



# THE THONG ADJUSTER



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## The Putter speaks

A word from the editor

### 2006 stats roundup



So how  
did the Iron

Thongers play in 2006? Here are the stats:

Number of members: 22

Total rounds played: 428

Most rounds played: John Hernandez, 56

Fewest rounds played: Russell Woods, 1

Most first places: John Hernandez, 13

Steve VanWert, 10

Lowest handicap: Eric Lavigne, 4.9

Jon Alvarez, 6

Highest handicap: Daniel Pierce, 30

Darren Howard, 30.1

Best average finish: Shelby Barrera, 2.7

Jon Alvarez, 3.7

Lowest gross score: Eric Lavigne, 65

Jon Alvarez, 73

Highest gross score: John Hernandez, 135

Darren Howard, 128

Lowest net score: Sam Pierce, 59

Darren Howard, 62

Highest net score: John Hernandez, 111

Hershel Krigbaum, 99

Highest % of pars: Eric Lavigne, 57.8

Jon Alvarez, 50.8

Lowest % of pars: Russell Woods, 5.6

Mike Linares, 7.0



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## Jokes of the Month

**1** A golfer is in a competitive match with a friend, who is ahead by a couple of strokes. The golfer says to himself, "I'd give anything to sink this next putt."

A stranger walks up to him and whispers, "Would you give up a fourth of your sex life?"

The golfer thinks the man is crazy and that his answer will be meaningless but also that perhaps this is a good omen and will put him in the right frame of mind to make the difficult putt and says, "OK." And sinks the putt.

Two holes later he mumbles to himself, "Boy, if I could only get an eagle on this hole."

The same stranger moves to his side and says, "Would it be worth another fourth of your sex life?"

The golfer shrugs and says, "Sure." And he makes an eagle.

Down to the final hole. The golfer needs yet another eagle to win. Though he says nothing, the stranger moves to his side and says, "Would you be willing to give up the rest of your sex life to win this match?"

The golfer says, "Certainly." And makes the eagle.

As the golfer walks to the club house, the stranger walks alongside and says, "You know, I've really not been fair with you because you don't know who I am. I'm the devil and from now on you will have no sex life."

"Nice to meet you," says the golfer. "My name's Father O'Malley."



**2** A guy stood over his tee shot for what seemed an eternity, looking up, looking down, measuring the distance, figuring the wind direction and speed... driving his partner nuts.

Finally his exasperated partner says, "What the hell is taking so long? Hit the damned ball!"

The guy answers, "My wife is up there watching me from the clubhouse. I want to make this a perfect shot."

"Give me a break! You don't stand a snowball's chance in hell of hitting her from here."

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# Golf rules of the Month

**Q** What is the penalty for playing a wrong ball?

**A** In most cases, playing the wrong ball results in loss of hole in match play and a two-stroke penalty in stroke play.

In stroke play, the offender must go back and replay any shots with the correct ball.

Exceptions are wrong balls played out of hazards. In both match play and stroke play, no penalty is incurred for wrong balls played from hazards as long as the player goes back and plays with the right ball.

A player whose ball was incorrectly played by a competitor or partner should play a ball as close to the original spot as can be determined.

In stroke play, a competitor can be disqualified if the mistake of playing a wrong ball is not corrected.

In the rulebook, wrong ball situations are covered in Rule 15.

**Q** Legal or not -- to take rake into the bunker before taking your shot?

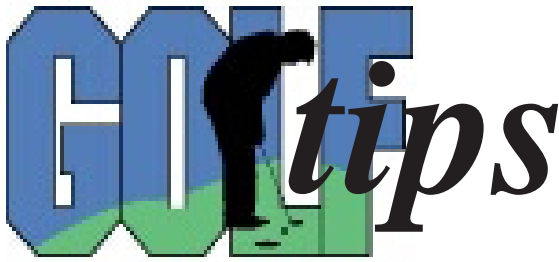
**A** For the sake of convenience, when you enter a bunker to play a shot you like to bring the rake with you. It makes it easier to tend to the sand after completing your stroke. Your partner says this is illegal. You say it's not. Who's right?

You are.

As long as the rake is not used to test the condition of the sand prior to playing your shot, there's nothing wrong with placing the rake in the bunker (see Exception 1 to Rule 13-4).

Likewise, the rules do not prohibit placing other clubs in the bunker, as long as they are not used to test the sand conditions.

The same applies to water hazards. Of course, the rake or clubs must not have any effect on your ball or the lie.



## 3 keys to successful sand play

**From Marty Fleckman**  
Director of Instruction,  
BlackHorse Golf Club

Being successful out of the sand depends on three things: correct setup, proper technique and consistent point of entry. You should use a sand wedge when playing short sand shots around the green.

A sand wedge may vary from 55 to 58 degrees of loft with 8 to 12 degrees of bounce. I personally prefer a 58-degree sand wedge with 8 degrees of bounce.

For the correct setup, I like to draw or visualize three lines in the sand, as shown in the photos. Each line has a specific purpose.

The line going from the target to the ball and then extending beyond the ball is called the target line. The line that is about 10 degrees open to the target line is the angle of our feet or toes.

Then I draw a line perpendicular to the target line originating at the ball. This represents ball position, which should be off the left

heel for righthanded golfers (photo no. 1).

Once you have the correct setup with the same amount of weight on each foot, the face of the club should be slightly open (photo no.2). This puts loft on the ball and allows the back portion of the bottom of the club to bounce off the sand, as opposed to having the leading edge dig into the sand.

The start of the backswing should be straight back or slightly outside the target line. There is an immediate breaking of the hands as you start this motion, producing a more vertical swing which encourages the club to enter the sand about two inches behind the ball (this is the point of entry).

What you are actually trying to do is to take as little sand as possible without contacting the ball. Allow the sand to lift the ball from the bunker.

As you make contact with the sand there should be a cupping of the left wrist.

Let me explain "cupping." Assume you are wearing a watch on your left wrist and

the face, as usual, is pointing outward. When contacting the sand on the forward swing, you should try to take the back of your left hand and move it towards your watch face, thereby creating wrinkles underneath your left wrist.

This action is called "cupping of the wrist" and it is very necessary in producing quality sand shots. Since this motion prevents the club from closing, the ball is lifted in the air with backspin.

These are the three most important things regarding sand play around the greens. You don't have to be perfect to get out of a sand bunker, but you have enough of the basic principles to get started.

About the author

Marty Fleckman is Director of Instruction at BlackHorse Golf Club in Cypress, Texas, in the Houston metropolitan area. Marty credits Byron Nelson, Carl Lohren and Jim Hardy for contributing to his

**Continued on next page**

# GOLF *tips*

## Get out of that sand trap!

Continued from page 4



success in golf.

In 1964 Marty won the Texas State Amateur Championship, and followed that up in 1965 with the NCAA individual championship while playing for the University of Houston.

He was a member of the United States Walker Cup team in 1967. Marty is one of only

four players in the history of the PGA Tour to win in his first professional start.

In 1986 he was inducted into the Texas Golf Hall of Fame.

Marty is also a member of the PGA of America and the PGA Tour. Visit Marty's website for more info.

***A Luke Samuel Goodyear Mystery by Steve VanWert*****MURDER ON THE 13TH GREEN****Chapter Nine -- Tuesday**

Luke Samuel had barely managed to crawl back under the sheets, after attempting to take a hot shower. His ribs ached. He had bruises on his upper arms where he had tried to fend off Tyler's wild swings, and the inside of his mouth was cut where Tyler had managed to get a lucky punch or two in.

Although physically spent, he couldn't sleep. Luke just lay there, trying to put everything in perspective. And trying not to move. Every time he shifted position, even slightly, his bruised ribs screamed their displeasure. Luke tried to list in his mind everything he'd discovered. He'd have written it down if the prospect of getting up wasn't so unpleasant.

It went like this, he thought. Tyler killed Bruce unintentionally by poisoning the water used to clean his golf ball. Putts told him it would only make Bruce sick. Cash had a \$100,000 bet at 10-to-one on Hartly, which would give him the \$1 mill he needed to make the down payment on Summit Airport. At the same time, he got rid of Bruce as owner of the property. Someone named R. A. was bank-rolling Putts' gambling book, and personally covered Cash's bet. Apparently, Hartly had nothing to do with it, but his connection to Cassy was suspicious, at least.

Luke's eyes were just starting to close when the doorbell rang, and rang again. He glanced at the clock by the bed. It read "5:30." Wishing like hell it was Ellen, he crawled out of the sack, holding his right side, and stumbled to the door. It wasn't Ellen. It was Chief McGarvey, with Inspector Devlin and two county mounties by his side.

"Yea, what?" Luke blinked, as one of the group trained a flashlight beam at him.

"Luke," said Chief Jack, "I'm afraid you're sorta under arrest."

"Arrest? For what?"

Jack glanced at Devlin, who nodded. Chief Jack paused for a second, looking at the cracks in the concrete stoop. He kinda coughed and said, "Luke, a warrant has been obtained for your arrest in the murder of Tyler Braddock earlier this morning."

"Tyler? I didn't kill Tyler. Wait a minute, Tyler was alive when I left him."

Devlin smiled. "Left him at the caddieshack?"

"Yea, that's right."

"Putts O'Shea claims he saw you leaving the caddieshack about 3 o'clock this morning. Claims he was passing by on his way home from the Holiday Inn Lounge down by the interstate and saw the lights on. He says you were in a big hurry. He claims he went inside and found Tyler Braddock drowned in a sink full of acetone used to clean golf clubs. There were definite signs of a struggle." Devlin seemed to smile, at least the corners of his droll mouth curved just a bit. "Were you present at the caddieshack?"

Putts had set him up. "Yea, I was there, but Tyler was alive and kicking when I left."

Devlin turned to the two patrolmen standing behind him. "Cuff him, and read him his rights."

They did, after allowing Luke to get dressed. They all took a ride to the Summitview police station. At the station, they

put all of Luke's personal effects, including his watch and the gold Air Force ring he still wore, and the Griffon Lake master keys, into a plastic bag and had him sign an inventory sheet. Luckily no one asked about the Summitview National Bank safe deposit box key. Luke was finger printed, booked and taken into Chief Jack's little office. He sat down, still sore, and to tell you the truth, more than a little scared.

Devlin and Jack looked at him. Devlin spoke first.

"Fucked up this time, didn't you, cowboy?"

Luke shook his head. "Come on, Inspector, you've been around the block ... can't you see I've been set up here?" Luke looked at him expectantly. "You don't really think I killed Tyler, do you?"

Devlin didn't change his blank expression. "We've got a pretty adamant witness who saw you leaving the scene."

"Yea, what you got is the actual murderer trying to pin this on me! When I left the shack, Tyler was lying on the floor in the locker room, after getting the worse end of a beating he tried to give me."

"Can you prove that?"

Luke Samuel gave Jack an exasperated glance. "Of course not. There wasn't anybody there but the two of us." He thought for a second. "Did you search the crime scene?"

"Naturally."

"What did you find?"

Jack McGarvey walked over closer to Luke. "There were signs of a struggle in the locker room and in the TV lounge. There was blood on the floor in the locker room, which we haven't had analyzed yet."

"You'll probably find it came from both of us," Luke said, "but we only fought in the locker room, not the TV room. There was a later struggle there, probably between Putts and Tyler."

Chief Jack continued. "It looked like the place had been turned, probably by someone with experience. Was it you?"

"Yea, I turned the place."

"What were you looking for?" asked Devlin.

"A small blue bucket," Luke answered.

Devlin blinked. "A what?"

"A small blue bucket, probably plastic, with a foam rubber top. Tyler used it to clean Bruce's golf ball during the final match. The poison was in the bucket."

"Are you saying that Tyler killed Bruce Benning?"

"Not on purpose. He thought it would only make Bruce sick. Putts O'Shea gave him the bucket."

Devlin looked at McGarvey, then looked back. "Why?"

Luke sighed. "Because Putts was running a gambling operation out of the caddieshack. He was carrying some heavy bets on Hartly, and wanted to make sure that Bruce wouldn't win."

"So he had him killed?"

"Yea, that's right." Suddenly Luke remembered Putts' books. "Shit! Did you find any yellow pads of paper in Putts' office?"

Jack shook his head "no."

"Double shit," Luke exclaimed, "Putts must have taken them out of there." He turned to Devlin. "Gabe, those pads are my proof. Do you really think I killed Tyler? Hell, he was ready to confess the whole thing to you guys this morning."

For once, Devlin looked sympathetic. "Look, Goodyear," he said quietly, "remember I told you that you were in over your head? These guys got you barely treading water and you're about to go under for the third time, you understand? No, I don't think you killed Tyler. But we got a so-called eye-witness ready to roast your ass in court. So you're gonna have to spend some time in jail. If nothing else, it'll

keep you out of my way.”

Devlin started to leave.

“Wait a minute,” Luke said, “don’t you want to know what was on those yellow pads?”

Devlin grimaced. “I have a good idea what was on them, and I just wish I’d gotten to them first, before you jumped in and fucked this whole investigation up. Cool off in the lock-up, will ya, and let a real cop get on with this.”

“Wait,” Luke yelled, “do you know about Cash’s bet?”

“Only by rumor, I’m afraid,” said Devlin, “thanks to you.” He left the room, quickly.

“Shit,” Luke said. “Double shit. Triple shit. Shit!”

Jack reached into his pocket, pulled out a key and unlocked the cuffs. “Make your phone call, Luke,” he said, “that’s the most I can do for you right now.”

Luke dialed the Chamberlain house. Ellen answered. He told her what happened as simply as he could, without going into detail about, you know, things she didn’t have to know. Like Putts’ magazine. She promised to wake up her father. Luke hoped Horace would help get him back out on the street, and soon. And he did, but it took until Friday afternoon before Judge McGough set bail. In the meantime, Luke sat in the clink, trying his best to stay as pissed off as he could.

The same day Luke was arrested, after finally getting some sleep, he arranged for Ellen to get a message to Pauly. Luke figured Putts must have hidden the logs somewhere. He didn’t think Putts would destroy them. Whoever R. A. was, he was a big enough fish to cover Putts’ book on a weekly, sometime daily, basis. Luke figured Putts would keep the books as insurance, in case R. A. wanted to shut him down. Permanently. Luke asked Pauly to see if he could find them.

That being done, all he could do was wait. And sleep. The next day, Pauly came to see him. He had searched Putts’ place. Except

for a rather extensive pornography collection, he hadn’t found anything.

Finally, Ellen came to bail Luke out. As he was retrieving his personal stuff from the inventoried paper bag, Devlin patted him on the shoulder.

“Goodyear,” he said, “just remember that even though you’re not behind bars, you’re not free, either. Your license could be suspended and you’re not to get involved in this case any longer. Understand? I don’t really want to see you back here again. I don’t like your sense of humor.”

“Yea,” Luke said out loud. “Fat chance,” he said to himself.

As they got into Ellen’s Continental, she leaned over and kissed Luke on the cheek.

“Hey,” Luke said, “I’m healed up enough for a real kiss.”

She was more than happy to oblige.

“Where are we going now, Luke?” she asked.

“I need you to drop me off at my place, so I can get my car. Then, you hightail it back to Griffon, or the mall, anywhere as long as it’s a long way away from my side. People around me are beginning to get killed.”

She looked concerned. “What are you going to do?”

“It’s better if you don’t know.”

“Devlin told you to stay out of the case.” Luke Samuel turned the steering wheel and maneuvered into the street. He shook his head.

“I’m getting old, Ell. I don’t remember him saying anything like that. Didn’t he say he liked my sense of humor?”

“In a pig’s eye,” she said.

They arrived at his humble abode. Luke gave her a good kiss right before she drove away. He wasn’t absolutely sure when he’d see her again, and they were off to such a great start. He entered the house and wasn’t the least bit surprised to see that someone

had turned the place inside out, looking for something. It wasn't a professional job, so Luke had a good idea who did it. Putting everything back in its accustomed place took about an hour or so. It had been late afternoon when Ellen bailed him out; now it was starting to get dark outside. Luke made himself some microwave cardboard Salisbury steak, grabbed a glass of two percent and waited until night fell.

While Luke was in the kitchen, he checked his Griffon Lakes social calendar, the one with semi-professional photos of 12 different Griffon golf holes, that hung from his refrigerator by four Pizza Hut magnets. There was a monthly social dinner-and-dance scheduled for that night. Luke was sure Cash and Cassy would be there. He wasn't going to make it. He was going to Cassenbergs to search for Putts' logs.

An hour or so later, as Luke drove up the manicured lane to Conundrum, he looked carefully for signs of life. The outside lights were on, but inside, all was dark.

"Good," he said to himself, "even the help must be gone."

Luke parked behind the garage, where the car couldn't be seen from the main drive. He turned it around so it was facing out just in case he had to leave in a hurry. The servants' entrance was just behind the garage, so he tried that door first. Luke wasn't worried about the door being locked ... he still had a set of keys that he'd never returned to Cassy. The door opened silently. Luke entered and looked around, then looked down the central hallway toward the servants' quarters, but didn't see any light there. He couldn't see the pair of eyes looking back at him.

"What the hell," he said out loud, "I might as well make myself at home."

Conandria is a giant three-story brick and stone box, slightly longer than it is deep. A one-story servants' wing juts out from behind

the attached four-car garage, but attached to the house. The main house has a chef's dream of a kitchen, with a formal dining room behind it. The kitchen is on the servants' wing side, so Luke crossed through it and the dining room to get to what they called the sitting room. It's as big as his whole damn house. The formal living room sits beyond it, with a library and a bathroom as big as the main one at the Atlanta airport.

Luke began the search in the sitting room, continued into the living room and then the library, but found nothing. Not even a hidden safe. The bedrooms were on the second floor, so he crept up the wide, spiral staircase, still expecting to run into someone, or at least a Doberman pinscher.

Luke entered Cash's bedroom first, switched on the light and headed for Cash's desk. He went through the drawers one by one, but found nothing. Next he searched the drawers in Cash's dresser and in his nightstand. Zilch. Luke looked under the bed for a storage box. Nothing. He threw open the gold and white doors to Cash's walk-in closet and walked in. There was nothing on the shelves, nothing on the floor of interest. No logs. No yellow pads of paper. He walked back out into the bedroom and searched the junk on top of Cash's dresser. There were no yellow logs, but there was an address book. On a whim, Luke opened it to see if his name was still in it. It was, but it was crossed out. He laughed and put the book back.

Then a thought occurred to him, so he picked it up again and opened it to the A's. Luke searched down the page, looking for an R. A. And there it was. Roland Adena. And a down state phone number, probably in the Miami area. Luke grabbed the handy little pencil attached to the side of the book and scribbled the number down on a scrap of paper in his wallet. Roland Adena. Luke wondered if this guy was related to Nick in

some way, and made a mental note to check on that later.

He walked back out into the hallway, and looked right. One of the guest bedrooms, the blue one, was just down the hall. The Cassenbergs had so many bedrooms in this gigantic house that they referred to them by colors. There was also a green one, a white one, a red one, a yellow one, and so on, ad infinitum, all the way into the pastels. Luke hurried over to the blue room, opened the door, and looked in, fully expecting to see someone, maybe even old Hartly, sound asleep on the bed. But no one was there. He turned it over in a hurry, well aware that he had been in the Cassenberg house for more than an hour, much longer than he had planned. This was a big place.

For a second, Luke thought he might have gotten lucky. He spied a yellow pad on the top shelf of the walk-in closet, but when he pulled it down, it was empty. Besides, it was only one. He was looking for about a half-dozen. He tossed it back.

In the adjoining white guest bedroom, it looked like there must have been someone with little children staying there recently. A blue plastic bucket nearly gave him apoplexy. But the only thing that had been in that bucket was sand. No poison, un-named or not. The shared bathroom held no surprises, unless you count a double shower stall with the biggest, fanciest, engraved glass doors Luke had ever seen.

Cassy's bedroom was just beyond, the same room they had shared as husband and wife. Luke had mixed feelings about going in there. One of these days, he's going to listen to himself when he gets these premonitions. It would have helped that night.

Luke opened her door and walked in. The light switch was one of those fancy rheostat jobbies, so when he punched it, the lamps came on, but just barely. There was enough

light to see, so he left it the way it was. He looked through everything in Cassy's room just as efficiently as he did in Cash's. And found less.

Actually, he found quite a bit of interesting stuff, but none of it related to Bruce's murder. Cassy can boast a collection of some of the world's most exotic and erotic accessories, both for wearing and sharing. Luke switched a couple of them on and listened to them hum, and watched a couple of them vibrate. He picked up a couple of costumes that couldn't keep a flea warm, but were guaranteed to get someone else heated up.

He was holding up one of his favorites, a frilly little red and black number that brought back some exhausting memories, when he heard a chuckle behind him. He spun around and saw Cassy standing there, a smile on her painted lips.

"Well, well," she said, "what have we here? A burglar? A rapist? Am I going to be molested in my own room?"

She chuckled again.

Luke had to think fast. He sat down on the edge of the bed and looked as sorrowful as he could. "Oh, Cassy," he said, mournfully, "I would never hurt you ... you know that, don't you?"

She watched, still chuckling to herself.

Luke looked up at her, kinda through his eyelashes. It looked like a couple dozen pina colodas had slid down her silky throat earlier that evening, which was good because Cassy gets a little easier to handle when she's half-tanked. So Luke kept talking. "Everything's so confusing, Cass, I don't know if I'm on the right side or not."

"Really," she said.

"Yea," he replied, "you know, sitting in that jail cell, it made me think about what, and who's important."

She was still standing, listening. Luke knew he had to make this sound really, well, real, or

he was S-O-L. So he gazed down at the carpet and continued. "I've done a lot of, uh, soul searching, and I guess I kinda realized that I haven't been really happy, really satisfied (he glanced up at her to see her reaction), since our divorce. I've come to the realization that I still, uh, love you, Cassy."

Cassy smiled wickedly. "Love me or love my nightie?"

Luke still had the red and black number in his hand. Well, at least they came to a subject Cassy didn't mind talking about. But it was a subject he hadn't really wanted to explore. "We had some wild times with this," he said.

"And without it," she replied.

Cassy reached behind her and shut her door. As she did, Luke caught a glimpse of someone standing outside in the hall. "I think we need to discuss your sudden change-of-heart in private, don't you?" she asked.

"Yea, uh, wait a minute, Cass, hold on to your britches."

Luke Samuel jumped up, ran to the door and opened it abruptly. He was looking squarely into the surprised, almond-shaped eyes of Benny the Japanese butler.

"Oh, so sorry, Mr. Luke, so sorry," Benny chattered, "I was just heading for the linen closet to, uh, to see if there are any dirty towels. Or laundry." He bowed, stopping for a brisk second to stare at Cassy's nightie still in Luke's grasp. He straightened and backed quickly down the hall.

Luke's no expert in domestic bullshit, but even he knows that not many people, not even the Cassenbergs, keep dirty towels in the linen closet. Or laundry.

"Benny," he said, "what the hell are you talking about?"

Benny just kept heading down the hall, doing the kung fu shuffle as fast as his little feet could shuff. Puzzled, Luke watched the houseboy scamper away. He turned to Cassy. "When did you start taking Benny with

you to the Social Dinner?"

She waved a slightly unsteady hand. "Benny the butler? With us? To a social dance? Don't be ridiculous. He's been here all night."

The corners of her painted mouth turned up in a smug grin. "Now, what were we talking about before being interrupted by the help?"

At this point, Luke could have called the whole thing off. After all, he was right by the door. Luke knew he wasn't fooling her with his sudden declaration of love, but the one thing that was great about their marriage was the sex, and in the years since the divorce this was the first time he'd been alone with her in this kind of surrounding. Just her presence was a little overwhelming. Well, a lot overwhelming, actually.

She kicked off her heels and padded over to Luke. Taking Luke's hand, she pulled the door shut, led him over to the bed and gently pushed him back to a sitting position. She knelt down in front of Luke and put her hands on top of his thighs. She began to rub them, slowly, in ever-increasing circles.

"Do you remember my hands?" she whispered, "my fingers?"

The circles were reaching the inside of Luke's thighs. Her left thumb brushed up against something that definitely was not his lighter. Luke doesn't even carry a lighter. "Oh geez," he murmured. It was too late to change his mind now.

She took the nightie from his fist and tossed it on the floor. Luke leaned over and took her head in his hands, his fingers entwined in her platinum locks, turned it to him and kissed her, gently at first and gradually harder and harder. They pulled away to breathe. "Haven't lost your kisser, I see."

She stood up and turned around. "Un-do me," she said, "before you do me."

Luke realized once again that there's no woman on earth who fucks like Cassy. It's her

whole reason for existing. She sweats sex; it drips from her pores. She's a machine, an extremely well-oiled one.

In a minute, they were naked. Luke was laying on his back on the top of the bed-spread, and Cassy was straddling his chest, leaning over and licking first one ear and the other, his nose, his lips, his chin. Her hands followed her tongue. She kissed the depression in his chin, the raised part of his Adam's apple. She licked each nipple, running her hands down the sides of Luke's rib cage.

When she came to the now bluish-green bruises on his right side, she looked up at him and raised one eyebrow in curiosity. Luke just shook his head and mumbled, "A golf injury." She shrugged her velvet shoulders and returned her gaze to his prone body. Her tongue explored his abs, outlining his navel in saliva.

She hummed to herself as she finally slid down to her destination, vibrations making all the little hairs on Luke's belly stand up, and sending chills up his back.

She chuckled again, and held Phil in her right hand. Okay, so she had this pet name for Luke's dick. She called it Phil. It was short for "Phil-me-up" or something, but it always seemed kinda cute to him. Luke didn't have any pet names for her pussy that she knew about. He referred to it sometimes as "The Bermuda Triangle." A guy could get lost in there. Luke looked down at her and she was holding Phil in her right hand.

"My, my, my," she remarked, beginning to pump her hand slowly along the shaft, "I'm beginning to believe you, Luke. I think you are glad to see me."

She ran her tongue around her lips and transferred her gaze from Phil to Luke. "Mon cherie," she whispered, "I have theese desire to be French. Would vous like zat?"

"Oui," Luke croaked, his own mouth as dry as hers was wet.

She flicked out her tongue and licked Phil

on the end. She picked up a dew drop. "I believe you, Luke. I think you are happy to see me." She ran her tongue around her mouth. "Hm-m-m," she said, "you still taste as sweet as ever."

Suddenly, she plunged the whole damn thing down her throat. Luke sat straight up in bed, but she took her left hand, placed it on his chest, and pushed him back. She slid her mouth off Phil with a plopping sound, and laughed again.

A decade later, or what seemed like it anyway, she crawled back up the length of Luke's electrified body, grabbed him by the shoulders, and rolled him over on top of her. Luke knew what to do from there.

"O-o-o, Phil," she groaned, her eyeballs sliding back so far in her head that all Luke could see was the whites, "come on in."

An hour later, they were still pounding each other all over the bed. She'd had three or four crashing climaxes that Luke knew about, but he was afraid to finish up. He wasn't sure what was going to happen once they were through. But it was just about to become a moot point, because Luke wasn't going to be able to hold it back much longer.

After another screaming, thrashing climax, the one that left permanent heel marks in the small of his back, Cassy turned Luke over again. "You know what I like, don't you, lover?" she asked, sweat dripping off her chin and off her nipples.

Luke was afraid this was going to happen sooner or later. So he wet his lips and stretched his arms above his head.

She leaned over and opened the drawer to the bed table, and pulled out two neckties. One was pink, with white swirls. The other was red, with black and gray paisley designs all over it. Luke recognized them right away. They were two old ties of his that he'd purchased at Wal-Mart during their seasonal special Spring sale months before meeting

and subsequently marrying the more than slightly salacious, though succulently supple, Cassy Cassenberg.

(Repeat that last sentence without stopping to take a breath. See, I knew one of us was long-winded.)

She took one at a time and tied each of his hands to a bed post. She tugged to make sure each was tight. She slid down Luke's body until she lay between his legs.

"Cassy, I'm really surprised how tacky you've become since our tragic parting."

She grinned. "Tacky is in the eyes of the beholder."

Luke tried to behold her eyes, but it was nearly impossible, considering where they were and how restricted his movements had just become. "Tacky, tacky, tacky," he repeated.

Cassy stopped for a second and looked up at him, a frown beginning to crease her vixen eyes. "In what way?"

"A rich divorcee like yourself, with all this money and free time, the least you can do is indulge your fantasies with silk ties. Those two are 100 percent polyester!"

"Polyester?"

"Do not bleach. Tumble warm. Do not iron. Hang dry."

She giggled again. "And hung wet."

Luke could see this delaying tactic wasn't going to last much longer, so he just gave up, er, gave in.

"Do you remember?" she asked.

How could Luke forget?

"Then recite it for me," she said, as she gobbled poor bruised and battered Phil once again. "Recite it, one word at a time."

Luke closed his eyes. And began, slowly.

"Your love, in breathless passion, drips down from your painted fingertips and sparkles on your parted lips, like diamond drops of dew."

"Next verse," she mumbled, her mouth full of

Phil.

"It tastes like clear, fermented wine and smells like humid summertime, and promises that one more time my life begins in you."

Her head was bobbing up and down like a runaway locomotive, careening on a downhill grade.

"Keep going!"

Is there a difference become coming and going? Luke swallowed the huge ball of saliva that had built up in his throat, and hoped like hell it wasn't his tongue.

"Your hair hangs, wild, upon your face and frames your eyes with wisps of lace, while all is spent in your embrace, until we start anew!"

She was grinding her mound into the bedspread between Luke's ankles, and making warbling noises deep down in her throat. Luke arched his back just as she shuddered and he exploded like a geyser. It felt like 10 minutes before he fell back onto the bed in a puddle of sweat and who-knows-what-else.

"You and that poem," he said. "There are times when I wish old Van-what's-his-name had never written it. Christ."

She had a whole book of his poetry laying around somewhere, or at least used to. Someday, I'll tell you what happens when someone recites "Loose Lips Sink Secret Hips" to her. But that definitely is another story.

They lay there for a while. Finally she rolled over to a sitting position and slid off the bed.

"You haven't lost your touch," she said, "or your memory." She got up and quickly ran to her bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

"Bring some towels," Luke called out.

"About a hundred."

Cassy glanced back toward the bedroom through the closed bathroom door. She reached up to the intercom unit on the wall and pushed a button down. "Daddy," she said softly, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer, but she kept pushing

down buttons until she located Cash. "I'm bringing down a surprise guest," she said, smiling. "A surprise ex-husband."

After the exhausted twosome cleaned each other up, or at least sopped up the worst of it, they got dressed and started down the hall. Luke stopped Cassy at the top of the staircase. "Did you enjoy that?" he asked.

She smiled and nodded her head "yes."

"Then let me leave quietly. We can get together again, real soon."

She smiled again, and answered, "Um-m-m, I'd like that."

But when they got to the bottom of the stairs, Cash, still in his tux, was standing in the archway leading to the sitting room.

"What have we here?" he asked.

Cassy looked at Luke and laughed. "A burglar, I think, Daddy. I found him lurking in my room."

Cash motioned for them to follow him into the sitting room. Luke figured he was fucked. Twice. Cash sat on the loveseat. They stood about five feet away.

"Did you find what you were looking for, Mr. Goodyear?" Cash asked.

"I don't know what you mean," Luke Samuel replied.

Cash took a deep breath. "Let's stop playing games, eh, Luke? The logs are destroyed. As is your reputation. And probably your future. What's to keep me from calling Inspector Devlin and having you arrested as a trespasser? That wouldn't make the bail bondsman very happy, would it?"

Luke began grasping at straws. "I know more than you think, Cash. I've got documents hidden that prove that you arranged to have Bruce killed. You had Putts give Tyler the poison."

Cash tried to look surprised. "Why, Mr. Goodyear, why would a solid, up-standing citizen like me want to do a nefarious thing like that?"

"For the goddamn money you stood to win on Hartly beating Bruce. But you couldn't play fair and let Hartly beat Bruce on his own. You had to stack the deck. Tyler thought the poison would only make Bruce sick. But you knew all along it would kill him, didn't you?"

"To what money are you referring?"

Luke was starting to get pissed. "The \$100,000 that you plunked down at 10-to-one, that's what money! The \$1 million dollars you planned to use as a down payment on the Summit Airport property! That's why you desperately wanted Bruce to die, so you could get the property cheaper from Suzi Benning."

Cash's face barely showed any emotion at all, certainly not surprise. He actually managed to crack a subtle little smile. "Well, I am impressed, Mr. Goodyear. But I don't believe that poor Putts O'Shea's little gambling book would cover a bet like that."

"Roland Adena would."

Cash's face lost its smile. He tried to keep it, but the effort turned it into a grimace. "As I said," he repeated, "I am impressed. But you have no proof or you would have already supplied it to Inspector Devlin while you were lying in the Summitview jail."

He waved his right hand in front of his face, his diamond and platinum bracelet sparkling. "No, I believe all you have is talk, Mr. Goodyear. Dangerous talk, but just talk all the same."

He reached for the cell phone on the table next to him. "I think I will inform the constabulary of this intrusion."

Luke grabbed Cassy and pushed her in front of him. It was a desperate time, and required desperate action. He reached around her and began caressing her breasts, circling her nipples with his thumbs and forefingers. She began to groan, still on a sexual high. It takes Cassy a long time to return to, er, normal.

"But I wasn't here as an intruder, Cash," Luke said, breathing on Cassy's neck and down the sensitive skin on her throat, "I was invited. By my ex-wife. We were in bed, Cash, rolling in the hay, fucking like animals, Cash."

Luke looked closely at Cash, who was starting to vibrate, beads of sweat popping out on his forehead. Luke reached down between Cassy's legs and started running his hand around the sheathed-by-silk opening to her mound. She dipped a little, her knees weakening, her legs automatically spreading apart to allow him more room to maneuver.

"Oh, Luke," she moaned, her hands resting on his, "yes, baby, do it again."

Cash was staring, his eyes as wide as silver dollars, his breath rasping. Cassy

leaned back against Luke, grinding into his midsection. He tried to ignore poor, protesting Phil and walked her slowly to Cash.

"There's nothing illegal in fucking your ex-wife, is there, Cash? The police won't care about that, will they, Cash?"

He left her standing right in front of her father, not a foot away. Luke turned and sprinted toward the front foyer. As he barreled through the door, he heard Cassy murmur, "Oh, Daddy, you're so tense."

Luke glanced back and saw her beginning to kneel. He ran like his tail was on fire, almost knocking little Benny the butler through the foyer window, and didn't stop until he got to his car.

Next month, Chapter 10 -- Wednesday Night.

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## New Year's resolutions for golfers

This year, endeavor to do the following:

For at least one round, move up one set of tees and concentrate on making shots instead of on booming it.

For another round, move back one set of tees and *think* your way out of a distance jam.

Take a putting lesson.

Develop a pre-shot routine. Insert a needless but quirky movement to annoy your foursome mates.

Go to a golf collectibles show and heft a playable hickory club. Buy it. Take it home. Learn how to hit shots with it. Have fun.

Go to a tour event and camp out under a tree and watch the groups go by.

Go to a tour event and follow

one group throughout the entire round.

Take a kid to play golf. Ignore your own game and make him or her feel good about himself or herself. Be sure there's enough ketchup for the french fries afterwards.

Call a penalty on yourself. Do not expect applause.

Practice the driver less and the wedges more.

Do not expect to play like a tour player.

Speaking of perspective, learn to be a big boy or girl about bad shots. (And watch your overall score improve.)

If you have anger problems, print out a picture of a silly cartoon character from the Internet, paste it on a bag tag, and laminate it. Hang it on your bag. Look at it when you are

ready to rip your own head off.

Do not blather on and on about your game. You've heard other people do it, and you know what it's like.

Cultivate tempo.

Take a deep breath and remember the smell of the turf.

Step up to a crucial 4-footer and crush any negative thought under your mental boot heel. Crush it into fine powder and let it blow away.

Regrip, fer Pete's sake. Twice.

Take your turn running the bets, including all the side garbage, for your Saturday foursome.

When you practice, have fun.

When you play, have fun.

When you talk about the game, have fun.

See a pattern here?

# Eric Lavigne

## Iron Thong member profile

### Average Handicap:

0 to 4.5 depending on how much time I spend at the range practicing

**Nick Name:** Easy-E

**Average Drive Length:** 280 - 340

**In the Bag:** Nike SQ Tour 9.5 driver, titleist 3 wood 15 degree, taylormade 2 iron hybrid, titleist 690MB Forged blades PW - 3 iron, titleist 56 degree SW, titleist 60 degree lob wedge, and last but not least the club all the money is made with my titleist 1.5 newport scotty cameron putter, titleist Pro V1 golf ball

**ABOUT ME:** I've been playing golf for about 3 years now and I still have alot to learn. My goal would be to play on the Nationwide/PGA tour one day, but I have a long way to go. The way I look at it is Vijay Singh didn't start on tour till he was 31 so I still have alot of traning ahead of me, untill then I have the second best thing.....The Iron Thong. I'm 23 years old and im looking to grab you all by the thong in 2007 and show you how to really play this game ... ( now thats being cocky Big John!!!)



### MY GREATEST MOMENT WHILE PLAYING GOLF:

I actually have two. the first one was 2 years ago when I was 237 yards out shooting my second shot to an island green par 5. There was a little wind behind me and it was very hazy out so you would lose the ball in the sky after you hit it. So I grabbed my 4 iron....( for all you old guys that's the club with the 4 on it ) I hit it and lost it in the air and I asked my playing partner is he saw it and he told me he lost it but it was going right at the flag, well to make a long storie longer.. I drove to the hole then realize the ball wasn't on the green so I look around and I figure it had gone in the water, so for shit and giggles I decided to go look in the hole and I told my buddies before I reached in "Guys look at this. " and there I pulled out what was my first double eagle! Second moment is when shot a 59 at Pecan Valley last march playing in a tournament. I got the card signed by the people I was playing with and after they handed out the awards I walked out from the bathroom just to see 3 guys there waiting for my autograph. That's something I still laugh about to this day!