



Gondola Sick

Monday July 8th – The kids have never been to Whistler and it's been at least 20 years since Julie, or I have been there. So, with the weather report actually better up in Whistler, we decided to rent a car and drive up for the day.

Enterprise was kind enough to upgrade our car to a Suburban which sounded great, but I think we got tricked. We departed the Enterprise lot with $\frac{1}{4}$ tank of fuel and a car that looked like it had been through a war. Filthy dirty inside and out and drove like crap. Anyway, it got us there and the drive was beautiful.

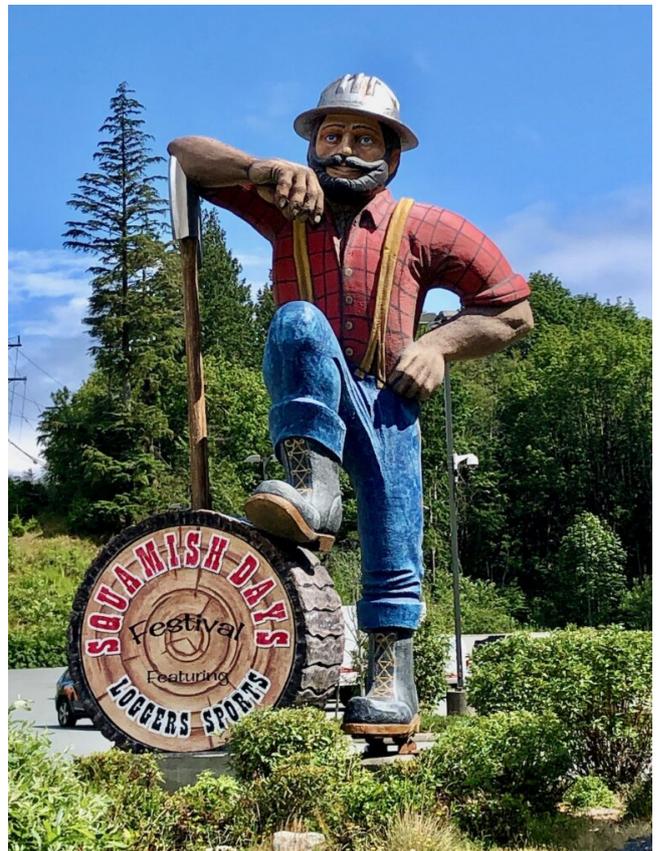
Lunch at Earls in the village then we all hopped in the first gondola for the ride to the top. The ride was awesome and beautiful, but it became apparent that to get to the tippy top we had to take one more open-air chair lift. It was fun being out in the open even though a little cold. Then the "Peak to Peak" gondola took us from the top of Blackcomb across the valley to the top of Whistler. Wow, it was very high above the ground.

Ava started complaining about feeling a little "gondola sick" as she put it, but she toughed it out all the way back to the bottom.

The ride home was as beautiful as getting there then we dumped off the “upgraded” car and went to dinner in the city. Ava still complained about the “gondola sickness” but managed to eat just a little dinner.

Then it happened. 3:30am. We heard Ava moaning and crying from the bathroom. Oh boy, not good. The gondola sick turned into full blown puke sick. At least she managed to get at least some in the toilet. Julie and I watched the sun rise to the sounds of more puking and a massive amount of cleanup and disinfecting. Poor little Ava handled it pretty well, but she was in bad shape.

The whole next day was spent getting her better and hoping no one else gets it. Plans derailed again, now we had to stay a few more nights in Vancouver to wait out the incubation period. It would not be good if the rest of us got sick while we were further north with no services. Looks like our plans for the Broughton Islands way north will need to be changed.











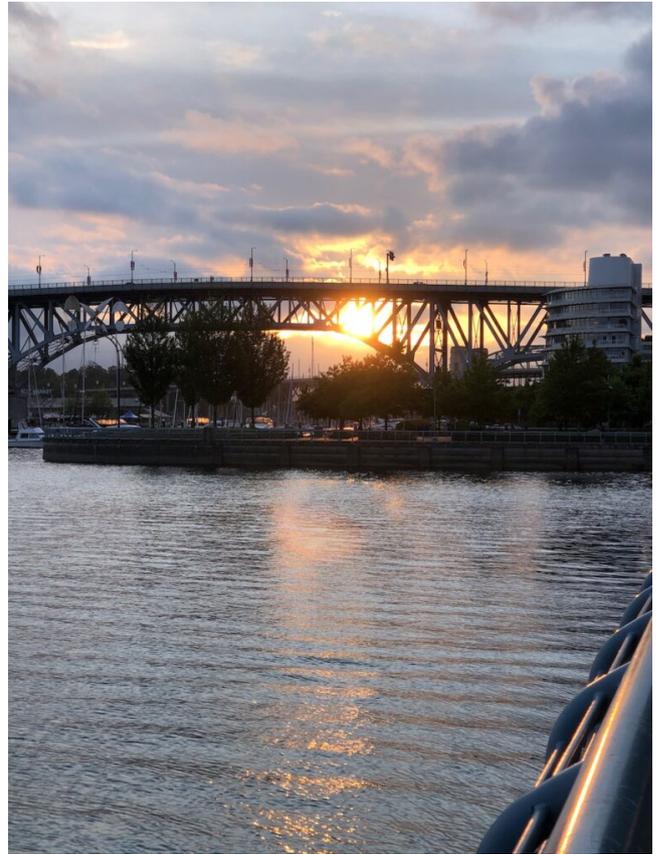
Derailed

Sunday July 7th – Our plans have been derailed. The weather forecast called for lots of rain up north, exactly where we planned on heading, so we decided to make a detour to the city of Vancouver on the BC mainland, 35nm away. Departing the Nanaimo docks, we set out across the Strait of Georgia with our bow pointed toward Vancouver. The Strait of Georgia is a large body of water that gets really rough at times. Today we had wind forecasted for 5-15 knots and rain. Not perfect conditions for crossing the strait but acceptable and probably the best we were going to get in the next few days.

It got a little sloppy with lots of spray on the nose but after a couple hours of open water we arrived in English Bay just outside Vancouver then headed into False Creek where Quayside Marina had our slip waiting for us.

After getting settled in we jumped in a water taxi for some shopping on 4th. We came back with some clothes for the kids and 3 small irresistible pies from The Pie Hole.







Wild Play

Saturday July 6th – The weather was changing our plans quickly. Rain was forecasted for the next 10 days north of Nanaimo which is where we were headed. So, after trying to rent a car and get it picked up (turned into a very long ordeal) we decided to drive to Wild Play, a zip line and ropes course adventure park.

We booked the standard and advanced ropes course, a zip line tour, the WTF (What To Fear) jump and Skylar convinced me to do the Primal Swing with him. The place was huge, and much more elaborate than I expected.

First up was the ropes course that had some cool zip lines along the way. We started out on the easier course and worked our way up to the advanced. Ava was especially super excited. After some challenges getting her safety line moving through the course, she rocked it without any fear. It was super fun and a lot more of a challenge than we expected.

Then the WTF Jump. After climbing a 60' ladder up a tree to a little perch, you connect your harness to a mechanism that allows you to free fall for 20' or so then starts to slow you down as you near death on the earth's surface. The tough part is actually jumping off, but Skylar did it without much problem then Ava was even super brave and jumped off without even much hesitation. They both said it was super fun! I was next. It took a little more for me to make the leap but after a minute or so, I did it.

Then Julie. This was not going to be easy. The guy supervising the jump defiantly had his work cut out for him! She got to the top, then said she was coming down. We all said no way; the only way down is for you to jump! There was a whole lot of conversation up there that I couldn't completely understand but I knew exactly what was being said. "is this safe? What if

this, what if that? No, I can't do it, I'm really scared." We all urged her on from the bottom as she told the supervisor "I'm not trying to be rude, but can you please just be quiet" referring to his countdown to get her to jump. Finally, eyes shut tight, she jumped off and landed softly in the dirt. Heart pounding, she said that was the worst thing she has ever done.

Then the Primal Swing Skylar and I signed up for. Things were looking a little more freaky than I signed up for. A bridge, high above a canyon, complete with a river flowing below, would be the launch point for the swing. You swing two at a time, tied together but hanging in your own harness. As we approached the launch point two young girls were just about to get shoved off the edge. We watched them swing off and that's when I started to feel the butterflies. But it wasn't our turn yet. Two guys in their 20's were next, just in front of us. I asked them if they were scared and they both said, "no not at all, it's going to be fun". Ok, I thought if these guys are not scared, I can do this. Then I watched the process of them getting harnessed in and on the edge of the bridge. They said it's a 150' free fall before the lines of the swing catch you and swing you back up toward the sky again. These two 20 something tough guys turned into frightened little dogs. One of them literally couldn't stop shaking and the other nervously asked the attendant a bunch of questions that sounded like - "Is this Ok, are you sure this is hooked up right, my harness seems loose, wait a minute, not yet.....". Then the once happy go lucky men turned quivering puppies were literally pushed off the edge.

All of that literally pushed me off the edge and I turned to Skylar and said, "I can't do it, I'm too old and I just plain don't want to". He called me a few names. I really did feel bad for him, but it just was not fun, way too much anxiety and I had no idea what I was really signing up for when I originally said I would do it. I completely wimped out.

Julie and Ava were watching from a view point down below. I

marched down there with resolve in my decision. Julie was FaceTiming her dad so he could see the drop and she had no idea Skylar and I came down. She did a double take and said, "I thought you were up there, what are you doing"? "I can't do it, I'm not going to do it, I'm 44 years old and I don't want to". I said with authority. She called me a wimp too, but I didn't care!

Skylar got lucky and still got to do it. One of the workers, a cute young girl just a little older than Skylar, went with him. Skylar looked excited, and I was happy for him, but that sure didn't make me feel any better. He got a little nervous too just before shoving off but pulled through and loved it!

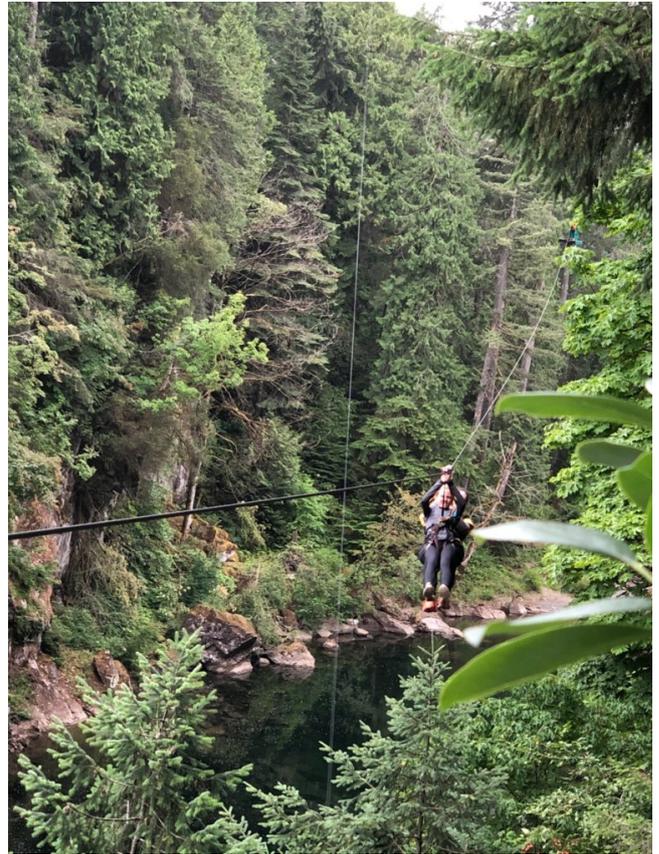
All and all a great fun day at Wild Play. Julie conquered her fear on the WTF jump and I totally wimped out on the Primal Swing just to have a young cute girl take my place.











This is the bridge where the swing takes off from

