As many of you can imagine, this has been quite a week for Tiger Woods. What many of you may not be aware of is that I, along with the Rev. Al Sharpton (it’s a hair thing), serve as Tiger’s spiritual advisors. It took a lot of behind the scenes negotiating, a lot of work, a lot of tears, to get to the place where we could issue this past Wednesday’s public apology. With Tiger’s permission, and in the hopes that none of you will ever find yourself in the position of cheating on your Swedish supermodel wife, I have attached the original version of Tiger’s apology.

Learn something, people.

Andy
Grand Poobah

THE EVOLUTION OF AN APOLOGY

SATURDAY

As many of you know, this past Friday, the day after Thanksgiving, and not for nothin,’ but it was like the worst Thanksgiving ever!!!!, at approximately 2:25 A.M., I experienced a minor car accident involving my driveway, a fire hydrant, and a crazed, cursing, nine-iron-swinging, former Swedish model. Do you sing to our kids with that mouth, Honey?! Although I understand that some curiosity is to be expected, I ain’t telling you people sh– the many false, unfounded and malicious rumors which you got no proof of—NONE!!!—that are currently circulating about my family and me are irresponsible. The only person responsible for the accident is my LPGA-bound wife,—NOTE TO SELF: NEVER KEEP GOLF CLUBS IN THE HOUSE AGAIN, EVER!!—me. My lovely wife, Lucretia, Elin, acted outrageously, God, she looked like Jack Nicholson holding that axe in The Shining courageously when she saw I was hurt no thanks to her dragging my sorry arse out through the back window of the cadillac and in trouble— and God, am I in trouble!!! She was the
FIRST PERSON

The way she was swinging that club, no one else could get close enough to help me (although she sure took her sweet time about it). Any other assertion is absolutely false. Nice try, Mr. and Mrs. Adams. My family and I have cooperated completely with the Florida Highway Patrol thanks for not coming in the house, fellas, it’s a real mess in there right now. Although to be honest, I’m not allowed inside myself either. I’m currently residing in a pup tent in the back yard. But don’t worry, Officers, those new Nike clubs are on their way! And I have instructed my lawyers to pay whatever civil fines are involved forthwith. $164.00! Ha! I brush my teeth with that kind of money. Heck, I could buy every fire hydrant in Orlando with the cash I have under my sofa cushions right now!!! $164! If that’s all this little escapade costs me, I’ll be just fine. While we understand the needs of the fourth estate, you howling pack of jackals, the virtue of privacy is one that must be protected in matters that are intimate and within one’s own family. So get off my lawn, you frickin’ scumbags!!! After all, I’m Tiger, Tiger, Tiger, Tiger Woods, Y’all… Who are you?!?

SUNDAY

To Ms. Rachel Uchitel,

Rachel, coincidences are a funny thing, aren’t they? Same cities, same hotel rooms. I hope I can rely on your continued discretion. Good thing there’s no paper trail, hunh? Gotta run! Here comes Elin!

MONDAY

Hey Jaimee, have you ever heard of the word ERASE? For crying out loud, who has a cell phone with enough memory to save 300 text messages? You couldn’t have deleted, like, I don’t know, maybe a couple hundred? Thanks a lot and really, twenty times over 31 months? What are you, a math major? We’re through! Sincerely, Tiger

PS: Please delete this.
PSS: I mean it!

TUESDAY

Kalika Moquin? You told me your name was Pookie.
TUESDAY EVENING

Ms. Gloria Allred,

Will you take a check?

WEDNESDAY

I have let my family down and I regret those transgressions with all of my heart. I have not been true to my values and the behavior my family deserves. I am not without faults and I am far short of perfect. I am dealing with my behavior and personal failings behind closed doors with my family. Believe me, no one else will come near me. Those feelings should be shared by us alone. I’m so lonely.

Although I am a well-known person and have made my career as a professional athlete, I have been dismayed to realize the full extent of what tabloid scrutiny really means. Please, have a heart, for God’s sakes! I’m Tiger Woods! That ought to be good for something! For the last week, my family and I have been hounded to expose intimate details of our personal lives. But no matter how intense curiosity about public figures can be, there is an important and deep principle at stake which is the right to some simple, human measure of privacy. Oprah, call me. I’m ready to talk!!

Whatever regrets I have about letting my family down have been shared with and felt by us and every person from here to mars alone. I have given this a lot of reflection and thought and I believe that there is a point at which I must stick to that principle even though it’s difficult. I have no idea what I am saying anymore. Just please, please, please, make it go away.

I will strive to be a better person and the husband and father that my family deserves. For all of those who have supported me over the years, I offer my profound apology.

Sincerely,
Tiger Woods
PS: Jesper Parnevik, you back-stabbing Swedish… Thanks a lot for your stupid quotes: “I really feel sorry for Elin since me and my wife were at fault for hooking her up with him. We probably thought he was a better guy than he is. I would probably need to apologize to her.” Oh, and that line about how next time my wife should use “a driver rather than a 3-iron.” Why, you’re a regular Jay Leno! I couldn’t help notice where you were when you gave those quotes—at the PGA Qualifying School in West Palm Beach! What, Having to qualify again, Jesper?! You suck! You’re not ranked in the top 300! You’re not even the best golfer in Sweden! The only thing you should be apologizing for, besides your lack of golfing skills, is your taste in pants!!