

DAD'S GUIDE TO GOLF

“The UnOFFicial”
Rules



BY GERARD MECKER

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To my dad, the master storyteller of the greens, whose hilarious golf stories are as legendary as his love for the game. This book is inspired by your unbeatable tales and the laughter we've shared on and off the course. Thank you for every laugh, every lesson, and every "creative" golf rule. May we continue to share smiles and stories for many rounds to come.





Oliver couldn't sleep. He lay awake with anticipation. Tomorrow he was golfing with his dad for the first time! "Dad's stories make him sound like a golf superhero. I can't wait to see him in action," Oliver thought, excitement dancing in his mind.



At breakfast, Dad told Oliver exciting stories about his adventures playing golf. "My golf game is so good, even the birds stop to watch me tee off! Especially the eagles." Dad said jokingly. Oliver laughed, picturing birds perched on the trees, admiring Dad's golf skills.

"I hope I'm as good as him someday." Oliver thought.



"Just a warm-up swing! I'll take a 'breakfast ball'," Dad chuckled.

Oliver watched, a little confused but also amused, as Dad pulled out another ball from his pocket to try again. Dad explained that it was called a "breakfast ball," a special second chance to start the game fresh.

This "breakfast ball" didn't look particularly delicious to Oliver.

Oliver and Dad prepared to tee off on the first hole. "Watch me, Oliver!" Dad exclaimed, swinging his club with all his might. But the ball went dribbling off to the side and hardly made it off the starting spot.



"Found it!" shouted Dad, slipping a ball from his pocket onto the ground. "Sometimes, you just get lucky." A few steps behind, Oliver held back a laugh, pretending to not see the ball "magically" appear on the forest floor.

When Dad's next shot disappeared into the woods, he and Oliver embarked on a woodland adventure to find it. The ball had bounced off several trees like a pinball so finding it seemed nearly impossible.



As they reached the second green, Dad's ball was quite far from the hole. "In golf, we have something called 'gimmes,'" Dad explained, picking up his ball. "Gimmes are when you pick up the ball because you would've made the putt anyway. It helps keep the game moving smoothly."


Dad had missed a putt from closer than this on the first hole, but the wheels began turning in Oliver's head. He imagined all the times where he could use "Gimmes" in his life. Like on his upcoming spelling test! "Close enough!" he thought.



BREAKFAST BALL

MULLIGAN

On a tricky hole, Dad stood at the tee, aiming his club carefully. "Watch me, Oliver," he said with a big smile. But when Dad swung, the ball didn't go where he wanted. It flew out of bounds! Dad laughed and said, "Oops! Let's pretend that didn't happen with a mulligan."



Oliver loved playing make believe with Dad at home, but he didn't realize they would be playing on the golf course together! "First a 'breakfast ball,' now a 'mulligan'—golf sure has a lot of names for do-overs."

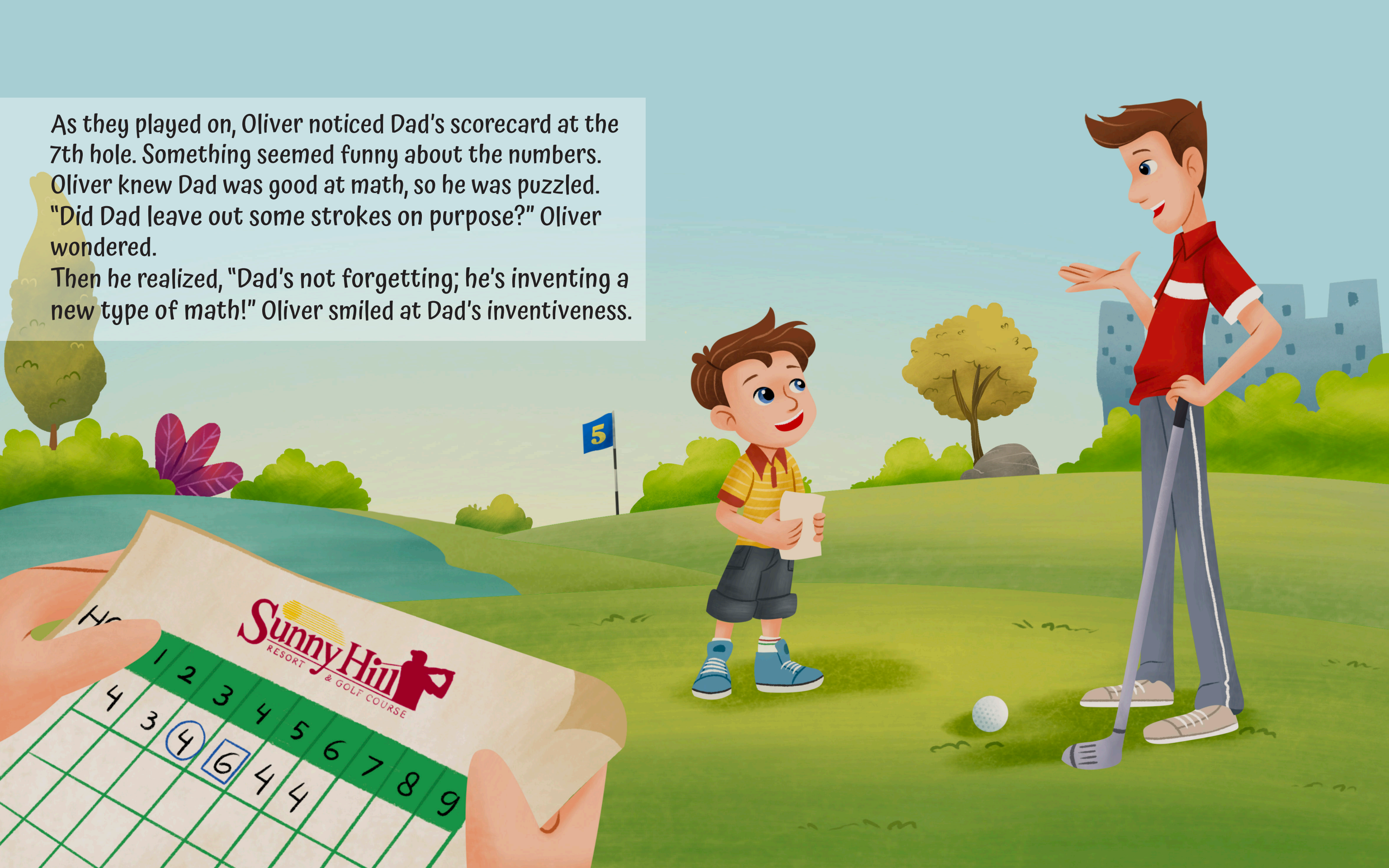
On a short Par 3, Dad's ball headed straight for a pond. With wide eyes, Dad exclaimed, "Oh no, it's heading for the water!" But then he grinned and said, "Wait, I think I saw it skip across!" Oliver, was certain he saw the ball make a splash, but when they got closer, Dad found another ball nearby and pretended that it was his.



"What luck!" Dad chuckled, looking pleased with himself. Oliver couldn't help but giggle at Dad's clever trick.

As they played on, Oliver noticed Dad's scorecard at the 7th hole. Something seemed funny about the numbers. Oliver knew Dad was good at math, so he was puzzled. "Did Dad leave out some strokes on purpose?" Oliver wondered.

Then he realized, "Dad's not forgetting; he's inventing a new type of math!" Oliver smiled at Dad's inventiveness.



Reaching the ninth hole, Oliver's curiosity bubbled over. "Dad, are these all official golf rules?" he asked, trying to hide his giggles. Dad joined in the laughter, "I may have bent a couple rules to impress you. Okay, more than a couple." Dad admitted.



"I should've set a better example. The heart of golf—and life—is honesty. It's more important to play fair and enjoy our time together than to worry about the score," he added.

As they put away their clubs, Oliver looked up at his dad with a grin. "Dad, today was super fun. Maybe you... I mean we... should get some golf lessons," he suggested. "Then you wouldn't need to use those funny rules so much."

"You're right, Oliver. I think that's a great idea—for more laughs and even better shots," he replied. Together, they left, their hearts light with the joy of the day and excited for their next golf adventure.



