

A Near Perfect Day on the Golf Course

It is a perfect 83 degrees on a beautiful Saturday afternoon on October 6th. You reach into your bag and pull out your new Big Bertha Titanium Driver believing in your heart every piece of salesmanship from the Callaway brochure, which ultimately lead you to this costly purchase. With the confidence and grace of Tiger Woods you glide onto the slightly elevated tee box at Augusta National with dignity, composure and all of the competitiveness coursing through your veins.

Having seen this famous hole played by the pros so many times on TV it is just as you had always imagined. Through the lenses of your Oakley sunglasses you look down the immaculately groomed 465-yard, par 5 fairway of hole 13 and feel a very subtle East to West breeze. While making the appropriate mental swing adjustment in your head you look back at your partners one last time knowing that the next time you see them they will be asking for autographs.

You open up a sleeve of the most sought after Titleist Pro V1 series golf balls and let the first predestined ball gently roll into your hand. You quietly congratulate yourself for your tenacity to invest 3 hours of your time the night before in search of all of the cutting edge golf technology that money can buy. You align the text of the ball so that it is aimed directly at the flag, tighten your golf glove, align your feet and wipe the sweat from your brow. The practice swing is beautiful as the blades of grass are whisked forward evenly and totally parallel to your stance. The follow through feels so good that you actually crack a smile in personal amazement and believe for the first time that maybe that pro you saw not too long ago actually knew what he was talking about. In your mind's eye you see the crowd lining the fairway as you step forward to the ball before hearing someone yell out "you can do it".

In total silence you address the golf ball bending your knees while you ever so slowly and smoothly draw the club back. In a split second you make the professional decision to draw the club back even further to get that extra distance in hopes of providing the announcer more time to talk about your life's successes. As you accelerate into the down swing with visions of wearing the Green Jacket after this record round at the Masters you throw your hips forward at which time your partner who apparently has watched Happy Gilmore one too many times ever so politely yells **JACKASS!**

Time freezes as you realize that what you previously thought was a crowd lining the fairway was in fact an amazing number of beer carts simultaneously trying to respond to all of the various drink orders on the course. Realizing that there is no turning back you continue with your forceful swing believing that there still might be a chance. The ball screams off the face of the club and you all but throw your back out in the follow through as you desperately watch it fly 50.... 75.... 100...125 yards before it abruptly slices right at such an unbelievable angle that you would swear the ball was coming right back at you. Apparently you were not the only one that had the fear that the ball was actually headed your way as everyone on the tee box quickly scatters. The ball continues its dramatic flight path towards a completely unaware foursome two fairways over, deeply engrossed in drinking and contemplating their next shot which lies in someone's yard. Upon hearing "FORE!" the golfers down their drinks and dive for cover just narrowly avoiding certain hospitalization. The ball then ricochets off of a tree and lands in the backyard of a very large man gardening with his pit bull. Everyone, including your own team, who had previously been trying to keep a straight face busts out in an audible laughter heard around the course immediately followed by raising a beer to congratulate your golfing prowess.

After three other tee shots from your foursome you disgracefully realize that your ill-fated drive sitting next to a large man who is now making obscene hand gestures is your group's best shot. As you swallow your pride and drive towards the ball you make the decision to not only return your over priced driver to Golfsmith but you even briefly consider suing Callaway for false advertising.

At that moment you come to the realization that you are definitely not at Augusta National but rather in Flower Mound, Texas playing at Strom Aviation's 3rd Annual Golf Tournament.

**Come play the most famous holes on the PGA Tour
with Strom Aviation at Tour 18 on October 6th at 1:30.
We promise to play these holes like the pros never have!**