



CANADA

## A Skier Discovers the Best Way To Explore British Columbia's Secret Stashes

A winter RV road trip to some of the best (and deepest) resorts in BC you've probably never heard of.

*"So, we're having a hard time reaching anyone at any of these resorts."*

I laugh as Rick, our travel planner, is despairing over the unreachability of an actual human at the tiny resorts we're planning to visit. As we dissect our itinerary via Zoom, Rick's concern about the lack of officially supported RV camping is evident. We'd need space each night to park the supersized **CanaDream** Motorhome we'd commandeered for the trip.

*"It'll be fine,"* I reassured him, *"we'll just ask the locals where we can park up."* I had to chuckle at his good-natured organization. These plucky communities have survived on logging and mining in some of the most remote regions of B.C. Due to their intense weather systems, many didn't have cell service or reliable internet access, so responding to emails from unfamiliar journalists probably wasn't high on their priority lists. We had switched our Google search from 'ski resort' to 'ski hill,' allowing a few red pins to sprout up in a vague northerly route. The rationale for picking our destinations was essentially this: the less information we could garner, the better. My main goal was to skip the inefficiencies of a traditional ski trip. No more dragging duffel bags through hotel lobbies and frenzied driving to the parking lots each morning to secure a space.

Sleeping next to the lifts themselves seemed like a great idea—my only hesitations were surrounding humidity and came from years of living in a 1982 camper van in my youth. After a quick peruse of the internet, I found the ideal solution. CanaDream offered a fully-winter-ready, 28-foot-long, 6.8-litre Ford E450 Super Duty RV that was built to be fully self-sufficient, boasting heating, a toilet, hot shower, stove, fridge, and power sockets for our phones (and more importantly, my heated socks). For most people, road trips are in summertime, associated with the windows down, hair flowing in the breeze, parking the van in a new spot every night – preferably by a body of water. This was going to be a little different. After a few back-and-forth emails, it was decided. The colossal – and relatively luxurious – vehicle we chose would take us on our 3,000-kilometer journey, crossing ill-reputed mountain passes and stopping at five small ski resorts over seven days before doubling back via a 22-hour ferry to Vancouver Island, where we would ski one final resort.