Getting inside the mind of Nick Greenwood

Walton Heath Old 19 Nov 2018

Duncan, Greeny, the Machine and myself convened yesterday at Walton Heath for the latest chapter of MWM contests.  After some analysis of various websites, included the much vaunted Norwegians', it was decided that the rather dismal prospect outside was temporary and drier weather was on its way.  We thereby contravened one of the most basic MWM rules and started in the rain.

Balls were tossed and Duncan, off his new MWM handicap of 12, and John were pitted against myself and the Elf who was resplendent in the full elf costume.  I think Santa may have been overworking him recently as they start preparations for Xmas as his mind didn't seem fully focused on the job at hand.  John's driver to 10 ft  on the par 3 1st on the Old and subsequent 2 was easily enough to win the hole particularly in the light of the fact that both Greeny had lost our balls off the tee!

Facing the barrage of shots that Duncan was going to hit us with I determined that I would need Greeny to counter on some of the stroke holes and set about trying to find a psychological ploy that would get the best out of my partner.

I tried:-

Simple encouragement

Exhortation

Enthusiasm

Cajoling

Technical advice

Humour

Positivism

Rotella inspired golf coaching

Castigation

Telling him he was great

Working on his competitive instincts

All to little avail.  There was little evidence of the GIReeny that is the most feared 8 handicapper in the South of England (I embellish slightly he had contributed particularly on the 10th with a fine nerdie but much had been wayward). Thankfully for me lesson number 297 of the year was having a good effect on my golf and Rendall and the machine were below par that is to say above it.  The match was tight and the score was 1up to us with 5 to play. Duncan due 3 shots in the last 4 holes 2 on his own. A birdie was good enough to win 14 for us but this didn't feel like a winning lead.

At that point fate struck.  It hadn't crossed my mind to see what effect searing pain would have on the Greeny psyche.  A trapped nerve in his back reduced him to a hobbling octogenarian wreck hardly capable of teeing his ball up at the stroke 2 15th.  I ventured a slightly desperate  "ignore the pain" entreaty.  "Boom!" 280 yds done the middle. More hobbling.  "Thwack!"  wedge over the pin just through the back. "Plop!" 20 footer dives into the hole for a neagle. Oppo's resistance had been broken. Greeny birdie at the next was overkill.

Victory bought retirement from the fray and we all headed to the clubhouse for, Burger, Sea Bass, Pork Balls and Whitebait.

Many thanks to our excellent host.

I suggest future partners take note and include some electrodes or thumbscrews in their golfing kit.

Tom