

Moving On, author unknown

I can see her from my window. In her bedroom beautifying herself and getting ready to go out. She was my best friend. But not anymore.

I can't help but think back to how different things used to be between us, just a few years ago. I remember the first day I met her, when she burst in to my world like a ray of sunshine exclaiming "We will be best friends forever!" A promise she failed to keep.

At first we did everything together - shopping, dining in restaurants, drives in the car, and every year she insisted I went on holiday with her and her family. Always to a beach. I never told her but I hated the way the sand never seemed to wash out of my hair.

She introduced me to my first ever boyfriend. He was called Ken and was the love of my life. He was so handsome and well dressed and she always said we belonged together. That was until... That year we visited Menorca - another beach holiday - the first time Ken and I had been away as a couple. We were so excited! But two days before we came home, I stayed at the hotel while the rest of them went on a boat trip. They were gone for ages, although I enjoyed the peace and quiet. When she came back I could tell she had been crying. She hugged me close and sobbed. There had been an accident on the boat and my Ken was lost forever - presumed drowned.

When we got back home, things were never the same again. I was just numb, but she cried a river. She sobbed when she saw his car in the driveway, when she opened the wardrobe and saw his clothes, and when she stepped on his surfboard - his pride and joy. I just smiled at her and hoped in my eyes she could see I forgave her. She tried at the start to make everything better, taking me out, buying me new clothes and even introducing me to a new man.

I don't know exactly when we started to drift apart. Her visits dwindled and I saw her less and less. She has a new friend now, called Sarah, who is beginning to take my place. I met Sarah once briefly, and she laughed at me. I looked at my best friend and could see how embarrassed she was with me. I knew then our time was over.

She is still fixing her hair, music blaring through the open window. Suddenly her bedroom door opens. "Turn that music down, Lucy!" her mum yells, "Have you decided which things you are giving to the charity shop yet? I'm going now!" She looked over - directly at me. "Yeah Mum, I think the dolls' house and Barbie can go." And my world faded to black as the plastic bag was placed over my home.