



Title

Mum, tell me how I was born

Subtitle

Tales and nonsense rhymes to explain to the children the assisted conception

Do the assisted conception's parents tell their children who were born thanks to assisted conception how they have been conceived? If the answer is yes, at what age?

The survey, performed on the website Mammeonline.net, tries to answer these questions; the survey introduces the beautiful tales and nonsense rhymes that the parents invented to tell to their children about their particular birth.

Some children were born thanks to the gift of a spermatozoons or a oocyte, others thanks to the chance to cryoconserving an embryo, others thanks to the meeting of the mother and the father in a test-tube, but, in any case, the message of our tales is that they were born thanks to the extraordinary love of their parents.

The children, reading a tale or listening a nonsense rhyme, make friends with nice characters who help them to understand the extraordinary mystery of their birth.

The book also contains an introduction of the sociologist Dr. Marina Mengarelli Flamigni and an interesting test of the psychologist Dr. Giovanni Micioni.

THE BROKEN THALLUS

Once upon a time, in a pretty garden, there was a beautiful rose. She was soft as silk and bright red as a ruby. She had such beautiful petals that every other flower was dazzled. A black tulip fell deeply in love with her. The rose could not resist such a pure and deep look so the two flowers got married.

The tulip wanted to give his bride the most precious thing he had: his sweet and delicious nectar. The tulip, with his nectar, hoped to enlarge the family but soon the rose discovered that all her thalluses were broken. She was born like that! The poor rose burst into tears, a desperate and inconsolable weeping until she decided to open her heart to her best friend, a nice and cheerful violet she was born and grown with. She told her her fears, she was afraid to lose her husband, whom she loved so much. She was desperate because she could not fulfil their love with something that nature should have made possible to all She, who apparently was so strong and positive, was feeling fragile and on the point of breaking up. She felt that her thorns, which were supposed to protect her from pain, in that case were useless.

The violet had many baby flowers and many thalluses ready to mature and to bring her joy, so she decided to give one to her friend and she cut it away. Love made the miracle and the violet's thallus was used to repair one of the rose's broken thalluses. From that single thallus, now healthy, and from the tulip's delicious nectar a baby flower was born. A flower with many colours, loved and cherished as a little prince. Only later in time the little flower was told of the generous gift that the violet had made to his mom and he felt infinitely grateful because, thanks to the violet, he had known the love and devotion of his parents. And the violet? She was happy; just seeing the joy in that family made her feel proud of herself and of the many little flowers who surrounded her.

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MATTHEW AND LEO

My name is Matthew and Leo is my greatest friend.

We have been friends since the nursery school, we have always been friends and we always tell everything to each other, but there is just one thing I've never told him, not because I feel ashamed of it, but because, may be, like my mother says, he's not ready to understand it yet.

It's a thing I've deeply understood, also thanks to Leo.

You see, since we were babies I've been hearing people saying of him: "It's incredible how much you take after your father!" "Same nose, same eyes, the same curly hair..."

Certainly, no one could ever say something like that about me, my father and I, we are so different: I'm tall and thin, a lanky fellow, he's a bit... over weight, I have black eyes, his eyes are light, my skin quickly gets tanned at the seaside and he gets red like a beet... well, I'm a bit like Mom actually, but not at all like Dad!

But since when I went to primary school, dad and mom explained me the reason of this. I've understood that some people have to wear eye glasses, others ones, like grandpa, need a peacemaker and other people can recover if someone gives them an organ.

My daddy doesn't have small seeds, the ones which, together with our mom's egg, can make a baby get to life.

Without seeds we can't make babies, but mom and dad have been very lucky, because they found a man who had many, so he could give them some of his.

In other words, just the same thing that happens with the gift of organs, bone marrow, blood, or the cells of umbilical cord (eh eh... you must know that with this explanations I got a "very good" in science!); small seeds, which are spermatozoons, could not be put into my daddy's body, and so, to fertilize mammy's egg, then doctor had to put them into her uterus directly, and so... that's how I was born!

Why doesn't my daddy have seeds? I don't know, nobody knows, but there are things that sometimes give up working and can't be repaired, like when I broke my game boy...

In any case it is not so terrible if we can replace them! In our case, there has been a man who gave his seeds to daddy and everything's been solved, I'm very grateful to that man, without him I would not have my daddy and my mammy... moreover I could never be born!!!

So the fact I don't look like my daddy is easily explained. The man who gave his seeds joined his genes (the very tiny molecules which are inside the seeds) together with mammy's genes, which created my physical aspect.

It's so, because inside genes we find the color of our eyes, of our hair, our feet length and so on.. Anyway genes do not contain everything, they can't say if I'll become a football player or a musician, a pilot or a teacher, in other words much more depends on what's around me, on people who brought me up and loved me.

My way of smiling, making a grimace, to put myself, such things are not written inside genes, but I've stolen them from my daddy and mammy.

But you see, it's not so true that my daddy and I don't take after each other at all: we both love playing tennis, go walking around the lake and spend hours after hours watching sailing boats which play in the wind, we're both fond of chocolate ice cream and we can spend hours challenging each others with the playstation...

Mammy actually is the one who doesn't take after us and who really hates playstation and we can never convince her eating an ice cream with us... she says it makes you fat!

Daddy made me love nature, plants, flowers and from him I've learnt a very important thing about a seed: if nobody plants it and helps it to grow with love, it won't be able to become a strong and blooming plant... that given seed would not be me today, without my daddy's and mammy's love!!!

Well, then there are other thing which make them similar: "Matthew, do your homework!!", "Matthew tidy up your room its' in a mess", "Matthew, Matthew...", but that's another story. Parents are all very similar... even mine and Leo's ones!!!!

Little Bunny Dindondà

Dindondà my little bunny on his own he is not so funny for his seeds he cannot find they were small, round and oh so fine.

To the stork they will be given the stork so nice but idle that will ask for one seed only and return with baby bunny in a hurry

Dindondà pretty bjoux don't you be so blue go and see Lucky your friend he's got a bag full of seeds to lend and during the Christmas night he'll give to Dindondà.

