

# THE Knowledge

A veritable cornucopia of this week's best sporting 'stuff'



The essential kit

## GAME BOY

The trouble with golf, aside from the obvious fashion horrors, is that it's so bloody *difficult* to play. Unless you're one of the 0.0001 per cent of the world blessed with the golfing gene, then every shot you spank flush down the fairway will be paid for by 1,000 shanks into the bushes and a similar number of flubbed chips. This is no good, not with our blood pressure.

Now, you might say The Knowledge should practise more – after all, the harder you practise the luckier you get, and all that. But that's really not the answer. Because this here is the answer: a funny looking ceramic chap who answers to the name of Pit Green and stands no more than 12cm high.

Instead of playing real golf and dying early from a heart attack, the

*Pitt Green is available from €39 (about £36) for a single golfer to €423 (about £387) for the magnificent five-man tournament case. For details, see [www.pitgreen.de](http://www.pitgreen.de)*

answer is to give up proper golf in favour of Pit Green golf, a game that has apparently been sweeping the Continent for some time but had somehow eluded our attention – until now.

The aim is simple and takes the best bits of real golf and simplifies them. There's a ball and a hole and the ball has to find the hole in as few strokes as possible, using our man Green to propel it from A to B.

As with proper golf there are clubs, but only four – a driver, an iron a wedge and a putter, all of which can be screwed into place when required. But crucially, and unlike in proper golf, each club is controlled by a little lever on Mr Green's back, which determines swing speed and power, depending on how stoutly you tug it.

Also unlike in proper golf, each hole, and the course as a whole, can be any size or shape you fancy and is limited only by your imagination. Simply place the little hexagonal green at the other end of your desk, on the opposite side of the room or south of the river and you're all set.

Then pull Mr Green's lever, push it forward and marvel at the precision – a damn sight more controlled than anything we exhibit out on the real fairways that's for sure.

This is the auld game without the shanks, the astronomical fees and the guffawing brigadiers in the clubhouse. This, unless we're much mistaken, is proper golf.