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ROAD RAVES TRAVEL



Travelling as a family of four has its challenges.

Travelling as the lone woman in a family of boys can be tough too. And the fact is that while I am far from the girly girl my parents thought they were getting, I do have a reputation for preferring luxe and lush to down and dirty. My boys (including my husband Ish), on the other hand, have yet to meet a mud pit or dark cave they didn't need to explore. I love them dearly but it's the kind of dynamic that can cause some tension when it comes to itinerary setting.

In most of the countries we've explored, since leaving Canada for a year of family travel in July 2011, we've been able to find something for most of us. But Thailand, where we spent two weeks this winter, was the first spot where we all got everything we wanted and more.

Part of it is geographical: at the tip of Southeast Asia, Thailand has the benefits of tropical climes and idyllic islands. The protected Gulf of Thailand provides plenty of opportunities for getting out on the water and the interior, with it's jungle landscape to the north, offers the opportunity to get adventurous.

You can live like a pauper without pain in a beach hut or homestay or live like a King or Queen at places that would cost you much, much more back home.

The most difficult thing about a visit to Thailand is divvying up your time. Will you spend your days on jet skis and eating from street vendors or indulge in finer things?

Our family was split (3-1) with me on the losing end—so we compromised. We started our adventure leg in Khao Sok, an area just north of Chiang Mai. I was okay when we got into the rubber dinghy; okay when I realized we were going through the mangroves; even okay when the boys wanted to sit up front. But Kong, our guide, was really pushing it when she suggested we look up.

68 dabble April/May 2012 dabble 69

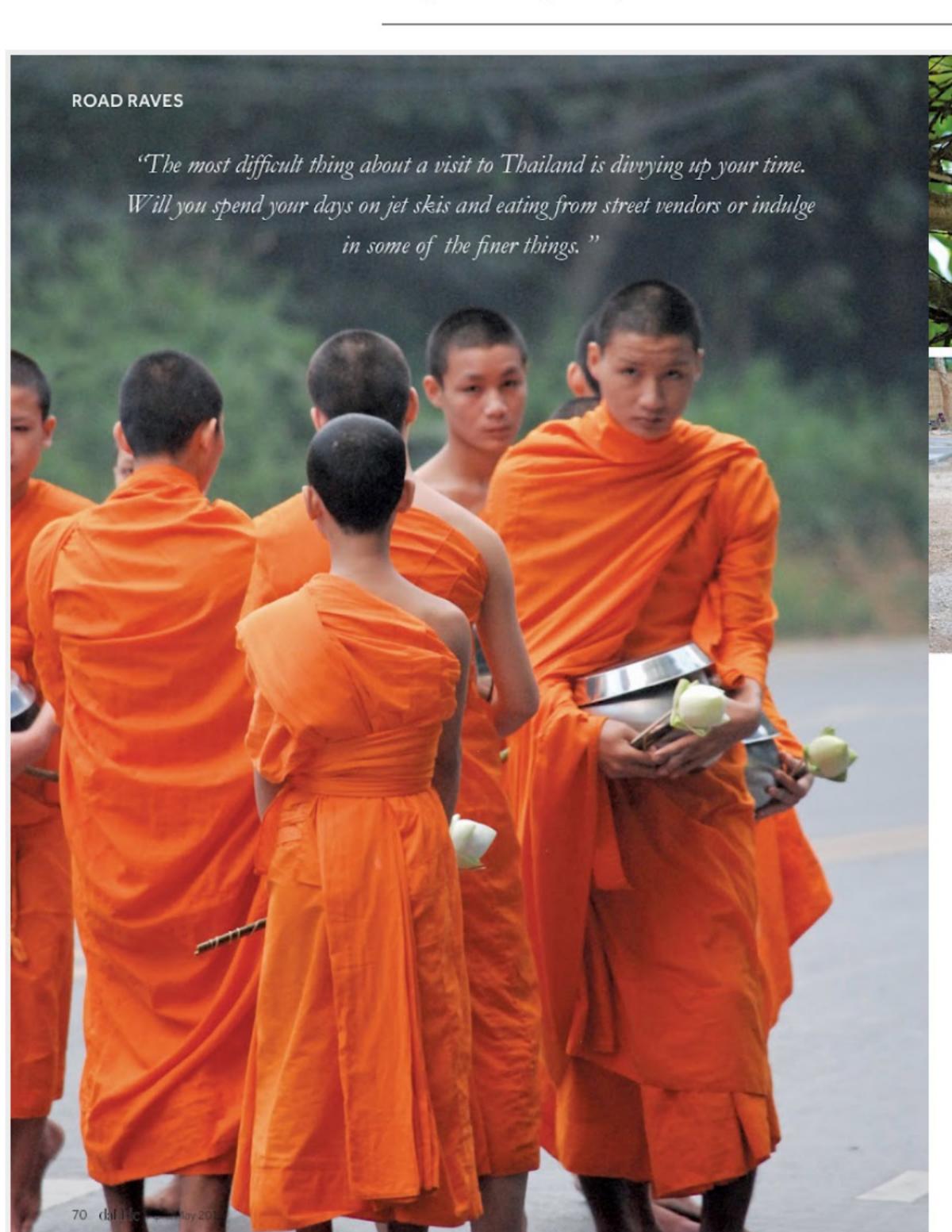


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"Then why are you yelling?" I thought. "We don't need him awake."

I look around me to see how many other members of my family are equally concerned by this woman who is now holding a stick and jabbing it in the snake's direction to show us where it's lying and I can't find anyone who shares my fear.

Instead two little boys who are itching to find a stick for themselves and a dad who is helping them look meet my horrified stare.

And it was like that for days. At the Elephant Hills resort we stumbled on more than just the tree-sleeping pythons. We rode bamboo rafts across the murky waters, we swung on jungle vines and slipped and slid through a muddy junglescape on our way to the most unique lunch experience I've ever encountered. Meals were cooked over a makeshift fire and the cream for our curry came from a coconut picked on the spot.



On a sea canoe experience in the more touristy
Phuket, we squeezed through cave entrances so small
that our guide (who insisted we call him Little Buddha)
had to let air out of the raft (while we were in it) to get
us through. In northern Chiang Mai we zipped with the
Flight of the Gibbon crew on lines that ran high above
the ground ...in a rain storm. And after spotting some
young boys kickboxing on a rooftop above the night
market in Chiang Mai city, I watched the boys learn the
Muay Thai moves from former champ Burklerk Pinsinchai
during impromptulessons.

At the end of each day we were tired, dirty and surprisingly happy, the boys more than me, but the adrenaline rush of this constant adventure did begin to win me over. Still, when we move over to the Four Seasons Chiang Mai I cement my faith in luxe living. Set among acres of working rice paddies with all of the comforts and service you expect from a Four Seasons resort and a jaw dropping landscape that makes you feel eons away from reality but completely in Thailand, this hotel won me over immediately.

Then they opened the doors to our suite.



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