

Save the planet called "the Difficult teenager"

When you communicate with customers will inevitably come to the conclusion that people recommending you to each other, like the inhabitants of a single planet. And, for example, if someone comes to me "from Kathy, who had some sort of emotional attachment", I already know about what I have to deal with and what are your expectations from Katina girlfriend.

Today I will tell you about the planet "My child is a troubled young man". I worked for some time with a closed and quite complex with the boy who was a wonderful grandmother. Lyudmila, honored teacher of Russia, he retired and engaged in their grandchildren. She looked beautiful, she had lots of energy, but soberly talked about the fact that the profession of a teacher is heavy and distorts the psyche:

Nan, if I lived in France, I'd even testify in court refused to take. I'm inadequate. 35 years working the school! And here I sit with my grandchildren, not to torture students and to preserve the remnants of reason..

And I was very sorry that such a wonderful teacher no longer teaches math...

"Our Annie is quite the hands strayed"

And here a call from Lyudmila Alexandrovna:

Ninotchka, dear, do something! Our Annie is quite the hands strayed...

Source: deviantart.net

Already know: "our" Ludmila called the children of their numerous disciples, relatives, friends, acquaintances — they were all "her".

First came Maria Petrovna, mother Ani. She once described their fears: fears that her daughter is leaning toward homosexual. Ana was fourteen. And at an age when other girls are flirting in full, require new outfits, watching the hair and manicure, Anya did everything exactly the opposite. Wore heavy shoes, chose only men's jeans, shirts and jackets, made a short cut. But most of all mom was worried about Anya "absolutely, well absolutely not watching their appearance, can walk around the house Topless and it lives with us and my son, her older brother."

Mom continued:

— Son is all right. The student, a fourth-year student of MSU. But daughter... you know, two years ago my husband died. Die hard, from cancer. Anya was very much attached to his father. Of course, she knew everything — and about disease, and about the inevitable end. But during the funeral and after was very strange. Didn't cry, didn't mourn, didn't want to talk about dad. Didn't even want to discuss what happened. At first kept to himself, then seemed to brighten... Became interested in "Kabbalistic". And often weird hints to me: "Soon you'll understand".

— Are you afraid that she came under someone's influence? Sect?

— You know, and I'm afraid and not afraid. Anya — the girl is very solid, it is not easy to mislead. Besides, I don't work, I know all her schedule and the daily routine, getting herself to school, she take. Know all her friends. In this respect I am calm. I'm more concerned about her inner world. With my baby something is going on, but I don't know.

Frame from the movie "extremely loud & incredibly close"

— Do you think she will agree to work with a psychologist? She's already fourteen, she should make that decision.

— Nana Romanova, remember you worked with Sasha, the grandson of Lyudmila Alexandrovna? It Ana already all ears buzzed about you. So she told me: "If you need someone dripped me out, it was only Sasha's psychologist. But I will go to her alone, without you."

The first meeting

Anna brought Sasha, with whom we very fondly and happily chatted about this and that, laughed. I did it for the girl I was closer. She quietly threw on her short [write my essay](#) views. She was really boyish clothes, short hair, and spoke deliberately rude. And was still beautiful, charming, and feminine.

Immediately snapped me back to call her "Anya", almost shouted:

My name is Anna! Just call me Anna.

I apologized and said that they would try to comply with its terms:

— My sister is the same way as you. So sometimes I may inadvertently jump on the "Anya", "Anyuta"...

— Try not to come off! — cut me off girl.

We began work. The first period is the most difficult: to establish trust and to wait for the same starting point when the client will open and tell you that it hurts really. With the identification of Anna it was relatively normal. Normal age and gender expectations and restrictions, without distortions. It was felt a good connection with his father, and respect, the adoption of the mother. Slowly we discussed the different situations with her friends, school, marks, not to lose time in vain.

The knot untied

At some point, reached career-oriented advice. The girl transformed in the eyes. She very sharply told me that this consultation does not need her, she knows exactly who will be: "the investigator of Prosecutor's office, like dad."

Then Anya began to skid. She began to criticize relatives: "Brother spends his time learning perfect wrong. So he will never be a normal economist! And mom is good. And only does that travels to foreign countries, instead pay more attention to their, albeit small, but stable income-generating business".

I asked the girl to tell about my father. And was rebuffed:

- Do not meddle! This is mine, and I'm not going to talk about it.
- Okay, but it seems to me that you and father have very close ties. So it makes sense to pay attention to your love to the father.
- Don't blow my head off! Don't talk to me with her hypnotic tricks! I'm not going to tell you anything until..
- That "while", Anna?
- While dad's not coming back.
- Return?! Do come back?
- You call yourself a psychologist! Not knowing world order, numbers, numbers, events...

It turned out that the girl is attracted to some passage in which I do not understand. At my father's funeral she met two ladies who called themselves "Kabbalists". They told Anna that soon the world will happen event in which the dead will come alive. So they comforted and reassured her. After the girl a couple of times I saw them — they showed her some figures and calculations. Until the promised return was less than 5 months...

Reached. Here it is. Here is the site. How to get to it? How to explain to this girl that my dad isn't that he's not coming back? How to get her to respond to his grief? How to find the words to convince? It's such a beautiful tale. Tale, where she lived for two years.

— Anna, tell me is your behavior in order to keep control of the family until your dad gets back? So you're a bit of a daddy? I want to reason with the brother, steer mom in the right direction?

Yes. You know, I'm tired. There are very few...

Okay. Daddy will be back. And what you see? A caricature of himself. And where is his daughter? Do you think that he doesn't want to see you, *and gently said*: — Anyuta...

Girl the first time I broke:

— You know, like "Anya" I am very weak. Then I'll have to propriety all the remaining five months...

I grabbed the thin thread and didn't know how to watch out for.

Jeanne Elizabeth Shoda. A girl carrying his father's sword.

Source: Wikipedia

Recovery

Anya began to recover the time from the point when the family learned that the Pope is ill. I asked the girl to remember the whole sequence of events. She didn't resist. After all, I already had her secret, and now that someone knew about it, it became easier.

The following advice Anna came to the maiden's blouse, though still in the same jeans and boots. But with a different backpack.

Began to remember. Anna is a daddy's girl, they loved each other. Dad often said that he loves his son, but Anya is the most important person in his life that he can live without everything and everyone in the world, but not without her daughter.

Anya's brother and immediately noticed that dad had become pale, lost weight and the parents are somehow wrong about something, whispering. Brother was initiated into the incident soon enough, Anya said after some time. Dad is a very honest conversation with her:

— It happens. Perhaps it is my time. I do not want this. But you have to accept it. Let's get together everything we dreamed about. It is as much as six months. And that 180 days. It is very much!

Anna was in hysterics, would not listen, did not believe that the doctors demanded have wealthy grandparents to pay for the costly treatment of his father in a German clinic. But it was to no avail — the verdict is final.

Dad made my daughter a lot of time, talked, watched a movie, read her books, and when a relatively good feel, they both went somewhere. He often repeated a joke:

— Anya, I never saw you cook soup and play "für Elise" by Beethoven. But I'm very happy that I have such a girl she is a naughty, clever, hilarious, even without the soup and piano.

Anya decided to throw dad a surprise. After a week of training with Lyudmila Alexandrovna in her kitchen, she was solemnly invited dad into the kitchen, already at home. Put him in a comfortable chair and masterfully made soup from beginning to end, is exactly what my father liked.

That's not all. Two floors below, lived a Professor of Gnessin school. Anya came to her and set the task:

In a month I have to play "für Elise". I don't know the notes and I will not teach them. I do not care how you do it. I have money, I will pay whatever it costs. But I have to play!

Twenty days later, she sang "ELISA" for dad. Then he said:

— Now I can die in peace. I am the happiest father in the world because all my dreams came true.

Source: flickr

In saying that, Anya began to sob. I never stopped her.

— Nana Romanova, is he coming back?

— No, Anna, he's not coming back.

— But why? After all, it all fits. And these aunt explained it to me.

— Anya, he's not coming back.

— Don't tell me nonsense that "he is forever in my heart"!

I won't, an. I'm not going to say what's obvious.

— It will pass?

Is pain forever, girl. You have to learn to live with it.

— I don't believe you! Do not believe! Do not believe! I often feel him near me. You know, after the funeral, I sat and looked at his picture. Wanted to cry a little. I was told that it is wrong that it is necessary to cry... I looked at his picture and suddenly felt like he kisses me. True! I even wet on her cheek... I can feel it... Well, speak up, say something!

— Anya, he left. Left happy. Let go...

So

Anya got sick — hard, with anguish, with a high temperature. Her body finally received this terrible news: that dad is no more. The tale does not take place. And even in this condition she came to me, saying that only I can have Anya, Anyuta, may be weak. And can afford to cry.

Having recovered, Anna had brought a family album with pictures of father, mother, brother. We long to consider them. There were many official shots of the father...

I asked the little girl:

— Anya, but dad probably not just about the soup and Beethoven thought? Sure, such a cool father and had plans for your profession. But for the life of me, I do not believe that he had a dream that you became a senior investigator as he!

— Oh, Nana Romanova, not even going to talk about it. He was such a girly dream!

— Start talking!

— Wanted, so I became an art critic. A film critic.

— Ani, I want to guess? He dreamed of becoming a film critic, right? Movies assorted?

Yes. He loved melodrama, and a little shy about it...

— You can choose something different. I think he'd be happy any of your business. And here's an. You take off your awful shoes! They are terrible!

— Do you offer heels? Never!

— Well, not so radical... But it is possible to pick up something!

— And you too! Mom brought a whole heap of stuff from Italy...

— Ani, bring! At least try.

— Well, Nana Romanova, are you a psychologist or what? What clothes? Let's have a serious talk.

— Anna, get!

After some time came to me the mother Ani. She said she finally saw his baby girl — heartwarming, beautiful, pleasant. And that Anna often walks into daddy's office and cries a lot. And recently visited for the first time on his father's grave: a long time sitting and about something talked to him.

It's time for us to leave with Anya. Until the promised date of the "resurrection" was two months.

I remember a girl told me:

Amazingly, it seems to me that the Pope is still raised. In its own way. He is somewhere behind my back. And I feel protected by his love. I now know that I'll never see him again. Whatever you say, Nana Romanova: "the shortest but the Most difficult sentence in the world: "It is." And to say it should be...

— With your eyes open, Anna. Annie...

In the design used footage from the movie "extremely loud & incredibly close".