

Module 1: Understanding Childhood Injuries

Handout A-1: An Infant's Day—Suzie

I'm Suzie and I'm nine-months-old. I live with my mom, three-year-old brother, and 17-year-old sister. I've been sleeping in the crib they handed down to me. My brother wakes me up to play peek-a-boo and I stick my head through the wide slats on the side of the crib. My crib is next to the window so I reach out and pull on the window-shade cords. When my brother runs out for breakfast, I stand up, shake the sides of my crib, and cry out for Mom. My crib knocks the wall and some colorful chips fall into my crib—they look pretty enough to eat.

Mom comes in and picks me up and says, "You slept well, honey. I bet you're hungry!" Mom puts me in my high chair in the kitchen and gives me my bottle of milk that she just heated in the microwave. When I'm done, my sister comes over and feeds me some cereal. But I want to be with Mom, so I stand up in my high chair and reach out to her.

Mom picks me up. "Honey," she says, "let's get you dressed." She changes my diaper, but I don't like being on my back so I shake my arms and legs, roll over and try to stand up. Mom says, "Here, Suzie," and gives me the baby powder to hold so she can finish changing me. Then she dresses me in overalls and a hooded jacket with a drawstring. We're ready to go.

Mom hands me to my sister and the four of us get into the cab of our pickup truck. I love to bounce on my sister's lap when the car is moving. When we get to Head Start, Mom double parks and waits in the truck while my sister carries me and walks my brother in.

My caregiver greets us, takes me from my sister and says, "Suzie, let's take off your jacket and play on the carpet." There are some fun toys to play with. I pick up some painted blocks, crash them together, and put them in my mouth. My caregiver is busy greeting the other families so I look around for other stuff to play with. I'm crawling pretty well now. I see this long cord that looks fun to pull on or chew so I head for it.

Time for my bottle. I snuggle into my caregiver's lap. Her necklace and earrings are so sparkly—I love to grab them. Once I bit her necklace and broke it! "Time to change your diaper," she says. This is really fun because I get to play with the gloves while she changes me.

I take a little nap in my crib at Head Start. Then it's lunch time! I get to sit in the feeding tables right next to all of my friends. I love to reach out and grab their hair and their food.

Mom's here with my brother to take me home. I get bundled up and he carries me back to the truck. At home, Mom puts me in my walker while she makes dinner. The phone rings and Mom answers. Just then my brother starts having a temper tantrum. Mom slips him some candy and he drops a piece for me. The cabinet under the sink is open so I scoot over to see what's in there.

Dinnertime! I'm learning to chew chunks of meat and pick at finger foods. Now it's bedtime—what a day!