

*The Story Of
Therapy*

Hopeless

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Before you start reading I want to thank you for buying my book, I have put a lot of work into it but i wanted to do something special with it. There are no chapters in this book as it is made to read in one sitting but I have created what I call 'hidden chapters' for the readers who don't have time to do this. This book is fiction but a lot of the stories are based on true events I have witnessed and with these true stories I added an unusual therapy strategy called Provocative Therapy/Coaching to show readers that therapists use different types of therapy than the 'mainstream' view of therapy. I hope you enjoy it.

21.03.2016

I have advised my patients to compose a diary, but I never endeavored to type in my claim. Toxic connections, depression, and I finished up being a specialist. Individuals say that there's a constrain that men can go through. But all the manifestos accept that there's nothing incomprehensible a human can do. Each morning, those considerations would collide in my intellect as the breeze tangled amid, green takes off. I began composing my modern journal nowadays. I have no idea how this journey will conclude, perhaps on a clear page, perhaps in a tears shed page, or perhaps on a blood smashed page. Indeed, Lord Buddha has preached that life may be a circle of bliss, pity, difficult times, and great times. Not knowing the conclusion of this trip, on the 21st of March, 2016 I chose to change over

these clear pages to a mirror that reflects myself, not as it were to me but to any pursuer. When I woke up, I heard Lucy's and Greg's usual morning argument that bored my whole day. I thought of making my apartment a soundproof one with the cash I would get from my VIP patient but many weeks prior he committed suicide. A VIP persistent, Fredrick North, who had millions supplied in his bank account was rationally unstable because his child chose to take after his possessed dreams and not to require over Fredrick's trade. Destitute man, I heard last week that his child has said to one of his near companions that he's aiming to begin a new trade with the money his father cleared out in bank accounts. Why couldn't he do it when his father was alive? In case he didn't need to do it within the starting, why would he do it when his father died? I am actually utilizing stress-relieving

*toys to urge freedom of these sorts of questions
out of my intellect.*

...

I entered the treatment center five minutes earlier than normal. I hung my coat and noticed that Lea, my secretary who was the girl of the chief specialist, was speedily collecting a few records to induce me. She is untidy, not slick in her work but I have nothing to do to deal with her chaos. Within the reception area which was designated for the visitors, a lovely lady who appeared to be approximately thirty-five years old was sitting calmly and discreetly. She reminded me of someone. She raised her head to look at me but gave no signs of a great morning. I went to my room and called Lea to bring me my regular morning coffee. I noticed that the photo frame of my mother had fallen on my table and I raised it. I have asked Lea to open the windows of my room sometime recently. But she is continuously late in spite of the fact that she remembers it.

I opened the window, and a glimpse of cold breeze touched my cheeks, solidifying my whole body. Lea entered the room with bundles of records of patients and when she goes to lay them on my desk she trips and falls.

“Are you alright?” I gave my hand to her and picked her spectacles that rolled under my table.

“Good morning doctor Mason.”

“Good morning Lea. I saw a young lady at the reception. Is she a patient?”

“Yes doctor, I was looking to channel Dr. Kenny for her, but she said that she needs you to treat her.”

That’s a common thing I hear.

“I’m just doing my job” I said

I sat on the table and took the files from Lea's hands that were shaking.

"One of her friends has recommended you to her."

Most of my patients recommend my service to their friends. I wonder how they do it, as they might be recommending me when others ask how they got cured but once it was a totally different experience.

Approximately one month prior, I went to the Coffee Bean Bar, which was very close to my apartment. I saw one of my patients, Miss Woods, laughing and chattering with a bunch of ladies. She didn't take note of me as I was sitting on the inverse side of where she was. Her boisterous voice can effectively listen, and she began talking about me. "Doctor Mason is super pleasant. Oh my, his arms are so big. Believe me, women, he has blue eyes, dim dark hair, and a huge body. I wonder how many

girlfriends he has. When I knew that my treatment sessions were coming to a conclusion, in some cases I had to imagine that I had not healed since I needed to remain close to him, haha”.

Haha, but my prediction was right. I knew that she was cured but I didn't know the reason for her to extend the therapy session. She wasted three days of some other patients' sessions, who would have come to consult me. However, on my way back to exit the coffee bean, I went to her and said,

“Thank you, Miss Woods, for your kind words. I feel like I'm attracting more patients”

I can still picture her face like it just happened.

...

“Lea, ask her to come in”

“Okay doctor.”

My new patient, Luisa Fores, is forty-five years old, neat, and clean. I continuously appreciate the tidiness and cleanliness in each patient that comes to me, in spite of the reality whether it’s a man or a lady. Luisa entered my room, with a glimpse of fear, anxiety, and without any hope. I might see it in her eyes, that she has no hope, and how her life has made her hopeless. Without articulating a word, she stood next to my table, when Lea came to my room, holding a record that had each detail of Luisa.

“Doctor Mason, your new patient is Luisa Fores, she is forty-five years old, and has no record of previous therapy consultations.”

“Okay, thank you, Lea. You can leave.”

I took the file and kept it on my table, offering a smile to my new patient.

“Why are you still standing, Luisa? sit down.” I said, smiling.

“Thank you, doctor.”

“How’s your day Luisa? Would you mind a cup of coffee or tea?”

“I’ve had a lazy Friday morning, doctor Mason. Mm, a cup of tea would be better.”

I rang Lea, asking for a cup of tea for Luisa.

“Alright, would you tell me, what exactly brought you here?”

“Me, being...”

“Yes?”

“Hopeless.”

“I understand. Did you come alone? With whom do you live?”

I noted down on a piece of paper, that she is a hopeless woman. If she didn't have any hope in her life, why would she come to me hoping that I would be able to help her? She is the second person who came to me being hopeless. I recalled the first person who came to me being hopeless, but I resist the idea of remembering him due to the wanting of moving on.

Luisa stood up and stepped to the window and smelled the air. The air was heavy and I was sure that she would smell the fragrance of jasmine incense sticks that I light every morning when I come to the office room. She turned her head towards me, as I was looking at her calmly, for her to continue her story.

“You are welcome to tell me anything about yourself, Luisa. How do you feel hopeless? You are a nice lady and seem to be strong and beautiful. What makes you hopeless?” Sensing

my eyes on her, she looked over at me and came back to sit as she was. Lea entered the room, with a cup of tea and some cookies. I asked her to offer them to Luisa.

“Sorry doctor, I don’t drink tea.”

I was quite surprised.

“But, Luisa. You just asked for tea.”

“Yes, doctor. I remember. But I just changed my mind.”

“Any specific reason for that?” I murmured, narrowing my eyes, hoping for a definite answer.

“I just recalled something. If I drink this, my situation will be worse.”

Lea kept the cup of tea on the tray back and reached the door.

“Luisa, would you have a cup of coffee then?”

Lea said, looking at me to confirm whether I am happy about her being nice to my patients.

“No dear, thank you.”

“Alright Luisa, if you want to have hopes again, you will definitely have to open up to me and tell me your problems. If you do so, without hiding anything, I will be more than happy to help you.” and that had been the start of it all.

“Doctor Mason, I am living alone. Nothing is left to be worse, it’s just me. It’s only me and I hate it when I remember how social I was.”

“How have you come to living alone Luisa?”

“Because I have no family, cousins, friends, nothing.”

She fumbles for her handbag, searching for a piece of tissue. As she was struggling to find it, I offered her one of mine when she thanked me and wiped her pinkish cheeks with it.

“Okay, let’s start from the beginning. Would you like to tell me about your childhood?”

“Yes, it would be nice to recall those times. But doctor, once I leave here and go home, I will be lost again and think about ending it all.”

“Don’t worry Luisa. Let’s talk about your child. Why don’t you taste some of our chocolate chip cookies? Those are nice.” I wanted to taste one, but I didn't do anything that would disturb my conversation with the patient.