

The David Butler Diaries



secrets of a golfer
47³/₄

Saturday 22nd November, 2008

Golf again. Yippee.

Hah, it is really cold. Lloyd, the famous fair-weather golfer won't be out in this.

I will cut back on his lead in the Tradlads Allcomers European Tour Money Winners list today.

I have even got my irons back from the menders. I could be top tonight.

Day gets even better when I beat the Secretary to Trads in the unofficial wacky race down the A3 from Dino's at Tolworth (He doesn't know it's a race but it makes me feel good to beat him anyway. (lol).

Anyway, no-one can catch me in my Super Duper Big Cat. (It's a Jaguar really but I love pretend names).

I can tell that Garfield sitting next to me is really impressed at how smooth I am in this car. It was never like this with Hoggy.

Drat and damn. Lloyd is in the car park. What is he doing here in this cold? What is going on? He must really want to win the prize money title.

It doesn't bother me – I was only joking when I kept reminding everyone all those weeks that I was

TOP OF THE MONEY LIST AND THEREFORE THE BEST GOLFER.

Take that Charlie.-You may have thought that you would be better than me at golf if you could get your handicap down. That secretary kept trying to get to me but I showed him. Hah and double hah!

And why is that I seem to be the only one whose handicap goes down. All the others go up every week.

It is so unfair.

After all I have only won three times this year and have cleverly come second 8 times, double cleverly getting the money and not getting cut. I bet that nasty secretary is going to call me bridesmaid again.

And I have won thirty one swindle fivers as well (But I am not counting).

They were all nasty as well making me win Week 10 after I had won Week 9 and getting cut for winning two weeks running. Who made up that rule anyway?

Ok it was me but it was meant for everyone else not me.

It is so unfair.

I showed them though because I cleverly won both weeks without going under par.

Anyway I have my favourite clubs back from the menders. I'll show them, Lloyd or no Lloyd.

I can hear their voices again. What are they saying? Why won't they leave me alone.

I was drawn with Lloyd & Richie. Gr8.

Me & Richie can share a buggy and really get in Lloyd's head.

He won't stand a chance now.

And we can play really slow and put everyone else behind us off their game.

Drat & Damn.

Richie and Lloyd are getting in the same buggy. They are laughing at me and I can hear their voices getting louder.

They laughed at me all the way round and I only had myself (& those dratted voices) for company.

It is so unfair.

The voices are getting louder as Lloyd keeps putting his name down on the Nearest the Pin and Longest Drive markers.

I hope someone beats him cos these irons don't feel right.

Those voices are getting clearer. I know what they are saying E-Baaay, E-Baay.

Go away. Leave me alone.

It is supposed to be me getting in everyone else's heads. That's my job in this society so I can win and they put my handicap up to keep me quiet so I can win again. I keep getting that nasty secretary to change the rules but he won't give me any favouritism and just keeps laughing at me. He even said I looked like a cartoon character in my hat.

I know who he means.

It is so unfair.

15th Hole. Richie puts his name on the marker. At least it wasn't Lloyd but this just makes them laugh at me even more.

I've just got my Standards now. I can still beat Lloyd and Charle is playing crap so at least that will be one fiver. But they don't count on the money list. It is so unfair.

What can I do, playing like this and being on my own in the buggy just makes it harder. They know I can't keep off the computer. E- Baaaaay E-

Baaaaay.

16th Green and Lloyd is going on about his Scalectrix or ecalektic or something. Okay, it was a good shot but there is no need to keep telling me- He reckons he is beating me at something else as well now.

At least we have nearly finished and I can start winding people up in the bar pretending I have done really badly and when they ask for their standard I can say "Only joking, Gimme five!" ha hah hee hee.

27 points. Should be enough in this cold & wind.

Del came in and said he had a terrible round. Hah. Fiver number 1.

Drat & damn. He scored 27 as well.

It's not fair.

I saw him hitting the ball and he was rubbish.

Lloyd has done me and is giggling with Richie again.

Still, Charlie is still to come and he is a guaranteed fiver. He only thinks he is better than me and he has got a far worse handicap than me.

Drat & damn again. I can hear Charlie laughing and saying he cannot believe no-one beat 33 points. No-one even had 33 points, not even Lloyd- hah, but that means another standard to Charlie as well.

It is so not fair.

The secretary did the presentations. He really wound Lloyd up, pretending that Lloyd had won all the nearest the pins and the longest drive and then saying he hadn't.

Neil & Del won all the swindle prizes saving me from further embarrassment. Perhaps I may let them be my friends after all.

Neil even pretended that Lloyd hadn't got the runners up prize as well. Lloyd's face v funny!

But he did get it though and he is now £60 ahead of me and time is running out.

This means I have to spend Sunday sticking pins in my "Action Man in Lloyd Waterproofs" to try and make it rain next week (After I have finished on E-Bay -I know I know, I heard them as well).

I am also going to have to try and get lots of people to turn up as well so that there is a nice big prize and I can catch Lloyd up.

Neil, Del & Charlie are also getting close in third place. Oh no.

At least no-one will beat me back up the A3. No-one beats me in my Super Duper Big Cat.

There's them voices again. Penis extension. Penis extension.

It is so not fair!

Saturday 6th December, 2008

Dear diary.

I will be late picking up Garfield & Seamus's dad today because I have to tell you my special thoughts.

It is so unfair. The weather has been rubbish all week and I thought that my special trick of sticking pins in my "Action Man in Lloyd's Waterproofs" to try and make it rain all week had worked but it has stopped raining and the radio is teasing me by saying it will be a lovely day. I have therefore decided to pull the hands off of Action Man as well.

I will let you know how I got on but why do I have to do everything myself to try and prove that I AM THE BESTEST GOLFER IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD.

Sunday 7th December, 2008

3 a.m.

Dear diary,

I cannot sleep because I am so excited. I am top of the money list again which as we all know is my rightful place but everyone else keeps trying to find ways to put me down.

It was a very good day as all my wishes came true.

There were lots of people at golf yesterday meaning that there was more money to be won and guess what? Yippee, I won again after a miserable November.

And even betterer, I proved I am the bestest driver as well cos

I won both longest drives and I won an exocet.

But even betterer again, pulling the hands off of my "Action Man in Lloyd's Waterproofs" also worked cos he didn't win a penny and I won £65 so I am leading the Tradlads Allcomers European Tour Money Winners list and as we know the person who is...

TOP OF THE MONEY LIST AND THEREFORE THE BEST GOLFER is me.

Yippee & double yippee!

But every silver lining has a cloud and they are all ganging up on me again.

Because I won so brilliantly that nasty secretary is making me use my own

rule and is taking a shot off of me. I now have to play off of a single figure handicap like Del & Lloyd and GT (But not like Charlie hee hee!)

And even though I was obviously joking when I said that we should have a competition day on December 27 the day after Boxing Day, they are now saying that they all want to play and it should count to the money list.

It is so unfair.

I am going to have to do some new rain dances and stick even more pins in my "Action Man in Lloyd Waterproofs" so that he will not come out to play any more this year.

