

Submission  
No 1345

## INQUIRY INTO BIRTH TRAUMA

**Name:** Name suppressed

**Date Received:** 7 August 2023

---

Partially  
Confidential

During my first birth, at 24 years old, my partner and I were pressured into being induced as my son was 10 days overdue. I had a beautiful doula who gave us great advice, but the hospital kept throwing risks at us, which eventually made me cave into being induced. I had cervadil and went home. I came back to the hospital the next morning, in no pain. They checked me and broke my waters as I was 4cm dilated. I asked to go for a walk to help move things along more naturally. They were hesitant, but my doula advocated for me and I was able to walk for 10 minutes. Thankfully, contractions started instantly. But unfortunately, due to being induced, they were horrible, fast and constant. I didn't get a break from the pain. Some contractions were not as bad as others, but the pain never went away. I felt as if I was going to pass out. The nurses offered me morphine, but thanks to my doula educating us on this, I denied it. We ended up having an epidural as the pain was unbearable and constant. They told me I had 3 hours, or I'd have to deliver him via cesarean. My doula pushed, as myself and Bub were doing fine. She fought the nurses and drs and got me to 8hrs. The drs came in to check my and said my son had disengaged and wasn't coming out naturally. They said his heart rate was getting high and so was my temperature. They persuaded me through fear of my son's life to get me into theatre. My partner had to wait outside of the operating room for 2 hours before we began the procedure. They finally let him in and began the cesarean. My son was born, the cord was cut, he was taken to be weighed and cleaned and wrapped all before I even saw him. A nurse showed me a picture of him before I even lay my eyes on him myself. Finally, they gave me my son. The man in charge of my surgery was thankfully an angel! Usually dads and babies are kicked out while mum is stitched back up, but he advocated for them to stay with me. Once I was stitched up, I was put in a room to recover.. for 2hrs. While my new baby and my partner were upstairs in my room. By this time it was 1am. I got to my room at 3am where I met my little family. Instantly, they put my son on me and said bye dad. You need to go. I was high on morphine and could barely keep my eyes open. My nurses were awful and rude. They yelled at me to stay awake to feed my son, then left me. My son was in his bassinet, his dummy fell out and he was screaming. I couldn't move, I pressed the buzzer I was crying because I felt helpless. After an hour, then finally came in. This kept happening throughout the night until they decided to take my son so I could "sleep". I didn't sleep, I cried because I felt helpless, I barely knew my baby as I didn't get the opportunity for that initial bonding moment. My partner snuck back into the hospital at 6am because he knew I hadn't slept and I needed too. The nurses noticed and made a rude comment to him. I then had to shower, where a nurse needed to help me get dressed. She was so rude and I was so vulnerable. She made awful comments toward me, huffed and puffed about having to help me get dressed and laughed at me because I had face cream in my shower bag. I felt so degraded and I was a brand new mum. I stayed only that one night, then discharged myself and went home the following day, after having major surgery, because the system failed us completely.