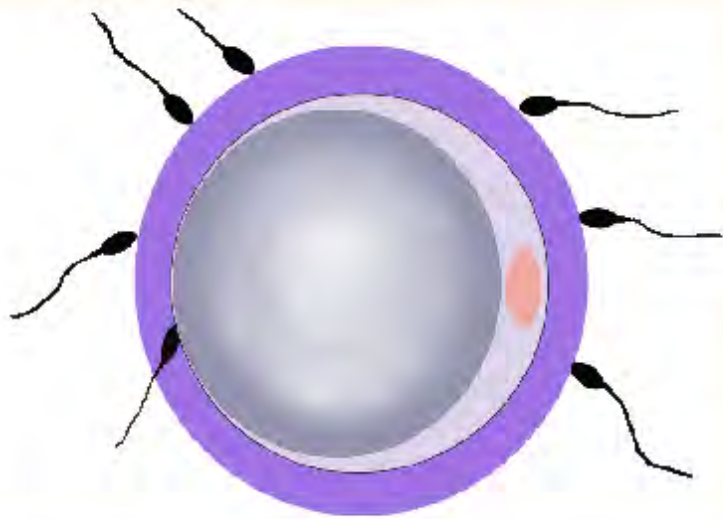




Once upon a time I lived in a very cold place.

Not just any old fridge, like those in a kitchen, full of cheese, and fruit, and meat, and milk, and fizz, but a very special one, and a very cold one !

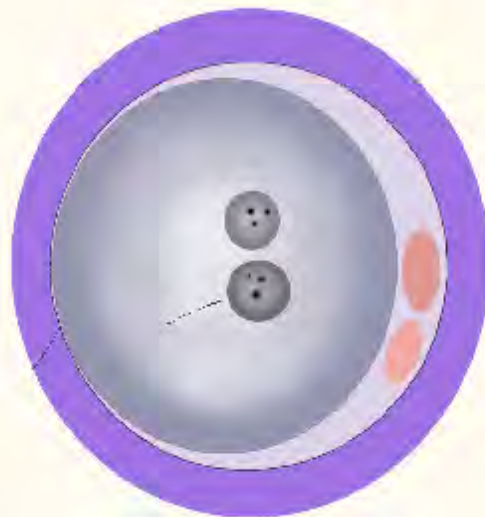
That is why I am called a FROSTIE

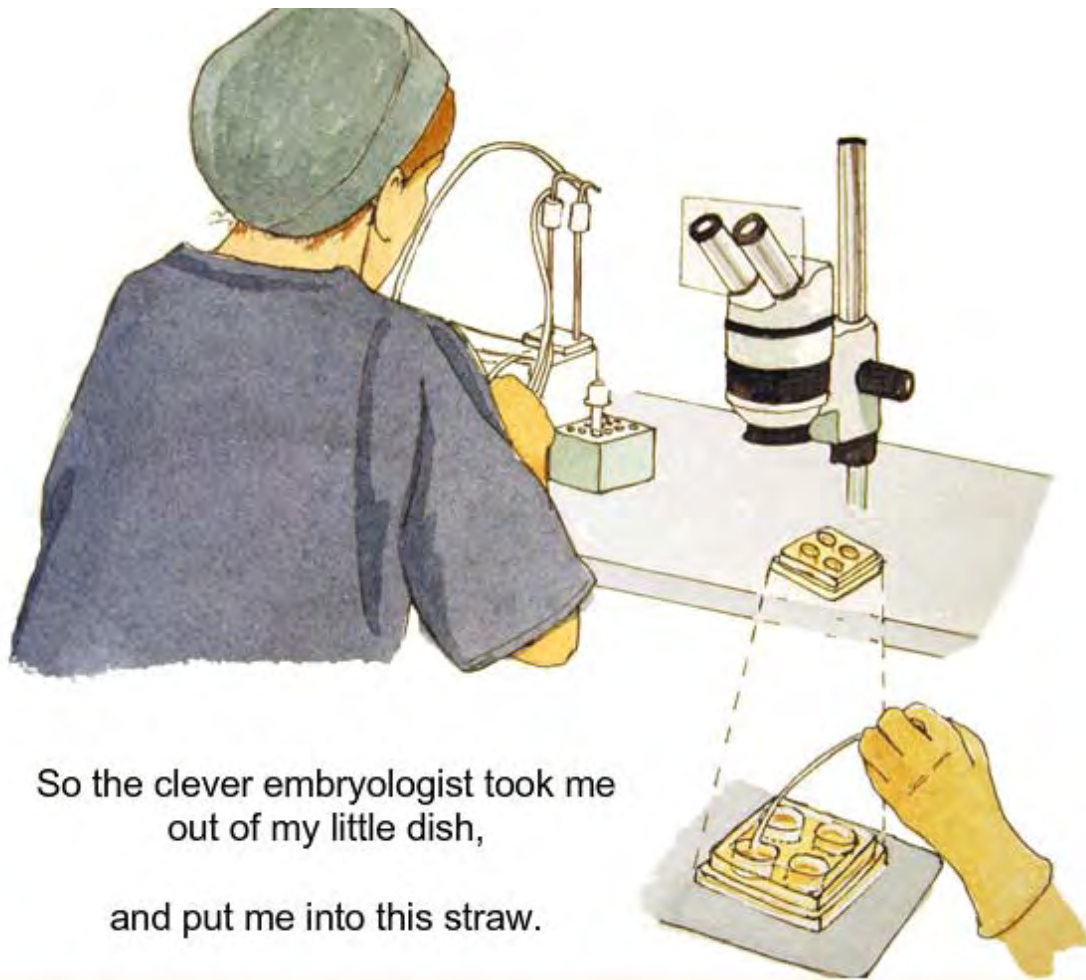


Mummy and Daddy had been to see the doctors because they hadn't any babies to love.

The embryologist was able to take some egg cells, and some sperm cells, and make me as a tiny embryo in a dish.

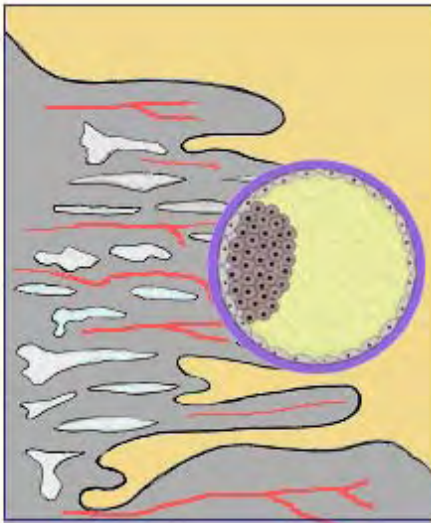
I was only as big as the point of a pin.





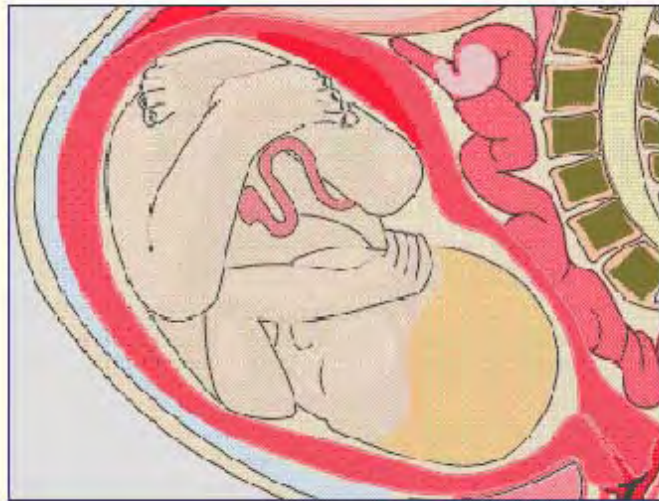
So the clever embryologist took me
out of my little dish,
and put me into this straw.

**And then she put me in my own very special refrigerator, where I stayed
very still and very cold until it was time to let me grow again.**



I grew bigger and bigger until I was big enough to be born!

When they were quite sure that everything was right they put me into mummy's uterus where I grew even more





My birthday was a very special day - it was the day when I was born.

But I was made as a tiny little embryo a long time before that.

There are hundreds and hundreds of children alive today who wouldn't be here at all if they hadn't been frozen and kept in those special refrigerators, just like me.