

## Useless therapy

I have laid on a couch talking about my feelings for the past two years. It all started in the fourth grade when Bruce Minster started tormenting me. At first it was his insecurities coming out by stealing my lunch money throwing notebooks on the floor and as time grew and fifth grade arose I was getting black eyes, bruises the size of a softball, and not to mention the lack of self-esteem from joining choir. Since my mom saw that I was having a hard time she booked me for twice a week of therapy. In therapy she asks me every time if I want to talk about it... I respond

“I’m feeling quite reserved today”

I think of therapy as a room where you talk about “what nobody wants to talk about...” This is basically what my therapy session turns out to be, all thirty minutes of it.

“So Stuart why are you here today?”

“Well, if you must know my mother sent me.”

“So she tells me you’ve been having problems at school?”

“I think the kids just don’t understand me or my gifted brain”

“Have you been working on your negotiating exercises?”

“All the time...”

“Ok well keep up the good work, next appointment will be Thursday.”

After still getting bullied Mother dropped me off for my next appointment and left me in the waiting room full of women and cat magazines... we had another vital conversation. I sang her one of my choral songs then she told me I should stand up to the bullies. I mean, she expects a 10 year old boy with red hair and freckles to stand up to a bully. It wasn’t until we were on our way

home and a piece of sticky paper on a bumper changed my life. “Be the change you wish to see in the world” –Gandhi. That was when I decided I’m tomorrow’s scholar while Bruce is tomorrow’s janitor. It taught me a lesson. The next morning I recited that same quote to Bruce, He looked at me dumbfounded, I think he thought I was crazy never the less I never saw a bruise on my pasty skin again. Simple words by fellow wise ones can change the way you see the world.