

Home



A newspaper stamped "Wednesday, August 24, 1992; San Francisco, California " was dropped outside Jeffrey's penthouse. Today is the 20th anniversary of Jeffrey's first golf title, but he isn't looking forward to it. It's a bittersweet day in his calendar where all he does is listen to the radio and read the newspaper while attempting to ignore the date bolded on it. He claims it distracts him from golf, but it is all he can think about.

"The superb player Jeffrey Niclaous captures another trophy for his career, magnificent golfer, maybe the greatest we will ever see!" the radio announcer exclaims, as Jefffrey wins the title on August 24, 1972. It's true, Jeffrey was known as the greatest of his time, but he quickly lost his potential in his career owing to an injury sustained because of his outgoing persona. His career was over, and his name was no longer memorable. This was without a doubt the lowest period in his life.

Outside of athletics, he enjoyed being the person who constantly takes risks and has fun, but he didn't know that one mistake might cost him his entire life. "On July 23rd, 1972, Jeffrey Niklaus was seriously hurt as a result of excessive speeding in his blue Mustang, which also showed evidence of him on alcohol use. It's painful to see someone with so much potential put his career on hold; my prayers are with him," announced the newscaster on July 24, 1972.

These two memories are incredibly vivid to Jeffree, and no matter how hard he tries to forget them, they will always come back to him. Perhaps he even tried a new way of life because his injury took a long time to heal. He became more vigilant than ever, but it was pointless since the harm had already been done. He made a promise to himself to never touch a golf bat again until the world acknowledged him again, and he didn't. It had been 15 years since he had played golf; he still didn't continue it after his doctor claimed that he was ready to start playing again. The guilt is too strong for him.

"Breakfast is ready, Dad!" Emma screamed. Emma, Jeffrey's only kid, who will be eight years old shortly. Jeffrey dragged himself out of bed with dread. The time was 8 a.m., and for some reason, the scent always had the same nostalgic smell of a rusty golf bat, on this particular day. Jeffrey scratched his brow and tried not to think about golf today. He walked to the restroom to refresh himself, and when he glanced in the mirror, he saw his younger 19-year-old self, on the day of his golf title. He avoided gazing in the mirror because he felt a pinch in his heart. Why has it been 20 years but it still elicits the same guilt inside me? He questioned himself as he solemnly hurried down the stairs to his wife and kid. His wife, Jennifer, rubbed his shoulder since she was aware of his emotions on this day. "Do you want coffee?" Jennifer asked. "Yeah, and hand me the newspaper please," Jeffree gently requested. There was a moment of stillness as Jeffree marveled at the sight of his two loves, Jennifer and Emma. He was relieved that he had been able to start a family and not be a total loser after golf.

Jeffrey grumbled as he attempted to reach for the newspaper at the far end of the table. "Can you start the radio, Emma?" Jeffrey asked as he read the first page. Home by Edward Sharpe, Jeffrey's favorite childhood song, started playing on the radio. It also had bittersweet memories behind it, but it was better than the musicless world, he reasoned. He flipped to the second page and remained still for a long time. "The nation enthusiastically celebrates Jeffree Niclaous's 20th year anniversary of his golf tournament triumph brought home to California," said the caption, which took up nearly half the page. Right beneath it was a large photo of Jeffrey holding the large cup. "Our retired king will make a reappearance one day." He didn't know how to react, but he knew this was the sensation he had been seeking for the past 20 years. "It's finally time," Jeffrey exclaims as he dashes to his basement, where all of his golf-related items were held. "What happened?" Jennifer shouted, perplexed by Jeffree's eager expression that had been missing for a long time. Jeffree arrived at the showcase where his victory photo was displayed and promptly grabbed his golf cart along with everything else. "I missed you, friend," he says.

Jeffree ran to his neighboring playground, where he had previously practiced golf. There was a swarm of thoughtless teenagers smoking about the park. They made Jeffree feel like his old self, but he couldn't feel guilty about it. There was nothing wrong with him being outgoing and careless; altering your personality would never improve your circumstances. Jeffrey made the most of his youth, but it took him much too long to recognize it. He set up his miniature golf field and pulled out his lucky bat, which had helped him win that day. He looked at his watch; it was 11 a.m., precisely 20 years ago, the exact moment when the match had begun. "Oh Hell!" The kids panicked as flames broke out on the ground after their lighter fell into a pool of liquid, which was now evident to be gasoline. Jeffree was aware of the issue but did not pay heed. He wanted to rediscover his youth, the same Jeffree who makes a mockery of the most heinous situations. Same Jeffree who only cares about enjoyment. The same Jeffree who loved gold. He hits the bat high, and the ball shoots in the air and into the hole. "AND JEFFREY NICLOUS SCORES AGAIN," one of the boys exclaims, recognizing Jeffrey. Jeffree's face is refreshed by the air, and the background commotion does not disturb him. He prepares to take another shot in front of the two more audience members he had summoned.

"My aim remains the same, even after 15 years."