

Writing Powerful Narrative Nonfiction

Because of Bryan – *rewritten*

I was lying on a table in the operating room, feeling sick and very afraid. I saw bright lights and was vaguely aware of nurses around me. I could hear a humming sound.

I didn't want to be awake for this. Finally, I was given anesthetic, but not enough to put me out completely. I could still hear the voices of the nurses and doctor, as well as my own asking about my baby.

As the doctor worked on me, I wondered if the baby was alive or dead, but I wasn't thinking clearly. The gas made me feel as though I were drifting.

When the procedure was over, I didn't feel the same inside. I felt empty. I wondered if my baby had made it or not.

Finally, I asked about my baby, but no one answered. I got sick.