



# The Gynaecologist's Suit

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## The Gynaecologist's Suit

Tim watched as Janet's face contorted with pain. The gynaecologist entered nonchalantly. The midwives told him something about the foetal heart rate. The gynaecologist unhurriedly put on his robes. The midwives repeated something about the foetal heart rate.

Tim looked at Janet and squeezed her hand. He wanted to comfort her but stood helpless. He'd never met anyone who complained less than Janet and now she was desperate. There was something wrong – something seriously wrong.

The gynaecologist complained about how the length of his robe didn't protect the bottom of his beautiful suit. He showed the annoying garment to Tim. Tim wanted to shout at him and tell him to get that bloody baby out of Janet, but he only asked if everything was alright.

The gynaecologist sat down between Janet's legs and said he'd see. The midwives repeated something about the foetal heart rate. The gynaecologist asked then for information the midwives didn't have. They raced away to get it. The midwives repeated something about the foetal heart rate. The calmness in the gynaecologist disappeared. He said that he'd have to help this along. He asked for suction. The midwives looked relieved.

Janet worked hard. Tim had never seen so much pain and blood. She looked pale and spent but kept pushing. At last they got the head out and unwound the umbilical cord from around the baby's neck.

The gynaecologist asked Tim if he wanted to pull the baby out. Tim pulled a strange blue thing from Janet. In his hands, the misshapen head became round and the blue turned pink. The baby screamed. It was the most incredible thing Tim had ever seen. It felt like life