

Dear Diary,

It's finally that time of year, the sun is out, the grass is being cut and this year's crop of college drop outs are starting to roll into Stiletto's like Dargon in a karaoke bar in Atlantic City. I swear, there is nothing better than the look on the girls face that first time you crease up a dollar bill and slowly glide it through her boobies all the way down through her ass cheeks. The next thing you know, it's 7am in the morning and you realize you're the fool for someone allowing her to grab your cell phone and send a picture of her ass hole getting fingered to your mother. Let me tell you boys, two lessons learned from that last trip to AC, 1, Stiletto's is one hell of a time and 2 protect your phone with a password. Trust me, nothing says Happy Mother's Day like a picture of s chick with her finger in her ass at 3am...Anyway, we all know why we're here this week. It's a tradition like no other, the ECI. Like AC, there are always 2 constants at this event. 1, How far right will Zirolli go on 1 and 2, how many times will Clark ask, "what club should I hit from 100 yards Davis?" But those are the things that keeps us coming back. It's disappointing Davis won't have the opportunity to ruin Rolex's membership at that dog track in Cromwell, but it's exciting to know we're headed back to Red Tail where I think this event really started. Going into this week I always try to hit the range a few times, practice the short game a few times and get emotionally ready for the 18 hole grind that is the ECI. No over preparing this year. This year, I'm taking a different approach. No range, no short game practice, no golf period for a week. Why you ask? Well it's simple, I'm up near the Canadien boarder where everything closes at 8pm. No restaurant, liquor store shit not even a toothless hooker to be found on the corner. So I hope you all enjoy your ECI week. Hit the range, practice some putts for me and feel sorry for the fact I'm here in Vermont with nothing golf related to do. On second thought, don't feel too bad, as my mentor Steven Nesbitt once told me, whenever you're within striking distance of Montreal, there could be worse things to do than pass your time on St. Catherine's Street! Cheers fellas, see you this weekend.

PS, sorry for this incoherent mess I just wrote...Davis you're still a homo