

Santen

Imagine Your Happiness

Clive the chameleon

Breaks free
from VKC



VKC-US-220027

■ **Verkazia[®]**
cyclosporine ophthalmic
emulsion 0.1%

It was a lovely spring morning in Madagascar,
and Clive the Chameleon was hungry.

Clive looked out from under his blanket of leaves.
He looked to the left. He looked to the right.
There, sitting on a leaf in the sun, Clive saw
his favorite breakfast food. A cricket!

Wrapping his tail and fingers
tightly around his branch, he flicked
out his tongue as fast as he could.

It hit the leaf with a **slap!**





...and just missed the cricket.

“I’ll have to get closer,” he thought, slowly creeping forward.

He was just stepping into the light when:
“OUCH!”

The bright sun was stinging his eyes.



Clive ran back into the shade of the leaves and shut his eyes as tightly as he could.





After a few minutes,
Clive opened his eyes again.
He saw them reflected in a water droplet.



They **itched**.

They **hurt**.

He rubbed them.

And that made them hurt more.

Clive was hungry and sad.

He didn't know what was wrong with his eyes.

He began to cry.

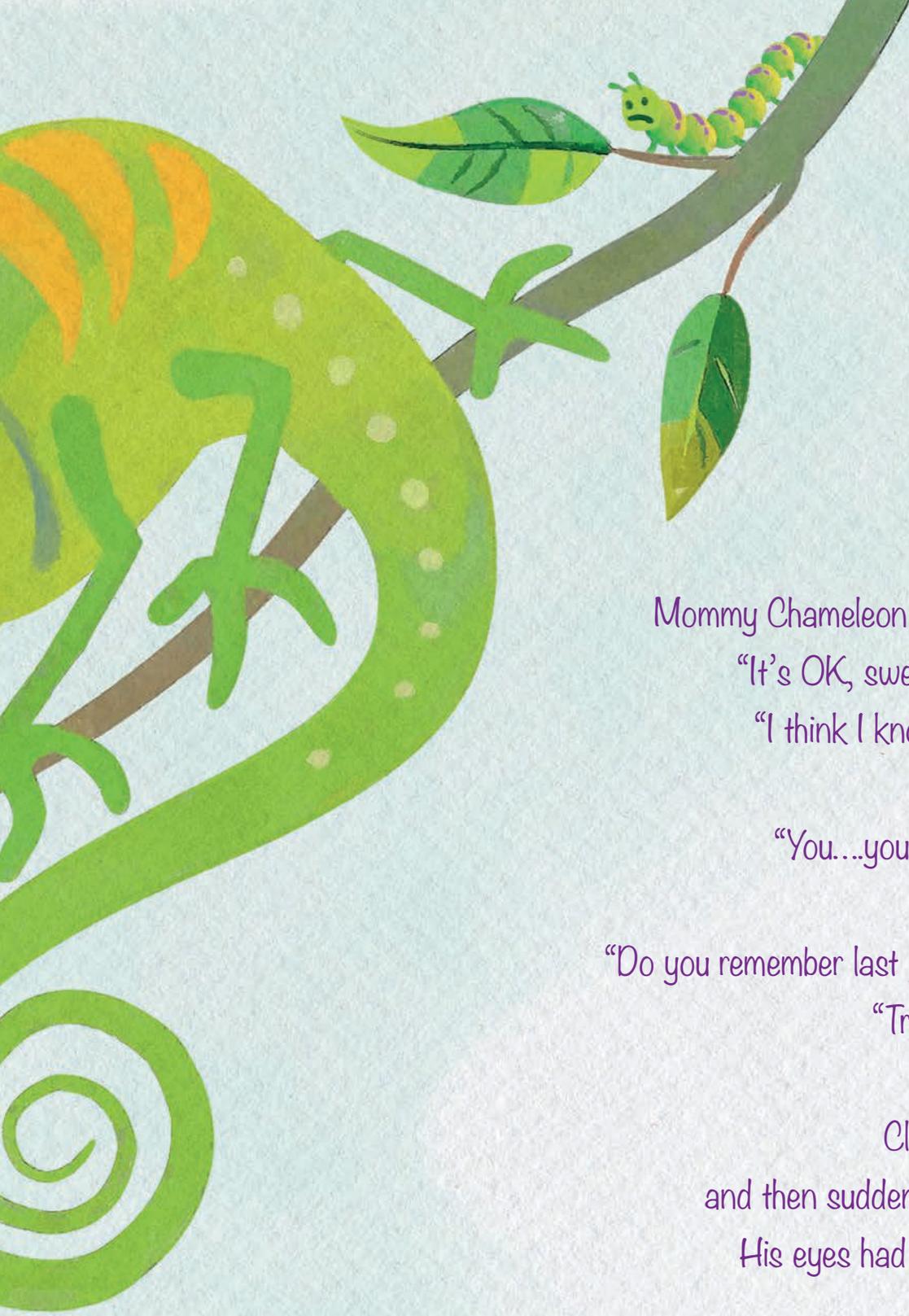


When Mommy Chameleon heard Clive crying,
she came down the branch to see what was wrong.

“Why are you crying, sweetheart?”
Mommy Chameleon asked.



Clive didn't know what to say.
He looked up at his mommy as the
tears ran down his cheeks.



Mommy Chameleon knew how to help.

“It’s OK, sweetheart,” she said.

“I think I know what’s wrong.”

“You...you do?” asked Clive.

“Do you remember last year?” she asked.

“Try to think back...”

Clive tried and tried,
and then suddenly he remembered.

His eyes had hurt last year too.

“I think we need to visit **Dr. Fossa**, don’t you?

She’ll know what to do.”

“I guess so,” agreed Clive, blinking.



When Clive and Mommy Chameleon got to Dr. Fossa's office, she asked him to hop up into a big chair.

While Clive sat, Dr. Fossa used her special lights and equipment to look at his eyes.

Clive was nervous at first, but he was determined to be very, very brave.

The lights were bright, but they didn't hurt. Dr. Fossa was quick and kind, and the exam was over in no time.

“Well, Clive,” said Dr. Fossa, “you have a condition called **vernal keratoconjunctivitis, or VKC**, but I like to call it ‘**sticky sore eyes.**’ The good news is that I can give you some drops to put into your eyes that will help them feel better. But you’ll have to remember to use the drops **4 times a day, every day.**”

Clive made a face. Four times a day was a lot. How could he remember that?

“Don’t worry, Clive,” said Dr. Fossa. “Your mommy will help you. And I’m going to give you a special calendar to help you keep track. You can also learn about all sorts of other things that might help your eyes—like wearing sunglasses and avoiding dust. It will be fun.”



When Clive woke up the next morning, the day was bright and the birds were singing.

He couldn't wait to go out and play!
He hoped that the drops had worked.

He began to make his way out toward the light when **wham!**





The sunshine stung his eyes again,
and he ran back to the shade.

The same thing happened the next morning.

And the next.

And the next.

Clive was feeling frustrated.

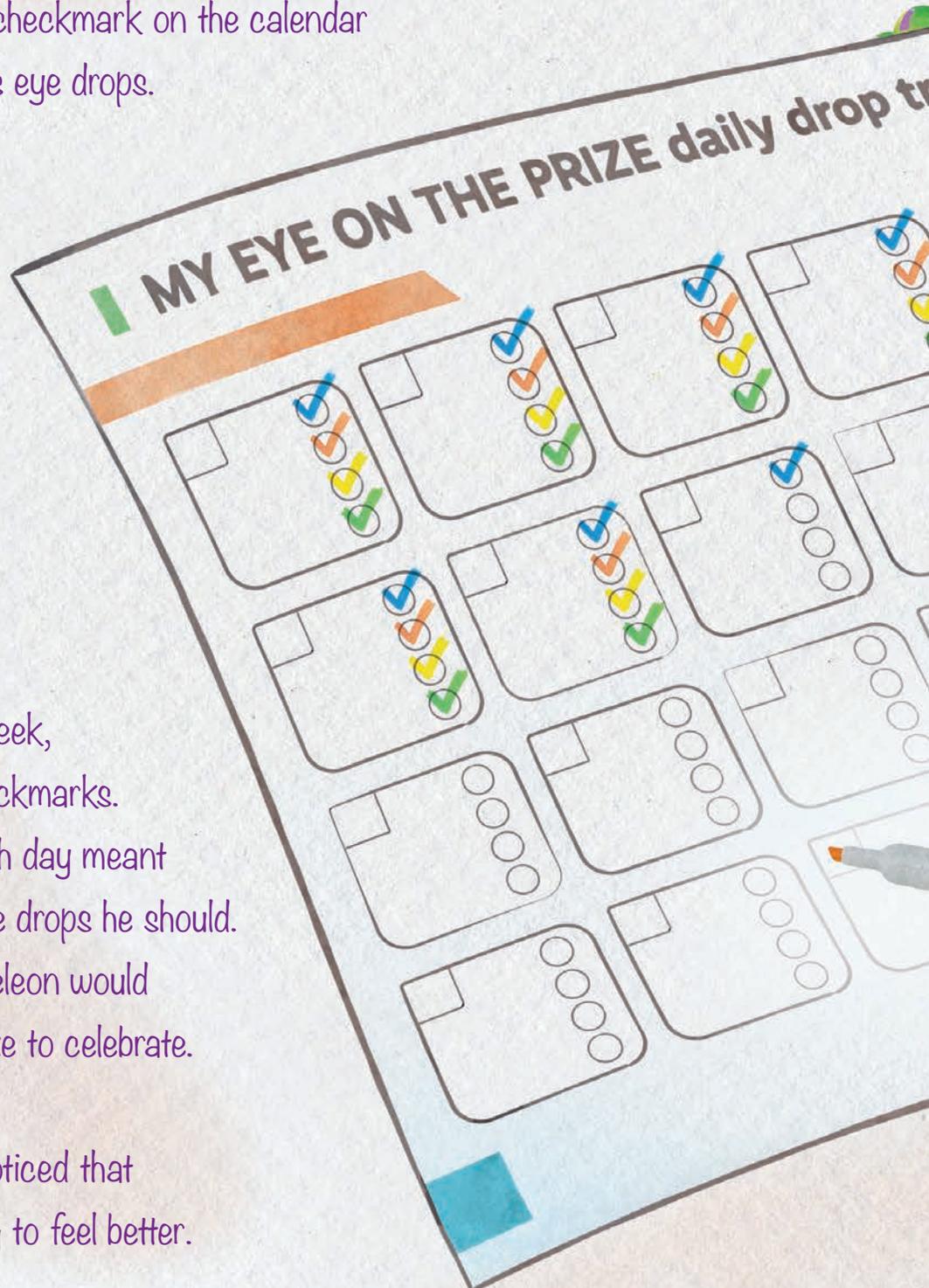
He was ready to give up.

But he didn't.



Instead of giving up, Clive kept taking his eye drops.

Each day, Clive used the calendar that Dr. Fossa gave him. He drew a checkmark on the calendar every time he took his eye drops.



At the end of each week, Clive counted the checkmarks. Four checkmarks each day meant he had taken all of the drops he should. Then, Mommy Chameleon would give him a special prize to celebrate.

After a while, Clive noticed that his eyes were starting to feel better.



One afternoon, after using his eye drops for the second time that day, Clive decided to try going out in the sun again.

“A juicy caterpillar would sure be tasty right now,” thought Clive.

“I’m going to try to catch one.”

Clive crept forward carefully until he spotted a great big caterpillar crawling along a nearby branch.

“Ah-ha!” he thought. “The perfect snack.”

He eased himself forward into the sun, and then...

His eyes didn't hurt! They weren't even watering!

His patience had paid off.

Out flicked his mighty tongue,
and the caterpillar was gone in a flash!

As Clive sat, chewing his tasty treat,
he smiled to himself and was happy
that he hadn't given up!



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