

On the Links

It was a perfect day for golf. The sun shone down unobscured from the azure sky, providing a clear view of Almansor Golf Course. As my group waited to tee off, I took a moment to admire the scenic view. Placid lakes, soaring trees, and bountiful plant life dotted the course, largely untouched by the construction of fairways and greens for golfers. Almansor was a beautiful golf course, and I always enjoyed opportunities to play on it. But there was another, more important reason for choosing to golf today: my dad.

“It’s your turn, Chasen! I’m looking forward to a 250 yard drive,” my dad joked, referring to the maximum distance I could hit with my driver. I grinned in response and began setting up, still mulling over the reasons as to why this particular trip was special. With my dad busy with work, it had been a long time since we had golfed together. Back then, I had still been a beginner. Now, however, I had the opportunity to impress my dad and show him how much I’d grown as a golfer.

Reveling under the weight of his excited eyes, I drew back my driver, and swung as hard as I could. There was an ugly crashing sound, and the ball flopped into the air like a fish out of water. I felt the hot pricklings of shame rise up my neck as I watched the ball roll to a stop. 75 yards. A distance so meager that any club could have easily surpassed it, let alone a far-hitting club like the driver.

“That... that was a warm-up shot,” I stammered, desperately searching for an excuse. The excitement was gone from my dad’s eyes, and I saw him raise a disbelieving eyebrow.

My flush grew deeper as I knew he thought I hadn’t improved, despite the proud reports of progress I had made following each golf lesson. It was no matter though. There were still many more opportunities to showcase my skill.

On the second hole, I hit three balls into the water. While attempting a putt on the fourth green, I blew twenty yards past the hole. The sixth, seventh, and eighth holes resulted in a total of five different balls being shot out of the course. Overall, every single shot I attempted was plagued by various clumsy mistakes.

As time went on, the sun’s brilliance seemed to dim. The myriad fall leaves adorning both the trees and the ground appeared muted and dull. Clouds grew thicker and stormier, as if showing their disapproval at my constant blunders. Finally, I made it to the ninth and last hole. My dad’s tired face no longer contorted with shock as I

messed up all kinds of shots, from chip shots to long distance drives. Instead, there was a look of sad resignation as balls tumbled into the water, got stuck in trees, or flew past the green.

When we finished the ninth hole, my dad and I drove back home in silence, which suited me just fine. I was just happy that the humiliation was over. Gazing through the car window, I noted the moody clouds and gray sky. It seemed today was a horrible day for golf.

Chasen Chwang