

Submission  
No 100

## INQUIRY INTO BIRTH TRAUMA

**Name:** Name suppressed

**Date Received:** 25 July 2023

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Partially  
Confidential

My birth story is from  
Hospital again.

Hospital / now changed to W

On 2017 I arrived to labour and delivery, I had been having constant contractions and my waters had suspected partial broken, I was taken into the room and hooked up to the monitor, the contractions were constant and quiet painful, I asked the midwife if she could check to see if I had dialated, and informed her as I had not yet tested for the infection that could require a drip when in labour, but did require it with both my previous pregnancies.

I was told I was 3cm and that it was best to go home and come back later if I felt closer.

I went home and called an ambulance as my contractions were intense and I couldn't walk or talk through them, they were long and constant. The ambulance arrived and said I should return to hospital.

Labour and delivery seen me and said the contractions were strong enough for full labour but I hadn't changed in dialation. I asked for a second opinion and the midwife snapped at me.

She proceeded to check again quiet rough, and said she could feel for the landmarks she was looking for, this took quiet a while and I begged her to stop as it was really hurting.

A doctor came in and I was in tears and explained what happened , the doctor said they would check me and I was 5cm dialated. But again it was best to go home and wait for things to move along, my waters were still leaking at this point as well.

I found it hard to walk at 5cm and told them I had 2 young children and lived 20 mins away from the hospital, if anything happens I could give birth on the side of the road and was scared.

They assured me I would be fine and to go home. I returned the next morning in so much pain from my pelvis and the fact I was 5cm was scary I was anxious something bad could happen. They then informed me that they could induce me on the Thursday being the to help move things along. I asked to place a report of the midwife who had hurt me and begged she not be there when I return on the , the head midwife agreed and said she would speak with her staff member of her behaviour toward me.

Each day the pains continued and were harder to do anything, little to no sleep and my body was just exhausted and sore. I cried and spent a lot of the time in the shower or bath to reduce some discomfort.

The morning of the I received a call and was told they couldn't help me today there was too much still on and I would just have to wait, I begged for a social worker to talk to and work out a plan, the was the day no more exceptions or I was going higher, I needed help. I arrived at 8.30 as planned waiting around to be hooked up to the monitor and started the antibiotics and drip to help speed things along, they popped my waters and finally I though we will start to get some where. It was almost 11am now and I was told this could take a few hours for things to move along, I was introduced to the student midwife, and they began talking. I rolled over and started moving my hips and had a certain rush of pushing feeling, I was helped to my back and bang 2 big pushes and she was out so much blood, no cries no screams just silence and shock as I look down to this tiny baby placed on me. I started to feel weak and dizzy. The doctor came in and left, and the student midwife wrapped up and checked on my baby girl. I wanted to go and get a shower, as a

I was helped over I started loosing a heap of blood and my feet felt funny. I was still contracting like labour it was awful. They got me back on the bed and checked me out. It was ok apparently and I should settle soon.

The student midwife returned and laughed, she went to hand me my daughter and said she had just given my daughter to another women, I was shocked! Disgusted and scared I said what do you mean, she laughed and she it's ok she's still in labour so I'm guessing it wasn't her baby.

My daughter had no id tags on yet, I had barely seen her face and now she was given to a stranger! I cried and asked her to leave. I was so scared and it hadn't really sunk in what had happened.

The next few days were a blur, but the pain didn't settle, I was still contracting and loosing so much blood and clots. I pressed the button for help and they requested a doctor come and check again, up in the stirrups and having my insides examined, there was a piece of my placenta still inside, the pain was unbelievable! I cried I screamed and I begged it to be over. They cleaned it out and I was sent back to my room. All this time I was thinking where is my baby now? Did they take her again has she been handed to anyone else. I could only trust my midwife who delivered my baby, I kept asking for her to come and help me. I get back to my room and there's a tiny baby being watched by someone else from staff. I sit and cry and stress. My baby couldn't attach. She was tongue tied and needed it clipped. They told me to wait and see. I expressed how my sons wasn't done and I waited and seen and he has terrible speech I wasn't risking that again. And it was too painful to breastfeed which I was planning to do.

Finally they agreed to snip the tongue tie she could attach. I can't really remember et the days that followed, the first meeting of my daughter to her siblings and family, I look back at photos and I just have no idea. Maybe my body chose to shut down to avoid more pain? Maybe my body just needed to rest? Maybe I was depressed already in the moment. But I couldn't see it.

The next few weeks and months were racing by, I was suffering post natal depression, I didn't know what to do or how to handle the feelings. I would look at her and see her features and wonder is she really mine, was she actually the baby I grew? There was always a fear that I just couldn't see why she was so different to my other 2 kids.

Her hair was fine and light red, her face shape seemed different. I felt I just couldn't get the bond I tried so hard for.

Eventually I would get it, it would just be different. A difference I never new could happen.

It's been 6 years and still so different I wish that our story was a different one. I feel like I was robbed of moments that should of been special, because my head would question. The pelvic floor muscles must of been damaged as well, no matter what recovery I did I couldn't stop the sneeze and full urination, I would have to cross my legstight and still I can't hold anything. My bladder just isn't the same. My pelvis pains were awful and only comforting to sit with my legs butterflied out, the issues will be forever. And I'm too scared to go back and have someone look at them to see if they can be fixed.

I have trauma, I have PTSD and anxiety and I would never wish this experience on anyone.

My daughters life and my life will forever be effected by more then one mistake!