

Dear Elin Woods (a few days after Tiger's crash)

Dear Elin Woods,

I read about the grab-butt sessions (not your butt) your husband allegedly engaged in. I'm sorry for your troubles.

You are lovely. How do you pronounce your name? Is it L-in, or L-IN, or eeLin, or Elan? Just wondering, cause if this letter is at all effective, you'll want me to know.

I'm older than you, 20 years, but let's not consider age span a negative force regarding a potential relationship between you and me. My folks were 20 years apart in age, and up until my dad passed, they were married 51 years. Also, I feel the fact that I'm older authorizes me to offer you a bit of not-so-stunning information.

All guys cheat. All guys. We may not actually cross the line and follow through with any actual butt grabbing, but we all cheat. We cheat in our hearts and minds, and that's 100 percent more cheating than what a solid, sincere wife would ever want or deserve from any man. So assuming we all cheat, what you'd get from marrying me—once you are divorced from Tiger with \$55 million in our personal account—is the exception. I will not cheat on you Elin, not in my heart, mind, or via the grabbing of strange butt. So there.

This husband of yours, if you'll pardon any busting of his chops as being an indirect insult to your decision to choose him from the entire male population of the world, is a load. I mean please, he's a professional golfer. Most wives put up with their husband's golfing for what, a night, or at most, two nights during the week, and maybe some on the weekend? But your husband? He's at it constantly. Sure he's being paid a ton to do it, but he still just repeatedly hits a ball toward a cup set below the surface of a ridiculous sprawl of clear-cut land—populated mostly by fat, rich white guys—that should have been left full of trees, streams, and rabbits. And he does it just about every day and takes it very seriously. It's idiotic, golfing is, at the rate he does it, and if my golfing friends will excuse my directness, at most any other rate too.

Marry me Elin and one of the things you'll never miss is that inane, booze-induced, golf-talk crap, about this club and that putter . . . blah, blah . . . tee time, par, eagle, birdie, whispering, shank, I hooked it, 20 on this hole, Jim Nance, wedge, left it long, The Byron Nelson. Elin, marry me and I promise we'll never so much as drive by a golf course. Sound

good? You danged well bet your white-as-a-piano-key-Swedish-pooper it does.

So that's one thing. Another thing is, and I'll be the first to say, I'm no George Clooney. But gal, superimpose Tiger's head onto a body wearing a Home Depot vest and tell me he isn't one dopey looking son of a bitch. Take away the golf swing and he'd pass for the assistant to the assistant manager of a Taco Bell. He's losing his hair, he's all beefed up and pudgy looking, he's constantly scowling, and Elin, those teeth. The next Christmas Eve Santa can't see through the fog all he needs to do is hitch ole Tiger next to Rudolph and holler, "Smile Tiger." I have nice, straight teeth, perfectly proportioned to my head, so you'll never look at me and wonder if I'm somehow related to Mr. Ed. So consider all that my lass.

Hey, off the subject a little, but you are Swedish, right? I think you are, and that is so cool and one more reason I will never cheat on you, ever. I'm 49 years old, always been single, and one of the reasons I think I've never gotten hitched is cause I haven't been lucky enough to find a gal with an accent, beyond that one slightly stoned Montreal Canadian gal I met one lonely, snowy winter night, in a bar, a few miles north of the border. I digress.

I dream, Elin, of coming home tired from my Sunday matinee comedy show/Calcutta at the VFW, after having earned us 250 bucks, and calling out to you, "Money bags, I'm home." You'll call out from the laundry room wearing only an oversized Lynyrd Skynyrd hoodie, with your hair pulled back, "I'll be zair in a zecond, I'm volding zee zocks." See, see, to me Elin, that, that gets me going. I'd feel no need to stray if I had you tippy toeing barefoot around the house with that accent, V'ing and Z'ing all the livelong day. Tiger's lost his mind.

Oh plus, I believe our genes would mix well. DeWees is Dutch, and isn't Dutch kind of Swedishy? I think so Elin. We're a match. So herney, verney, werney doll face, what say you and me kick off our wooden shoes and breed us up one hell of an Olympic cross-country skiing phenom? With normal-sized teeth.

My darling Elin, I was not impressed to read that your chasing Tiger with a golf club occurred outside "the couple's \$2.4 million home." Hahaha, \$2.4 million? I can understand why you were trying to club him. You poor thing, living with a billionaire in a silly little \$2.4 million hut, neighbors on all four sides a mere stone's throw away. I'm not saying my home is worth anywhere near \$2.4 million, but in proportion to what I make, it's worth \$20 million. And for holy jeezum sakes, if we have a little

spat, you can come at me guns a-blazing cause there aren't barely neighbors within driving distance of my house let alone any who could hear us. Elin, my friggin house is so far up in the tikkies it don't even register on a GPS. Isn't that romantic?

Bottom line Elin, I'm sure Tiger is a good guy in many ways, and you love him. I'm sure he gives a ton of support to various charities and benevolent organizations, but here's the thing: He gets paid a ton of dough to play a game he'd pay to play; he's got the press, you, your kids, his fans, competitors, and giant companies all under his thumb; and maybe most important, he has his health. So what does he do? He leaves revealing voice messages via phone and Internet to strange women he may or may not have swapped spit with, jeopardizing all the blessings and serenity life holds for him, you and your children. Elin, your guy ain't too smart.

Call me Elin, call me, or email me or something, right off. The life you deserve awaits in Elmore, Vt., which I can bet is more like Sweden than Florida could ever hope to be, even on its coldest day of the year.

PS. Oh, the things that can be done with maple syrup.