

# CUPER

*Guest Experience Magazine*

## EXPECT THE BEST

The best is what you deserve

# OCTOBER 2025



How did we do... ratings that matter.

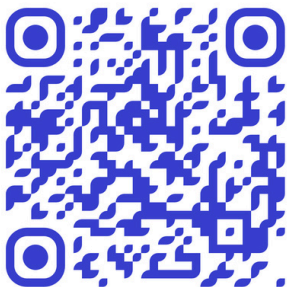


# MID NORTH COAST NSW RURAL FIRE SERVICE

*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:



[Wauchope-Bonny Hills SLSC](#)

[Tacking Point SLSC](#)

[Port Macquarie SLSC](#)

[Kempsey-Crescent Head SLSC](#)

[Hat Head SLSC](#)

[South West Rocks SLSC](#)

[Macksville-Scotts Head SLSC](#)

[Pacific Palms SLSC](#)

[Cape Hawke SLSC](#)

[Forster SLSC](#)

[Taree-Old Bar SLSC](#)

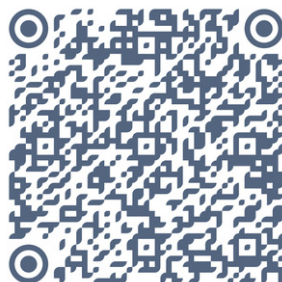
[Black Head SLSC](#)

[Crowdy Head SLSC](#)

[Camden Haven SLSC](#)

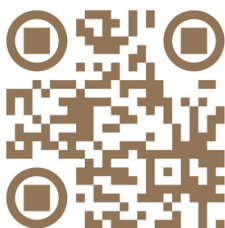
## MID NORTH COAST NSW PLAYLIST

*Share your Clips*



SEE WHAT OTHERS SEE





# MARKET CRAWL

## Mid North Coast <sup>NSW</sup> Australia

Port Art Society - Sundays

Coffs Harbourside - Sundays

Eungai Creek Farmers - Fridays

Nambucca Farmers - Thursdays

Taree Produce - Thursdays

Real Food @ Port - Tuesdays

### 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

### 3RD SATURDAY

Forster Farmers

Hub @ Wingham

Bellingen Community

Town Square Market

### 3RD SUNDAY

Gladstone

Telegraph Point

Laurieton Riverwalk

Krambach Hall

Crescent Head

Tallwoods Village

### 4TH SATURDAY

Wauchope Markets

Tuncurry Markets

Nabiac Farmers Market

Port Foreshore

### 4TH SUNDAY

Yamba River

Old Bar Community

### LAST SUNDAY

Pacific Palms Market



# My Spring Socials - Seaside Bingo

Dolphin Watching	Footprints <small>IN the</small> 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

#Gloucester

Cape Hawke:  
#CapeHawke  
#ExperienceCapeHawke

Laurieton:  
#LazyLaurieton,  
#StayLaurietonNSW

Nambucca Heads:  
#NambuccaAwaits,  
#DiscoverNambucca

Crowdy Bay:  
#CrowdyHeadsNSW,  
#CrowdyAdventure

#Wingham

My Spring Socials - Hash Quest

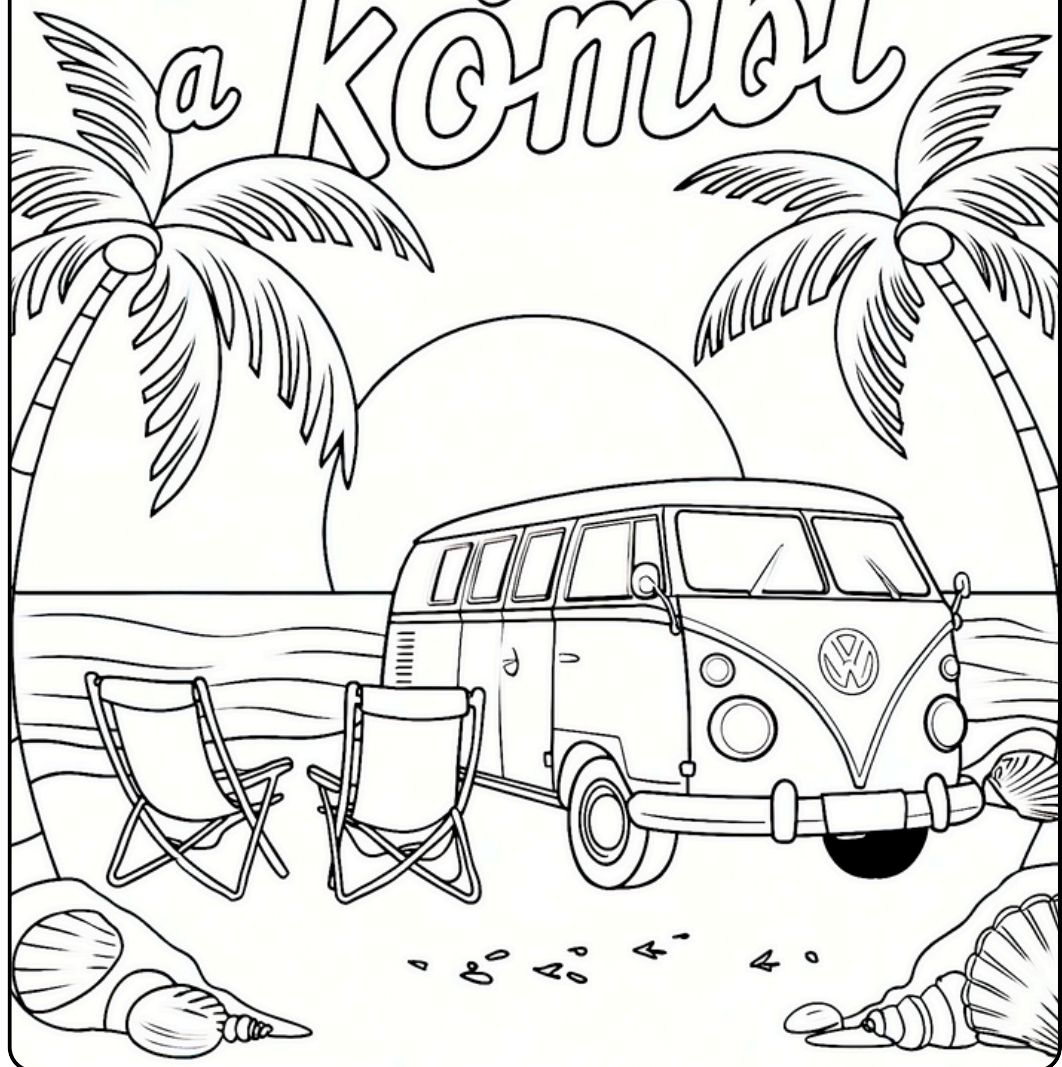
### Beachin

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

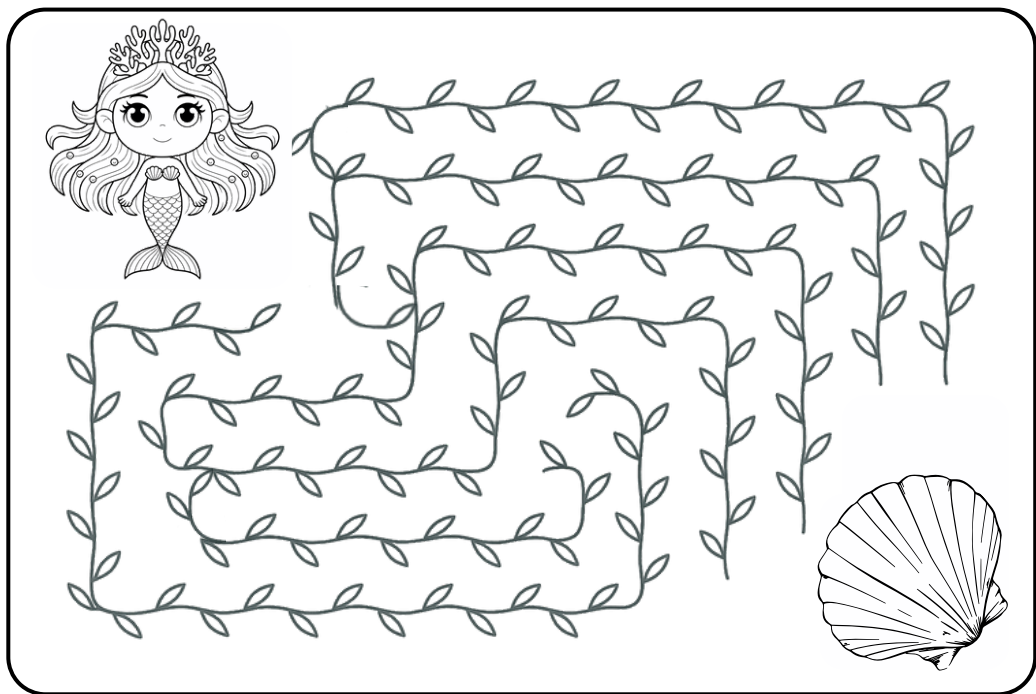
VISIT  
**SNAP**  
#Tag  
Post



# Cruising through life in a Kombi



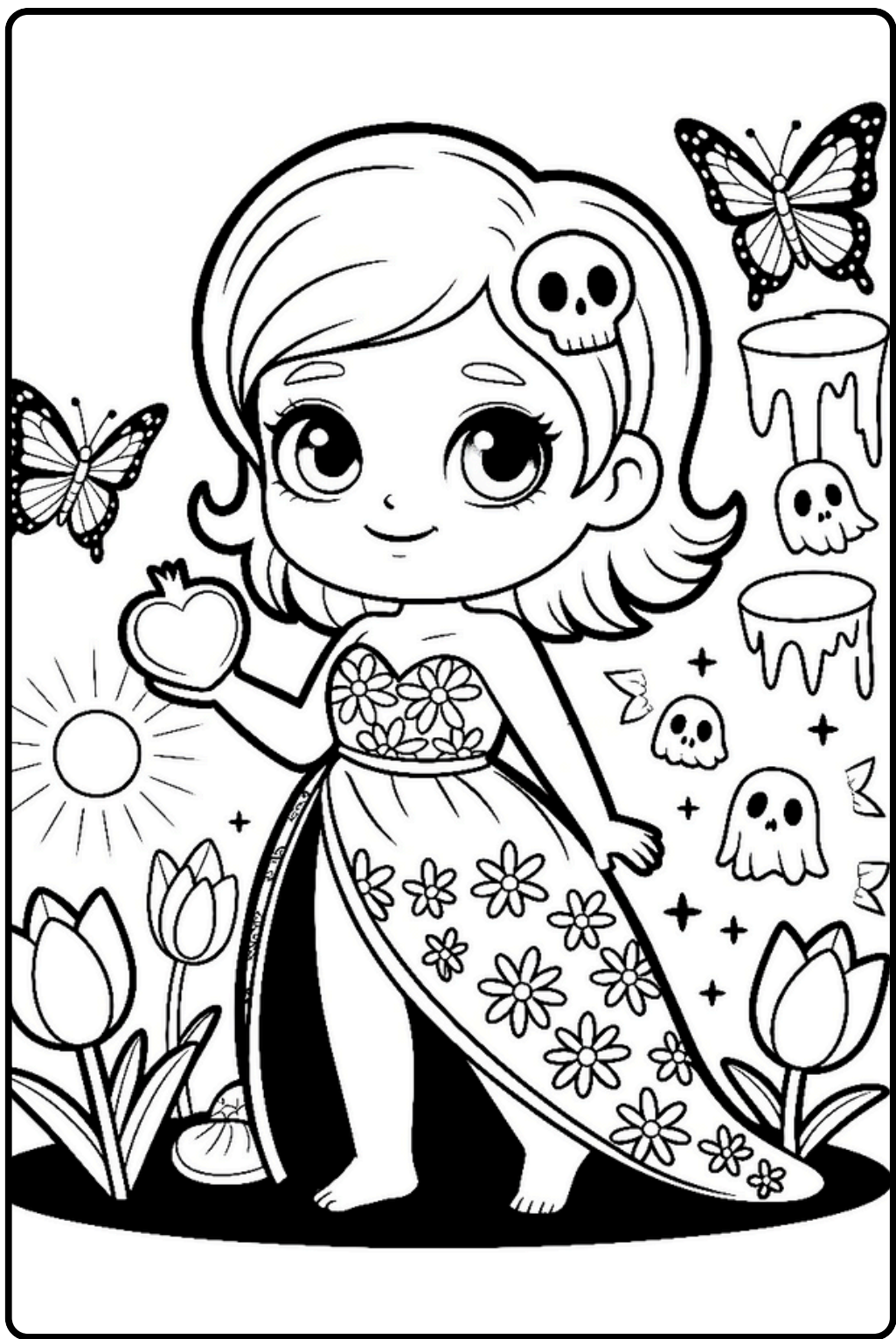




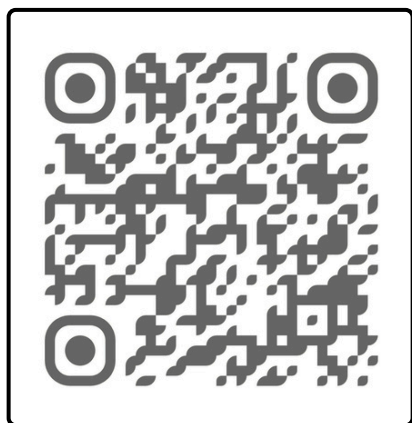
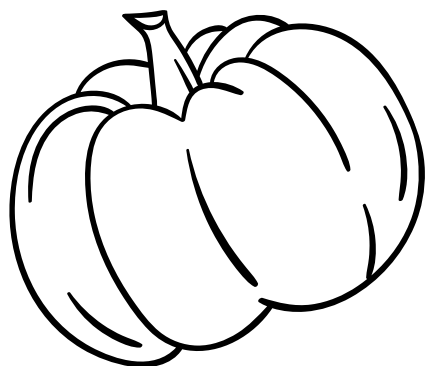
[www.seapharine.com](http://www.seapharine.com)

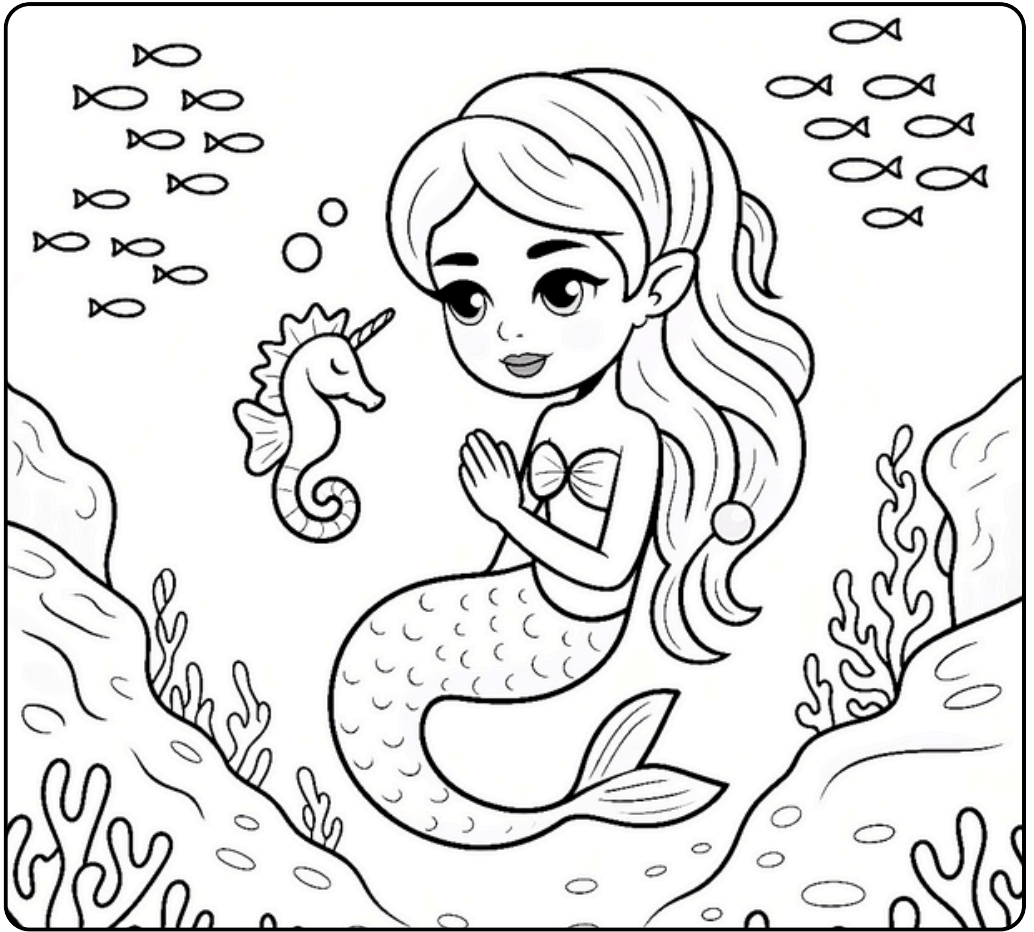












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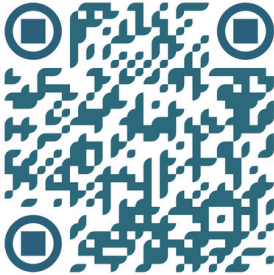
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## From Under A Crescent Moon...

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 (16+)*

**KINDLE**



**Author Website**



## from - A Bed of Snow and Sorrow...

She woke to warmth.

At first, it was only a dim awareness, a fragile sensation hovering at the edge of her senses. After so many nights claimed by the cold, the heat felt almost hostile, a thing she could not name. She thought, fleetingly, that she ought to recoil, but her limbs refused her.

Heat gathered along her spine, settled in her palms, it breathed against her cheek. The weight of blankets lay across her shoulders, heavy with unfamiliar safety. A muted glow pressed through her closed lids, a soft radiance she recognized, belatedly, as firelight.

She listened. The quiet crackle of burning wood met her, steady and patient. Beneath it, another sound threaded through the silence, the measured rhythm of someone else breathing.

She opened her eyes.

Beams of rough timber curved overhead, their edges darkened by age and smoke. The walls were sealed with moss and packed clay. Across the room, a low hearth pulsed with shifting light, the flames sending shadows crawling along earthen floors.

Turning her head cost her more effort than she had expected. Pain rippled through her neck and settled deep behind her eyes, but she let it pass. She studied the room in slow increments, seeking some proof she had not wandered into another fevered memory.

A single chamber. A fire burned low and watchful. Shelves lined the far wall, crowded with jars and bundles she could not name. The air was sharp with the scent of dried leaves and something resinous that reminded her, distantly, of old rites.

Her gaze drifted to the simple things... a folded garment laid with deliberate care, a wooden bowl waiting near the hearth, a fur arranged by the door. All ordinary, all anchored in a world she was not certain she deserved to rejoin.

A figure stepped inside. Broad shoulders, familiar in a way she could not allow. For a moment, past and present blurred, and she could not tell if she meant to rise or to flee.

He paused, a cautious distance away. His gaze touched her face and did not waver. When he spoke, his voice carried the kind of gentleness that came only from understanding how easily a person could break.

The door opened a second time. A woman entered, her bearing measured, her eyes dark with curiosity and something softer.

*Recommended for mature readers (16+)*



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.

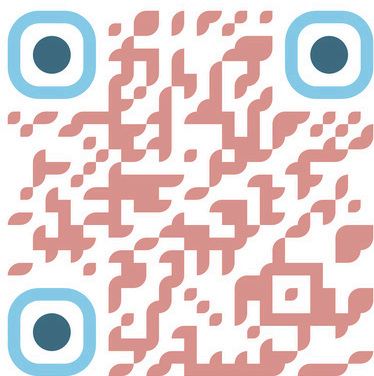
When souls are quickened, it is often said that they have had a "spiritual awakening." Often times, when someone has had their soul quickened, they will feel called to share their new found knowledge with others. They may feel compelled to write books, start blogs, give lectures, or teach classes to 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!



# Cuddly Baby

Cherishing every moment



# BEACHCOMBERS QUEST



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# PASSPORT



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