Desiree Kacou

English 100

Formal Assignment #1: Narrative Project

2/24/2019

                         Broken Heart

“Georges, please call 911”, I screamed.

 I met Georges 8 years ago at an event organized by the Ivorian Community in Philadelphia, the rest is history we have been married since 2014.

“What happen?” Georges asked.

“I cannot get out of the bed ”I replied.

He picked me up and carried me to Lankenau hospital. I passed out in the car, the pain was unbearable. Do you hear me miss? “Miss, miss whispered the nurse” yes I replied what happen to you? The nurse asked. I don’t know but I woke up this morning with a pain in my leg and lower stomach.

When were you last period she asked?

“Last week.” I replied.

I will take some blood for testing and will do some ultrasound to see. Said the nurse

It was so cold and the strong smell of the hospital disinfect was making my heart moving faster. The beep beep sound of the machine was ringing in my ear. The nurse came back shortly after taking the blood and the urine sample.

“Miss Kacou you are pregnant” announced the nurse

“That impossible” I replied.

 At that moment I started thinking of how difficult a pregnancy can be. The constant fear of possible miscarriage, the intense fatigue, the cramping, the nausea with or without vomiting the craving.

“I just got my period few days ago” I restated.

Sure but the urine sample and the blood sample came back positive and the number of your HCG level are pretty high. I will bring the ultrasound.

I talked to myself, how come I could I be pregnant, that impossible my last born was only one year old and I just started to go back to school. How will I managed all that, as I was trying to figure out. The nurse came back with the ultrasound machine ,plug it and started to rub my lower stomach with warm gel and proceed to the rotation movement on my lower abdomen. She zoomed on the screen and kept silence.

“What wrong? “I asked .

No answer, she did not said a word and was staring at the screen

I asked “do you see something?”

“I will send the picture to the doctor he will talked to you” she replied.

I knew that something were wrong at that moment. I returned in my room and in less than twenty minutes the room was filling up with nurses and doctors.

“Miss Kacou we received the pictures and we could not find a pregnancy but the blood work revealed that you are pregnant we have two hypothesis. You are pregnant and it too early to see it on the monograph or is an ectopic pregnancy and according to the level of hcg we think that it an ectopic pregnancy which is a life threatening”. The doctor said.

“Can you be more explicit about what an ectopic pregnancy is?” I asked.

“An ectopic pregnancy is when the embryo is outside of the uterus and it a life threatening if it not treated can lead to death” replied the doctor.

I was so confused the same day in less than five hours I was announced a pregnancy that I did not know about and I have to make a decision because the doctor told me that there were no chance of survival. Either for me or the embryo. If I decided to kept it I will die of an internal bleeding because the embryo is not in the uterus which is made for a fetus. They suggest me to get a surgery to remove the embryo and save my life.

how difficult it can be to be a parent. I thought that maybe I did something wrong to deserve such a punishment start thinking of How difficult I was when I was a child.  The doctor walked away and come back thirty minute later to know what I decided. I gave my approval and the nurses helped me get ready for the surgery. It was insane the most difficult decision I made in my all life give away  a piece of me. I woke up four hours later in a cold room. The surgeon came in my room and asked me if I wanted to see the pictures. They found the embryo in my tube. The embryo destroyed the tube so they had to remove the left tube with the baby inside.

“I don’t want to see no picture” I whispered.

A piece of me died that June 4th 2018 it was my third pregnancy and probably the last one. What if I did not go  in the hospital when I was feeling that intense pain in my lower stomach. I was going to take a Tylenol and think that the pain will go. I was going to die as the doctor told me I would have had a internal bleeding and possibly died. Who were going to take care of my kids. I leave here with my husband and kid both our family live in Ivory Coast .My husband working two jobs to be able to provide for the kids he barely have time for him only sleep three hours a day. What if I am not here how he will take care of the kids, balancing job and the kids. I can imagine what my kids will become if something happen to me, I cannot imagine, I cannot.