

## **A CALL FOR HELP**

No one believed us about you.

We had to pretend we were taking you to Brent Cross Shopping Centre to get you to the hospital. My brothers had to force you inside like someone being kidnapped. You told the doctors we were liars. We stayed quiet and hoped they wouldn't believe you.

You called one nurse a bitch. We covered our eyes and prayed they would finally give us a label. A name for your rudeness, your imaginative stories.

A few days later, they wanted to send you home. I remember crying in a side room and telling a doctor that the 'coherency test' they were doing with you wasn't useful. They didn't realise that a lot of the answers you gave were lies. It was like watching someone through a glass window and not

being able to be heard – everything we said  
smashed into the window and evaporated.

I told the doctor we couldn't look after you by  
ourselves anymore. I kept thinking you would  
open your door; walk somewhere we couldn't find  
you.

When we got back to your bedside, you were  
pulling the cotton out of an adult nappy. You  
blamed me for doing it and I apologised to keep the  
peace.

Then you looked at the female doctor and said,  
'Where's the other doctor?'

The doctor looked between me and you. 'What  
doctor?'

You growled. 'The male one who was with you this  
morning. He was standing right there next to you.'

The doctor met my eyes and I felt my body relax for the first time in weeks. The glass was finally broken and someone had finally heard our tired voices calling out from the middle of an everchanging sea.