My Surgery Day







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.





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!



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!



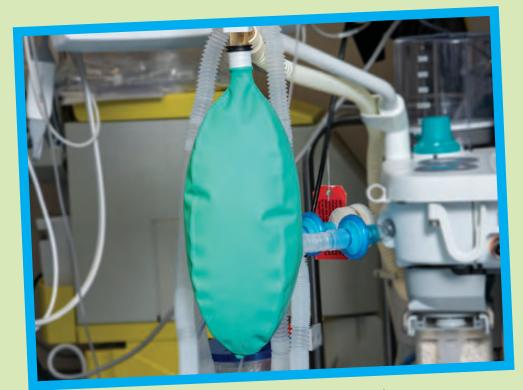
My room is big and bright. I see screens and lights.



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.





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.



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