

Dick Divine (2)

Being a ski instructor, I'm here every winter, instructing the masses. I've been here long enough that I've taught multiple generations of the same family. Many of my repeat clients have become my friends. I have wonderfully symbiotic relationships with others who pay a lot to play, and who want new adventures all the time. So I started crafting elaborate custom adventures for them—of the “pack your bag with this, this and this and let's go” variety.

But some dudes think a female ski instructor is basically the bachelor party equivalent to the bachelorette party's “Policeman with a big stick” entertainment. Basically that we are some kind of half-day or full-day escort service, and that it's pasties that we're wearing underneath our resort-issued ski suits and not stinky wool-blend long-johns. Is it some kind of common porn set-up? I can't even imagine...[said seductively], ”oh, you wanna hit these bumps? [end sexy voice] Hold on, let me get these skis off, oh shoot—this one's jammed,...there. And I gotta unbuckle my boots--oh shit my fingers are freezing. Let me seductively peel my balaclava off my face—oops, I didn't mean to flick you with a wad of semi-frozen snot. My bad! Here, take my shell off...k, now take my sweatshirt off, ok,...now take my second-layer off,...whoops, forgot about my Neoprene tech layer. Carhart thermals, they're comin' off because I'm hot. No, like,...I mean I'm sweaty...”

One guy was particularly insidious. His name? Wait for it...wait for it...Dick Divine. I can't make this stuff up. It was like he thought he had something to live up to, with a name like that. And he did, but there was nothing “divine” about him. He was a big d—uh, jerk. For our first lesson, he asked if we could begin instruction in the hot tub. Another time, he requested that I “put on something nice” and that instead of a lesson, could we bounce around downtown Vail? We are not Book-a-Date, we are Book-a-Ski-Lesson, Dick! He was relentless. I started taking him on all the worst runs, hoping he'd believe I'd lost my skill and that the perceived magic would be gone. He kept up with his obnoxious suggestions and idiot pursuit, so I finally had to get the director of ski school involved, who put him on our blacklist—apparently there's a ski school blacklist! Or else they made one just for Mr. Dick Divine. But THEN he started booking lessons under ALIASES! Luckily, our reservations department was on top of its game and thwarted him at every attempt. His aliases were always way more legitimate-sounding than Dick-freaking-Divine.