

Amy Jones-Morris.

Memories

Summer that year was immense. Indescribable. Amazing. The intense inescapable summer heat and the glaring, unrelenting sun that blazed in the vast blue expanse of the sky, reminders of the time spent in that whole different world. The world where I met my best friend.

I remember you. I remember the first time I met, so vividly, even before I knew who you were, or what your name was. I was a young and naïve 12-year-old then, or maybe 13. I remember spending even minute of the day with you and Aimee in those two short weeks, yet still it wasn't enough. No one had ever got to know me that well in such a short space of time, except you, you were my best friend. There was no doubt in my mind that I would lose either of you, like I've lost so many people before. But you were different, not in a quirky sort of way, but an unexplainable-invisible-friendship-kindaway.

It was like being in a completely new world, a scary new world but one that I wasn't reluctant to enter and one. The night time. A constant reminder of the nights spent on the beach with everyone and spent playing in the sea, with the soapy rainbow tinted bubbles, bouncing effortlessly along the thin, ribbon-like strip of cold night air.