

From: "[REDACTED] on behalf of Gibby <[REDACTED]>"

To: "(Recipient list suppressed)" <@>

Subject: Fwd: This is bad

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A man, while playing on the front nine of a complicated golf course, became confused as to where he was on the course. Looking around, he saw a lady playing ahead of him. He walked up to her, explained his confusion and asked her if she knew what hole he was playing.

"I'm on the 7th hole," she replied, "and you are a hole behind me. So you must be on the 6th hole." He thanked her and went back to his golf.

On the back nine, the same thing happened and he approached her again with the same request. "I'm on number 14, and you're still a hole behind, so you must be on the 13th hole."

Once again he thanked her and returned to his play. He finished his round and went to the clubhouse where he saw the same lady sitting at the end of the bar. He asked the bartender if he knew the lady. The bartender said that she was a sales lady and played the course often.

He approached her and said, "Let me buy you a drink in appreciation for your help. I understand that you're in the sales profession. I'm in sales also. What do you sell?"

"I'll tell you, but you're going to laugh," she replied. "No, I won't."

Well, if you must know," she answered, "I work for Tampax."

With that, he laughed so hard he almost fell off the bar stool.

See," she said. "I knew you'd laugh !" "That's not what I'm laughing at," he replied, "I'm a salesman for Preparation H, so I'm still a hole behind you."