

Amy

Alex Lin

I look at the clock. It reads one in the morning. I quickly put on my black pants, navy blue shirt and a pair of socks.

I glance at my phone. I read the message from Amy "Are you coming?" She sounds anxious.

I scramble to reply.

"Yea, sorry, just making sure my parents don't hear me." I typed.

I drop the phone into my pocket and gently open my bedroom door, the hinges squeaking ever so lightly. I can hear my father snoring. I tiptoe to the front door, making sure no one hears me. I quickly put on my shoes, open the door and slip out. I check my phone again.

Amy's message reads, "Meet me at the same place as before, I'm already here."

I jog to the playground so as not to keep her waiting. It is, as usual, deserted, and forlorn.

Except for Amy. I see her sitting in the distance on the swings reading her phone, the blue light bathing her face. I slow to a brisk walk. The moonlight illuminates her figure. I slow down as I reach her side, and catch my breath before greeting her. She lifts her head, and greets me with her warm, beckoning and always inviting look.

"Hey, how you doing?" I ask.

She shrugs. "I'm okay, I just wanted to see you."

"How long have you been waiting?" I asked.

"Not long, just a couple of minutes."

I give her a kiss. Her breath is warm and moist against my cold, hard lips. I give her a hug, but I do not feel her response. I wonder. I look in her eyes. They are blank, without their usual sparkle. She doesn't smile. I can feel something isn't quite right.

I put my hand on her shoulder "Hey, what's wrong?" I ask reassuringly.

"Alex, I want to tell you something." She always comes right to the point.

I can feel my heart thumping faster, deeper, stronger.

"What's going on?" I can see her eyes watering up.

"Alex, before I tell you, I just want to you to remember everything is a part of life's journey, okay?"

My God! My stomach twists. What could possibly be wrong? I had never heard her speak this way before over these past couple of years we have been together.

"Exactly where are you going with this?" I start to panic. My lips are quivering, my brows starts to heat. I can feel tiny drops of perspiration running down from my hairline across my temples.

Amy stares back at me. Her long blonde hair flowed perfectly. Her face demure. She really is beautiful in the moonlight. I take a deep breath, preparing myself for what I'm about to hear.

"Alex," she says ever so quietly, ever so gently, yet ever so hesitantly, "Alex," she repeats herself again, "I'm moving ... Alex," as she repeats my name for the third time.

"Hold on, wha? Moving where? When? Why?" Questions flood my head. My mind races for answers. My eyes blur. I feel dizzy. My hands break into a cold sweat. What is happening here?

"Is it something I did? Why? What is the matter?"

As Amy puts her hand on my shoulder, her gentle touch comforts me, as it always does.

"My parents have decided to move. They don't want to stay in Hong Kong anymore. They want to move to Singapore. We are leaving the day after tomorrow."

I felt furious. I felt my hands turn into fists. I felt my chest tighten. I wanted to take out my anger on something, anything. The swing. The jungle gym. The slide. Anything.

"Why all of a sudden did your parents decide this?"

"I don't know, okaay? I'm trying to figure it out too. They just keep saying how they think Hong Kong is not the right place for me and how I should be ..."

"And they didn't even bother asking if you wanted to move?" I interrupted.

"NoooOOO..." raising her voice.

I stare at her. I can feel the beginning of a tear in my left eye. Am I welling up! Not me. I do not cry! Rashly, I let go of her shoulder and abruptly turn away. I can't let her see me in this state.

From behind, I hear Amy stand up. She walks towards me and stands directly in front of me, looking me straight in both eyes, firmly putting both her hands on my two shoulders close to my neck. She glances into my eyes.

"Alex. I always loved you. I still do. You can't take this the wrong way. I have no choice. We have no choice. We must continue our lives. Apart. Separate."

I lower my head.

"What did I do to deserve this?" My goodness, I thought deep down inside myself.

I feel Amy's right hand softly touch my chin. She gently tilts my head and kisses me. A single tear rolls down my cheek and onto her hand.

"I'm sorry it didn't work out for us, " she says.

"Will you at least visit? Ever? Can ... can ... can I come and see ... see ... you?" I implore her, more tears rolling down my cheeks and into my mouth, stuttering as I utter what will be my last few words to her.

Amy sighs. She nods. "I'll do my best."

We hug. An empty hug. A meaningless hug. Not really a hug. The last hug.

I look at my phone, it's one thirty in the morning.

"I'm really sorry to suddenly drop this on you," Amy softly continues. "I wanted to say it earlier, but I just couldn't."

I let go of her, and nod.

"It's okay, I guess it's just the way things are" I say.

"I gotta go, I can't stay out too long, I need to wake up really early tomorrow, I better get going," departing as she says her last words to me in that empty, lonely and cold playground.

I nod. "I'll see you, go ahead."

She makes her way down the road to her house. I stand alone. I watch her disappear into the darkness. My mind goes black as I see the last of her.