

# The Low-Snow Blues Nordic Limerick Contest

announced February 6, 2024

submissions due Sunday, February 11th, by 3:00 pm

Greetings Fellow Nordic Skiers!

In this low-snow year, we could all use something to lift our spirits. Thus we three veteran Twin Cities Nordic skiers – David Moore, Michael Kuhne, and Gill Creel – announce the first Low-Snow Blues Nordic Limerick Contest.

Here's how it works. As soon as you can, craft a [limerick](#) or two on the general subject of Nordic skiing. Then [paste or type it into the Google Form you'll find here](#). Note the deadline above. It does not have to be about low snow! Anything ski-related is fair game. A helpful website can be [rhymezone.com](#).

The three of us will quickly select the best, erring on the side of fun. Let us know whether to use your real name or a pen name. Skinnyski will publish the selections soon after.

An important note: limericks are sometimes off-color. But Skinnyski is a family publication, so we'll keep things respectable.

Go ahead: write something quickly and send it our way!

Many thanks! – David, Michael, and Gill.

Three examples – one from each of us – with no claims to artistic merit:

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.

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.

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.