

It's a clear and crisp morning in Slush Mountain. There is not a cloud in the sky and a newly fallen blanket of silky snow is glistening in the sun. At Wanderlust Lodge the temperature is minus 4 degrees, and the skiing conditions are second to none.





The cross-country trails are already crawling with frisky, rosy-cheeked skiers, forging up the mountainside at full speed.





Others prefer to go off piste, away from the crowds and off the beaten track. The trailblazing buffoon Bruce “the Spruce” Crampon is jumping off a cabin roof with the grace of an albatross.





The Slush Mountain Ski Resort is not a place for the faint hearted. Hard-boiled skibums fly down the white-knuckle slopes in a flurry of snow and ice. Young daredevils defy the laws of gravity with neck-breaking stunts.







On the mogul run a skiing policeman is taking care of a wild and reckless monoskiier. She is duely booked and given a considerable on-the-spot fine for “dangerous skiing”.





However, not everyone is in a hurry. A young couple are kissing passionately in the chairlift without a care in the world.





But only a stones-throw away the swear words and insults are pouring. Two quarrelsome chaps have decided to settle their differences on the roof of a gondola.

- Get back to the kids' slope, you talentless snowshoe!
- Watch your mouth, you three-legged moose!