Couple's 9 Hole Golf League

- Dianne Dearth

Sunday, March 9

Rained Out!

Sunday, March 23

Our 5th week play day of 2025 was a beautiful, sunny and warm day! Everyone was excited to play. We played one couple teams and had a great turnout of 10 couples!

The payout was four places:

- **1st Place** coming in at 40 were Bob and Diane Gove!
- **2nd Place** coming in at 44 were new members Rick Koenig and Gail Larson!
- **3rd Place** coming in at 45 were our hosts, Don and Dianne Dearth!
- **4th Place** coming in at 47 were Mauricia and Doug Buchanan!

Highlights of the day included the Gove team having eight 1 putts!
Marjorie Leidner had a chip-in on hole # one!
Way to play everyone!

Next play date is Sunday April 13th! Plenty of time to sign up! Call the MPGC for information.

Continued

dp

1st Place - Diane & Bob Gove

2nd Place - Rick Koenig and Gail Larson

3rd Place - Dianne & Don Dearth

4th Place Mauricia & Doug Buchanan

Continued

Bad Bax!

Couple's K9

Baxter watched from the living room window as Mark and Linda climbed into their golf cart, laughing and chatting excitedly. The sun was setting over the fairways of Magnolia Point, casting a golden glow on the manicured greens where the "Couples 9 Hole League" tournament was set to begin.

The Terrier's ears twitched. He knew the routine by now. The moment they donned their polo shirts and visors, he'd be left behind. Usually, he'd throw a fit, jumping at the door, barking, making sure they knew exactly how betrayed he felt. But tonight, his humans had tried to soften the blow.

Mark had knelt beside him before leaving, holding out a brand-new toy: a plush toy golf bag set, a replica of the ones the matching pair they carried on the course, complete with a miniature golf clubs with rawhide shafts. Yum!

"Here you go, buddy. Something to keep you busy while we're out winning," he'd said, ruffling Baxter's fur. Linda had kissed him on the nose. "Be a good boy, Bax. We'll be back soon." Then the door clicked shut.

Baxter sniffed the plush golf bag. It had that annoying factory-fresh smell, nothing like Mark's golf bag, which reeked of grass, sweat, and adventure. He gave this clatchy, shrimpy little excuse for a golf bag an experimental chew. The fabric was sturdy, but the seams...the seams were weak. His tail wagged as an idea took root.

With a low growl, Baxter launched his attack. He dug his small but determined and wickedly sharp teeth into the bag, shaking it viciously. Stuffing burst forth in fluffy white clouds. He wrestled the limp remains, flinging bits of fabric across the hardwood floor. It was glorious carnage.

Five minutes later, he stood victorious over the mortally wounded toy, panting with satisfaction. But as he gazed at the mess, his triumph faded. The thrill was gone. The house was silent. Too silent. He trotted to the door, ears perked. Nothing.

He jumped onto the couch and pressed his nose to the window, but all he could see were golf carts trundling about in the distance. Baxter sighed; how he *loved* riding about in the family cart! *Oh, when will they ever come home?!*

The plush golf bag had been a decent opponent and a welcome diversion, but it wasn't Mark or Linda. It didn't scratch behind his ears just right, or sneak him bits of steak from the dinner table. It didn't laugh when he chased after golf balls rolling across the driveway. With a resigned huff, he curled up in the wreckage of his toy. Fine. Let them have their silly tournament. He'd wait.

But the moment they get home, they'd better be ready to make up for this betrayal, for Baxter was *the* master of the martyr act, and would exact their comeuppance. He'd perfected over years that sheepish gaze of soulful eyes and strategicly timed whimpers. He was ready for the grand reunion, the apologies, the promises to *never* leave him behind again, and then, the shocking discovery, the wailing, pitifully rhetorical *'Baxter! Who did this?! Did you do this?! Bad Bax!!'*, followed by blinks of human remorse, the predictable pause for dramatic effect, a penance of extra-long belly rubs and ear-tickles. Then, of course, a *make-up treat!*

All in a day in a dog's life!

-STORY, PHOTO: EDITOR