

DMD and Me



Based on a true story

Written by Chris Harmon and Sue Nuenke

Illustrated by Sue Nuenke

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Parent JOIN THE FIGHT.
Project END DUCHENNE.
Muscular
Dystrophy

To learn more about Duchenne muscular dystrophy,
including how you can join the fight, visit ParentProjectMD.org.

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My name is Chris.
This is my family.
I have a mom, a dad,
a big brother
named Joey,
and a dog named Jake.

I also have DMD,
which means
“Duchenne
Muscular
Dystrophy”.





When I was little, my parents noticed that I didn't move the same way that Joey did when he was little. I could think, talk, laugh, smile, and play just like Joey,

but I didn't crawl the way he did. I crawled by pulling myself with my arms.

Joey started walking when he was one year old.

I started walking when I was one and a half years old.

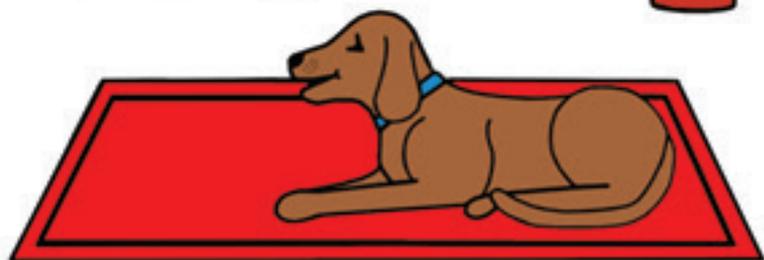
Sometimes I walked on my tiptoes. I couldn't run fast because my legs weren't very strong.

I fell down more often
than Joey ever did,
but I always got up again!

When Joey went upstairs
to play, I would follow
him by crawling up
the stairs like a
mountain climber.

When Joey came back
down, I was
right behind him

bump,
bump,
bumping
on my rump!



My parents took me to
Children's Hospital
and a nice doctor
did some tests.



She moved my arms
and legs and
I showed her
how strong I was.

She tapped on
my knees to see if my
legs would kick.

She asked me to sit on
the floor and get back up.
It took me longer
than it takes Joey,
but I did it!

After all the tests,
the doctor told my parents
that I have DMD.

She said that my muscles
don't have enough of
something called
dystrophin.

Dystrophin helps muscles
grow and keeps them
strong.

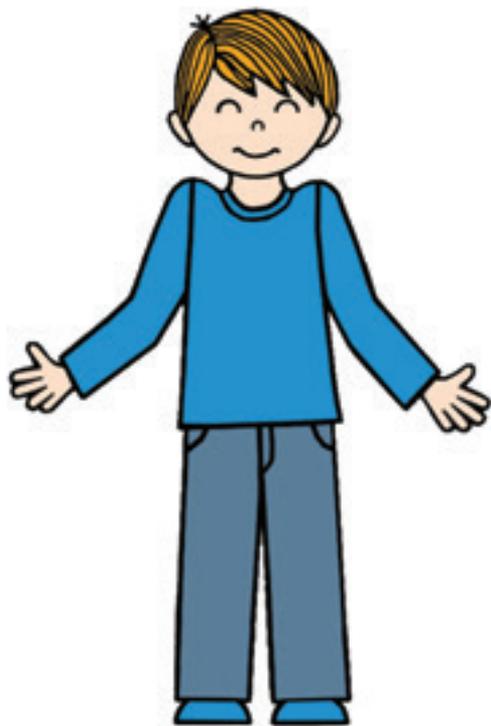
My mom and dad looked
sad when they
heard the news.



I didn't feel any different.
When I looked
in the mirror,
I didn't look any different.
I didn't feel sad
or mad or glad.

Having DMD is not
my fault.
It's not anybody's fault.

Now I know why it is hard
for me to keep up with
Joey and my
friends.



I'm not
lazy.

I'm not
sick.

I'm not
bad.

Other kids cannot get DMD
from me. It doesn't work
that way.
It's not like having a cold.

It is deep inside of me
and I can't sneeze it,
or blow it,
or cough it out.





My favorite color is orange.

I like playing with my friends and making things.

I especially like drawing pictures of robots and mazes. I read books about dinosaurs, race cars, trucks, and bugs. My favorite things at school are Science, Music, Art, and Recess.



I have to be careful on the playground so I don't get knocked down. Some kids don't understand that because I have DMD,

I can fall if they bump into me.





I have been friends with Sara my whole life. We like a lot of the same things. Sara's favorite thing is jumping rope.

When I try to jump,
my right foot goes up when
my left foot goes down.

My doctor said it's
probably best if
I don't jump, so Sara said
I could be her coach.

I count out loud
as she jumps:

1 2 4 6
1 3 5 7

We make a great team!



Joey and I
have a basketball
hoop. We can
make it high
or low, so it is
perfect for
both of us.

Joey is good
at dunking,
I am good
at free
throwing,
and Jake
is good
at
guarding.



Someday, if it gets too hard for me to walk, I might get a wheelchair.

Our friend, Josh, has DMD too. He is older than I am and he has a wheelchair.



Josh can do all kinds
of things and go lots of
places with his wheelchair.

He goes to work, to
restaurants, and to the
movies with his friends.



The people at
Children's Hospital
have helped Josh and
now they are helping me.

There are many



working to find
a cure for DMD.

My parents take me to see



one doctor
for my muscles,

one doctor
for my lungs,

one doctor
for my heart,

and one doctor
for my bones.

The doctors know what
pills I can take and which
exercises I can do to help
me stay strong.

The physical therapist fit
my legs for braces and
showed us how to do some
stretches at home. Mom
and Dad help me with them
and Joey counts out loud
for me.

Now he's my
coach!





My whole family
has learned a lot
about DMD and most
important of all,
we know it is just
a little part of who I am.



A Popping Wheelies Picture Book

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