

# Double Entry [WORK-IN-PROGRESS]

by Smiley McGrouchpants Jr.

Until I stumbled across an article about him in the paper, I never realized how much Walter Dodge and I are alike. We have the same job: insurance adjustor. We have the same initials. We have the same build — stocky, about 5'8". We have similar hair coloring — although, come to think of it, *his* may be dyed. (You can't really tell from the photograph, as rendered in newsprint — all those black and white dots.)

But — wait a minute — that watch looks an *awful* lot like the one I lost two months ago. I thought I had left in the . . . does that say “Helbros,” or . . .

*Naaah.* I'm being silly. “*Walter Dodge, recent transplant from San Diego—*” (Wait a minute: how did I miss *that?*) “*. . . wanted for charges relating to the recent disappearance of a Faberge Egg*” (yeah yeah yeah, shoot-out with police, nine dead, ten injured, high-speed car-chase down the L.A. Freeway, where's the part about—) “. . . *last seen boarding a plane at LAX with forged identity papers (see photo from security camera, below) with a women in a nurse's uniform, wearing the nametag 'HELGA'—*”

Wait . . . *what???*

I rushed back to my boudoir (*no no no — IT CAN'T BE!*) vaulting over the ottoman in front of the T.V. (*Jesus fucking Christ I am SO SCREWED!*) and fumbled with the keys (*dropped them — GODDAMMIT!*), picked them up, and shakily opened the door to find—

Behind the “French Maid” outfit, behind the stiletto heels,

behind the—

Yup, sure enough: my “Nurse's” outfit with the nametag “HELGA” was *missing!*

I collapsed in a heap, dragging my bare feet in a semicircle around me on the carpet. *God, if any of my colleagues at the office ever found out I lived this “Double Life” . . .*

A thought struck me. I started pulling out drawers, looking through the bras, pairs of panties, halters, g-strings, and chastity belts to find the ones that matched with “HELGA” . . . *all gone!*

*Geez, I thought, not only is this daredevil felon fellow my EXACT height and build . . . his co-conspiring gal-pal must be, too!*

I exhaled what felt like a gallon's worth of air through my nose. *This is just getting too fucking weird . . .*

*CAMP-town-RA-ces sing-THIS-song!!! DOO-dah! DOO-dah!*  
*CAMP-tow-*

I dropped the friggin' thing on the floor as it continued to “ring.” It clicked open as it landed — just my luck — and I heard my boss's voice emitting from it on the floor.

“Roger? Hello? Hello, Roger, hello—”

“Yes, Dan, what is it? I'm here, I'm here,” I added, nervously, hopping on one foot to avoid stepping on my boudoir keys and whatever else I had apparently strewn about the floor in my haste, thinking *I am so fucked. Shit, I am so fucked . . .*

“Did you see the news today?”

Oh boy . . . here it is.

*Wait: did he mean the newspaper, or the televisi—*

“WELL?”

*Either/or, I guess . . . “Yeah, yeah, I caught a glimpse of that—”*

“You CAUGHT a GLIMPSE, you say?”

*Jesus, jump all over it . . . shit shit my nervousness is showing, better get it together: “Yeah, haha, I guess, um—”*

“You GUESS?”

*Hmm. This wasn't going at all well. Better let him take the lead.*

He paused, and, hearing no more for me (I was waiting to see what he'd offered next), he cleared his throat, gathered his thoughts, and offered me this:

"I've convened an emergency meeting with top management for 9:00 a.m. this morning," he said, as gruffly as I'd ever heard him, "Can I count on you gracing us with your presence to assist in sorting this whole mess out?"

That sort of brutal, *faux-polite* sarcasm could only mean one thing: *you're whole job's hanging by a string, pal! Time to kiss-ass and kowtow in ways you never previously imagined could be necessary or possible!*

"Yes yes — of course — I'll . . ."

"Please do."

The line cut out.

The phone was dead.

I looked out the window and immediately saw an 11-year-old girl from the apartment complex directly across the way gaping openly at me in horror.

I looked down.

My penis was hanging fully out the fly in my boxers, and, apparently, had been the whole time I was on the phone.

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[CAUTION -- UNDER CONSTRUCTION!!!]

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