



FIFTH PLACE RECIPIENT

Golf Behind Closed Doors

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It was the summer of my freshman year and I was getting extremely close to qualifying for the SCPGA Junior Players Tour. In order to qualify for the Players Tour, I would have to shoot the pronounced six over through nine holes, six times. So when I had finally completed five out of the six required scores, I knew that just one more good day would place me in the higher division. Knowing this I started practicing relentlessly on the range, day in and day out, hoping to just get that final qualification that would send me up to the Players Tour. After preparing for such a long time, I finally had a tournament scheduled on a Saturday at Brea Creek Golf Course. I knew that this is what all the hours and sacrifice had come down to: I either shot the desired 6 over or better, or had to try again another time. I was playing decently throughout the tournament and had finally gotten to the 7th hole. I was five over so far and had to do well on these last three holes. After hitting my ball onto the green and having the chance to make par, I barely missed a putt and it resulted in me getting a bogey. That would put me at six over and make my chances of qualifying way slimmer. Once we got to the tee box of the 8th hole, the person in my group scoring me asked if I had gotten a par. I thought about it in my head realizing that he probably didn't watch me barely miss that last putt. I knew that if I had just said

yeah and wrote my score down as a par, putting me at 5 over, that would increase my chances of qualifying significantly. But in the back of my mind, I knew that lying about my score would only hurt me in the future and not help me out. So I did what I should have done with no second thought, and told him that I got a bogey, a score worse than what he was originally going to give me had I stayed silent. This put me at six over with two holes left and I had to par both of them to qualify. In the end I managed to successfully par the last two holes putting me at six over. I was extremely relieved in the end knowing that I was finally done stressing about the scores. Looking back at it I see it as a blessing that I told him the truth because if I had lied to him about my score, I knew the guilt of qualifying with a phony score wouldn't leave me satisfied and may have led to me playing worse the last two holes.