

A photograph of a white RV in motion, blurred to convey speed. The RV is driving on a road that appears to be made of gravel or dirt, with a dense forest of evergreen trees in the background under a clear blue sky. A black rectangular box with the word "SAMPLE" in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters is overlaid on the center of the image.

SAMPLE

Roamin' Holiday

The open road! Adventure! Your own bathroom!
Writer **Dick Teresi** trades the simplicity of tents for
RV splendor—and loves every insane minute
(well, except for those waste hookups)



SAMPLE

It was 90 degrees on a June Saturday afternoon, I had no air conditioning at home, and thus I found myself in line at the multiplex. I didn't care about the movie offerings. I cared about the advertised 68-degree climate control in the theater. When I got to the ticket window, I asked for "any movie that's starting *now*." There was but one, *RV*, an alleged comedy that combines two things whose appeal had always eluded me: recreational vehicles (too big) and Robin Williams (too hairy). I vacillated. I thought about Robin's hairy back. I thought about my sweaty back. Chalk up a victory for air conditioning.

I won't bore you with the plot. As I recall, good, or at least mediocrity, triumphs in the end. In the middle, Williams is in a desolate RV camp with his motor home's sewer hose in his hand. Predictable sloppy events ensue because he follows inept advice from his fellow RVers, all of whom are toothless imbeciles.

This took me aback. Yes, this is the long-running stereotype of an RVer: an RC Cola-slurping NASCAR

