

Gestation.

In belly. I feel a pulling. I am following it. I am part of a polarity. Can't see anything, but I feel close. R. side tensing moving round, trying to find it. Attaching to side of it now. Moving into it. Floating in space. Working my way in. Don't have to move now. My head is in. I am an invader of this sacred sanctuary. An adventurer Viking in a new land. Its mine. I feel its expectations. It wants total recognition.

I am being changed. I am moving closer to making energy between us more harmonious. I am getting new instructions.

End of 1st day. Starting to separate out. Primary polarity taking form. Still whole, but dividing within my self.

2nd day. I feel more dense, more solid. Essentially the same, tho.

3rd day. More division. Change in feeling state. The WE has somehow become an I. Its new + I am nervous. Tense. I am becoming more cellular. As if I am a breeding tank, as if all the multipliers are my children.

4th day. Heaviness increases. My weight is pulling me down. Nervous tension still - a war between the boys & the girls.

5th day. Becoming clearer now. Its the input of the two parents fighting it out how this body is going to be structured.

6th day. Weight increases. Emptiness inside. Image of everything being pushed to outward, leaving a space in the middle. Part of process of cell division. But more, it is a painful battle-ground of these 2 forces opposing each other. Its a blood cell. Life is in the blood.

7th day. A change. Anxiety I felt is not here. I feel better. Warm surroundings. I am being moved rhythmically.

End of 1st month.

Tremendous activity, constant movement. Getting attached, + fed. Anxious, holding on. Having to hold on hard because I want to live. Aware of intense - the cells of what I'm made from are not different from M's. I can feel her intent. v. nervous, not clearly formulated intent. Does she want to get rid of me? That's why I am digging in. My centre is my belly.

End of 2nd month.

Much more informed. I feel a head, a spine. Everything coming into the right place. Less nervous tension now. I feel good.

End of 3rd month.

Aware of ears, nose. I'm listening. Rhythms, swashing around. I hear other sounds as well. I'm listening for a voice. I want to be recognised, to hear people talking about me. I want her to put her hands on her words & talk to me -

She does it but not in the right way. She's worried + complains. She doesn't welcome me. Can't understand why. I am threatened by it. I get confusing signals.

4th month.

More bloody, thicker. I've grown. Blood pumps round me. Tension in umbilical region. A real pain. My emotions are getting stuck in there. Frightened + defending myself against her possibly ripping me away. Because I wasn't invited.

5th month. ^{has}

Tension spreading everywhere now. It's distributed. I shouldn't be here. I am a nuisance. I am not loved, recognised, greeted. I'm frightened. What's going to happen to me. I won't be a nuisance when I come out because I want to survive. Got to play it cool to get through.

6th month.

Eng. shift from belly to top of head. Awareness of the head. I've got 2 centres. The head contains what's been dumped in it by the belly. I've been blocked, repressed. As if in prison. I can't say anything. Feelings have got stuck in the body.

7th month.

Make my presence felt. I want to be recognised, but I don't want to draw attention to myself. I want to be loved. Duality is here. I just feel grey, + heavy.

8th month.

Somebody talk to me, not about me. I want to be related to. Furious at being ignored. When I come out they won't be able to ignore me so easily. It's like solitary confinement. I can recognise voices but they don't talk to me. I want to be included.

9th month.

Getting locked in my body. Uncomfortable, painful. V. nervous about going out. But I don't want to stay in. Duality. Nothing I can do. What will happen will happen.

Birth process.

Being moved around. Head is in right way now. quite enjoy the movement. I feel good about this. Going on holiday. I have a ticket to go.

A lot of waiting. I can't do much. Something has gone relaxed. It's unnaturally quiet. I am not comfortable with it. I am not doing anything.

Uncomfortable. No room to stretch. (yawns) Come on, get a move on, will you? Wish she would wake up + cooperate. She is a bit stupid. I don't respect stupidity. Come on! Do what you are supposed to do. I can't do mine unless you do yours. I want to get going. Stop inhibiting — BREATHE — relax — wait.

Still waiting. V. frustrated; nervous. She's not listening to what her body wants to do. I am being stuck in here thro' non co-operation. 6 hours to go.

She's been left somewhere. Her body will tell her what to do. This is bloody awful.

→ More light around. Movement, more comfortable. Somebody

is with her + she's happier. They are telling her she'll be alright.
 → Squashed, a lot. But it's OK. I am comfortable because my body is in charge. Waiting to go. I want to go. This limits my expression. Too small. I want to experience who I am.

→ It's going to be soon. I'm being pushed down a cave, a hole. Squashed, being kicked out. Terrible tension on neck. Terr. tight. Top of head hurts. I want it moved. Ow! Move! Another push! Move it! Move! It's over my ears. Stuck. Move, move! Ow! Somebody's got hold of head. Stuck on shoulder. Oh! (Silence). I've gone fuzzy, Am I out or not? I must be. It's bright + I'm cold. Don't like it. It's harsh. My wings are sore. Dreadful, Someone got hold. Being separated, taken away. Ehhh! Taking me away from my mummy! Ehh! Somebody is wetting me. I am terribly separated + I want to go back.

I'm left. Wrapped in something. By myself. I know nobody here. I want to go back in or on her. I'm in a lot. Terrible. I feel tired. Sleep.

Hungry. Crying. I want attention. I am getting fed thro' my mouth. It feels strange, new. Big change. It's OK, good. Somebody is doing what I want them to.

Is it M? Silence. Makes me uncomfortable. I don't want to be dependent. People might let you down. I shouldn't be here.

With M. Secure, comfortable.

← Shouldn't be here. I've done something bad. Not wanted. Unloved. Angry ripping away. I'm a damn nuisance.

AA record. Trying on clothes in mirror. Furious at not fitting. Hot-summer. Nothing else to wear. Doesn't like it. Wish I wasn't pregnant. Damn nuisance. Can't cope. (Dreadful thing to say, as well).

R.'s fundamental purpose.

Absolutely supportive. What matters is I am loved enormously by life itself, who wants me there. (I have done something bad) A record of the Mother. Return it to her. I know it's true but it's hurting still in me.

I prefer the deeper viewpoint. No anxiety there. I love everything here, including the mother. Sink to the depth feeling.

It's like a Sun (Son). It radiates positive love into every situation, and changes it, and learns new responses. It prones itself to itself in act. Not heavy, not confused.