



Dad took him to the doctor,
and as Jack sat on his knee, he said

"All these yawns and aches,
do you know what it could be?"



"You have type 1 diabetes, Jack," she said with certainty.
"Now come stand over here and imagine this with me."

Jack felt so uncertain. What would this all mean?



Could he still play football?



And eat chocolate ice cream?



They were busy having fun in a hop-and-skipping race.
When Dad came over and said to Jack,
"You look pale in the face."

"Let's sit down for a while, you're having a hypo."
"We need to raise your blood sugar,
give this gluco-tab a go."



Jack thanked Hayley for her help
when he saw her the next day.

He'd got a question for her
and wondered what she'd say.



"Is the cannula a little tube put underneath my skin?"

"And is it connected to the pump so insulin goes in?"

