

From: [REDACTED]
To: [Reproductive, Maternal and Paediatric](#)
Subject: Birth story
Date: Monday, 9 September 2024 10:00:32 AM

Hello , please see attached my birth story:

My partner called the Huon ward multiple times prior to my admission to inform them of concerns for my pain due to a very long baby, which was met with lack of concern and told to ignore it.

I was booked in for an induction on the [REDACTED] at Burnie hospital due to the size and length of my baby.

We arrived on time , and after being seen by the midwife we were told that they could not safely deliver him that day due to lack of staff , and that I would have to be taken to the mainland for delivery. I asked what would happen if I spontaneously went into labour that night and was told that I would have to go to the mainland on my own, I was absolutely horrified.

During the internal exam I was screaming in pain due to having vaginal trauma , and the doctor proceeded to tell me that he only had the tip of his finger in and couldn't reach my cervix (false), and I believe this was to get me out of the hospital.

On the [REDACTED] I was having contractions 3 minutes apart (we live in Sheffield), so my partner called the Huon ward and was once again met with “ she's not in labour it could just be braxton hicks”.

I'd lost my mucous plug and was in severe pain so we ignored their advice and headed to Burnie.

Upon arrival I was told that I wasn't in labour but they would induce me (I was screaming in pain from contractions) . After they placed the gel inside me I was taken to the ward which was full.

I sat in there screaming and crying , going back and forth to the shower , undressing and redressing myself . After an hour of being in there with no one checking in my partner urged them to take me to the birthing suite.

After being taken there they left me there for about 2 hours screaming in pain , standing in the shower with my partner , urging them to help me.

They then did another exam and said that I was fully dilated this was all within 3 hours of being at the hospital and apparently not being in labour. They told me to start pushing and made me sit on the toilet to push for roughly 4 hours.

At 4:15, they did another internal and then broke my water. I was then pushing for another 2 hours before the doctor did another interval and said I was only 8 centimetres dilated.

At this point I was fully exhausted .

I then continued to push on the bed , and begged for an epidural.

After that was done, I pushed until about 8:45, and then the doctors came in and his heart rate was dropping rapidly , so they used the forceps and then the vaccum and i was in extreme pain with both and couldn't push him any further.

I was then rushed in for an emergency c section , and he was born at 9:15. He was resuscitated for 20 minutes. I lost 700mls of blood.

After we were taken back to the ward, my partner fed and changed the baby and was sent home.

I was told that he would be taken to the nursery for observation but he wasn't.

I woke up at about 3am throwing up all over myself and couldn't move my head or my back.

The nurse came in and ignored my concerns , gave me Panadol and left me covered in spew until the morning nurses came in and cleaned me up.

When my partner arrived that morning I told him and the morning nurses that I still couldn't move and I wasn't feeling right. My skin was yellow and I was extremely sweaty.

My partner helped me sit up in bed and my blood pressure dropped and I had to lay down so I didn't pass out.

I continued to raise my concerns as I could feel something was wrong and after 2 hours of begging they finally did a blood test.

They checked my hemoglobin levels , which were at 63.

They sent me for an ultrasound that afternoon which showed I had a hemotoma . They informed me that they would try blood transfusions or I would have to be operated on again. I had 2 blood bags.

The next morning they tried to sit me up again, and as I stood I lost 700mls of blood on the floor. I struggled to shower and walk.

I then received 2 more blood bags , and my levels had dropped.

I asked when I could go home and was told by the doctor “if you go home you will go into cardiac arrest”. I broke down in tears.

I was then too scared to get back into bed incase I bled out again , and requested a chair. They bought me a rocking chair from the nursery and I couldn't sit that low so I screamed in pain. The head of midwifery heard me and I informed her of the comments made by the doctors , and my concern for my health and care.

I then received 2 more blood transfusions, which once again did not bring my levels up.

I requested an iron transfusion, and was told they couldn't do one for 4 days. I expressed my confusion because I was told that I could go into cardiac arrest, and my partner then requested to speak to the head doctor. After 2 hours I was finally granted the transfusion, along with 2 more blood bags.

Finally my levels went up to a safe enough level that I could return home.

Some major points from my time were :

- a canula was left in my hand for 3 days under a bandage without being checked , even after I expressed it was stinging, which resulted in it blowing right up and throbbing. I requested heat packs multiple times for the pain and was denied.

- A canula in my arm was leaking antibiotics, and I told 2 nurses who said “ oh it’s fine”. They left it like this leaking for 5 hours before another nurse found it.

- They continued to take blood from the same veins and my arms were black.

- They attempted to put another canula into my swollen hand , which burst my blood vessel and left me with a black swollen wrist.

I have now been left with ptsd flashbacks, I cannot comfortably sit on the toilet to “push”, and it took me almost 8 weeks to be able to go to the toilet on my own.

I was so scared to wee after my catheter was removed , that I wet myself.

I am now not comfortable being touched , and continue to get flashbacks every night which result in night sweats.

During my 5 day stay at Burnie hospital , I did not have the strength to hold my baby or feed him myself. I had a lovely night nurse who came to help me , and my partner would ask them to come in and feed bub for me because i couldn’t lift my arms or my head.

On the night of day 4, he left and as he always did told the girls in the nursery he was heading off and that id need a hand. I rang the bell because bub was ready for a feed and I was told “it’s about time to do it yourself“.

At this time I was connected to a blood machine and still couldn’t sit up properly. They did not show me how to feed him, how to burp him and left me to basically teach myself whilst being incapacitated.

Thankfully the lovely nurse who had been helping me the nights before came in and saw what was happening and took over , as I was trying to feed a baby while dragging around a blood machine , and not being able to fully walk or lift my arms.

This was traumatic and made me feel like a terrible mother that they made me feel like I should be doing something I wanted to do but couldn't fully do due to being unwell.

I was told that I would be given mental health support , which i wasn't.

They sent me for one blood test after i was discharged , but no further scans or tests. I have since gone and seen my own doctor to follow up the ensure that my body is actually healed.

I have since had 2 pregnancy loses, caused by endometritis infection caused from my labour that was never checked or treated.

The trauma and fear that my birthing experience has given me will live with me forever and has effected my bonding experience with my child , my relationship with my partner and myself.

I struggle to look at myself in the mirror and to feel the touch of another person.

I was made to feel like I was silly, like there was nothing wrong when I almost died due to their actions.

I truly beleive if I didn't beg and scream to advocate myself , I would have died at the Burnie hospital.

I do not believe I will ever have another child due to the trauma and also the damage caused to my body from the hospital .