

My first admission to the hospital was on [REDACTED] around 8 am. When we arrived at PAC with my partner, Nicolas Callejas, we were greeted by midwife [REDACTED]. She tried twice to check my dilation and failed, so she had to ask another midwife to do it, [REDACTED]. I was already 4cm dilated so they moved me to a labour room.

Once in the room, [REDACTED] accompanied me, who from the beginning started to ask me questions about my birth plan, I asked if she had already read it and she said no. I asked her to please do it and not to interrupt me. I wanted to have the least amount of interruptions during the hours of labour. Despite that, She came every 15 minutes to listen to my son's heart, which I once again asked not to do, because I felt [REDACTED] at all times and what she was doing was very invasive, she did not allow me to be in a state of relaxation. seeing her standing in front of me waiting for each contraction to end to feel his heartbeat. When I asked [REDACTED] to stop listening to his heartbeat, she told me that was fine, she would not continue to monitor his heartbeat, but then she came back saying that by hospital protocol she had to do it and that could do it every 30 minutes, to which I agreed not very happily. since I told her that I felt [REDACTED] moving constantly and I didn't think it was necessary.

After a couple of hours (I don't know how many) I asked to try the pool water, which at first I didn't like and decided to leave the water and immediately requested an epidural.

For this, [REDACTED] tells me that she must measure my dilation and do a blood test in order to request it. Again she had to try a couple of times to feel what my dilation was that was getting more and more uncomfortable. When she checked my dilation she said it was between 6 and 7 cm, not very sure. In the next few minutes I see more people enter the room and she walks away.

At that time the pain was already unbearable for me and I began to call her to ask about the epidural but no one responded, this caused me anxiety and I felt more and more unprotected. At that very moment I felt the need to push and I did it on the stretcher. This got the attention of the midwives who were talking and that was the moment when [REDACTED] approached for the first time and with a calm but confident voice, she suggested that I go to the pool and she said that my labour was already advanced so I tried again to be in the pool water with gas. From that moment I felt safe and guided by her, which made a difference in what the rest of my labour would be like.

I entered the pool and my feeling of pushing increased to which all the midwives asked me not to push yet because I wasn't ready. From that minute I remember seeing and listening to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] at all times, who guided me at all times, a feeling that I had not felt with [REDACTED] for me it was a total change.

When the delivery time came, they ask me if I wanted the injection to expel the placenta, I immediately answer yes, they removed me from the water to the stretcher next to [REDACTED] we waited a few minutes for the umbilical cord to stop throbbing, Nicolás cut it and they told me that now they were going to take out the placenta, I felt that it was not something natural, but how they threw it away. Immediately when the placenta came out I started to bleed, at that moment more people arrived in the room, and I don't remember exactly when I was already with my legs raised and they were going to start closing the tear. I remember very well that there was a woman sewing and a doctor guiding her, who left after giving a couple of instructions and he had to return a few minutes later because they couldn't close the tear. He spent a lot of time in that "procedure" because it hurt me a lot and I asked when it was going to finish and he answered in 15 minutes. At that moment, while they were sewing me, the doctor commented, I don't know why, that I didn't have medicare, which we thought was super strange with my partner.

Once all that was over, I felt very hungry, I was tired after the labour and all the blood I had lost, and also during labour I had vomited and I never had the feeling of eating, for which I asked [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] for food several times, but they told me that I couldn't eat because they were still evaluating taking me to the ward and I had to be fasting. After a third or fourth time that I ask what is going to happen, was around 8:00 p.m. and no doctor had seen me in that time, the midwife told me that I could eat if I manage to get up to the bathroom, take a shower and check that the bleeding had stopped.

[REDACTED] accompanied me to the shower. It took me quite a while to get up and walk, since my whole body was shaking, I couldn't get up immediately and I was in the shower for a long time. I remember continuing to bleed, but I was sitting at all times. They brought me food there since I was under a lot of pressure and it took me a long time to get up. After several minutes I returned to my bed and they took us to a room on the east side of the hospital where we stayed for 3 nights.

At the end of the second day they informed us that we were ready to go home, to which I immediately asked if we could stay one more night since I did not feel physically ready to go home, I still had pain in my coccyx and stitches, in addition my lactation was not yet established. That night the midwife on duty told us that it was not possible..

The next day I ask again if we can stay, giving the same reasons, to which we were answered by admission that it was not possible because we didn't have medicare, I kept insisting and commenting that we had insurance and that it was not a compelling reason to say we couldn't stay, after several conversations with the midwife who was going to talk to the admission people, we managed to stay, feeling discriminated against for not being in the system, this made me feel quite insecure and sad.

We finally returned home on October 19, where I continued to bleed and use diapers for the first few days and then pads. October 22 was the first call I made to PAC because I felt very intense pain in my uterus that did not allow me to get out of bed, which did not seem like contractions. That day they suggested heat bags and painkillers.

Then on October 27 the midwife came to check [REDACTED] at home for two weeks and I told the midwife that I was worried about my bleeding as it seemed very abundant, I was using between 10-14 pads a day, she suggested that we call PAC immediately because she thought I should go to the hospital. We arrived at PAC that day in the afternoon together with Nicolás and [REDACTED] when I entered they performed an ultrasound at PAC where they observed that there were a lot of clots and they suggested a treatment to remove them and reduce bleeding. I was also told about a very risky second option in which one of the risks was I could lose the uterus and have to go to the ward, but they would try to avoid it.

We asked if Nicolás could stay, to which they said no, he went home (we live 1 awayhour from the hospital) and a few minutes later they changed their minds, I did not understand why, waiting for Nicolas was very difficult for me to take care of [REDACTED] at the same time that I was going to have the contractions.

That same night they treated me with misoprostol, where they told me that I will begin to have contractions that will allow me ???, but no one warned me that there could be other symptoms, I started to shake, my whole body was jumping, I was with my baby in my arms and without supervision of midwife in the room, I rung them for help and asked them to take [REDACTED] I didn't understand what was happening, I asked how long it would last and if it was something normal, and they told me that it should pass in a few minutes. At that moment I needed Nicolas by my side, to be with [REDACTED] but he hadn't arrived yet. Then my body began to feel very hot, they told me that it could be another symptom of the pills. I finally started having very light contractions and some bleeding.

The next day, they performed a transvaginal ultrasound, where they informed me that no vascular tissues were observed, so I could go home, it was not necessary to do anything else, it was not necessary to go to the ward, I just had to wait to get rid of all the clots. We got home late, after being in bed all day in the hospital I prepared dinner at home and when we were about to go to sleep, I was making [REDACTED] sleep and I felt that I started to bleed uncontrollably and that something was going to come out, I called Nico to take [REDACTED] and bring me a container, and indeed a piece of tissue fell out, it wasn't clots but very red blood. After that I started to leak, the whole floor was covered in blood, the entrance to the house, then my slippers, while we tried to put everything together to go back to the hospital again. This episode was very traumatic because I saw all the blood, I had [REDACTED] in my arms and we had to get out quickly.

I was admitted to the hospital again on October 28 and this time Nico couldn't stay because someone else was in the same room. It was very difficult for me and for the midwife who was there, because she had to help me with [REDACTED] and see me and the other woman who was also in a delicate state. The next day Dr. [REDACTED] saw me and suggested doing a DNC suction since what I had thrown away the day before was indeed vascular tissue.

I went to the pavilion early, around 9:30, it was very difficult and sad to leave [REDACTED] and Nico. After everything that had happened and feeling that it was not over yet, I remember crying all the way to the pavilion.

Later in the recovery room I woke up and was with a nurse who offered me to eat an ice cream, which I remember enjoying a lot, suddenly I started to bleed uncontrollably, I saw that several people paid attention to what was happening and they called the doctor [REDACTED] to check what was happening, after a few minutes, I began to feel really bad, tired and with very low blood pressure. The doctor arrived to see what was happening. I think they gave me some medication that managed to stop the bleeding, I'm not sure about that, but after several minutes, [REDACTED] said that she was about to enter the ward again. I never understood why this happened.

After this episode She took a blood sample from me to check my haemoglobin, which was very low, and suggested doing a transfusion. I remember that at all times I repeated "I'm bleeding", because I felt when blood was falling, and they were going to change the pads, it was like that for several minutes until the blood transfusion arrived. From that moment on, every time I bled, it scared me a lot since I thought that the situation could be repeated. I felt very tired and I was very afraid to go back to sleep, I thought that if I closed my eyes I would not be able to open them again. I asked the nurse who was with me if I could sleep, she said yes, it's safe. I managed to sleep for a few minutes and they took me back to the maternity ward, where I met Nico and [REDACTED] again. We spent that night in the west maternity zone. I felt tired but I was recovering strength. The next day in the morning I remember being on my cell phone and suddenly I start to feel very bad. I called the midwife who took my blood pressure, it was very low and she put my legs up. After many conversations, they decided to give me a new transfusion that only arrived around 4 in the afternoon. That day I was thinking a lot about how I was going to go home to take care of [REDACTED] if I felt that tired, and above all, alone because Nico already had to go back to work. I remember they did another blood test, and here a point stood out. Every time they were going to draw my blood, I had to inform them beforehand that my veins were complicated since many people were unable to do it. This meant that on several occasions I was punctured more than once or that they had to ask another person for help. To which I think everyone should be able to do it. That afternoon I was already feeling a little better, but the blood test was still not good. I didn't really understand why until I asked what was going on, why not get an iron infusion or

another transfusion. That night I got up to shower with Nicolas, while [REDACTED] slept. I still didn't feel very strong but with more energy. They transferred me to the East maternity area, where we stayed for another two more nights.

The next day they decided to do another transfusion late at night, I immediately told them that I didn't want to go home yet even though the blood tests were fine, I wanted to be able to walk and get out of bed so that the previous time would not happen to me. Walk down the halls, into the waiting room, and into the room for the next two days.

This is how we returned home on Wednesday, November 2. I was still very afraid of bleeding profusely when I got home.

That night I remember having used maternity pads, and again the next morning I was putting [REDACTED] to sleep in my arms and a large clot fell, about 4 cm which I was terrified and crying immediately called PAC. They suggested that I return to the hospital. On this occasion I was already frustrated, very sad and with the feeling that this would never end, I was afraid that I was going to lose my uterus.

We arrived at the hospital early in the morning, both with Nicolas very emotionally shaken. At that moment I was greeted by a midwife who told us our situation and told me that she was going to call the doctor who was leading the team that day, so that they could give me a final answer to everything that was happening. I don't remember his name, but I felt that for the first time, someone was asking me a lot of questions and really inquiring into all the symptoms.

We waited several hours, around 2 pm they performed an ultrasound to see what state my uterus was in. I continued to be large and with many clots. They suggested that I go home to continue with the natural process of throwing them away, which terrified me since the previous time the reason for going home had been the same and I had to return to go to the operating theatre.

After a long conversation with the internal doctor who came to visit me, she suggested that we have the cell phone number of the doctors on duty and that I could return to control in a week so that I would be calm.

I returned for a check upon Thursday, November 10 with a friend. It was on this occasion that I saw [REDACTED] again and I explained everything that was going through my head at that moment.

My feeling is that everything could have been different if during my delivery things had been done differently, since my symptoms at that time indicated that there was a high probability that part of the placenta was inside.

I want to understand why they didn't check for placental remains the day [REDACTED] was born, what happened that caused all that bleeding, why the immediate decision to do the DNC was not made, what were the chances of that happening, What is the protocol for these cases?

What happened tarnished how beautiful my delivery was, it generated trauma and exhaustion for me and my family. We feel discriminated against and with a lack of information. My life was at risk and I believe that no woman deserves to go through that.