

WEEKEND

## A Weekend on Quadra Island, B.C.

In the Gulf Islands, there's always a catch.



A mere 10-minute water-taxi ride from Campbell River leads you to the shores of Quadra Island and your own adaptation of Discovery Channel's *Deadliest Catch*. But instead of catching king crabs, your mission is to reel in the king of salmon - the chinook. Around the island, the waters are full of migrating fish chilling out in inlet tidal currents and backwaters, just waiting for the bait. Fortunately, Quadra is also home to the comfy side of sport fishing. For us, that meant relaxing at our waterfront cabin, watching the nightly entertainment - a couple of spotted fawns peeking around the patio and nibbling on tiny red berries. How often can you say, "Bambi's eating our huckleberries"?

We greet dawn and a cherry Kool-Aid sky at the deluxe [April Point Resort & Spa](#). Head to toe in some serious rubberized rainwear, we're about to catch wild chinook salmon during a guided fishing tour. At the docks, we hook up with our guide, Ben, fresh from fishing with Antonio Banderas, who tells us, "Anchovies are the secret," while baiting our line.

The [Spa at April Point](#) is a Japanese-inspired retreat perched on Quadra Island's waterfront. Lounging on the heated outdoor patio, we soak our painted toes in Caribbean scented salts and rose-petal water while sipping Aveda Comforting Tea. The shimmering ponds surrounding the spa catch the afternoon sun, and we begin to adopt island life.

We're eating translucent candied salmon belly from [High Tide Seafoods'](#) custom salmon smokehouse, but it's just a snack before devouring a pound of the largest prawns known to man. Where are our bibs? The locals recommend trying [Patti's Lighthouse Restaurant](#), a boathouse at Campbell River's Discovery Harbour Marina, and they're not wrong. We order a platter of steamed shellfish, smothered in white wine sauce and served with focaccia.





We rent cobalt blue scooters and - like a band of mods - take off to explore the lazy island. We can almost hear The Who play as we ride past the Sunday knick-knack market toward [Rebecca Spit Marine Provincial Park](#). The marine provincial park smells like a mix of pine needles and ocean that could honestly be Calvin Klein's newest scent. We have miles of pebbled beach all to ourselves, except for a few boats moored in the bay. (It's a popular destination for those boating in Desolation Sound.)



Our hearts are pumping fast. We're on our own personal roller-coaster ride, also known as April Point's wilderness zodiac tour. Glacial runoff flows into the surrounding fjords, making the water appear electric green and milky. For the next three hours, we zip through pristine waterways in search of eagles, seals and bears - oh my. Wild cinnamon black bears (aptly named for their spice-dusted coats) snack on blackberry bushes, while 450-kilogram Steller sea lions surface next to our inflatable boat.