

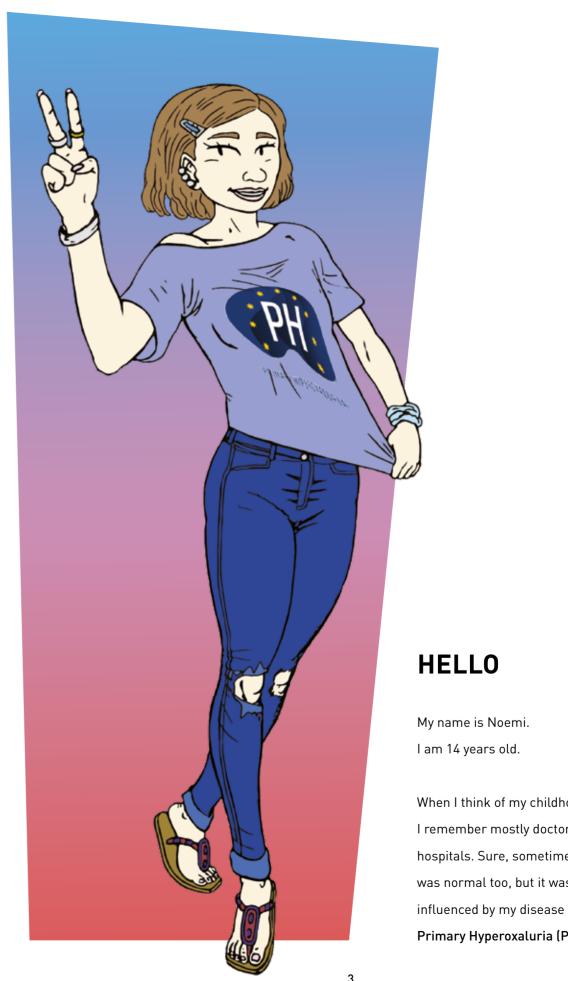


idea:

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Concept, design and illustration: Gipfelgold Werbeagentur GmbH, Bonn, Germany www.gipfelgold.de

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My name is Noemi.

When I think of my childhood, I remember mostly doctors and hospitals. Sure, sometimes my life was normal too, but it was always

Primary Hyperoxaluria (PH).

## But let me start from the beginning:

As a baby, I cried a lot and my parents often felt helpless. Pediatricians reassured them and said babies cry a lot and they shouldn't worry. But when I turned three and still cried all the time, my mother became angry.

"How can nothing be wrong?" she said to the doctor.

"We have to go to a hospital. Because the crying must have a reason. I think my child is in pain."

## And then it all started:

I was thoroughly examined in a hospital. First, an infection of the urinary tract was diagnosed, one ultrasound followed the next, urine was analyzed and a genetic test was performed. I remember doctors and more doctors. I was too little to understand what was going on. I only knew that I was sick and the doctors wanted to help me and gave me many medications. From citrate syrup to vitamin B6 to tablets for my blood pressure.

## The genetic test finally gave information:

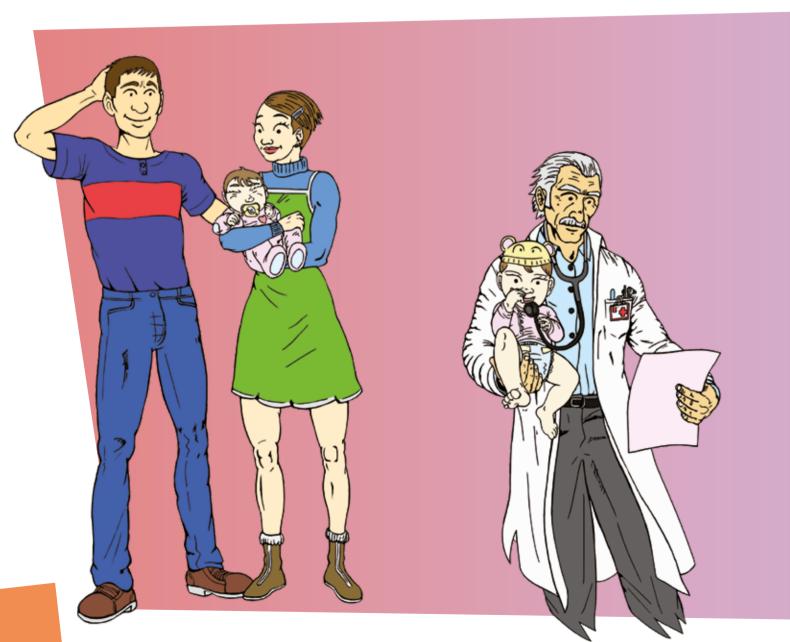
the doctors diagnosed Primary Hyperoxaluria Type 1.

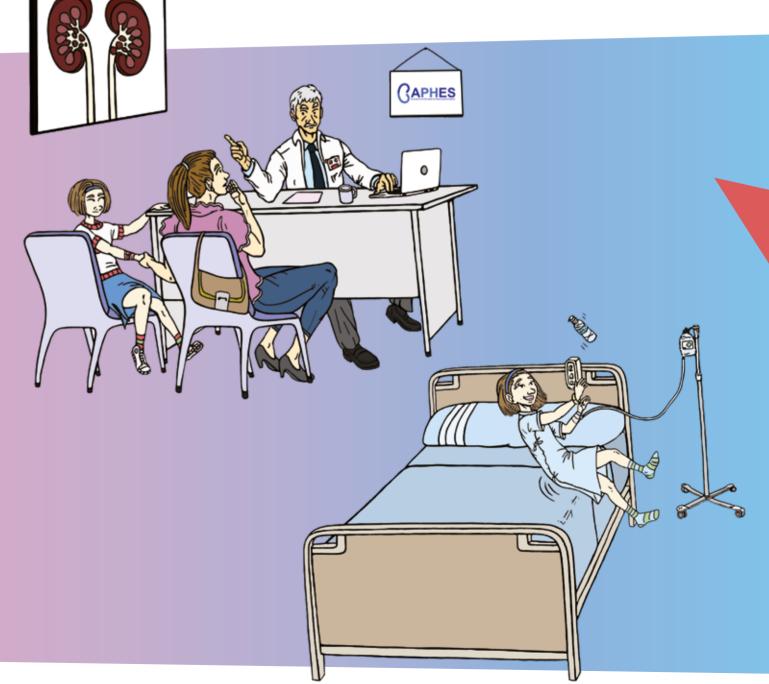
I couldn't even really pronounce it, so how could I imagine anything about it? But I could tell from the reaction of the doctors and my parents that my disease was dangerous.

Now I had to take even more medication. I also had to drink a lot every day. I had to get used to that.

Unfortunately, I also had pain that went up and down in my abdomen starting in my right kidney. They gave me painkillers to make me feel better.

Again and again over the years, my parents took me to the emergency room and I often missed school because I was too sick to leave my bed.





I grew up and wanted to have a normal life. But constantly my mother reminded me to drink enough. And while my friends went to slumber parties, I sat alone in my room.

I wasn't allowed to sleep over at other people's houses because of all the medication. I hated that everything was different with me than with my school friends. I felt like an alien. What was going on in my body?"

