DEDICATION:

This book is dedicated to children who need to have an MRI.
On Monday, I got an MRI. I did not like it that much. It is when a noisy camera takes a picture of your body. They took one of my head to make sure my head was o.k. and it is.
Before my MRI, I was at the neurologist.

I almost got everyday medicine for headaches but I got an MRI instead.
My dad told me it would not make a lot of sound. But I had to lie still.
When it was my turn, I had to put all the things that were attracted to metal in a locker. We put in clips, a watch, and a cell phone.
Then they gave me ear plugs. I grinned at my Dad but I was scared inside because it would make a lot of noise.
When I went into the MRI Room I laid on a table with blankets. The table moved into a big box that was open at each end.
I was laying there in a box with airholes.

But soon there was a sound like a fire alarm. I cried but if you move your head you have to do the set all over again.
Then I thought it was music.

But there were more to go!

I thought I was a disco dancer.
My friend Irene also had an MRI. She needed an IV in her arm to help get a better picture.
If you are still scared whoever takes you can hold your hand. My Dad held my hand but not for long.
Each picture had a different sound.

When I left I wished it was not over.
If you do get one, ask for a present and go out for dinner.