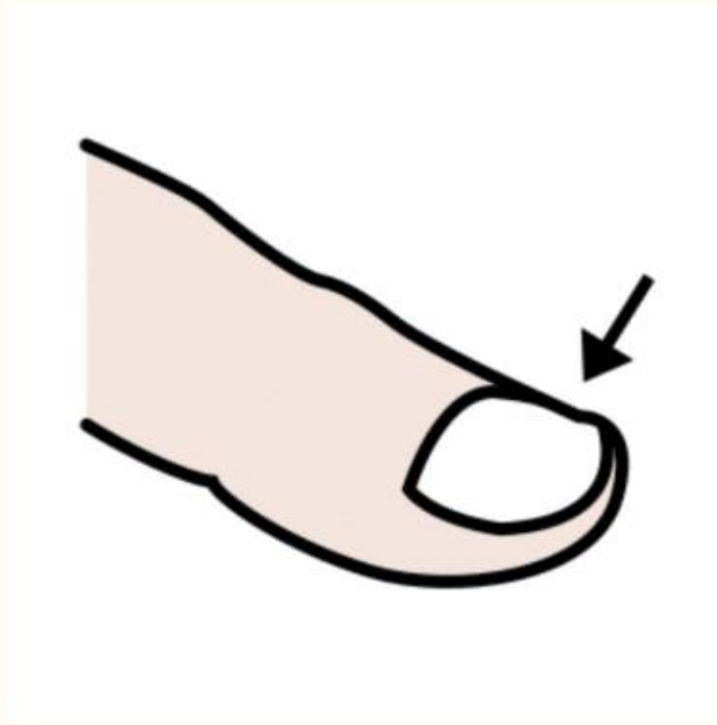
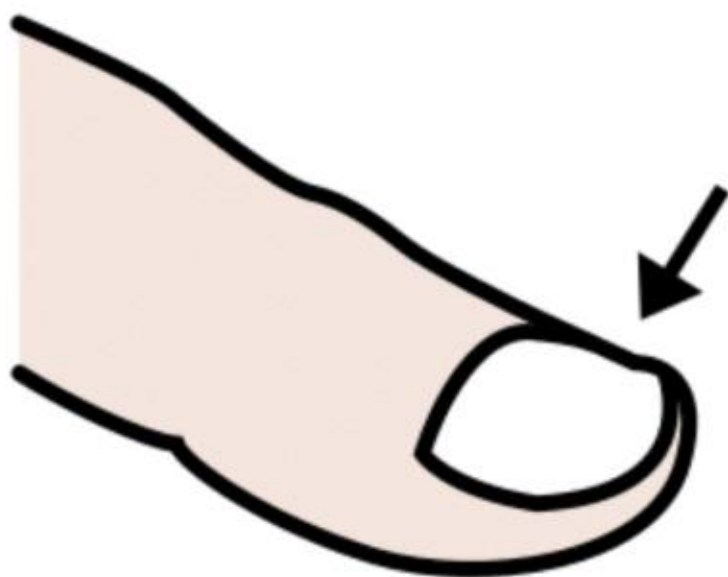
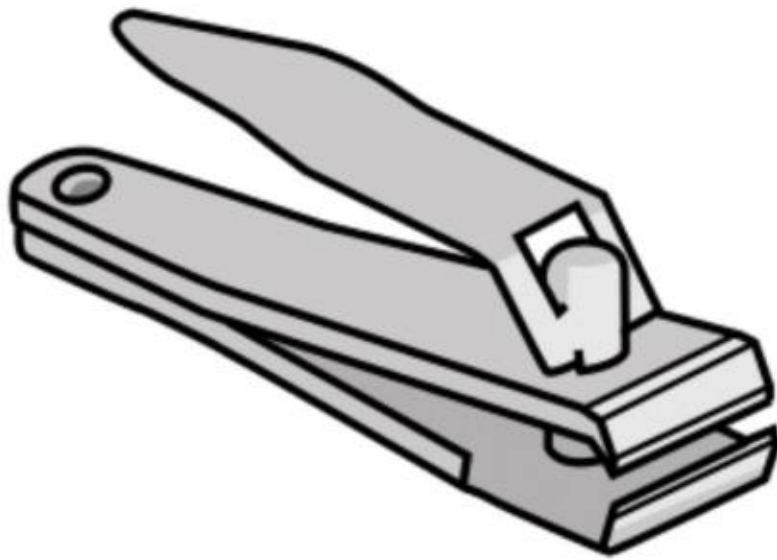




I have my nails cut



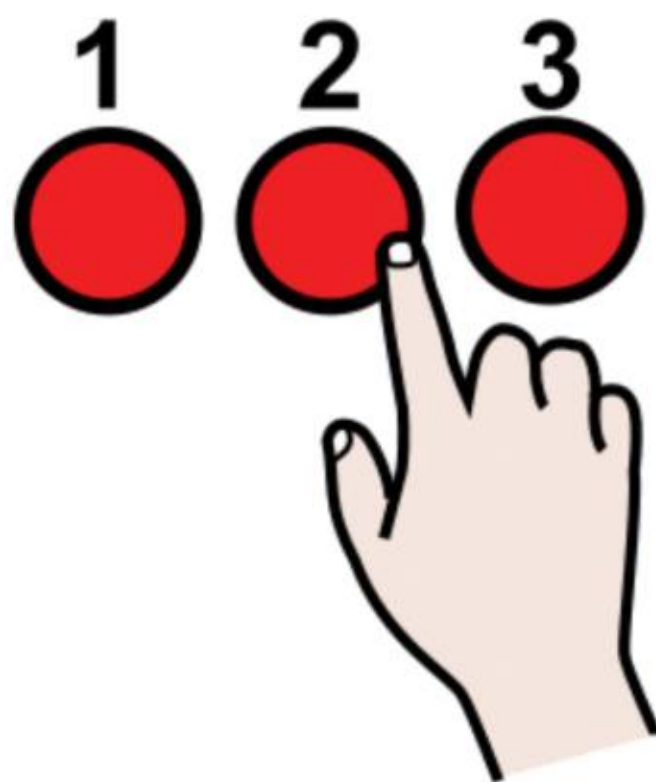
Nails grow little by little.
I can look at my nails to see if
they are long.
Cutting them helps to keep my
hands clean.



An adult uses small scissors or nail clippers.

I can choose a quiet place with good light.

Only the white part is cut, and it has no feeling.



The clippers make a small click.

I can count the nails: one, two,
three...

Counting helps me know how
many are left.



**If I feel overwhelmed, we stop for
a moment.**

**I can say “pause” or raise my
hand.**

**Afterwards we carry on, when I
feel calm.**



At the end, my nails are short.

I can wash my hands.

I have looked after my body.

I have my nails cut

Social story made with inklui.com

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Based on Carol Gray's Social Stories.