

When God in His divine wisdom placed the first man and woman in a lush green paradise a pink sphere of temptation came between them that led to banishment, little did He know that He inadvertently created the basis for what billions of years later has come to be known as 'Mixed Foursomes Golf.'



The Trouble with MIXED!

By Guest writer, John Galvin



That now infamous biblical quotation 'Aw! C'mon! It'll be a bit of fun,' as uttered by Eve holding out the half-eaten rosy apple to dumb-ass Adam, are the exact same words used by thousands of women every Summer to lure their equally unsuspecting husbands and

partners into the unforgiving world of thorns, long grass, dark water and countless violations of the second commandment.

The serpent from the garden has lived on through the ages in the form of the interfering do-gooder in the clubhouse who on overhearing your calm protests of, 'Remember what happened the last time,' followed by excuses 'that the lawn which was cut

yesterday and which will surely be in need of a run again tomorrow regrettably coincides with the timing of the competition', cheerfully butts in and suggests that the hubby/missus combo would be, 'A lovely idea altogether,' endorsing it with, 'Your wife is playing fabulous golf at the moment,' before slinking back into the foliage.

The 'dumb-ass' gene kicks in and your last-gasp hope of escape by suggesting that it will be difficult to find opposition at such a late stage is shattered by the sudden reappearance of the serpent with two complete strangers in tow. And so the following evening, both descendants of Adam find themselves on the first tee of a lush green paradise as the pink 'Pinnacles' of ensnarement are held out by the children of Eve.

Following a somewhat confusing and zigzagged journey to the 1st green your fellow 'Adam' gives you a glance of apprehension as your wife produces a putter from her bag that bears an uncanny resemblance to the 'Hammer of Thor' and much to your dismay she takes a practice-putt that indicates her intention of using it with equal ferocity. Both Eves then share advice in a spell of illegal camaraderie as they size up the putt-line together and after five minutes of discussion resulting in unanimous uncertainty, all is in readiness.

Your entire being emits an involuntary wail of distress as you watch the ball race across the green and past the hole like Forrest Gump on steroids before stopping abruptly to hide in shame underneath the long grass at the back. 'It's OK...It was a good effort...It's still in play...Just a little too hard...!' announces Adam's wife as she strides across the green with arms raised in crowd-control mode and who quite obviously has vast experience in this particular damage-limitation aspect of



the game. 'A chip and a putt should do it,' she smiles. Five silent violations of the second commandment later your party heads for the next tee-box.

With the score at a nerve-shattering 80 shots per pairing after 12 holes, the ladies suggest the ever popular wager of the first drink in the clubhouse on the outcome of this too-close-to-call match. You and Adam privately discuss a side-bet that neither of them will be talking to their husbands for several days afterwards, but the odds he offers are too short and so the book is closed.

At your favorite 16th hole you find yourself sitting on the bench absentmindedly mumbling the 'Steelers Wheel' classic and changing the words to suit the moment as your beloved searches through her golf-bag. "Water to the left of us...trees to the right... Here I am...Stuck in the middle with you." She turns and asks you if a 7 iron would be better than a 3 iron for this particular attempted assault on the fairway, to which you reply, 'Only if you can hit it like Anneka Sorenstam.'

Your flippant response gets you the 'look' that she usually reserves



for when you start to make a gobshite of yourself at family weddings and you admonish yourself at once for not taking the odds offered by Adam on the 13th tee; so follows the 'eeney meeney miney mo' process of club selection which thankfully sees the last of the pink Pinnacles give a brief but superb display of skimming before taking a deep breath and diving into a watery grave.

As you tee up the provisional and agree that indeed the strangely colored golf-balls' thirst and its eventual fate was all your fault, you look forward to hitting a man's ball from the ladies tee which you duly dispatch to the same watery grave minus the skimming and inhalation. Your wife stands behind you with arms folded and that familiar and triumphant, 'Do you remember what you said to your mother-in-law last night?' look on her face as you skulk back to the bench and watch her take a 3 iron to an orange Topflite that would have Padraig Harrington on his feet. 'They always do that towards the end,' whispers a broken Adam beside you

as he lights up his eighteenth cigarette of the round.

Once you've assured him that the pine-needles and heather underneath the trees on the right is a cinch to get out of, you follow your speechless spouse down the fairway to where she points with purpose to the ball three feet away and huffs her trolley off to the side.

Trying hard to redeem yourself you hit what you believe to be the perfect wedge shot and keep your head down until you hear it strike. You turn to your playing partner and enquire as to the position of landing. As she rubs her arms and replaces the sun-tan lotion in her bag for the umpteenth time she hits you with that most reviled of all 'mixed' responses. 'I thought you were the professional!'

Adam and Eve are having a right 'barney' in the heather. 'These trees are ninety per-cent air,' she yells at him, overlooking the fact that a direct hit with a seven-iron against the other ten-per-cent will most definitely result in a dash to the nearest general hospital for a spot of eye-socket surgery. At the side of the eighteenth green your wife gives you a 'Goodfellas' kiss, the one that usually involves the unwary recipient being the victim of a large car-bomb explosion shortly afterwards.

In the club-house, Adam orders four large brandies, more out of relief than celebration. Both smiling wives arrive from the changing-room, the horrors of the round now a perfumed and distant memory as they set the plan for a re-match the following week in motion. As he slides the two glasses in front of you and caresses the remaining doubles, Adam lowers his head and beckons to the barman. 'And whatever the ladies are having,' he mutters.

