

**STROM AVIATION'S
5th Annual Golf Tournament
Saturday, September 13, 2003**

Please RSVP by e-mail no later than August 25th

Each year at about this time, alright usually a little earlier, the **Strom Aviation Annual Golf Tournament Invitation** quietly slips past all of the corporate firewalls and security systems around the country and floats almost unnoticed into your in-box with the only announcement of its arrival being a very subtle “ding” if your computer volume happened to be turned up. My last golf shot had the exact opposite effect, as far as grand entrances go.

Even with all the glass breaking Mrs. Spudwack still somehow acted surprised as she now held not only her bagel, but also my ball precariously balanced on top of the cream cheese just inches from her nose. Perhaps because of the loud noise or perhaps just because of the many hours of self-inflicted licking, her cat coughed up a massive hairball and spewed it back in my direction with such blistering speed that it was hard to tell whether it was the golf ball or hair ball that in fact broke the window. In either case I assure you I never saw it coming until the damn thing hit me in the crotch.

The only reason that Jared Hatfield and I were even practicing that day was because, as chairmen of the Strom Aviation Annual Golf Tournament, our guests have come to expect so much from us and at times the pressure is overwhelming. At first the aviation community seemed content with our attempts at witty golf invitations and unique event planning but now some of our regular attendees are actually expecting us to be competent golfers and hence the reason we were at the course leading up to the aforementioned Spudwack Incident.

It was a typical morning in Florida with a slight easterly breeze mixed with the sweltering heat that only 700% humidity can bring. While everything is pretty much a blur, I do remember taking a couple of well aligned practice strokes with Jared noticeably concurring with my profound strategy. Apparently my medication was wearing off somewhere in the back swing and the little voice in my head spoke louder than usual and all of a sudden “blading the crap out of the ball” seemed perfectly logical. From the time I apparently agreed to the terms and conditions outlined by this voice my normal easy going swing abruptly and adversely changed to the point of no return. Sensing pending and immediate disaster, Jared dove for cover as my club sank into the “Pro Distance” inscription and I witnessed a “smiley” being impressed onto the cover. As the ball lifted off the club face and my body continued to unravel with enough torque to make any chiropractor drool, the ball actually chucked me the bird while yelling, “So long sucker...” in what was now a familiar voice.

As far as sculled shots go it really was not that bad keeping in mind that the ball was now flying through the air with an extended middle finger which was causing all kinds drag on the projected flight pattern. A deadly slice developed and the ball headed towards an unsuspecting golfer. By the grace of golf, a tree branch extended its reach and redirected the ball back towards the desired target and things began to look salvageable. As the ball screamed through the air at a pace even Seabiscuit would have been impressed with this alligator appeared out of nowhere as it lurched forward blocking everything in its path. The gator’s gigantic mouth began to close just as the ball flew past the crooked front teeth of what certainly proved the gator was English. Even with this new dangerous obstacle there still was a chance that everything would work out until the alligator’s jaws snapped shut faster than Gary Coleman’s bid to become governor of California.

Smoke started coming out the animal's innards as a result of the ball being temporarily wedged in between what appeared to be the back molars and a very small chicken or prairie dog; it was really too hard to tell. There was a struggle and I fear that my five fingered golf ball now got its just reward and lost a digit or two as my ball tried in vain to escape but slipped deeper into the bowels of the beast.

For a moment all was calm although the smoke was billowing almost uncontrollably and the course management was now watching with great interest. It quickly became clear that the alligator was a bit pent up and probably was in search of a Pepcid AC or a couple boxes of Roloids when it lunged forward in desperation only to swallow a ball instead. The animal was not looking good as its digestive track was gurgling with all kinds of weird noises and the pressure was building exponentially and something had to give.

At the same time I am guessing that most likely on account of the overheating alligator, the windmill blades from two holes over started swinging faster than one General Electric engine on a Triple 7 which then caused the windmill to lift off the ground and start hovering like a V-22 Osprey anchored down by only a very thin rope. Standing a comfortable 15 yards from the alligator and an even healthier distance from the floating windmill I had just completed my inspection of a new ball and after confirming that it showed no signs of talking or any extra appendages I was ready to drop it into play.

Just then the alligator's eyes rolled back and my four fingered ball shot out of the reptile's nether region leaving only a foul smelling jet trail and headed for the windmill. It ricocheted off one of the windmill blades which had reached about 500 revolutions per second and on impact severed the final kite string holding it back. The windmill literally took off at about 200 miles per hour down highway 35 with a cruising altitude five feet above ground. My ball had been deflected towards a housing community in the other direction until it crashed through the bay window of Mrs. Spudwack's David Weekley breakfast nook where it finally rested comfortably on an onion bagel next to a cat gasping for air named Jewels.

As part of my court ordered restitution to both Mrs. Spudwack and her cat Jewels I have agreed not to play at Slippery Pete's Miniature Golf Course for the next year and have agreed to help pay for one busted mechanical alligator and one Swedish windmill.

On behalf of all of us at Strom Aviation we would be honored to have you as our guest at this year's golf tournament at **Bridlewood Golf Club in Flower Mound, Texas on Saturday, September 13, 2003 at 2:00 p.m.**

Please respond to this invitation e-mail no later than Monday, August 25th with your willingness to join us this year. Upon receipt of your confirmation we will send out further details including directions, hotel recommendations, where to purchase a rabbit's foot and other things of that nature.

Sincerely,

Marc Hossack, Tournament Co-Chair
720-482-3883

Jared Hatfield, Tournament Co-Chair
817-267-0754

In the event that any of you work for PETA, know someone who does work at PETA or if you can spell PETA I sincerely apologize for any and all cruel references made to animals which were for the record made entirely in jest and at no time were any animals injured, taunted, or picked on in any way. However I do feel that it is important to note that I was eating a steak sandwich while I typed this.