

# My Wife The Thief

She is not what you call stunningly beautiful, but she certainly has what you may call a liling beauty. Any significant exposure to her I believe can make one love her. I am proof of that.

And it is not just her face. The way she carries herself, the way she makes a point. They are all attractive in that they rather unassuming. She is always right, but she does not so assert it. She does not attract attention to herself and so always gets her way. Now that is real power.

But what has really affected me is her keen intelligence, mental as well as emotional. She is mature, but not in that boring, *I-am-too-old-to-do-that* manner. Rather she can let others feel good, even at times at her own expense and I love her for that. She does that with my mother – who can be sometimes demanding – and I think she does that with me too. Makes me feel like a man, rather the man I want to be. In that she helps me feel good. And I love her for that. And I love, exclamation mark.

Strange, how easy it is now to say that I love her. And how initially I just would not say it. It was this hump I had to get over initially I guess. The reluctance to say it and to commit to her and the fear of the responsibility that might follow. And man did I make her wait. I ran and ran and she just walked after me. It is like that cartoon, where no matter where this one character speeds off to the other character is already there with its slow and steady stride.

And now she has stolen my heart.

I think I shall file an F.I.R.

Just got back from the thana. They laughed their heads off. Guess they have not seen my wife. That is why they did not believe me.

Not that I shall introduce my wife to them. As I have said already, any middling exposure to her makes one fall in love with her. It is best therefore to let her keep my heart. And I shall keep her. Forever.