

A Golf Tournament

Danny

To me, golf tournaments are so lively yet peaceful, almost like a lawyer in Las Vegas. I love it, really I love golf all together. Usually I'm talkative and love laughing; but on the course, I'm as silent as a leaf hanging from a tree. If you feel emotion, it's usually anger. To release it, pretend what you're mad at is 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, no matter what sport you play. I'm beating Kyle, bad. He played golf that day about as well as an elephant. I won't 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 green).

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, "there's that cocky kid," they would say, "Danny, want to play." I was now the gentleman golfer; the golfer everyone wanted to play with. I was growing up. **I WON THE GOLF TOURNAMENT!**