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May 26 was my birthday, and on May 27 my mothers.

To celebrate it together and in time would still fail, everyone has work, and besides, we are in different cities, but I planned to fly home by the end of the month for a couple of days.

Fly, yes. An hour and I could be home! In my position, during pregnancy, I did not want to shake 8 hours in a bus or train. In general, I bought tickets, asked for a couple of hours at work, so I could catch a flight. And most importantly - I expected so much from this trip!

But, if you want to make someone laugh there, tell him about your plans.

A hitherto unknown nuance was revealed right before landing, at the airport. Pregnant women more than 21 weeks need certificate from a doctor, allowing flights. Why I didn't think of just saying that I ate tightly? Actually, this situation seems to me nonsense, because I flew so many times and absolutely nothing happened to me, so what can happen in an hour? But, the airline staff were adamant.

An unpleasant precipitate remained not from the fact that the plans were destroyed, but from the fact that they did not help me either return the tickets or reschedule the date, they kept repeating one thing. Denied. And only this gives me doubts about repeating the attempt already in full readiness ... My husband consoled that if something really happened, I would not forgive myself, and this is for the best.

But I still decided to try again as soon as I went on maternity leave. I checked with the doctor in advance, consulted with him, there were no contraindications, I received a certificate about this.

However, how stupid I felt because of such a failure.. I would not wish this to anyone.