

Amy Jones-Morris and Sofia Jaffer

In the end, everything simply began.

“Flight 0152, calling all passengers to Flight 0152.” The words reverberated off the grey surly waiting room walls. This inescapable reminder hung over the air like an impenetrable barrier that refused to disappear, containing and constricting me and Isabella. Each syllable of every word, progressively piercing my heart yet not registering in my brain. I had played this moment over 1000 times in my head, thinking of how I would say goodbye to my best friend, yet that did not prepare me for what was happening.

Nothing about this airport suggested that this was the place that caused so much emotion, whether it was saying goodbye to a loved one forever or being reunited with an old friend. It wasn't the surroundings that made life long memories here; it was the people you were with. In my case, I'm losing my best friend and I'm struggling to find the right words to say. I mean, what do you say after 10 years of friendship, how do you convey a feeling of love so strongly to match my love for Isabella. My mind was racing. My thoughts indistinguishable. My heart beating relentlessly.

The only thing that seemed real to me in that moment, was the touch of your soft, tender hand cradled in mine, as we traipsed through the sea of grey chairs that surrounded us, until we were to part at the glass door where she would leave me forever. How ironic that the very door that would separate us, would allow me to see her walk away; unaccompanied. As we approach, I found an internal battle to find the right words to say to you. A defining moment in both of our lives, where our friendship would either be solidified or destroyed.

She turned to me. Her soft, elegant chestnut curls cascading down the side of her porcelain skin, biting her red rosebud lips, the way she does when she struggles to know what to say.

‘I love you Isabella, you're the best friend I could have ever wished for. Please don't leave me, I can't live without you.’

A single tear trickled down past her button nose. That was one of the many things I loved about Isabella- she rarely got emotional. Even now, she maintained her composure. I raised my hand and placed it on her cheek to brush away the tear. That's when things changed. Poised on her tiptoes, Isabella lent forward. She whispered in my ear ‘I love you too, more than you can ever imagine. But I have to go.’ She kissed me. More passionately than she had ever kissed me before.’

“Flight 0152, calling all passengers to Flight 0152, final call.”

“But I have to go.”

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