

"My family."

Francine felt another chill. Davis had mentioned the possibility of hallucinations, but she wasn't ready for those, either. So she arched a brow.

"Well, that's something. Not everyone hears the dead."

Grace didn't blink. "They were in my parlor, yelling at me. They always yelled. I never listened."

"To your parents?" Sophie asked, sounding intrigued.

"They're still angry at me for leaving. I went into my bedroom, but I could hear them out there."

"That may have been your imagination," Francine suggested. When Grace didn't argue, she returned to the list. Two items remained. The first was "Robert." "Robert?"

"Robert Tait. I want you to marry him. He's a nice man. I'll feel better about what's happening to me if I know you're married."

It was an antiquated thought. If ever there was one. Francine didn't believe for a minute that she needed a man for security, health, happiness, or anything else, but she wasn't eager to argue, so she simply said, "Things like that can't be orchestrated. You tried once before, remember?"

"I wanted to say it while I could."

"Okay. You have."

"And Sophie." Grace gestured toward the list.

Francine read, Sophie." That was it. She raised uneasy eyes to Grace.

"I want her married, too. I want you married, too, Sophie,"

Sophie laughed. "That's nice."

"I want someone taking care of you."

"I don't need someone taking care of me."

"You need someone responsible."

"I'm not looking to get married."