

(\*\*\*\*\*cellphone ringing\*\*\*\*\*)

Hey buddy! I been thinking about your fat sorry - did I say fat and sorry OLD - ass! How's it hanging, bro! What? Golf? On Sunday? But that's the lord's day, my good man. Surely you will be in the house of worship with your family, giving praise to god's great works! Hahaha! Yeah, or playing whack-fudge with some other degenerates! What time? Noon? Are you crazy man? It's July, you jabrone! It'll be hot enough at noon to thaw your mother in-law's withered old heart. God damn! Afraid of a little heat? What? Haha! Yeah, the Heater man! How could I forget the Heater! Heater the cheater! The K-man gave him that moniker....yeah, yeah, the K-man! Oh, it's a beauty! The K-man used to be able to play a lick back in the day....no really, yeah the stone age for sure. So he somehow qualifies for the state amateur and he plays like god for three rounds...no, no, like god man, waaayyy better than you...well, but not as good as me last weekend loser!

Anyways....K-man's freaking out cause he's going to tee it up the last round with some college hotshots...yeah, yeah...they've never seen anything like K-man! So the Heater tells him he'll caddy for him, you know, give him some support. Well, K-man says yes! Hahaha! He lets the Heater pack his sticks at freaking Stroon in the final round of a freaking state amateur! The Heater! He was so nervous, he would have let Homer Simpson carry for him! Yeah, yeah! The Heater could have been on that show for sure. So the K-man makes him promise no shenanigans, like he's gotta be squeaky clean. No moving or talking while other guys are playing, no cussing, gotta follow the dress code and the caddy rules AND NO CHEATING...yeah, he really lays down the law. So Heater shows up at the course the next day in TWEED plus fours, a Harry freakin Vardon cap, a dress shirt and TIE and a god damned wool vest! Haha! He's like Walter effing Hagen! The kids playing with them are like....is this guy for real? Haha! Anyways, he's such a distraction he's like 2 shots a side for the K-man, the kids are all playing like crap and the K-man is grinding so hard, there's iron filings all over the course. But they get to the back nine and the Heater starts choking. He figures out that K-man is tied for the lead on the 15th green and he starts gagging!!!! He's never won a two way press and now he's packing for someone who might win the STATE FRIGGIN AMATEUR! He starts yappin in K-man's ear like he's Angelo Argea and rattling his change when the other guys are putting....yeah haha! The usual Heater routine! Now K-man's getting even more nervous and he starts choking too....but he makes a couple of bombs and he gets to 18 still tied with two other guys. One of them whips it further left than Bernie and the other guy and K-man pipe theirs. The Heater and K-man walk to his drive to drop the clubs and go help Bernie find his ball. They get to K-man's ball and it's underground. K-man said it's not a divot hole, it's in a god damned cave. There're prehistoric drawings on the walls, this thing's so friggin deep! He's totally bummed because you know the second on 18 is a bear. Uphill green off a downhill lie OVER WATER. And always into the wind. Did I mention the water? So they go and help the other guy look for his ball and they find it in a couple minutes. Heater's on his horse as soon as someone says, 'found it'. He's SPRINTING to the K-man's ball. In his knickers! Haha, yeah! What a sight. So K-man waddles back to his ball and when he got there, he said it looked like it was sitting on A TEE! Heater couldn't go 18 holes CADDYING without bumping the freakin ball! So K-man loses it.

If someone saw Heater moving it or saw it before he moved it K-man's going to be the guy whose caddy cheated in the state am! He starts yelling at the Heater.....haha, yeah, yeah, in that voice just like Ned Flanders! Haha! 'Gosh diddly darn it Heater, look what you've diddly done'! So now everyone's watching and trying to figure out why the guy tied for the lead is screaming in that goofy voice at his looper! K-man's turn to play comes and the Heater hands him a 6 iron. K-man shakes him off. Heater pulls out 5. He shakes him off again. Heater looks at the hole and says, 'boss we got 180 here, you ain't getting a 7 there and 4 is over the clubhouse and OB'. K-man holds up 2 fingers and says, "give me the deuce and get another ball ready". Nukes it over the green, over the clubhouse, downtown Oscar Brown, thanks for coming out. He makes a triple and finishes 3rd. Heater shows up at the club two days later and hears Vinnie the faux pro saying it's too bad K-man made a hockey stick on the last hole and blew the am. Heater says 'well, he NEVER would have finished third without ME on his bag'.

What a beauty.