

So, my story is set in 2010, the 30th April. By this time, I was 7 years old, and my older sister was 10. We were some really happy children, always goofing around, playing in the garden, and of course we were climbing in the trees. In my garden, there was a particular tree, we called it “the little cherry tree”, because we planted it ourselves, and it went from a baby tree to a little tree. We loved climbing in it because it was small, and very reachable for 2 little girls. We were really comfortable, both of us having one branch for her and knowing the whole tree by heart.

On April 30th, I decided to try something new: climbing higher and I remember thinking “yeah I’ll do like a tiny monkey, going from a branch to an other just using one hand”. So I tried, and I succeed the first time, then I wanted to show this wonderful trick to my sister (yeah I wanted her to be proud of her monkey sister). I tried a second time, and my left hand missed the branch, so I felt. I remember closing my eyes, hoping I won’t fall on my neck and die, I remember my arm getting in the dry ground, and I remember myself pulling my arm out of the ground, and I remember the 7 years old me looking at my own arm, which was not straight anymore, but was in an S shape.

How to explain what happened next? Eloyse (my sister) and I used to watch cartoon about witches, fairies, superpowers and magic, so we were always playing as if we were pixies, trying to recreate potions in plastic buckets, with water, grass, flowers... So when I fell from the tree, Eloyse told me that she would treat me with one of these potions. She forbade me to tell anything to our parents, because we would no longer be allowed to climb in the tree, and none of us wanted that (it was our main game outside). So she hid me and tried to do something that could repair my (broken) arm. Once the potion was ready, she put my arm in it, and after maybe a minute or so, she pulled it out, and of course it was still broken.

We had no idea what to do, so Eloyse told me: “I’ll look for mom, you’ll go to the hospital. You have to lie to everybody about what happened, tell the doctors you fell in the stairs, BUT never say the truth because we will NEVER climb again if you say what really happened”. So she went to our mom, who was watering the flowers on the other side of the garden, and told her that “Léa fell, her arm is now painful for her”. Mom was thinking about a bruise like usual. When she looked at my arm, and asked what happened, the lie started. Dad and Mom had left my sister to my grandparents for the night, and we then rushed to the hospital. I did as my sister told me to do: I lied to the doctors, to the nurses, to the other children, to everybody I talked with.

5 or 6 years later, during a dinner, we started talking with my family about this evening, and Eloyse and I have confessed the real story. After a good laugh about it, Mom and Dad revealed to us that they could have had problems with the DDASS (french department for the child protection) because our story was not medically possible. The DDASS thought that my parent were hitting me or something, because double breaking a bone and moving it is not possible from a fall in the stairs. In conclusion, never listen to your sister and when she asks you to lie to a doctor.

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