

# How I spent summer holidays with dad

Lame 1980s music, brutal 6 a.m. starts and fast food every day make trip memorable

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Knowing my dad's twisted sense of humour, when he asked me if I wanted to do a road trip across Canada with him in a Smart car, my first response was, "Ha-ha, that's a funny one, Dad!"

Spending my first week of summer holidays with my father, instead of my friends?

Not exactly what every 14-year-old girl dreams about for her long awaited vacation.

Everyone I talked to before we left was telling me "it will be an awesome experience!" or "you will never forget it!" and "your dad would really appreciate it!"

So with all this encouragement, I guess I had to go.

But based on past family road trips, I was sure this one would be filled with stupid farm-, car- or largest-something-or-other museums. And plenty of lame '80s music (honestly there was nothing – music, fashion, haircuts – nothing good about the '80s).

The first few days on the road, after leaving Halifax, were promising. I mean, what kid wouldn't like to have fast-food for breakfast, lunch and dinner. But eating every meal from the passenger's seat gets old, fast.

Then there's the fact that summer time is the best part of any teenager's year. That's because you get to sleep in, and then sleep in some more.

Unfortunately, Dad's 6 a.m. wakeup calls "to hit the road early" meant I was probably one of the only teenagers in all of Canada up before noon.

Although the food and sleep conditions were less than ideal, the trip itself was actually pretty cool.

My parents have already driven me around Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes a million times (at least it feels like that). So the best part of our trip, for me, was seeing the Rocky Mountains for the first time.

Beyond inspiration for future grad trips, what was cool about the Rockies was all the animals we saw. Like deer and goats (yeah, actual goats!). Oh, and bears too. Plus, that

was the day where I had actually got some sleep the night before and didn't have A&W for breakfast.

It was a pretty good day.

When we ended our trip in Vancouver, I thought back on the experience and realized that I actually had a pretty good time.

I did get over the '80s music without too many emotional scars. But it still sends the slightest of shivers up my spine when I hear "Roxanne" by the Police.

And yes, I admit it, my friends and family were right. I will probably never forget this road trip (and not because my dad won't let me) because it actually meant something to me.

I don't know what that "something" is yet. But when it hits me, it will probably be something sentimental and mushy that I won't be willing to share anyways.