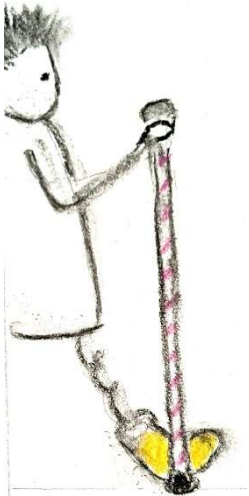


Grandma, Parkie and Me



Written and illustrated by
Vanessa Lynne

Grandma, Parkie and Me

**For the little people who love someone with
Parkinson's Disease**

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I love Grandma. I've known her all my life.

We do lots of things together.

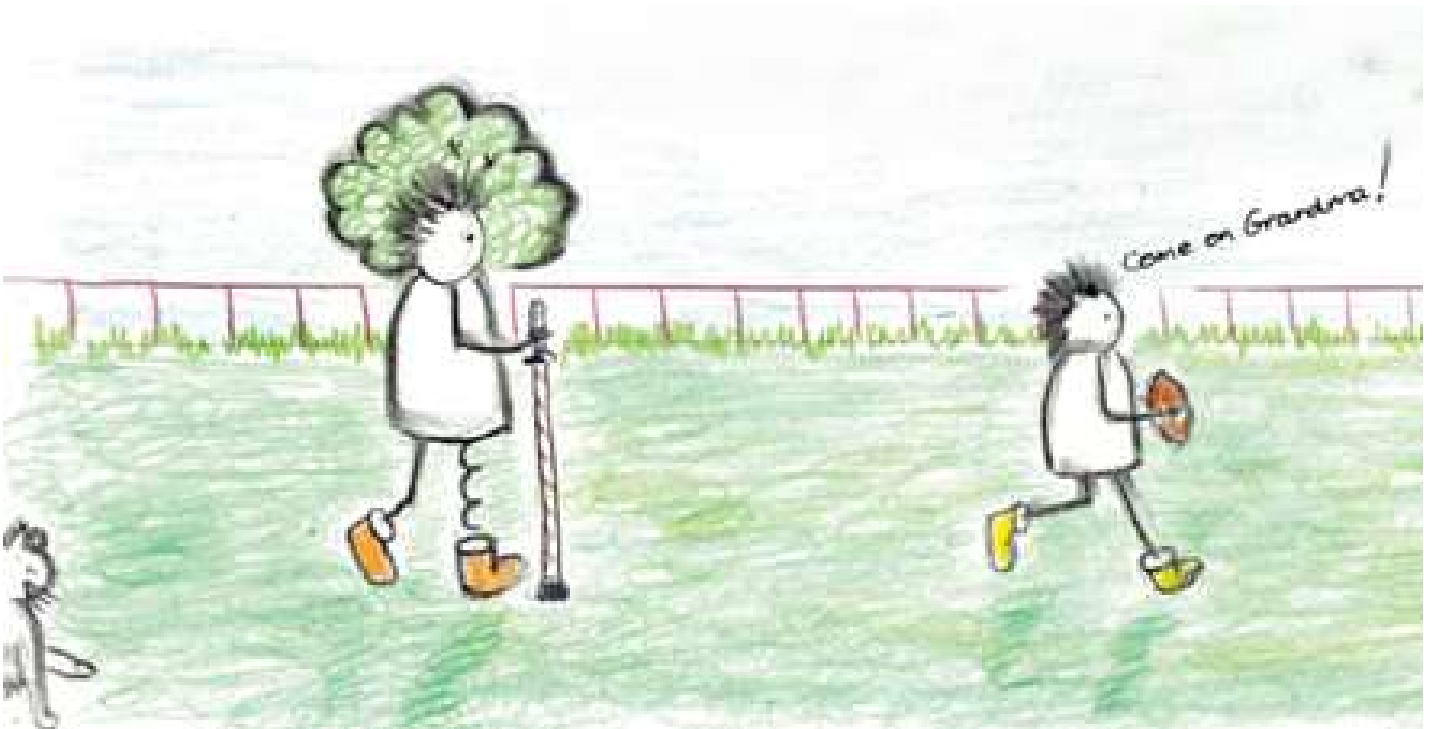


We go to the park.

I run ahead because Grandma is
v....e....r....y slow.

She has a wonky leg. Sometimes it works.

Sometimes it doesn't.



When her leg is wonky, she says it's Parkie's fault.

Grandma says Parkie makes her arm and hand stiff as well.

I asked her who Parkie is and she said it's like having an invisible friend, but not a nice one.



Some days Parkie makes Grandma very tired.

When she rests, I play quietly with my toys.



Grandma says Parkie is inside her brain

And she will always have Parkie.

That makes me sad.



Grandma says Parkie runs in her family.
So she knows why she has Parkie.

Most people don't know where their
Parkie comes from.



Grandma told me that there are lots of people with a Parkie of their own.

Everyone has a different kind of Parkie. But they are all very annoying. That's what Grandma says.



Grandma works really hard to slow Parkie down. She goes to the gym, rides her bike, learns to speak another language, makes things and does lots of puzzles.

She's also very happy and laughs a lot. Parkie hates that.



If Grandma is having a bad Parkie day, I try to help her.

When we go out, I hold her hand so she feels safe.

At home, I make sure I pick up my things so she doesn't trip over them.



Even when Parkie is giving Grandma a hard time, she loves to bake goodies for the family. She lets me help her, and doesn't mind if I make a mess.

Baking cakes and biscuits together makes us both happy, especially when we eat them!



I wish Grandma didn't have Parkie.

Maybe one day the doctors will find a way to make it go away.



Until then, it's Grandma, Parkie and me.



A note to the big people

Parkinson's is a complex, annoying, and often humiliating disease. At times it can feel as if you are possessed by an uncooperative and vindictive being manipulating your brain to make your body do things over which you have no control. Parkinson's is hard enough to understand oneself, but even harder to explain to others, especially children.

This book grew out of my desire to explain to my grandchildren, in simple terms, why I can sometimes function normally, and at other times be completely at the mercy of Parkinson's.

I have expressed Parkinson's as Parkie, the olive green, cranky cloud that hangs over Grandma's head, going everywhere she goes. The child narrator is every one of my ten grandchildren rolled into one. The compassionate, the thoughtful, the clever, the loving, the funny, the curious.

Without my grandchildren and the rest of my loving family, Parkinson's would be giving me a much harder time. But with their collective love and understanding, I am living my best life.

Dedicated to my husband Roger, my children and partners, my step-children and partners, and all ten grandies. I love you all.



Any royalties made from the sale of this book will be donated to organisations that fund research into more effective treatments and an eventual cure for Parkinson's.