

Trip 3 – Episode #19: Our Last Days on The Rock

We had planned to spend about three weeks in Newfoundland, which was two weeks longer than the last time we had been there.

It still wasn't enough time.

Within the first few days, we realized we were going to have to make decisions about where we could go, and where we couldn't.

But one of the wonderful things about the kind of travel we do is that every decision we make generally results in lovely surprises.

We had hoped to go to Fogo Island, but we realized the days we'd spend to get there and back would eliminate opportunities to go several other places.

Once we made the decision not to go to Fogo, we discovered that one of the benefits of our revised schedule was that we'd be able to go to Cupids.

And that turned out to be a great way to end our time on The Rock.



The town sign is a little confusing, because, although the town was apparently founded in 1610, it's only been incorporated since 1965. Its charm, however, is timeless.



The reason we chose to end our Newfoundland adventure in Cupids is that it is the home of the aptly named Perchance Theatre.

This amazing theatre is a small-scale replica of London's Globe Theatre, and their mission is to produce and present classical theatre with a focus on Shakespeare each summer, in Cupids.



Jim had been there years before, to see a production of *The Tempest*, which had an indigenous theme, and featured his good friend, Cathy Elliot as an indigenous Ariel.

As it happened, this year they were also presenting *The Tempest*, and it was a raucous and fun presentation (though without the indigenous theme).



We enjoyed the production very much, but we had another show planned for the evening, after dinner.

We had booked dinner at a place called Skipper Ben's, which sounded like a place where we could get a good fish 'n' chips dinner, with a bearded skipper greeting us at the door.

Not exactly.



Skipper Ben's turned out to be a years' old establishment run by members of the community who took over the space after the passing of the original Skipper. Instead of offering the fried food menu we were expecting, they provided simple but tasty meals, with a cast reminiscent of Arsenic and Old Lace.





It had a lovely deck overlooking the bay.



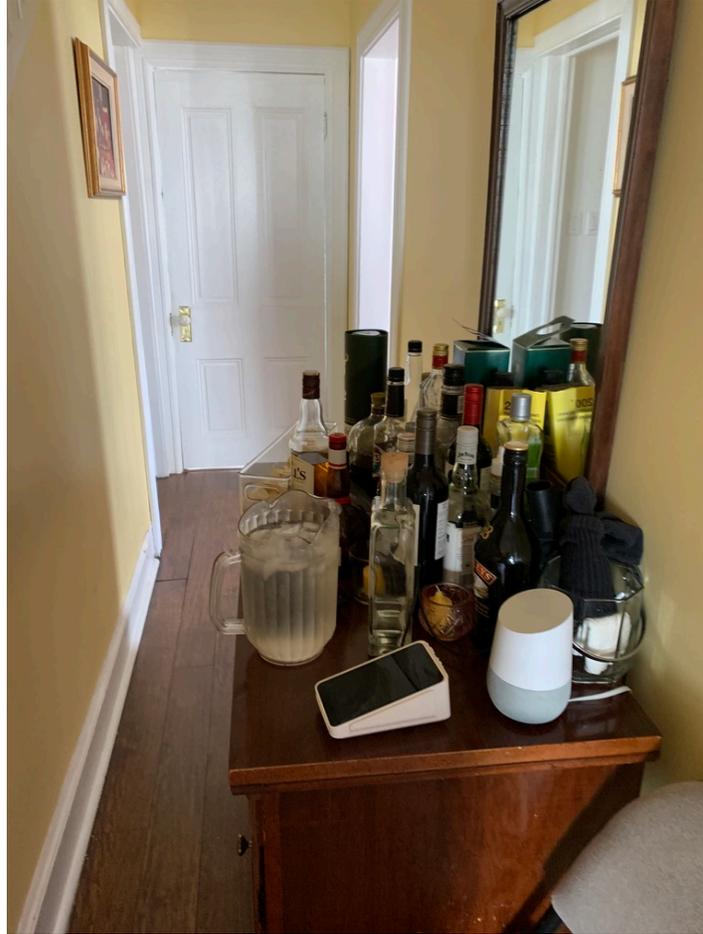
And wandering through the space was very much like what you might see in your grandmother's home ...



... except Dad wouldn't have been doing the dishes.



This was the bar, in the hall that went past the kitchen to the bathroom.



Just not what you expect to find at Skipper Ben's.



After a surprisingly tasty dinner, we went back to the theatre and enjoyed a special evening with Mary Walsh reading her new play, *Come Home Year 1966*.



It was a wonderful, intimate evening with one of Newfoundland's comedy icons.





On the way out of the theatre, I noticed that a woman who was sitting behind us had also been at Skipper Ben's when we were there.



We struck up a conversation as we walked back to our vehicles, and it turned out not only was she from Toronto, but we had mutual acquaintances.



And now, Lianne Gravitis and I are Facebook friends, and I followed her amazing adventures as she traveled on her own throughout eastern Canada.

It was Lianne who told us we should go to the nearby town of Brigus, which we did the next morning, our last day in Newfoundland. And she was right.



A charming town on a charming bay.





With some lovely, well-kept homes. Apparently, these homeowners intend to stay.









There was also some history to the town, as there always is in Newfoundland.

Like this tunnel
through to the
harbour.





We also went to the Brigus Mercantile, which was an experience.



Far from being the kind of flea market I thought it would be, this was a bright, welcoming space with lots of interesting merchandise, and little nooks for enjoying a coffee or a snack.



I would've spent a lot more time there if we didn't have a ferry to catch. So we headed Charles toward Argentia. And along the way, we got lots of reminders of the colour and the quirkiness that is uniquely Newfoundland.





Finally, we got to the foggy port of Argentina, where we would board the ferry for the long trip back to the mainland. Unfortunately, by the time we tried to make our booking, there were no cabins available. Partly because it was nearing the end of the season, and partly because of the “Come Home” campaign, the ferry was packed.



As a result, for approximately 15 hours overnight, this was our accommodation.





Finally, at about 7:40 am, Nova Scotia time, we arrived in Sydney and our Newfoundland adventure was truly over.

