

## Sonia's Story

This isn't just a story about the caesarean this is my birth trauma story...  
Get yourselves comfy...

When I found out I was pregnant early last year 2004, I was over the moon as anyone is, I was imagining what it was like to have labour pains, I also had my heart set on a home birth. In the summer my midwife said I wasn't allowed a home birth, as it was my first baby, maybe with my second she said. So feeling gutted my husband next day brought me back a lovely teddy trying to cheer me up. So then I was thinking about contractions and labour pains for the rest of my pregnancy.

At 38 weeks pregnant, after having a breech presented baby for at least 6 weeks my midwife finally refers me to the hospital for ECV (turn the baby) anyway it failed miserably. Then they said I would need a CAESAREAN! I was gutted I cried for the remainder of my pregnancy. It was bad enough I couldn't have a home birth, now they are taking away any chance of contractions and labour pains!

They said they would be ELSC (elective lower section caesarean) at 39 weeks +2 days. Again whilst waiting it got me more frustrated. The reason I couldn't breech birth is not much fluid and they don't train doctors to deal with breech births anymore.

So I went in 29-11-2004 at 9 ready for my caesarean at 10 o'clock...10 o'clock came and went and still no sign of me getting it over and done with. They didn't even have the decency to tell me til 11 o'clock there was a emergency one being done. So I got dressed and was heading out! Then at 12.30ish the sonographer took me to the scan room, she scanned me because I was adamant been as they left me waiting I wasn't having it done, And she revealed giving birth naturally would damage the baby, maybe mentally. So crying again I agreed.

She took me upstairs, into a room where me and my husband were for 5-10 mins then they asked for the baby stuff, clothes blankets etc..of which were in the car, so my husband said, "please don't do anything before I get back she is terrified of needles" They all said "yes ok" Anyway while he went they told me to come into the other room, told me to get on the bed, lie down. And before I knew it they were stabbing needles everywhere. I had 3 attempts on my arm, then he finally got the drip in my hand!

When Dean came back I was crying screaming, I didn't want it done, anyway they wheeled me through to the theatre and by this time I was having a panic attack, and so they put me under.

The thing that hurts the most is I can't remember seeing my little boy for the first time. I only remember the dirty nappy, which was a good 15-20 min after! That hurts so much its unbearable to think about...(drying my eyes) I get very emotional when relaying all this. When I woke I found scratches at the back of my neck, all those track wounds and I was in agony. It was hell for me.

On the ward I slept most of the time although I tried very hard to be awake for my husband and baby it was impossible. At 11-o clock they send hubby home. At 12.30-1 o'clock My baby started crying, I pressed the buzzer, no one came after

10 min, so I struggled and got up then after another 5 min someone eventually came, told me to drink this, it was liquid form of pain relief, snatched my baby of me and said "don't hold him again that medicine will make you drop him" So anyway he had settled down again.

Then an hour later he cries again this time it took 20 minutes for someone to come, by then I was already up holding him, and I got a right telling off, they seemed to think I should just watch him crying! Anyway next day they were telling me to wee in a jug over the toilet, with 3 midwives watching me it was mission impossible, so I told them I can't go with them there, anyway knowing they were still outside I couldn't go.

So they were worried I'd burst my bladder. They wanted to catheter me, I never had one in cos I didn't have anything in my bladder. So I was adamant NO. The last poor person I dealt with died of one of them things.

At 5-o'clock I thought enough's enough I hadn't slept much over night and all day the next day. The food was naff and I was going home! I had to self discharge me and my baby which was scary. They were all dead against me leaving but I was going! I got more sleep in the 30-min car journey home than I did that day in hospital. When I got home not only did I feel much better but I had the biggest wee ever!

When I read my notes I was given to pass over to midwife it had very unnecessary red marker pen "SELF DISCHARGED" I thought to myself,,, I wonder why?

If anyone has similar experience please talk to me, as I get nightmares still and want to know how you survived the following births if any.  
Sonia205@hotmail.co.uk