

The BC TRAVELLER

*Travel BC,
Travel Canada,
Travel The World.*



CONTENTS

- 6 Authors
- 9 Reviews
- 12 A Visit to Fundy
National Park
- 18 Country of
Bones
- 24 Salmon Fishing
on Vancouver Island

CURV TECHNOLOGY
TAKES THE STAGE.



EXPERIENCE THE STRONGEST
AND LIGHTEST SAMSONITE EVER.



patagonia®

FASM 430
NonTraditional Retailing
Prof Grace Cannata
Paige Homberg - Olivia Brandt
Katie Schiewe - Alexandra Lang
Isabella Costa

AUTHORS



Josh Dawson

Editor-In-Chief

Josh Dawson is a journalism and communications student living in Kamloops, British Columbia. Passionate about film, writing, and technology, he has a wide range of interests from building computers to writing short fiction to horseback riding.

Working as a news reporter in Kamloops, Josh is exposed to a wide range of topics that he covers in his reporting. Always seeking a new story to write, he looks for niche and unique topics to explore new perspectives.

Copy Editor

Paul Butland

Paul Butland is a part-time student living in Kamloops, British Columbia, majoring in communications at Thompson Rivers University. He enjoys writing and is a proud supporter of the arts and humanities. His current GPA is 4.0, and he has written several articles for online magazines.

Subjects: Freelance writing about communication areas, humanities, and writing topics. Paul Butland is a contributing writer for The-Artifice.com. He is a supporter of the arts and creative literature, and enjoys travelling.



Yunuo Yang

Digital Content Editor

Yunuo Yang is a computer science student living in Kamloops, British Columbia. Passionate about coding and solving problems at Thompson Rivers University, he enjoys gaming and humanity field studies such as economy and communications.

He has done some coding projects at TRU. For example, he developed a small mobile quiz app and a database application to track covid patient information. He also likes to read local and international news, keeping in touch with this dynamic world.



ARC'TERYX

COMMIT: THEORETICAL OBJECTIVE

EDDIE. SET. GO.



THE NEOTERIC JACKET › Made with best-in-class breathability for true air permeability. Guide tested and approved by Wyatt Caldwell. Finally, a hard shell that works as hard as you play.

Eddie Bauer
LIVE YOUR ADVENTURE

Reviews

Cape House Restaurant Review, Fundy National Park, New Brunswick, Canada

By Paul Butland

During our vacation to Fundy National Park, New Brunswick, my parents and I had lunch at the Cape House Restaurant while visiting Cape Enrage Lighthouse. We didn't know what to expect from a small restaurant when we sat down for lunch, but we decided to try it since this was the only restaurant around for miles. The menu was simple classic food such as grilled cheese sandwiches, clam chowder, and one of my favourites, fish, and chips. I ordered a grilled cheese sandwich and clam chowder, while my parents had just clam chowder and cornbread. We all had water that day, and the food was terrific. The service was fast and attentive; the staff knew about the areas around Fundy Park and the history of the lighthouse. We sat indoors since it was August and sweltering outside. The meal was reasonably priced and Cape Restaurant is rated two stars, but Canadian food was perfect during the summer. We appreciated the beautiful view of the lighthouse and cliffs; Fundy National Park is a great family vacation getaway for all tourists.



Nubo Japanese Tapas at Vancouver Island

By Yunuo Yang

Nubo Japanese Tapas is a fantastic restaurant in Vancouver that serves authentic Japanese cuisine. The restaurant has a cozy and inviting atmosphere, with traditional Japanese decor and warm lighting. The menu is extensive and includes a wide variety of classic Japanese dishes such as sushi, sashimi, udon noodles, and Japanese tapas.

The sushi and sashimi at Nubo Japanese Tapas are especially noteworthy, with each piece of fish being expertly prepared and presented. The sushi rolls are also worth trying, with unique flavor combinations that are both delicious and visually appealing. The udon noodles are a must-try as well, with a rich and flavorful broth and perfectly cooked noodles.

One of the highlights of the menu is the selection of Japanese tapas, which are perfect for sharing with a group. From the grilled skewers to the deep-fried snacks, each tapa is bursting with flavor and designed to be enjoyed with a cold drink. The drinks menu is equally impressive, with a great selection of sake, Japanese beers, and cocktails that perfectly complement the food.





Elisa Pitkänen

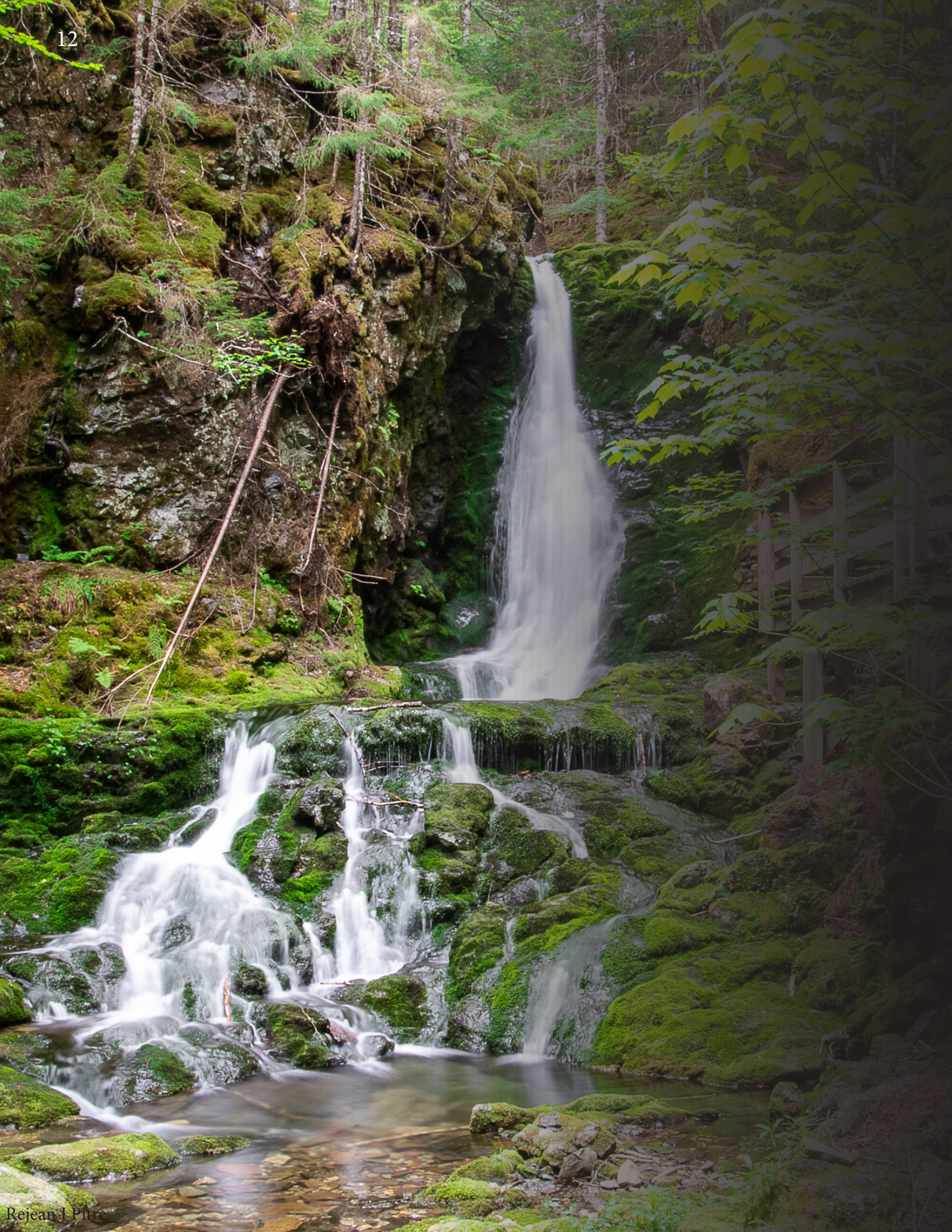
Tiffany's Riding Centre

By Josh Dawson

Tiffany's Riding Centre is a horse riding school in Praia da Luz, Portugal that offers horseback rides in varying lengths to customers. Upon arrival, we were quickly saddled up onto our horses and spent a few minutes acquainting ourselves to riding english style. Tiffany was a fantastic instructor, instructing us on how to better shift our weight, how much of a pull was needed on the reigns, and where to keep your hands without a typical horn on a western style saddle.

We quickly started our way down a trail, kicking over rocks and stumps as we made our way through a dry and dusty valley as we serpented through the route between large trees. All the while making conversation with us, Tiffany was personable and gave us time to settle into our rhythms and adjust to a new riding style. After ensuring we were all comfortable, we picked up our pace to a trot before breaking out into bursts of gallops through the trail's straight stretches. Uncomfortable and new at first, it was a bit overwhelming but we soon found our rhythms as we adjusted to the new speed.

The surrounding scenery was gorgeous and really allowed us to adjust to a new country and climate. The contrast between Portugal and British Columbia was stark, but Tiffany seemed to ease us into the change. After an hour or two, we return back to the centre and dismounted with shaky legs. A pleasant and exciting experience, we left Tiffany's feeling welcome and ready to explore the rest of the Portugal.



**A VISIT
TO FUNDY

NATIONAL
PARK**



A Visit to Fundy National Park

By Paul Butland

“The big question is whether you are going to be able to say a hearty yes to your adventure.”

— Joseph Campbell

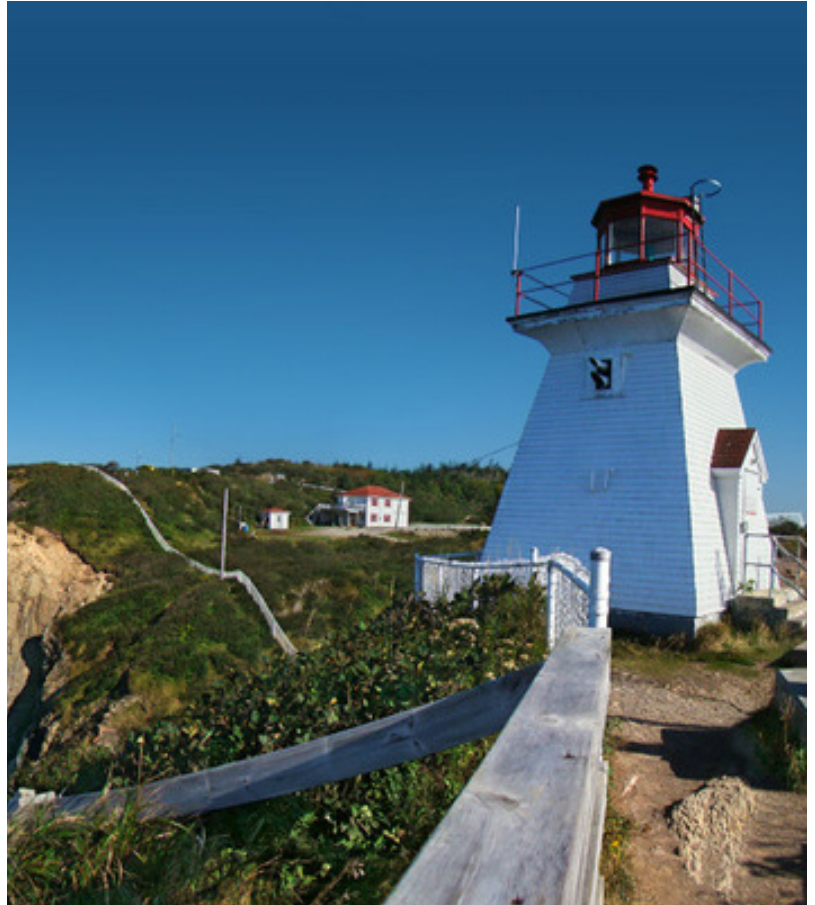
One of the most incredible trips and satisfying experiences was my first solo flight to New Brunswick, Canada. I visited Fundy National Park in Alma, one of Canada’s most beautiful sites. This trip helped me gain new independence and discover myself while visiting my grandparents for one of the last times in my life. Unfortunately, they passed away a few years later. Places like The Devil’s Half Acre, and Point Wolfe also have fascinating historical stories that helped me reconnect with my Maritime ancestry and deepen my appreciation for Canada’s wild, and beautiful scenery. Through travel, we discover ourselves and see things from a new perspective; someday, years from now, I will look back upon this vacation as an adventure. Fundy Park is one of the best places for a family vacation because of its rugged natural beauty.

In the summer of 2000, one of my goals was to travel to Alma, New Brunswick, to see my grandparents and visit relatives. Since they were on the other side of Canada, our family in Kamloops had only visited New Brunswick when my sister and I were children. Alma is located in Fundy National Park along the Bay of Fundy, which boasts the highest tides in the world — not to mention the best lobster. My sister and her husband had recently visited Alma and extolled its features, so I decided to make my first solo flight across the country.

My ancestors in Alma were part of my dad’s lineage, which dates back to the 18th century. European settlement began in this area around 1825. My great-grandparents settled in Alma and bought a plot of land where they built a house in the town of Alma – the Butlands was their family name. Fundy Park is cool in the summer and challenging in the winter, which makes it unsuitable for homesteading. However, there was an abundant growth of trees then, and the town of Alma built a sawmill that employed many inhabitants. This source of lumber was essential for the growing city of Saint John to the west, and Alma soon exported lumber to England, the Caribbean Islands, and New England. In 1948, the Bay of Fundy was chosen as New Brunswick’s first national park. The park officially opened on July 29, 1950. Every time I travel back to the Maritimes, I gain a new perspective on my importance in this world and connect with my ancestry, nature, and the environment – accomplishing my first solo trip on an airplane helped me see New Brunswick again with new eyes and a fresh appreciation.

Hiking and gazing out on the rugged coastline and unique wonders of Fundy Park, a traveler might find themselves upon an alien landscape with dense forests, and steep cliffs. While visiting the park on my trip, I hiked through The Devil's Half Acre and strolled along the beaches of Point Wolfe. Probably the most exciting parts of my vacation that year were the outdoor adventures exploring the many destinations in Fundy Park with my parents, and taking photos of nature's raw power and splendour. An exciting story about the Devil's Half Acre goes back to when it was formed. The Devil's Half Acre lies in Fundy Park, about 2.5 km southwest of Alma. The area is known for the large holes moulded from erosion from the Bay of Fundy coming in underneath, causing geological formations. Legend tells of an angry devil who attempted to prevent a Yorkshireman from settling in the area. The Yorkshireman sprinkled holy water on the site, and the devil became enraged. The devil then angrily stomped holes all around the locale, but the area was saved from destruction by the faithful Yorkshireman's sprinkling of holy water. This explains the large holes and unusual geological formations we see today.

One beautiful summer morning, while my parents and I were visiting Alma, we hiked the Devil's Half Acre and walked along Point Wolfe beach wearing running shoes and jeans. I always make it a point to travel with a baseball cap and backpack containing essentials for emergencies. Also, I had brought along a digital camera (before iPhones) to snap photos of memorable secrets of Fundy Park, like bird sanctuaries and locations of the highest tides in the world. One of the highlights of this hike was Dickson Falls, the most popular trail in the park. On a hot summer's day, this brook was a great place to cool down and enjoy the peaceful tranquility of the trees and waterfall. My search for my ancestry returned to me; connecting with nature and the environment gave me a renewed sense of adventure, while discovering hidden places and finding the stories of my ancestry through travel. Point Wolfe, with its beautiful sandbars and quickly rising tides, was down from the top of the park to the beach, and watched the eagles soar along the cliffs toward their nesting sites. A long sandbar on the beach extends along the Bay of Fundy; during low tide, the bay empties into the ocean, and the river on the far side is fascinating to explore. I remember taking photos all morning and walking out to the point while tripping over rocks and gravel. One has to be careful to avoid the Fundy tides before they get nearer and close in, trapping you before you reach the shore.



“My search for my ancestry returned to me; connecting with nature and the environment gave me a renewed sense of adventure, while discovering hidden places and finding the stories of my ancestry through travel.”

My mom said, “your father is way out of the point taking pictures, but he knows how fast the tides can return. This isn't the first time he's done this.”
I replied, “I'm not getting stuck out there!”

My dad is an excellent artist who loves to paint watercolour landscapes and loves going far out into the bay to get the best photos. In the end, the three of us were reasonably safe as exploring the park was a moderate difficulty, and tourists were warned well ahead of time about the quickly rising tides. One of my most amazing memories about hiking Fundy Park was watching the famous tides and the peaceful serenity of discovering new places that only strengthened my appreciation for nature and how the province needs to preserve spots like this for future generations.

The last scenic attraction I visited in Fundy Park that year was Cape Enrage, a 6-acre park halfway across the Bay of Fundy towards Nova Scotia. This rugged cliff is one of the most dangerous locations in New Brunswick because of frequent weather pattern changes, and the ocean thrashing into the shore. During the second day of our trip to Fundy Park, my mother, father, and I hiked down the rocky passes of Cape Enrage and walked along the beach. I saw prehistoric logjams, and calamites preserved in the rocks along the way down; the weather was hot and sunny that day, so I was a little concerned about sunburn since my calves were already turning slightly red. However, we watched tourists rappelling down the 140-foot cliffs to the beach, which seemed rather tricky, so I declined when asked to try it. The sun was beating down on the park by noon, so we hiked back up to the top of the cliff trail and had lunch at the Cape House Restaurant. The clam chowder we ate was excellent, and we decided to head back to Moncton that afternoon. One of the most memorable parts of that trip was enjoying a lobster feed in Alma, where my grandparents owned a cottage. The Bay of Fundy has the best lobster in the world because of the rich fishing grounds off the shore. Lobster fishing has been the economic backbone of communities like Alma since the 1800s. Seeing how my father was raised on the east coast of Canada gave me a new appreciation for the beauty of nature and the environment. Fundy Park is beautiful, and I would travel there again someday to experience what the parks of Canada have to offer tourism.



“...peaceful serenity of discovering new places that only strengthened my appreciation for nature and how the province needs to preserve spots like this for future generations.”

By the end of our summer trip, I realized my grandparents wouldn't be with us much longer; I would make one more solo airplane trip in 2006 to my grandparent's cottage in Alma. They died in 2002, and my parents inherited the house. Although I haven't traveled to many different countries, Canada remains the most important and memorable places I have visited. At the end of that summer, I realized how rediscovering myself as an adult and gaining new independence comes from leaving my comfort zones and learning to appreciate the little things in life. I learned to understand the culture of eastern Canada, and reconnect with my ancestry.

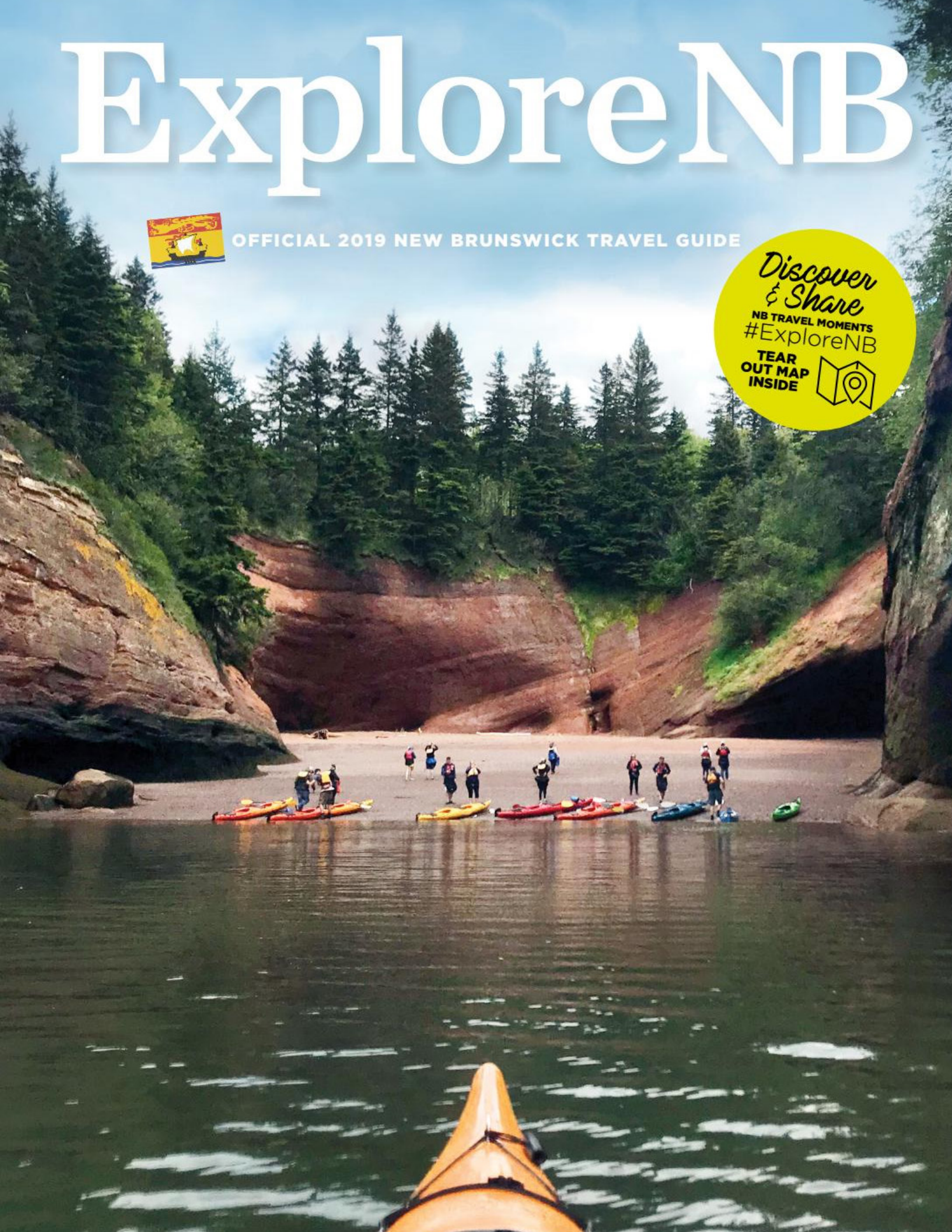
Humans never stop learning; travel helps us experience new cultures and broaden our minds. Since COVID-19, tourism has become more restricted, which has changed how we travel. My memories of the trip to Fundy Park in the summer of 2000 will always be unique. The travel experiences were both satisfying and rewarding; perhaps Joseph Campbell's story of the hero's adventure is similar to the first trip I've ever done on my own. I came back home with a pearl of new wisdom and was transformed through the power of travel.

ExploreNB



OFFICIAL 2019 NEW BRUNSWICK TRAVEL GUIDE

Discover & Share
NB TRAVEL MOMENTS
#ExploreNB
TEAR OUT MAP INSIDE

A simple line-art icon of a map with a location pin.



COUNTRY
— OF —
BONES



Country of Bones

By Josh Dawson

My sister and I have been in Portugal for about a week. We've been sightseeing around Lisbon and are just leaving for Lagos in the southern part of the country. We pick up our rental, hop on a highway, and spend the next few days making stops on our way south.

Travelling through Portugal, the one thing I can tell you about the country is that it feels old. Cities often have brick structures that date back centuries, cobblestone roads, and monuments with placards. Scattered around the country are old castles, churches, cathedrals, and monasteries. My Canadian sensibilities are fascinated by the history that's lacking back home. These locations are sometimes centuries old, yet they feel new to me. I relish the culture of a country that both feels a looks more historic and important than my mill town in British Columbia. I desire to immerse myself in it; to see myself from a perspective that is rooted in history.

We're stopping outside of Lisbon to go horseback riding with an instructor we found online. We mount our horses and are immediately shown how to ride English. As someone who was taught how to ride Western in Canada, my body doesn't want to listen to what our instructor, Tiffany, tells us. I find that English riding has a quicker rhythm, the saddle is smaller, and there's no horn to grip. Tiffany trots her horse in circles around us, telling us how to sit, how much slack to give the reins, and where to position our feet while they're tucked in the stirrups. Eventually, we kick off down a country trail. I bounce around violently, never seeming to catch the pace of my horse. For over an hour, I smash into the saddle. I felt awkward, and it was clear neither me nor my sister knew how to ride well enough to impress Tiffany, who looks back at us with uncertain raised eyebrows.

The heat feels exhausting, and any momentary breeze is a god send. Perhaps it's because I'm from a town that reaches temperatures of -30 C to -40 C every winter, but the heat makes my head hurt and leaves me hanging my arms loosely beside me as I let the horse do all the work.

Tiffany is English. "I used to ride competitively," she tells us. "But I've been teaching for over a decade now." At first, I found it a little odd that our instructor wasn't Portuguese. After spending a week in Lisbon, it felt strange to talk with someone who wasn't a local. But Tiffany's presence in Portugal is only a marker of an international relationship that I'm unaware of. With an alliance that dates back to 1373, England and Portugal have one of the oldest standing alliances in the world. Ancient history, even. Her presence is an acknowledgement of centuries of history that seems as significant as the country itself.

We eventually return to the trail head and dismount. I stand, soothing my horse as I rub its muzzle. The breeze is non-existent, and the air feels stale. The entire country gives off a feeling of stillness. Like every location is filled with a calmness that allows you to just stand, look, and see every object, every building, and every sight as it's meant to be seen; unfiltered and unmediated.

Travelling through the city makes us feel uncertain, as if we don't know how to appreciate what we're seeing. Perhaps it's the heat. Évora is one of the hottest cities in Portugal during the summer. The city is known for its collection of historic artifacts and monuments, the Roman temple being one of the oldest.

We make our way towards a chapel, with towering white columns that gleam from the heat. The entrance is left open, and through the dark wooden doors is a dimly lit interior. The chapel itself doesn't appear out of the ordinary aside from its slightly larger frame and a dusty white exterior. It stands motionless as a slight breeze sweeps through the street.

“Above its entrance, a message reads, *Nós ossos que aqui estamos, pelos vossos esperamos*. It translates to “We bones, are here, waiting for yours.” We slip in through the entrance and let our eyes adjust to the dark room.”

Photo: David Angel



Above its entrance, a message reads, *Nós ossos que aqui estamos, pelos vossos esperamos*. It translates to “We bones, are here, waiting for yours.” We slip in through the entrance and let our eyes adjust to the dark room. Glass barriers guide us down the middle, blocking us from approaching the bones. It smells old and dusty, like a vintage bookstore. The Capela dos Ossos, or the Chapel of Bones, is one of Évora's most well-known historical sites. Inside, the chapel is adorned with the skeletal remains of over 5,000 bodies from 43 nearby cemeteries, built by monks in the 15th and 16 centuries.

“It doesn't feel real,” my sister whispers to me. The bones themselves might've been made of plastic. Yet by looking at their dusty and cracked exteriors, cemented into the walls in intricate designs, I can tell they're real. We stand in the midst of thousands of bodies. Of course, history is always accompanied with death. The Chapel stands in the middle of the old town like an obelisk to remind us that history is built on the corpses of predecessors who have been forgotten through time. It reminds us bluntly, showing us an unfiltered and macabre display of those who were insignificantly lost in history.

Skulls and femurs line the walls. The bodies of the deceased broken and rearranged into scores of mutilated rows and shapes. It's artfully composed yet unsettling to observe how a few centuries of decay can leave a human body as unimportant as construction material. The arrangement of the skeletons isn't perfect. The lengths of bones allow for them to stick out unevenly, and skulls seem to be crammed into the wall to fill up enough room to make the space feel full. You can tell it was done by hand.

In an old wooden frame against one of the pillars that holds up the roof is a poem. It asks travellers to sit and reflect on their existence, to ponder the reality of death for the sake of their journey. “The longer you pause, the further on your journey you will be,” the poem concludes.

After a few days, we finally make our way down to Lagos where we stay in a second story apartment. We’re by the coast, and the breeze seems to liven up the town and its inhabitants. Bringing more excitement and an ease that’s comforting and familiar to my Canadian origins. The heat doesn’t seem to reach here, and I feel I can breathe easily again.

We travel along the coast where we find a small hiking trail that takes us straight to the North Atlantic Ocean. We park and follow the dirt trail. The tall grass is soft and has a healthy green colour. Its silky texture is only occasionally broken by a clump of beige dirt or a cluster of white rocks.

As we near closer to the edge of the cliff, the green grass turns into dark green bushes that prick our legs as we brush by. The trail becomes more overgrown. The breeze picks up, blowing my hoodie and hair in every direction. We round over a hill and are finally at the coast.



**“With only a few feet between us to stand,
we watch the waves and experience a
view that dwarfs us with its immeasurable
expanse. The ocean feels historic, as if a
Portuguese influence has altered it to seem
infinitely old.”**

Photo: Charles Kosman

The sea reaches for endless miles with a vast sweeping body of water that encompasses the horizon. My sister and I spot a small trail that approaches the cliff, and we instinctively move towards it. We trot easily down a trail, my shoes sliding over dirt and lose pebbles, and then begin to climb again. Carefully we place one foot in front of the other as we hike over white rocks. We look to either side and realize we’re on a peninsula that juts out over the ocean. We’re flanked on either side by the edge of the cliff, dropping off into waves that crash into the rocky terrain below us. We continue to climb until we reach the top, only a few feet away from the edge.

The vastness of the ocean engulfs the horizon. The wind is strong, and we crouch low to avoid being blown over. With only a few feet between us to stand, we watch the waves and experience a view that dwarfs us with its immeasurable expanse. The ocean feels historic, as if a Portuguese influence has altered it to seem infinitely old.

I realize how easy it would be to die in this position. How easy it would be to slip. How easy it would be to fall. How easy it would be to crash into the ocean, smash against the rock, and have my body broken and rearranged. How easy my body would become lost to time; another corpse left floating through history. For my journey to end here.

My sister and I stand for a moment. I feel a calmness. Despite the flurry of wind threatening to push me over, the view provides a stillness and a comprehension of my position. As if I could disappear into history and time like a drop of water in the ocean. I see it clearly; unfiltered and unmediated.

Portugal

is opening for travel



Fly nonstop from
New York/Newark to Lisbon

Book now!

*Schedule subject to change. Entry requirements subject to country health management rules and subject to change.



SALMON
FISHING
— ON —
VANCOUVER
ISLAND



Salmon Fishing on Vancouver Island

By Yunua Yang

It is 5 pm west coast time, and my family and I are gathering at the dinner table. Why do we start today's dinner so early than usual? Well, my father can not wait to let us taste his proudly made salmon soup. "These salmons from Vancouver Island are huge. We will have soup to eat for the next couple of days!" he paused, "I should catch more of them. Unfortunately our bag could only carry 3 salmons." I compliment, "Dad the soup is delicious." Of course I add onion and other spices to remove the fishy smell," he replies. Although salmon is commonly cooked by frying it, my father cooks salmon soup and the dish looks similar to a Chinese fish soup, white, flavourful skin and adding radish to produce more flavors. Yeap my father was a professional Chinese cuisine chef for many years so he cooks every meal for the family. My sister says, "it was a nice trip." My mother also says, "Can not agree more. It was lucky that the weather was good when we went to Vancouver Island." My mother's words drag my memory back to the day we departed.

It was my mother's idea to travel to Vancouver Island. We had a long weekend which was a great opportunity to spend time with the family. Besides, we were living in White Rock and Vancouver Island was pretty close to the Lower Mainland. The distance from White Rock to Vancouver is even shorter than the Lower Mainland to Harrison Hot Springs or Hope town. My mother was preparing the travel plan and my father would be responsible for driving. My sister and I were both high school kids. Therefore, we did not have to do anything haha. The plan was simple. We drove to the Delta GCT Deltaport and took the ship to Vancouver Island. Then we would stay at a local hotel for 3 days. During the long weekend, we could see animals and trees on Vancouver Island. We could also go to watch whales if it was available. On the last day we were going to watch the salmon back to their home putting their eggs under the river so new salmon could be born. Finally, my mother decided to leave home around 9 or 10 am in the morning and when we arrived at the hotel we could immediately check-in.

"Boy and girl weak up. I made breakfast. Eat something before you get into the car." It was my father calling us and I could smell coffee in the kitchen. My father was a die-hard coffee fan. He almost drunk coffee every day. He always preferred adding milk and sugar to his coffee. On the other hand, my mother did not drink coffee or tea at all because it would interrupt her sleeping."Thank you dad." we said. After we finished the food we were good to go. It was boring in the car because my Ipad did not have internet connection and the 2 sides of the

highway did not have anything interesting. In Surrey highway, at least I could watch corn yards and animal farms. We got to the port on time. Since the ship was going to depart in half hour, my mother and sister went shopping near the port. I got off the car just to breathe some fresh air. Instead, my father stayed in the car listening to radio music. Ten minutes before the departure dad told us that we should line up. It was a long line like a traffic jam. Every car was waiting for the port to open the checkpoint to the ship. The ship had 2 floors. The underground or basement if you want to call it this way was for vehicle parking, and the top floor had tables and chairs for passengers to rest. In addition, passengers could have a nice view of Vancouver Island and the Pacific Ocean throughout the journey. I saw many people using their phones to take pictures of the Island birds flying around the Island coast. When the ship was close to its final destination there would be a broadcast to remind all passengers back to their vehicles. It was my first time traveling to Vancouver Island so I was curious about Vancouver Island. I kept enjoying the beautiful environment until we arrived at the hotel.

On the second day, my family and I went to watch whales. Before the activity I did not realize the life jacket was also a useful tool to keep warm. Four of us had no idea it would be extremely cold on the boat. The reason was the ocean with a low temperature absorbing the heat, and the wind also trying to take the heat as well. "Watch out! There is a whale!" the captain yelled and decreased the speed of the boat so my family and other travelers could see the whale in a stable state. The whale was such a powerful creature. Suddenly, it made a loud noise and breached the surface of the ocean leaping high into the air and then crashing back down with a resounding splash. How exciting! It made a perfect vertical U-turn. If that creature was participating in a diving competition it would absolutely get zero. In the end, we met 4 whales in total. It was a truly magical experience and one that I will never forget. Despite the cold, the thrill of seeing these magnificent creatures up close made it all worth it. But my mother did not enjoy whale watching because she felt cold during the whole trip. Furthermore, she thought that it was not worth it because we could only watch those whales from a far distance. Overall, my family was enjoying it and we had fun.

Time passed rapidly and it was the last day of the trip. Watching salmon was the last thing on our to-do list. It was fascinating to watch salmon swimming thousands of miles only to return to the same freshwater streams where they were born. It was an incredible and tough journey for these fish. They were swimming in the opposite direction of the stream. Every time salmon made a jump I could feel the energy and beauty of living beings inside them. They went toward their no matter how difficult it was or which circumstance they were in. Without a doubt, I believe that we as human beings could certainly learn something from them. As they approached their spawning grounds, the female salmon laid their eggs in the gravel. In the next autumn, these eggs would become new life and write a new chapter to salmon history. It was a touching moment to see; knowing that these fish would soon die after completing this crucial act of reproduction. It was worth mentioning that while these salmon were back to their home their predators were also waiting for a wonderful meal. Birds and

“It was a touching moment to see; knowing that these fish would soon die after completing this crucial act of reproduction. It was worth mentioning that while these salmon were back to their home their predators were also waiting for a wonderful meal.”

Photo: Danny Grizzle



bears were hanging around the river searching for salmons.

My father walked to the river and saw some fresh salmons. He went to the car and brought a bag with him. He smiled and told me, “Son we are going to have some fish to eat!” We did not see any bears or birds appearing at the river. I guessed they were all full that’s why my father could sneak in and take some leftovers from those meat lovers.”Nice! Now we would better get home quickly so these salmons will not decay and I can make a pot of salmon soup.” He added water to the bag to keep the salmons alive as long as possible and put the bag in the trunk.

After several hours of driving, we finally got home. My father immediately went to the kitchen and started dealing with those salmons. He cut salmons into large pieces and fried them. Frying fish skin before making soup could break down protein, add colour and bring more flavor. When salmons become golden brown it was time to simmer them. Two hours passed my father began to add seasoning and sides to the pot to complete the last step of the soup. Honestly, the soup my father made was amazing! It was so delicious and comforting. He used western ingredients and Chinese techniques to cook that tasty soup.

In conclusion, It was an excellent trip. Reflecting back on this trip, I was filled with a sense of joy and gratitude. It was a journey of discovery in British Columbia and its lovely nature. From the incredible whale watching to the special moments watching the salmon run, each moment was a gift. As I return to my everyday life, I carry with me a renewed sense of wonder and appreciation for the world and the knowledge that there is always more to discover and explore.

“My father walked to the river and saw some fresh salmons. He went to the car and brought a bag with him. He smiled and told me, “Son we are going to have some fish to eat!” We did not see any bears or birds appearing at the river. I guessed they were all full that’s why my father could sneak in and take some leftovers from those meat lovers.”

Photo: Ramon Vloon





#EXPLOREBC



solo



BRIGGS & RILEY

BRIGGS & RILEY

BRIGGS & RILEY

BRIGGS & RILEY

Experience *Travel* through a BC Lens

