S C C C TELEGRAPH MAGAZINE

ROCK BROWLAND

WHY EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE IN THE KELLY GANG

Matthew White | Few Murray | Sophie Lee | Jonathan



ng a weekend break with BFF, who has three andily enough, two of them are staying home ne third, at only five months, is entirely portable. ve at Coolangatta, where the sun is shining temperature is a good six degrees warmer e rain-soaked city we've just escaped, and it e a holiday already.

e met by the concierge from Emerald Valley ir carbon-neutral, five-star private estate a few kilometres from the (very) small town ral, in northern NSW. (We could have used

pad, but didn't someone say neutral?)

rald Valley Villa was completed 005 and has been receiving or about 18 months. As we're

around the vast living area, e, courtyard and spa, a creeping of impostor syndrome takes hold; ne seriously swanky set of digs.

master bedroom – with emperorand walk-in closet - and huge ensuite have ound French windows that afford spectacular ut over the valley, making me feel as if I might nly person on the planet. A squawk from the -style courtyard behind me reminds me I'm not. fed and changed, we sprawl on the daybed by tine springwater pool to read magazines and plate the view. Come nightfall, we cook fresh nd garlic bread, then sit out on the subtly lit

catch up on the last few weeks' worth of girlie

gossip over a bottle of champagne from the well-stocked bar fridge.

One glorious night's sleep later (for me at any rate), we decide to tackle the 25-minute drive into Byron Bay to check out the markets. It's a Queensland public holiday weekend and the town is awash with tanned teens and tie-dved locals spruiking their various wares.

After an hour of browsing, followed by a late brunch and a few errands, we're feeling a bit frazzled, so we head back to our slice of serenity

just in time for our Infinite Goddess Spectacular views massage sessions.

Seriously pummelled and soothed, we fill the outdoor spa with bubble bath and introduce though I might be baby Jack to his first jacuzzi with bikini-clad ladies, while the sun sets gloriously over the valley.

Once the little man has drifted off to the land of nod, we prepare a last supper and bemoan our lot at having to

leave such luxurious digs so soon.

out over the valley

make me feel as

the only person

on the planet

Sure, we have another whole day ahead of us but, with 32 hectares of tropical gardens complete with koalas and wallabies - to explore by 4x4 Polaris Ranger, the meandering river to spot platypuses in (from the confines of a net draped pavilion) and the private waterfall and lake to cool off in, heaven knows how we're going to fit it all in.

