

My Birth Story by Clare S

It all started New Year's Eve 2005! I did a pregnancy test and it was positive and seeing as our youngest son, (we had three), was only nine months old at the time it was somewhat of a shock! Anyway, I knew the dates of my last period and everything so I didn't need an early scan or anything, so I just got on with life as usual. I made an appointment with the midwife, saw her and got an appointment for a routine scan. When the time came, I was around 15 weeks pregnant. I went on my own, as my husband was busy at work and he had been to 3 scans already! Well, I laid down, as you do, and started chatting nervously. The sonographer didn't say much, she just studied the screen. After a while she said, "How many children do you have Mrs Scott?" I said, "I've got 3 boys". Then, I thought oh no, what's up with the baby? The look on her face frightened me. She turned to me and said, "It's double trouble." I didn't quite get it and I said, "What? What do you mean?" She turned the screen and said, "You're having twins!" Well, I have never been so shocked in my whole life!!!! It was the last thing I ever expected to hear or ever actually wanted! My friend had twins a few years back and I remembered saying to her that I could think of nothing worse!

Well, I left the scan and immediately rang Rob; "Well?" he said, "How did it go?" I said, "You'd better sit down Hun, it's twins." The reply I got was, "Yeah right!" I said, "No seriously, it is!" There was rather a long silence on the other end of the phone, and then he said, "You want to be having a laugh!" I said, "I wish I was!" another long pause then he said, "Oh right, ok see you later, got to get on" and he hung up! I started making my way home looking at this picture I had of TWO babies in my tummy! I got to my mother-in-law's to pick up Harrison. When I told her she should sit down she just said, "Oh God how many?!" then nearly fell over when I said two!

Anyway, as usual I had a fantastic pregnancy, my blood pressure was fine, lower than my midwife's! No sickness at all! The only thing was I lived on the loo, I've never weeded so much in my life! I had regular scans, which Rob came to :0) Both babies seemed fine. We decided that we would find out the sexes of the babies, seeing as we had 3 boys we thought I would be nice to know, thinking about names and clothes etc, well, at the next scan they had a look and said, " Well, twin one's a boy, but I can't see with twin two." So I then had to wait for the next scan and hope that twin two had moved a bit so we could have a look!! Twin two did move, it was a boy! We couldn't believe we were going to have two more boys! That's ten boys names we've chosen now as they all have middle names to. We were over the moon anyway, two more boys, even more noise :0)

Well, I felt like I had millions of scans, but it was so nice to see they were doing fine, they were non identical twins, you could see so clearly the membrane that divided them if was incredible really. I got to about 27 weeks and both babies were still bum down, no one was that worried, but I was! I had had my other boys naturally and my first, Charlie weighted 8lb 12oz, the second, Spencer was 8lb and Harrison was 8lb 6ozs and I thought there was no way the twins would weigh that much and maybe I could deliver breech. NO, there was no way they were going to let me they said. So now I was just hoping and praying they would turn because the last thing I wanted was a c-section. The biggest reason for me not wanting one was that my first, Charlie, has cerebral palsy and can't walk or talk or do very much really, so as you can imagine having a c-section would be very, very impractical for me. But scan after scan, they were still breech, and I was getting more and more worried. I was enormous but I made myself get on all fours in the evening in the hope they would swing round, I walked up the stairs sideways and I crossed everything possible! I even had acupuncture but nothing working :0(They were still breech. So I was booked for a c-section, the day after our wedding anniversary, 17 August 2006, at 37 weeks pregnant.

We went out for a lovely meal for our anniversary; I was soooooo worried about C-day we thought it might help! I was all packed, the boys were all organised and very excited about getting two more brothers. I had to be at the hospital early the next morning, I tried so hard to sleep but I just couldn't,

anyway, we got there, waddled on into the ward, was tagged, got our gowns, saw this person, that person, had this checked, that checked and then was told I should have the babies by 9am!!!!!! There was however an emergency so we were still sat waiting at 9:30 but then I was off :0/ We were taken down to the theatre were I was scanned to make sure they hadn't moved on round, twin two was laying across my tummy so they tried to push him down but he just kept turning back the other way, they said I had a lot of room in there after the other 3, I told them that was their opinion!!!! Anyway, I was taken in and given a spinal block, which I cried my way through because I was so scared, I was laid down and prepped and they brought Rob in, in his nice green theatre gown, that made me laugh anyway!

At 10:21am Austin Myles was born weighing 6lbs and 10:22am Willis Reece was born weighing 7lbs. As soon as they were born, they screamed!! The noise in the theatre was unbelievable! The nurses were all laughing and saying, "I don't envy you two much!" Rob cut both the babies' cords, something he had never done before, but as it was the last time he thought he would. We were taken to recovery, I did feel weird, but hey, it is major surgery. I breast fed both the babies and Willis seemed to be really trying hard to take a breath so we told the midwife and after a while they decided to take him up to SCBU and give him some oxygen, I was really upset. Charlie had left me as soon as he was born and spent 4 weeks in SCBU so I was understandably concerned. They said Willis had sticky lungs from being early, so he spent 3 days in special care, I was expressing milk for Willis and breast feeding Austin. On the second day of Willis in SCBU he decided that he wanted feeding! I was woken up at 3am and told he wanted a feed, half an hour after I had just fed Austin and got back to sleep! But hey, it was a good thing and by the fourth day we were at home, just where I wanted to be.

I did suffer with the c-section, I was in so much discomfort, a lot more than I thought I would be but slowly and surely I was able to do more and more. Now, the boys are 20 months old, they are into everything, having 3 older brothers they say loads and try everything! I just can't believe they'll be 2 in August, life is exactly how we imagined it to be: manic, noisy, messy and expensive! But we would not have it any other way :0)

I hope you enjoyed my story, it's all true and, no, I'm not mad :0)
Clare Scott, 31 mum of five x



Picture shows from left to right: Harrison 3, Austin 2 in August, Charlie 10, Willis also 2 soon, Spencer 8.