

# First Low-Snow Blues Nordic Limerick Contest

February 11, 2024

hosted by [Skinnyski.com](http://Skinnyski.com)

Greetings Nordic skiers!

We were delighted to receive over seventy fine limericks and near-limericks to brighten our low-snow year. Many thanks to all who submitted. Below you'll find the best of them, in our suspect opinion, listed with the poets' names or pen-names.

We hope to see you out there on the snow!

-- David Moore, Michael Kuhne, and Gill Creel.

There once was a crazy young wax tech,  
Who traveled from Canmore to Quebec.  
In search of a brush,  
For the snow was all mush,  
From the tracks to the terrible skate deck.  
-- Johannes Hoesflot Shakespeare

There was nothing but grass on the ground,  
And no races or hope to be found,  
So you must bear witness  
To my lack of fitness  
Just yell "track" and I'll let you around!  
-- Sam O'Donnell-Hoff

A gold-medal gal from our state,  
Wins cheese at a dizzying rate.  
She's got so much Gruyere,  
That all Switzerland's bare.  
Now "here comes Diggins!" to Wirth: it's just great.  
-- Jennifer Ristau

There once was a ski guy named Speedy  
Whose customers became rather needy.  
"Please find us some Gear  
To help us ski here  
When the weather feels more like Tahiti."  
-- Old John of Gaunt

This year an old skier from Green Bay  
Was to ski his first Korteloppé.  
But low snow left him chastened  
So he blew off the race and  
Drank beer at the Minnow all day.  
-- Rick Bie

We heard rumors of snow in Cloquet,  
 So we drove there without a delay.  
 The rumors were untrue;  
 But with nothing to do,  
 We went on to grand Grand Marais.  
 -- Michael Kuhne

When the season began to unravel,  
 To my local ski shop I did travel.  
 To ask for a wax  
 To help me go fast,  
 When skiing on oak leaves and gravel.  
 -- Old John of Gaunt

There once was a nudist named Dee  
 Who liked to streak and to ski.  
 But when she had shed  
 All of her threads  
 She found the ski trails as naked as she.  
 -- Old John of Gaunt

Does this race suit make me look fat?  
 Please tell me just where I am at.  
 Just tell me the truth  
 I won't think you uncouth  
 For this winter I've mostly just sat.  
 -- Rick Limmer

Last year's snows filled skiers with mirth,  
 While 2024 is considered a dearth;  
 With little to groom,  
 I'm filled with much doom;  
 But still logging my laps out at Wirth.  
 -- Mary Heskell

A skier who lives in DePere,  
 Lamented, "There's no snow 'round here.  
 And since none is in sight,  
 We should go out tonight  
 And drown all our sorrows in beer."  
 -- Ken Mogren

There once was a skier named Bob  
 Whose favorite trail was the Knob.  
 But Murphy's not groomed  
 So poor Bob was doomed  
 To ski Battle Creek with the mob.  
 -- Old John of Gaunt

There was a young skier from Brainerd.  
In racing she never went wayward.  
Through the Birkie's low snow,  
She still had to go,  
So she walked down from Cable to Hayward.  
-- Gill Creel

There once was a groomer called Fitzgerald  
Who was praised by many a herald.  
But he couldn't pack  
Bare dirt into tracks  
And found his reputation imperiled.  
-- Old John of Gaunt

There once was a guy from Woonsocket,  
Whose klister spread well past his pocket.  
He first lost his glide,  
And then went his pride,  
When his grandpa flew past on a rocket.  
-- David Moore

Last year I spent on technique.  
And with practice I reached a new peak.  
But this year I fear,  
No snow far or near,  
And my chance for advancement is bleak.  
-- Jennifer Ristau

A skier who lives in St. Paul  
Declared "I have now seen it all.  
I don't know the reason  
We've skipped a whole season  
And gone straight to springtime from fall."  
-- Ken Mogren