

Dangerous Jade 3

Our Virtual Canoe Trip

My life with Ken Forman is very different from the life I led before I met him. Prior to becoming Mrs. Ken Forman, my outdoor escapades were limited to two weekend camping trips where we lived in a full-size camper and had all the facilities, and a week at the John Birch Society Junior Summer Camp (obviously material for another fanzine). I like the outdoors well enough. After all, you couldn't ride horses indoors all the time. My life-style was such, though, that my idea of roughing it was staying at the Motel 6 instead of the Hilton. I worked in the travel industry, so all my vacations were either at resorts or cruise ships. Then I met Ken. Father Nature.

Through the 10 years we've been together, I've gone on many weekend outdoor trips, but I've never been on one I've enjoyed as much as the one we took May 5th-7th. We'd planned on this trip for many months. I'd finally be off on a weekend, having had a hysterectomy April 17th. There were three couples going, Belle Augusta and Eric Davis, Ben and Cathi Wilson, Ken and I. We'd reserved canoes, bought food and packed. Then the weather report came in. Cold. Nasty. Wet. Windy. Hail. Armageddon.

What to do? Well, go ahead with plans of course. After all, what's a little rain when you've planned this for months? We all gathered that Friday morning at our house and...

We found the nicest cave. It came complete with two hot springs and tons of space. Coincidentally, it had a cold area perfect for perishables and a terrific place for a fire. It even had built-in toilets. We settled in for the weekend.

After spreading out the sleeping bags and putting some music on, we sat around doing what we liked best to do - relaxing and talking, enjoying being with friends and speculating on whether John and Karla's baby was going to be late or early, whether Peggy and Tom would have children, whether Arnie and Joyce were getting tired of having a Social every month and generally gossiping about everyone that wasn't there. I asked Cathi if she and Ben were planning on having a baby and she said she wasn't sure if they were ready to try yet, having just gotten married. I asked her what kind of contraceptive she was using and when she said that they weren't using anything, I said she was already trying. That proved to be prophetic.

And so the day went on, sometimes stepping outside to watch the planes and black helicopters go

by and identify the wildlife (house finch, neighbor's cat, dalmatian, schipperke). The weather was just as bad as predicted, though, so we mostly sat inside and relaxed. As night fell, we realized that our friend Erica's Pythonfest movie night was that night, so we got in our canoes and paddled over to her house to enjoy some Monty Python and good beer. The tiny size of Erica's apartment soon forced us out into the stream and back to our cave, though. That night we sat around making s'mores and listening to the tape "Why Do Clocks Run Clockwise" and playing along with it.

The next day started with Ben making pancakes for everyone smothered with real maple syrup. I highly recommend this as a terrific start of a lazy day. Since the Vegrant's meeting was that day, a vote was taken and we decided to give up the peace and quiet of the cave for the civilization that is the Katz's. We made it back home in time for steaks cooked to perfection

by Ken. That night we sat around the fire and played a virtual sex computer game (virtual because none of us actually did what the computer said to do. It may have sparked a few fantasies, however). We also talked about our childhood, comparing the differences.

Sunday morning started with perfect omelets by Ken. We spent a lazy morning trying to guess the profession of the woman sitting in the car parked by our campsite. Eventually we decided she was with the FBI. By Sunday afternoon, we were ready to head home. After a lunch of burgers and chips we packed up and...

Our house was a lovely sight. We all sat around and talked about what a great time we'd had and discussed plans for future canoe trips. I said that as long as they were just like this one, that would be fine with me.

