

Two for two,
You are doing great,
Your riddling skills are showing.
Now on to find course # 3,
My clues will get you going.

Shipley's lie at rest near me,
Unmarked and perhaps forgotten.
Bordered by a wooden fence,
Some of it is rotten.

I am old and used,
And somewhat abused.
On weekends I am hectic.
Occasionally when the wind is right,
I sometimes smell like septic.

You should by now,
Know where to go.
So hit the road and head out.
Review the clues again and again,
To eliminate any doubt.

My life span was short,
But my legend remains.
A big storm slammed me,
Ruined by rains.

Many yearn,

For my return,

And one time Timbo skinned me.

He made a long putt,

And slammed the door shut,

But now I have nothing in me.