

## **The Story of You, Me, and the Things You Share**

**Told by Marcela – your therapist at Stories of Hands**



Hello there,

My name is **Marcela**, and I'm a **therapist**. That means I help children like you when feelings get big, jumbled, or hard to talk about — by using art, play, and pictures instead of only words.

This is a little story about how I take care of the **information you share with me**, like drawings, thoughts, or even secrets. It's also about how I keep you safe while we work together.

Let's begin...

### **Chapter One: A Safe Space**

Once upon a time, there was a quiet room full of crayons, clay, soft cushions, and a person who loved listening to children's stories. That's me!

When you come into this room, I want you to feel safe — like it's okay to be exactly how you are, even if you feel messy inside.

To help keep you safe, I need to know some things. Just little things like:

- Your name and birthday
- The name of your grown-up (like your mum, dad, or carer)
- Which school you go to
- If a doctor, teacher, or social worker is helping you too

Your grown-up helps me with this part. They give me **permission** to keep this information and to see you for therapy.

### **Chapter Two: The Magic Book**

I have a very special **magic book** (really, it's my computer with a secret password!).

Every time we have a session, I write a little note in that book — just enough to remember what we talked about or what you made with your hands and heart.

I never write down anything you don't want me to, and no one else sees it unless I absolutely have to tell someone to keep you safe.

### **Chapter Three: The Art That Speaks**

Sometimes in therapy, children make **beautiful, brave, or even stormy** artwork. You might draw dreams, people, colours, or creatures — or maybe you just like squishing clay between your fingers. That's okay.

All your art belongs to **you**. I'll keep it safe and warm until you take it home. Or, if you'd rather leave it behind when we're done, I'll gently say goodbye to it for you.

Sometimes, therapists like me use **copies** of art (with no names or faces!) to teach other therapists how to help children better. But I'd always ask your grown-up before I do this.

### **Chapter Four: Secrets, Promises, and Safety**

In our sessions, you might tell me secrets — things that are very special or very heavy.

I will **try to keep what you say private**.

But...

If I think **you or someone else might not be safe**, I will need to tell a grown-up who can help. This might be your social worker, doctor, or someone else in charge of keeping children safe.

I won't keep you in the dark. I'll tell your grown-up too, and we'll all work together to protect you.

### **Chapter Five: How Long I Remember**

I keep your therapy notes safely locked away until you grow up — all the way to **26 years old**.

After that, I delete them quietly, like letting go of paper boats into a calm river.

If you came to say hello and we didn't start therapy, I gently let go of your notes after **three months**.

## **Chapter Six: If You or Your Grown-Up Has Questions**

You can always ask me, "What do you know about me?" and I'll tell you in a way you understand.

If you or your grown-up ever feel unsure, you can speak to:

- **HCPC** – They make sure therapists like me do a good job
- **ICO** – They make sure your information is kept safe

(But usually, just telling me is the best first step.)

## **The End (But Also Just the Beginning)**

This story might end here, but our journey together is just starting.

Whenever you come to my therapy room — in Bedford or Olney — you are **seen**, **heard**, and **held**.

And everything you bring — your stories, your pictures, your voice — matters deeply to me.

With care and gentle listening,

**Marcela**