

Michaela's Story

In May, I had my first born baby. Previously I had suffered two ectopic pregnancies.

The pregnancy went pretty smoothly apart from at 35 weeks I woke up with the most horrendous lower back pain that made me really sick.

At 40 weeks I went to have a check up and my midwife (lovely lady) noticed I had started to swell up in numerous places. She called the hospital and they told me to come in and get checked out by my consultant.

They kept me waiting all afternoon, I had to have another scan, was prodded and poked for them only to tell me that it was a 10lb baby, they all thought it was funny, I didn't as they said it wouldn't be a c-section.

The next day they decided to induce me that night. I have never felt so lonely in all my life that night. The midwife on duty was busy at 10 when she was meant to do it so she went ahead at 12. I went for a shower and my waters broke, that's when the fun really started.

The pain was horrific I tried to get in the bath but just couldn't. The midwife asked if I wanted pethidine, but I declined as people told me it can make you not know what's going on. I opted for gas and air, that stuff was great. By 3 in the morning my husband was called and I was going upstairs to the delivery suite. They put in an epidural but it didn't take on one side, I desperately needed to sleep but the pain was still there. At 2 that afternoon they said I should opt for a c-section as the baby showed no signs of coming down the birth canal.

The next ten minutes were a blur, I wasn't allowed to take the gas and air with me for the time being.

Now the nightmare really begins, she, the anaesthetist, asked whether I could feel the spray, I told her I could feel it but she said I was getting confused she told the surgeon to carry on. I am welling up as I type this, I felt him slice me open. I went into a complete panic, I was gripping the nurses hand and my husbands. The surgeon refused to carry on in this situation. My husband was told to leave, he told me later he thought that was the last time he would see me alive, and went into the corridor crying his heart out and all I remember then was that this man ran in, told the girl he would carry on from here, asked me whether I was ok and told me to count down from 10.

When I woke up I was hooked up to a bag of blood, I had lost 2.4 litres of blood. My daughter came out with the cord around her neck twice.

The next day I was told that I was a very lucky girl to be living today. Several different doctors visited me that day and said did I have any complaints to make about the operation, at that point I was trying to bond with my daughter so I didn't really take much notice of them.

They said I was very, very weak and my bp levels were dangerously low but they didn't want to give me another transfusion as I might catch an infection such as hiv, they had already given me 2.

They didn't feed me for two days, my husband fetched things in and they didn't even ask if I'd had anything.

I left 3 days after she was born.

A few days later my doctor phoned me to see how my daughter's sticky eye was doing, he then went on to tell me that she had caught MRSA during her stay in hospital, they had taken a swab just before I left. My world fell apart, I had waited so long to have her and they say this.

I requested my hospital notes and there was no mention about what happened to me.

I went to see my consultant privately to talk to him about what happened, as he's the medical director he assured me the matter would be taken seriously and the girl in question would be talked to and I could talk about the next pregnancy...I would really like another but I have a massive fear inside my head that next time they are going to kill me. What should I do?