



WHAT A
MAD, MAD
THING TO DO
IN MADRID —
SKI-ING!

Maybe I'm not quite ready for the Olympics yet, but watch me do a Christiania. That's a high-speed turn.



What did I do in Spain? You'll think I'm crazy. I went skiing in the mountains outside Madrid. Honestly! I love skiing. Forty-five minutes out of the city I was in pure white snow with not a soul around. The snow was a bit slushy maybe, but the sun was glorious and I had to wear goggles to kill the glare.



See? Both skis parallel, flat on the snow, close together. Body swung from the shoulders keeping the hips rigid, knees bent, leaning well forward.

