

Welp hey Diary,

Just the other day, I was telling my buddies from home about how I was excited for the annual golf tourney at Red Tail... They asked me if I was going to come in last again, rude, but fair, I said helllllll no Diary, I said helllll no.

They then told me I sucked at golf and most things in life, so I high fived them and said thanks for the pep talk. I was then told it wasn't a pep talk and that I seriously sucked at golf and I was lucky they invited me back.

So while I was feeling all warm and fuzzy inside Diary, I said "yea why, why, why, why do they invite me back if I suck so bad. Is it a sponsor exemption? A course exemption or is it a Zirolli doesn't want to come in last in his own tournament exemption?"

I came to the conclusion I am being used, fucking used, as my Boy El Prezo Trump would say, BIG TIME BIIIGGGG TIME being used. Bigger Big.

F that. I am going to show up to that course on this Saturday and I am going to drink the most beers and win. That's right I am going to win.

I am going to take the most shots and get after it like John Daly the fun one.

In regards to golf I am going to beat Zirolli and Dargon.

I look forward to seeing these guys and talking shit. It's always a pleasure.