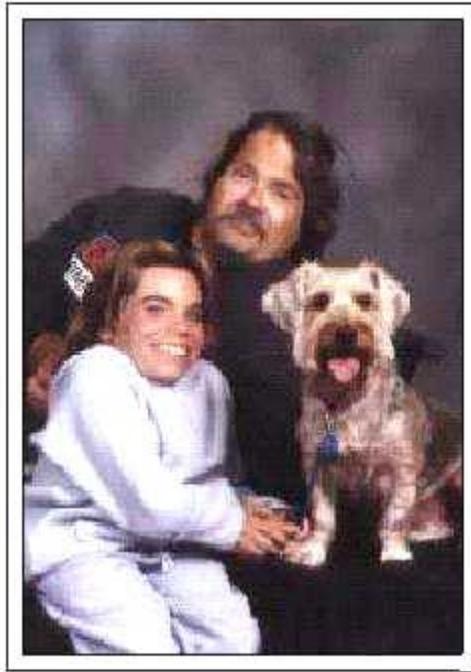


Story by Jinene Veillette



**Jinene is 31 years old,
who has Morquio Type A,
with her husband Joe,
and their dog, Timbit**

I have a story about my life.

When I first moved into my very own apartment, I was determined to show the world that I could make it on my own. I was 21 at the time, and it was laundry day.

Of course, to do my laundry properly, I needed to stand on the seat of my scooter. I put all my laundry in grocery bags and headed to the basement to the laundry room. When the machine had finished the rinse cycle, I stood up on the seat of my chair to reach all the articles to put them into the dryer.

I couldn't quite reach the last sock. I needed just another inch or two of leverage, so I moved my feet onto the armrest of my scooter. As I was leaning farther and farther down into the tub, I lost my balance and fell right into it!

As luck would have it, I was the only one in the room and it was a soundproof room. I was stuck headfirst into the machine and the middle part of the washer was preventing me from pushing myself out. I knew if I yelled, it would only echo, and I wear two hearing aids, so that wouldn't accomplish much.

As I rested for a moment, I decided that since my knees and ankles were outside, I should wave my legs and hope someone would come by the room and see them through the glass.

A few moments later, a man Named Joe came by. He was in a wheelchair and came in. He asked "What should I do?"

"Grab my ankles and pull...but gently, they've been fused twice!"

That was eight years ago. We have been married for seven.