



Suntrap Shared Stories

Sarah Hicks

Church Mead Junior, Leyton 1986

My elder sister had been to Suntrap and I couldn't wait to go. It was not just going to the forest, it was the whole preparation, buying wellies, finding suitable clothes to wear and helping mum with my packed lunch. The big day arrived, the coach seemed to take forever. I remember the huts and scraping the mud off our wellies, exploring the forest and its wildlife.

Once towards the end of a visits we had to do orienteering in groups without the teachers, reading the map and compass and having to find our way around the forest from one point to another -how brave I felt.