



Royal London presents Lost for Words

I think, for the most part, I view grief through other people's eyes. So, I look at how, so, for example, my mum hurts, how she still hurts over the loss of her father, my grandfather that I didn't meet, but I feel the pain through her. And I think, naturally, the way I navigate things are through the eyes of the people that I love.

So, when my Auntie Chrissie passed, I don't think my mum, financially, had anything to do with the funeral. I think that was very much covered by, like, my bigger family. I just think of, like, where we were at the time, like, my mum's a single parent, she's an icon, OK. She's an absolute... She's my best friend. And I think I look where we were then to where we are now, and I think it could have really done a lot more damage than it did.

Some of my family are quite wealthy, some of them were like myself and my mum, where it's a £10 Lidl shop, let's go, and that's just how life is. Funeral poverty is a thing and it's something that I've seen, not necessarily through my family's eyes, but I've seen where my hometown is, if people can't afford funerals, it's just a grass grave and it's like...why does your wealth deem how you rest?

I think I've always been a planner, like, throughout my life, I'm a big manifester, big planner, so I'm like, if I want this, I want this, it'll be there. As long as wherever I'm going down, there's a disco ball and nobody can wear black. Nobody can wear black. But they're my only two things. Do your thing. Do your thing, but I want you to have a good old time.

Just have me on trend, that's all I care about. I want you to look at me and be like, "God, he killed it, didn't he? He killed it and died." That's what I'd love. Just a little iconic piece. Maybe a nice hat, bit of jewellery. I'm fine with that.