

A choice made

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I was feeling sick and tired. I went to my room and checked when my periods were due. One look at the calendar and I nearly fainted. I had missed my periods and it was now over a month. I sat on the floor, tears starting to come out of my eyes. I was lonely, scared and ashamed. Many questions came into my head and I had no answers to them.

I called my boyfriend to let him know. His phone rang. I called ten times. He did not pick up. I had to get out of the house and clear my head. As I walked alone on the dusty road, my eyes full of tears, I did not even know where I was going. I could not hear the cars passing near me as I was in a dark place. I looked up at the sky trying not to cry.

I found myself outside my friend's house. I knocked. She opened the door, shouting 'My friend!' She realised I was not myself. I entered the house, sat down and started crying uncontrollably. She hugged me. She looked me in the eye and I said 'Friend, I think I am pregnant'. She asked if I was sure. I told her I am not sure, but I think so.

Moments of silence in the room for approximately an hour. Believe me, I was scared. I asked her what could I do, I have one child already and I am young. She told me I could terminate the pregnancy. Deep down I felt it was not a good thing to do. She told me to think about it and decide what I wanted to do. It took me over a week trying to decide.

Finally I decided to go to the clinic to have an abortion. The 13th August 2014 I woke early and went to the clinic. While waiting for

the taxi, I felt like going back home to think through my decision again. But that did not happen. A red taxi stopped in front of me and I jumped in.

Arriving at the clinic, I felt like people could see what I wanted to do. They kept looking at me. I tried to ignore them. I thought maybe it was my imagination. There were many women around the front desk. The receptionist was a friendly guy. I asked for family planning and he showed me where to go. There were five girls waiting there. Five minutes later I realised this is where people come for prevention pills and injections. I was in the wrong place.

I went back to the front desk. The guy was now alone. I asked him 'where can I go for a termination?' He looked at me, took my hand and walked with me to the termination area. I sat down with this old woman. She looked scared and confused. I saw crystals in her eyes. She wanted to cry. We sat on the cold bench alone. Just the two of us. Not saying a word to each other. For fifteen minutes.

Later I asked her how long she had been there. She replied in a soft, small voice 'I think less than an hour.' She asked if it is my first time coming here and I said yes. Two minutes later three girls joined us. We sat watching the nurses passing by. They looked at us. One nurse came towards us, stood in front of us, and told us we are murderers. I felt terrible but I thought to myself this is our choice and right.

The nurse left and was followed by a tall, dark, beautiful nurse with long eye lashes, red hair and long red nails. She greeted us with a big smile. 'Morning ladies'. One girl whispered 'she is not as friendly as she looks' but I did not want to believe that.

I realised I was the second person waiting to go inside. I started to panic. It was a cold day but I felt hot and I started to sweat. My heart was beating fast. I began to hear a voice in my head. I could not think straight. I heard people talking but I could not hear a word they were saying. I stood up, went to a corner and started

praying. In my heart I thought 'this is for my own future, but what if I die while doing this, these things are not safe'. I went back to my seat. I looked down. I heard the nurse saying 'who is first?' The lady next to me went inside the room. She immediately came back and called me. I went in scared and ashamed.

The beautiful nurse asked me to sit. She took my personal details – name, surname, age, address. She asked me to take off my jersey, unbutton my jeans and lie on the bed for an ultrasound. She applied the gel and I got to see that little thing inside me. I smiled out of being scared but I did not want to look at it. She asked me to sit down again and she told me to come back next week.

I left the clinic confused because she gave me nothing. The only thing I got was that I was nine weeks pregnant. I expected to get some kind of counselling or an explanation about the procedure. I felt I should go back and ask about the abortion procedure but instead I went home to think.

When I got home I called my boyfriend to let him know what I was planning. His phone rang and he picked up quickly. I started mumbling. I could not talk. He asked why I wasn't talking and he hung up.

Later he called.

Him: hello, talk to me

Me: (mumbling) hello I am

Him: talk to me

Me: I am 9 weeks pregnant

Him: Are you sure?

Me: Yes. I went to the doctor today.

Him: But I had sex with you a long time ago

I thought to myself is this his way of denying it is his child or what? I hung up and cried. I wondered why is he saying this? What is wrong with him? Should I call him and talk to him?

The day came to go back to the clinic. I had not told anyone else what I was planning and this disturbed me deeply. I left early to the clinic. Eight o'clock sharp I was sitting alone on the clinic bench. The nurses had not yet arrived. My phone rang and I saw that it was my boyfriend. I answered and told him I am at the clinic having an abortion, since my child does not have a father. He shouted 'I hope you die after killing that child.' I did not know what to say to him after hearing that. I felt my heart stop.

I heard a voice 'Miss, miss'. I looked up and saw the beautiful nurse. 'Can you please come in.' I went in and she asked me to fill in a form confirming that I wanted to have an abortion, and that they would not be held responsible for my death or anything that happens to me. While reading the form I realised that what I was about to do was risky. I asked myself was I really sure about this?

I filled the form. The nurse gave me four different pills to take and a small glass of water. She asked me to sit outside for 30 minutes after taking the pills. She called someone else to come inside the room.

The pills made me feel dizzy and hungry. The taste of the pills was in my mouth. A headache started and I wanted to sleep. Pelvic pains started. Like someone was stabbing my womb. Each time I felt the pain I would kneel down and it would go away. Then it would be back again.

Back in the nurse's room, I lay on the bed and she took out a sharp silver scissors and something that looked like a tyre pump. I wondered what these tools were doing here. The nurse gave me a small pink pill to take without water. She asked me to lift up my legs and open them wide as she inserted the pump in my vagina. The pain was unbearable. I started crying. She told me to calm

down, it was almost done. I closed my legs. She asked me to open. I refused. She tied my legs with a rope and she continued to pump out blood clots.

I tell myself every day that I made the right choice and I know in my heart that I did. It was not an easy choice. I worried about my choice because having an abortion can have side effects. I worried that maybe in the near future I would not be able to have children.

I sometimes blame myself for not going back to ask for counselling. This might have helped me make sure if I was ready or not to have the abortion. Nobody asked me what I wanted. I felt robbed of choice, like my body was being controlled. Mostly I blame the nurse for not being open enough about the abortion.

After having the abortion I was robbed of my sleep and happiness. Even today sometimes when I go to sleep I hear a new born baby cry. Sometimes I dream the child is sleeping with me. I now take sleeping pills but I am afraid I may get addicted to sleeping pills.

Was I wrong for wanting my life back? If that is selfish I was willing to be selfish. Consider Safe Abortion.



