**Moving On**

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 - went shopping, ate in restaurants, went for 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.

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 what things you are giving to the charity shop yet? I'm going now!" She looked over - directly at me. "Yeah mum, I think the doll’s house and Barbie can go." And my world went black as the plastic bag was placed over my home.