

Hey Sandivasty,

I have been meaning to tell you something, and I need you to read this slowly. Today, no rushing, no scanning, no skipping. Just take your time with me. Sit comfortably. Breathe. Let your eyes follow every line with calm attention because everything here is intentional.

For the past few days, a certain thought has been sitting quietly at the back of my mind. At first, I tried to ignore it. You know how some thoughts pretend to be small just to sneak in, but then they start growing roots when you are not looking. This one refused to leave. It kept returning no matter how I tried to push it aside. It would show up in the middle of the day, late at night, even when I was busy. It kept tapping like a messenger who was too sure of the message to go away without delivering it.

I kept thinking about how to say it. I tried to prepare something very formal, something neat, something straightforward, the kind of message that gets straight to the point. But somehow, each time I thought of sending it, the idea would fall apart. No matter how hard I tried to keep it short, it kept stretching into something longer. No matter how hard I tried to keep it simple, it kept becoming layered. It felt like this message was insisting on revealing itself in its own way and at its own pace.

So I let it breathe. I let it unfold. I let it take shape naturally. Line after line. Thought after thought. One moment I would write, the next I would stop, then I would start again. And slowly, everything formed into this long trail of words leading here. You have followed that trail patiently, and I appreciate that more than you realise.

Now we finally arrive at the point where everything comes together. The thought that refused to leave. The message that insisted on being written. The reason I asked you to read slowly, to pay attention, to stay with me through the entire stretch of this letter.

Sandy, I just wanted to tell you this. You are incredibly talented and truly an epitome of womanhood. A remarkable, hardworking, classy, beautiful woman with spotless skin and a presence that leaves no blemish in any room you enter.

Your Fan,

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Mr. Graham