



Stories of Stuff

Grace Kelly (Monaco)
by P. T. McAllister
As a tale told by Maureen



I feel awful for not remembering her dying. It must have been happening all around us, but I really don't remember any of it.

I mean, if you hadn't had your first heart attack that same day, Frank, you know I'd have been there with the rest of them, laying flowers at the gates. I love that sort of thing, don't I? Hollywood, royalty. Always have. Can't say why. Silly, really. Anyway, I suppose we had more important things on our minds. And thank God you pulled through. Poor Princess Grace though – she wasn't so lucky.

I know it sounds strange, but I suppose that's why I brought you back here. You never said where you wanted to be scattered and this just seemed... right, somehow.

I don't know if I ever told you, but it was such a comfort when I found out you were having your operation in The Princess Grace Hospital. Such a silly thing, I know. Just a name. But I felt like she was looking down on us. The whole time I thought of her up there, rather than you on the table with your heart outside of your chest. You made it through then too. I suppose I just got used to you always making it through. And then, finding you like that. And now... holding you. Like this.

Oh Frank. I don't want to let you go, but I can't exactly keep you in a pot on the telly, can I? You'll be happy here, I'm sure. Look how beautiful it is. And warm. And I'll make sure I join you when the time comes. Till then, my darling. Find Princess Grace and tell her I'm ever so sorry I don't remember her dying. I just had you on my mind the whole time.

Inspired by a Ted Baker handbag owned by Maureen from the Knit and Natter group at The Liskerret Centre

Stories of Stuff is a community arts project discovering the stories inspired by treasured objects. It has been created by The Writers' Block.