



My last tears

It is so good to feel the rain dripping on your face.

Just your tears mixing with the drops. The fresh air it brings giving you some chills. And you are walking there. Sadness is everywhere around you and everything has turned grey. You are wet but actually you just don't care. You close your eyes, you listen to the noise the drops make when they hurt the objects around you and you try just to walk straight even if you don't see anything.

That makes the pain go away.

My name is Martin. This story happened when I was thirteen. And as you should already have understood, this is not a funny one.

I was on holiday, when my mother told me. I had just had a walk with my cousin. We were almost at home when I saw her and my father, walking down the street. My mother was crying.

My mother isn't used to crying. She is too strong for that, usually, she's the one who is the strong face of my family, but there she was, with her red eyes. It is hard to see your mother crying. The tears of the others hurt me. When it is your mom's, it is harder to control yourself. I just didn't know how to react.

When you see that, you become more imaginative than at other times. You begin to imagine awful things, crazy situations, but when I saw her crying, I already knew what had happened, but I didn't want it to be real. Then, she spoke but her throat did not want to tell these words. She spoke, but I didn't want to hear.

If you asked me now what I remember of him, I would answer three things: his eyes, the way he sang when he was cooking, and his stories.

We are a family of story tellers. I did not realize when I was a young lad, but now I do, it is so good to tell a story. I don't do it for the audience's recognition, but to make them escape from their everyday lives. I do it for myself too; to prove to myself I'm capable of interesting others.

I'll remember his blue eyes all my life. When he put his eyes into yours, you felt so little ... As if you were on your own in the middle of an ocean.

"Now, and forever, he'll stay an example for me."

If he had just passed away, that's what I would have liked to say at his funeral.

There are too many things I would have liked to do with him. But I wasn't the one who knew him the best, I was certainly not the one he preferred, but I loved him. I remember the last words he told me.

One month before it happened, we were leaving them, to go from their home to my other grandparents' after dinner. Everybody was in the house or next to the car, putting our luggage into the vehicle, but I went back to tell him goodbye. He was there, in his favorite chair, sitting at the end of the table. Before I left he caught my arm and looked straight into my eyes. His two oceans, deep, unknown, attractive. He told me:

"Thank you Martin, thank you for all that you do to help us." A big smile on his lips, happy to have had a great moment with us, I think. My grandfather wasn't used to congratulating us.

I was so embarrassed that I answered that it was normal, and that he deserved it because they had looked after me when I was little. He smiled and said:

"It is important that you know that."

By now I'm sure that he knew. And when I understood why he had told me that, I was so angry against myself ... So angry about being too stupid to understand.

The worst is that, during the same dinner, my grandmother was joking with my little sister Julie who was about seven, she said:

"Well Julie I hope you will come back to see us here for your next holidays!"

"I hope that you will still be there when I come back", she answered. And everybody laughed.

"I hope too, Julie."

And I was there, coming back home after my grandfather's funeral, under the rain. The rain which made everything disappear. The rain that burnt, the rain that froze. And all those memories that were falling little by little on me.

Maybe you don't think that it is an amazing story. Maybe you think this is not very original. But if you have lost someone once, you know how hard this is.

I cried after the funeral.

But I swore, on everything I had, that I would never cry after it if the person wasn't as important as my grandfather was to me. As good a person as he was.

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