

History:

I had My son in 2006 by emergency C section, but there was really no emergency. I was induced because I was having contractions that I could not feel. I was fine and so was my baby. Three hours after being induced, poked, made to bleed and not allowed to walk anywhere; I could not take it anymore. They were pressuring my hubby to put the mask on my face which in turn made me pass out a couple of times. The Nurses were telling me what a noise I was making and that I should lay still. I was so dizzy and nauseas from the gas that I eventually said 'I can't do this anymore'. Immediately, without saying a word to me, my doc told everybody in the room to schedule for a c-section. This was a private hospital, hence the reason I decided to have my second at home.

Story Follows:

I started leaking something on the 20th of Jan and asked about it on Baby Center. Got told that it was probably my plug since it was a little at a time. The day passed and nothing happened. By the time I left work on the 21st, I was frustrated and decided to try castor oil in the evening. Fortunately my girl had plans of her own. After work I drove my huge self to the mall and did some last minute barefoot shopping, lol. I started contracting in the mall and tried not to pull my face with each contraction. I think the guy watching the car in the parking nearly fainted when I had to pause while paying him lolol... That evening I laboured while finishing up the house, singing and bouncing on my ball. I went to bed and tried not to get up with each contraction. By morning I had had enough of all the pain in my back and wanted to get things moving. I went to my mom's place with hubby and laid in the bath for two hours at a time while chatting to my sister. I still had back labour, contractions 5 minutes apart all day but was managing quite well. My Midwife came around at about 1 and said I was at 5cm dilated and that baby would be here by 7 that evening. Unfortunately the midwife had to leave for a family funeral and I was stranded. Hubby decided that he was going to do this. Evening came and contractions got stronger but still manageable. We got another midwife to check me

and I was only dilated to a 6. I was frustrated and then decided that I needed to start walking to get things moving. Hubby was just trying to fight off all the negative Nellie's that came with the midwife. Finally I decided it was time to go home (I was ready to kill all my mom's negative friends). When we reached our front yard I leaned toward my husband with another contraction and all of a sudden I heard a pop and my water came like a flood. I got out of the car and realised that things were going to get a whole lot worse. When I stepped into the house, the contraction went from 0 to 100 and I was yelling like an animal. Hubby went into shock and had no idea how to handle my howling. Eventually I got to my bed and was terrified of each contraction because there was no way of controlling them. Hubby then decided that he needed to leave to get some help and (transition) I started crying in desperation and afraid that I was going to die. I had another contraction and he was gone. 10 min later he returns with my 20yr old sister, then tries to dress me and says we are going to the hospital. I got up and said I needed the loo from all the pressure I was feeling... and before getting there, I threw myself on my belly to cool down on the tiles. My sister then lifts my skirt and announces that she can see the head. I then started pushing like hell with my sisters guidance. (she had a son 7 months prior). I pushed for 20 min and decided to turn on my back, hubby holding my legs. I pushed for another 10 min and she arrived, with a tooth in her mouth no less. We then lay there taking it all in and waited for the placenta to stop pulsating to cut the cord. I then jumped in the bath and her dad bathed her. In all the commotion, hubby managed to call the ambulance that only arrived a half hour later. I had to convince them that we were both fine before I signed a consent form and they left. My mom brought my son to see his sister and helped clean up. What a wonderful feeling it was to sleep in my own bed. I felt and still feel like a Million bucks. Thank You Jesus for being with us and the wonderful experience. Thanks for reading. Aspen Martinique Karah (means to dance) Born 22 Jan 2010 at 23:03