



## The Fading Away of Albert T. Grayson's Wonderfully Passionate Wife

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He was lucky to land her, of this he was sure. On the day that he met her, Albert wore his sharpest blue suit and impulsively purchased an eye-catching tie. So long ago it was that he has surely forgotten wooing sweet Jillian, sipping exotic drinks, initiating long-winded conversations. He was extremely attentive until he secured her. Then he brought out from the depth of his closet all of his dull suits and dreary sweaters, and carelessly tossed out that bold, tasteless tie forever.

What a shock to her system to feel his indifference, once the vows were made and the honeymoon at its end. Still she loved him dearly and chose to overlook his apathy. In doing so, she grew shorter day by day, so that he towered over her, although he hardly seemed to notice. In time, her previous life seemed nothing more than a dream. She forgot the thrill of a party, the fire in the eye. And thus began the fading away of Albert T. Grayson's wonderfully passionate wife. Year by year, she grew all the more transparent. Did he notice? You can't be serious! She served him willingly and tried hard not to make waves, until the day when the last tiny sliver of her faded away...