

Golf

Here we are at the first tee.  
The air fresh and the wind strong  
The wind is cold and sharp, yet refreshing. The ground is soft  
and moist from yesterday's rain. I tee up my ball with  
ease and prepare for my first swing. I hear a delicate  
*TING* as I hit the sweet spot. The ball cuts the air with  
great speed. A slight slice, but a fine shot it is to me. I get  
into the cart, filled with exhilaration to see where it landed.  
It went further than expected and a little to the left. It  
Lies in the rough, waiting to escape the massive  
jungle of grass. The sun breaks through the  
clouds and is now beating down on me. I  
take the shot and it lands eighty yards  
from the green. A dark blue pond,  
hungry for golf balls, lies between  
me and the flag. My nine is eager  
to take the shot, so I let it. The  
metal shaft is cold, yet my hands  
are warm. My arms and my  
club are as light as a feather as I  
hit the ball. It lies on a light  
green, smooth carpet that the flag sticks  
the ball and I hear it hit the hole. out of. I putt. I