

A Golf Shot (Described by Different Authors)

by David Mills

Virginia Woolf

The tiny, pale, dimpled sphere shot into the cloudless azure sky like a firework, like a rocket destined for the stars, climbing ever higher and higher, slicing the air with its kinetic thrust until finally after what seemed an eternity but was in truth a mere five or six seconds slowed as it peaked in the heavens, reaching the height of its arc, hanging momentarily amid the sparse cumulous like a child's kite, a mere speck in the sky, only to plummet to earth like a meteorite crashing through the atmosphere, falling, landing swiftly, abruptly with a barely audible plop some two hundred and twenty yards distant.

R.L. James (50 Shades of Gray):

He struck the ball hard with a lusty pleasure, making the ladies gasp, which brought a smile to his face. He enjoyed the psychological game of power he wielded on the golf course. The concentration, the intensity, the delivery, and the thrust. It was here he felt at home, dominating others at the sport, reveling in watching them as they squirmed with discomfort while at the same time experienced the reluctant pleasure of seeing his balls consistently go the distance.

Edgar Allan Poe

I was sick, sick with dread as I struck the tiny ball and watched, with agony, as it flew off to the left, far from the desired goal. My tortured vision crystallized as I focussed on the inevitable fate of my shot. Closer and closer it flew toward a daunting cluster of tall white birches with branches extended in eager anticipation of consuming the small orb. Darkness, fear and hopelessness lay beneath those stately trees and I knew, with deadly nausea, that once entered I would never escape again.

Arthur Conan Doyle (Sherlock Holmes)

I teed up the ball and hit it solid, slightly to the right, watched it rise, then lost sight of it amidst the low thick clouds. I heard a distant crackling sound telling me I had found the rough but otherwise could not tell where my ball had gone.

"Did you see it?" I asked my companion.

After a moment, he turned to me and said, "It is about 200 yards distant, just beyond that tall oak, approximately ten to twenty feet off the fairway, stuck in the mud."

"Thank Heaven for your keen eyesight!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I never saw the ball once it rose into the sky."

"Then how-?"

"You heard the crackling of wood, did you not?"

I nodded.

"The very sound indicated it was dead wood. While there are several trees along the right that have dead branches, there is only one that would correspond to the trajectory and strength of your shot. When I looked at the spot, I noticed the mulberry bush beneath it was shaking slightly although there is no wind whatsoever, so clearly debris from the dead branch your ball came in contact with had fallen on it in the last few seconds."

"And the mud? The entire course appears quite dry."

"True. My eye was not quick enough to see the ball land but if it had bounced even once I should have seen it since I had pinpointed its location. Therefore it did not bounce. While it hasn't rained since early last night, you will recall that just beyond the oak, behind the mulberry bush is a small hollow where rain water accumulates. Given our cloudy conditions, the ground there will still be moist. I'm sure you will find your ball there, stuck in the mud."

"Amazing!" I cried.

"Elementary," he replied with a shrug.

Ernest Hemingway

He hit the ball hard. It went up in the air. It went high in the air, and far. He watched it rise and fall. Then it landed. It was a good shot. He was happy.

James Joyce (Ulysses)

He had never hit a ball like that before it rising sharply incessantly climbing into the cloudless blue blue like the ocean blue like a deep wide river the Blue Danube like a waltz played at a royal ball attended by the upper class elite dancing and feasting cajoling and mingling mixing drinks and mixing metaphors literary academic youth yes all of them all the same intent upon their careers a solicitor I'll be one already married but still flirting with a young girl ignorant of the trials and tribulations of golf all blithely

wholly incomprehensibly ignorant who knew nothing of the anguish horror or disappointment of observing one's ball struck moments before in great anticipation fly skyward vertically skyward sunward cloudward and drop a mere fifty yards hence.

George R.R. Martin (Game of Thrones):

The ball shot up like the cock of a lusty young squire upon his seeing his first maiden bare skinned. Up and up it rose until, hewn from its upward path as if sliced by a sword of Valerian steel, it just as abruptly fell, landing flat and lifeless in the field below.

Dr. Suess

Dr. Suess hated golf, the whole golfing matter. Please don't ask why. Please don't ask for more chatter. You see, he talked to the players just as they shot. He talked to the players when they did not. He talked about golfing and baseball and other sports. He talked about tennis and the length of the courts. He talked about anything at all he could quote, until some one shoved his hat down his throat.

Zane Grey (Riders of the Purple Sage)

With a sharp swing of his heavy iron he made contact with the small round object, the sound echoing across the wide purple hills. Into the clear sky the ball rose heading toward the water, the rich spring that gave verdure and beauty to the surrounding land. The lush pond, flush with vegetation, consumed the panorama of the present fairway, and as he watched, thoughtful and with a certain sadness, also consumed his ball.

Woody Allen

They told me to hit the ball hard, but I abhor any form of violence. I asked if I could throw it instead. I had envisioned a little more peer support but finding the rest of the foursome looking at me like the jury from the Nuremburg Trials, I hit the ball. I didn't expect a good shot since I golf about as often as I have sex, but given the often-malignant chaos of a purposeless universe, it wasn't bad.

Agatha Christie

I swung my club swiftly while the others in the group were curiously and momentarily quiet. Losing sight of the ball, I scanned the horizon in vain. I could hear Frank shuffling about behind me, making slight moans of discontent. I was ready to conclude that the ball in question was in a spot of trouble, when Gwendolyn burst out "Splendid!" I turned to our fourth member only to find that he had lost sight of it in the clouds. Gwendolyn, upon further interrogation, could not provide any additional information on the whereabouts of the ball, claiming her ejaculation had been based entirely on the

sound of the shot. So the actual location of the ball was a mystery, although it seemed apparent Frank had seen that the outcome was none too favourable. I intended to question him further as we proceeded.

William Shakespeare

Forsooth, I know not why I golf. For to shoot well is a consummation devoutly to be wished. I swing and strike and watch the ivory orb ascend the heavens then all too quick to plummet lifeless at too short a distance. Mayhaps 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer such outrageous fortune than not to attempt such folly. Alack, I do believe some are born great golfers, others achieve greatness and some such as I may never know the glory and splendour of a par.