

Siarrah my true beauty comes from the inside and the people that truly matter to me understand that.

At the age of two my journey started.

We were at the Gold Coast and just had a wonderful day at SeaWorld. Exhausted, mum was tucking me into bed, gently pushing my hair away from my face to give me a kiss good night.

There it was " the bald spot." Within two months I was Bald and Beautiful.

Mum noticed a lot of people assumed why I had no hair but no one ever really understood what Alopecia was.

Mum then contacted the local newspaper, they ran a beautiful story on Alopecia and this created awareness within our small town of Bargara Qld.

18 months later my hair grew back, not as full and a bit patchy but the Alopecia was mainly where my hair fell so it wasn't as noticeable.

At the age of 6 I lost all my curls once again, this time I was a bit conscious of my hair as I was in grade 1 school. Mum wrote a caring letter to all my class mates explaining my condition and my mates were so kind and my Alopecia never became an issue. As the years went by I have been on the unpredictable rollercoaster.

At the age of 8 I was diagnosed with selected mutisium anxiety, I was unable to look at people trying to communicate with me and I defiantly was not going to talk to anyone.

At the age of 9 I was completely Bald and Beautiful again. No hair on legs arms eyes face nothing at all. I always had red eyes from dust, ear infections and scared terribly from mozzie bites. Mum was aware stress and anxiety were the triggers to my hair loss, she then focused on me as a person and the healing process began.

Mum enrolled me in; Swimming for health and fitness, Netball for team sports, piano for relaxation. Dancing for personal development. I also see a Kinesiologist once a month to help me with my healing from the inside.

Now at the age of 11 I'm still bald and its Ok, I've tried a few different wigs but all seem very uncomfortable especially living in Yeppoon Qld, hot and humid. I now have a fantastic hat collection and I can wear a bandana to school, swim cap to swim in and a bandana on the netball court.

One day my goal is to remove my hats and my bandana's and find true acceptance with my condition. One day I will walk proud Bald and Beautiful in public and I will accept my condition. I know I'm not ready, just yet, my whole family supports me and loves me just the way I am. They all understand I need to process this journey my own way in my own time.

I now talk in public, I enjoy my very busy life style that my mum has created for me, I have wonderful friends, my life is good.

It's OK not to have hair, it would be so much easier if I did but life sometime gives you challenges, it how you embrace those challenges that matter, my true beauty comes from the inside and the people that truly matter to me understand that.

Thankyou for taking the time to read my story.



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