

My name is Natalie, I am 25 and I have Alopecia Universalis. I have been wearing human hair wigs for the past 2 years and although there are tough days, I am more confident in raising awareness of this condition and telling people my story.



At the age of 12 my hairdresser found a small bald patch on my scalp. I went to the doctors and applied cortisone cream on the bald patch that was no bigger than a 50c piece! My hair always grew back from using the cream. Growing up I enjoyed the simple things in life spending time with my family and friends. But I always seemed to struggle feeling like I belonged in friendship groups through out high school. Just after I had turned 16 my Mum came to me one day and said 'Natalie, you've got a bald patch'. Off to the doctors we went again, over the next four years I dealt with small bald spots but I was always able to hide them well and use cream, which helped my hair grow back.



I began to cope with it, always knowing that these spots would grow back. I turned 21 in 2008 and my hair was getting thinner. I would try so hard not to worry about it, because apparently stress can bring on alopecia. It was at that stage I went to my first dermatologist it was a terrifying experience and the doctor had no bedside manner at all, I tried a cream which was to irritate the skin and with luck assisting the hair follicles to grow back!

This cream was torture; my mum applied it to my scalp every night. The pain and irritation was sometimes unbearable. We then went and consulted with another dermatologist who suggested steroid injections into the scalp. I was committed in trying any possible treatment, so I went and had the injections. Back again I went for another round of steroid injections with little to no success this time.

By the end of 2009 I had tried creams, Naturopaths, Chinese herbs, steroid injections and Hypnotherapy. I had pretty much given up.

During the time I was working at the Heritage Golf and Country Club you would have noticed me wearing a hat in the bar. This caused a stir with most of the male members, as it is a rule no hats are allowed to be worn in the clubhouse. I wore a hat because I had to use double-sided sticky tape to attach my hair extensions on to my balding scalp. Men are hopeless!



In 2010 I was dealt with another blow not only was I losing my hair, but my beloved Pop was dying from cancer. During those months my hair rapidly disappeared and I had to learn to accept the fact I was bald.

I joined the AAAF, they reached out to me and gave me the support I needed. They put me in contact with the AAAF Youth Ambassador Shea!

Shea and I became best friends and with our common bond of being baldies, I found comfort knowing there were other people just like me out there!



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