Happiness Comes Through the Gates of Hell

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A short piece which is supposed to be a humorous account of a momentous occasion from a man's point of view.

Published on
Booksie

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I think I'm going to be sick. That big lunch was a bad idea, but, then again I doubt I'll ever eat again. Dave - that lying bastard - has a lot to answer for. "One of the best experiences" my hairy arse! Oh shit, she's watching me. Just smile at her and say something encouraging.

"Ok, love, you're doing well. Just breathe in and out,bre..."

" Bastard, fuckin' breathe is it? This is your fault ballbag, you are never touching me again - wanker."

Ok she doesn't mean it, she appreciates you being here, she really does. Just keep smiling.

"Just what the hell are you grinning at you idiot? Find this funny do you?"

Ok, stop smiling now. Jesus, just look away and maybe she'll scream at someone else. Ah good, she's reaching for the gas. Anyone who tells you the birth of your child is something you should experience is a lying piece of shite. It's a cruel joke - she's screaming at me, breaking my hand with a vice-like grip and I'm watching something the size of a large melon squeeze through a hole meant for a golfball. Oh,here's the midwife. What the... Where the hell is her hand going? Ok, right, wish I didn't know now. I'm definitely going to vomit.

"How are you doing today Mrs Smith?"

Ha, here comes the abuse.

"Great thanks, you?"

What the hell?

"As I'm sure your husband told you the head is showing so won't be long now."

Shit now she's dropped me in it. Where the hell is she going? Don't leave me alone with her, please.

"Thinking of running are you? Leaving me here to do this on my own you useless git?"

Crap, I can't breathe. "I..."

"No excuses arsehole, I saw you looking longingly at that door."

"I was just..."

"Just nothin'. If you move, I'll take you down."

Why me? I should've said no when they asked me to come in. God damn it. Dave's gettin' a slap when I find him - if I get through this in one piece. My legs are like jelly, my stomach and my brain have swapped places and it's still not done yet. Bloody hell just kill me, please. My head is thumping so loud i can hear it. No wait, it's that machine makin' that noise.

"That's your baby's heartbeat."

That'll be the midwife back. I was wondering what that racket was. So fast, strong.

"How long?" My throat is drier than I thought.

"Ok, Mrs Smith, time to push. Won't be too long now."

Oh my god, i can see it's arms - stomach - cord - is that another arm where one shouldn't be? No, it's a...

"It's a boy!"

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