



Zara Goes to Her Check-Up

Step inside a warm room where kind doctors help us grow strong.



This Is Me

My name is Zara. I am five years old. Next week, I have a check-up at the doctor's.





We Wait Together

My grown-up and I go to the clinic in the morning.
We sit in the waiting room. There is a toy box and a
yellow fish painting.

The Nurse Measures Me

The nurse calls my name. She checks how tall I am and how much I weigh. The nurse helps keep children healthy.





The Crinkly Table

In the exam room, I sit on a big table. It has crinkly paper on top. Crinkle, crinkle, when I move.

The Doctor Checks Me

The doctor listens to my heart with a stethoscope.
It feels a little cold. He looks in my ears with a
small light.





Sometimes a Shot

Sometimes children need a shot at a check-up. Many children feel a little nervous about shots. It is okay to feel a little nervous.

I Can Squeeze and Count

If I get a shot, the nurse is quick. It feels like a small pinch, then it is done. I can try squeezing my grown-up's hand and counting to three.





Check-Up Done

Then the check-up is all done. The check-up helps my body stay healthy. We wave goodbye and walk past the yellow fish painting.



THE END

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