

## **Nordea Masters - Day 1**

Travel day so an early start, 5.30am bus from Newport to Heathrow. This is not too bad as I have been getting up at 5am last few days for the Welsh Team Championships in Neath where unfortunately our first team lost in the semi-final, but a great week and really enjoyed it. Bus was on time and arrived at Heathrow at 8.30am perfect for my 11am flight to Brussels. As I took this job at quite late notice getting direct flights to Gothenburg proved difficult and very expensive so my best option was to fly to Brussels, brief stop, then onto Gothenburg. Much cheaper I can tell you, but obviously a lot longer. No worries though as Alfie (my boss this week) isn't getting there until Monday night. Alfie Plant, won the Silver Medal at The Open in 2017 and was a member of the Walker Cup team with Jack. This is my first outing with him and hopefully it will go well.

First flight went fine, a little bumpy but fine, had quick stop in Brussels and a COFFEE (YES COFFEE) then onto Gothenburg. Must have been the right choice because there are 6 other caddies on the flight and Ashley Chesters a tour player. I say hello to Stan and Pete who I know from previous events, Ollie Farr and Rich McEvoy, they caddy for. We have a quick chat, but just a hello really. Arrive at Gothenburg and collect case, now got to find my hotel. I come out of departures and there are player courtesy cars waiting, now how am I going to sneak into one of those to get to town? I know my hotel is a 10min walk from the player hotel so it would be perfect to bum a lift. I hang around and watch this American caddy talk to the lady organising the cars. He is staying in players hotel so must be for a decent player. He manages to get a car on his own so I follow him out. He looks at me and asks if I going to town, oh yes great bumming Crunch, so in I jump. Will is his name and he's Beef Johnson's caddy. Nice job Crunch lad, we had a good chat and I made a new friend. A little embarrassing when I just stood outside the hotel until he went in to slope off to my hotel, but I can deal with that.

Now I have to find my hotel, easy just Google Maps it. Oh dear no WiFi and no signal. OK ask a local. Great got my directions, 10 min walk perfect, well 38 mins later I still haven't found it. Best ask in a pub. Quick pint and new instructions and off I go, at last I find the hotel a mere 15 mins later. Check in and empty my case. Best get some food now so out I go to nearest eatery. A hot dog stand on the corner, bloody perfect. That will do. As I am eating and walking I spot Stan and Pete from the airport they having a pint in a Scottish pub. I have a beverage with them and they tell a couple of choice stories from past years and it was a cool half hour. Back to hotel and bed. Meeting Alfie at 9am on the bus tomorrow.

## **Nordea Masters - Day 2**

Nice start today 7am alarm breakfast for 7.30am and a nice relaxed breakfast it was. Plenty of choice in the hotel and some fantastic coffee, oh I do like the coffee. It's raining this morning so packed waterproofs and a towel in my rucksack and headed out of hotel at 8.30am to find the players hotel to get the free bus. The young lady in reception told me a 12min walk and she was pretty much spot on. I get to the hotel and the bus is parked outside, nice. I am first there so I hang around outside for couple of mins to see who turns up. Not long and Stan and Pete from last night turn up then soon followed by players and caddies on mass, I jump on quick to get a seat. Still haven't seen Alfie yet so text him I am on the bus but no reply. The journey to course takes about 20 mins and all the talk is about bloody football. Caddies and players arguing on who going to win the league. Everyone seems to be a scouser or Man United fan, they all giving banter.

So arrive at the Hills Golf Club and yes first impressions are of a lot of hills a bit like the old Wentwood hills at Celtic. This will be a slog. I go sign in with caddie master and get badge and vouchers. Alfie not here yet so I familiarise myself with surroundings and get yardage books. 2 books this week £60 no green book for Alfie so not too expensive.

Alfie arrives and we have coffee with his management team. Alfie's clothes sponsor Peak Performance are the main tournament sponsor so it's a pretty big deal for Alfie this week. His family coming out later as well. We spend an hour going through his schedule which includes Pro Am tomorrow. Head to Srixon truck to get his clubs, balls, kit etc. He's testing some new clubs so today I have 19 clubs in the bag, FFS it's heavy with 2 waterproof sets as well. Onto the practice area and some photo shots for his team and media. He has a good warm up and looks to be swinging nicely, a putting session follows and he heads for food. I go get some lunch from the volunteers' tent, not great choice of pasta but it filled me up. It's raining again so we wait for it to pass and head to 1st tee about 1.30pm.

Well, all I can say is this course is not for walking, it's very wet and very very long from green to tee. I had done 14000 steps after 9 holes and it rained for the whole time. Not nice at all. Alfie's manager walked round with us, she's a lovely lady and her boyfriend is Sir Nick Faldo's son so that was a nice conversation to have. Alfie's dad turned up for 2 holes to brave the rain but that was enough. He's a nice fella too so it was a good atmosphere around the course. Caddies will earn their money this week. A lot of moaning and anger at the tour officials for not providing buggies for some of the hikes from green to tee. If they don't provide buggies it will be a six hour round easily. I take Alfie's clubs to locker room to dry them and clean the bag, he took his entourage for coffee and snacks in players' lounge. I wait an hour and eventually I get a call to go to the range. Alfie has a 45 min range session then it's back on the bus back to city. I find out on the bus that Gothenburg is hosting "Euro Pride" this week. A big festival for the LGBGT community and as we drive in to city we pass a big stage in the town centre. Well in for a penny, in for a pound as they say, so quick shower, change and a bite to eat and off I walk to see what's going on. The city is very busy lots of rainbow colours everywhere and plenty of eye opening views. I spend an hour or so walking round listening to some diverse music, then I head back. My legs have had it and I need to rest. Pro Am tomorrow and I have to walk back nine in the morning.

### **Nordea Masters - Day 3**

#### **Pro Am day**

Rise, shower, breakfast and get the 9.45am bus to course. Dump my stuff in the locker and I am off to walk the back nine. Not going to lie, I was aching from toe to shoulders and it took me a long time to stretch and try ease the aches. The nurofen helped a bit.

Out I go to walk the back nine. Holy crap it's even more hilly than the front nine, some serious walks. As it's Pro Am day I am walking the course while people are playing. It's quite cool being able to walk holes whilst some top European tour pros are playing. Not going to lie I do feel very humbled and a little bit lucky to be here. Anyway I am mapping the course and walk through Renato Paratore's group. I first saw Renato at the Junior Open at Fairhaven when Jack played. My daughter Bethan had a massive crush on him. He said hello, that was nice. He's a regular tour player now but he's no better than Jack, just played well at the right time. I like him he's a nice boy.

Next up Martin Kaymer. OK I did slow down a little and walk the whole hole with him and his caddy. They were cool, he was playing 14, probably the hardest hole on the course. Great to listen to their chat as he played the hole. Although they had nothing new from what I saw, so that proves I do most things right. As I am walking around I notice Jonathan Thompson walking the course with his caddy. Jonathan and Jack were opponents and friends from junior international golf. Jonathan had leukaemia as a child and was very ill. Had to have lots of treatment and steroid injections. He's bloody massive now and a really lovely bloke. Always says hello to me and always asks about Jack. We had a good chat for 3 holes and compared notes for the last few holes I walked with him.

So I finish my prep and head to range, Alfie trying some new Srixon clubs and driver so I basically just stand, watch, listen and learn. We both go separate ways for food, players' lounge and caddy shack then meet on putting green at 12.45am before Pro Am. At least in caddy shack it's free WiFi so a chance for me to check how my Jack is doing in Europro event at East Sussex National. I check and he is - 3 through 6 holes, cool that makes me smile. I eat quickly get a coffee and head to putting green. It's bloody busy as it's a shotgun start so all pro's meeting at same time. Olesen, Bjorn, Beef, just to drop a few names are putting feet away from me. Can't ask for a photo though that's not very professional is it?!

So we all get together and are designated buggies. Our team is the sponsor of Alfie, Peak Performance clothing. Very big in Sweden for ski clothing. 3 team members all big skiers and fit chaps. They were good fun to be fair 6,8,8 handicaps and it was a good afternoon. Alfie's dad, Darren, came with us all the way round, he's a tidy bloke as well even though he a typical cockney Londoner. Apples and pears and all that. I walked the course and after the first I carried the bag. You can't get proper yardage and a feel from a buggy, that's just a shit way to play golf. It was a good day, no mistakes from me and some great club choices helped Alfie trust me. I think it went really well.

We finish shake hands and I am heading for the changing rooms when Nikolas, one of our team hands me his business card and asks me to get in touch if ever I go skiing to Sweden. He basically owns a whole resort, well hotels bars and nightclubs and he just said ring him if I ever want to go skiing. Well that was nice, so I offered him a beer but he declined because he was flying back home at 7pm, it was 6.05pm at this time. I told him its possible he was going to be late, to which he replied, "no they will wait it's my plane" oh right I see OK then, crack on my friend. So it transpires he flew in to Gothenburg this morning, played golf, flew home. How the other half live hey.

Alfie organises a car to take he and his dad back to hotel so I jump in. Darren then offers me a beer at the hotel and I kindly accept. Wow the place was buzzing, all the players all the sponsors and of course the Euro Pride party is just across the street, it's manic. At this point it's only fair I mention Marcel Siem. What a top bloke, he strolls to the bar, in double denim, hair in a tied knot and asks for a beer. Within a minute this stunning blonde, I mean stunning, walks across says hello. He downs his beer, takes her hand and casually walks through reception to the lift. Now she could be his manager, his wife, his girlfriend I don't know but it was just pretty bloody cool. He's gone up in my estimation. I have 3 beers with Darren and head to my hotel. It's very busy in town and I know what I am like so I stick my head down and pound the pavement till I get home as such. Quick shower and change and back to the Italian from last night. It's a lot busier due to this euro pride festival and my god there are some wonderful sights to be seen. I am beginning to really really like Sweden. If I was 30 years you can guess this would be a very different blog I am writing. I do see a few younger caddies walking the streets while I am eating, a nod is all that's required. Let's see how they look tomorrow.

So I finish my food and Irish coffee and head back to hotel. Its 10.15pm so it's a slow stroll to take in the atmosphere and back in the room by 11pm honest.

## **Nordea Masters - Day 4**

### **Tournament Round 1**

Quite a relaxed morning, no rushing. Breakfast in hotel, stroll to players hotel to get the 11am bus to course. Weather is OK overcast and breezy but no rain forecast. Jump on the bus and all is good. The bus is full this morning as it's the last bus from the hotel to course and most of the afternoon tee time players are on it. So we get to course and by christ it is busy. The Swedish do love their golf. Apparently so I have been told, this event is the second best supported event on the European tour not including Majors. I can see that to be honest, there are a lot of people here of all ages and 1500 volunteers.

Anyway I pop to the caddy shack for coffee and watch a bit of golf on TV. See some flag positions and see how the course is playing. Looks like they have moved up a few tees especially 14th, must be 50 yards forward. I need to check this so I go to the tour office, get my pin sheets and ask for any tee changes. Oh yes they have moved quite a few. At this time I make the decision to go walk a few holes get a feel for things and see the tee changes. It is busy out on the course and pace of play is slow. Prep done I go get Alfie's bag, take some new balls out of the locker and wait on the putting green for him.

He arrives and we start the warm up. I like Alfie's warm up, a few putts to get pace of greens, then over to the range. Few wedges, few mid irons, few drivers. Then he plays holes from the course on the range. So for example he asks me how 10 is playing (our starting hole today) so I give him yardage, wind, etc we pick club and he hits the shot. Same for 11, 12 etc etc until his time is up. Then we go to putting green and he asks if he hit the green on 10, I said yeah to about 20 feet. He will then find a 20 foot putt on the green and try hole it also finish it out. I quite like this it gets you into comp mode early.

So warm up done we head to 10th tee. Alfie is nervous I can tell. His walk is quicker, he is fidgety and talking crap. I try slow him down and relax him with a look around at some of the pretty females in hospitality. Well it calmed me down. I get nervous too, don't want to cock up or make any mistakes. We get to tenth tee and there is a delay. Play is slow and the tee times are ten mins behind. Waiting doesn't help the nerves, you double triple check your numbers and wind and all sorts of crap goes through your head but eventually we get going.

Alfie hit a very nice first tee shot, par 3, and 164 yards to flag with off the right. A nicely flighted 7 iron to 24 feet and a solid 2 putt meant a lovely par to start. I forgot to say, because Alfie is a European tour member I get to do his stats. The tour actually pays caddies to do stats for them 20 euro a round. I haven't been paid once yet but I don't think they have my bank details, I will check later. There is a fair amount of info you need to record but it's extra cash I suppose.

Alfie starts very solid par, par, par, and par. He could have made 2 birdies but the putts didn't drop. We then play 14 great, I say we because I made him change club from gap wedge to wedge and it finished 3 feet away. One to the big guns!!!! (My new nickname) Par on 15, then a bogey on 16, it's a risk reward, driver or 4 iron from tee, short par four over huge bunkers and slight dog leg right. Driver was right choice he just leaked it right and it hit the cart path. It was his longest drive of the day, it went 380 yards but into the bushes. It was a good 5 to be fair. He 3 putted 17 from 15 feet

and he wasn't happy. But birdie 18 and birdie on 1 settled him back down. His second shot to the second was poor. He had the club for a pure shot and there was a massive slope in front of the flag. He caught his shot a little heavy and didn't make the slope the ball came back 50 yards. A bogey was best he could do. He didn't get up and down for birdie on par 5 third and a poor tee shot led to bogey on 4. Bear in mind his dad is watching every shot and I can clearly see his reactions, he is an emotional cockney but all dads are watching their kids. Par 5 and 6 and we get to 7. A tough par 4 water on right from tee, 3 fairways and 2 countries left to hit it safe. We pick a line 15 yards left of centre of fairway. Alfie twats it in the water. Bugger me, I mean all of Europe left, DON'T GO RIGHT!!!! His head dropped and he cursed all the way up the hole and made 6. Two pars finished for a 3 over finish, it took 6 hours to play bloody 6 hours.

We were that late the last bus to hotel had gone. Jesus christ, so we shared a car Alfie, his dad and me. Eventually got to players hotel, well near it. The roads were closed because of this Euro Pride concert festival thing, so we had to walk couple hundred yards. The music was thumping, big bass disco stuff. Honestly if I had 5 pints in me that would have been the last you would have seen of me. Rainbow t-shirt and dancing with the LGBGT society would have been a new one for me. I grab a burger and walk back to hotel. One quick beer, shower and bed. Bloody knackered.

## **Nordea Masters – Day 5**

### **Tournament Round 2**

So today we need a 4 under round. Going to be hard on this course. I'm up early, breakfast done and set foot for 7am bus. I arrive at the course and head for tournament office to get my pins. Down to caddy shack for coffee and plan my book. Meet Alfie on putting green at 8.15am he looks good and feels good. We head to range for warm up and again all is good. Darren his dad and I chat about last night, Darren looks a little rough think he had one too many. He was up late with 'Beef' Johnson's manager, they had a few stories to share, and you know what cockneys are like, they love a story.

We are all good and head to 1st tee. Not a great tee shot leaves Alfie in the fairway bunker 215 yards from flag. He thins a five wood into bank in front of him and leaves 170 to flag. A bogey 5 was a decent result to be honest. The next 7 holes were pretty good and we got to 1 under for the day and plus 2 for the event. All leader boards saying level was the cut. No drama Alfie boy we shall make a few more birdies. The ninth is a great hole, elevated tee, water left, huge bunkers right, then second shot up hill over water with huge bunker in front of green. Fairway is a must, but no not for us. Alfie has a weak right miss and he hit it on this drive into heavy rough. We had 174 to flag, 148 to fly water, 159 to front. Best we could do was front left short and try make 4. Nope let's hit it in the water instead. I make that sound harsh and I am being harsh, his lie was awful and the 8 iron he tried to hit just smothered and it was a wet result. We drop and had 147 flag, nope bunker it was but a very good up and down made us 6. Back to plus 3 for the event. Ah shit!!!! Back nine is harder. Only thing to do in this situation is get out the Haribo, I did have M&M's but I left those in the hotel. Stupid Crunch, Jono, big guns!!!! Tangfastic Haribo, they will do the trick.

The next nine holes were almost perfect, I say almost because I will explain later. 10 great tee shot 8 feet missed. 11 drive, 7 iron, 10 feet miss. 12 now 12, risk reward. Driver for us, after I persuade him not to lay up, he finishes pin high right, fine. It's a tricky chip all running away to the water, so we agree to land it just on the green and let it release down the tier best shot 6 feet, worst case 12 feet. Well he hit this chip a smidgen clean, it landed at least 10ft passed our landing spot, span lovely on the downs lope and finished stiff. I just looked at Alfie he smiled and said, "just how we wanted to

play it" my reply was on the lines of "you jammy t\*\*\*\*". Hey it was a birdie so let's move on. 13 great tee shot 6 feet. At this point Alfie asked me to read his putt, first time ever he has asked. I did my job he holes the putt. 14 drive, 8 iron, 8 feet, he asks again for my read, he holes. Wow 3 on a bounce and we close to the cut. 15 good shot 15 feet, good putt hit the lip. 16 drive, chip, 4 feet another crunch read and birdie. Now we flowing. Bang on the cut at level par. Ooh its exciting. 17, 3 wood, 9 iron 20 feet, good shot horrible flag, two putt par. 18 drive, 248 to flag uphill into wind, 3 wood just off the left, good chip to 6 feet and he calls me again for a read. I give him my opinion, as I walk away I see his dad watching. He can't look he pacing like a fool and chewing his nails. Alfie missed but he pushed it, not my fault. A 3 under round and level for the event. Wow what a ride. Alfie is gutted he thinks it's 1 shy of cut but who knows.

I record my stats and head to locker room. As I walk to clubhouse, Darren gives me a massive hug and in cockney accent calls me a diamond. Aw bless him, just doing my job lad. We have a beer and find out how Jack is doing on Europro. Darren jumps and says Jack is leading it's going to be a great day. I check and Jack has made a triple bogey, he not leading anymore!!!!!!! We hang around, I'm watching phone, Alfie watching leader board. We then hit the range Alfie has swing thoughts to work on and I need to stop checking on Jack. Darren in the meantime has popped to hospitality with Alfie's sponsors, Peak Performance and enjoying the free beer. He's funny bloke. Alfie and I join him after an hour, Darren wants to offer me a full time caddy contract for Alfie and loves me. Calm down son let's see how the cut goes.

At this point I need to get back to the hotel. What I didn't tell team Alfie was I have a flight booked for Saturday morning and was checking out of hotel same day. If he makes the cut I got some work to do, cancel/change flight and find a friggig hotel on the busiest weekend in Gothenburg's history. So I leave them at 5.15pm to get the bus. I ring Jack on way, he's OK, not great but OK, he finished 6th but could have won. It's all learning for him and as he gets older he won't make the same mistakes I am sure.

I get to my hotel and they can fit me in Saturday if needed but it's now double what I was paying before, obviously!! I pop across the road to my new local, Iranian bar, the Notch. I am greeted with "hello my friend, the usual" god dam it, I now have a local in Gothenburg, Jesus I have issues. He even has a special glass for me, which he has kept, holy shit Crunch have a word!! So I am sitting in the Notch and it's confirmed we made the cut, boom!!! It may not be big for some people but when you're a young pro getting limited challenge tour starts let alone a main tour starts it's a huge deal making the cut. If you all get a chance just look at the players that miss cuts, it's a cruel game this golf and you need to make the most of it when you do get a break. For me it's pretty big too, I need tournaments under my belt, I need a reputation, look I don't hit the ball, I don't put it in the hole, but I help, I believe I can help plenty of players I just need a break as well. Jack and I were decent and he knows that, I wish we were friends like I am with these other players but I am his dad, I know that's hard for him, who the hell listens to their dad?? It's hard for me as well as I know I can give Jack all my help 100% and I am there for him whenever he needs me at a reduced rate obviously but I maybe clinging on for hope there in honesty.

In the mean time I have secured a room and changed my flight, it has cost me some dollar but it has to be done. Hopefully I can now make the flight at 6.30pm Sunday night. I am banking on 2 semi decent rounds from Alfie to be done by 4pm Sunday. We got a 7.48am tee time Saturday so it's bed for me. 6am bus to course 5.30am leave hotel. I shall finish my beer and we are done for today.

## Nordea Masters – Day 6

### Tournament Round 3, moving day

Before we start today, I have a few things I forgot yesterday. One, I broke the double strap on Alfie's bag. Yep in the heat of the moment coming down the stretch yesterday, 16 tee, Alfie has just hit a decent tee shot just short of the green and I run off for a pee while his partner Niklas Lemke tees off. (Niklas is point two) so by the time I get back to tee they have all gone down the fairway. In a rush I grab the bag strap, in one motion pick up the bag, place it on my right shoulder, swing the bag to the left and slip my left arm through the double strap. Well it was a great plan but I had pick up the left strap to pull the bag off the ground, this then created extra force on the buckle on said strap and it came off in my hand. 2 yards later I realise the bag was lighter than usual and not forcing my back into spasm as usual. I had the strap but the bag was still on the floor. Oh right well, only the Marshall and a few spectators saw this so I managed to still carry the bag on the one strap. Alfie did question the new carrying technique when I eventually caught them up, but I managed to keep him in the moment and didn't tell him until after the round. I have a spare for today but it does have Titleist written on it. We shall see how that goes.

Two. Niklas Lemke, Alfie's playing partner for first 2 rounds. I mean such a fantastic chap, polite, well spoken, journey man pro, tremendous player. In fact he was touted as the best Swedish player for last 20 years. I spoke to his caddy and the scorer and they both said he was the top man 15 years ago a special talent. He did flush it!!! Maybe it was the pressure of playing in front of his home crowd or in front of his family but he was not at his best and eventually the steam built up and it had to be let out. In round 1 he made a 5 on the par 3 5th, our 14th. The walk to 6 tee is about 200 yards. In that walk he hit 7 trees with his putter and cursed a number of times. The 6th tee is well elevated and small. His caddy placed his bag on the edge of the tee but Niklas proceeded to kick his bag that hard it fell over and rolled off the tee down the bank and into a bush. It was hard to not laugh but we restrained ourselves. Then when the bag finally got reorganised and placed back on the tee he kicked it again, right in the middle. On our 16th hole it started to rain a little, Niklas caddy pulled out his broly and well let's just say it didn't open to its full capacity. Niklas folded up the broly in a fast and furious manner and threw it in the bush. Nice going Niklas, I enjoyed that. Pressure of pro golf!!! To be fair he was a nice chap just a little angry at times. Also the walk to the bus at 5.45am was quite funny this morning. It appears Gothenburg is a little like Newport. Drunks and druggies everywhere at that time of the morning coming out of clubs and heading home. Indeed one chap was stood right in the middle of the tram tracks just quietly having a pee. He was obviously a little worse for wear as he was stumbling around nicely peeing on his shoes and leg. Just like Newport really.

Anyway I get to the course, get my pin sheet and head for a coffee. Not that hungry so pick up a banana and apple that will do. Get the clubs and some balls and meet Alfie on the putting green. We go through the warm up and head for the tee. Alfie is playing with a Korean called Jinho Choi today. We introduce ourselves and he said his name as "Gino" as in the chef Gino DiCampo. So that was it, we called him the chef all day. Worked fine he didn't understand us but it did amuse his English caddy, Callum. Nice lad but it must be difficult working for a non-English speaker.

Alfie started well and 8 solid pars were attained. Could have had a few birdies but holed nothing. The 9th he has struggled with all week and today was no different. A weak right drive in thick rough led to a bogey, which was a decent result. He missed for birdie from 10 and 12 feet on 10 and 11. We went for 12 drivable par four but he duffed his chip in front of a big grand.

## Nordea Masters – Day 7

### Final Round, home time

Abdul, that's the name of my new friend in the notch, he pours my usual and I chill with my beer. I make contact with home and think about work next week. I don't have a bag so trying to get some work from Kevin at Davlan. I feel a bit guilty about coming and going but at this period in my caddying career and my life I don't know what I am doing from one week to the next and you can't feed a family like that can you?? The first beer took ages to go down as I suddenly became tired again, this course has killed me. Not just me many other caddies can't wait for the week to finish. One more beer then home to bed, early start again tomorrow, 6.30am bus so up at 5.15am for the trek to bus with my case and ready for proper home. I do manage to see some of the weekend delights of Gothenburg and my god they are pretty sights. If I was a young single caddy now I would be very very tired each day for golf, no way would I be going back to hotel as early as I have been.

So up early bang on time and check out of hotel, drag my suitcase through the dark, people littered streets of Gothenburg and head for the bus. As I round the corner to the main street I come across what seems like all the caddies walking up the street with suitcases etc. We all going for the same bus. Luckily I get on and have a seat. Get to course dump suitcase in locker room and head for pin sheet, coffee and prep. Usual stuff. Meet Alfie on putting green and again we go through the warm up. Again we playing with the Chef, Jinho today so get to talk to Callum again for 18 holes so that's cool.

Alfie played OK today didn't quite have his A game but managed to get it round in 1 over. Think we finished tied 63rd no money to be made but a great week. Not a lot to report about the round it was just average really. Didn't do anything too special and didn't make any complete cock ups. He did hole one 45 foot putt on 10 for a birdie in front of the stand, that was cool and I was stood there hand in the air as it fell in looking as if it was me that holed it. It's been a great week and loved it. We came off the course, I got Alfie to sign some balls and gloves and gave them to the baying children. I dumped his bag finally in the locker room and he headed for food. I had to get to airport somehow so I go check tour office no buses, shit!!!! I go see the player car organiser, Jessica. Aw she lovely, Irish girl about 30 maybe little younger, so I put on my best charm and she said she could fit me in a car at 3, but I couldn't be late. I told her I loved her and loved her again and gave her a big hug. She lovely. She just the type of girl I would love to date if 20 years younger.

So I go back to changing room to shower and change, I share a shower with Gregory Havret, him that nearly won the US Open at Pebble Beach when McDowell won. He was nice too. Then the caddies start to flow into the changing room. They all sorting lifts, flights, trains etc. I feel quite chuffed I am already sorted. Then Mike approaches me, Mike used to caddy for Stuart Manley, I met him last year. "Hey Jono you flying home tonight?" I replied to the positive, and he asked if I would like to share a taxi with him and his mate for 150 Króna each (about £15) when I told him I was sorted with a car he swore at me and waved his hand in the air. Whoops sorry mate be nicer to Jessica was my thoughts but he is not right for her, she's better than him, hehe hehe. I change and pop in the clubhouse for a beer with Alfie and his dad. They are in a rush so just the one, they going back to town to watch the football, they're not flying till 9pm. We agree it was a good week and Alfie books me in for the Bridgestone challenge at Luton Loo, first week of September. That's nice I have some more work. His dad gives me a big hug and kiss and off they trot. I have one beer then collect my case and head for the cars. Aw Jessica is their waiting for me, bless her, oh hang on she's not waiting for me, she's waiting for Gregory he's sharing my car, well I'm probably sharing his car but who's nit-picking here. Bonjour Grego



