

Toto

*discovers
the tube*



epilepsie bundes-elternverband
gemeinsam meistern

Impressum

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Erstauflage: 2016

Überarbeitung: 2021

Herausgeber:

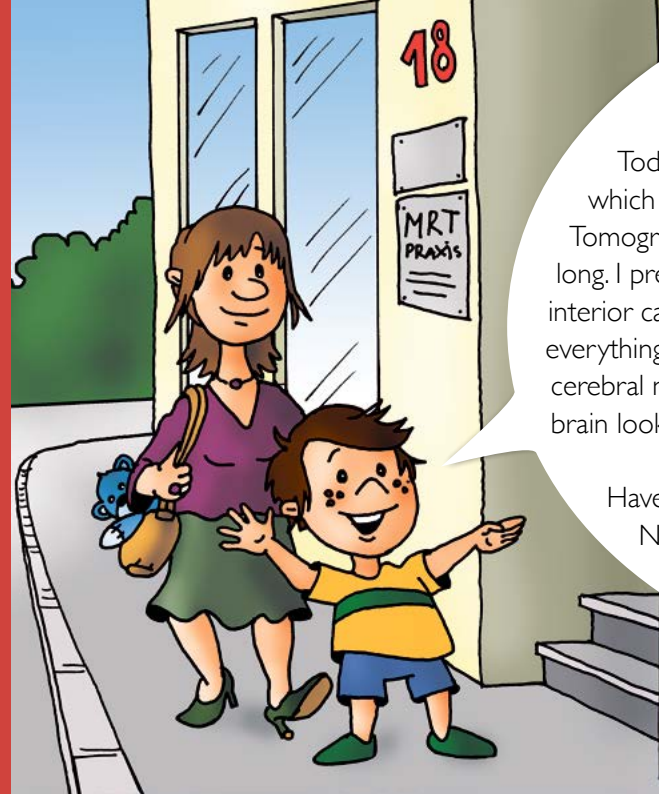
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Hello,
I am **Toto** and I have epilepsy.

Today I am going to see MRT, a check-up which actually means Magnetic Resonance Tomography, but this expression I find far too long. I prefer to say MRT. Pictures of the body's interior can be taken there. You can also see everything inside my head, like my brain, the cerebral membrane and so on. Imagine, my brain looks like a walnut, isn't that cool?

Have you ever been to an MRT-check-up?
No, you haven't? But I have! Shall I explain, what happens?

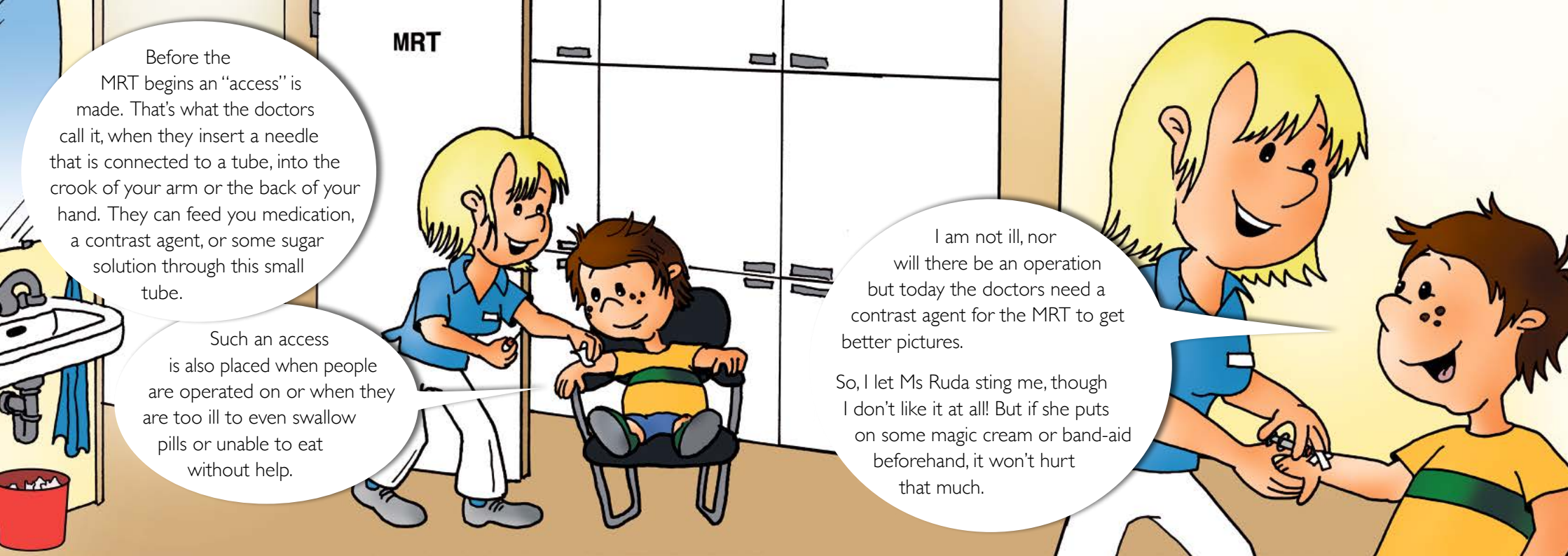
MRT

Before the MRT begins an “access” is made. That’s what the doctors call it, when they insert a needle that is connected to a tube, into the crook of your arm or the back of your hand. They can feed you medication, a contrast agent, or some sugar solution through this small tube.

Such an access is also placed when people are operated on or when they are too ill to even swallow pills or unable to eat without help.

I am not ill, nor will there be an operation but today the doctors need a contrast agent for the MRT to get better pictures.

So, I let Ms Ruda sting me, though I don’t like it at all! But if she puts on some magic cream or band-aid beforehand, it won’t hurt that much.



Before I am allowed to enter the room with the MRT, I have to leave everything that is metal behind: belt, keys, watch, money, not to forget my MP3-player that would be destroyed inside the machine which would really annoy me.

How could that happen? Inside the machine is an extremely strong magnet that attracts anything metallic and of course I wouldn't like to get stuck because of the belt-buckle.



Now we can start: I lie down comfortably on a kind of stretcher behind a sort of big block with a hole in the middle. It looks very much like a huge washing-machine (but one couldn't fill it with water as it would pour out of the hole). But it can take great pictures instead which show the doctors what is inside me.

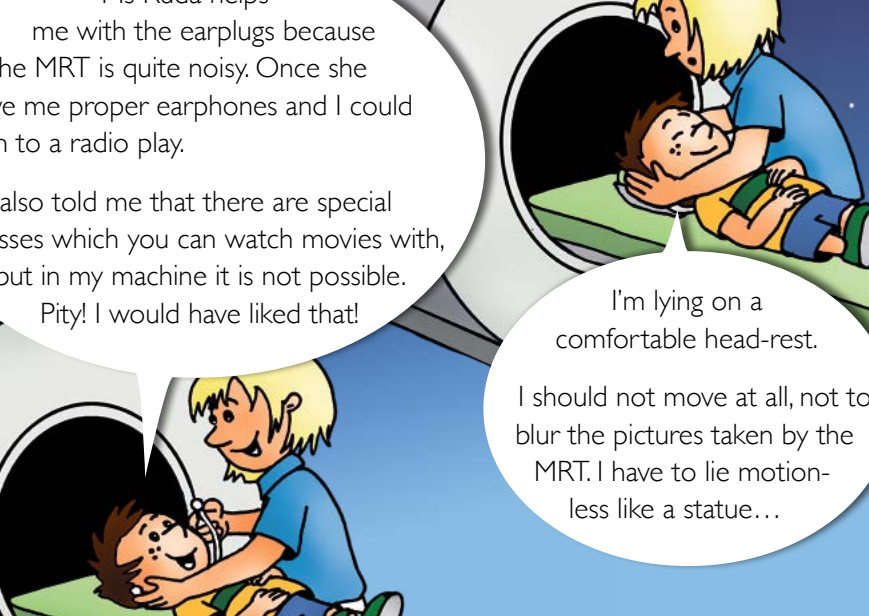


Ms Ruda helps me with the earplugs because the MRT is quite noisy. Once she gave me proper earphones and I could listen to a radio play.

She also told me that there are special glasses which you can watch movies with, but in my machine it is not possible. Pity! I would have liked that!

I'm lying on a comfortable head-rest.

I should not move at all, not to blur the pictures taken by the MRT. I have to lie motionless like a statue...

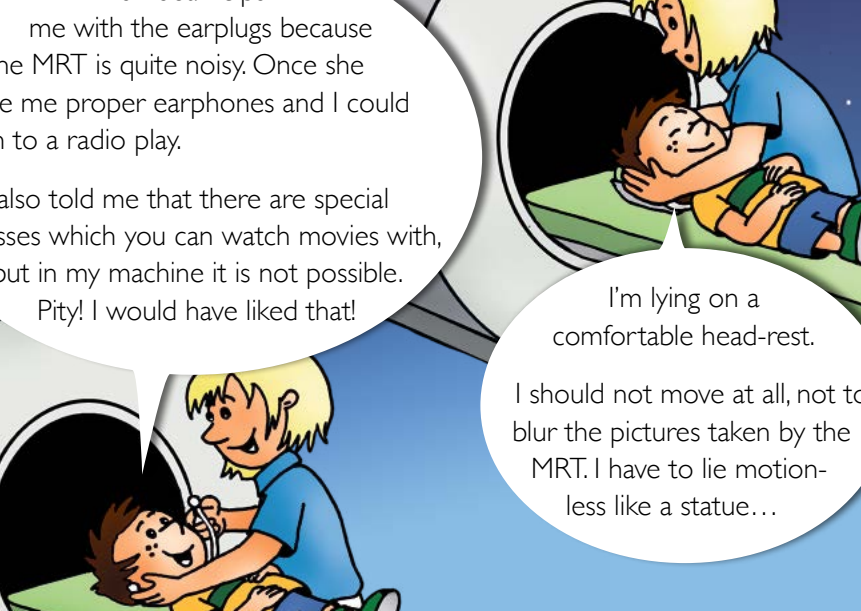


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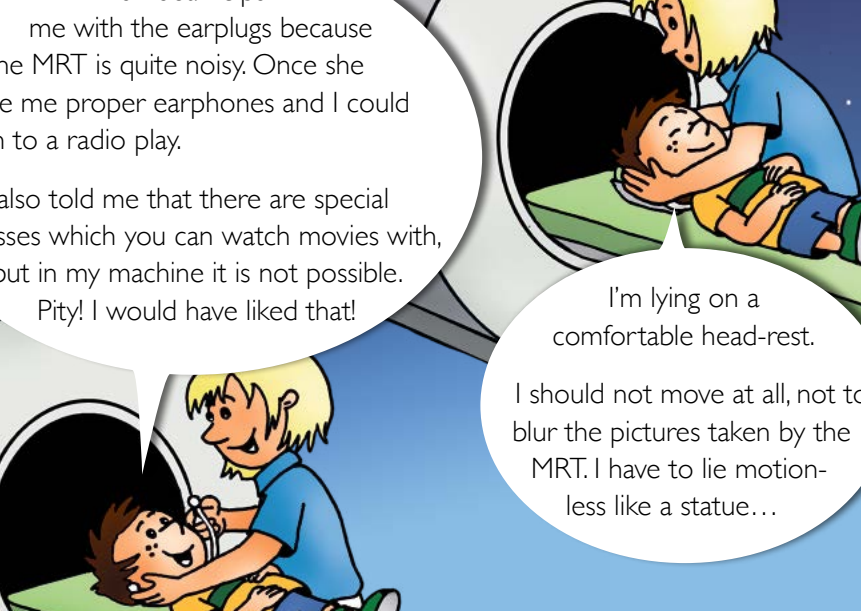


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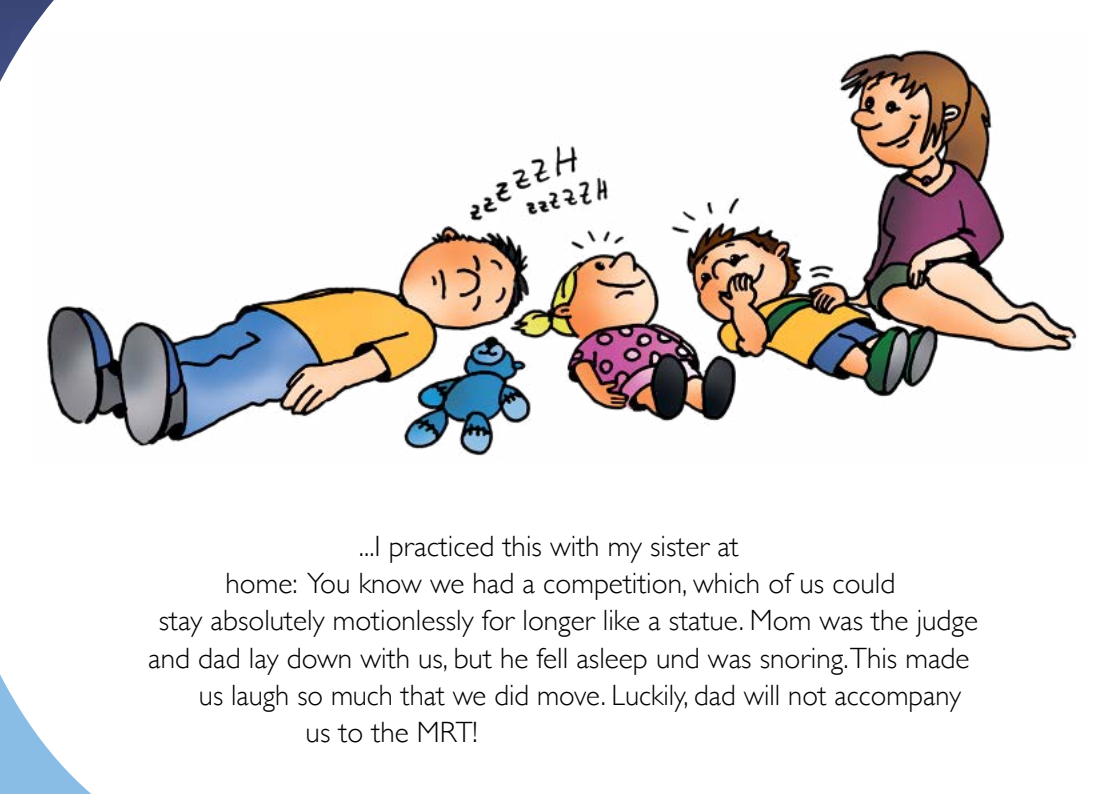
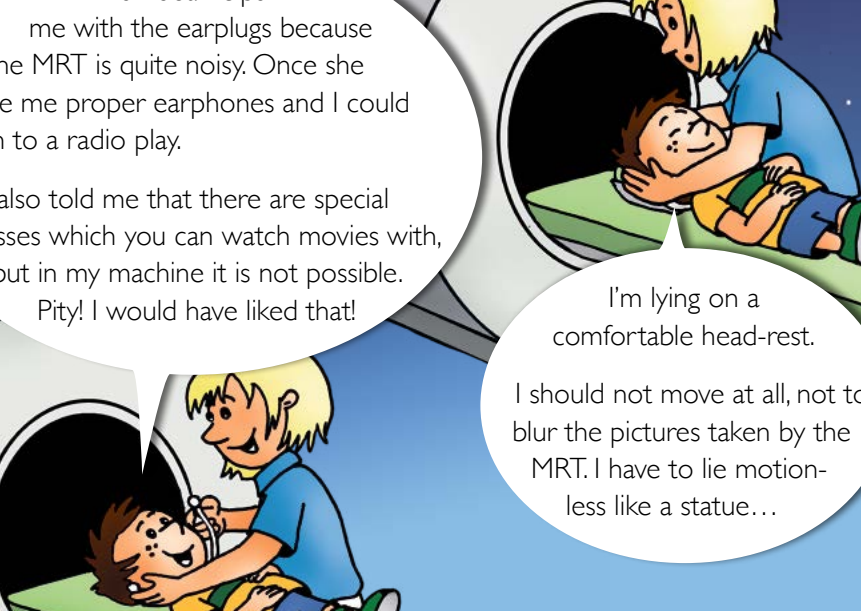


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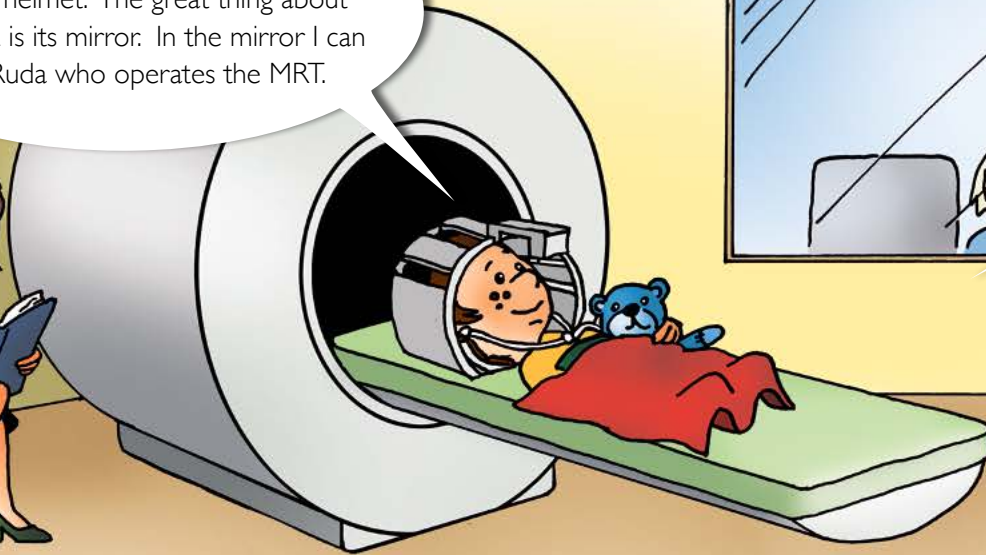
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...I practiced this with my sister at home: You know we had a competition, which of us could stay absolutely motionlessly for longer like a statue. Mom was the judge and dad lay down with us, but he fell asleep und was snoring. This made us laugh so much that we did move. Luckily, dad will not accompany us to the MRT!

Since the MRT takes pictures of my head, I get a kind of astronaut's helmet. The great thing about that helmet is its mirror. In the mirror I can see Ms Ruda who operates the MRT.



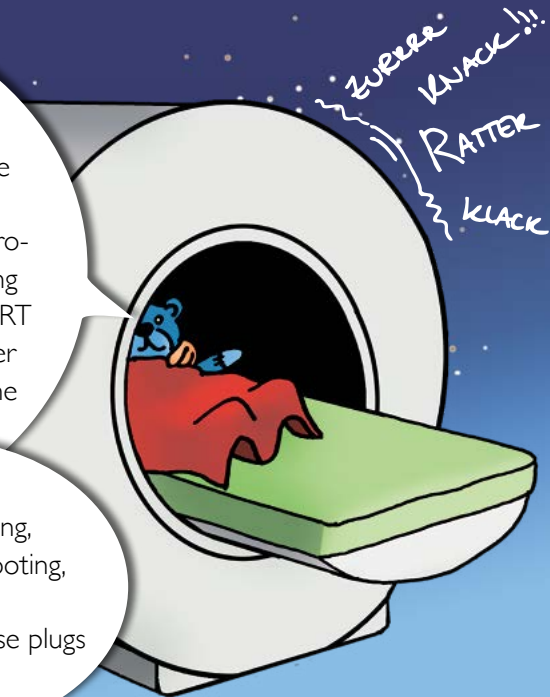
During the MRT she sits behind a pane of glass in an adjacent room. The door of the MRT-Room is closed.

Via microphone and loudspeaker we can talk. In addition, I get a kind of switch or ball, and when I press it, Ms Ruda immediately answers. Finally, me and my cuddly toy that I am allowed to take with me, get a cosy blanket in case I get cold.

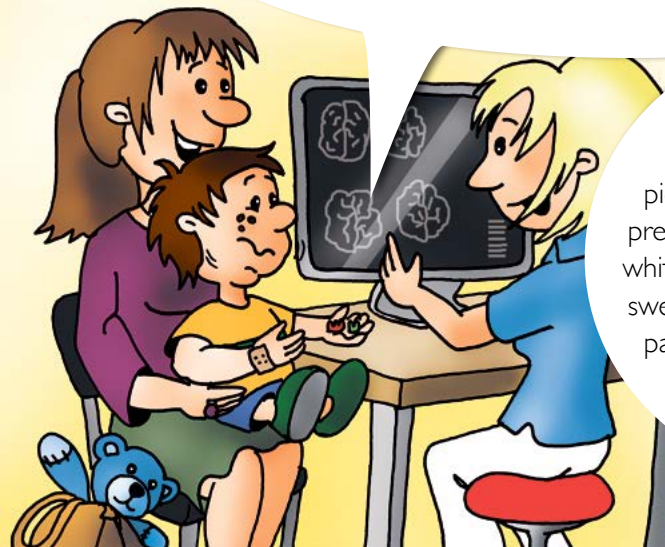
My mom is with me in the MRT-room so I don't get too lonely. Of course, she had to leave anything metallic, also her mobile behind. I can't see her, but it is nice and comforting to know she is with me.

Now my bed moves up and off I slide into the big box's round hole. Inside it's quite narrow, but I don't mind because I have the mirror and can see Ms Ruda and can also talk to her through the microphone. She tells me when she starts taking pictures. While taking the pictures, the MRT makes some very unusual sounds, louder and different from dad's "click" when he uses his mobile.

There are sounds of knocking, whistling, rattling, tooting, stamping, chirping... Good, to have these plugs in my ears!



Finally I have finished all of this! My bed is sliding out of the hole and moves down a little bit. Ms Ruda is now with me again and takes away the helmet. Then I can get up. The "access" is taken off and a small band stuck on that spot – just like when blood is taken.



As I was such a great "statue" Ms Ruda lets me have a look at the pictures she has taken. They look pretty sad to me: all in grey, black, and white, but I get some colourful and sweet reward for being such a good patient and not moving at all and of course having "cooperated" so perfectly.



Parental advice

As mentioned in the part on the EEG it should be recommended that the children should have had enough physical exercise and feel rather tired.

In some medical institutions children-MRTs are done in the evening after regular visiting hours. This allows the medical staff more time for the children. It also has the positive effect on children to notice other children who undergo the same procedure.

