

Nick and The System



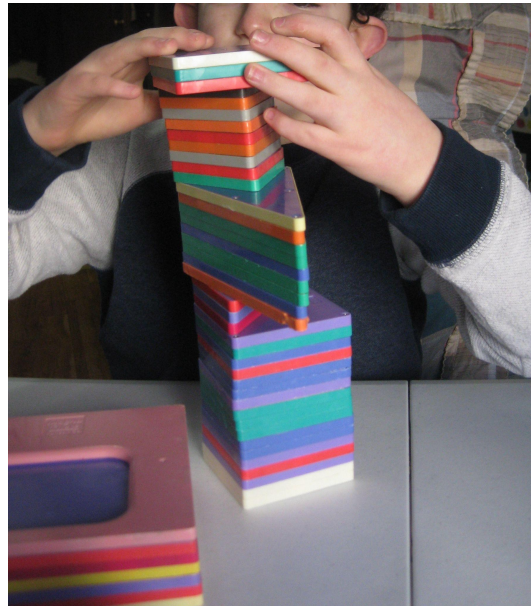
SYSTEM and its RULES

The last child with whom I worked showed that there was no place for me in The System. All Ways to adjust to it collapsed when it became impossible to observe the main principle "Do No Harm!"

We worked individually with a boy named Nick who had all the signs of autism. Officially, there was a different diagnosis ... although all the signs were present there. Yes, it didn't matter much. Nick lived with 11 other special boys who were placed in the care of the state by their parents. The parents were not interested in Nick, and by and large no one was particularly interested in him, despite the fact that the child was special not only in his official status, but also in essence.

Nick began to speak independently at the age of 13, breaking the official dogma, according to which the development of speech in children with autism stops after 8 years and it is useless to engage in the development of speech. If a kid doesn't speak, the speech is no longer developed by specialists ... This is how the System works. Our Psychologist did not encourage us to develop speech in children if the child had any attempts to speak. He referred to speech as some kind of self-entertainment of the child and urged us not to interfere with the child's entertainment. Therefore, such an important event as the fact that Nick began speaking at the age of 13 was left without attention. Our employees were obedient and did only what they were supposed to do and said only what they were supposed to say ... This was how it was supposed to be done in public places where the so-called "transparency" reigned, that is, everyone was watching

everyone So it is accepted and so it is necessary. Therefore, when I started to ask for approval working with Nick, the manager who knew me for many years, was apprehensive about giving me that job . But I still persuaded him with my stubborn perseverance.



TROUBLEMAKER

Nick used to sit quietly on the guys lap in the fetal position, sucking his thumb or playing with their hair. The guys were busy with their phones and everyone was happy. He was very cute and everyone constantly squeezed and kissed him.

When we started working with him, he began to change. Became active and mobile. He no longer wanted to sit meekly on staff's knees, he wanted to explore the surrounding space ... which was not safe and it was no longer good. The space was not adapted for the independent functioning of such children. Every second supervision was carried out and the responsibility of the staff for the children entrusted to supervision forced them to facilitate their work. Sitting motionless child gave peace and rest. A small salary forced workers to take many hours and rest was natural and desirable. The staff used to protest the perpetrators . I've become a troublemaker



THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT

There was also a milk's boxes issue. Nick loved the boxes in which they carried milk around. He called them "baskets" Colorful and attractive. They were scattered all over the city, and when a box lay on the street, Nick became restless, broke free and wanted to run to the box. Staff complained. Almost every child with autism has a favorite subject or a favorite topic on which he focussed. The official tactic is to deprive the child of what he loves so that he would not be obsessed and would start to love other things. Prohibit and take away. Turn kid's head away from passing trains, not let you look at them as he loves it too much

Of course, I had the opposite approach. "Forbidden fruit is sweet!"... make it available and it will lose its power. When I dragged such a box into the residence there was a serious protest from the staff. It was not possible to find out and discuss the details of Nick's unwanted behavior. The staff reacted aggressively. The instructions for interacting with Nick said in black and white "Not allowed!" and that's it. The orders of the authorities must be followed.

The box was blue. I also planned to get the red one to teach him colors. I washed the box and hid it, they found it and threw it away. I washed it again and hid it in a bag and put it out of sight. Only I took it out during our working hours and hid it back when left. Nick liked to look through the lattice base of the box for a couple of minutes ... that's it. He could put it on his head like a helmet. After that, we used the box as a basketball basket or as a book or game stand and various other amusements. His reaction to the box became calm and there were no problems. Now it has become available and the acute desire has faded. On the street, we went to school, where such boxes were dumped and had training by putting them one into the other. If there were boxes along the way and he tried to reach for them, it was enough to say that those boxes were not ours-we could not touch them.

All these manipulations were carried out either behind a closed door or on the street. Everyone saw that the child became different, that at any time he was glad to go with me, and obeyed me in everything. However, if something from my approach was found in the general territory, they immediately began to correct me and teach me how to do it right. At first I tried to object, arguing that if they would do as I do, then the problem would disappear altogether on its own. No one wanted to listen trying to object, but their objections could easily be smashed to smithereens. However, the main idea was “you must do what you are told, and say only what is supposed to be said.” we were not supposed to think, because we are paid not to think, but follow the orders. Initiative is punishable. And then I had nothing to object to.



INITIATIVE IS PUNISHABLE

I have trained myself to remain silent in public places. And then a new guy appeared who was not afraid of independent thinking and for a while I had an ally. It was possible to do something useful for Nick in public places too. But then they began to promote him to the supervisor and he began to quickly reorganize into “I only say that ...” and so on, and I used to shut up in mid-sentence, not wanting to let him down. Sometimes, he used to come to our room and there, behind closed doors, we could exchange what we really thought.

Meanwhile, Nick was becoming a Personality - a person with character and desires. He could make choices, he became responsible for his choice and aware of his desires and actions.

And then they snitched on him, complaining about his aggressiveness, which was not there. Yes, Nick hit people. He hit me too, but it was not aggression, it was completely different. The guys themselves constantly clapped him on the back or on the cheeks ... He was such a cute guy with a charming smile and a funny low laugh ... They just

wanted to cuddle and pat him. He was squeezed and clapped ... and he clapped back too ...but differently



POLITICAL OPPOSITION

It became impossible to remain silent I tried to convince guys that he also tried to clap on you all, only in a different way. That there is no aggressiveness on his face, he simply imitated others. In response, they were angry, they did not want to listen to the evidence, and even more so they reacted aggressively to any ideas and experiments on how to change such “aggressive” behavior

Specialists took up Nick. He was treated by heavy medication .. He was constantly dozing, his hands were shaking, saliva was coming out of his mouth. It was forbidden to discuss his condition ... the topic was closed ... questions hung in the air. The medicine was nevertheless canceled and he slowly came to his senses, again became himself and the “aggressive” behavior resumed.

I wrote to the Psychologist with a request to allow me to make some changes in the public space that would change Nick's behavior and no pills would be needed. He told me to mind my own business. The manager avoided me, he had no power over that. There was talk that doctors have a new drug to try to defeat "aggression" And they applied it. This time Nick was shaking all over and ended up in the hospital. Survived....

After that, I had to stop all activities with Nick to develop his Personality, so as not to develop activity, curiosity for the environment and the desire for any activity in general, so that he could sit quietly on staff's knees, suck his thumb, and the guys would deal with

their phones Everything returned to circles of their own, as The System needs it ...i
left the job and left America

Nick used to love soups a lot. We did many activities with soup theme and read a lot the
book “Stone Soup”, learning different vegetables by finding them in the kitchen
Since then I also started to like soups. Ginger-carrot soup is my favorite.