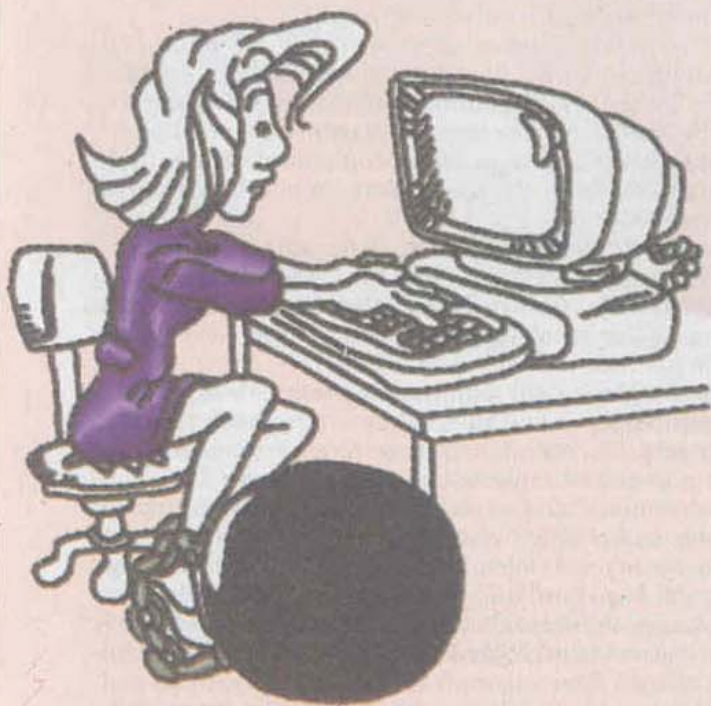
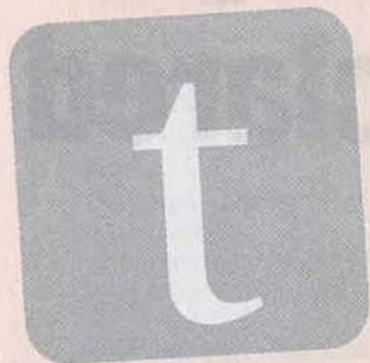


And yet, I am not The Wifey. Nor is The Hubby my husband. Were it to be us, our lives would have bordered on the burlesque for the better part of our existence! Week after week I put paper to pen not to tell the world about what happened with me in the course of the past seven days. It may come as a surprise, but most of what goes on to this page have never ever happened! And therefore, Slice gets written in the hope that it will be taken with a pinch of salt- how much you add to it is entirely up to you, and as such, would differ from one to another.

Every yarn that gets spun around is inspired by the littlest of cues around me. Words, sentences, sounds or even silence trigger a series of disjointed images in the

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mind that throw up a promise of an 800 word strong story. The rest is what I make of it; more significantly, what every reader makes of it.

The written word is potent. Even more than the spoken word, because the written word can be read over and over again, and assimilated at length. No one meaning can be attributed to any given statement- and reading is such an intensely subjective exercise that the person to my right may extract one set of meanings from a given piece of writing, while the one on my left a completely different set.

Leaving you today with something I have always believed about the most multi-dimensional and delectably eternal exercises of all- Reading. Several things happen when you read. Every passing line aids you in forming an imagery in the private confines of your mind on the one hand; on the other, your mind is constantly framing, and reframing the image of the writer. It works overtime physically scanning the pages, understanding the words and pauses, assimilating the matter, reacting intelligently to it, and forming its own opinion on the subject! All at the same time, within split seconds of a fraction! Could there be an exercise any more engaging than reading?