The Apron of Hellos



A pocket can hold more than things.

A short story to enjoy together

The Apron of Hellos

Every time Grandma visited someone, she wore her cream apron. It had deep pockets and many little stitched pictures.

There was a yellow sun, a blue cup, and a red flower. Tiny waving hands danced between them.

"Is your apron telling a story?" asked Esme.

"Several," Grandma said.

She touched the sun. "Our neighbour taught me this stitch on a very bright morning. We sat outside until lunch."

She pointed to the cup. "Your uncle made that shape on paper. I copied it with thread."

"And the hands?"

Grandma smiled. "Those are my hellos."

Esme followed her to the front step. A neighbour waved from a bicycle. Grandma waved back. A friend called from across the path. Grandma lifted her hand again.

Esme looked at the apron. "You need more hands."

After lunch, Grandma brought out a sheet of paper and some crayons. Esme drew her own small hand, fingers spread wide.

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Grandma copied the shape onto a spare piece of cloth. Esme chose orange thread. She watched while Grandma stitched, keeping the sharp needle in her own careful hands.

The new orange hand went just above a pocket.

Next morning, Esme found Grandma ready to go out.

"Have you got everything?" she asked.

"Keys. Cloth. Shopping list."

Esme touched the little orange shape.

"And one hello from me."

At the gate, Grandma turned and waved. Esme waved back with both hands.

Her stitched hello was going down the street. Her real one was staying on the step, waving until Grandma turned the corner.

THE END

LET'S TALK

Which stitched picture would tell a story about you? Who would you send a hello to?

Original story and illustration created with AI assistance. MimoMango, 2026.