

wishing there was more. You're just grateful for what there was. There's not a trick. It's just literally, accepting.

And stopping fighting. And stopping struggling. And when you stop struggling, you can find a bit of peace. *(Beat.)* My mum never got to there. Because of me. Because she knew she was leaving me, with no-one. So she kept fighting, right to the end. She hated herself for dying. D'you see? Her last seconds. There was no peace. No calm. None of that for her. Just – despair. Because of me. Because she was leaving me behind. *(Beat.)* So you see I've been loved. I know what it is. And you –