

/ The Case of Candy Gal

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*_Then I got
the email.
“Get your
manhood
much
bigger_*

The day began like any other. I had showered, dressed, and was all set to go to work. Then I got the email. “Get your manhood much bigger,” it said. I didn’t recognise the sender, Candy Gal, but I knew I’d been given a mission, and I’m nothing if not a woman of action. With my trusty Sidekick™, I left the house. On the bus, I looked at the link that Candy Gal had been thoughtful enough to send me. My first clue. www.greenpalmsunday.com. Sounded religious. There was no time to lose. At 60 words per minute, I typed the url into my browser. Since there aren’t any spaces in [greenpalmsunday](http://www.greenpalmsunday.com), I don’t know whether it counts as one word or four. It doesn’t matter. My point is, I typed it in pretty damn fast. Unfortunately, before I could investigate further, I noticed I’d nearly missed my stop. Fearlessly, I pushed the yellow tape and the driver released the backdoor lock. I don’t know what it is, but I think I have a natural aura that makes people want to open doors for me.

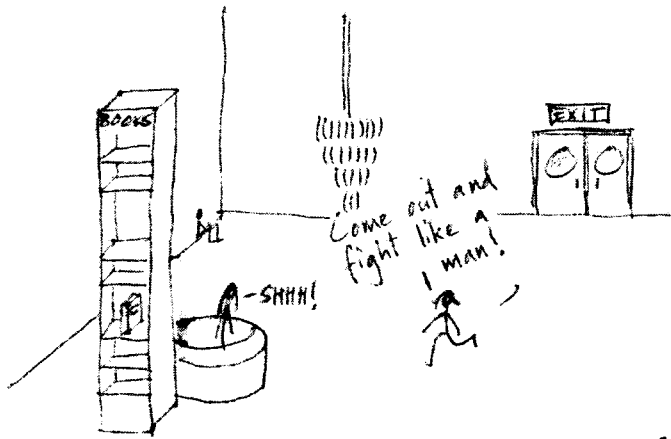
At work, Libby in Human Resources had a crazy backlog that only I could fix. Now, I don’t want to sound judgemental or anything, but if you can’t Excel™ there’s really no point even trying. Anyhow, cut a long story short, by the time I could consult my Sidekick™ again, it was power-lunch hour and I was walking over to the park to eat my sandwich. I was concerned. Was Candy Gal still waiting, or had she given up on me and found another P.I.? I should quit my job to conduct my investigations in a more professional manner, but Libby needs me. Besides, I think she has a thing for me. Sometimes she brushes by me in my cubicle when she could just as easily move the chair out of the way. I mean, what’s it got wheels for?

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But Candy Gal’s need was greater. It was time to visit the scene of the crime. On my way to the website, I took a swig out of my hip flask for a little Dutch courage. You never know what you’re up against, and if I’m about to be coshed over the head I need something to ease the pain. “LONGZ,” said the website in big red and orange letters. Power colors. These people meant business. I made my way through a description of the chambers in the penis,

keeping one hand in my back pocket near where my gun would be if I had one. As words like "performance" and "erectile tissue" and "3% gain" washed over me, I started to piece it all together. Candy Gal wasn't looking for just any old detective. She wanted a private dick. No sooner had I figured this out than a man in a hat snatched my sandwich and Sidekick™ and began running off towards the library. Clearly, someone upstairs was worried. I was sorry about the Sidekick™, of course, but when you're

searching for the truth, there's bound to be collateral damage. Besides, this was a clear sign that I was getting too close. I ran into the library in hot pursuit, yelling, "Come out and fight like a man," but the librarian shushed me. She was obviously in on it too. I tried to get her to spill the beans, but one of her associates showed me the door.



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As I walked back to work, I thought about Candy Gal's plea. Now, they don't call me Sam Spayed for nothing, but just because I'm missing something doesn't mean I'm looking to add on, which was clearly what she wanted. Would I have gone that far, I wondered. Not for

my usual hourly rate, I decided. A job like this, you're talking MediCare™ at least. Besides, look at all the trouble I'd gotten into. Was Candy Gal really looking for help, or was it all a setup?

Back in my cubicle, I decided to mess around with fonts. Someone might be watching. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed doomed. The problem was, I was a lone wolf up against a mob. What I needed was backup. Just then, Libby walked in and smiled at me. "Just checking up on you," she said. "Is everything okay? You were gone really long."

Ha! She said "long," which is only a Z short of "Longz." Then it hit me. Candy Gal was an alias. It had been Libby all along. I felt like Batman. "I know what you're up to," I told her. "I think you should know: I'm a woman and I won't change."

"That's okay," she replied. "We have an anti-discrimination policy."

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