

Their Bun, Our Oven: Memoirs of a Surrogate
Excerpt – The Pop

I woke up and looked at the time projected onto the ceiling by the alarm clock: 12:30 a.m. Nothing atypical, especially at this point in pregnancy. I rolled over, deciding if I wanted to get up and use the restroom since I was going to need to at some point anyway.

I felt a *pop*, like a rubber band breaking, followed by wetness between my legs.

Did my water just break?

I got up and went to the bathroom. Light on. Sat down. Liquid hit the water below me. Blood. Bright red blood. I froze, staring at the blood trails down my legs, trying to think what to do next.

I can take care of this. I'll get cleaned up, then I'll wake up Brandon.

I stood up.

gush

Blood poured from between my legs. I looked around, searching for something to fix this.

gush

“Babel!” I called out, a tremble rising in my voice. “I need help!”

Through the darkness, I saw Brandon jump out of bed and run to me.

“I’m bleeding. A lot.”

It was coming out at a fairly steady stream. There was blood *everywhere*.

“Oh my God, what do you need?” he said, arms out as though he was waiting to catch me.

My mind was racing yet foggy at the same time.

“I... I don’t know. I need to get to the hospital. I’m going to wash off in the shower. Can you bring me some underwear and a pad?”

I got into the shower to try to rinse off the blood, but it kept coming. I shut off the shower and tried to dry off quickly before putting on the underwear and pad.

Guess those giant pads Brandon bought did come in handy.

B and I were panicking yet oddly calm, talking through what to do next. Olivia was asleep in her bed. We couldn’t leave her. Christina was at my parents’. I had to get to the hospital.

“I need to get to the hospital. I’m just going to drive myself.”

gush

“I can’t make it stop!” I cried out helplessly.