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It was a dark and stormy night. Just before the rain started to fall, I heard a strange noise coming from my garden. It sounded like someone struggling to break into my house, but I couldn't see anyone or anything in the darkness that transformed into torrential downpour. I ran towards the sound but felt like someone was chasing after me, trying to catch up with me in order to kill me any moment now. I broke through the window of my study room and found myself standing in front of this story with fire and glass spread everywhere. As the wind blew the curtains, I saw a flash of silver form in front of me and then once again, I was inside the room. The story had finished and the fire was out. Was I imagining things? Now, [I'm Heartbroken!], [The only place to live], [a Voice from the Past], [My Two Lovers and Other Tales], and [The Tiger's Child] were on my shelves; while I held The Red Tiger in my hand; while all this happened, it felt like someone else was reading them out to me. When the rain stopped, I was still holding the book to my chest. I realized now that whoever was reading these stories must be inside. It made me get worried about what was happening apart from the fact that the rain had stopped. I rushed towards my study room and tried to break open the window but it had been tightly closed from inside. There were no signs of a struggle inside the room. The fire was out, but it made me feel uneasy. I started to get scared and ran towards a nearby hotel for a police station nearby came into my mind. It didn't take me longer than an hour to reach the police station. I thought that this would be a matter of just few minutes and then I'd go back home to my study room. While standing outside the police station, I kept staring at the book in my hand. It was then that I realized that The Red Tiger was not mine; it had never been. I was not its first reader; someone else must have read it before me. It was like revisiting my past once again, like wandering through memories of times long gone, like holding on to the last piece of reality. I was told by the policeman that I'd be kept in the police station for some time, so I decided to wait there. It was two hours later when someone came along to get me. It turned out to be Dhanalakshmi (my husband). I had guessed what he'd say. He had brought me back home and then left after putting me on the terrace outside my house, holding me up like a helpless little child. I'd never seen him like that before; he wasn't his usual self at all. But this time, no one spoke of divorce; it looked like he'd become a silent ghost of himself now, occupying only his own thoughts and dreams..

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