



I believe writers write and readers read because the world could not be more beautifully mind-boggling and funny and we **love** that about it; we read and we write because we delight in this strange place and even when and even though it can be so very painful—this life, from flesh to industry, is infinitely tasty.

I discovered a French phrase recently which produced that feeling in me (you know the one): *La trêve des confiseurs*. To translate, *trêve* means cease fire and *confiseurs* are candy makers, so, yes, this phrase means “The truce of the confectioners.”

This is not French politics, just to be clear: rather, it is a phrase used to designate the time period after Christmas day and before New Years Eve in which very little happens and very much candy is enjoyed.

It is my wish for you, Dear Reader, that in the tradition of Christmas in July, you roll up your sleeves and explore the enclosed delicacies—some beautiful, painful, some mind-boggling, some funny—as your very own private *trêve des confiseurs en Octobre*.

Warmest Regards,
April