



Heather's Happy Skin

Heather Chatham



Heather sat at her desk, squirming. The classroom buzzed with activity, but all she could feel was the prickly tag on her shirt scratching her back. She tried to ignore it, but the itch grew stronger with every passing minute.



During story time, Mrs. Davis read a captivating tale of a brave knight. Heather wanted to focus, but the scratchy feeling overwhelmed her. She fidgeted, unable to sit still, and earned a few curious glances from her classmates.



Lunchtime was even worse. The clatter of trays, the chatter of voices, and the smell of mystery meat all combined into a sensory overload. Heather covered her ears and squeezed her eyes shut, wishing she could disappear.



Recess offered no relief. The bright sunlight stung her eyes, and the rough texture of the playground equipment felt unbearable against her skin. She wandered around alone, feeling frustrated and misunderstood.



Back in class, Heather struggled to concentrate on her math problems. The itchy tag, the buzzing fluorescent lights, and the ticking clock all competed for her attention. Tears welled up in her eyes.



Mrs. Davis noticed Heather's distress. She gently approached her and asked, "Heather, is everything alright? You seem uncomfortable."



Heather, overwhelmed, burst into tears and pointed to the tag on her shirt. "It's so itchy! It won't stop scratching!"

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put up, to long it!" and plot come."



Mrs. Davis smiled understandingly. "Oh, honey, I think I know what's wrong." With a quick snip of her scissors, she carefully removed the offending tag.



Instantly, Heather felt a wave of relief wash over her. The itching stopped, and she could finally breathe. A huge smile spread across her face.



From that day on, Heather and Mrs. Davis worked together to identify and manage her sensory sensitivities. Heather learned that it was okay to ask for help and that her brain just worked a little differently. She wasn't weird or different; she was just Heather, and that was perfectly wonderful.