

The Ambidextrous golfer



A group of guys lived and died for their Saturday morning round of golf. One transferred to another city. It wasn't the same without him.



A new woman joined their Club. She overheard the guys talking about their golf round. She said, "You know, I used to play on my golf team in college and I was pretty good. Would you mind if I joined you next week?"

The three guys looked at each other. Not one of them wanted to say 'yes', but she had them on the spot. Finally, one man said it would be okay, but they would be starting early - at 6:30 a.m.



He figured the early tee-time would discourage her. The woman said this may be a problem, and asked if she could be up to 15 minutes late. They rolled their eyes, but said okay. She smiled and said, "Good, I'll be there at 6:30 or 6:45."



She showed up at 6:30 sharp, and beat all three of them with an eye-opening 2-under par round. She was fun and a pleasant person, and the guys were impressed. Back at the clubhouse, they congratulated her and invited her back the next week. She smiled, and said, "I'll be there at 6:30 or 6:45."



The next week she again showed up at 6:30 sharp. Only this time, she played left-handed. The three guys were incredulous as she still beat them with an even par round, despite playing with her off-hand. They were totally amazed.



They couldn't figure her out. She was again very pleasant and didn't seem to be purposely showing them up. They invited her back again, but each man harbored a burning desire to beat her.



The third week, the guys had their game faces on. But this time, she was 15 minutes late, which made the guys irritable. This week the lady played right-handed, and narrowly beat all three of them.



The men mused that her late arrival was due to petty gamesmanship on her part. However, she was so gracious and so complimentary of their strong play, they couldn't hold a grudge.

Back in the clubhouse, all three guys were shaking their heads.

This woman was a riddle no one could figure out. They had a couple of beers, and finally, one of the men asked her point blank, "How do you decide if you're going to golf right-handed or left-handed?"



The lady blushed, and grinned. "That's easy," she said. "When my Dad taught me to play golf, I learned I was ambidextrous. I like to switch back and forth. When I got married after college, I discovered my husband always sleeps in the nude. From then on, I developed a silly habit. Right before I left in the morning for golf practice, I would pull the covers off him. If his you-know-what was pointing to the right, I golfed right-handed; if it was pointed to the left, I golfed left-handed."



The guys on the team thought this was hysterical. Astonished at this bizarre information, one of the guys shot back, "But what if it's pointing straight up?"

She said, "Then, I'm fifteen minutes late."