

# HOME ON THE RANGE

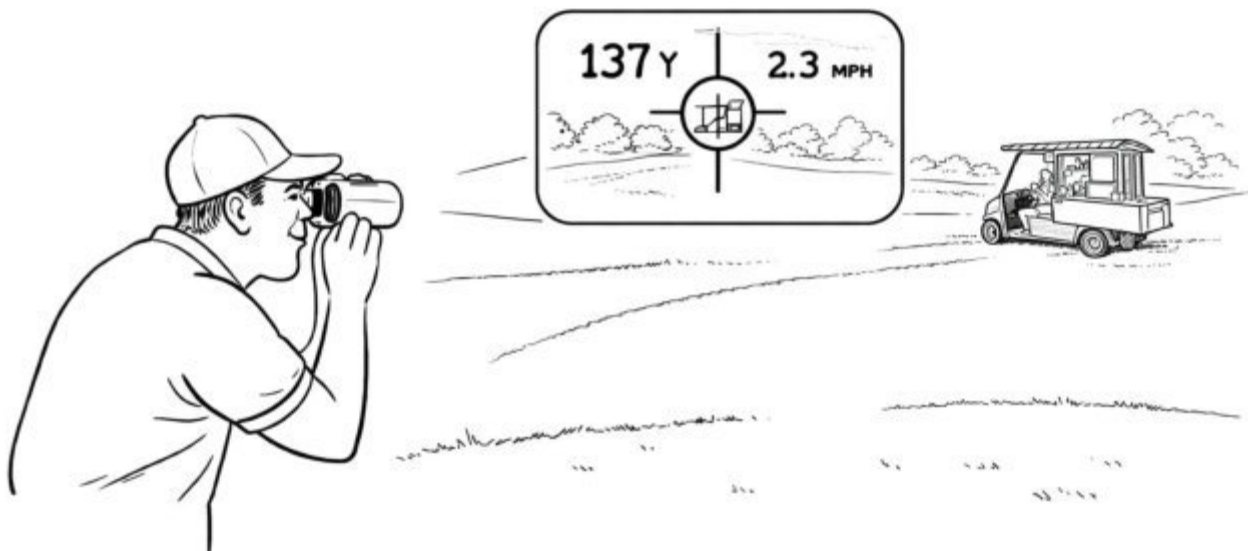
It began, as many questionable innovations do, with a simple question: how far is the drink cart? One enterprising resident recently demonstrated that his golf laser rangefinder could be repurposed for a task no HOA handbook has yet addressed: ‘Anticipatory Beverage Acquisition’. With a flick of the wrist, a heroic squint, and the posture of a man who had absolutely no intention of laying up, he calculated that the drink cart was exactly 138 yards away and closing at a leisurely 2.3 miles per hour.

“Knowing the precise location of the Bud Light,” he explained, “allows for fully responsible life decisions.” By “responsible,” he did not mean finishing the round in regulation, but rather choosing whether to intercept the cart at the 6th green or wait until it drifted tantalizingly close to the 8th, or, in a bold tactical maneuver, attempt a mid-fairway ambush.

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Eyewitnesses reported a small crowd fresh from Couple’s 9-Hole League play gathering, not for the golf, but for the suspense. Carl attempted to calculate wind resistance on a margarita. Denise, armed with a visor and a level of focus usually reserved for NASA launches, began calling out yardages like a caddie possessed. Meanwhile, someone’s unattended golf cart, still in drive, slowly rolled into a sand trap, where it rocked to rest like a defeated armadillo.

The laser enthusiast, now fully committed, adjusted for slope, humidity, and what he described as “beer



curvature.” At one point, a rogue Canada goose wandered into the line of sight, causing a brief but dramatic recalibration that resulted in three men diving behind a cart for cover. No one could explain why. As the drink cart approached, tensions escalated. A well-meaning spectator attempted to signal its driver using two golf flags and what may have been semaphore. Another tripped over a cooler, launching a cascade of ice and unidentifiable snacks onto the fairway. A third, attempting to jog into interception position, slipped, spun twice, and accidentally executed the cleanest bunker exit shot of the day, without a club.

For a brief, shining moment, the sport of golf seemed entirely secondary to the geometry of Happy Hour. The Pro has not yet ruled on whether triangulating a frozen margarita constitutes a pace-of-play improvement, though early results suggest it may improve morale, if not scorecards. Meanwhile, whispers of “rangefinder etiquette” have spread, a delicate subject now responsible for more dramatic sighing than actual violations.

The moral of the story, according to our intrepid laser enthusiast: golf may be a game of precision, but life, and certain beverages, require even more exact measurements. And in Magnolia Point, it appears there’s nothing quite so satisfying as knowing exactly when your next cocktail will arrive...down to the nearest yard, give or take one goose.

- STORY, CRAHIC: EDITOR

