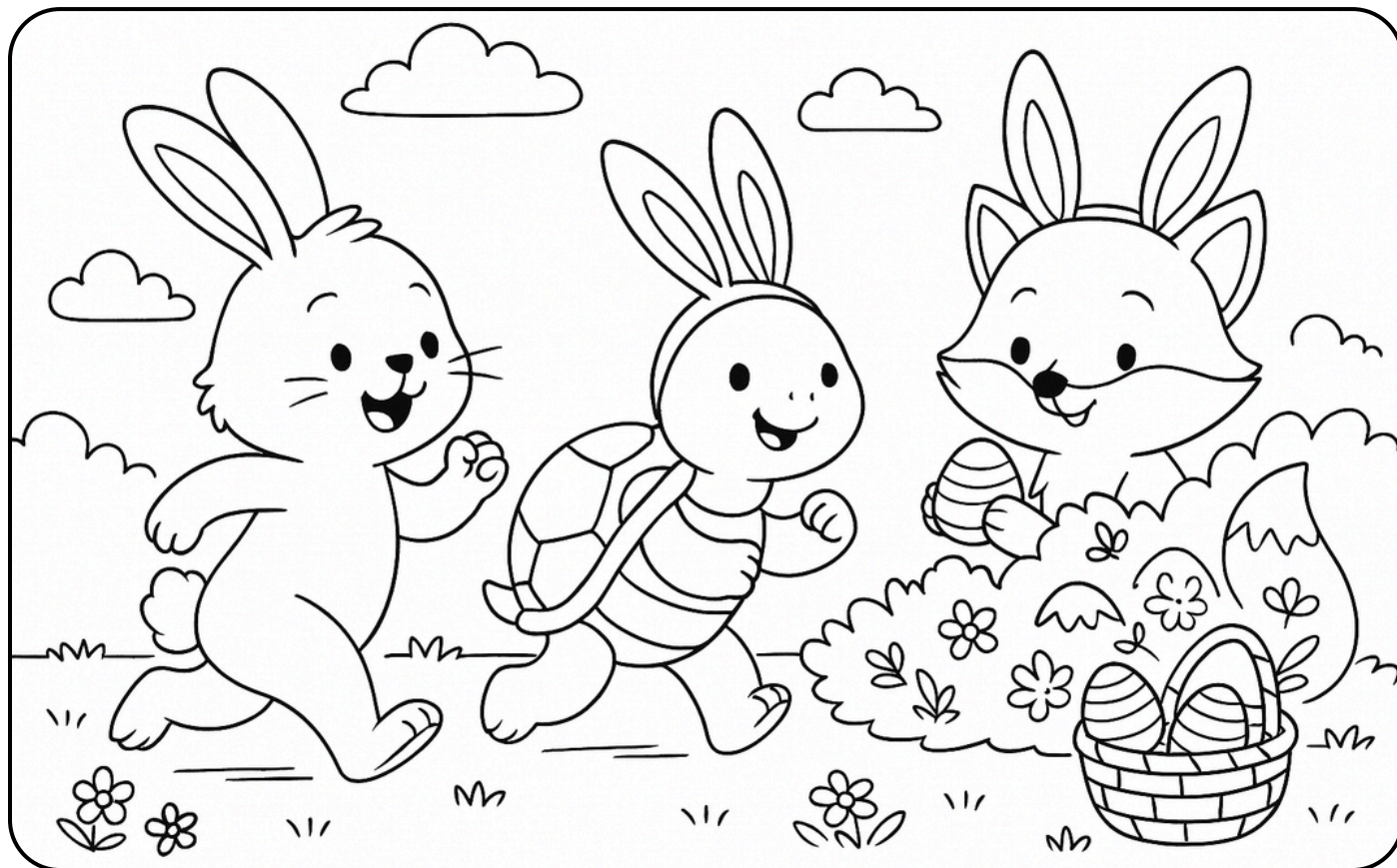
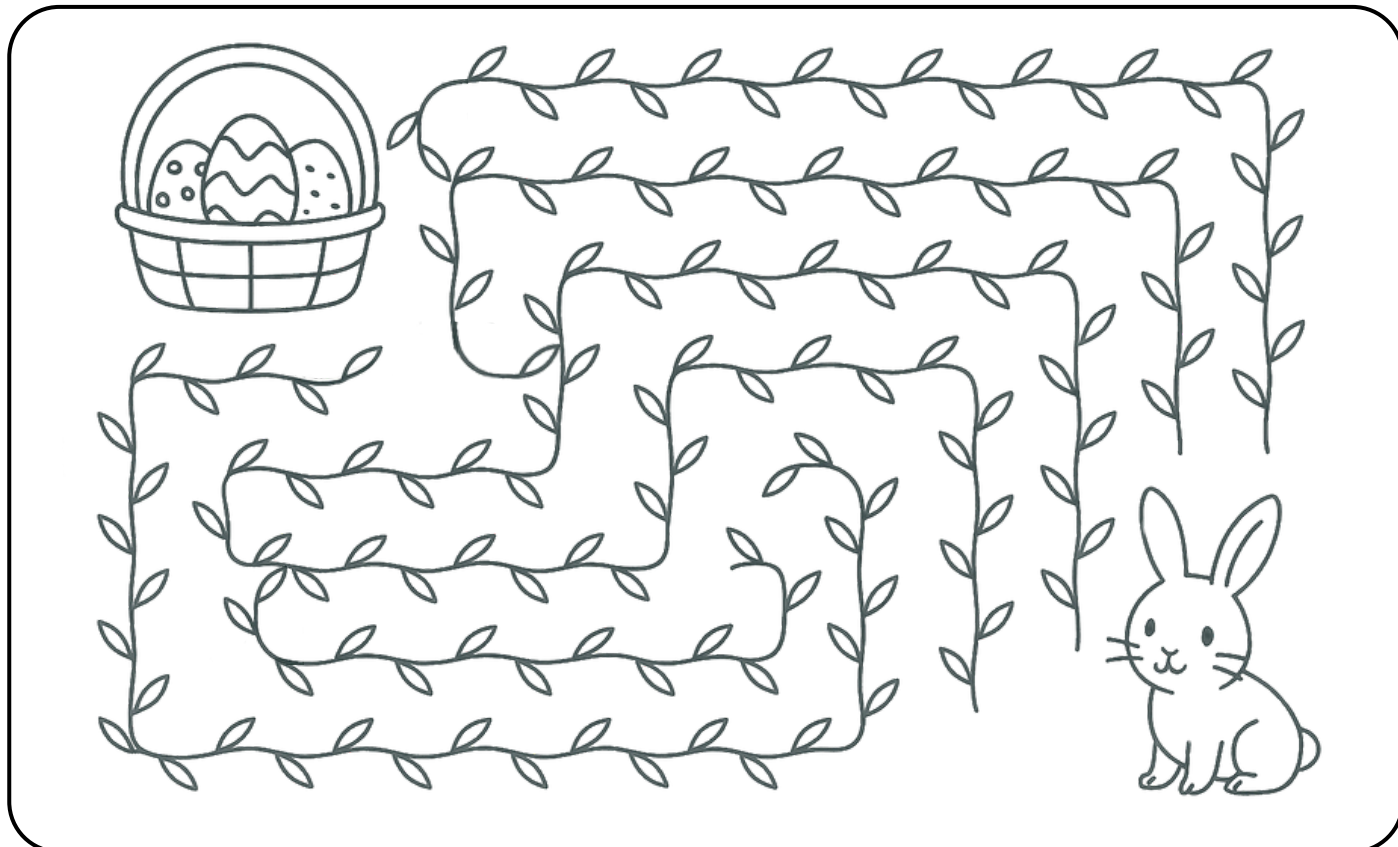
Cutezy on Amazon



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# Easter Bunny Maze





[www.seapharine.com](http://www.seapharine.com)





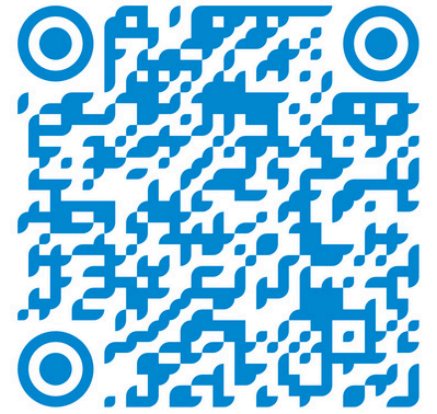
## 369 GUIDED MANIFESTATION 99 DAYS OF *Journaling*

In a world where distractions are constant and clarity can feel just out of reach, the practice of intentional focus becomes more powerful than ever. The 369 Guided Manifestation Journal: 99 Days of Manifesting offers a structured yet deeply personal path to reconnect with your desires and align with the natural rhythm of creation.

Built upon the time-honored 369 method, this journal serves as a daily ritual—guiding you to channel your thoughts, emotions, and actions toward what you truly seek. Over the course of 99 days, it provides a framework for repetition, reflection, and inspired action, helping you transform intention into tangible results.

More than just a journal, it is a tool for awareness and alignment—reminding you that what you focus on expands, and that your inner world shapes your outer reality. By committing to this practice, you begin to move in harmony with your desires, creating a life grounded in clarity, purpose, and quiet manifestation.

# KINDLE



## Di Anna Ishtar

## The Maiden in the Firelight

The kirk bell tolled. Low. Heavy. A dirge rolling across the loch until the water itself seemed to shudder. It crawled through the glen, pressing down on the heather, bending stalk and stem until even the earth bowed beneath the sound.

From the pulpit the minister's voice rose — sharp, merciless. Witches. Sinners. The syllables cracked like whips, flaying the air raw. His words curled over the crowd, a sermon of rot and ruin, naming the women who brewed with root and bone, who whispered into the flame, who held men's eyes too long, too steady. The people drank it like blood.

I stood at the edge of the gathering, cloak wrapped tight around me, my hands hidden, pressed against my ribs as though I could cage the trembling. I told myself I was stone. I told myself I could bear the weight. Yet each word struck like a stone itself, thrown sharp, bruising, though none had yet left their hands. Not yet.

I knew the rhythm. Thunder first. Then silence, drawn taut. And after, the flare of violence — sudden, blinding, merciless. I had seen it. I had heard the screams. I knew.

Still, I could not look away.

His voice thickened, smoke rising, choking. And in the corner of my sight — always in the corner — the shimmer. Shapes shifting. Lights flickering at the edges of the world. My mother had called it fey sight. The gift of our blood. Something older than men. Something as old as time itself. A gift bestowed on the blessed fey lineage that ran in our veins, though we dared not speak of it now.

She said it as if gift could be comfort.

I called it burden.

Hoofbeats found the stones.

Not iron-slow. Not psalm-taught. Sparks bit the rock with each strike—quick, hungry, laughing. He stepped from hawthorn shadow like a piece of star-fall given body: dappled black, mane a snarl of storm, eyes lit from within as if a coal lived behind each pupil.

I did not move. The burn hushed around my ankles. He came on without halter, without bit, without any law but his own, and with each breath my marrow remembered a woman's name older than mine.

Come no closer, I thought.

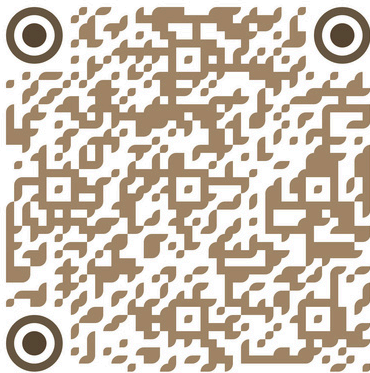
He came closer. Steamed at the throat, kiln-hot. The wild looked at me through him, and I felt the flame inside my chest answer before my mouth could shape refusal.

*Recommended for mature readers (18+). This story explores themes of violence, trauma, exile, and identity, including depictions of war and psychological struggle. Follow the flame. Read the next chapters on my author page.*

# THE ULTIMATE GUIDE to MAKING MONEY ONLINE



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PRODUCTS



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# KINDLE



DIANNA ISHTAR

## UNKISSABLE

In a world where control is often disguised as care, the quiet shaping of a life can go unnoticed - until it begins to fracture. *Unkissable*, the first book in *The Unbound Series*, is a raw and intimate exploration of visibility, restraint, and the cost of learning too early how to disappear. Set against the suburban backdrop of 1980s Western Sydney, this coming-of-age novel traces the inner life of a girl navigating the unspoken rules that govern her world. Rules that are never written down, yet dictate everything - what is allowed, what is withheld, and who she is permitted to become.

The rules were never written down.  
That was how they survived.

They lived in tone, in timing, in the way questions were answered with redirection instead of refusal. They lived in glances exchanged over my head, in conversations that paused when I entered a room, in the quiet certainty with which my movements were anticipated and curtailed. "You're too young," was the most common one.

Too young for what, exactly, was never specified. It applied to everything - jobs, parties, being out past dark. To crossing the invisible line between girl and something less containable. I learned quickly that asking why only made the line more solid.

At home, the reasoning was always the same.

"It's not safe."  
"You don't need to rush."  
"There's plenty of time."

Time, I was learning, was something other people assumed I had.  
I could look after myself.  
That wasn't the point.  
Things happened.  
To girls.

*Recommended for mature readers (18+). This novel examines emotional control, power, and the quiet erosion of self, including themes of coercion, psychological tension, and formative experiences that shape identity. Some content may be confronting. Available now on Amazon, Kindle, and Kindle Unlimited...*



*Weddings & Events*  
Mid North Coast and Northern Rivers NSW

# BEACHCOMBERS QUEST



BEACHCOMBERS  
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# PASSPORT



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