

Susan's story

It's now been over 2 years since the birth of my son and I still have not got over the horror of what happened.

I was 34 weeks when I found myself getting terrible back pain one morning I ended up on the kitchen floor, not with contractions but my back had packed in and I was getting shooting pains down both legs making it next to impossible for me to walk.

I went to the hospital after phoning them to say we were on our way at about 1pm. The midwife said to me she would just check all was well with baby before giving me a support belt for my back then sending us home. Now we was only expecting to be there for about an hour tops so we never bothered to sort out childcare for daughter, she came with us.

After just a few minutes hooked up to the monitor huge and I do mean huge (they were jumping off the scale) appeared on the trace even though I could not feel them. But what worried me most that at the height of each one baby's heartbeat was dropping to as low as 15. My husband pressed the buzzer and the midwife came rushing back down. She took one look at the monitor and transferred me down to the early labour room where she examined me only to find that I was 9 – 10 cm dilated.

The poor lass was white as a sheet and looked like she was about to faint. Instead of a wheelchair I was made to walk round to the delivery suite 5 min walk away!! Luckily for me the labour had stalled for a few hours giving the doctors enough time to give me a shot of steroids to try and help little ones lungs. By now there was a team of baby doctors waiting for baby while another team of docs were seeing to me. I had to push without the urge which for me felt like impossible since I had to push waters as well very strange feeling. My waters broke while they did yet another internal just as I got a contraction. Suddenly the midwife screamed at me to stop then I felt loads of rummaging about, my husband later told me the cord was wrapped round his neck and strangling him hence the distress he was in. I could hear mumbling from the doctors as I tried to push again that she wasn't doing it right and they had made the wrong choice, but what choice I don't know.

I never felt him crown or come out it wasn't until I heard them shouting he's out he's out. That I knew I had a son. He had real problems breathing was whisked away after just 10 precious minutes to be taken by ambulance to the nearest neo natal unit 60 miles away.

Me on the other hand was still lying there with this cord hanging out. After a good 40-minutes the doctors had worried looking faces and mumbling again only I could not make out what was being said.; then without warning I was handed the gas and air and told to brace myself. What happened next haunts me sooo sooo badly I cannot begin to explain how it felt. One doctor with VERY big hands but his hand up inside me to the point half his forearm was there was well and ripped the placenta out bit by bit. The pain was out of this world like something out of the dark ages.

I was begging and pleading for them to stop, at one point I was even banging my head against the head rest to try and knock myself out so I would not have to suffer anymore. It didn't work. After he was done it was a case of that's your lot get one with it and I was left alone with my husband were sat and cried in each others arms at what has just happened.. He had to leave me at this point since it was now 5pm and our daughter needed to have her dinner and be put to bed.

I was left to shower myself up when I got out the bed and everything had been stripped so I sat in a chair in the corner like a naughty school girl being punished. Later that night I have to say was the worst night of my life having to sleep just yards from the other new mums and their babies while I sat in a side room with just an empty cot for comfort. My son spent 3 weeks in hospital and I joined him after 2 since I collapsed. I had told the midwife looking after me loads of times that something wasn't right but I was told that it was all in my head and I was imaging it. Truth was that I had a bit of placenta still left inside me and had to have an emergency D C to save my life.

I have since had another baby boy by emergency section. I hated being pregnant again the whole time all I could think about was the upcoming birth. I was totally terrified.

I did try to talk to my health visitor about it but was told I have 2 healthy kids and I shouldn't think about think like that. I will be soon asking for my records so I know for sure what happened and why oh why why why I was never given any drugs for pain relief or anaesthetic.