



Facts

Nadia is on maternity leave from her work as an art dealer in a gallery. She met her husband in USA where she got her education. They fell in love, married and moved to Denmark just before the immigration laws became stricter. Michael teaches economy at Copenhagen Business School.

Nadia is 31 years old and a former model. Ninja was born 3 weeks ago.

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I visited the midwife 4 days before I was due. She examined me every week in the last month as I have had some problems at the start of my pregnancy. But now, everything was as it should be, and she told me that waiting for the delivery was all that was left. Home and wait. It felt as if I was about to have my period, even though I was in a little more pain than the last days. I slept badly that night, even thought about going to the hospital, but I figured that they would only send me home again.

When Michael awoke that morning, he felt more troubled than me, so we went to the hospital. The midwife on call examined me, and to my big surprise I was four fingers open. I just couldn't understand that I was having labour pains, but that was what it was. Following this, I was examined every hour and every hour, I had opened one more finger. When I was at 10 cm, the midwife decided to burst the amniotic sac so I could feel the contractions. Now, the pain was severe. I was told to hold off the pushing, even though, at this point, I just wanted it all to be over.

Soon, the urge to push finally got the hold of me, I had to push 12 times before the head came out. One more push, and my lovely daughter came out. A little mulatto daughter at 3.125 g and 51 cm. She was placed on my chest while I pushed the placenta out. The umbilical cord was cut by a mighty proud, new father.



Facts

Sidsel works as AD at a publishing house where she is responsible for the graphic profiles of the house's different magazines. She is married to Thomas who is a senior partner of the firm, but they work separately. They both live stressed and hectic lives focussed on their careers.

Sidsel is 34 years old. Viktor was born 6 weeks ago.

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Tuesday morning, I was bending down to pick something up from the floor. "Shit", I said to myself. I thought I'd wet my pants. I told my husband to go to work, that it probably wasn't the water that'd broke. Denial? Probably. The water had broke. When my husband had left, more and more of the amniotic fluids came flowing out of me. So I called my mom. She came right away and we called the hospital. Of course they told me to take it easy and call again if I started to get labour pains. I did.

We went to the women's ward. I had pains about a minute apart, but not extremely painful. I could have thought that I had just eaten something bad or something. Luckily, mom was not as easily convinced as Mikkel. We called Mikkel as soon as we arrived at the hospital and he promised to be there as fast as he could. I was brought into an examination room and the midwife told me that I was 6 cm open and that I was to be brought to the maternity ward. When I got there, I got an epidural and then we just sat. Nothing happened. The only sign of the labour pains where on the screen I was hooked up to. We talked about everything and nothing.

After a while I was told to lay down and push, as I was now 10 cm open. Not many pushes before he was out. First, he didn't want to draw breath, but all of a sudden he started yelling. I almost lifted from the bed. The feeling when they brought the little miracle to him was magical. It was as if I had known him for my entire life. 2725 g and 49 cm.



Facts

Sofie studies pedagogics. Mikkel, her boyfriend works in IT and plays football on his spare time. Sofie is best friends with Mette who she is also in class with. Sofie and Mette decided to become pregnant simultaneously to be able to follow each other.

Sofie is 24 years old. Emilia was born 4 weeks ago.

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Week 41: We went to the hospital to induce the delivery, where I had a bougie put up. My best friend, Mette, had given birth two weeks before, so I had a some clue what to expect. But nothing happened, so we were kindly asked to return the next morning. We were there 8:30. Sharp. I was examined – dilation was 3 cm, so the second bougie was cancelled. Instead they broke the water. Apparently it was difficult for the student midwife to do, so instead of the crochet hook, she used some kind of finger-thingy with hooks. At 9:45 one and a half liters of water splurged out. There was a lot and it was all over the floor. Messy.

Then everything grinded to a halt. Only after a couple of hours the pangs began. At 11:30 they took me to the maternal ward, where I am fitted with a CTG, which stayed on until I had delivered. An hour later they ordered my anesthesia – half an hour tops – they said. An hour later I was still waiting, when the anesthesiologist arrived. He used at least an hour to place it correctly. Meanwhile I was haunted by my pangs. He had to use two attempts to give it perfectly. 15:00 the anesthesia worked, I was dilated an extra 6 cm. An hour later at 16:10 I'm almost there, and I begin to push. It's difficult to feel when to push. The midwife sticks her fingers up into the vagina, and asks me to push them out again. It really really helps. At 16:30 I was told that my contractions are not quite long enough, so I was put on IV to stimulate the contractions. 16:40 the midwife asks me to feel at the opening and I can feel the head there. Its a really strange sensation because the anesthesia didn't work down there. 10 minutes later she was born. I pull the last of her out myself. Its difficult as shes very greasy. Its a beautiful baby-girl. Even though he wanted a boy, he's completely taken with her. I only had slight lacerations of the labias, so luckily I only needed a single stitch. She weighed 3.725 grams and was 54 cm long.



Facts

Mette studies pedagogics. Her boyfriend Klaus works in a shop that sells diving equipment and is very keen on football. Mette is best friends with Sofie who is also in her class. Mette and Sofie decided to be pregnant at the same time.

Mette is 25 years old. Elisabeth was born 4 weeks ago.

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I felt ready to give birth, when there were two more weeks to go. A little past midnight amniotic fluid started seeping out and we went to the hospital to get me examined. I was just 1 cm open. My labour pains felt like an unruly stomach. Still, I had breakfast with my best friend, while we were waiting for it to happen. She was pregnant too. In the same week, even. But it looked much like I was to go first.

At midnight, we went to the hospital to get some antibiotics, and as there was a bed free, they let me stay. The labour pains had started, steadily 7-10 minutes apart. A bit like menstruation. I had a effervescent tablet, something to warm my back, and had Klaus right by me.

The pain kept me half-awake, and hospitals just isn't as good a place to sleep in as home. At 3:22 I felt a sharp pain in my lower stomach. I thought that it was the baby kicking, but I could feel the fluids rushing out of me. They looked like mud. I called for the nurse. That thing about early labour pains coming on slowly was not true for me! They pounded on me, just one minute apart. They examined me, and I was 5 cm open. Then the contractions came. I tried to tell them that I wanted an epidural, but there just wasn't time. Things just happened too fast, and next thing I knew, the head was out. It hurt beyond belief, and I think I even soiled myself. I almost fainted as the baby came. Smeary and slippery like an eel. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen — and I was screaming of happiness — 3.800 g and 53 cm tall. The only bad thing was that they had to call for a head doctor to determine if I needed stitches down there or not.



Louise

Facts

Louise is a trained painter and is tied to a big entrepreneur's shop. Her boyfriend Anders is a journalist on a tabloid paper and spends a lot of time at the poker table. They met in the pub and were pregnant shortly after.

Louise is 27 years old. Timon was born 5 weeks ago.

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Boy, was I tired of being pregnant come week 39. The whole week, I'd had labour pains that we're constantly calling attention to themselves combined with shooting pains in my vagina. My digestion was slowing down until it crept to a halt, and my pussy was swollen to at least its double size, and everything felt wrong. At 3:43 am Friday night, I was awoken by a labour pain stronger and sharper than ever before. I quickly turned over to the other side to try to ease the pain, only to have my water breaking. It felt like a plop and, and out it came pouring. Luckily, I had protection pads in my underwear and protection cover in my bed. I dragged myself out to the toilet. My panties were shimmering with light red flegm. I peeled them off while having a piss when the indigestion suddenly was "released". When the first real labour pain hit me it was off to the hospital.

At 5 am, we storm in to the maternity ward, I'm examined and is only opened 1 cm. The cervix is worn-out. They CT it and the CT shows weak, but increasing labour pains. 20%, 30%, 40%, etc. When they disconnect me from the CT, I'm at 50% and it hurts like hell. The ward readies a water bath. Now the contractions start getting really nasty. I'm four cm open, and it is 6 o'clock. The pain is constant, and I have trouble breathing. When I push, I can feel the baby press its legs against my ribs. Not very nice. "Push!", says the midwife and I push. She gives me the baby, and it is a boy! The baby is covered in smear and looks intensely at me. I hold my breath. He lies there, just staring. And suddenly, he lets out the first, vital screams. He is born on a Saturday, at 7:19. The father cuts the umbilical cord. They let me sit with him for a while, but then I must go up. The umbilical cord dangles between my legs. I push the placenta out, it is intact. Then they let us tend to ourselves and our little boy. He is 50 cm and weighs 2.940 g.



Facts

Caroline is a interior decorator with a mind of her own. She is specialised in Feng-shui (a special decorating philosophy from China). She met Per, her husband, in a self-development course. Per is a HR consultant for a big Danish firm.

Caroline is 29. Malthe was born 4 weeks ago.

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We had decided on giving birth at home. We were pretty sure over that there was a certain risk to it, but choose to do it nonetheless.

Your own home is just so different from a cold and sterile hall in the maternity ward, and we liked the thought of a natural birth — we even chose not to use anesthetics. I don't think we are the first to do that. The midwife that I consulted was compeltely in agreement with this, and had promised to be there when the time came.

When it start to happen, it is just right. No taxi to a hospital, just a phone call for the midwife. I called here when I started having regular contractions. I had one at 16:46 and one again at 16:52. The next came just three minutes later, and I thought that it was different from the others. It starts to hurt and I have to focus on my breathing.

My husband helps me to get on the bed and make things nice with relaxation music. That camls me down, and the worries of not having the epidural blockage and the anesthetics wear of. Shortly after, the midwife arrives just as the contractions comes on. A big stone off of my chest — I don't want to do this alone. She examines me and I am fully open. At 18:05, Malthe is born without much pain. The midwife helps me to pinch for the last five minutes so I wont get hurt the least bit. Malthe weighed 3.150 grammes and was 52 cm tall.