

## **When it's time**

Goodbyes are hard. Losing is hard. Sometimes you have to let go. Sometimes you have no choice but to admit that despite all your hard work, all the time you have invested and all your best efforts, it's not working. It's time to let go. The parting will be painful, but you are sure it will be for the best. That is what you keep telling yourself anyway, that is what your reason is trying to convince you of, but in the midst of all the emotion, all the pain and all the sadness, you sometimes wonder if reason knows, after all. Then there are the hesitations: is this really the right thing to do? What if I regret it? What if I'm about to do something I will bitterly, bitterly regret? All that time spent together... They say you can only truly appreciate something only after you've lost it, but I can already anticipate the hollow space you will leave behind.

It's 13.59. It's time. Gawd I hope the dentist is not a sadist and believes in local anaesthesia.