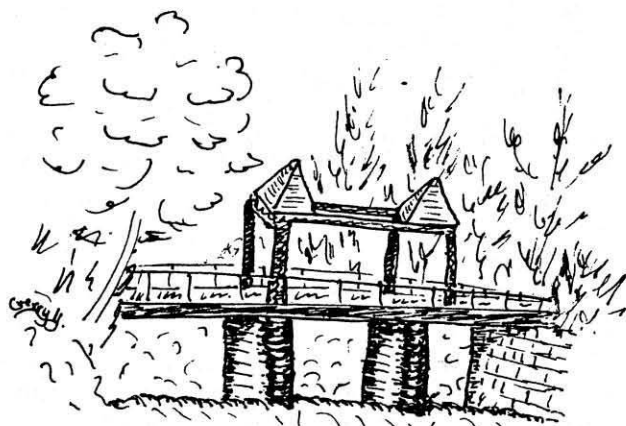


## ALL ABOUT MY TRIP

These are some of the personal experiences of five-year-old Jamie Ness when he guided his parents and other friends on a canoe trip down the west branch of the Spanish River in the summer of 1989. The sentences printed in *italics* are his direct speech, the rest of the text represents his unspoken thoughts; everything as observed, recorded, and reported by Gerry Yellowlees. Jamie's party consisted of Bill and Rita Ness, Doug and Lisa Ashton, Paul and Diane Hamilton, Vic Benjamin, and Gerry Yellowlees. And Rubber Ducky.



Bisco Dam

8 July — *Mom, I'm going to throw up!* We had an easy drive from Toronto to Agnew Lake Marina on the Spanish River but from there things went down (up?) hill. You see, it was a very small plane with very big people and luggage in it. I had no room to move. The plane started bucking up and down like a horse at the Calgary Stampede. I felt sick. There was nowhere to go to escape so I turned to mom and threw up.

When the plane landed, it was great because not only could I get out and explore but also I could go fishing.

*Screech!* That was the sound the baby rabbit made when dad stepped on it. It was about five centimetres long and bumped its nose against my hand when I went to pat it.

*Where's everyone going? Weasels? I've got to go to the other side of Bisco Dam and see this! They are brown animals that look like stretched squirrels.*

*What's Gerry doing, dad? He's drawing a picture of the bridge. Let me see — that's good!*

*Where are the fishes, dad?*

9 July — *Is the bunny gone? I bet his mommy came back for him last night.*

*Vic, can I help make pancakes, too? These blueberries are good.*

*Gerry, can I help breaking the eggs? I'm good at picking the pieces of shell out.*

*Are you going to run the rapids, Vic?*

*Dad, where is my fishing net?*

Thank goodness we're stopping to camp. I'm tired of wearing this red bandana and sitting in the canoe.

*Gerry, can I some swimming too? Mom, where's my bathing suit?*

Net! What net? Why does my mom keep bugging me to wear a net over my head? It falls over my face and I can't see the fish. GET TO BED now it's my dad yelling at me. All I want to do is fish.

10 July — The sun is shining but I'm tired of being bitten by bugs. It hurts. I think I'll stay in bed.

*Mom! Look what I've got! Don't let Doug step on my toad like last time — he squashed it!*

This rafting is fun. Lisa almost got blown overboard by the sail. Look how fast we're going. Maybe if I lean over I can catch some waves.

This is fun! You know what — mom gave me a piggy-back ride all the way over the portage. It was a long one. I asked dad if I could fish but he said no, there will be more fish later. He looked kind of hot.

Dad is OK. He let me dive into the tent because the bugs were so bad. You see, we couldn't leave the door open for a long time, so I got to dive in.

11 July — *Can you make me a daisy chain, Gerry? You're not as good as mom, are you?*

*Mom, me and Gerry made this crown for you.*

*Doug will you PLEASE come and help me catch some grasshoppers.*

*You want a black one first — OK.*

*Oh no, now you want a ten-foot one!*

*Can I help pull the sacks up?*

Why is everyone yelling at me to get out from beneath them?

Wow, can rubber ducky ever swim! Lisa let ducky shoot the rapids at lunch time on the Pogamasing River. But Lisa didn't do it as well as rubber ducky. I was kinda worried about the red marks the rocks made on her.

You know what? Dad caught some fish.

Ketchup, Mustard, and Relish! The canoes! It's their names because of the colors.

12 July — *Don't pee in the water? But dad, I need to pee!*

Oh good, he's going to pee with me on the shore.

Stand on the rocks at Graveyard Rapids with nothing on and let you take a picture of me? *No way, mom!*

I'm hot and I want to swim. The others can swim, why can't I? OK dad, I'll go fishing if you'll come with me.

13 July — I'm cold. Put more clothes on! — I don't have time. I have to go fishing. I can see lots of fish.

Its lunch time and Gerry found a pretty blue and white marble. For me? Thank you!

*Doug, I think we need more wood. The fire is going out.* Well, I know the flames are high but it'll soon burn out. Maybe if I poke it a bit more it'll burn better. I'm warm now.

14 July — No bugs, thank goodness, but it's boring on flatwater — at least it was until Lisa rediscovered my water pistol. Now I can shoot Doug.

We're back at the airport, but I don't have to fly in that plane again!