

The Most Amazing Golf® Shot Ever®

Book 5



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Practice makes perfect

Chapter



All round sportsman



‘Do you remember how many sports I was really good at when I was growing up?’ asked Dad.

‘From what you have told us, Dad,’ said Stephanie, ‘there were heaps.’

‘Absolutely correct, Stephanie,’
said Dad puffing up his chest.
‘Some of the sports included
soccer, cricket, netball, running,
Brandings, riding my bike —
with and without using my hands
— and British Bulldogs 123.
Actually, Brandings and British
Bulldogs 123 were probably not
strictly sports, but I was still
pretty good at them.’



‘Were there any sports that you weren’t really good at?’ asked Jaz. ‘Not many,’ said Dad, as his brows knitted together, ‘but if I’d practised more, I would have been *really* good at one or two of them.’

Mum's face broke into a wide grin and she chuckled.

‘Like what, Dad?’ asked Steph.

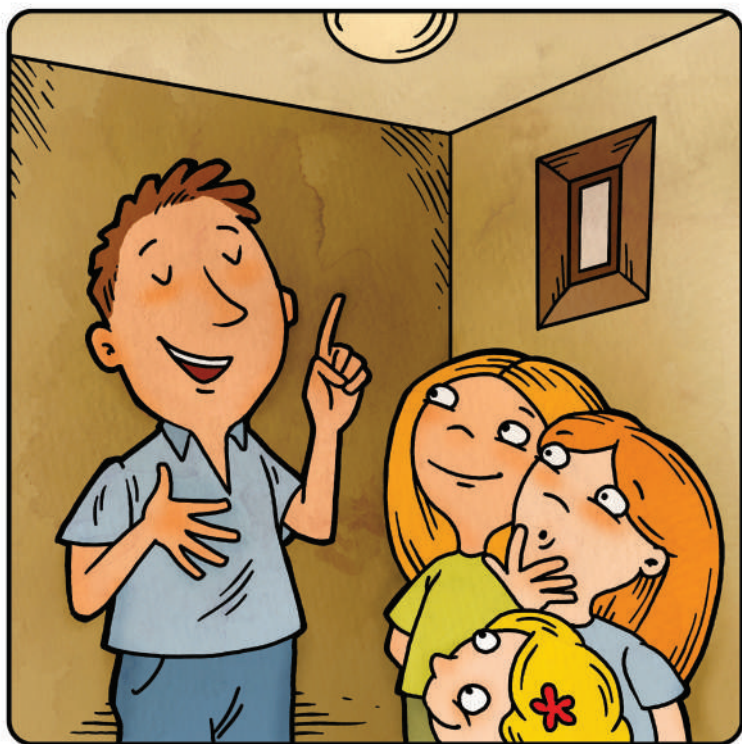
Dad's eyes began to twinkle. ‘The main one was golf.’



A vey who had been listening quietly, suddenly sat up straight, ‘What’s golf?’

‘Golf,’ said Dad, ‘is a game where you use a stick about the size of a broom — it’s called a club —

with a handle on one end and a flat bit about the size of a fist on the other end. As you hold the handle, you swing the club so that the flat bit hits a small ball. The aim of the game is to try to get the ball into a hole that is no bigger than the size of a cup, and often, that hole is hundreds of metres away from where you start.'

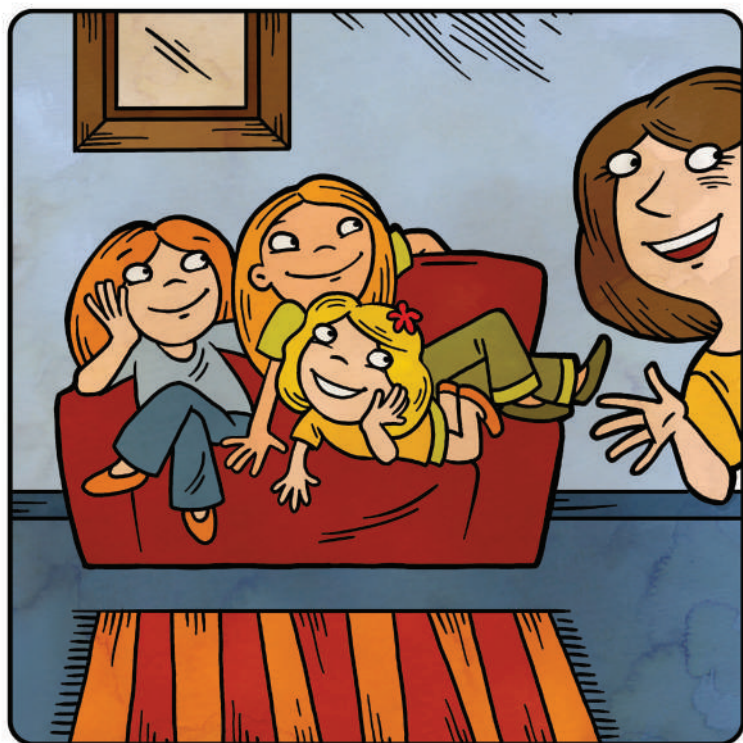


‘That sounds pretty tricky,’
said Jaz. ‘It is a bit tricky,’
a smile appeared on Dad’s face,
‘particularly if you don’t practise
all the time. One day I made a
shot that was so amazing that

everyone who saw it said they had never seen anything quite like it.'

Jaz's eyes went wide, 'Wow! It must have been pretty good.'

Dad's smile turned into a huge grin, 'Well, I thought it was pretty good.'



Mum slapped her hand to her forehead and looked up at the ceiling. ‘What exactly happened?’ asked Steph.

Dad’s shoulders slumped. ‘It’s a bit of a long story.’

Mum grinned. ‘C’mon Matthew, you will *have* to tell the story now. Girls, get comfortable, you know how Dad likes to tell stories.’

‘Yeah!’ the girls jumped up and ran to the couch.

