

## THE FILTHY TEATOWEL

Kimmy looked at the freshly laundered, crumpled teatowel in her hands. It was old and grey, having been used and washed hundreds of times. It was now threadbare and got drenched at the slightest taste of water. This teatowel was the one constant in her adult life. It moved with her from place to place, and now that she was in a permanent house of her own, she needed to start fresh.

Despite the practicality of decluttering, her thoughts turned to her grandfather, who had given it to her as a Christmas present the year she moved into her own place. Then, the teatowel was of a colourful, plush, terry towelling material. She gave him socks that year. Kimmy didn't regret it at the time, but now she did. Why now? She wondered.

Her grandfather lived for 10 more years after he gave her the teatowel. She was as close to him as any of his 50 grandchildren were close to him. He had no favourites, or so he'd say. She had a sneaking suspicion it was her. She used to tell him jokes, and he would rate it with either a "humph", a "ha" or a "ha Ha HAAA. Earning the rare belly laugh was the best.

As the old man's laughter echoed in the air, she decided the teatowel was too precious to throw out.

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