

Sitting idly before my computer, staring at the blank screen hoping for inspiration for this week's piece to breeze in through the shut window glasses, I was only too happy to rush to answer the phone that rang just that instance. Any diversion at this stage was welcome! A known voice charged from the other end. "They really did this with you?"

It took me a while to figure what was being articulated, but then again, I didn't quite understand.

The well-wisher wanted to know if what had gone into the previous week's Column was true, and as such, it was

sense of importance might depend on being seen in the 'right' company of people!

The idea behind The Slice is simple. It is not about how others act. It is always about how The Hubby and The Wifey, or the Son would react to these actions. And though the overt nature of the Column would belie it, the pieces are always always introspective, not accusatory (or condescending) in nature. The finger is always pointed to the self, and not towards the one reading it. And the one thing I am unabashedly proud of about myself is my ability to laugh at myself.

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undesirable on the part of a certain big establishment to have treated me thus. Collecting my senses, I didn't know how to react. One part of me wanted to laugh aloud and say that it boosted my ego to learn that every word that gets written by me is believed to be the gospel truth! But there was a larger part of me that felt that something had perhaps gone amiss somewhere, even if it meant a few people possibly believing a completely fictitious set of fabricated scribblings.

A writer may get carried away a little in the name of peppering a humorous or satirical piece with extra dollops of condiments, but then, as I realised, even a non-malicious intent could be distorted into a seemingly malicious content. And then again, it is all a question of interpretations. As a writer, when I write something in the hope that it be read in a particular manner, I have little control over it from the moment the email has been received by the editorial team, and slotted in its allotted place.

As I read and re-read the piece in question, I did start seeing how the attention of some readers might have got localised on one aspect of the piece, and not on the other. It is not impossible to misunderstand the essence of any article. The idea, in this particular case, was not to malign a name, but to rather portray how the common man's

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