When Stein Eriksen Ran Over My Skis: a one sentence novel

gene washington, Utah State University
WHEN STEIN ERIKSEN RAN OVER MY SKIS

Stein Eriksen:

*Director of Skiing, Deer Valley, Utah

*Gold Medal Winner, 1952 Olympics, Oslo, Norway

*Norwegian Order of Merit, Knight First Class

I stopped, I had to, he's big, I panicked, but wrong, wrong, Little Sissi, he's heavy, and cute, and soon he schussed off my skis and I am in his arms being carried down the slopes, through a kind of chute, between some standard looking trees, over a cornice which I would have had a zippo chance of skiing at my level and in rental equipment, but maybe I'd better make that a couloir which sounds more old worldly, which he is, and he's telling me how lucky he is to run over my skis though it wasn't something he did every day and he's saying what a good kisser I am and right away seeing that I wasn't one of
those Mormon virgins and asking me about my work as a manicurist and commenting on how pleased he is with professional nail care in this country and about my Mom and whether she would worry about me if he took me to Norway with him on a whirlwind, fact-finding, trip through the fjords and yodeling with him down the glaciers, although truthfully, it might be better not at first to go with him to Norway until I learn the language which should be too hard and his divorce comes through and we through the wedding and have our house and I am entertaining the big-wigs from the Olympics Committee and taking messages from the Olympic athletes who want him to sign their skis and if he snores and doesn't have all that much life insurance I wouldn't mind a bit and say so just going along, little by little, to build a lasting relationship, not in the least like the one with Timmy who's already balding and has a partial spread and plans to be a mortician like his father and who is so busy thinking about building a chain of full-service funeral homes at ski-resorts that he doesn't give enough thought to my biological clock ticking and he'd soon know what he'd lost in not being like Stein who'd be my birthing coach and get up in the wee hours to feed and hold the babies even when he ought to be fresh for a big skiing contest the next day and how he takes the car in for servicing and carries out all the garbage and hops right out of the car to pump the gas when we stop for some and it makes me nearly get tears in my eyes thinking about our kids and grandkids there on Christmas and New Year's Eve before that big fireplace turning around to watch the snow falling outside that picture window and singing the hymns we'd all learned as kids and keeping healthy with lots of fiber and two different kinds of fruit a day and what if Grandpa Stein doesn't have all that much life insurance and can't remember which toothbrush is his.