

(Sound of cell phone ringing).....

Hey budski! How's it hangin'? Oh...sorry to hear that bro, that's sad news....

I mean, you guys have been together for like, years man...that's really got to hurt like a bastard. Oh man, so sorry buddy. So what happened anyways? Ah, that little bitch! That's a friggin' stab in the back! After all you did for them? And the beeotch treats you like that? Oh dude, that is colder than a witches titty....yeah, yeah...colder than whore's heart on payday...hahaha...you gotta laugh man. But when your Saturday foursome breaks up just because one little puss has to spend more QUALITY time with their family...that is a REAL heartbreaker man!

Oh, yeah, yeah, got an unbelievable one for you man....wait, wait, it's the boss on the other line.....hey, I'm back, where was I....what? No, no just calling to see where I was with the quarterly reports....no big deal, they can wait while I talk to my brother man! That is a fact! Beer is indeed thicker than water...you crack me up, you old piece of work, you! Anyways, so the big news out at the club man...you will NOT believe this....what? Yeah, of course the K-man is involved....nothin' funny ever happens without him! I told you about the annual Calcutta right? No, no, not the place in India you moron, the big money event at the club....I don't know, everyplace calls it a Calcutta....how the hell should I know....why don't they call it 'the Wall Street'?....that is the stupidest idea you ever....no, no, I get that Wall Street is where all the money is....hey, do you want to hear the story or not? Okay, so just listen then...so, the Calcutta's been going ever since the club started, it is like THE BIGGEST DEAL at the club, the club championship and pro am are like WAY lower in importance. You enter a group and then the night before the event there's an auction where everyone bids on the groups and the total of all the bids goes into a pot and whoever buys the winning team gets 70% of the pot. Anyways, that little jerkoff Kalowski has bought the winning team the last five years in a row...Kalowski? Ah, he's that rich little fat tool who sells electric motors...yeah, yeah, practically runs the club just because he sponsors the pro am....hahaha, yeah who says money doesn't talk! So Kalowski just outbids everyone every year for the Pope's foursome and...who? The Pope? You never heard about the Pope? Kenny Harris? Yeah, yeah, we all call him the Pope....you ever seen him drink or hear him swear? Exactly! The guy is an awesome player, but man, he is straighter than the path to the outhouse after a couple chili cheese dogs! Anyways, the Pope, Ronny the Racehorse and...why do they call who what? Oh....the Racehorse...lol. Because the dude pees on literally every friggin' hole in a round! Man, he waves that thing around like a flag in the fourth of July parade! Every goddamn hole, I swear, he's drowning a tree. So, the Pope, the Racehorse and the Dworkin twins...yeah, the blonde kids that got scholarships to OK State...oh man, that Aaron kid just hits it forever..... so these guys are unstoppable and Kalowski pretty much just buys himself a fat little payoff every year. So the K-man is playing in the last group with his usual group and somehow, they are playing better than expected. Anywho, they get to the last hole and everyone's watching from the upstairs grillroom. The Head Pro has one of his assistants following the last group and he comes on the walkie-talkie and tells him that the Pope's group has it in the bag unless someone in K-man's group makes a '1'. Hahah! Right, 18's a monster 4 par, so how the hell can someone do that? BUT NOT SO FAST EL GUAPO! It's a NET EVENT and 18 is the number 1 handicap hole, so unless you're scratch you get a stroke! Yeah, yeah, this is the best part! The HP had the ratings changed last year because KALOWSKI was always bitching about not getting a shot on 18!

So, the K Man's group is in the 18th fairway and old Hound Dog Stu just lays the sod over a four iron...or foe arn as he would say...yeah, everyone's killing themselves in the grillroom...old Stu was in the locker room before we teed off telling everyone how he was puring everything...haha, yeah talk, talk, talk! Anyways he chunks it, the Human Hinge snipes one in the pond on the left like he always does and everyone's just waiting for the K Man to shank one in the right trees or skull it in a bunker. But sonofabitch if he doesn't hammer a high draw in there like he's DJ or something. Man, that thing was smoked! Anyways, I can see it's coming in hot and it looks to be waaaayyy long, but the goddamn Assistant Pro is parked in a cart behind the green and POW! Right off the roof of his cart! Like a god damned stupid-idiot-seeking missile right on target! And as I'm thinking, jeez, what a bad break, hope that doesn't cost the K Man's team second place, the god damn ball bounces off the window of the grillroom, back off the roof of old stupid's cart and goes RIGHT in the effing hole!

Pan-dee-frigging-monium ensues! K Man pulls his shirt over his face like one of them soccer tootie frooties and starts running around in circles around the fairway. The Assistant pro has the rule book out trying to figure a way to screw K Man, Kalowski is screaming at the Head Pro for changing the rating on 18 and says that he'll never work in the golf business again and the guys who bought the K Man's group and just won the pot are buying drinks for the house and chanting K Man, K Man, K Man.....what a scene brother!