

An alternative way of writing about our client: Kevin's story battling with monsters.

Kevin is a 4.5 adorable little Afro-Mexican guy. Kevin came with his foster mother and countless foster brothers and sisters in counseling, because he killed animals (rats, mouse, and a baby cat and hurt really badly the dog on several occasion). Kevin had also night terrors and night enuresis. He behaved really like a monster. He hit, cursed, kicked, and temper tantrum like hell every time he heard the word "no". Sadder than any thing else, Kevin could not feel for others. He had no sense of guilt and empathy and basically took people and treated them as if they were objects. One might guess without being a known psychic that Kevin was probably treated very early on like an object. Indeed, he was with a mother crack addict and prostitute in the South Central area. She abandoned 5 others children before Kevin. (By the way those tree presented symptoms are the basic elements that leads to a syndrome called later: Psychopathy). *I got a little scared of the monster in Kevin.* Everybody in the Clinic thought that Kevin was cute (indeed he is very beautiful). I did not. I thought Kevin needed to be stopped. He acted like a monster. At first, sessions were real quick. Kevin would come in my office and try his tyrannical behavior. He soon learn I would never put up with it (Don't mess with Fabienne!), I gave one warning then brought the monster back to the waiting room where he did his tantrum and bit the foster mother. I had bruises in my legs form his kick and had to try really hard not to slap the monster on his butt. I expressed my surprise noticing that foster mother was letting Kevin bite and call her "bitch". I told the foster mother like a tale the story of my own grandmother that would bite one day the hand of one of her grandchild back just to show him how to access a reflexive posture. Guess what! The child in the tale stopped biting forever. I said I neither could nor would give this advice to foster mother. It is true that it is wrong to bite. That is not a correct answer. Sometimes being radical is not the best wait, even if in the tale the effect was rather imminent. But, I said I wished she would know she was worth more than being called "b... " by a 4.5 years old. Even if the 4.5 years old has been brutally abused. Brutality and abuse does not justify anything. Leaving a child continue to act out the violence he endured damages further a child. Bad words, bad behavior damage also the child who perpetuates these unwelcomed behavior. Something happened. I got the attention of the foster mother. Sometimes we have to tell a shocking story so that it hit the cortex leaving an imprint for a long, long time. I still wonder today if I should have. Well, Foster mother started working with me ever after, and set more and more limits to the monster in Kevin. The sessions with Kevin became longer and longer and raising my finger was enough, no more warning necessary (I told you not to mess with me). And then this *day, special day*, I hear from the foster mother: Kevin is transformed. He shows regard and care for others and sleeps well at night, all through the night. She repeated, as to convince herself that it really happened. The physician said we could stop the meds to help him sleep. Indeed, change happened. I saw Kevin interacting with the foster brothers and foster sisters in the waiting room. It blew my mind. Kevin was sharing. Kevin was helping out. Kevin was even telling an older kid: Look you need to be nice with him. Kevin came and this day, I

knew something dramatic happened. Instead of Kevin's regular game about killing and death and accident with Dinosaurs.

Kevin played in the dollhouse a very different scene, of a harmonious family. There were treats of accident killing both father and mother. For example, Kevin would suddenly change his voice and alter his expression and say: "I will kill you all and destroy you. I will kill mommy and daddy and you will go and live in another family. A mean family, because you are mean". Then a new mother came to take care of the kids. She was nice. Kevin also said these kids "weren't that bad". Kevin started being really concerned about putting all the family to bed in the dollhouse before he lives for the session. He organized to put some tissues operating as blankets, he said "to keep them warm for the week, until I come back to see you Dr. Fabienne".

I held my tears. I looked up to avoid showing my emotions. He was ...doing it. Go on. You can. Nothing is impossible.

Next week was even more amazing. Kevin shows me in the sand tray a scene, and tells me a story, his story, our story: "So, Dr. Fabienne, this is the story of a family of Dinosaurs (He lo...ves Dinosaurs, I re-learned all their names, Brachiausaurus, Tyrannosaurus, Triceratops, archaeopteryx... Thank you Kevin). They fought all the time and were really mean and nasty... until the guard of the desert comes. It is a real nice guard. He teaches them to be kind and to love one another (*sic*) and you know what Dr. Fabienne? They are no more scared, especially the baby because he knows now they have a good family (Kevin's foster mother became her adoptive mother few months ago). They like the desert and they like the guard". I said: Wow! That is a great story Kevin, so they live in the desert. Kevin: (looking at me like I was an idiot: "Yes") And the guard, where does he come from? Where did the Dinosaurs family found him? "Oh!" Kevin said: "the guard is from very far away, because *she* has an accent." "I see...»: I said, so this is now a happy family maybe in a while they don't need the guard anymore and maybe they can learn to protect themselves, what do you say Kevin? Kevin looks irritated: No! They need the guard a little longer: he said. I say: Oh OK ...I think that the guard will stay a little longer, for as long as the dinosaurs' family need *her*.

Kevin stopped killing animals. I have a fake rat in my office (yak!) and he now shows love and care even for this disgusting plastic rat!

The work with Kevin lasted 24 sessions. After that Kevin stated: "I am Ok now, I think other kids needs more the doctor of the heart than me, I can let you go. I am a little sad to say good-bye".

Fabienne Kuenzli, Ph. D