

# Descriptive essay – my daughter's birthday essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

My Daughter’s Birthday I was almost nine months pregnant at the beginning of September, the summer coming to an end, but nonetheless, the bun in the oven was cooking on very high temperatures making me feel hot and miserable. As I waited in the doctor’s office for my weekly routine visit, I thought to myself, “ I have two more visits left before I meet my sweet baby girl. ” My doctor told me that due to the presumed size of my baby if I did not go into labor by the next morning, she was going to induce my labor.

Being a new mom, I did not know what that meant but I had heard from other moms that this was a painful process and undoubtedly, I became scared. Sympathetic of my anxiety towards the induction, my doctor gave me some advice. She said go home, eat some greasy foods and have sex with your partner and that should make you go into labor. So needless to say, I followed my doctor’s orders. The calzones we ordered from our local pizzeria were delicious, dripping entirely with gooey cheese and grease.

I jumped into bed to make love to my hubby and we were fast asleep by no later than 10: 00 p. m. At about 1: 00 a. m. , I woke up to subtle tightening on my belly. I thought to myself, “ was that a contraction I just felt? ” After about 10 minutes, sure enough I felt a lightning strike across my belly causing me to jump out of bed startling and waking my husband from his sleep. He suddenly laughed and said, “ Did your doctor’s tip work? ” Evidently it did, because a couple of hours later, we were headed to the hospital to deliver a baby.

After arriving at the hospital it all seemed to have happened so fast because before I knew it, I was already undressed, robed and made as comfortable by

the nurses. The discomfort of my labor pains had grown stronger and intensified each time I had a contraction taking over my belly. At about 10:00 a. m. , the anesthesiologist and was ready to administer the epidural and the fear of the long frightening needle, became a blessing in disguise.

Within seconds the anesthesia began to work and the pain became much more tolerable. Shortly after a lengthy nap I heard the nurse say, “ I’m calling the doctor, it’s time to start pushing. ” By this time, mom and my sisters had arrived at the hospital and were also in the room. Of course my husband was also in the room which made the room headcount to about eight or nine people. My nurse told me, “ just remember, screaming doesn’t help get the baby out you need to push with all you have”.

I hung on to those words thinking I needed to focus and not be so dramatic which is pretty much what she implied. I needed to be ready, like a professional boxer is when he steps into a ring to meet his match. After three attempts of trying to push what felt like a basketball at the time, I became frustrated and fiercely told the doctor “ get it out! ” I looked over to my mom and she was crying as both my sisters were as well, and thought to myself shouldn’t I be the one crying?

After a couple more pushes, I soon got what I and everyone else in that room wanted. At four minutes after five that evening, Sydney was born.

Immediately after the nurses got her cleaned up and laid her on my chest and I was able to hold her in my arms and I looked at her beautiful soft face, my eyes welled up with tears as she so strongly took my breath away.

Sydney was the most beautiful baby girl I had ever seen in my entire life.

From that point forward, my life changed completely for the better and it will never be the same.