Today, I am going to see the doctor and nurses. At the hospital, we go through large, sliding glass doors.
We walk down a long, bright hallway with high ceilings and check in at the registration desk, which is busy and a little noisy. I can bring my favorite toy or blanket.
I have a bracelet with my name and birthday.
The waiting area has an awesome aquarium with colorful fish.
My family and I follow a nurse who calls my name. The nurses and doctors are wearing pajamas!
I stand up tall, so the nurse can measure how I’ve grown.
I step onto a scale to see how much I weigh.
I get to wear a special gown, silly hat and fun socks.
My nurse puts a wrap on me that gives my arm a hug. It doesn’t hurt.
My nurse puts a sticker on my finger that lights up!
A nurse gives me medicine in a tiny cup or through a syringe. It’s yummy. I drink it all.
My nurse lightly touches my forehead and cheek with a thermometer.
If Jeremiah is working, I might get to snuggle with him. He’s the hospital dog.
I practice breathing into a squishy mask. It smells like cherry candy.
There are many fun things I can do while my parents answer my nurse’s questions. I can play games on a tablet, watch TV, color or decorate my gown and mask with stickers.
A doctor visits and listens to my heart and lungs with a stethoscope. It’s shiny and feels cool.
Everyone looks at my bracelet and asks me my name and birthday, over and over again.
I get to ride in the Snoozer Cruiser! My parents take my picture. I can’t wait to show my friends.
Or, I ride in my comfy bed. I can bring my favorite toy, and my nurses are with me.
Magic buttons open the doors!
My room is big and bright. I see screens and lights.
There are a lot of nice people in the room who make me feel safe.
A nurse asks me to breathe into a squishy mask. It smells like cherry candy again.
I blow up a big green balloon that makes me feel sleepy.
I wake up, and my parents are with me.
I have a thin, rubbery tube taped to my arm, but I can still move. The glowing sticker is still on my finger.
A nurse holds a tube to help me breathe. It doesn’t smell or bother me.
My nurse brings me a popsicle and juice.
Everyone is proud of me for being brave and strong.
If my doctor says it’s OK, I can ride in a wheelchair and go home!
Or, my doctor might tell me I get to sleep over! I take another ride to my bedroom. My nurses are taking care of me.
I’ll spend the night in a big bedroom. My parents can stay too! Everyone is nice, and I’m glad they are helping me feel better.
I’m going home!