

Sunday October 13, 2013

Something was pouring from his mouth...

He examined his sleeve...

Blood?

Blood.

Crimson copper-smelling blood - his blood.

Blood...

Blood...

Blood...

*And bits of sick.**

There was a lot of blood spilled along the road to Hoo Hoo Shoot victory. Most of it unwillingly donated by the eventual champion Todd Tilly. When it was all over, TST looked like Rocky after a two out of three fall match with Tommy Newenhauzer's driver.

Play-in Round

The day started crisp and cool and clean. A vintage HHS setting indeed where the tranquillity of the play-in round yielded only one surprise. While defending champion Brent Deener searched for his A-game against Todd Tilly - Brad Tilly, Ross Flynn and Jeff Doeden all advanced, winning as the higher seeds. Deener eventually located his C-game but it was not enough. Gasol swirled on to the toilet bowl, joining Peeps, Denny and T-Wags where the foursome proceeded to make a mockery of the HHS format. They totally played the whole thing out of order. Then they left the premises early, eschewing the traditional apple donuts, cider, ceremony and the doling out of prize money. They will want the money, naturally.

Quarterfinals

The four bye earners. Seeds numbered one thru four. The four horsemen. The ones with the tie-breakers in hand. Whatever you want to call them, they all lost. A truly incredible chapter wrote large under a warming sun.

Brad Tilly summoned his inner fourteen-time Major champion child and vanquished number one seed Andy Miller. Evidence suggests Meller's harshly striped Just Basics pink highlighter shirt may have contributed to his opponents' losses in his highly

successful Saturday pool play. While Sunday's more toned down wardrobe ala Freddy Couples may have had the opposite effect and relaxed Millar's foes. Scholars differ.

Ancillararily, 2013 UFC champion Ross Flynn flappy paddled HHS toughie Eric Nieu Kirk right out of contention.

Meanwhile, on the lower side of the bracket, Jeff Doeden went head to head with 2009 UFC champion and lead driver of the Majors Party Wagon, Ken Kunzman. The contest remained close for seven or eight holes but eventually Doedlschod Crane proved too much a Horseman, decapitating Horshack on number seventeen.

The last quarterfinal match was a bloody mess featuring old HHS nemeses Brett W. Tilly and Todd Tilly. One British reporter on the scene said afterward he hadn't seen carnage like that since he read horror writer Garth Marengi's Afterbirth "in which a mutated placenter attacks Bristol." W and TST exchanged missed match-clinching putts on the final two holes. TST had survived W's bomb for the ages on eighteen. Needing to win the hole outright, W hit his second shot, a 190 yard fairway wood to eight feet for birdie. Only the ensuing burned cup sent TST to the semifinals.

Semifinals

Ross Flynn vs. Brad Tilly

How many times can one player exclaim to the other "Up yer's!" before it has any effect? We did not find out in this match as BT3's endless head game onslaught was no match for RAF's icily jolly demeanor. Every "Cram it!" and "Take that, ya bastard!" from BT3 was met by hearty laughter and another F-Bomb from F-Pad. Try as he might, BT3's all-fronts assault was derailed by RAF's straight drives and bloomin' good nature. Even a player from another group took note, observing that "you can always tell when you've hit a really bad shot. The worse the shot, the harder Flappy laughs at you." BT3's well played and imaginative effort fell short though. RAF was scary good. RAF to the finals.

Jeff Doeden vs. Todd Tilly

This two-timing Majors champion and three-timing HHS champion had met before. In the 2010 HHS finals. So each knew the other's game and the very little of which the other was capable. Jeff Dibernardino Doeden-Tilly drew first blood, taking holes one and three for an early two-hole lead with six to play. On top of that, JDDT was in possession of the all-important tiebreaker. At that point someone (or something) caused TST to declare that he would win holes four and five. Which, inexplicably, he did - to even the match. Then on six, disaster struck for Doeden as he hooked his hybrid second shot out of bounds. With TST up one now, on the par four seventh, DOED knifed a 180 yard approach through and over the trees on the right and onto the green for easy par. With TST unable to get up and down, DOED evened the match. On eight, TST hit a nice safe bunker shot from an apparent awkward stance. (In actuality, this is

his normal stance.) Doedlsbod's approach from under the back-right pine trees was less than helpful to him and lead to an eventual concession of the hole. Going into nine, TST needed a halve to win the match. He mentioned to DOED that it might not matter who ended up winning the match because it appeared Flappy was unstoppable. In any case, Doedle's approach shot from the rightward first cut was the subject of much pondering by him. Eventually settling on eight-iron from a downhill lie, he hit to the back-right collar joining fringe and rough. Nine iron would have been a better call. Perhaps more thought should go into it next time. After DOED's downhill collared putt fell seven feet short and when he missed the next for par, he conceded TST's birdie putt and the match.

Finals

Ross Flynn vs. Todd Tilly

TST set the tone on the first hole tee box declaring to Flappy that the worst part of it all was that they had to ride three hours home together after the championship match. But TST said he hoped that he won faced with the prospect of RAF being much more obnoxious after a win than a loss. BT3 could have told him that head game tactic wouldn't work. Flappy came out firing.

Might as well skip it all until the fourteenth hole. With TST up a hole, both hit fine drives into a stiff breeze on this most difficult par four. TST had 210 yards to the flag while RAF had 190 in. Then with the one peanut in the gallery protesting, TST tried to get inside Flappy's head. By laying up short of the water instead of going for the green. Why! With TST getting a stroke on the hole, he eschewed hitting a hybrid into the wind and possibly out of bounds to the right or into the pine trees to the left or into the water in the front. "Make Flappy hit it into the water first!" was the strategy. Yeah well it backfired bigtime as RAF hit his 190 yard shot with his 190 yard club a distance of 190 yards and onto the green. TST lost that strategy game and the hole.

Then on sixteen with the match all-square, RAF hit his approach to birdie range while TST pushed short right to three putt territory. Flappy indeed drained the birdie and moved ahead by one.

On seventeen and giving a shot, RAF spent a little too much time in the front left bunker and TST evened the score setting up an eighteenth for the ages.

On the teebox, TST, sporting the dry-weather UNLV golf shoes, slipped in his takeaway. Yet he somehow continued on with the swing and hit one of the most inept looking drives straight down the fairway. RAF followed with a push right into the rough amongst the scattered tall trees.

While TST stood in the fairway, RAF aimed for the green - over, around, under and through the pines and oaks and maples. TST fully expected to hear the all too familiar crack of polymer on wood. Or at the very least, the sound of polymer on reddening

leafy foliage. No. No sound came. And as the remarkable shot arced its way somehow untouched toward the green, TST now knew he would need to get on the green with his approach as RAF's ball landed just long and right of the putting surface.

Of course, he did not. TST's second was fatted and pulled short left of green. A decent but most likely not good enough chip left TST with a twelve footer for par. RAF countered with a clutch and amazing pitch to two and a half feet for par and what at that point appeared to be the HHS title.

On site reporters were busily relaying the situation via cell phones and other strange modern inventions. TST would most likely miss the story went. And RAF would surely make. And RAF would surely win.

But that is not what happened. TST center-cupped the dramatic twelve footer with the three inch break for par. Then knowingly, he immediately donned his golf glove in prep for the upcoming sudden death. However, shockingly and staggeringly, RAF slid his thirty-incher for par just right and past the cup. And with that double-edged turn of events, it was over. It all happened very fast.

** intro stolen from Garth Marengi's Darkplace Episode One, Once Upon A Beginning*

Saturday October 12, 2013

A familiar face and an unfamiliar face each went 3-0 in Saturday's Pool Play round. World Number One Brett W. Tilly ate the competition and in doing so dominated the surly Fred Division. Meanwhile, the new and stylish Andy Miller laughed his way thru the Grady Division matches. Over in Big Dummy, there was no relative dominance but Ken Kunzman was impressive in his return to the Majors. His 2-1 performance earned him the number three seed for Sunday. Meanwhile Eric Nieukirk was his solid if not unspectacular old self. Ern Jung Un locked up the fourth seed with a 2-1 record. His only loss coming at the hands of Kato Ken Kalin Kunzman.

Later that night... W and Laura returned to their hosting duties as many of the HHS participants and families gathered for some sweet beef and beer and side dishes and outrageous deserts. An appearance by the diminutive Genevieve was cut short as everyone at once looked and smiled at the little one causing a major major problem. She later returned for a brief finger bubbling exhibition. Then she went back to bed. Many other kids were running around doing stuff. Mostly in and around the portable jail.

It was nice to see Sam Tilly there. Nothing was going on with her as she reported that nothing is new. In fact, when asked specifically “what’s new?” she replied “nothing”. When asked how it was going at her sorority she reported that she had dropped those oversized potatoes real good. Then when asked if she was looking forward to the new year at Bradley, she reported that she was dropping Bradley like an oversized potato and returning to Iowa instead.

In Related Action - The Erlenmeyer Flask

After much course searching, the “powers that be” decided that a return to Royal Arsehead was in the interest of everybody. Smellogg and Overpriced Fields had just aerated and nobody even considered Nudeman or Northmoor. We will never go back to Lick Creek, the sight of the greatest butt-whippin’ you will never see again.

The Syndicate remembered when they were three-under after three. That was the extent of their glory on this day. The team of the Big Meaty Shield, Steve, Alvin Tostiig and Mufasa could not keep it going at all. Perhaps the Webster Wildcat act put on by Steve and Alvin did not enrich the performance of the team.

The Bureau meanwhile was almost as underwhelming. Scary Clown, Doedlsbod Crane, Agent One and Wolverine played to a solid yet unspectacular minus 12 as such incarcerating the Syndicate by a one shot margin. The 12 under winning score is the highest (worst) ever recorded.

Nobody remembers any of the highlights because the whole thing was so benign. One lowlight of note occurred in the Syndicate’s group when Every Seventh Hole Contributor Mufasa plunked a nice wedge to four feet on number seven only to see the each of the following four birdie putts fail to drop. At the time no one knew that said episode would cost the Flask \$120. But the Flask knew, of course.

For the year, the Syndicate and the Bureau split the two EMF’s held. All time, The Syndicate leads the series 3-2. The Flask goes into the off season holding \$40 for next year’s taking.

