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Making the News

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Making the News

by Ruth Valentine

(English 102)

The Assignment: Describe a memorable event.

I awoke to a sharp pain in my belly so intense it forced me to sit up. I rolled out of bed. At five feet tall and having gained forty pounds, it was the only way for me to get in and out of bed. I went into the bathroom and realized my water bag had popped. I always imagined when my water broke, there would be a big gush of water but mine was more like a slow leak. I called my doctor and she suggested I come in right away.

Once we arrived at her office, I was taken into a room right away. She confirmed that my water bag had broken but that I was only dilated one centimeter. Great. Only nine more to go. She said I could go straight to the hospital or go home and wait until my contractions were closer. I chose to go home. By the time we left the office, I was definitely feeling the contractions. Every one of them forced me to stop and catch my breath. We finally walked into our house around 9:45 and WOW, was I feeling them now! Our Lamaze teacher had instructed us to get on all fours if we felt any kind of back pain and have our partner massage it. The pain was so intense that my husband and daughter had to take turns massaging my back. I was in so much pain that a tractor could have run over me and I would not have felt it. I finally got off the floor because I had to go to the bathroom, then felt the urge to push. With the help of my daughter, I was able to get cleaned up and out of the bathroom before I popped the baby into the toilet. My husband was already in the van waiting for me. There was no way that I was to going to be able to sit. I sat in the back, on my knees, holding onto the bench with my back to my husband and daughter. I kept telling my husband to call the doctor because I was feeling the urge to push. I realized after about the fifth time that he had no idea what I was talking about. I then told him that I was starting to feel the baby's head. That's when he started to panic. He immediately called the doctor and started yelling at me to stop pushing. If you've ever had a baby, you know how ridiculous that statement is. Stop pushing. Yeah, right. The ride to the hospital was probably only fifteen minutes, but it seemed like an eternity. We must have hit every light on the way. I kept envisioning giving birth in the van and making the ten o'clock news. My husband jumped out of the car yelling, "My wife is having a baby! My wife is having a baby!" He had to stress to them that, "No, really. She's having the baby *right now!*" I was only able to shuffle my feet for fear that if I took a normal step, the baby would literally hit the pavement. When the ER nurse greeted me with a wheel chair, I explained to her that I could feel the baby's head. She refused to take me up the elevator for fear that I would have the baby in the elevator. I was forced to wait for an OB nurse to come and get me. Once they got me up to the OB floor and off the elevator, they rushed me past the front desk and straight to my room. The nurse asked me to get out of the chair. You would have thought she was asking me to run a marathon. I could not move. They eventually helped out of the chair and out of my shorts and into the bed. I opened my legs and out popped the baby's head. I delivered Samantha (daughter #2) approximately ten minutes after arriving at the hospital. It was the most amazing thing I

have ever experienced. After they cleaned up the baby, the nurse looked down at my feet and asked, “Oh. Did you want to take off your shoes?”