Living with my mother's fears

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A few years ago, my uncle died; he was living in the south of France, in the mountains. He loved nature and lived in its heart. At his funeral, my little cousin, my little brother and I were climbing trees. Paul, my brother, was climbing higher and higher to impress Ines, my cousin. I told him to take care but he was having fun and I didn't want to bother him. I was sitting on a branch, holding Ines and watching Paul. I felt good, at peace, serene, but this resting moment wasn't going to last.

I saw him falling. I heard him screaming... and this scream was so awful... in it, I could hear the pain, the suffering of my little brother... by the time I got down, he was already in my mother's arms. She was rocking him, telling him "it's ok...you're ok, you're safe...you're with me..." I really wanted to believe what she said but I wasn't able to. I knew it wasn't ok, I knew he couldn't fall from a 3m--tree and just be ok. So I approached my very little brother, to convince myself that everything was fine, but there, I saw the blood. On his tee--shirt. With the smallest voice, I said "mum... he is not ok..." and I removed his tee--shirt.

What I saw there shocked me for the rest of my life. Under my little Paul's arm, there was the biggest injury I had ever seen... the biggest injury on the smallest boy, on my little brother that I hadn't been able to protect.

This is over and today, Paul just has bad memories and a huge scar.

But, since this event, I have lived with the constant fear that one day something is going to happen and I won't be able to save him. I am a 16-year-old-girl living with the same fears as my own mother.

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