

# NOVETATS INFANTILS

## OCTUBRE 2024

Excuse me, you're who again? he said. I told you. I'm her sister. My name's Yolandi. I honestly believe that her silence is a way of her unfitting herself for the real world, do you know what I mean? You can't take it personally. It's her way— Of course I know what you mean, he said. I'm not sure that I agree with you but of course I understand you. I'm telling you that I don't have time for a silly game that— Silly game? I said. Sorry, I said, but did you just call it a silly game?

He was walking away from me. Wait! I said. Wait, wait. A silly game? The shrink stopped and turned to look at me. After just one visit with her you're refusing to help? I said. You're some kind of esteemed psychiatrist. You're just fucking dismissing her out of hand right in front of her? My sister is vulnerable. She's tortured. She's your patient! She's begging for help but wants to assert one small vestige of individual power over her professional curiosity, even? Are you not... do you not have any professional curiosity, even? Are you not... do you not have any professional curiosity, even? Are you not... do you not have any professional curiosity, even?

I'll have to ask you to keep your voice down, said one of his nurses from behind her bunker. She aimed a semi-automatic machine gun at my head. The shrink spread his legs and folded his arms and stared at me while I ranted. He smiled at the nurse and shrugged and appeared to be enjoying himself, like I was a giant wave he was really looking forward to surfing later in the day after pounding back a pitcher of margaritas and complacent that you won't even let her communicate with you with words written down on a piece of paper? I said. Why can't you just do your job? I don't want to argue but I mean are you honestly telling me that you won't listen to her?

172

Listen, said the shrink. You're not the first family member to take out your frustration on me. Okay? Are you finished? I'm sorry. He walked away, down the hallway and into a room. Because, I shouted after him, if you won't help her then who will?

I apologized to the nurses for causing a scene. I'm so angry, I said. I'm so desperate. I'm so terrified. I'm so angry. I don't know what to do. I repeated these phrases. The nurses nodded and one of them said yes, that's understandable. Your sister isn't cooperating and— I cut her off. I said no, please. Please don't blame it on my sister. I just can't bear to hear that right now. She's not evil. I was whispering. I willed myself not to raise my voice. I can't take that right now, I said. I didn't say she was evil, said the nurse, I said she wasn't—I put my hands up around my head like I was trying on a new pair of headphones. I had lost my mind. I thanked them for their something or other and left Intensive Care.

I walked down six flights of stairs but on the second one my cell rang and I said hello. Hey Yolandi, said the voice on the other end. It's Joanna. (Somebody from the orchestra.) I just wanted to tell you how very sorry we are about Elfrieda and I'm wondering if there's anything we can do. I'd like to send something. I just don't know what. Flowers?

Imagine a psychiatrist sitting down with a broken human being saying, I am here for you, I am committed to your care, I want to make you feel better, I want to return your joy to you, I don't know how I will do it but I will find out and then I will apply one hundred percent of my abilities, my training, my compassion and my curiosity to your health—to your well-being, to your joy. I am here for you and I will work very hard to help you. I promise. If I fail it will be my failure, not yours. I am the professional. I am the expert.

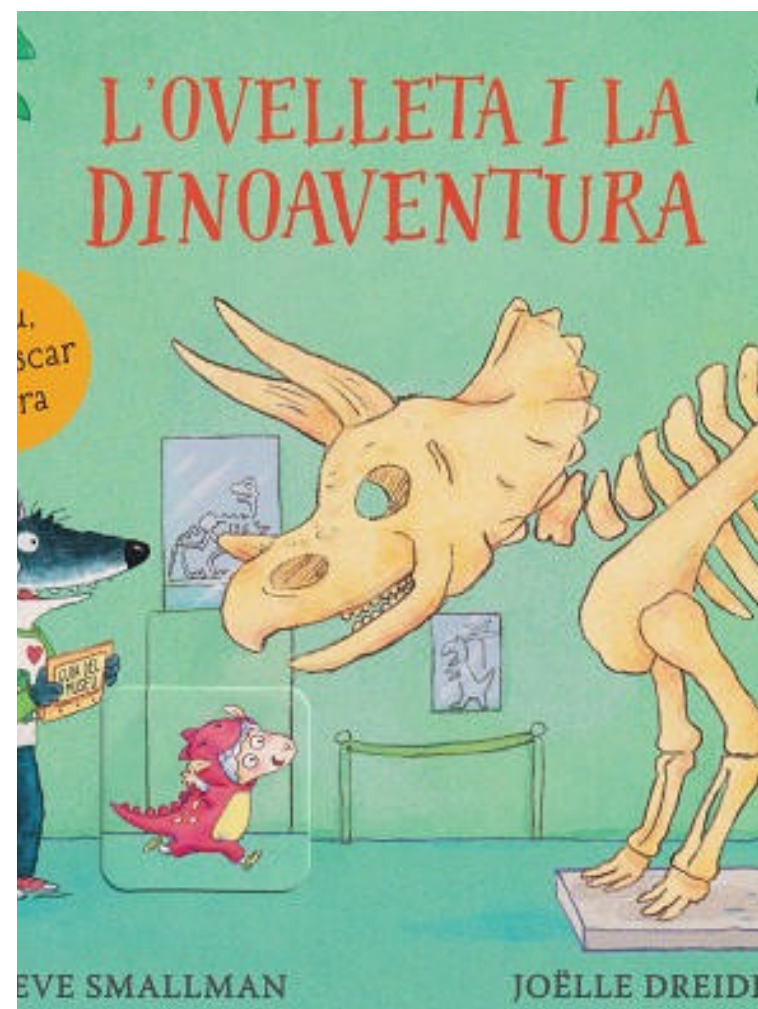
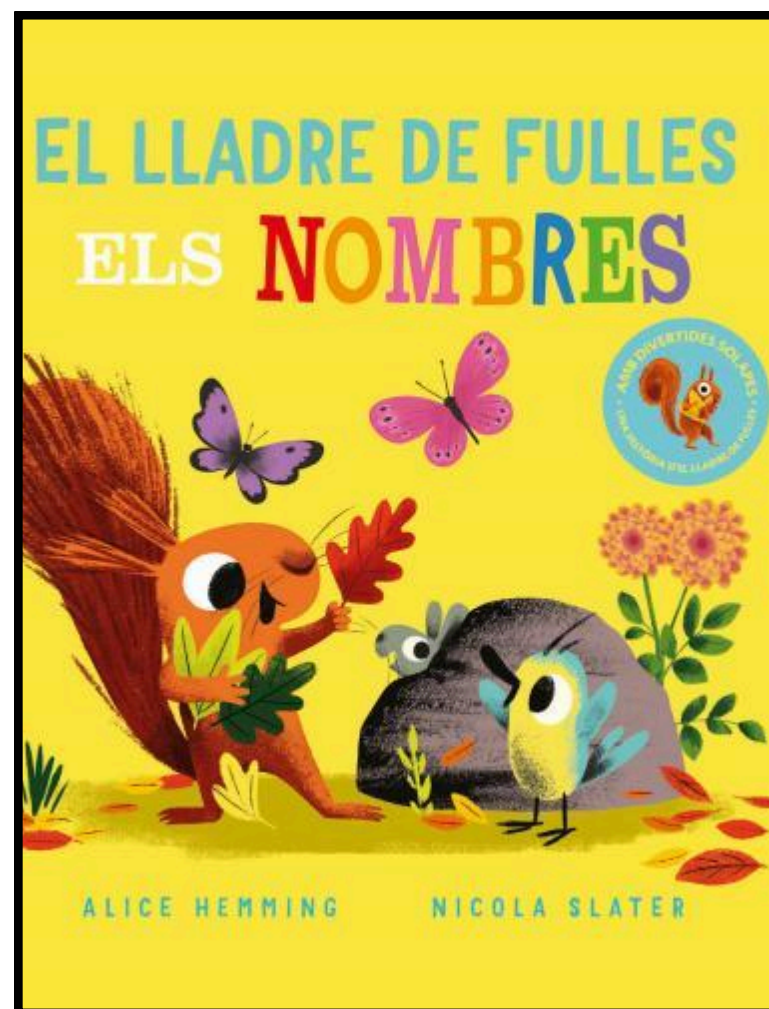
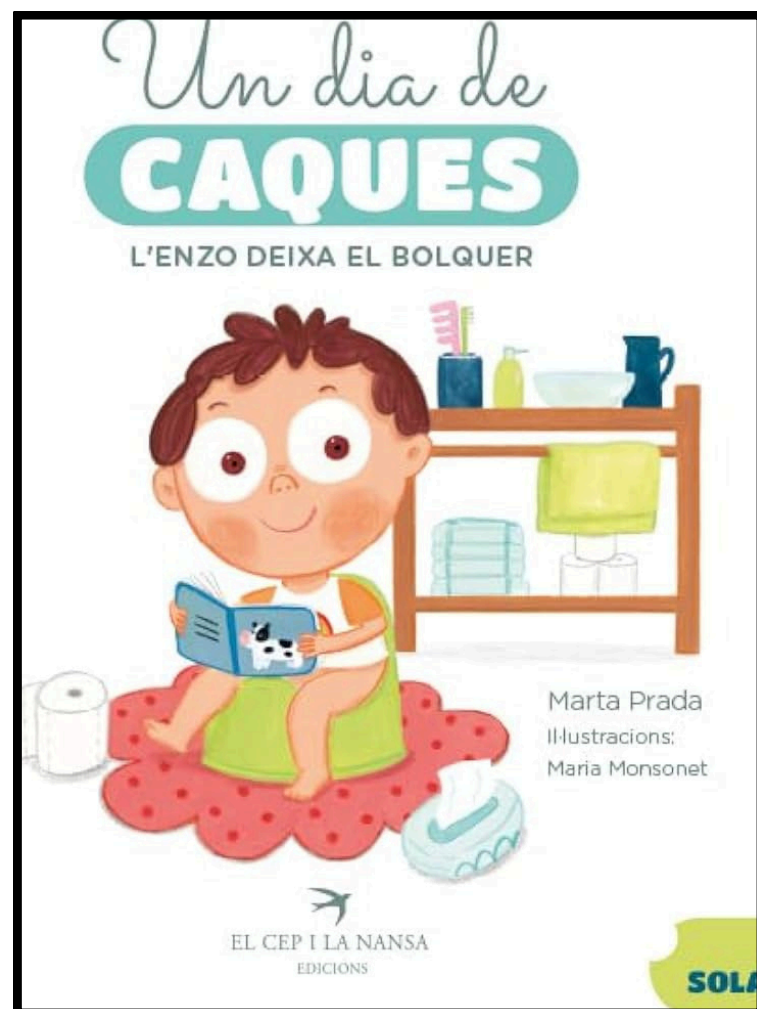
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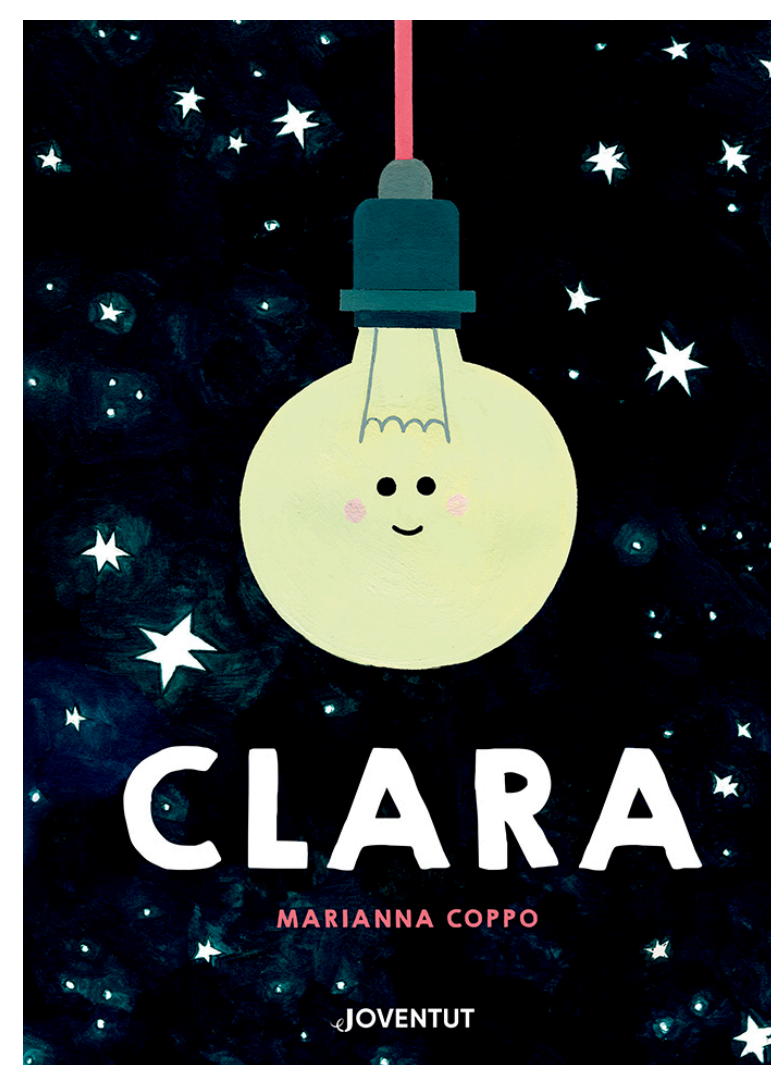
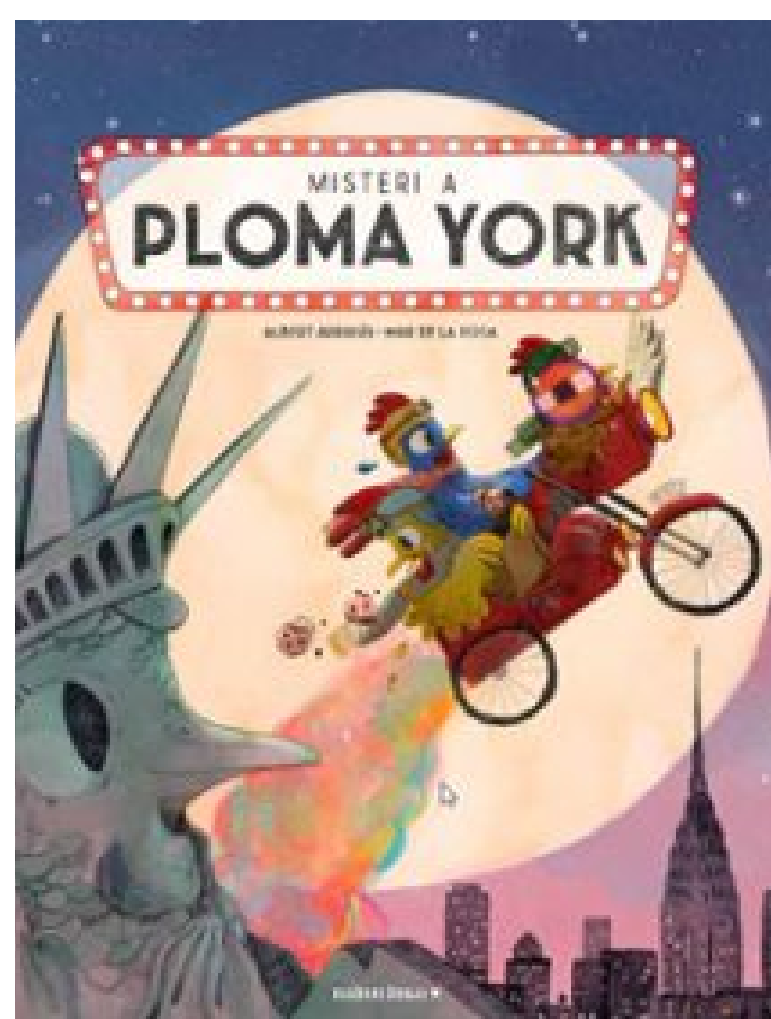
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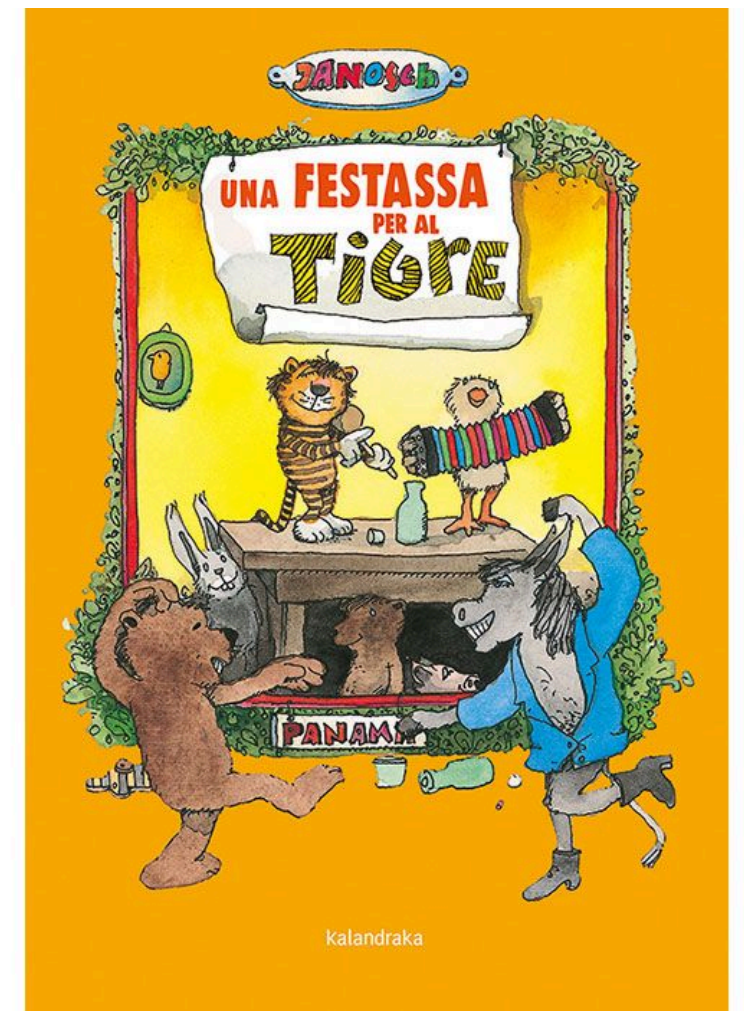
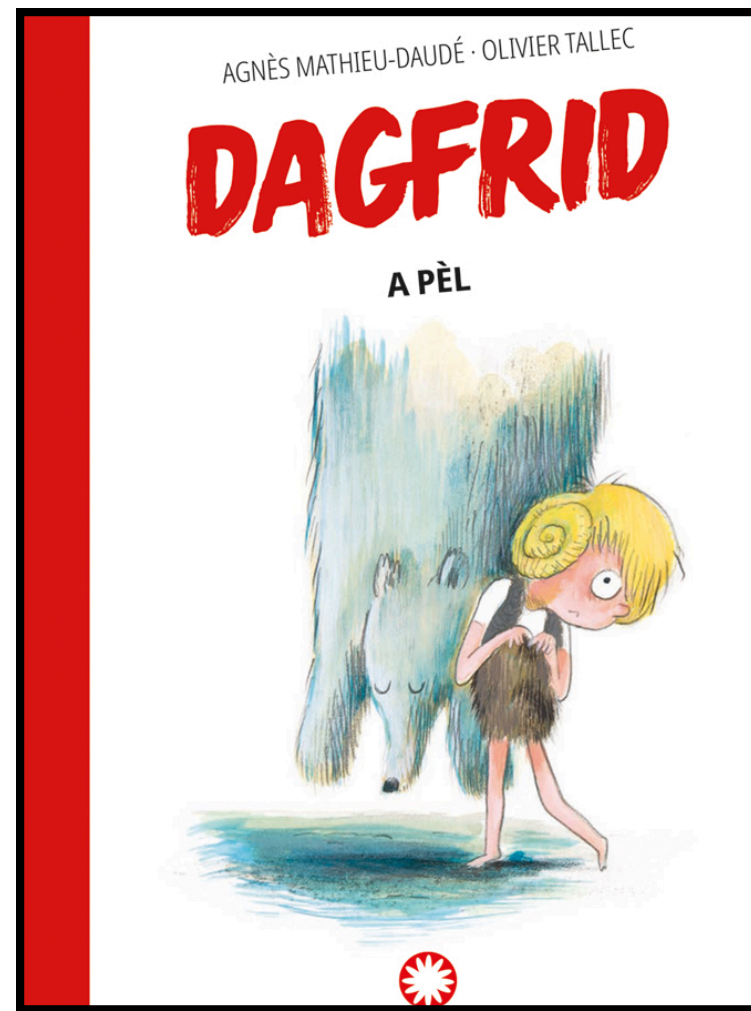
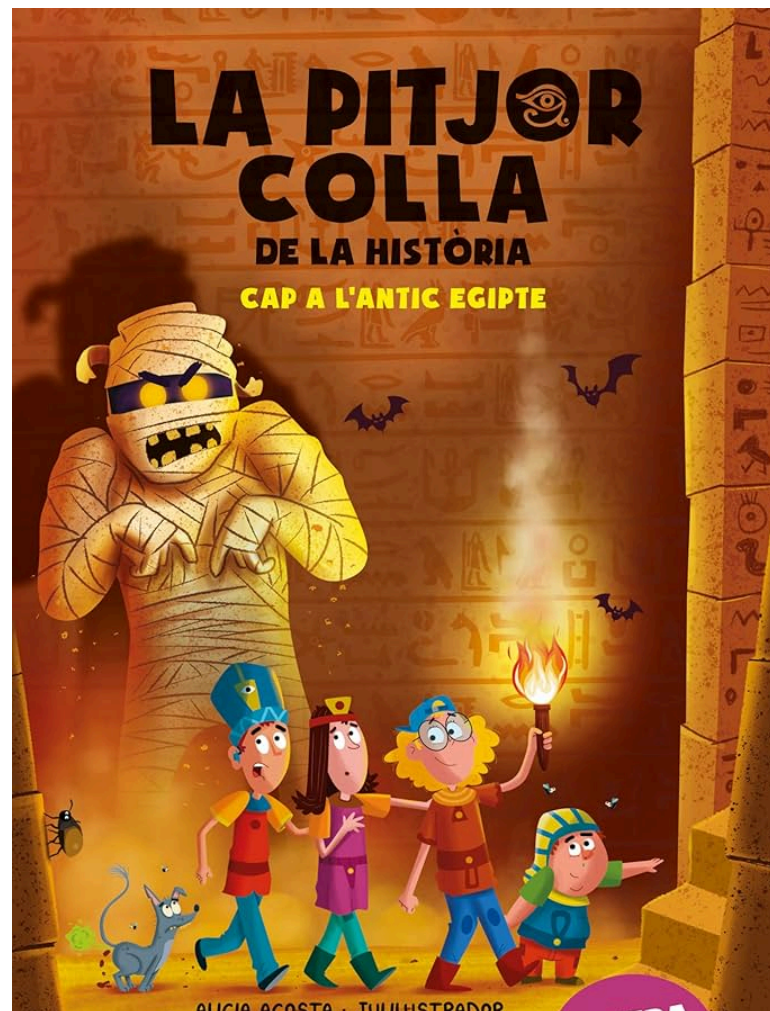




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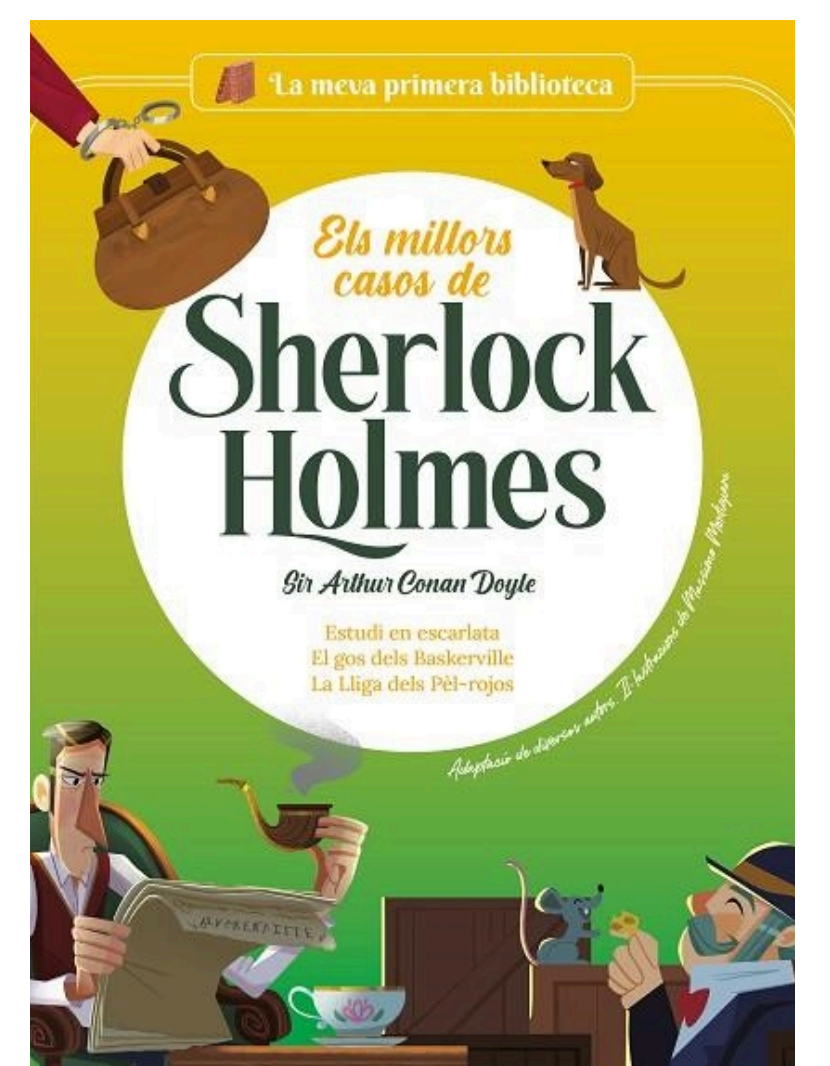
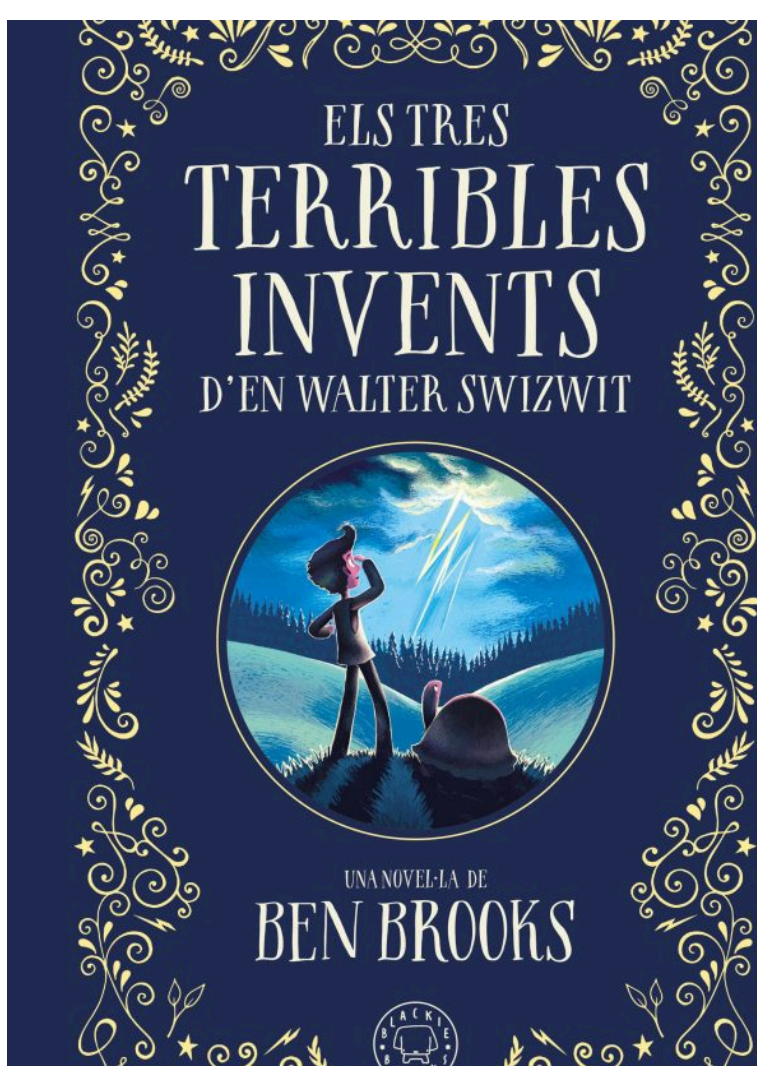
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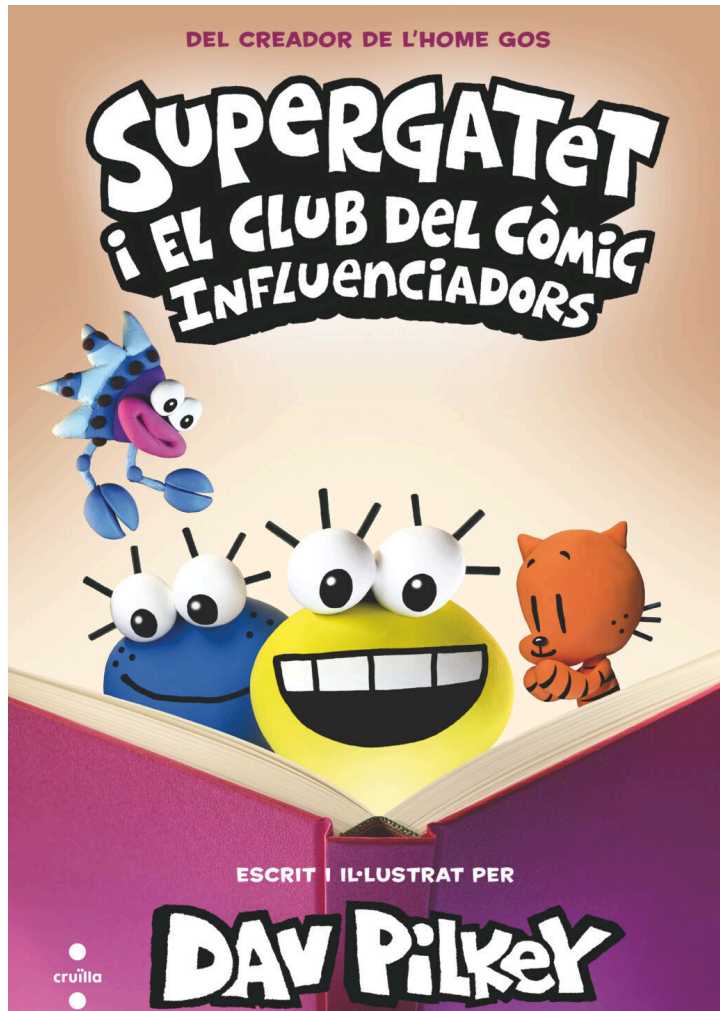
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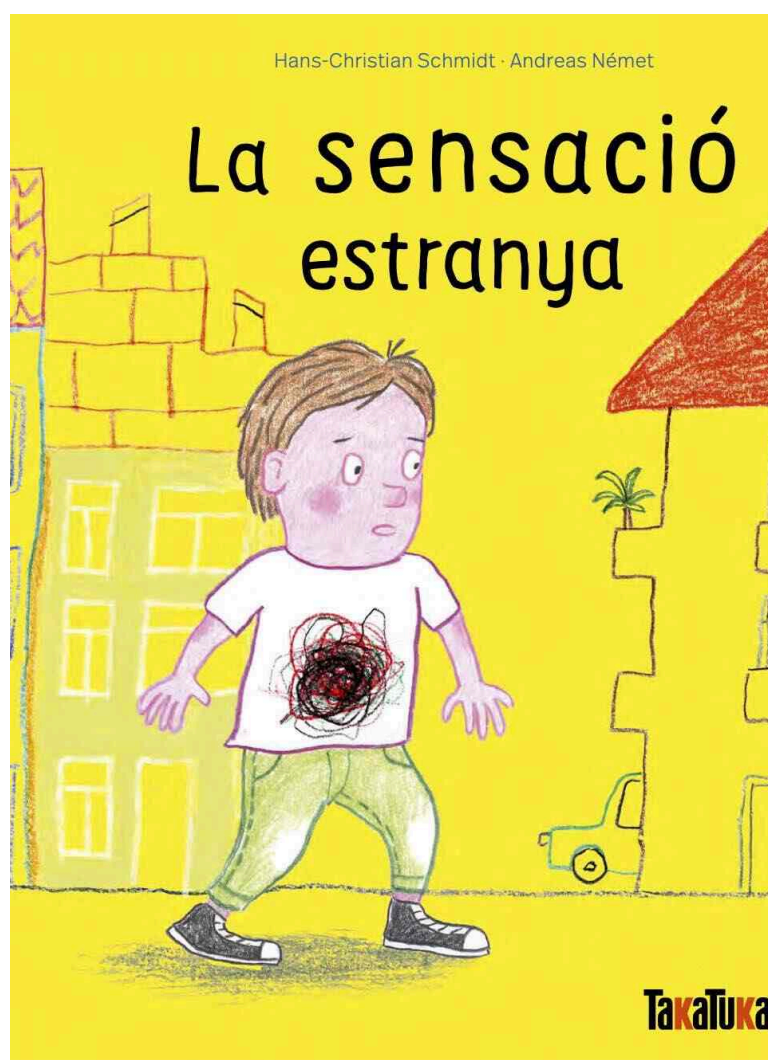
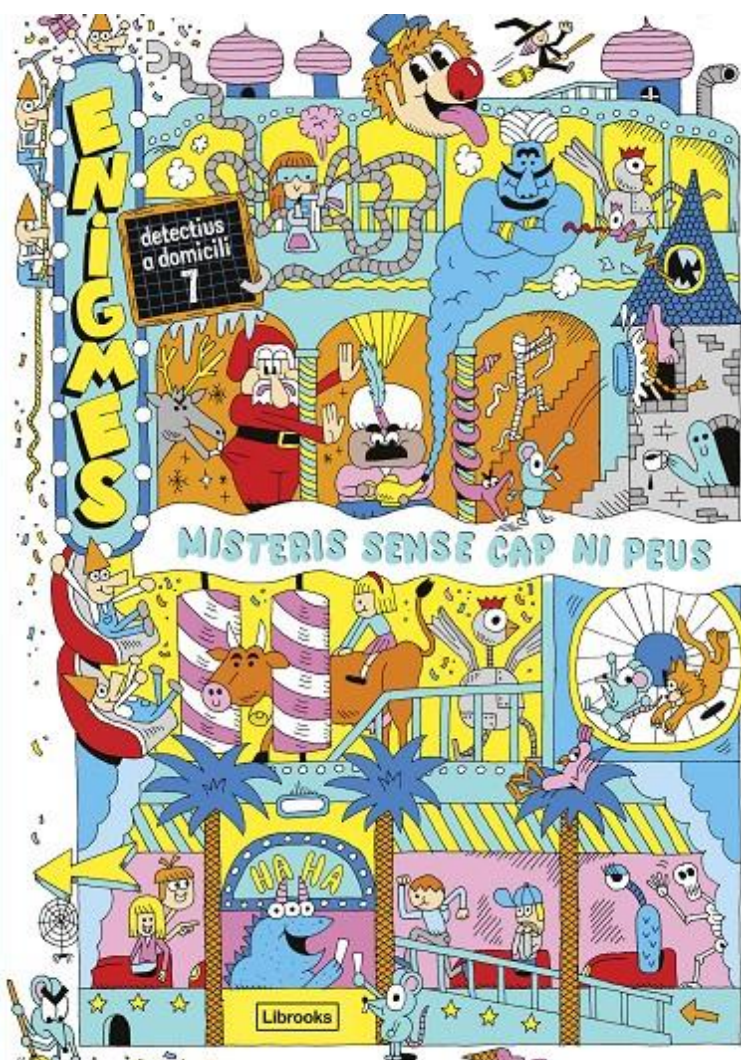
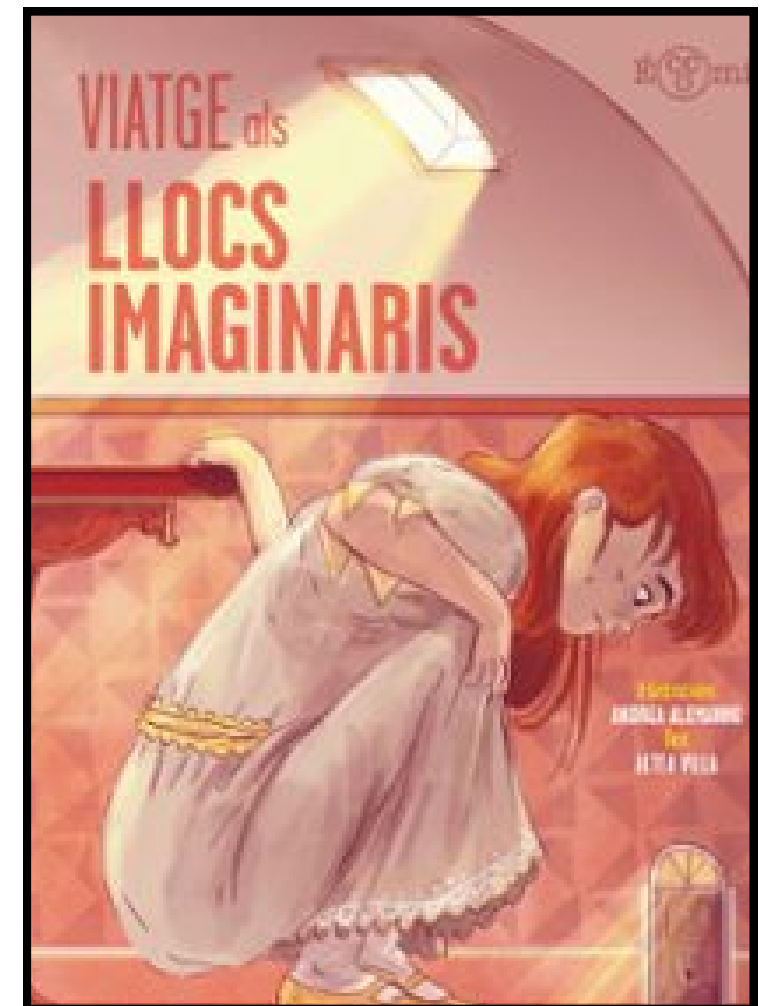
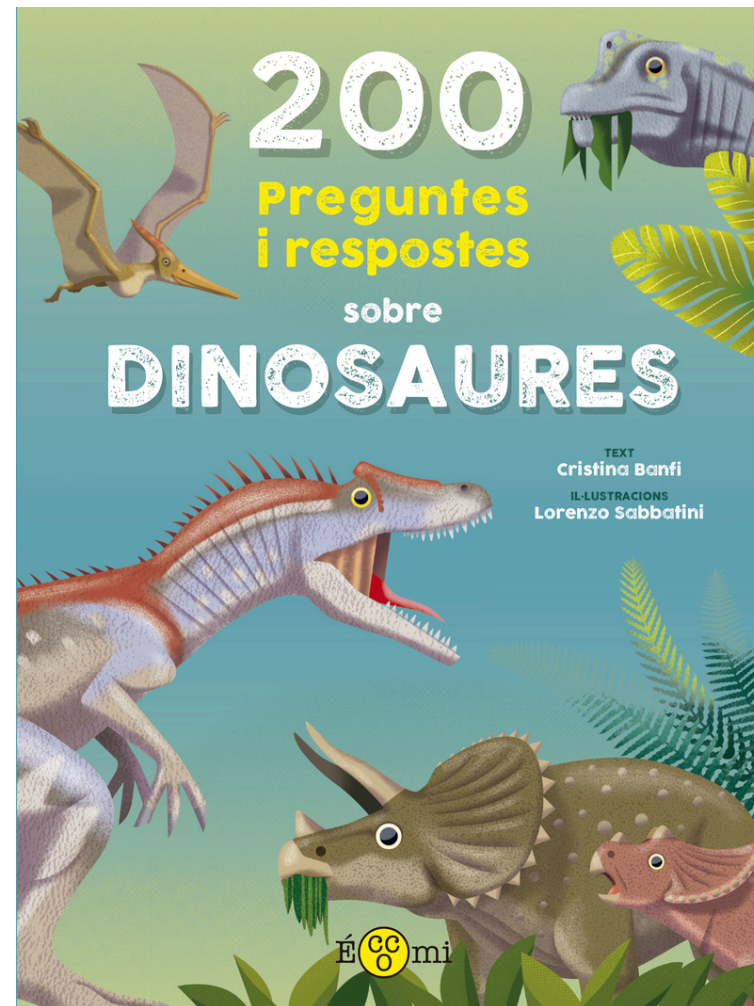
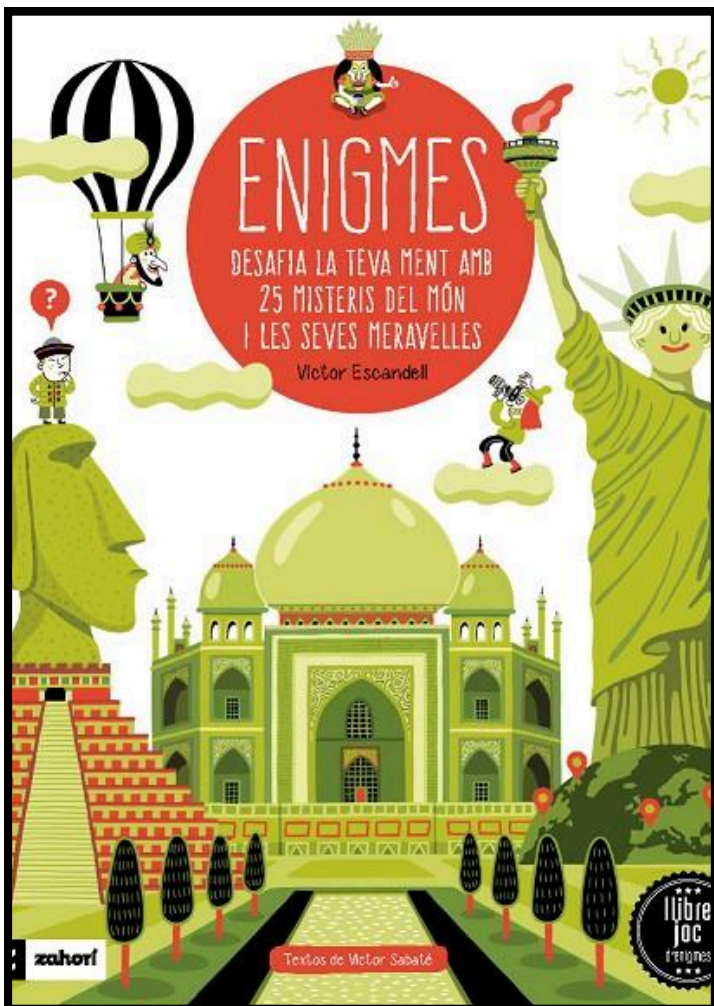




# Còmic



# Coneixements





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