

(*****sound of cell phone ringing*****)

Dude! Hit me baby one mo time! How's it hangin' man? Good, good, all good here in the land of the free and the home of.....hang on, budski, incoming.....*beep beep beep*...so, yeah, just the little w calling in to check on your main man heeyah....what? Hahaha...yeah still hasn't figured me out....yeah, I am a lucky mofo fo sho! So what time we hittin the links Saturday? Wha????Wha???? WTF?? 3:00!????..C'mon man, you shittin' me? That's the best you can do???? What... a tournament? Ah, nah, man...that sucks big time! Big time, bro! We won't be done till 8pm....I'll miss dinner.....yeah, yeah...what are you talkin' about, you'll miss the start of Say Yes to the Dress! Hah! Ah man...sucking the big one man....hey, remember when we used to do the tour? A Tourney every weekend? Man, those were the days....hahaha, yeah the K-man! He's STILL on tour! Man, that guy has it righteously right! No one telling the K-man he can't play on a Saturday afternoon! Hahaha! Oh dude....remember when we used to do the roadies! Those were the friggin' days broski! Practice round Friday, first round Saturday morning, side trip Saturday afternoon, final round Sunday.....hahaha! Yeah, right! High man has to drive home Sunday night! Those were AWESOME days! Did you ever make a trip with Smitty? Ah, dude! Those were the BEST! Smitty, man....you ever see him piss over a transom! Hahahahah! He'd drink a bunch of draft and hold it as long as he could and then go into the john and bet some fool he couldn't squirt over the top of the stalls! One time...I swear, man, I swear...he has about 4 guys betting him \$20 each he can't do it and he got so excited he pissed over top of two stalls and soaked some poor schmoe havin' a dump! Hahahaha! Took the money and RAN! Oh, oh and the beer glass??? Eating a friggin' beer glass? Yeah, yeah, all true! He taught himself how to chew up the whole glass...BOTTOM AND ALL and SWALLOW IT without killing himself....oh man....he was the BEST on a roadie! Ah man, that time he did the walk of shame.....what???....you never heard about the WALK OF SHAME? DUDE! Oh, I need to catch my breath here...I think I'm taking the vapors Blanche!!! Hahaha...yeah, still better than smokin, no matter what you say.....what? Chemicals? Are you out of your mind? Nah.....oh yeah....the walk of shame.....

So, we're playin' a 54 hole event out in the boonies and there's like 30 guys from the club there and all the guys from the winter tour....yeah, yeah, even Frankie the mooch! And the Heater!! Yeah, all them guys....so after the practice round Friday, Smitty bets everyone he's going to go dry for the weekend.....yeah, NO BOOZE! Anyways, no one believes him and he has \$1000 in bets by the end of the night. So Saturday, he doesn't touch even a beer and somehow....he shoots -3! An effin Six Nine completely dry! He has a FIVE SHOT LEAD! Well, some guys can just smell that \$ so they double down. He goes out Sunday and does it again! NO BOOZE and he's minus effing six! So now the boys get smart and they start to throw some side action at Smitty.....like you're leading the event, so there's no WAY you're going to drink NOW, so, you gotta give us a chance...all these guys are just squeezing ol Smitty like a cake decorator! So one dude says we'll go double or nothin' with Smitty if he does the walk of shame....Smitty says WTF is the walk of shame....dude says that if Smitty blows his lead by the time he tees off on 18, he has to play the hole buck naked except for his Nikes or it's 2 times the unit bet, if he does, he doubles down! We're all like Smitty...don't do it man, don't....just stick with the original....this is too much to think about...take the MONEY AND RUN Smitty!!!...but he can't help himself and signs up.....so right.....can't drink for another day....can't choke....while he's not drinking....oh yeah, you can see where this is going!

So Smitty draws three local dudes for the final round and that makes it even WORSE cause you know how he loves to mess around and show off first time he meets people.....yeah, yeah, like his wife's boss' pool party! You never heard about that?? Oh man, his wife Sharon....I don't imagine she'll have to take a number at the pearly gates if you know what I mean....yeah, she is a saint, that woman....anyways, she lands a great job as director of marketing for a....wait for it.....A WINERY....and the owner invites all the staff to his mansion every summer for a big family BBQ.....husbands.....wives.....kids.. ..the whole deal, durango! So Sharon tells Smitty to keep a lid on it cause this is the best job she's ever had and she's going to make his life a living hell if he frigs things up. So he says....baby doll, have I EVER let you down? Hahaha! Of course she says nothing cause what are you gonna say to Smitty? So they get there and everything's going great, lots of food, lots of good wine, there's a huge pool and a full sized trampoline for the kids, a big balcony for the adults....see where this is going? So, Smitty's into his sixth bottle of Beaujolais or some fancy shit and he starts talking to some other broad's hubby and next thing, he's betting the guy that he won't peel down to his jockeys and do a jump off the balcony, a somersault off the trampoline and a full gainer into the pool! AND HE PULLS IT OFF!!! Course, he just about crushed the owner's chubby little kid swimming around in the pool with water wings on! Yeah, Smitty said the kid looked like Ralph Wiggum from the Simpsons! Haha!

Anyways, the Winery dude was afraid that Smitty might sue him for not having a lifeguard on duty, so he bought out Sharon for 2x her salary in a fake 'reorg'! Where was I? Oh yeah....walk of shame....

So, we all finish our rounds and we grab some brews and carts and head out to the back nine to watch Smitty. We catch up to him on 17 and you could tell from two hun away that it wasn't tracking to plan....he looked like a leaky tire on a hearse man, no good! So I go over to him while he's walking to the 18th tee and he looks at me and shakes his head....he says..8 over to here bro....shootin' 80 bud....I'm out of it...then he says why didn't you pricks stop me? No booze for three days and I'm supposed to play golf! And win a goddamn tourney??? What kind of friends would let someone do that? Jeezus and his 12 goddamn bicycles couldn't handle that kind of pressure you heartless bastards! I hope you're all gonna enjoy ol Smitty's cash cause it's the last thing you're gonna get from me....I swear, I saw a tear in his eye and I felt bad for the guy so I said, hey....what about the walk of shame? HE LIGHTS UP like an LED Security floodlight on a neighbor borrowing your riding mower! AHHHH YAY YUH YOU MUTHAS! He starts shouting at us and pounding his chest.....YOU BASTARDS THINK YOU GOT IN OL SMITTY'S WALLET? BETTER THINK AGAIN, YOU BUNCH A PRICKS! The other guys in his group are all staring at him and then.... he starts peeling off his clothes! They're watching him and they start arguing back and forth and then one guy comes over to me and asks what the hell is going on....like these dudes are serious golfers man....the guy who comes over says that his buddy has a chance at the course record and they're all just trying to stay out of his way and now Smitty is having a meltdown and getting naked...this isn't helping things! By this time, Smitty's down to his banana hammock and the oldest guy in his group walks over and says that he's the local District Attorney and he's going to recommend charges against ol Smitty if he doesn't get dressed. He says that there's at least a couple hundred people down by the 18th green and indecent exposure in a public location is a serious charge. So...Smitty tells him about the bet and says if he doesn't strip he's down \$2,500 but if he does, he's up \$5000 and 10% of that will likely cover his legal fees. The old dude looks at him and says....well son, come to think of it, this here's a private golf club and that makes this here private property.....so my legal advice to you is, play away, son.....