

# Travel Log – Prince Edward Island

10-07-2015

We are headed towards PEI on the Confederation Bridge – the longest bridge I remember driving over. We're headed and now entered the Firedance Inn a wonderful and not too expensive B&B 20 minutes away from Charlottetown where we will stay for the next 3 nights. Now this is a room with a view:



This afternoon we're headed to the Cavendish Beach Festival, one of the top country music festivals tonight featuring Keith Urban and other country music A- list artists. We made it there and turned back on account of an age restriction. There were thousands of people there none of them over 21 years old it seemed. Mom felt out of place and we went back to our quaint B&B.



I am driving for thousands of kilometres with two women in my car. They are my wonderful wife of 52 years and Ms. GPSy. They do not get along. There are issues of trust and engagement. Mom keeps

second guessing GPSy and vice versa. Any little touch and GPSy goes blank and it's up to me to get them to cooperate. It is flattering that I get both their attention but it is also confusing like hell. Today we crossed the 3000 kilometre mark. This means that we have to pay 15 cents for every additional kilometre. We agreed that if we end up veering of course due to a driver error, extra kilometres will be deducted from their pay, the same for a navigator error. If however it is a Ms. GPSy error it will be invoiced directly to Apple which at the current rate may drag down their market value.

12-07-2015

If you want to chill on a Sunday morning in a city rather than the country - Charlottetown, PEI is your place, especially Victoria Row. Oh by the way, if you do not like potatoes don't bother to come. PEI is all about potatoes and Ann of Green Gables



Mom could be anything she wants to be. She could be a paratrooper, a chef even an astronaut but for god's sake not a navigator. She sucks at it. Myself I could no longer be anything I want to be. I could no longer be a soccer referee, or a soccer colour commentator, or a child psychologist (maybe) but I sure as hell should not be a professional driver. I suck at it just as bad as mom sucks at navigation. Yet we have arrived at every destination on our itinerary sooner or later and with a negligible amount of violence and so far no involvement of law enforcement. Only a road trip of this duration makes you think about things like that, in our case, just short of half way through our road trip.

Tonight is Sunday Night Shenanigans at the York Community Centre, the best Country and Irish song and dance entertainment \$12 can buy you. We had a blast. To me country music still is a bit of "they all sound alike" what do I know?. On the other hand the lyrics and the rhythm and melody really spoke to us.



You must watch this and think of how fortunate we are living in Canada.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tpox5T7n0u0>

... and this to my children from your Bulgarian mother:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4R7E4mNX5E>

13-07-2015

We head to Basin Head Beach the best in PEI and voted the best beach in all of Canada in 2013. Since we arrived Wassaga Beach took over as no. 1. Go figure. White sand, knee deep for hundred metres, cool clear water surrounded by great scenery, but no Copa Cabana or Tel Aviv.



There is a lot of room for more people in PEI. If only we all ate more potatoes.



By the way, how did people travel by car to so many destinations before the Internet. There is still a lot of mistrust between GPSy and mom. Lots of second guessing and double checking on paper maps is going on.

We just came back from a fantastic Celtic music and dance concert by 3 siblings of the Ross family and their mother. I have never clapped” so much and yelled so many “Wow’s during a concert. As you well know, when I clap – I clap. You would have thought it was a soccer match. Clapping was partly because of the awesome performers and largely because the music and dancing called for it. Check it out on <https://rossfamily.ca>



In PEI it seems that we arrived at our destination:



Lobster Bay



Oysters Falls



Muscles Beach