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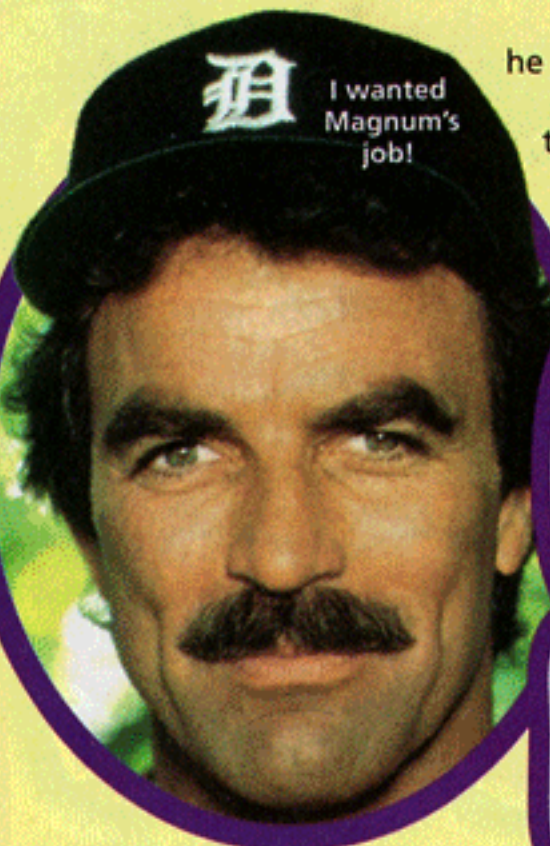


## YOUR WISHES GRANTED

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# Dear Diary

Horrified your hubby may be having an affair? Suspect your staff are stealing stuff? Who you gonna call? Well, it could be private investigator Glen Ryan, who's seen it all – as he explains here...



I wanted Magnum's job!

he goes away on work trips. 'Can you just hang around the lobby and see if any provocatively dressed women walk in?' she asked.

So I did. An hour later, a

any court would need.

'That bastard! I knew it!' spat his wife when I told her the news.

But there was more. I told her the "woman" was clearly a transvestite. The wife was so shocked I spent the next 10 minutes counselling her.

Still, she got her revenge. She divorced him for a fortune.

## December 2001

A local manufacturing company has called me in. 'Stock's going missing,' the manager told me. 'Someone



I always have my trusty notebook on hand

## January 2002

'I think my wife's having an affair,' said the man on the end of the phone. 'Can you find out?'

An unusual request – it's usually the

# Suspicious

## February 2001

I was watching *Magnum, p.i.* on Foxtel last night and I've decided that at age 27 I'm in the wrong job. I'm going to ditch my job in IT sales and become a private investigator! Beautiful women, bushy moustache, here I come. I told my girlfriend Cherie, 26.

'Great idea,' she said. 'Apart from the beautiful women. And the bushy moustache.'

So I've enrolled in a six-month, full-time course at TAFE. I'll be learning exciting things like surveillance, but also legal stuff so I don't get into trouble.

## October 2001

Hooray – I've qualified! And I got my first job – a phone call from a woman who thinks her husband, a wealthy businessman, is seeing a prostitute when

woman walked in wearing a tiny miniskirt and thigh-high boots. I quietly followed her upstairs. Bingo – she knocked on our man's door. Using a hidden camera, I filmed him ushering her in. It was more evidence than

must be pinching it – but who?'

So I kept watch on the place.

Then last night I caught an elderly employee loading her car boot with boxes of electrical equipment before driving off. I followed her to an underground car park where she unloaded her haul into a storage area.

The manager was stunned. 'I'd never have suspected her – she's been with us for years!' he cried. 'She's like the company grandmother!'

The woman was suspended from her job and later charged with theft. She admitted she'd been stealing from the firm for several months and had taken thousands of dollars worth of stuff, which her husband had then sold on.

It's always the ones you least suspect.

men that have the affairs. This was different in another way too – we were dealing with an Internet affair.

The telltale signs were there – she was online at the same time every night and would exit the screen whenever her husband walked past.

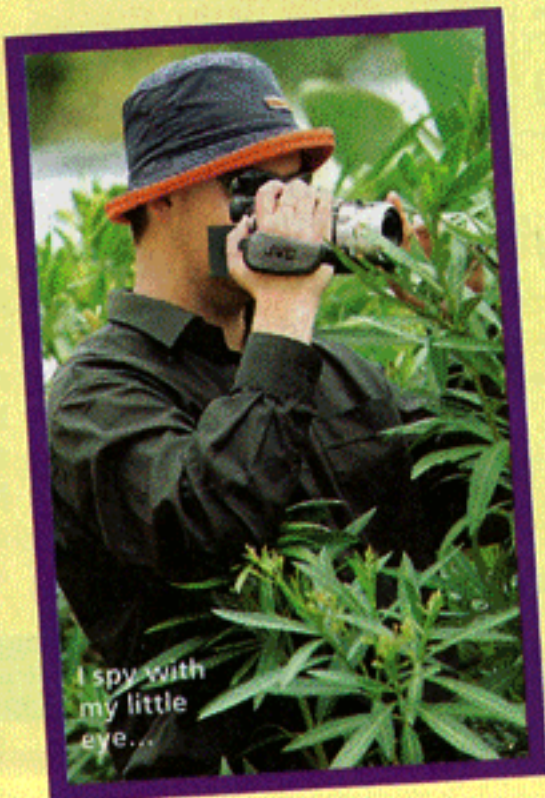
It was clear she was using a chat room to chat up men. So when she was out of the house, I got onto her computer and tracked down her log-on ID using special equipment that let me access the hard drive.

Later, back in the office, I accessed her username and spoke to her in the chat room, pretending I was interested in her. I expressed an interest in opera because I knew she liked opera.

*Are you married?* I asked.

*No, single,* came the reply.

She agreed to meet me at a local cafe. She showed up – to find her husband and me



I spy with my little eye...

waiting for her. Her face dropped. 'What the hell...?' she began, as I headed for the door.

The last I heard they were trying to sort out their problems.

## February 2002

This is a new one; a couple have hired me to spy on their teenage sons aged 14 and 16. They think they're accessing hardcore porn on the Net and as they both work full-time they can't keep an eye on them. These kids were much more computer-savvy than their parents – they knew how to get round the Internet blocks – so I was a

then followed the workers into a pub where they ordered meat pies and beer. Then I arranged with the pub owner to put a hidden camera in the bar.

The following day at the same time, the builders all

that, um, be the Australian government or the CIA?'

Usually people say the CIA – you'd be amazed how many Aussies are convinced the USA is after them.

'Don't be stupid – of

report; there was no-one after her. Funnily enough, I don't think she was happy about it.

**True story as told to Kate Newman**

**November 2003**

Today I'm 29 and living in Sydney. After two years of running Caught in the Act

Investigations I still love what I do – the buzz is amazing and it beats IT sales any day.

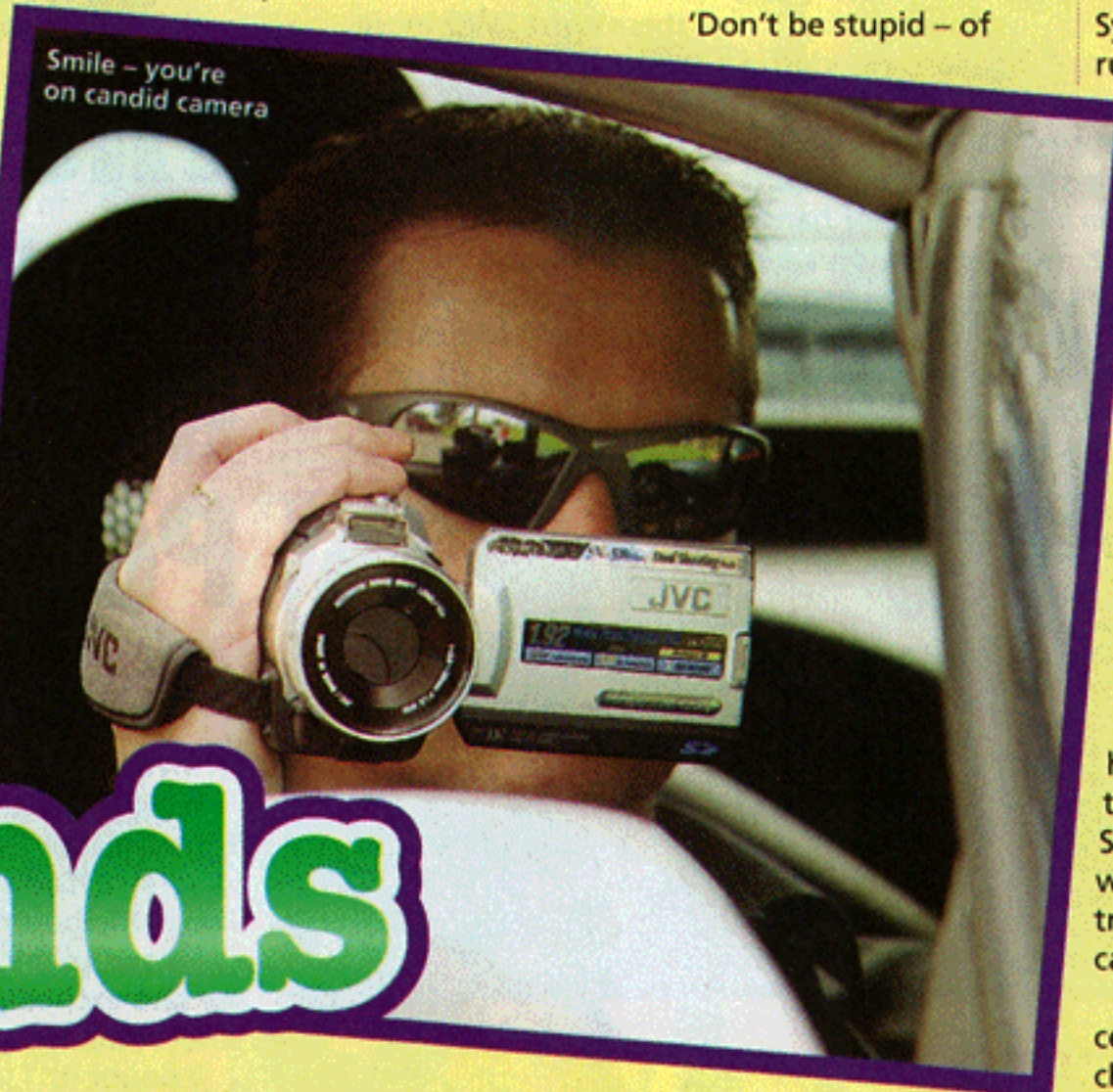
I'm always asked if being a private investigator has changed my perception of human nature. Well, I'm getting married to Cherie next year so I can't have become too cynical about love. But I am more aware of people's body language now. I can tell straightaway if two people are having an affair just by looking at them.

Many women are sure their husbands would never do the things that I catch on camera. So I ask them, does he ever work late? Or go on business trips? If the answer's yes, how can you know?

But women are usually 95 per cent certain their men are cheating before they call me in. Guys – here's how they know:

- Women can pick up another scent on a shirt easily.
- Women have great interrogation skills and can trip up their lying partners.
- Men can't help but boast to others that they are cheating.

Sorry guys – but if I don't find you out, your loving partner surely will.



# minds

last resort.

I went to the house while everyone was out and

uncovered the websites the boys visited – basically, showing naked women. I checked their chat messages, too – there was nothing worse than a few swear words and talk about "hot babes".

The parents were actually relieved that they had two perfectly normal teenage boys.

## March 2002

I've been asked to investigate a building site. The managers think their contractors are drinking during their lunch hour – a big no-no, as they're using heavy machinery.

So I waited near the site,

piled into the pub.

'It's them,' hissed the pub owner over the bar at me. He was so excited I thought he'd blow my cover. During their lunch break they managed to put away five beers each. I was amazed.

'You'd better check your foundations, mate,' I said to the contract manager as I handed him the tape that afternoon. 'Some of them may be a bit wonky.'

The builders were marched off the premises that afternoon.

## April 2002

'I'm being tracked by the government,' said a woman on the phone.

'Right, would

course it's not the CIA, I'm Australian!'

'So what would you like me to do?' I said hastily.

'My house is bugged and I'm being followed to work and watched there.'

'Right,' I said. She was either delusional or I was about to become involved in something resembling *The Pelican Brief*.

Nevertheless, I agreed to do it – the woman obviously needed peace of mind. So I checked her home. No bugs – not even a cockroach. Then I followed her to work every day for a week and scouted her workplace to ensure there were no "agents" waiting for her. Nothing.

So I gave her my



Tracking down Internet love rats



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