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Instructor's Name

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Date

Happy Birthday, Baby

As I lay in the hard adjustable hospital bed on a cold and windy winter morning, long before a rooster would ever make a sound, sharp, intense pains continuously hit me in the stomach. It wasn't like the usual type of pains people feel after falling or while having a terrible headache. These pains were entirely different, one only a childbearing mother could handle. It felt like someone constantly stabbing at me with razor-sharp knives that had been sharpened just minutes before. I remember balling up with my knees in my chest, trying to concentrate on something positive as I had learned in Lamaze class, but that method wasn't working at all. In fact, it seemed as if the more I tried to think, the worse the pains became. I knew that day was going to be my baby's birthday.

In the small delivery room of white and pink walls, surrounded by my closest friends and family, I closed my eyes and demanded for someone to come rub my back, hoping the rubbing would help ease some of the pain I was feeling. My sister slowly stroked my back up and down. Her hand was as warm as if she had warmed it in front of a burning fire. At that moment I felt as if I was at my favorite place in the mountains, at a small cabin in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by nothing but trees and snow. All the pain was slowly starting to go away.

Several hours later I woke up to a loud burst that sounded like the little poppers I used to play with when I was little. A cool liquid substance ran down my leg. I felt very embarrassed, even though my water breaking was a natural thing in the delivering process. Quickly the same

exact pains I had felt earlier came back full speed. My sister acted as if she could feel the pain too and quickly ran to get a nurse for help. The nurse came in, all happy and energetic, and told me it was time to start pushing.

I was as nervous as a person at the free throw line in a championship game trying to make two baskets to win with three seconds to go in the fourth quarter. My palms were sweating, my mouth felt like the Sahara Desert, and my heart felt as if it was about to jump out of my chest. My baby was no longer being patient; he was starting to ease his way down without any help from me at all. I began to worry because the doctor hadn't arrived yet and my baby's head was already out. Somehow through all the pain, coaching, and fast breathing I managed to give three hard pushes to deliver my baby just as the doctor walked in to catch him.

My baby was beautiful, just as I had imagined him for nine months. He was an eight-pound one-ounce bundle of pure beauty. His skin was a smooth pale-caramel complexion with thousands of little wrinkles. He had the biggest, brightest black eyes that went perfectly with his long curly eyelashes, kind of like the ones shown in a Cover Girl commercial. His hands and feet were tiny and soft, somewhat like that favorite blanket I loved as a child, and he tried to grab hold of my finger to put it into his mouth. His thick black hair would not lie down; it stood straight up in the air, and when I tried to make it stay down, it would just shoot right back up like Alfalfa in the movie *The Little Rascals*. I named my baby Kaiden and smiled, thinking he resembled me in some way.

Delivering my baby was a long, painful process that I wish I could have skipped. However, giving birth to Kaiden and actually seeing the little person that grew inside my body made me realize the level of responsibility, love, money, guidance, and many other things I had to be ready to give for the next eighteen years. As I cuddled with him in my restless arms ready

for hours of sleep, I whispered in my baby's ear, "Happy birthday, baby!"