My name is Grace and I am 18 years old this is my story.

My labour started at home and I arrived at the hospital at 10pm. Later the next day, they sent me to a larger facility for proper management as I was told my cervix was not opening. I was not afraid, but thought that if they are sending me, then everything will be ok because the bigger facility is where there’s everything needed. I paid for the taxi to get me, there.

When I arrived at the hospital it was after 3pm, they took me into another room and they ruptured my membranes and then they took me inside the labour ward and gave me a bed. The labour ward staff told me I’d need to wait until 7pm, and if I had not delivered by then then I will go to theatre. They were coming to get me to go to theatre, and told me I had to wait, there was another women bleeding heavily who needed to go into theatre now. I waited, but I needed to wait again for another woman to go into theatre. By the time I went to theatre it was past 1am, and the baby was born at around 4am.

After my c/s, when they removed the catheter, my urine was just leaking out. When they put the catheter back it was very painful. There was a large lump in my belly. The pain got very bad, no medicine was working. They even starting giving me injections for pain, those ones given every 6 hours, but it wouldn’t even last 6 hours. After a few days a Dr came and said I needed an x-ray. My grandmother went to make the booking but it was more than 1 week away, when I showed another doctor the paper with the date, they said ok. Then things began to change for the worse, the Dr came and said “I thought we told you to go for an x-ray yet you haven’t gone?” I explained but the doctor started asking why we were given a date so far away as if we are outpatients. The Dr made a phone call and was told I should go for an x-ray tomorrow because they were very busy. After the X-ray they said I had a mass and I needed to go to theatre the next day.

***I am Grace’s Grandmother:*** *The next day at 8am when they were taking her into theatre, she was very weak. The nurses even wanted to give her oxygen on the ward but ended up taking her straight to theatre. At around 1pm, the Dr came to find me. The Dr called me, but for him to start speaking it took him some time. So I said “speak its ok, I’m prepared for anything, it is well.” Then the Dr started explaining how the operation was very difficult, when they opened her up on one side to found plenty of pus. The pus was too much and was not stopping so they opened her on the other side where there was a mass.*

*When they opened the other side the mass ended up rupturing, when clearing the pus they saw that the mass had eaten away some of her intestines. They had to call other doctors to come help because they couldn’t manage the damaged intestines. They had now finished the operation and sowed a Bogota bag to cover her intestines which are coming out. She was taken to serious (ICU) and the Dr told me to go and see her. In serious (ICU) I found her unconscious. The next morning her mother went to see her and found her awake and speaking and the first thing she asked me was “where is my baby”. We were asked to sign consent for her to be taken back to theatre again and when she came out she was unconscious for two weeks. She eventually woke up, and wanted to see her husband and baby. There were many challenges, afterwards: she wasn’t walking, and she had many concerns and many worries. I had to keep encouraging and giving her all the support.*

**Grace continues**: My life has changed *[breaks down crying],* during delivery they cut my bladder but they sowed it back together. So when I’m having sex with my husband *[pauses crying and catching her breath]* …during sex when you are supposed to have vaginal discharge coming out, urine starts coming out. And this still happens till now. My husband is understanding, I see the love he has for me remains the same, even now.