

**IVAN.** One swing. That's all it took. I've heard golfers always say it's that one swing that gets you from hole to hole. That most of the time you spend your whole afternoon swinging hard and tearing up the grass. That's supposedly the lot of the weekend golfer. Nothing more than a frustrated gardener -- only you pay to work the land with the most expensive hoe imaginable -- *(He holds up the club)* A sand wedge. *(He laughs a slight, uncomfortable laugh.)* My irritable side has a way of rearing its ugly head when I least expect it. I can't seem to control it. The anger just wells up inside of me and the only way I can think of to release it usually ends up -- *(He shakes his head)* There were warning signs. Not trivial ones. Real signs. You see, Ivana left me not because she was a bitch, or whore, or whatever foul label Nate likes to slap on her namesake -- No, she left because she was frightened. Frightened of the yelling. Frightened of the unpredictable rage which would pop up around the most mundane issue. Frightened -- of me. *(He looks at his club)* It's kinda odd how things work out. We're taught that you have to be patient -- that you have to be careful with your words, and actions, your intentions -- You have to be caring and respectful to other people's feelings. All of these things are what make a perfectly sane and loving human being. That if you abide by this code, this list of rules, this set of emotional commandments, then anything is possible. Anything at all. For some, it comes in the form of money, or riches, or happiness -- For me -- It comes in the form of being so noble, so protective, that I manage to hit the object of my valiance and nobleness from 200 yards away with a ball that's only an inch and a half across. There's my hole-in-one. Somehow, I have a feeling no one will want to celebrate it with me.