

Three Commandments

After several years of patiently issuing gentle reminders to his elderly flock, the Head Master finally had enough. *“I might as well face it, I’m fit to be tied!”* he cried.

Grabbing his tablet of stone and trusty chisel, he began his most sacred pilgrimage to the top of Mount Vesuvius. Huffing and puffing his sorry horse up the steep slopes and tangled terrain, he at long last reached the summit, and then settled in for a well-deserved and snoringly sound summer’s sleep.

Next morning, as the auburn sun peeked over the horizon to tickle the mountain tops, what to his wandering eye should appear? Why, my goodness gracious, it was nothing short of her most glorious blessedness herself: the Golden Goddess of Golf!

Like a shot, he fell to his knees in supplication, exclaiming:

“Oh please, I beggest thou, Most Merciful Majesty. I would be forever in thy debt if only thou might shed a wee crumb or two from thine infinitely ample table of wisdom.”

Her Majesty looked down upon this humble servant with great kindness and compassion in her heart, and quickly replied:

“Make ready thy chisel, Sonny Boy, for I shall grant thy request by bequeathing unto thou the following three commandments:

- ***Knoweth thine flight.***
- ***Knoweth thine flag color.***
- ***Readeth thine fine print before thou layest down thine John Henry...***