

HG turned me from a woman who would never consider a termination at this stage in my life to a woman that DID have a termination.

A much wanted child who in the early days of my pregnancy I excitedly picked out nursery colours and purchased newborn clothes, dreams of a baby brother for my son to play in the dirt together or a little sister twirling around in her skirts.

I can't help but feel now though that I could have fought harder for my child - but loved ones remind me that I did fight and that being sane for my first born and letting go of my second was the only choice I really had. It was after all what is called a medical termination. One that saved me from the edge of darkness, that gave my firstborn his mummy back, one that meant I no longer felt I was quite literally starving to death.

My second pregnancy started with the misguided but positive notion that HG would not happen again. But it did, ten-fold. And in a way it was worse because this time I knew what was coming.

I knew in my heart of hearts this time I wasn't strong enough to fight it.

Being forced through the A&E system when my muscles were wasting away and I quite literally felt like I needed an ambulance not a 5 hour wait in A&E, surrounded in a room by what would normally be just a room full of people but because of HG became a room full of my worst nightmares. Of people staring and watching me retch with nothing left.

A room full of dirty ash tray smells, violently disgusting perfumes and washing powders, the stench of people's bodies and the overwhelming smell of canteen food. Only to be left in a wheel chair all night tied up to an IV in a hallway, to then have that wheel chair taken for someone else when my partner held me whilst I slowly walked to the toilet.

I looked around the A&E department and I saw people who were on death's door and I felt who was I to complain, who was I to beg for a bed, to me my illness a low priority.

Eventually shoved in a family room in the late hours, delirious, having a bad reaction to some anti sickness meds and hearing a man weep as his mother passed away. I was utterly terrified. I may not have been dying that night, but as a result of that experience I made that decision there and then that I couldn't cope.

That I had to end my pregnancy to save my sanity.

I like to think family and friends understand what I went through in those weeks, the termination my saviour at the time. But now it's all over and HG a distant memory I'm left with an empty space in my house and my heart where the child we so wanted would be.

Last Christmas a norovirus struck in our house and my partner said to me that he understood now - he wasn't sure how he would make it through those days and I knew that how awful he felt then - HG was that times a million with a never ending time frame where maybe there would be a light at the end of the tunnel but maybe there wouldn't be.

And I am utterly ashamed of my decision now;

Could I have tried harder?
Could I have fought harder?

And people ask me "will you have another? Will there be a brother or sister for your son?" And I lie, I say no, no more. But the truth is. There was another, and I failed, my body failed us. When my son

asks for a sibling and my heart breaks a little, when i see a family of 4 and I have to look away. HG robbed me of that.

Then I put it all away to the back of my mind, i put away the baby grows back into its little box of precious things. And I look for the joy my first born brings to my life and how utterly lucky I am & I know had I gone through with my second pregnancy he may not have the same mum he has now.

The mummy who is now fighting everyday.

Maybe one day I'll be strong enough to try again but for now I hold my little boy that little bit longer and I savour our days together and I thank the heavens I can make it through the weeks and months trying to make peace with our past and looking to our future together.