

SCHOOL NAMED ME

Story



NAUGHTY BOY

"Well, who would doubt that this is exactly what will happen! Murphy's Law works!" Jane, annoyed by the news she had just heard from her friend about the postponement of the exam, put the phone aside and began to feverishly look through the printout with tickets. She knew the answer to this question, this one would also not cause difficulties, but this one she would have to learn urgently. A vague uneasiness made her raise her head from her notes. Something was wrong... Silence! That's what worried Jane.

"Chesky, where are you?" Jane called softly, but her six-year-old nephew did not answer. Just spinning around and suddenly disappearing, he suspiciously calmed down. Jane, forgetting about the notes, rushed to search for Chesky. The loss was discovered in the kitchen: the boy was sitting on the floor enthusiastically arranging cups, mugs, and glasses of different sizes in even rows. Jane gasped: well, that's it, now she will get in trouble with Alina! The older sister, about to leave on business for a couple of hours, had strictly ordered Jane to keep an eye on Chesky, but, apparently, the younger sister failed the task. She had so wanted to show Alina that she was already quite mature and responsible.

Usually, Chesky was looked after by the mother of Jane and Alina, but she had to leave for a short time, and Jane began to help her sister, especially since she

was still living in her sister's house. The preparation for exams prevented the young aunt from fully showing off her pedagogical talent; she had graduated from school and was accustomed to taking her studies seriously.

Surveying the scene, Jane concluded that no catastrophe had happened, and Chesky, crawling on the floor and breathing intently with zeal, looked so funny! Now she would quickly clean everything up and make a suggestion to her nephew: dishes are not toys at all. Although the neat rows of cups and glasses looked quite attractive. Jane furrowed her brows sternly.

"Chesky, why did you put the cups on the floor? Dishes are not intended for games at all, especially on a dirty floor. And then, you could accidentally break something and hurt yourself."

The nephew raised his narrow face, beaming with a smile, towards Jane:

"Beautiful, isn't it?" The aunt was silent, and the boy repeated more insistently: "I'm doing well, right?"

"Yes, just a good fellow!" Jane muttered under her breath and reached for one of the cups on the floor.

"No! Do not touch! Beautiful!" Chesky rushed to defend his creation.

Jane shrugged her shoulders: Chesky is a special child, and if he is carried away by any idea, making him quit what he started is absolutely hopeless. And if you try to switch his attention to something else? Only for what? Cars! Well, of course, the nephew does not part for a minute with his box of little treasures. Surprisingly, now he had forgotten about them.

"Chesky, where is your box with cars? Let's go look." Surprisingly, the boy resignedly left his occupation and went in search. The loss was found in the toilet.

"What were you doing with your toys in a place like this? Did you play there?"

"I had a great idea, didn't I?" Chesky was not at all embarrassed, and Jane perceived his surprise as admiration for his ingenuity.

Having seated her nephew at the kitchen table, Jane set about cleaning up and washing dishes. From time to time, she glanced at Chesky, never ceasing to be surprised at his purposefulness: the boy lined up his favorite little cars in

perfectly even rows. Having completed the column to the edge of the table, Chesky turned it around and continued in the opposite direction.

"It's beautiful, isn't it? Beautiful?" He demanded praise for his efforts now and then.

"Of course, beautiful, Chesky!" Jane sighed furtively: that's the whole Chesky. A sweet and kind boy, but, unfortunately, completely unable to absorb any more or less complex information. He seemed to live in his own world, not wanting to let anything from the outside world into it. Any information passed through him without delay, and he continued to go about his business, not paying any attention to it. Their common amusements with Jane usually boiled down to tag and running around with the ball, and the young aunt wanted to teach her nephew some more difficult game, but Jane did not succeed.

From her mother, the girl heard that her nephew had serious problems, but she didn't really think about it; she had enough of her own worries with her studies. She just loved Chesky the way he was.

AUTISM

For the first time, the word "autism" was heard in the house of Alina and her husband several years ago. Young parents could not understand why their boy cried so often for no apparent reason and opposed being picked up. The joy of waiting for the firstborn was replaced by anxiety for him and approaching despair. The diagnosis made by doctors was a heavy blow for the family, but at least there was some certainty. Alina learned to put up with her son's condition; she stopped perceiving him as a universal tragedy. Moreover, soon there was no time to indulge in despair: Nina was born, and Alina, willy-nilly, was distracted from sad thoughts, absorbed in worries about the baby. Now Nina is already four years old, she is quite healthy and even sometimes helps her mother raise her brother, in her own way, of course. A retired grandmother also contributes all possible assistance in raising her grandson, but at the same time pampers him, like all grandmothers in the world. Alina tried to correct the consequences of her grandmother's adoration, but all her attempts to explain to her son which of his actions upset the loved ones, and which, on the contrary, please, ended in complete failure: the information seemed to pass through Chesky without delay. The boy had a habit of speaking in a thin high voice, and when he, without listening to what was said to him, interrupted his interlocutor, it made a very

depressing impression. Sometimes, after particularly daring pranks, his mother put Chesky in a corner. This did not upset the boy at all; he even found a lot of interesting things to do in the corner: he scratched the wall or funny imitated his mother's angry intonations.

RESTLESS MORNING

Jane opened her eyes and smiled: the exam is over; today she could relax and lie in bed longer. It wasn't meant to be! Alina, ready to leave, looked into the room:

"Jane, dear, be kind, look after Chesky, Nina, and I are going to the clinic."

"And good morning to you too... Well, of course, I'll look after him. Go."

Chesky squeezed past Alina into the room, loaded with a huge box of Lego. Without wasting time, the boy immediately began to build a grandiose building. Jane tried to doze a little more, but the trick failed: Chesky resolutely pushed almost half of the details of the designer towards her: "You, too, build!" His nephew continually accompanied his work with some remarks:

"It will be a house. It's beautiful, right? And there will be a path, long, flat, right? Beautiful?"

He struggled to draw his young aunt into a dialogue, and the half-asleep Jane was forced to answer: "Yes, of course, it's beautiful, well done!" The same thing ten, fifteen, twenty times! Jane slowly began to boil. She remembered her friend, constantly showing off her new blouse, her handbag, and her branded cosmetics. Well, a person just constantly wants to be in the center of everyone's attention! Apparently, Chesky also really needs this. But Jane was terribly tired of answering the same questions all the time. Something needs to be done about this. And what if you try to fight the unpleasant habit of your nephew with his own methods?

"Nice track? Yes?" Chesky again insistently demanded the approval of his work.

"Nice, Chesky?" Jane decided to put her idea into practice and forwarded the question to Chesky himself. The surprise written on the child's face in large letters slightly amused the young aunt.

"Yes, beautiful..." Chesky said, a little bewildered. Jane hid a satisfied smile: it worked! She got out of bed and perched on the floor next to her nephew.

"Where are those bricks that you left for me? I will also build a house; I have not done this for a long time."

Once upon a time, Jane was very fond of constructing buildings from Lego, and now she has again taken up construction with pleasure. Chesky's face beamed with a smile: together with Jane, they will build not just a house, but a real castle! Sticking out the tip of his tongue from zeal, the boy enthusiastically helped Jane, periodically asking: "Beautiful, right? I'm good, right?"

But Jane used the previously tested method and forwarded the question to Chesky. After a while, she noted with satisfaction that her nephew no longer asked questions. "Looks like it worked!" The girl thought and smiled. It seems that she coped with one unpleasant habit of her nephew; there was one more. Chesky never listened to the end of anyone; he certainly had to interrupt the interlocutor. How to fix this, Jane did not yet know, but she promised herself to do everything possible.

FIRST PHOTOS

The castle turned out to be a feast for the eyes: tall, beautiful, with thin turrets and openwork bridges. After admiring the joint creation, Jane went to the castle to put away the details of the designer in the box. Alina was about to return home, and the girl wanted to put the toys back in place for the arrival of her older sister.

"No! It is forbidden! Beautiful!" Chesky's reaction to Jane's attempt to restore order was, in general, predictable.

The boy never agreed to destroy his creations with his own hands and did not allow others to do so. Usually, Alina put the columns and paths built by Chesky back in place when the boy was already asleep. Recently, the responsibility to clean up after her brother was entrusted to little Nina.

"Yes, it turned out very beautifully..." Jane herself felt sorry for destroying the beautiful castle. And then it dawned on her: "Chesky, I know what we will do!"

Recently, a girl was presented with a great camera for her birthday. Jane decided to capture their common creation with her nephew. Taking out the camera, she took a couple of pictures of the beautiful castle and showed the result to Chesky. The boy was delighted.

"Beautiful! Our castle! Great!"

"Chesky, come on, pose for me next to the castle. People should know by sight the author of such a wonderful structure."

There was no need to persuade his nephew: Chesky, smiling proudly, sat down next to his creation, and Jane quickly took a few shots. Considering the photo session over, Chesky rushed to throw the details of the Lego around the room, accompanying this rampage with loud cries: "Hurrah!" Jane captured this on camera. Mentally sympathizing with her sister, she began to calm her outraged nephew:

"All right, Chesky, enough frolic, let's put things in order."

They put the first Lego pieces together in a box, and little by little Chesky got involved and finished the cleaning himself. Touched by the sight of her nephew fascinated by his work, Jane took a few more pictures. She even had a name for these shots when she was looking through the pictures: "Diligent Chesky puts things in order." Fleeting, Jane was surprised at how different Chesky can be. Voices were heard in the hallway: Alina and Nina returned home. For today, the babysitting job for Jane was over.

WHAT IS GOOD AND WHAT IS BAD

Where did the cute and calm child go? From the moment Alina returned home, Chesky seemed to have been possessed by a demon: he did not let his mother say a word, constantly interrupting her, looked into the bag without asking, pushed Nina away, and then completely began to jump on the sofa, screaming loudly. Alina, tired of making comments to the guy, sent him to a corner so that he would reflect at his leisure on his behavior. Chesky, however, also arranged entertainment for himself out of punishment: he selflessly scratched the wall with his finger and muttered something unintelligible under his breath.

Jane, slightly shocked by such a sharp change in her nephew's behavior, kept clicking the camera. She decided not to say anything to Alina yet, postponing the conversation for later.

In the evening, the girl went to her friend's to prepare for the next exam together, and at the same time printed out photos of Chesky. Returning home, Jane found her nephew very excited. Alina even complained to her sister that she couldn't calm Chesky down.

"Chesky, come here, I'll tell you..." Jane did not have time to finish the sentence. The nephew swooped down on her like a whirlwind:

"And I, and I have..." the words poured out of him like peas from a leaky bag, but it was completely impossible to catch any meaning.

However, Jane tried to listen carefully to Chesky. After a few seconds, the flow of indistinct interjections dried up, and the girl finally managed to insert a word:

"Did you say everything, Chesky? Can I talk now?" The boy nodded, and Jane finally said what she wanted: "I brought photographs in which you are in the lead role. Well, let's see them?"

The girl took out a pack of photographs from her bag and laid them out on the table. Chesky began looking at the photographs with interest. The one on which he put away the details of the Lego, he especially liked:

"I did that!"

"Of course, well done, look how you try to put things in order!" Jane noted that the nephew did not forget to praise himself. "We will hang this picture on the door of your locker so that everyone can admire such a diligent mother's assistant."

"This is a bad photo," Chesky was holding a picture in his hands, capturing him at the moment of throwing toys around the room.

"Yeah, no one likes such ugly behavior. We will hide this photo from prying eyes inside your locker, and only you and I will know about it."

In the following days, Jane constantly photographed her nephew in one activity or another. As a result, quite a lot of pictures accumulated, there was no longer enough space on the locker doors for them, and a new idea came to the girl's head. Once again returning from her friend, Jane gathered Chesky and Nina at the table, laid out two large folders in front of them - a white one and a black

one - and a whole bunch of felt-tip pens, markers, colored paper, and other stationery joys. The girl borrowed a special paper cutter from her friend.

“Let's clean up our photo archive. Chesky, here are two boxes, in one of them you will put the pictures that you like, and in the other - those that you can't be proud of. Let's take a look at this photo. What are you doing in it?”

"I'm putting the constructor back in place."

"Is this a good deed or a bad one?"

"Good! I'm done!"

"What box will we put this picture in?"

“The one with the pictures of good behavior.”

"Great, we'll do that. What are you doing in this picture?"

"Throwing toys."

"What is your behavior at this moment? Good or bad?"

"I'm bad here!"

"No, Chesky, you are not bad, your behavior is bad. In which box should this photo be placed?"

“Here in this, where behavior is bad.”

"That's right, so we'll do it."

Auntie and nephew discussed all the photos in this way, and Jane was convinced that Chesky correctly assessed his actions. The sorted pictures needed to be nicely arranged and appropriate inscriptions were made under each, which Jane did. She discussed each signature with her nephew, telling him why it is good to do it this way, and bad in another way. Chesky willingly came up with names for the pictures: "Chesky is building a castle, he's done well" or "Chesky is jumping around the room and screaming, he's behaving badly." Jane then instructed her nephew to carefully trim the edges of the pictures so that they were all the same size. Working with scissors was not easy for Chesky, and a paper cutter was very useful here. The boy wielded it quite deftly, and the edges

of the pictures turned out to be even. For the future, Jane planned for herself to teach her nephew to work with scissors.

After that, it was time for decorating. Chesky did not differ in special patience and perseverance, and Nina, a great lover of drawing and coloring pictures, came to the aid of her brother. She drew frames around the pictures. Chesky, with apparent pleasure, commented on the most expressive photos for Nina:

"Look, Nina, I'm behaving badly here, I'm kicking the bear," but there was no remorse on the boy's smiling face.

"The bear is in pain, but you rejoice! It's not funny," Nina did not share her brother's fun at all.

"Not funny?" Chesky was very surprised by Nina's reaction, but he did not think about this topic for a long time and moved on to discussing another picture.

Jane was depressed by this behavior of his nephew: the boy reacted in much the same way to his good and bad deeds captured by the camera - he admired himself and had fun. The girl wanted to teach Chesky to distinguish between good and evil, but Jane had a very vague idea of how to do this. Postponing the solution of the problem for later, the young aunt turned to her nephew:

"Wow, how interesting you are talking about each picture! Just a real teacher, we can send you right now to teach children at our school."

"I'm smart, right?" Chesky immediately remembered his habit of constantly asking questions, and Jane almost fell into a trap, but caught herself in time, returning the question:

"Are you smart, Chesky?"

"Yes, I'm smart!" the boy answered his own question with visible pleasure.

"That's what we call this folder."

Chesky liked the idea.

"What do we call the other one?" Nina asked.

"I'm bad," Chesky said.

Jane immediately responded:

"You're not bad, you have bad behavior, of course. Let's call the second folder 'Bad Behavior.'"

Restless Chesky kept trying to quit work and go to play. It took a lot of work for Jane to keep her nephew in place, asking him again and again about what was shown in the pictures, good or bad and why. Nina enthusiastically painted the sheets of papers.

Jane and Chesky distributed the pictures into different folders, supplying them with captions. The white folder was decorated with the inscription: "Chesky is a smart boy. Good Behavior" and the line "Bad Behavior" appeared on the black one.

SCHOOL NAMED ME

Before going to sleep, lying in bed, Jane recalled how vividly Chesky discussed the photos. The girl came up with an interesting idea. In the morning, she shared the idea with her nephew:

"Chesky, I think we need to organize a special school in which you will be the main teacher. You will teach the other guys the rules of good behavior. What do you think?" Jane mentally applauded herself for a great idea, seeing how the boy's face shone with joy.

"Hooray! Great!" Chesky jumped like a frisky kid from the emotions that overwhelmed him.

"I'm glad you like my idea. It will be a school named after..." Jane hesitated, looking for the right word.

"Me!" Chesky shouted. "School named after Me! I will be a teacher!"

"Well, of course, your name, how could it be otherwise," Jane muttered and added more confidently: "And don't doubt it! Let's get the class and students ready."

It was not possible to immediately put the plan into action: Chesky's next building was located in the most suitable place for equipment of the class. As usual, he didn't let anyone take it away.

"Photo! Take a photo!" The boy was very determined, and Jane took advantage of the situation: "Good idea, but isn't it time for you to learn how to take pictures yourself? You are such a smart guy, you will certainly succeed. Come on, take the camera like this, look here, now press this button..."

A few seconds - and the first photo is ready! Chesky had one more reason to be proud of himself. Together, the aunt and nephew dismantled the building, put the parts of the designer into a box, and proceeded to equip the classroom. In the center of the room, Chesky and Jane put a table for the "teacher." The sofa became a place for students. All Chesky's soft toys were invited to these roles, and Jane joined them as a teacher's assistant. The "teacher" himself put on his hat and dad's tie. It was assumed that these details of the toilet would give the boy solidity, but in fact, Chesky looked very funny. The main teaching aids were two folders with photographs – white and black.

"Let's start the lesson. Silence in the classroom!" Chesky tapped the table with a pointer, calling the class to attention. He tried to be serious.

And so the educational process began. Using the example of photographs from white and black folders, the teacher clearly explained to the students what is "good" and what is "bad": "Throwing toys and jumping on the sofa is bad, look, children, at this picture. This one is very ugly, and mom will be upset. And look here - I collect toys in a box and put them in their place."

Jane prompted a little: "Now the room is in order. Mom will be happy."

"And these photos are good, here the boy built a beautiful castle and helps his mother with the housework."

The students did not behave in the best way: they made noise, interrupted the teacher, and the teacher scolded them and put them in a corner, and Chesky really liked this part.

Each picture showing bad behavior was balanced by a photo in which Chesky behaved perfectly. He even began to invent bad behavior himself so that later he could photograph the good and explain it to the students.

The boy showed photographs, describing in detail what is depicted in each of them. It seems that Chesky finally got what he always aspired to - everyone's attention. He noticeably calmed down: now he is the most important, he is a teacher, and he has something to tell his students about.

HOMEMADE ABC

One day, when Nina came home from kindergarten, Jane had an idea for a new, exciting project. The school named after Chesky needed more educational materials, so she suggested creating a homemade alphabet book. They quickly got to work: Jane would call out a letter, the children would find an object whose name began with that letter, and Chesky would take a picture. Illustrations appeared one after another: A for apple, B for banana, C for circle. Chesky, filled with a sense of responsibility, took his job very seriously.

Nina then came up with a wonderful idea: to create a manual for mathematics lessons. She and Jane assembled compositions from several identical objects, and Chesky photographed them: one pencil, two balls, three Lego blocks. The time flew by, and they were slightly disappointed when Alina called them to dinner, interrupting their enjoyable activity.

When the children fell asleep, Jane and Alina retired to the kitchen to drink tea and discuss the day. Jane shared the details of their activities at the "School named after Me" and showed the photos taken during the day.

"Jane, why are you putting in all this effort?" Alina sighed. "Chesky is who he is. You can't change him. I'm exhausted."

"Why are you so sure? I've heard stories about people changing, even learning to do something."

"Stories are one thing; real life is another," Alina shrugged.

Jane knew her sister had tried at first but had quickly become too tired. She thought Alina had given up too soon.

"Alina, you know I use my friend's printer to print the photos. There are so many now, and it's not convenient for me to keep asking Eva. Maybe we should get our own printer?"

“That’s actually a good idea. Chesky has calmed down a lot thanks to your projects. I’ll talk to my husband; I’m sure he won’t mind.”

Chesky embraced his role as a teacher, diligently preparing for each lesson. He no longer had time for pranks; it wasn’t fitting for a teacher to behave poorly. During lessons, Jane was actively involved, asking questions and sometimes playfully scolding the “students” for not paying attention.

New lesson topics required new materials. Jane and Chesky collected them during walks, photographing trees, houses, cats, dogs, and children playing in the park. They prepared textbooks about flowers, trees, pets, and even created a guidebook from pictures of the buildings and park near their house. Next, they planned a book about the seasons and a manual for physical education, featuring a series of photos of Chesky performing various exercises.

READING LESSONS

Alina often complained about how difficult it was to read to the children. Chesky would lose patience quickly, interrupt, shout, jump up, and run around. Nina would often be upset because she wanted to listen to the story, but her brother wouldn’t let her.

One day, Jane decided to read to the children herself. She chose "The Three Little Pigs." As soon as she started reading, Chesky shouted, “I know! I can read the word wolf!”

“Then you will be responsible for reading ‘wolf’ every time we see it,” Jane said, accommodating her nephew’s eagerness to show off his new skill.

For the first time, Chesky listened attentively to the entire story, waiting for his turn to read. These reading sessions became regular, and gradually Chesky started listening carefully and reading familiar words from the text.

WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER

One of Alina and Jane’s relatives was getting married, and the whole family was invited. Alina was excited but worried about Chesky’s behavior.

“I can’t imagine who to leave Chesky with on the wedding day,” Alina said, not considering taking him along.

“Don’t worry. I promise you won’t have to blush for Chesky’s behavior,” Jane assured her sister. “I’ll take care of everything.”

On the wedding day, Chesky, dressed in a festive suit and armed with a camera, looked very handsome. He approached guests politely, asking to take their pictures. His charm and politeness won everyone over, even the newlyweds posed for him. Throughout the evening, guests complimented Alina on her wonderful son. Jane, as promised, spent the whole evening with Chesky, marveling at how well he presented himself.

When they returned home, Jane whispered to her nephew, “Well, teacher, you have a topic for a new lesson: ‘How to take wedding photos.’”

LIVING PHOTOBOKS

A few months later, the work at the School Named After Chesky continued with unwavering success. Jane and her nephews kept creating new textbooks and improving the old ones. Chesky's parents also joined the process.

The father of the family, who often had to travel for work, was only home on weekends. Sunday lunch became a special family tradition: Chesky would tell his father about the new subjects at his school and how the students behaved. His speech was now clear and coherent, sensibly narrating the news and showcasing his educational materials. Dad cherished these family gatherings, finding comfort and warmth in the memories during his long trips. In gratitude, he would bring gifts useful for the school or new materials. The biggest gift came on Chesky’s birthday: a real camera. Jane had returned to live with her mother, and Chesky needed his own tool.

People who knew Chesky from before were amazed at the changes in his character and behavior. He had become a very responsible boy, clearly distinguishing between “good” and “bad.” He no longer stooped to pranks, now proudly bearing the title of "Teacher" and setting an example for his students.

Nina occasionally brought her friends to lessons at the School Named After Chesky, expanding the circle of students. Chesky directed his boundless energy into inventing new subjects, compiling new photobooks, and reworking old ones: adding and removing pictures according to his ideas.

"Our photobooks are alive! They either get fat or lose weight," Chesky commented on the changes.

He was especially pleased that the white folder "Good Deeds" was getting thicker, while the black one was losing weight day by day. Jane played a part in this: during her visits, she always photographed her nephew's progress.

The days spent with Chesky profoundly impacted Jane as well. After successfully passing her final school exams, she decided to study to become a child psychologist, convinced that Chesky had helped her make this choice.