



Excerpt

Throughout her twenties, Cassidy had taken a half-share in the Hamptons with a few select coworkers and friends. She enjoyed those long, lazy days at the beach and the usual brief flings. But this year she was looking forward to summer in the more relaxed confines of the Jersey Shore. She needed her private time to unwind from the grueling hours at her start-up magazine. *My Radiance* was her brainchild, and as the plans were finalized for the premier issue it required her undivided attention. After dumping the remains of her lunch in the trash, she pulled out the envelope holding Max's debut, *The Guys' Guy's Guide to Love*, column. She checked her watch before putting on reading glasses. Max had scrawled a note across the top of the page.

"Cassidy, thanks for indulging my request to read this at the zoo. If you want an interesting perspective on male behavior, check out the monkeys and you'll see what I mean. I hope this column meets your expectations. Enjoy, Max"

PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF...

My name is Rod and I'm a guy's guy. Like many of the men you see every day I'm better looking than some and not as cute as others. You may have smiled at me on the street, let me buy you a glass of wine, or held my hand while walking through SoHo on a crisp autumn afternoon. Maybe you even slept with me. Like other men, I've made you laugh and cry, and at various times feel happy, mad, frustrated, inspired, depressed, and hopefully loved.

I'm sure you've wondered, and discussed with your girlfriends, what do guys really think and talk about. What makes men such mysterious and fascinating studies in human behavior? This column is your key to answering those questions and demystifying men. I'll expose our strange ways and odd habits. I'll break down that smooth talker's moves—the guy you let undress you after one too many Pinot Grigios, only to find out later that he was married, gay, or had a foot fetish. And unlike other articles or books you may have read, I won't patronize you and remind you that most men are not deserving of your affections. No, instead I'm going to teach you how to win.

For the so-called players in this town, I'm their worst nightmare. I'll show you what makes these boys tick and how you can break them down and beat them at their own game. Maybe then, they'll let out the inner-gentlemen who is buried somewhere deep inside them—the man that you deserve.

I need to ask a favor. While I offer up the hard, cold truth, please don't shoot the messenger. This won't be pretty, but I'm here to help. Then, it's up to you. So if you're game, I'll be back next month, prying open Pandora's Box and sharing the secrets inside THE GUYS' GUY'S GUIDE TO LOVE. And don't be shy with your questions. Who knows? I might change my mind and disappear. Remember, I'm still a guy.

*Until next time,
Rod*

Cassidy laughed as she considered the column's potential. It matched her vision for adding value to her women readers by sharing a man's perspective. She'd have to sell her management on the concept, but as soon as the magazine's sales took off and there was a favorable response to the column, they'd defer to her recommendations. She read the column a second time, slipped it into her bag, and entered the zoo.

The Central Park Zoo houses two breeds of monkeys—the black and white colobus and the long-tailed golden headed and cotton-topped tamarins. Inside the dim confines of the monkey house, the diminutive tamarins looked small, not weighing more than a few pounds. They gathered in small groups, nervously leaping from tree to tree in quick, jerky movements. When Cassidy stopped to observe their habitat, they became even more frenetic and called out at her in shrill whistles.

Their acrobatics amused the handful of tourists observing them. After a few minutes, Cassidy searched for the Angolan black and white colobus. The monkeys were covered in furry coats with bushy tails and wore sad countenances on their tiny faces. Two males, screeching at each other and swinging animatedly through the trees, caught Cassidy's eye. At the same time, a well-dressed woman approached with her young son in tow. The furry primates' trilling and moaning also captured the boy's attention. The little boy squeezed his mother's hand, pointing when the smallest monkey leapt to the ground and began masturbating rigorously.

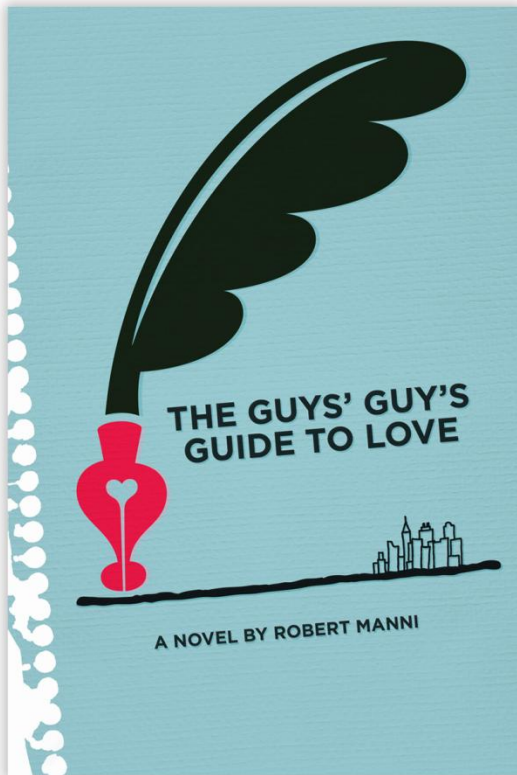
"Mommy, what's he doing?" the boy asked.

Cassidy covered her mouth, choking back her laughter. The mother tugged her son's arm. The monkey faced her and sped up his movements. Another colobus jumped to the ground and joined the action. They were like



dueling gunslingers, tugging at their private parts. The young boy hopped up and down, pulling his mother while she tried to drag him away. Cassidy followed them outside, still grinning. She called Max when she reached the zoo's exit and got his voice mail.

"Hey, it's me," she said. "I just visited your pals in the monkey house and I see what you mean. Is that all you guys think about? Don't bother responding. I already know the answer. By the way—you're hired."



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