

Mayhem week!

Myrtle Beach, hide your saltshakers, hide your Prilosec, bag drop dudes, get your back braces out, Mayhem is back! That's right, it's that time of year again when a bunch of old dudes try to act like they aren't. The hood-sliding boys from Danville are coming to displace the elderlies of Surfside at some of the shittiest bars and restaurant in South Carolina. This is the most important event of their lives each year. I know what you're thinking, that's sad. And it is very sad . Each man down there has a giant hole in them. Something's missing, something they can never fill. This event fills that emotion hole albeit temporarily. Yes, this event is a temporary bandage for a permanent wound. But it breaks up their slow march towards death. So, there's that.

Scene:

The hum of life sustaining cpap machines fill the air. The air is full of the consequences of poor dietary decisions a few hours before. They lay in their beds dreaming of what is to come. Their livers and colon trying desperately to dispose of the toxins put into their bodies before the next incoming rounds enter them. The sound of coughing rings out through the night due to copious cigar usage. Sounding much like a civil war infirmary filled with the sick and dying. One player will chip like an injured civil war soldier this coming morn. The house is most assuredly unsecured as no one can remember to lock the f*cking door. Good thing they aren't staying in an area filled with meth users who've lost all hope and abandoned all dignity. No chance they end up on a true crime podcast called The Mayem Murders. The constant flushing of toilets will sound like the world's worst waterfall as their giant prostates force multiple trips to the leu. Just as they enter rem sleep, a sleep that the body desperately needs to recover from terrible crimes against it, they will be jarred awake by some as*hole dragging the f*cking chair across the kitchen floor because he can't be bothered to lift it up. The night is over, a new day has come crashing in. And so it goes, on and on...

I digress. This year to commemorate the 20th event (it is neither the 20th Myrtle event nor has it actually been 20 years but they're calling it 20th for some reason) two different action figures have been created.

The first are just action figures uniquely designed for each player.

Tim: No audio

Aaron: Does not come with golf balls

Paul: Not washable

Jason: Not to be mixed with Japanese or Italian action figures

Mark: Confidence not included

Ken: Default setting, aggrieved

Brian: Expect delays

Mike: Does not mix well with the proletariat

Steve: Built by Narragansett

Alan: Default setting, camera on

Dave: Comes with putter and no sand wedge

Rick: Dirty Myrtles included

The second are Star Wars related action figures.

Ken O.B. 1 Kenoby

Tim Darth Fader

Brian Luke Skyballer

Alan Piss Lord

Aaron Jewbacca

Paul Han So Low

Mark Jabba The Putt

Jason C 3-Putt-O

Onto the picks.

Rick/Mark -150 vs Brian/Mike

I can't think of two people on earth who have less in common than Mike and Brian. There is a very real chance Mike doesn't remember his name. I can envision a lot of "hey, how's it going my guy" Mike's belt will cost more than Brian's golf clubs. Mark and Rick are 3-3 lifetime. Not showing off, not falling behind. I can't say the match will be a slow death but with Brian it will at least be slow. Grip It's strategy is to get disinterested Mike to show up. If he gets down by four he will start googling "trendy boat names" and "do you still have to tip staff in the new political environment".

Saint/Ken -125 vs Tim/Dave

What are we going to do with a boy named Ken? He lacks approbation from his fellow Mayhem members. His preshot routine looks like he's trying to sexually please a horse. Will this be the year he finally has his moment? Will this be the year the golf gods stop treating him like he treats service industry workers? No, the answer is no. But day one he is with the man simply known as Saint. The patron saint of never buying anyone a beer. He can win a match by himself and will definitely have to do that on day one. They match up with one guy who is called bear and another who no one can bear to watch chip. Ken and Dave have been called biblical brothers. The question is on day one, who is Cain and who is Able?

Steve/Jason -120 vs Alan/Aaron

We have our first quote for this match. "I will win this match or my name's not Steve Hanuman". Will Aaron show up on the first tee in a singlet? Will Steve be removed halfway through the match because he's confused for a missing Amber Alert kid? These are match

impacting questions. Alan has the goods to win this, but Aaron has the goods to lose it. I would have a better handle on this if I knew Steve's BAL at tee time.

An AI produced prediction of a verbal exchange during the match

Steve "I can't spell failure!"

Aaron "That tracks"

Steve "Are you calling me stupid because I'm a Southie?"

Aaron "For so many reasons"

IDK, sounds mean.

Prop bets

- Odds on Aaron showing up to the first tee wearing a singlet +100
- Odds of Mark and Steve having a midnight twerk off judged by Pauly because, Myrtle. +200
- Chances Brian gets death rolled by a gator trying to retrieve his \$2.00 golf ball. +150
- Odds Ken's best retort to an insult is "I know you are but what am I" -200
- Odds Dave puts someone in the blue tent with an errant tee shot -130
- Odds Deez Putts plays a game of Marry, F*ck, Kill -200
- Odds Alan is selected for Mary -150 (supportive, low maintenance)
- Odds Mike is selected for F*ck -120 (seems like a selfless lover)
- Odds Ken is selected for kill -300 (I mean, come on...)

Later,

Vegas