

My story

I do it
my way



by _____

Hi, My name is

Here is my story.

Once upon a time,
a tiny baby (me!)
started to grow in
my mummy's tummy.

I was only as big as
this at first.



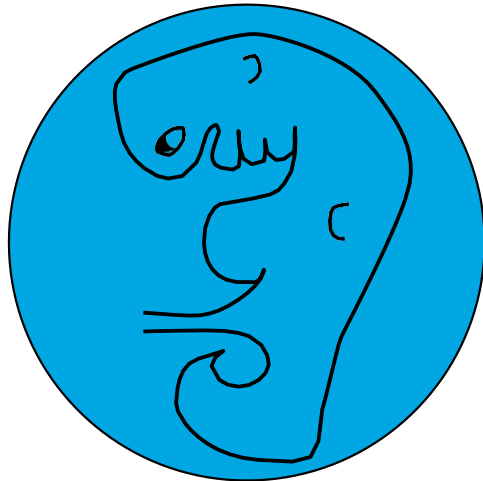
By the time I was four
weeks old my heart
was beating.

I had a head and my eyes, ears and my backbone had started to grow.

I was as big as this,



but looked like this.



Look at the pictures.

Look at my eye.

Look at my ear.

You can see where my arm is just starting to grow.

My legs grew too, but a little later.



The lines show how long I was at

4¹/₂ weeks



5¹/₂ weeks



6 weeks



7 weeks



As I got bigger, my arms/ fingers/hands didn't finish growing, as they should do, no one really knows why.

The rest of my body kept on growing until I was big enough to be born after about 40 weeks in my mummy's tummy.



I was born on

and my family called me

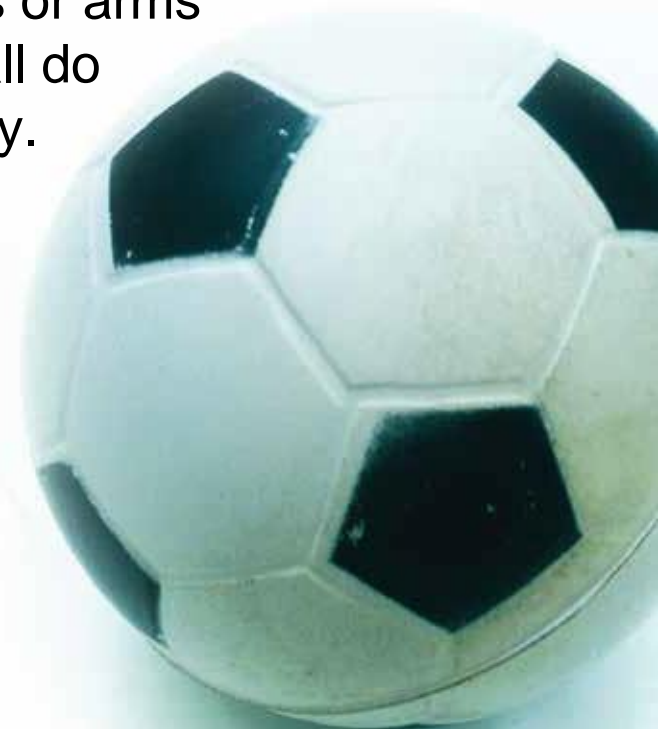
Here is a photo of me.



I am just the same
as you, but I look a
little different!

I play the same games
as you and do the same
things, but I do them
my way.

There are other children
like me who have
different hands or arms
and they can all do
things their way.



When you catch a ball you use both hands, but we can all catch a ball too by using... one hand and an arm or using both arms or using one hand and a special hand or by using both feet. There are lots of other clever ways.

What can you do with your feet? Some children even write and draw with their feet. Can you?

A special hand can be made in a hospital called a limb centre. A special hand helps you to hold things just like your hands do.

Special hands can do many things. They can help to hold a fork, a pen or help to grip things, like my bike.



Not everyone needs a special hand as they can do things just as well with what ever limbs they have.

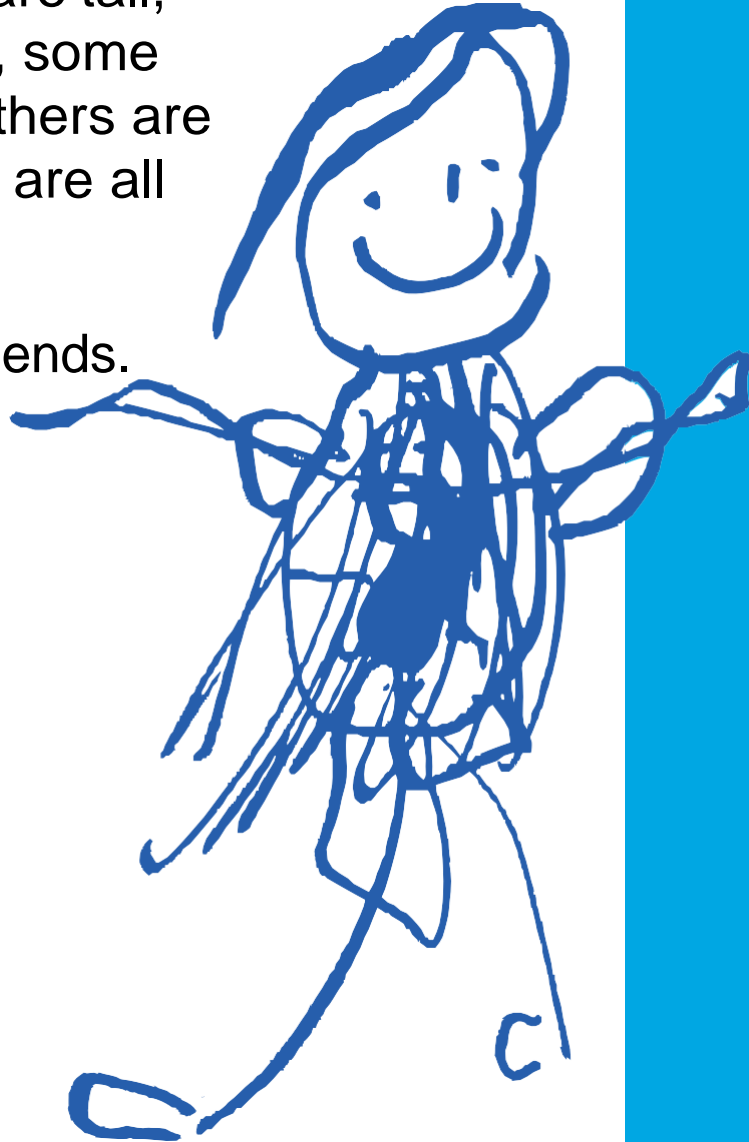
Sometimes, instead of a special hand the doctor does an operation to help. There are lots of different operations.



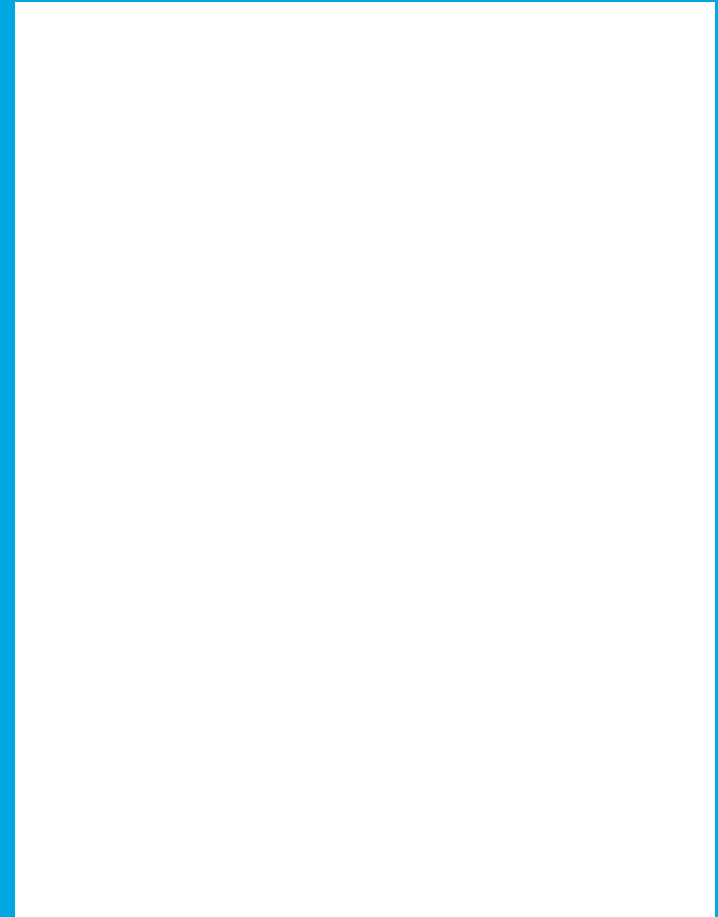
When I meet new children they sometimes want to see how I do things for myself. It may be the first time they have seen someone like me and they are curious.

All my friends know that I
am just the same as them.
I look a little different,
but some children have
glasses, some are tall,
some are short, some
have red hair others are
blonde, so they are all
different too!

But we are all friends.



This is a drawing of me.



The end.

Helping children with upper limb differences live life without limits.

Written by Wendy Mathias and Viv Ibbotson
Senior Occupational Therapists

Reach Charity Ltd

A company limited by guarantee. Registration no. 07054164.

Registered charity no 113454

Email: reach@reach.org.uk Helpline: 0300 365 0078

