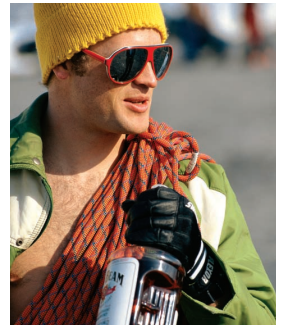




Nailing the grab but missing the Beam, Saucer Boy prepares to stick uphill ice.



SAUCER BOY

On whiskey, Hulk Hogan, and being handsome.
As told to Megan Michelson.

It's been six years since Saucer Boy—the sled-toting drunk in Matchstick Productions' ski flicks who bears an uncanny resemblance to Shane McConkey—was killed off in *Ski Movie 3: The Front Line*. In Matchstick's new movie, *Claim*, Saucer Boy makes a much-anticipated return from the dead. Meanwhile, we're still investigating rumors that Saucer Boy and McConkey have never been seen in the same room together.

People have been asking, “Where’s Saucer Boy? When is he coming back?” Truth is, I’ve been living in a cave in Alaska, the last frontier. That’s where you go to get radical.

It’s not easy being Saucer Boy. I have to walk around chugging booze dressed like an asshole. People see me on the streets and shout, “Saucer Boy!”

Athletes in the extreme-skiing scene try to rip and be rad. But I rip on my saucer *and* on snowlerblades.

Bode Miller’s a pussy.

A lot of times the comic relief in ski movies isn’t funny. If you’re going to try to be funny, you might as well try to be stupid too.

I wear a one-off Bogner fluorescent green, pink, and orange jacket. I got it from Willy Bogner himself back in 1997. Now all the pro freeskiers are ripping off my look.

Drink whiskey straight from the bottle. Any other way is for pussies.

You can’t kill Saucer Boy. Wendy Fisher once shot me with a shotgun. I tried to air 500 feet out of the Squaw Valley tram and went head first into some rocks. I got run over by an ambulance. I’m like Kenny in *South Park*. I’m too damn tough.

I can shred the hell out of anybody. Hulk Hogan is a fat, old piece of lard.

I might run for president next term. I’m that popular. I’ll represent the Independent Party. No wait, the Shredapendent Party. Wait, the Jack-Dependent Party.

I’m devastatingly handsome. Even in remote towns in Alaska, the women come flocking to me. I’m like a magnet. Get the hell out of my way. Those chicks are mine.

When you’re airing a saucer, don’t let your feet hit the ground first. Take the landing force on your tailbone and up through your spine. If you need to stop, turn your Jack bottle upside down and use it as a self-arrest tool.

Ski-BASE is for pussies. I don’t need a stinking parachute and skiing is lame. Throw away those stupid sticks and be a real man.

Mullets are the baddest-ass hairdo I ever invented. Everyone else who has a mullet is just copying me. J.T. Holmes cuts my mullet.

The number-one thing: Always remember that nobody is cooler than you. Take yourself seriously and talk a big game about yourself. ♦