

A Granddaughter's Love

By Laura Tivendale

"I'm tired. I've had enough."

Pale skin. Bruises black. Crazy hair. Juice stained chin.

A Granddaughter's hand, gently holding the oxygen mask her Granny's determined to pull away.

Where's that strength coming from?

Agitation

How can I bring her comfort?

How can I bring her peace?

Oh, Granny.

"I'm not playing anymore. I've finished the game."

Restless. Fighting. Arms lashing out.

A Granddaughter's love, trying to calm. "I want to go." Go where?

Anger

I don't want you to suffer.

I want you to find peace.

Oh, Granny. I know.

"My lovely Laura. Stay, Laura."

Hand squeezing tight. Body tense. Face set with fear.

A Granddaughter's voice, softly speaking. The yellow submarine. The sweet shop in Epping. 'A cup of coppee like Granny.' Banana sandwiches in the caravan. Homemade chips drenched in olive oil. Tea bread... Granny's voice interrupting in a loop. The ring. The ring. The ring...

Turmoil

"Live a good life."

"My lovely Laura. Stay, Laura."

Oh, Granny. I'm here.

"My lovely Laura. You're gorgeous. You have such beautiful eyes."

Faces are close. Hands held tightly. Arms holding, intertwined.

A Granddaughter's head, gently resting with her Granny's on the pillow. Comfort. Love.

Peace

"Thank you for being such a lovely Granddaughter."

"I love you."

Oh, Granny. I love you too.

Bye bye.