

A Golf Tournament

Danny

As I walked towards the final green, I felt triumphant; I was up by 8 strokes. **8 STROKES!** This was the greatest moment of my life! No longer would anyone look at me and say, “theirs that cocky kid,” they would say, “Danny, want to play.”

To me golf tournaments are so lively yet peaceful, almost like a hippie in Las Vegas. I love it, really I love golf altogether. Usually I’m talkative and love to laugh; but on the course, I’m as silent as a leaf on a tree. If you feel any emotion, it’s anger. To release it, all you do is pretend what you’re angry at the round, white, and grooved ball.

I hit a good drive; I’m in a good mood. It’s as easy as that. It just feels good to play well, in any sport you play. I’m beating Kyle, bad. He played golf that day about as well as an elephant. I won’t even tell you his score.

Kyle didn’t shoot his best that day, but I finally started playing well in the clutch. Golf had always been a game of fun and entertainment, and now I was good (in other words it became a fun job). That day I liked everything I did. I really liked killing the ball every shot (even when I overshot the greens).

Excitement rushed through every part of my body, I had beat Kyle. I was now the gentleman golfer; the golfer everyone wanted to play with. I was growing up. I now could really play. **I WON THE GOLF TOURNAMENT!**

