**The Story of Evil Eric Eczema**

**and the Clever Kid**

*This story is about [Andy] who lived in [Featherstone], [Staffordshire], [England]. [She/He] had eczema. [His/Her] eczema was very sore so one day, [Mum and Dad] [drove] [Andy] to [Nottingham] by [car] to see a doctor and [his/her] team who had helped other [boys]. [She/He] gave [Andy] a special medicine called [Elocon].*

This is a story about standing up to and winning against a nasty bully. The bully, however, is not a human being. The bully’s name is Eric Eczema, and he was horrible. He was so horrible that children called him Evil Eric Eczema. Evil Eric liked nothing better than sneaking into the homes of children while everyone was asleep and getting onto their skin. When he was on there he would make it itch, which would drive the children mad. He would make their skin sore, and you could tell he had been because he made skin look dry and flaky and a bit red. It was not very nice at all, and the children he visited wished he would just go away.

Evil Eric Eczema would visit all types of children across the whole of [England], not to mention the rest of the world. He would visit children in towns or villages, rich or poor, in all types of families. He didn’t care, as long as he could pester and annoy them. One such child was called [Andy]. [She/He] lived in a place called [Featherstone] in [Staffordshire]. Evil Eric Eczema was always bothering him. Evil Eric made [Andy] want to itch all the time. He made [Andy]’s skin go red and dry in places, and sometimes [Andy]’s skin would bleed. This was painful and annoying for [Andy]. [She/He] and [his/her] [Mum and Dad] were fed up with Evil Eric Eczema. They desperately wanted him to go away and leave [Andy] alone.

To get rid of Evil Eric Eczema, [Andy] had lots of weapons he could use to fight him. [She/He] had special clothes that were extra smooth. These were good, but they were not enough to defeat Evil Eric. To do this, [Andy] would have to fight even harder. [His/Her] [Mum and Dad] had an idea – they had heard of some people in [Nottingham] who could help. So, although it was a long journey, they all got into the [car] and [drove] there.

When they got to [Nottingham] they met a special skin Doctor and [his/her] team. This doctor had helped lots of other [boys], just like [Andy], to defeat Evil Eric Eczema. The doctor gave [Andy] a new weapon to fight Eric Eczema with. It was something Evil Eric was very scared of. Evil Eric knew that if [Andy] used the weapon then he wouldn’t be able to pester and annoy [Andy] anymore, and [Andy] would win. The name of this special weapon was [Elocon]. [Elocon] was a strong and powerful name because it was a strong and powerful weapon. It sounded like one of King Arthur’s knights of the round table, who were tough in battle, and great at fighting the enemies of their King. [Elocon] was a special cream that came out of a tube. It was clear and cold and fresh, like a mountain steam.

A nurse showed [Andy] how [she/he] and [his/her] [Mum and Dad] could use [Elocon] to fight Evil Eric Eczema. They would rub it into the places where Evil Eric was causing the most mischief. These were the places where [Andy]’s skin was dry and red and itchy and sore. Evil Eric knew that he was in trouble when [Elocon] visited these areas. When he felt [Andy] ’s (or his [Mum and Dad]’s) hand coming down with [Elocon], he would get scared then angry and try to fight back. [Andy] could sometimes feel this battle on between [Elocon] and Evil Eric going on. It felt like stinging – Evil Eric’s anger was hot and sharp. But [Andy] knew that the cool and clear [Elocon] would win in the end. Evil Eric’s resistance couldn’t last forever. [Andy] knew that if [she/he] didn’t give up and kept using [Elocon] he would win.

[Andy] and [his/her] [Mum and Dad], as well as the doctor that gave them [Elocon], all wanted Evil Eric Eczema to stop pestering and annoying [Andy]. After some weeks of them using [Elocon], Evil Eric started to get tired. “I’ve had enough of all this,” Evil Eric grumbled to himself. “They’re putting up a bit of a fight are these lot… time for me to retreat.” And with that, Eric Eczema became less of a bully. He made [Andy]’s skin less red. It became less dry. And less sore. And less itchy… what a relief!

[Andy] and [his/her] [Mum and Dad] were happy. They had managed to stand up to Evil Eric Eczema and stop him from being such a nuisance. But they knew that Eric was sneaky as well as Evil, and they knew that he would just be lurking around rather than going away altogether. They knew that he might come back. But they also knew that if he did, they were ready for him….

~The End~

Produced by Dr Rohan Naidoo in collaboration with the Children’s Dermatology Department, Nottingham University Hospitals NHS Trusts and the Centre of Evidence Based Dermatology, University of Nottingham

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