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Honors English 11  
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As a young and upcoming sports journalist for Sports Illustrated at the age of 25, I was given my first big story to cover, the last tournament that Tiger Woods would ever play in, the U.S. Open. Being an avid golfer and fan, and having never been to a major championship, I felt like the luckiest kid in the world. Not only was I going to witness the greatest golfer to ever live play his last 4 rounds of competitive golf, I was going to be in charge of letting the sports world know bout it. I remember driving to Oakmont Country Club imagining what it was going to be like to witness Tiger's last stand. When I got there on Wednesday to watch Tiger's practice round, nothing I could ever have dreamed of imagining prepared me for what I was about to take part in. I'll never forget walking towards the putting green and thinking, "Today is Wednesday, right?" I was second guessing myself on the date because of how many people that were there just to watch Tiger play his practice round. Being a former collegiate golfer myself, I really began to respect and appreciate Tiger's work ethic and practice habits. The thing that I will remember most about the entire experience was the buzz and electricity among the crowd during every shot that Tiger hit. Had I not had such a fluent background in golf, I would have thought that Wednesday was the only of the tournament, and every shot was worth some

sort of prize. I was frantically writing down different notes about everything that had to do with Tiger and golf.

Growing up, I had always been amazed at how one man could simply just dominate a sport. When I watched him win the 2008 U.S. Open with a busted knee, I kept debating with myself whether or not he was an actual human. I had always thought of him as more of a god in human form, some sort of prophet send down from golf heaven to entertain us mortal golf fans.