



This is a story about a little Alpaca called Polly Pickle who lived with her sister Peggy Pickle.

They lived in a daisy field, surrounded by friends and were very happy.

One day Polly went out with her friends...
They twinkled around their favourite field...
They drank from a babbling brook...
They nibbled on some lush green grass...
They sniffed some pretty flowers...
They said hello to some flutterbyes who tickled their noses...
They felt happy.

Then something happened to Polly Pickle that she could not remember but changed her life forever...

She woke up in a different place...
She was no longer surrounded by her friends...
She was no longer in their favourite field...
She could not hear the babbling brook...
She could not feel the lush green grass...
She could not smell the pretty flowers...
There were no flutterbyes to say hello...
She didn't feel happy any more...
She felt something different...
She felt scared.

She could not remember all her friends...
She could not twinkle without falling over...
Her favourite field felt too big and scary...
The babbling brook sounded too noisy...

The lush green grass felt too scratchy...

The pretty flowers had no smell...

The flutterbyes didn't visit...

She didn't feel scared anymore...

She felt something different...

She felt sad...

Now, she had different friends,

They were called nurses...

She was in a different kind of field,

It was called a hospital ward...

She couldn't twinkle without help...

There was no babbling brook or lush green grass...

There were flowers but they kept withering...

There were no flutterbyes, only monitors...

She didn't feel sad anymore...

She felt something different...

She felt lonely...

Then another thing happened to Polly Pickle that she could not remember but changed her life forever...

Sometimes her old friends would visit but not too many...

She was learning how to twinkle again, but needed less help...

She was in another new field...

This one was called rehabilitation...

There was still no babbling brook...

But the grass began to taste a little nicer...

She started to be able to smell flowers again...

And sometimes the flutterbyes would visit...

She didn't feel lonely anymore...

She started to feel something different...

She felt hopeful...

Then, another thing happened!..

Yes!..

Another thing happened to Polly Pickle that she could not remember but changed her life forever....

She was introduced to The Silverlining Brain Injury Charity...

And she found lots of new friends to twinkle with...

New friends can be just as special as old friends...

She could twinkle in her favourite daisy field again but now it felt different...

Different can be good...

There was no longer a babbling brook...

Change can be good...

She could nibble on the lush green grass again...

But now she had new friends to share it with...

There were new flowers to sniff...

And that was wonderful...

There were flutterbyes again - LOTS and LOTS of them...

And that was wonderful with sugar on top!

She didn't feel hopeful anymore...

She started to feel something different...

She felt happy.

And Polly and Peggy Pickle lived happily ever after ☐