

25rd Erlenmeyer Flask (EMF) – Preview

Here we go. The delicate geniuses that are the Great Mutatos have all wiggled out yet again. Six to get four? Na!

It is down to the mighty Syndicate and those other guys, The Farcical Bureau of Ineptitude...in color. Can there still be great drama amid the gamesmanship, tomfoolery, and shenanigans that was once tabbed “The Greater Show in Glass on Wood” by Barnum Bailey himself? That is not for The Serb to positively reconnoiter. After all, that golf. The Serb will offer that The Serb has as much interest in this little event in October as The Serb has in other little events of equal interest no matter the month, which is to say...somewhere between a whole bunch and not a whole bunch. The Serb is apostrophe oh ramblin and The Serb is increasingly afraid that The Serb is becoming perceptively incoherent in the matters of the written word. No big surprise really, The Serb’s once proud bag of barbiturates is growing meek.



But this landmark 25th version (heretofore to be referred to only as “The 25”) rolls on as only The Urban Meyer flask can. Pardon The Serb if The Serb cuts this short. The Serb wants to spend more time with The Serb’s family.

So on to Coyote (pronounced Ky-Ah-Tay) Creek for The 25...

The Syndicate (6) – BT3, W, LUF, TST. The Carp of the Creek. Always in the lineup, not all that productive, but The Serb always expects big things. The Serb knows as all know: the game of golf is just better when Syndy wins. But The Serb ponders: do they have enough? BT3 tee ball? LUF long game? W short game? TST with the putt-heir? All seems to point due north. But wait – The Greens? The Serb’s goodness...who hits the Greens? Syndy finds that and The Serb and the world will la-la-la right down the lane.

The Bureau (8) – STL, BDD, MEL, TT. The Asian Carp of the Creek. Annoying and ready to smack you right in the face with their scaley stinky tails as they fly at you as you sit innocently in a boat just trying to enjoy your day. The Serb is disgusted at the very thought of it. Add in EIGHT STROKES and it’s just a tsunami of despair. Saddest of all is that they can really play this wonderful maddening game The Serb and you all call golf. They have enough: STL tee ball? DBB long game? MEL iron play? TT puttman? Bring the short game at this shorty of a short track and it all seems good enough, especially considering already quickly two up with 18 to play. You know what? Why not? Been a rough few years, of course...The Bureau.

The Great Mutatos (X) – LOSERS ONE AND ALL. The Serb will not justifying the use of this space to contemplate what might have been. No way The Serb delays getting to the bar to see The Serb’s family any longer for these incredible punk-ass losers.

The Flask – ker-rammed with cash (\$400 plus \$320 in new fees) and calling for a very big day (-21). UMF is growth confident. The Serb agrees.

The Serb’s Analysis:

The Soft underfoot and Seedy underbelly conditions at CC makes high (or is it low) numbers purely aspirational and irrationalistic at best. Like Zeke, The Flask Eats.

The Serb’s Predictions:

- 1) Disappointment reigns and the sky rains.
- 2) The Bureau makes the late push.
- 3) The Syndicate is solid but not spectacular.
- 4) The Great Mutatos wallow individually is horse feces.
- 5) The Serb is rather delightfully caught on camera with The Serb’s family.
- 6) The Flask Over Eats!

“The 25” Winner: The Flask. (TS -17 TB -17)