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Golf the real thing

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Why my balls came flooding out like Niagra falls Why all the fuss about Golf. What is the attraction, You need to play the real thing.

golf the real thing,course,golf balls,popular game,green,eighteen holes,golf club size, golf tricks of the trade

The grass is always greener on the other side. Not as green as I felt on the inside the day I decided to check out this golf lark.

I could never get my head around why all the excitement and fuss at the sheer mention of the word golf.

Off to the local driving range I did go, selected myself a golf club and purchased a token for fifty golf balls..Maybe if I had more knowledge on the game, I would have realized the importance of choosing the right size golf club.

Inserting my token into the slot to collect the golf balls. What a nightmare. Well? no one told me to place a basket underneath the shoot. Those balls came flooding out like Niagra falls. I hasten to add these balls did not roll they bounced. Some even higher than me, cursed they were without a doubt.

Doomed from the start a golf stick to suit Shrek and only twenty balls of my fifty. The rest for all I know could be in Timbukto.

I remember more misses than hits but I was slowly beginning to like and enjoy this so called golf lark.

Why not try the real thing? a voice called out from the cubicle next to me. Is this not the real thing I asked. No mate, came the reply. You need to be on a course.

Determined to find out why this sport is so popular. I went in search of a course to play the real thing. Found myself a course with eighteen holes. Now for the real thing.

Taking the first shot and not taking my eyes of the ball, I watched it rotate in and around several humps down a funnel and then swirl in and out of a maze of curves. Bit like the krypton factor but I was desperate to find out about the real thing.

It is 5pm and we are closing the attendant called out. But I am only on hole number three I explained. I am sorry sir, why not come back tommorrow? and that I did for the next fornigh. Because that is how long it took me to finish this particular course.

Pedro (The Attendant) and I had struck up a friendly relationship in all the time I was going back and to. I am afraid Pedro this golf lark is not for me.

Senor this is crazy golf, it is not the real thing. What is the difference I asked. I will need to show you senor? he answered.

Pedro explained that he had a few friends that he would like me to meet up with. He also went onto say that they could help me in my quest to find out what the major attraction in golf is for many thousands of people.

What lovely people Pedro's friends were. Very informative on the game. Oh and boy oh boy they sure showed me a few tricks of the trade.

It is was all falling into place now.

Knowing all the rules simplified and made this game more understanding.

Yes? I was loving this new found sport that was to change my whole way of life for the rest of my life.

It was time to leave so I thanked everyone for their expert guidance. Now over to my good friend Pedro, who I grabbed with so much force giving him such a manly hug and shaking his hand at the same time. I could not thank him enough for his time and patience. It was a pleasure Senor, Pedro replied. By the way I did not quite catch your name senor.

Just call me TIGER.

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