



**True stories
about womb twin kids**

Edited by Althea Hayton

WE ARE WOMB TWIN SURVIVORS

The stories in this book are written by womb twin survivors about their lives as young children. The stories were sent to me via the Womb Twin survivors web site. I have not given any of the writers their real name, so the stories can be about anyone and everyone.

I hope you find some stories similar to your own story. Womb twin survivors are not all alike. Not every story will be like your own, but you may find your story somewhere in this book.

If you have often wondered whether you are a womb twin survivor or not, these stories can help you to decide.

Perhaps you have always known you were once a twin, but you are not sure what effect the loss of your twin has had on you. These stories will help you to see that your feelings are not strange or weird, but completely normal. Althea



EARLY LIFE

SARAH

I am an only child. When I was little, I always asked for a brother for my birthday. My mother always told me that that wasn't possible. I felt very sad and

angry because of it. I envied other children who did have brothers or sisters. At the same time it fascinated me. I watched them, how they were with each other.

Playing with other children was very nice, but I liked to spend time on my own, but never in my own room as I felt very afraid of being all alone, in an empty room, or in the dark at night. Many times my mother had to come up to comfort me because I was so scared to be alone in my bed.

Also I often felt like I wasn't alone at all, as if there was someone or something watching me. That didn't comfort me, it scared me, because sometimes I'd see vague images or shadows of people. But as it was never very clear, and my mother always said there was nobody there, it just scared me so much.

I sometimes lay in bed, frozen with fear. It was necessary for me to hear my parents downstairs, or the TV or radio. A sign of life, so to speak. That way I knew I wasn't alone.

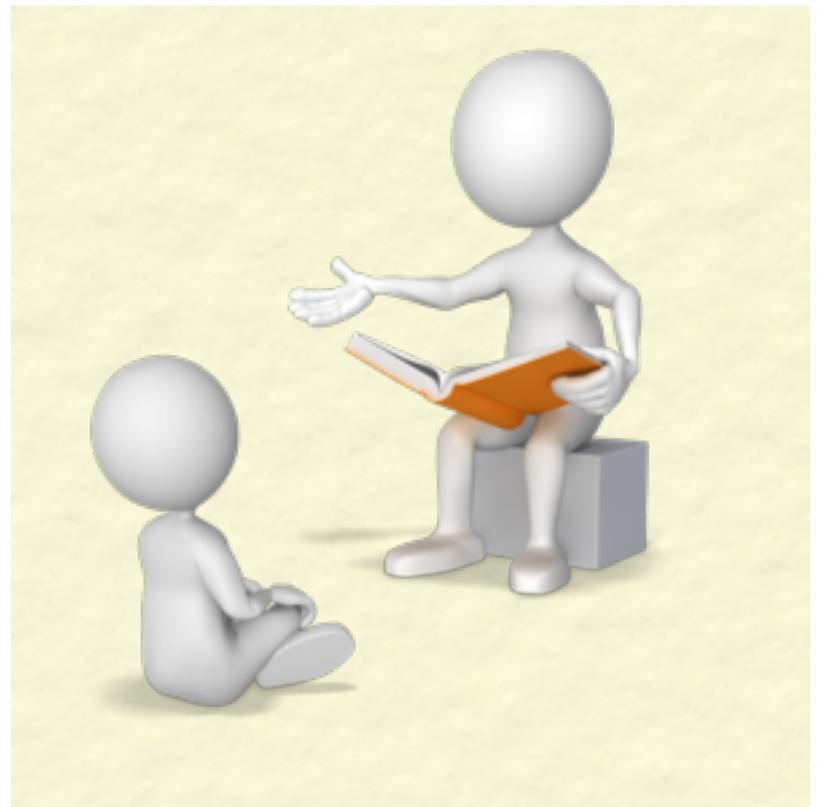
I tried to be a good little girl. Sometimes I'd be so angry and sad that I'd stamp my feet and scream. From what I remember, those tantrums had a lot to

do with not being able to express my feelings. Simply not having access to the right words. But usually I was a quiet, shy, helpful little girl.

“The two most important moments in my life were firstly finding the possibility that I had a twin who I thought about, every minute of every day. Secondly, finding out that the cyst I had removed was my brother - when they cut it out it really felt like part of me had gone away.”

JOYCE

Growing up, I always - and I mean always - longed to be a twin. I used to say to my mom, “Why didn't you give me a twin?” before I understood that twins were born together, I used to beg my mom to give me a twin. Every time I would play with dolls or Barbies or play house or whatever it was with someone else, two of them were always twins and I was always one of them.



I used to have an imaginary friend at all times. I'm an only child, but I've always had very close friends. I have never been alone but I have always felt alone.



I've always longed for a relationship - not a boyfriend/girlfriend one but a special kind that I could never understand. I've always felt as though there is a hole inside me. I often cried myself to sleep because I wanted that other half to be with me.

JULIA

Both my younger sister and I are left-handed. Neither of my parents are. My sister is eight years younger than me. Until I was eight years old I was an only child. I hated being an only child and I was desperate for a sibling. My mother could never get me to come home. Sometimes I would physically block my little friends from leaving our house, because I didn't want to be alone.

I had an imaginary friend named Teresa, who was very vivid to me. I dressed up helium balloons and talked to them as if they were another person. My mum always tells me I had an incredible imagination. I would play games using all sorts of accents that I had heard on the TV.

As a child my parents could never get me to sleep in my own bedroom or in the dark. I would stand and cry in the hallway outside their room until they let me sleep with them.

Interestingly I started off with one bedroom with bunk beds, and eventually ended up somehow convincing my parents to also make up a second bedroom for me. But I still refused to sleep in either bedroom no matter how hard my parents tried to convince me. When my sister came along when I was eight that I started sleeping properly in my own bed. I suppose I don't so much remember feeling alone.

I know I was a bit different. My mum often said I was very different emotionally. Sometimes when I was feeling somewhat unhappy, she would ask me why I always felt the need to be so different. She wasn't being mean or unfeeling but she is right. I

feel like I have always taken a path that is somehow different or out of the ordinary.

I've always felt older than I am. I always felt like I was aware of too much. I was incredibly messy, but also I like things to be done in a certain way. I definitely feel like I have two very distinct sides of my personality. I feel it is more obvious to me now as an adult. I am very emotional, caring, loving, responsible, very sensitive to how others see me.

When I was young I would frequently have STRONG feelings, mostly when I was alone, that I couldn't explain, where I would just simply feel like I shouldn't be here, alive, on this planet. I also had multiple imaginary friends as a child whose names were Nobody and Everybody.

MICHAEL

All my life I felt lonely. I felt distant. I felt the odd one in a group. I always tried to have this connection with other people. I tried to replace a person I sorely missed. As a child, I even created my twin in all kinds of materials. I was not creative

at all but he had to go with me all the time. I always dreamed about him but then I wasn't quite clear on the subject.

Luckily it all changed when I discovered womb twin survivors. I am more than certain that I lost my twin brother. He was left-handed. We were mirror image identical twins. He was and still is the most important person to me.

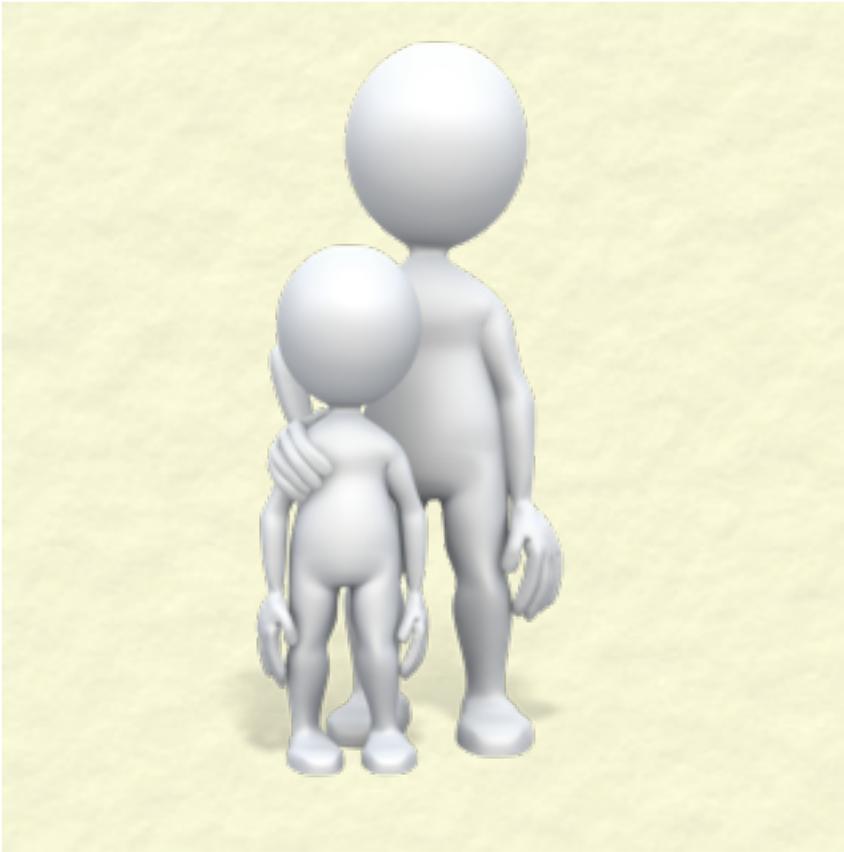
JOAN

My favourite childhood fantasy was finding out I had a twin. My mother thought she had miscarried me at around 12 weeks when she experienced cramping and bleeding.

I am almost sure I once had a twin. I feel the loss of her every day. How that is possible when I was only a tiny embryo at the time, I don't know. I just know the feeling of loss and endless curiosity is real.

LAURA

I know I am a twin, Mum told me when I was little but she doesn't talk about it at all now. I have a lot of thoughts in my head about my twin sister. I know



it is a sister. I feel her near me, like she is really there, all the time. I used to write a diary, almost every day, that was me talking to my twin and my twin talking back. I found a copy of it the other day, in a notebook. My twin's reply was always written in a slightly different handwriting, but it was strange - I used to write something, then "black out" (not literally, that's just the best way to try and describe it), and write it again. So I have two copies of everything I've ever written.

“Ever since I was little, I always felt like something was missing. When I was five years old, I thought that I was supposed to have a twin. I wasn’t sure what a twin was so I would pretend that my younger brother was my twin.”

ALINE

I am not completely sure if I had a twin but twins run in my family and since I have been born my mum has miscarried twice. I remember when I was six years old I told a friend at school that "I had a twin brother who got lost." I would also constantly talk to my mum about this and she was often puzzled by why I was mentioning such a thing at such a young age.

When I would play with my cousins and friends, we would pretend to be our favourite superheroes or TV characters. I would always make up a new person who was the twin of the main character. At the time I was young and I don't remember what made me want to be a twin or what made me so interested in twins, but as I look back now it all makes sense.

All my life I've found it difficult to sleep at night on my own. I'm just about used to sleeping alone now but I still have to have a nightlight. Also, I can never stay interested in one thing, I seemed to get bored very easily. I constantly feel as though I have to get somewhere in life, that I have to achieve something to make me feel content yet I don't know what to do.

I also have a very quick temper. I always end up hurting the ones I love most. It's like I want somebody to just understand me, to just know what I'm feeling without having to ask or think about it.

Sometimes when a friend hurts me unintentionally, I get really angry, thinking, "Why have they done that? Can they not see what I'm feeling?" I feel this urge to get close to someone but then I end up pushing them away because they don't make me as happy as I want to be.



2

SCHOOL

AUSTIN

During primary and late middle school I was obsessed with twins. I asked other people who were not twins if they had that feeling of "I had a twin."

They didn't. I had that feeling of half emptiness. I would also become friends with boys my age and the same race. I would have this weird feeling, which was kind of embarrassing to other people, that I would pretend that my friend would be my twin.

I would pretend that we were two twins, very intimate, but I would never tell my thoughts to him. I would always think or feel that I had a twin out there in the world and that we were somehow separated at birth and went different paths. I remember me yearning for us to reunite, especially when I heard news of such cases. This was before I ever knew what a womb twin survivor was.

Each year around my birthday I'd ask for a brother. I did have many friends, and did well in school, although there was always something missing,

TAMMY

I'm a twelve-year-old female who always has something wrong. This summer I finally took it upon myself to figure out what's wrong with me. From six

years old I had counselling with five different people, I was no better. I am an avid Harry Potter fan and saw a post on the Womb Twin blog about Fred Weasley. I took that like it was my own brother's death. When I searched the rest of the site, it all started making sense. One day in counselling I brought it up and my mum treated it like a joke. That could have crushed me like a bug but my counsellor was helpful and kept it in mind.

I used to have imaginary friends, one a male and the other a female (who I thought looked just like me.) My mum says I constantly asked if I was a twin when I was younger. I know so many twins and my jealousy goes through the roof when I'm around them. I also get very sad around them.



When I was born, I was breech and my mum had to have an emergency C-Section. Still to this day I cannot sleep alone in the dark. I have to be in a

“crib” like position in bed. I’m against the wall with pillows surrounding all around me and blocking the edge of the bed. I’m a lefty with many physical and mental problems.

Over the summer, before I found the website, I had to go to the hospital because I was suicidal. As I thought more about this option, it all seemed to fall into place and make sense. I’m very like a tomboy but can be extremely girly when the time comes. I also have another side of me. I’m like three different people in one. I’ve come to realise that if anything,

I’m a triplet. I had an identical twin sister and a fraternal brother. I still feel like I cannot deal with it all, but I feel less confused now that I know about this whole womb twin survivor thing.

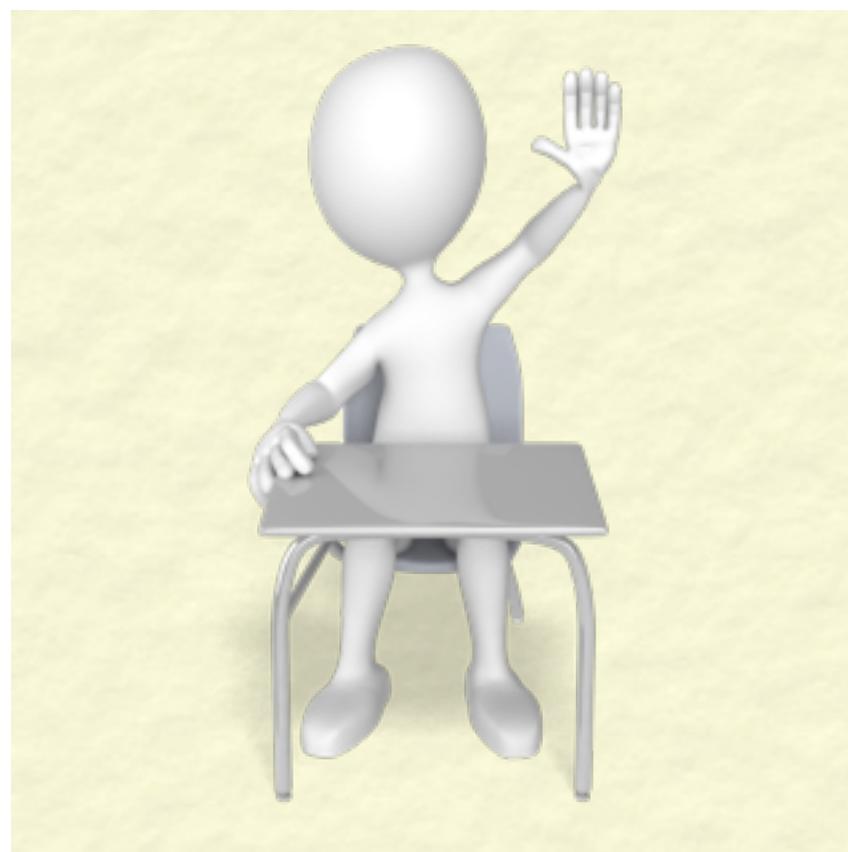
“When I was younger I was extremely lonely, even though I had nine other siblings...”

KATHY

First of all, I do know that I am a womb twin survivor. My great grandmother had twin girls that she miscarried. Back in her day they did not have tests to determine what type these twins were.

There is also twins (fraternal) on my dad's side, a boy and a girl, ten generations back. The boy died a month after birth. I am a true left-hander, as I eat, write, hold the phone, cut with a knife, cut with shears, crochet, sew, throw a ball left-handed - I do everything with my left hand.

When I was in the third grade, I imagined another me that went to school with me. She would be seated in the next row where the empty seats were. Strangely, I had her absent as she was out sick all the time. I also did this in fifth grade and then I stopped it.



I have always had a fascination with identical twins, not so much with fraternal but identical. I had in my class a set of fraternal twins, boy and girl and a set in the class behind me that were boy and girl but I was not fascinated by them. It was the identical twins that I would see. Although I felt no anger in

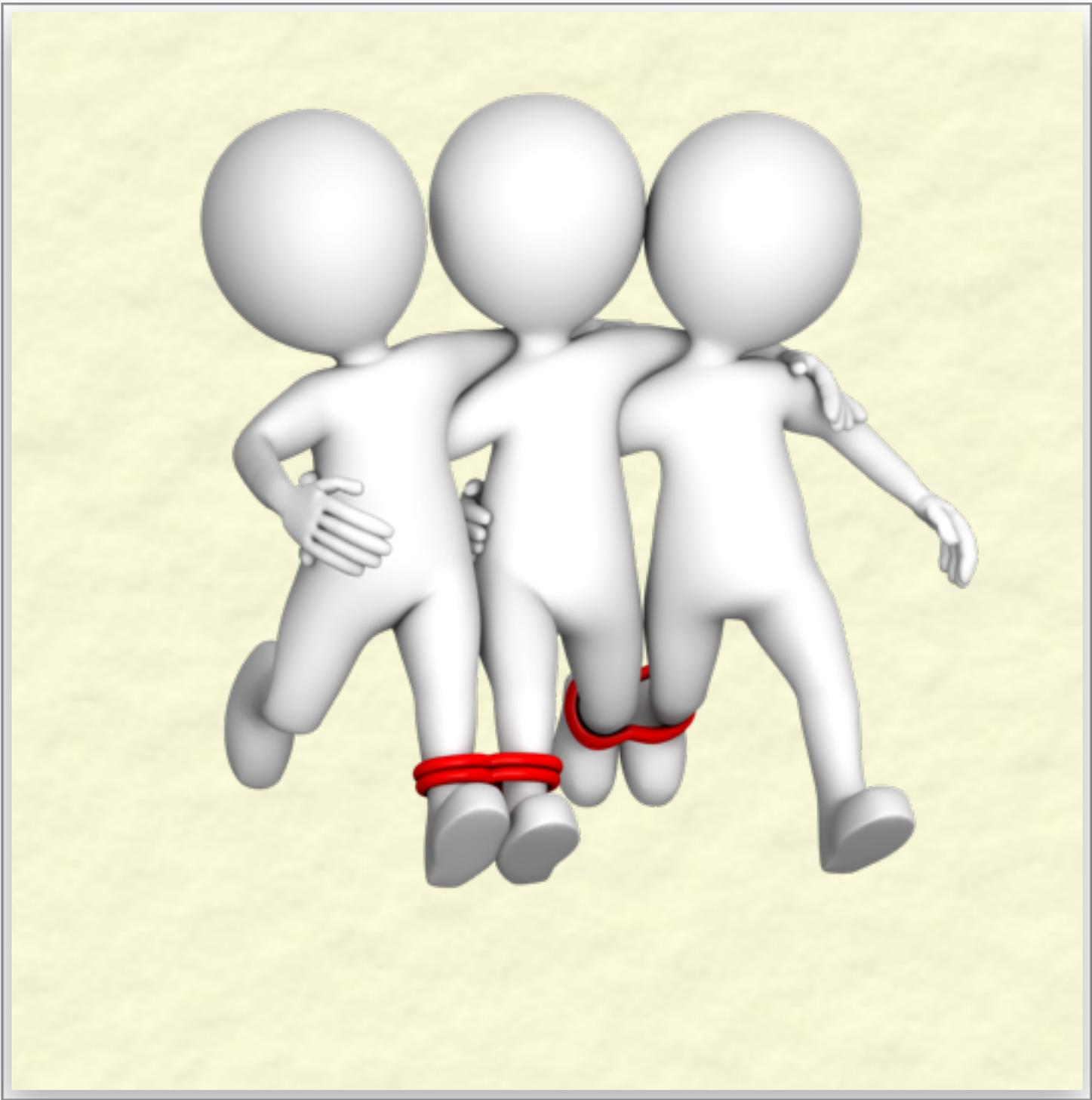
seeing them together, I felt like I wish I had a twin, like I was missing something.

ELIZABETH

My identical twin sister died of cot death at the age of 11 weeks. When I was about 7 or 8 years old, I went through a period of several weeks, during which I refused to sleep, due to the fear of not waking up. My mum took me to talk with a specialist at the hospital, after which I slept OK. The interesting thing about this episode is that I have no memory of it at all, I am only aware of it now after recent conversations with my mum.

I have always known about my twin, and always had a tight longing feeling inside me - something always feels missing, I spent many hours as a child talking to my twin sister, often begging her to appear to me.

Until recently I kept all my feelings inside, as I felt stupid for having such feelings about someone I never really knew. Now I know that the feelings are normal for someone who once had a twin.



3

FRIENDS

DAVID

My childhood memories are rather lonely and rather sombre. I had happy times, but I was never really, really happy, My childhood was pretty lonely in a lot

of ways. I learned to keep to myself, as my sisters saw me as pesky and a third wheel.

I did a lot of things alone; practised tennis, skated on a patch of ice in the back, walked the dog, taught myself to pencil sketch. I usually made friends with one particular person, which maybe seems odd. I took solace in having a best friend and always kept my distance from the 'popular' crowd.

“I have always felt alone and not part of groups. I just need my one special person, my other half.”

SUSIE

As a young child, I always felt like I was in some play. My mother wasn't really MY mother. My family, wasn't MY family. I was someone else playing someone's life. I stop feeling that when I turned ten or so. I still have an imaginary friend.

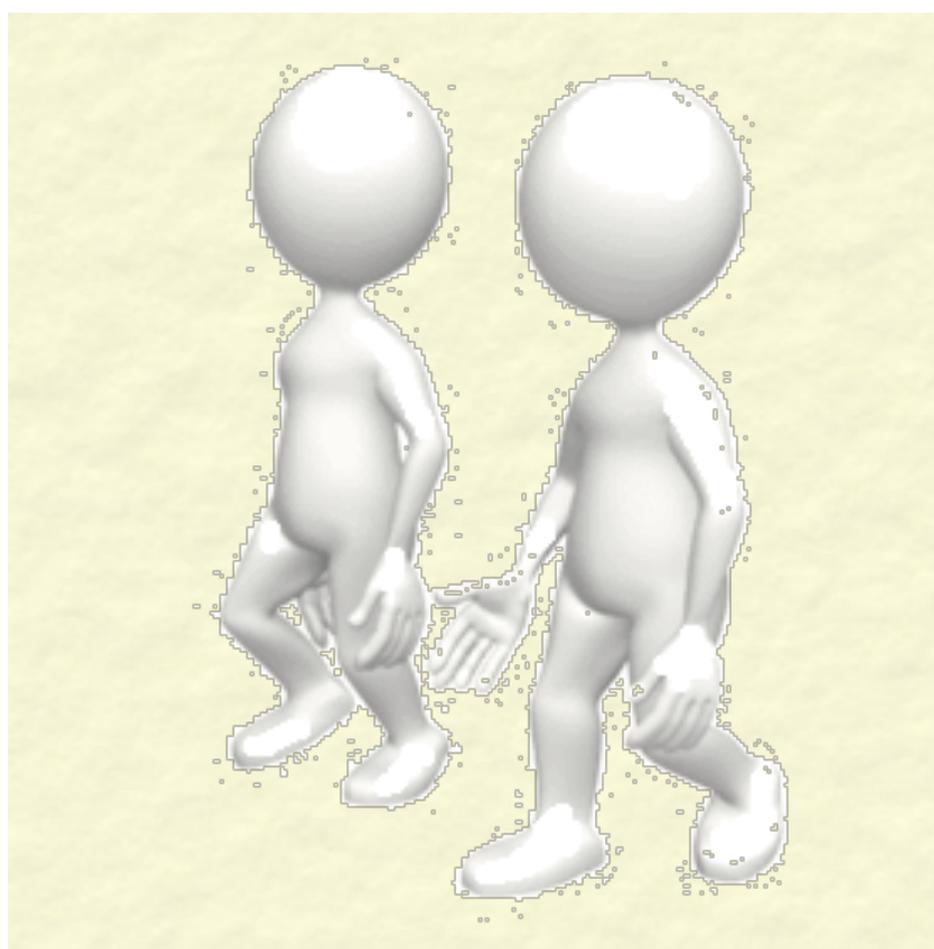
I don't like people but I hate to be alone, sometimes I just prefer to be in the company of one (real) friend to company me. My self-esteem always falters no matter what; I have no confidence for myself. Although I try to smile and be happy and

cheerful. Sometimes, I wonder if I truly exist. Is this reality or am I some machine realising my presence in this space? It would be nice to have a twin, to share secrets, to play with. To just have someone being there with me.

PETER

My older brother is a womb twin survivor. His twin wasn't discovered until it was too late. No twin was suspected for me at all. I have a cousin who is a girl, one month and three days older than me. We didn't meet until we were three, but it has always felt like somehow we have been together our whole lives.

Since we met we have had an incredibly strong connection and bond. We take care of each other. As kids, our parents would find us hugging in our sleep, if one of us had a nightmare. Once her step-dad found us



together singing in our sleep and we were both singing the same song.

No matter how far away we are from each other, I can feel when something horrible happens to her. When we were little we thought we were twins and so did other people. We are not biologically related at all. We often say the something at the same time or look at each other at the same time. One of us will think something and the other will say it.

Sometimes we both get the same song stuck in our heads and one of us will start to sing it out loud. We can usually tell what the other wants with out saying anything out loud.

““There is no real evidence that I am a twin so I do wonder about it a lot. But there are some funny things like I am left handed and I have three extra teeth. I don't know if that proves anything. For a long time I told myself I was crazy to think about my twin all the time.”

ROB

I sit by myself sometimes, just thinking about how my life would be different had my twin been born. As I remember my mother said it was a stillbirth, but I'm not sure. I was very small and the nurses at the hospital called me "little peanut." My mother told me that when I was really young, I told her I felt like I was missing something or someone in my life, how I wasn't complete - something along those lines.

I used to worry about what others thought about me - still do. I just felt more comfortable keeping my thoughts to myself, but I do speak up more often and feel a lot more comfortable in smaller groups, two being the best, for some reason. I am very private, except with a select few. I have never been content with life. I think that if I did something else I might be happier, but I don't know what. I just want to feel complete, like I'm doing exactly what I'm supposed to be doing.

I really like animals and dogs especially. I most likely attribute this to my ability to form close relationships with my dogs and enjoy the close companionship. I like to think I'm a man with a gun



or sleeping with my back against a wall or in a corner or something. I have had feelings of loneliness and missing something in my life. I have privately dealt with psychological disorders such as OCD. Around the age of ten I would

perform my rituals to prevent bad things from happening to my friends or family.

I did this probably for a year or so until I finally built up the courage to say, "This is stupid! I don't have to look in certain directions or do things until they feel just right." I didn't know I had that disorder at the time. That might be why I decided I had better stop or it would look really weird. So I eventually got over that. I never told anyone.

Currently I've just been noticing my tendency to stay in smaller groups of people, and a real feeling of missing something in my life but I have no idea what it is. Looking deeper into myself, I guess I would say

that I would feel a whole lot better if I knew I had someone really close to me. I have close friends, but never as close as I want them to be.



KATE'S STORY

A CONSTANT PRESENCE

Ever since I was really young, before the age of five, I was aware of a constant presence. It was not frightening at all, just a gentle presence that was

with me everywhere I went. I sensed that the presence was female, but how did I know that? I would communicate with her all the time, either by talking aloud, or quietly within myself, sharing my thoughts with her.

One of my babysitters referred to her as my "imaginary friend." When I was five, a doll came out called "Patti Play Pal." She was extremely in-demand and I begged for one. I'll never forget the Christmas morning I ran into the living room and there she was, next to the glittering tree! I adored her and took her everywhere I went, although she was almost as large as I was. She had long blonde hair like mine and I told everyone she was my twin sister.

I implored people who saw her, to remark upon how much she resembled me. I was always looking for somebody to be my twin. Usually it would be another little girl, and our mothers would get us the same dresses for special occasions. I was very disappointed when my mother informed me that my friend Barbara was NOT my twin, although we dressed alike.



When I was seven, I read a story about identical twin sisters. I can't tell you how sad I was after reading that book. I felt jealous and like I was missing somebody important.

In the early 1960's there was a children's program called "Wonderama" where they showed a lot of cartoons and live entertainment. Every week there was a theme, and one particular day the theme was "Twins." The entire audience was filled with twins! I watched in fascination, but then I felt envious, cheated, and deeply saddened by watching all these happy children who had their other half...and I didn't.



I WANTED A SISTER!

I had a baby brother, born when I was almost three years old. I loved him, but I always wanted a sister. I was jealous of my friends who had sisters. I felt like I was really missing out on something wonderful. Sure, sisters fought, but the benefits seemed to outweigh anything negative. I needed and wanted

another girl to be a constant ally in my house. I begged my mom for a baby sister, but the answer was no.

We attended a family reunion when I was ten, and there was a distant girl cousin there, who I had never met before. She was a little older, but we looked so similar that everyone remarked that we looked like twins! I was so happy. My mom took a picture of us standing on my aunt's front porch and I had the biggest smile on my face you ever saw! My cousin, however, looked bored. She did not share my joy at finding my almost-twin!

PEOPLE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND!

I couldn't understand why other kids did not always think it was super fantastic to find another person who looked exactly like yourself. Didn't everyone want to be a twin? I was starting to find out in a most painful way that not everybody shared or even understood my feelings. Other kids did not feel cheated over not having a twin. Some children told me



the thought had never entered their minds! What was going on? Why was I so alone in my sadness over not having my identical twin sister, and my all-consuming desire to recreate her in somebody else? Even another girl with the same birthday would fill the bill! But, the other people I was finding did not share my feelings at all. That made me feel more lonely and weird than ever before.

THEY THOUGHT I WAS STRANGE

In seventh grade I started school in a new town. I didn't know a soul, but I was determined to make friends with EVERYONE! That plan backfired. I did make some friends, but a lot of kids thought I was strange. My grades dropped for the first time ever. My parents fought constantly. I started feeling empty inside, like I didn't really exist. That fall, I had found some books about twins at the library. They were actually how-to books for new parents of infant twins, but I loved those books, like they tapped into some



dark, unknown aspect of myself. I was drawn to those books and read them cover-to-cover.



A few months later, I was sitting in science class and suddenly felt compelled to raise my hand and announce to everyone that I had a twin sister but she died before we were born. It was weird, but I suddenly had this picture in my mind of us as embryos. She disappeared in that picture, but she was still somehow with me, and looking exactly like I did, and we were the same age.

That was why I yearned for a sister, and even more so for the re-creation of my identical twin, who I missed and needed so desperately. The kids at school ridiculed me even more after I made that statement in class, and treated me like an even bigger freak. All I wanted was unconditional love and understanding! That is why I put my deepest feelings out there, for everyone to see.

But I still didn't understand all these things. I stopped eating and got very thin. My mom finally

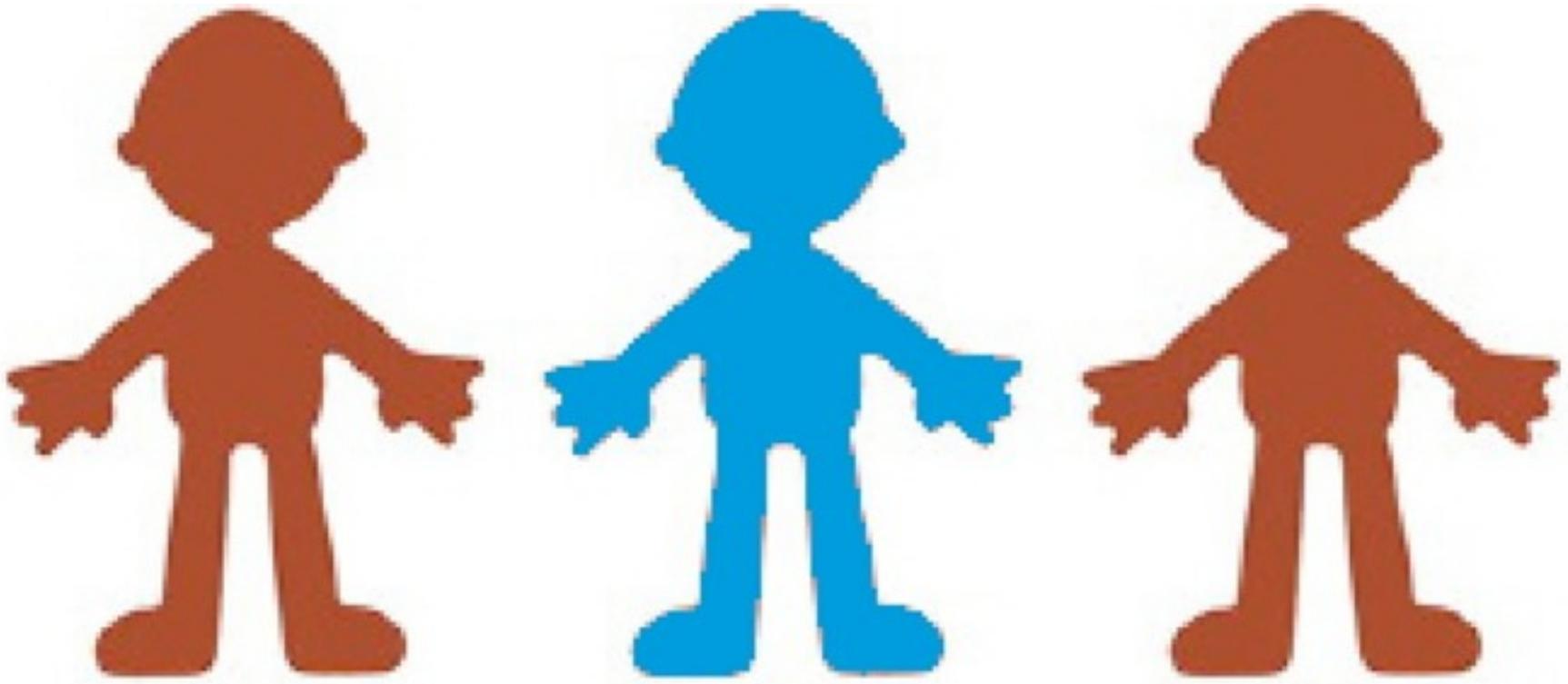
took me to my paediatrician, who didn't understand me at all and said I was acting out for attention. Yes, I craved attention, but it was so much more. I didn't put the pieces of the puzzle together for many more years. I wanted everyone to be my friend. I had this insane need to please everyone and for everyone to get along. I couldn't stand discord.

VALIDATION!

The feelings are still here, strong as ever. But the difference is that now I have validation! I found the womb twin survivors website and it has been absolutely wonderful to find the information that I craved for so many years but could never find, and the knowledge that I'm not crazy. My sister really has been with me all this time, through thick and thin.

Hang in there. You are not alone.
We are all in this together.





ABOUT TWINS

I know I am a twin, Mum told me when I was little but she doesn't talk about it at all now. I have a lot of thoughts in my head about my twin sister. I know it is a sister. I feel her near me, like she is really there, all the time.

To understand twins and how they are formed, we have to think about how a single baby is formed. There are four main stages, which take nine months to complete:

1. In the womb, a



sperm



meets an **egg**.

2. They meet and
a **zygote**.



combine and this



makes

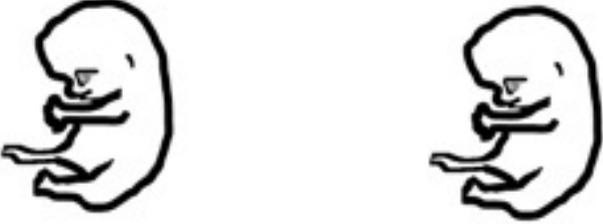
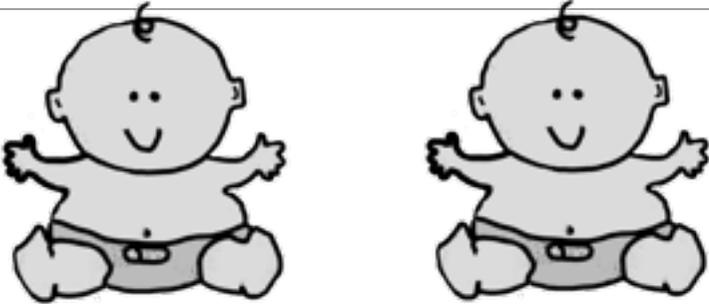
3. The single zygote begins to divide many millions of times to make a ball of tiny cells, which grows into an **embryo**.



3. The embryo grows into a **baby**, big enough to be born.



NOW SOMETIMES THERE ARE:

Two zygotes	
Two embryos	
Two babies	

If more than one egg each becomes a **zygote**, you get **TWO-EGG** twins



If one zygote **splits** to make two embryos, you get **ONE-EGG** twins

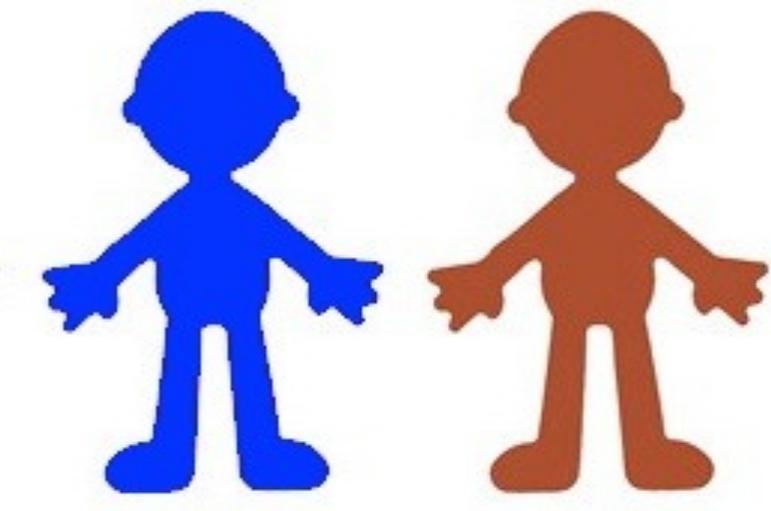




What was your womb story?

Your womb twin might have been a zygote, an embryo or a baby, depending on how long he or she was there in the womb with you.

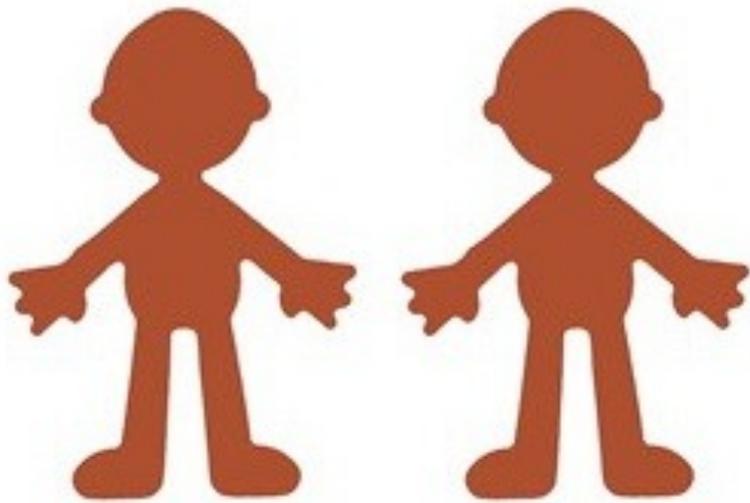
1. TWO-EGG twins



If you and your womb twin were two-egg twins, then the two of you were completely different. If you are a boy, your womb twin may have been a girl or another boy. If you are a girl, your womb twin may have been a boy or another girl.

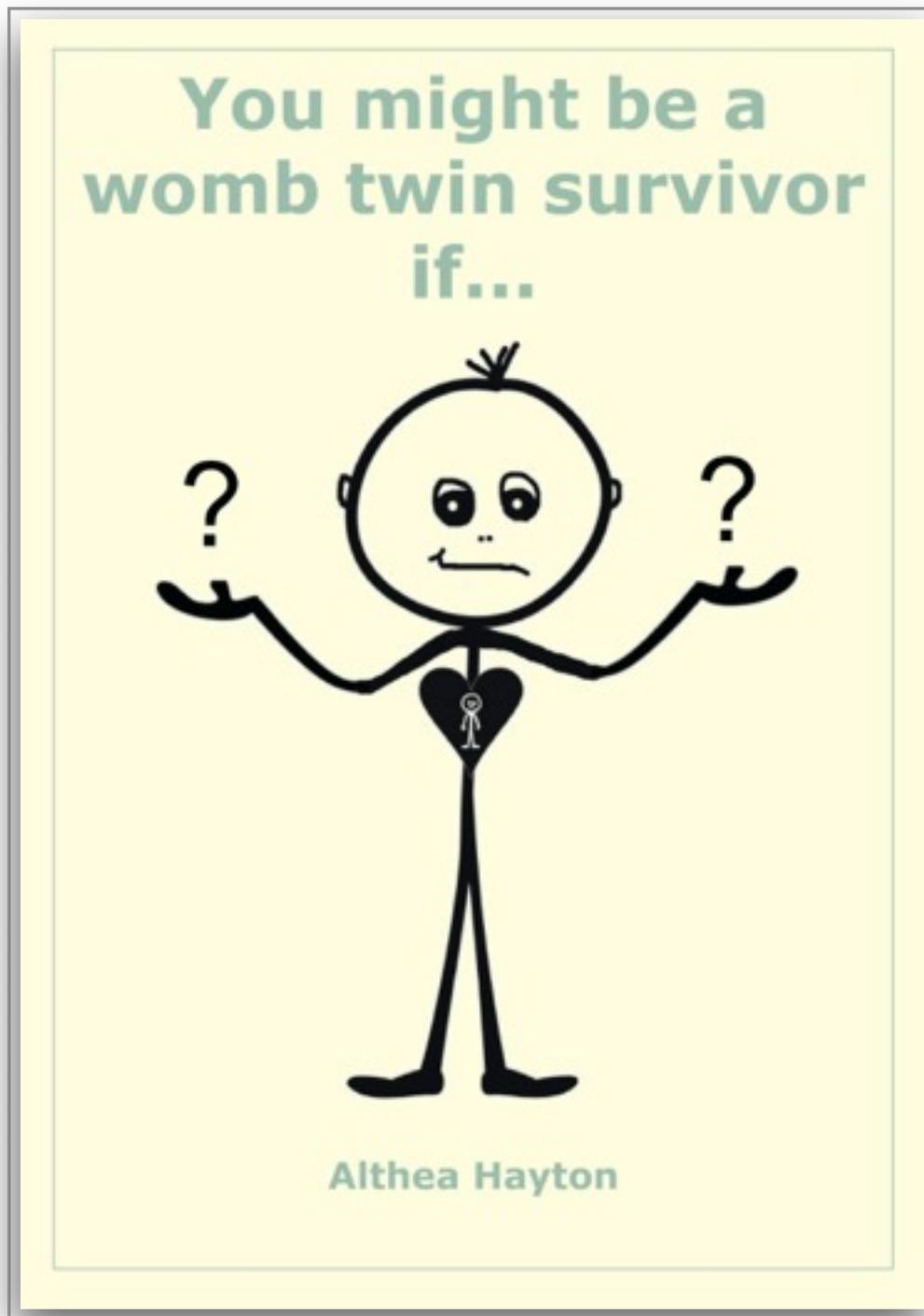
Two-egg twins can be very different. You are probably strong and healthy, but your twin may have been too sickly and weak to live very long.

2. ONE- EGG twins



If you and your womb twin were one-egg twins, then because you were made from the same zygote, you were identical. Whether you are a girl or boy, your womb twin was the same sex as you. But just because you were identical twins, doesn't mean you both lived the same kind of life.

As soon as the zygote split into two, you each had a completely different life. Your womb twin's life was over by the time you were born, or within a few hours of birth.



6

THE NEXT STEP

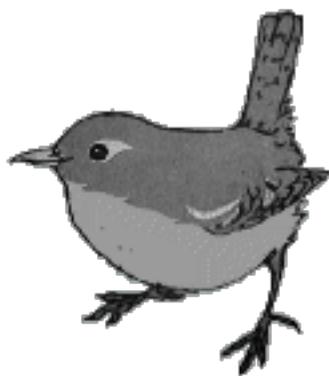
When you feel ready for some more in-depth information and guidance to help you on your way to healing, there is another e-book, intended for teenagers. It features a character, called *Onli* who is depicted in all kinds of typical situations, such as

feeling as if something is missing, or feeling alone among friends....

Visit the Womb Twin website for more news of this book!

www.wombtwinsurvivors.com

Find more books and ebooks for womb twin survivors on [the Wren Publications web site](#)



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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Published as an e-book in 2014

by

Wren Publications

PO Box 396

St Albans

Hertfordshire

AL3 6BY

www.wrenpublications.co.uk