

Introduction

Hello, my name is **Kevin D. Rolle** , the author of this ebook, **“Ode To The Fanatical Golfer”**.

And I really want to thank you for your purchase. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it!

When you're done, please check out my site at

<http://www.golf-humor-asylum.com/>

(It's still under construction, as I wanted to get at least a basic site going).

Well, I'm sure you hate drawn out introductions as much as I do, so dive in!

Wishing you the best of success,
Kevin D. Rolle (The Golf Humor Artist)

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Love Of The Game

He wanted golf to be experienced by all,
And hoped his daughter would heed the call.
“C’mon,” he said. “You’ll have a ball!”
“Why?,” she asked. “Are we going to the mall?”

He’d often take his golf cart to work,
And all his co-workers there would smirk.
He didn’t know why, and thought, “They’re jerks!”
How could they belittle such a PERK?

His swing was big and grand, (yet dopey).
He cried and cried when he made a bogey.
Kids thought, “What’s wrong with that old fogey?!”
He thought, “I’m not old.....I sport a GOATEE!”

He loved his old and tattered golf bag.
His caddie thought it was such a drag.
But he hated more, ‘golf cart tag’ ...
The golfer played with him when he forgot to move the flag.

Forever chasing the elusive par.
He’d hit the ball straight and far.
In the traps, his ball seemed ‘stuck to tar’,
He’d still be there when ‘parking’ had nary a car!

Early Riser

He loved the smell of the fresh cut 'green',
But to him it proved such a fiend.
It's favor to him, was always lean,
Despite it's beauty, it could be so mean!

The point of golf?...To put the ball in the hole.
You do that with a 'curved-end pole.'
But the path, (always guarded by a troll),
Or maybe yet, some 'ticked-off mole'!

He was never any good in the traps.
In fact his 'game', would always 'flap'!
But to others, it seemed to sit on their 'lap',
While he's reduced to stomping his cap!

He'd read the 'mags' to take his golf game higher.
He wanted the best ball...best putter...best driver.
Often going to his wife to borrow 'a fiver',
She wouldn't budge. (No matter how hard he tried
to 'jive her'!)

To the links, early morning, he'd often travel.
Sometimes pajamas and bathrobe...his only apparel.
Unfortunately the knot, would often unravel,
After jumping up and down at a lucky roll, he'd marvel!

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Strong Emotions

Here's an aspect of the game that I find particularly fascinating.....

THE STRONG EMOTIONS ASSOCIATED WITH THIS GAME
WE CALL GOLF!

Before I started becoming a fan of golf, I always wondered how a game that looked so bland....and at times, DOWN RIGHT COMATOSE....

That seemed to take boredom to a whole new level,.....could possibly have ANY emotional appeal.

DOES THIS GAME ACTUALLY HAVE A PULSE!?

I mean,....what could be simpler?....Put the ball in the hole, right?

How could THAT produce such strong emotions? (Both on and off the green?)

I see now that it's not just competing to be the best against others, and to better our own game. But that the game APPEARS to be so deceptively simple.....

Could THAT be the source of this 'emotional turmoil'?

This emotional roller coaster ride (that we golfers just can't seem to get off?)

Remember when you first began? How you may have experienced difficulty just gripping the club handle properly? (Or just being allowed to join the golf club?).....

But you still managed to put the ball in the hole. (A typical case of beginner's luck). You probably thought to yourself, "This isn't so bad....

Piece of cake!"

But then after a while, all the realities of what could possibly go wrong between the tee and the hole **COME CRASHING DOWN ON**

YOUR HEAD ! (That your instructor was so gracious to point out to you, by the way).

Wind direction...contour of the land....sand traps...bunkers....the ruff

....other players watching....etc.

That **TEMPORARY NIRVANA OF IGNORANT BLISS** that you once lived in was shattered to pieces at the next hole.

Now,....instead of 4 or 5 strokes,.....it takes 7 or 8. Then 9 or 10.....

Then the number 15 becomes your new 'constant companion'.....

You begin to over-think everything.

Something that once easily flowed.....now becomes mechanical and forced.

Your smile and upbeat attitude are gone. (now replaced with embarrassment,

....nervousness.....irritability.

And finally,....**THE DREADED FRUSTRATION SETS IN!**

To quit seems more and more like a good idea. (I mean, who needs the aggravation right?)

But you don't quit, do you? The game is now like a 'drug' to you after several weeks. There's something deep within the subconscious of we humans, that enjoys facing down a challenge....even if it's a sport.

There's a drive to conquer in all of us. Even to the point of conquering our own weaknesses, and seeming lack of ability.

Just keep punching, and that mountain's gonna crumble and fall!

We know that true skill is a diamond 'in the ruff', (just couldn't resist), that can only be refined through hard work and practice. (And the challenge, is just too tempting to resist.....it's like trying to eat JUST ONE potato chip.....)

NOT GONNA HAPPEN! We gotta have more and more and more! It's....

AN ADDICTION! Almost beyond our ability to control!

So,....there you have it....

We've looked at this issue of 'golf emotions', and I've come to the conclusion that underneath the bland exterior of this sport, there beats the heart of a raging torrent of emotions that often carries golfers along with it to new heights of skillfulness and delight!

So it DOES have a pulse! (And a massive, powerful one at that!)

I'm really glad we looked at this issue. So on that note.....

Keep drivin', fellow golfer! Keep drivin'!

'Handicap' Blues

He's no eager to reveal his handicap,
Around the truth, he'd often tap!
They told him his game was taking a nap
That it never showed up...it needed a map!

Of his golf apparel, he was oh so proud.
But people thought it was just too loud.
Often suggesting it needed a shroud!
This caused a fight...a rolling dust cloud!

To his heart, golf was the key.
It was on the green, his soul felt free.
He could hardly await the time for 'tee',
But club dues must be paid...the 'ride's' got a fee.

Once in a blue moon, he made a birdie,
Though he knew much about golf (a little nerdy).
About to tee-off, his feet stood sturdy,
But only took up a divot...brown and verde!

It didn't take long for his eyes to intake
The path of the ball...the flight it must make.
"Easy!", he thought. "This is gonna be cake!"
But the fish all 'braced' for it's entry into the lake.

'Ruff' Day

In secret the rules he would often bend,
From his mind, a rationalization he would lend.
To him, the means justified the end.
Like the fiercest warrior, his handicap must he defend!

Into his 'golf life', sand traps would 'rain'.
Bogies 'rolled in', like some ghastly train!
Cancelling out any birdies he'd gained,
Another golf game he sighed, "Oh, the pain!"

Shuffling into his house, his face fell...it tapered.
His wife smirked, "You lost, didn't you?" (Imagining
the caper.
With an outstretched hand that 'said', "Pay her!",
Into her purse his \$20 went. (It vanished like a vapor).

"No dinner for me, thanks. I'm heading in early."
"Awww! It's just a game," she said. "No need to
be surly.
"I'm not!, he said. "I need to rise early"
"Suuuure!," she said. "You and the proverbial birdie!"

He took a shower to wash away the day.
It didn't help much. That golf game would 'stay'!
His spirits were lifted, though, when he thought,
"But hey!"
And dancing with his wife saying, "Tomorrow's
another GOLF DAY!

'Bunker Life'

Despite his best efforts, he 'lived' in the bunker,
His old rusty nine-iron was branded a 'clunker'!
In a life 'over par', he'd have to hunker,
Loudly in his ears, the jokes of critics would thunder.

Arriving to the green, he was never late.
He'd get there even if he had to skate.
Persistence. Dedication....all good golfing traits,
To get under par, he couldn't wait.

He wasn't consistent, (and his golf game would game
would waffle)!
But his bragging friends he wanted to topple.
Nine times out of ten his game was awful!
But a rare hole-in-one, was exquisite like truffles!

Gum calmed his nerves. (He always had a packet).
A picture of golf pros, to the wall, he'd tack it.
Sometimes both, he'd have in his jacket.
And pulled it out when he felt he couldn't hack it!

At the most difficult holes, he'd take a whack.
Even if talent seemed to lack.
His 'station' seemed continuously 'behind the pack'.
For this, he was mercilessly given flack!

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Make Par 'KNEEL'!

Sometimes his performance he'd often tape.
So he embellished every move--like he wore a cape.
But reality would then grab him by the 'nape',
His ego again squashed.....like an over-ripe grape!

His game was at the bottom of the well,
A thought on which, he hated to dwell.
But it 'dogged' him everywhere,...as if stuck to his
lapel,
It showed up in his game (as anyone could tell).

A bad nine holes caused his shoulders to droop,
But did his best, (his pride), to recoup.
Back and forth, from good to bad, was the 'loop',
"Perhaps," he'd think, "I should be shooting hoops!"

To cover his frustration, he became such a poser.
Taking excuses to new levels...(What a 'hoser!")
Anything at all to give him some 'closure",
From the type of game he had most days...he
termed 'a NOSER!"

But a great game inside him...he could just FEEL!
Like a shining gem to the eye...It seems so REAL!
To that goal! Full speed ahead!" he set his keel,
Through hard work, and true grit...
HE'D MAKE PAR KNEEL!!

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