



# Lakeside park fits the bill for family fun

A relaxing break in a comfortable cabin does much to revive  
**Alison Cotes**

VERY few people know that I am a practitioner of extreme sports, but I have the scars, the X-rays and the orthopaedic bills to prove it. I've broken my back coming off a jet ski, dislocated my neck while drag-racing, and had a knee replacement because of a disastrous ski lesson. My insurance company has suggested that I give it all up.

But until I've survived my imminent shoulder surgery – you don't want to know – I'm confining myself to soft adventure, which includes sedate canoe rides (preferably with someone else doing the paddling), stress-free bushwalking



**QUIET APPEAL:** Lake Somerset Holiday Park cabins and the lake.

Main picture: [Travpix.com](http://Travpix.com)

gentle swimming and the occasional go at backyard or beach cricket.

All of which makes Lake Somerset Holiday Park ideal for me, and absolutely perfect for families, because there's lots to do here that doesn't involve dangerous hooning about. In fact, they actively discourage this, with

a 10km speed limit for bicycles, and no skateboards or powered scooters.

We had expected to be cheek-by-jowl with noisy holidaymakers, but all the sections of the park are separate from each other – the powered campsites are in one place, unpowered ones somewhere else, caravans across

the dirt track and the deluxe cabins down at the end of the peninsula, right on Lake Somerset itself, a place of tranquil beauty overlooking a tiny island just begging to be explored.

We could have swum to it, but I pleaded incapacitation again, and so was paddled gently (we had hired a canoe in the nearby village) to play at going adventuring. This took up a pleasant hour, after which we retired to our cabin and opened the bottle of drinkable dry white that had been left for us, as it is for all cabin guests, and watched the kind of sunset you can only get over a clear stretch of water.

Outside, we counted at least 50 bunnies – cute little ferals whose days are numbered, as are those of the local dingo. There were birds by the thousands, of every variety from the ubiquitous kookaburras to waterfowl. In the morning we went for a stroll along the boardwalk and saw lots more, as well as a sunrise to match the sunset. Lake Somerset Holiday Park

exceeded my expectations, simply because of the brand-new cabin we stayed in. I never expected airconditioning and two television sets, one with Austar, or a fully equipped kitchen and laundry.

Had we brought supplies, – breakfast packs are supplied – we could have self-catered. But we drove into Kilecoy for dinner and ate at the Exchange Hotel. Scott Evans does a mean duck salad and serves his waffles with heavenly butterscotch sauce.

The next day we wandered through Kilecoy's Yowie Park, dedicated to, and said to be the home of, Australia's answer to the Himalayan yeti and the North American bigfoot.

This is my kind of holiday park, with only the slap of paddles and the chugging of little motorboats to disturb the quiet. I can't think of a better place for a moderately priced family holiday. There are still a few sites, and two cabins, available for the Easter break, so think about it.