



WOMB TWIN SURVIVORS

A LITTLE BOOK OF STORIES

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With many thanks to the womb twin survivors who freely sent their stories to Womb Twin for publication and which have been used in this ebook.

Many of the names have been made up to respect the womb twin survivors' request for anonymity.

www.wombtwin.com



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Womb Twin

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Abigail: "I can't help feeling jealous"

For years I felt as if someone was missing from my life. Then, at the age of about 6, I found out I used to have a twin that died in the womb. His name was Dustin. For years I have missed him terribly. I even had him as an imaginary friend. I pretended that he had just turned invisible instead of dying. I find myself wondering what my life would be like if he was still here. I'm friends with lots of twins and I can't help feeling jealous. I also get mad when people say they sometimes hate their twin when I would give anything to have mine back. I find myself feeling guilty that I killed him. He had a problem with his skull developing but I still feel incredibly guilty. I just really want him back.

Belinda: "...the talks in the mirror...make me complete"

I am only 15 yet I have always felt an absence. My mom told me when I was very young I was a twin but the other did not live, that I was stronger. She went and heard the two heart beats and then went back 2 weeks later and it was only one. I thought it would have no effect on me, now it does. I have this constant feeling that I'm alone yet not completely. I can sit in front of the mirror and talk for hours and feel like the emptiness in my mental or emotional state is gone for a short time period. I am far from vain, in fact I've always been a little insecure yet there's something about the talks in the mirror that always seem to make me complete. That there was something there listening to me talk about my day or what I think.

Cara: "I've always longed for a brother and noticed there is a distinct boy side to my personality"

When I found out I was supposed to have a twin brother, everything made so much more sense, but I was heart broken. When I was reading if I could be a womb twin, almost every single symptom matched my own feelings throughout my whole life. It made so much sense! Even to the point where I feel secure when my back is supported while I sleep, and I am terrified of being left alone by those I love. I've always felt misunderstood and never really fit in anywhere. I've even been diagnosed with mood disorder, but knowing that I'm a womb twin survivor, I guess it makes a little sense. I've always longed for a brother and noticed that there is a distinct boy side to my personality. Since childhood, I always had friends that were boys and even sometimes desired to have a boyish voice or figure. I never wanted to BE a boy, but I always identified both with girls and boys. It's like a part of me was boy and the other, girl. I even had an imaginary friend who was the same age as me for a while. I always felt like there was another person almost inside me, like another side to myself that was the opposite of my "normal" side. But now that I know I was supposed to be a twin, I find it harder to connect with that other part of myself. If I go an hour or so without thinking of my brother, I feel like I'm abandoning or forgetting him in some way. I know I'll never get that piece of me back; the piece that should be here with me today right by my side. We were supposed to always have each other. I feel such a sense of peace to know that I am not alone in this. I am very thankful for this website and getting the chance to hear other survivors' stories makes my own healing process not such a lonely one. I only found out about three months ago and the grief was intense. It's gotten easier, but I still feel so empty. During December, I searched for some sort of answer to the reason I feel so alone even when surrounded by friends. Nobody in my family is willing to talk about my twin and don't feel the same way I do; they never really considered my twin a part of the family because he

wasn't born at the same time as I. But to me, the pain and sadness and emptiness is very real. That's why I'm so happy I can talk about this with other survivors. I need to keep his memory alive and make sure I do everything to allow him to somehow "live through me" because he never got the chance. I can't help feeling so sad and guilty all the time, but knowing that he's out there looking down at me makes everything worth while. It would have been our birthday a few weeks ago, and on that day I thought I wouldn't be able to face the world, but I could really feel him there with me. I can feel his presence sometimes and it really helps. It really bothers me how nobody in my family understands this terrible pain. I know this is a long story, but getting this out makes me feel so much better. To all the other survivors, our siblings are smiling down at us and will always be there when we need them even if its hard to actually feel them there. I'm still trying to cope, but each day gets a little easier just knowing that he can see me. :-)
To my precious twin brother, I love you so very much, and I will carry you in my heart forever until we're together again.
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Dorothy: "...I felt like I had two of me"

Ever since I was a little kid I always loved to pretend to have a sister. I only have one older brother, but I felt like I had two of me. When I was in middle school it got to be too much for me. I created a twin for myself.

What really struck me was I named her Cassidy, a name that I wasn't very fond of. Almost like she was named by my parents, who love simple names like mine. Cass became such a huge help in my life. She was like an invisible sister. One late night it was almost as if she was there, I had a bad day and it was like she was soothing me. I could hear her thoughts in mine. I googled it and came up with a womb twin survivor. Looking at the signs,

it sounded just like me. It helps me now to think that Cassidy will always be up there helping me, I just hope I'll meet her in another life.

Eleanor: "I had a breeched birth..."

While I was growing up I always had a fascination with twins and I had always longed for a brother. I always felt like I was searching for something, or that I was missing something, but I didn't know what. I was and still am a lot like a boy, the way I feel and act.

When I was 13 my mum casually told me that before she found out she was pregnant with me, she experienced bleeding and her doctor told her it was a miscarriage. A few days later she went to the doctor again and found out she was having me. The doctor told her that I almost died, or my twin did.

As soon as she told me this it all made sense, and I knew that I had a twin.

I have been researching a bit lately and I have found so many signs that other womb twin survivors had; I had a breeched birth, I always felt I was missing something, I have been searching for something that I don't know, I have a fear of abandonment and a lot more things.

I know I have a twin brother, and this website helps so much.

R.I.P Daniel

Luisa: "Today is my birthday. And I am feeling lonely"

I don't really know how to begin or what to write. Today is my Birthday. And I am feeling lonely. I wish I could talk with someone about Alex. Alex was my twin brother. I gave him this name, because of Alexander the Great.

My mother doesn't know that Alex was there. She thinks I am crazy. And sometimes I think she is right.

Why does it matter, she asked me, even if he was there. And there I sat and didn't know what to say.

I am the only one, who knows that he was there. But maybe I am just crazy. Maybe the truth is I wish to have a reason for being so broken und desperate. But sometimes there is none.

Then why am I sad? Why am I crying? Why do I miss him? How can these feelings be a lie?

If it would be possible, I would give him my life. I would cut the tie with every person I know. I would learn how to swim. I would do everything. But he is never going to come back.

What am I living for? I don't believe in heaven, so I'm never going to meet him again. He is dead.

I never had a problem with abortion. I never tried to question the common fact, that life begins with the birth.

And now my eyes are full of tears, when someone says a fetus is only flesh whithout thoughts and feelings. I cannot answer the question when life begins, maybe its something only god knows. But who are they to decide that?!

They think only because you cannot speak their language or even move or scream, you are not really alive.

But what does it mean to be alive? What do they know

about being alive?

Sometimes I am looking into the mirror, asking myself why am I alive, even though I'm not feeling it. And for one second there is the thought, I have only to close my eyes, to escape this crazy surreal reality. But only for a second. Because there is no escape.

Alex was so small, but he wanted so much to live, he wanted to grow big and to protect me. He surely wanted me to be happy. But I wanted the same. He was the best part of me. He was my little angel. So why am I alive and he is not?

LyMartin: "I feel that my twin sister is my Guardian Angel"

Born in Dayton, Ohio 1969. I was told by my grandma Edna that I had a twin sister which died at birth giving me the nickname "LUCKY" her little black angel. I will always remember my eldest brother who would tease me in private stating that I starved my sister in the womb by not sharing therefore taking her strength away. And as a result I attempted suicide many times.

However, I always looked forward to spending the weekends at grandma Edna's house. I will always remember the two Angel statues on her kitchen wall dedicated to me and described those statues to everyone that came to visit. As a result of being a womb twin I always felt like there was someone speaking to me internally and I never felt alone. After graduating from High School I bought an Amtrak ticket to NYC hoping to find a college with a dormitory. Somehow I ended up at The Fashion Institute and a year later I discovered the Juilliard School, that voice within said go inside and I learned about auditions which were held the following day.

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Luckily, the following morning on my way to my audition I discovered a cassette tape titled Ella Sings Gershwin "I'm Just A Lucky So and So", I choreographed a solo mentally and performed it as my solo performance. A few months later I received a letter of acceptance and scholarship into the 4 year BFA Dance Program. I graduated in 1993. I feel that my twin sister is my guardian Angel.

E Johnson: "...I find solace in the fact that we shall be reunited in Heaven"

I grew up always feeling like half of a whole. From an early age I had a fantasy of a twin sister which I projected onto my younger sibling, but it wasn't the same. There was always an emptiness nestled deep inside. Because of the yearning that I couldn't articulate, I inadvertently destroyed my relationships and friendships, feeling such a disconnect with the people I cared about yet attempting to force a bond I could only share with the twin I lost. Once I learned about womb twin survivors, it all made sense. My mother had had complications in her previous pregnancy and the pregnancy after me. Initially it was hard dealing with the fact that my secret dreams of being reunited with my twin on earth were dashed, but I find solace in the fact that we shall be reunited in Heaven.

Emily: "I've always had this sort of voice in my head...just giving me commentary"

I'm not able to prove for sure that I'm a twin, and my parents aren't able to confirm it- but I've just always had this feeling that something is missing. I've always looked over my shoulder or beside me for someone that isn't there. My mother's pregnancy with me was very complicated- I was 10 pounds when I was born, and I was born a month later than what the doctors first predicted.

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On top of that, I was very, VERY active early in the pregnancy, at one point they worried about it, because I was kicking my Mom so hard in the spine. But, when the first ultrasound came about, there was only me. However, I feel like I should mention that twins run on my father's side of the family, and I've lost 4 different teeth twice- could that have happened if I'd absorbed a twin?

There's also this...feeling. I've always had this sort of voice in my head, and not in a bad way, just giving me commentary. Things that...a twin would do. I'm almost certain that it would have been a boy, and I don't know how or why I know. I've always had two differing instincts on what to do in any given situation, and I know that's not entirely normal (kind of like the voice, but I'm pretty sure that I'm not crazy).

Cynthia: "I talk to myself in the mirror..."

I was told a story in my teens that my mom had miscarried my twin. This revelation made sense to me as a young girl, and later that year had a spiritual experience that involved a coin being tossed across my bedroom to get my attention. It did. And for the rest of my life I've felt haunted like someone is with me or watching me. I'm in a constant search for something. I take off on random road trips and I talk to myself in the mirror and often drawn to falling in love quickly and just as fast sabotage the relationship so that once again i am alone. What complies this more is that my birth father rejected me as a baby at the hospital telling my mother i wasnt his. (he was African american and my mother Caucasian. I was born very pale and he rejected her and me..

9 years ago i had a set of twins, and I knew at that moment

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that was no story.. I indeed had the gene and it was strong in me since I was a womb twin survivor.

This past weekend i met a friend who told me about twinless twins and that butterflies and rainbows and angel numbers are signs that they speak to us... I googled all this and spent the last 2 days crying.. everything makes sense now..

I'M NOT CRAZY... and I am ready to put that soul to rest so i can live my life a little easier.

Mizu: "She moved away and I felt constantly depressed"

I had a step sister whom I pretended was my twin for 6 years, we did everything together. At the time I had no idea I was actually a twin. She moved away and I felt constantly depressed. It was during this time that my mother told me that during her pregnancy she had constant bleeding and when I was born the sack was big enough for 2 babies and the umbilical cord forked out into two pathways. It was at this point I understood why I had attached myself to my stepsister. Ever since I have always felt a missing presence and loneliness that no one can seem to feel. I don't think the presence of my stepsister would help, even though it has been 4 years since I saw her.

Fern: "I didn't seem to find my place, switched careers several times..."

I've always felt like I needed to be more, maybe more than one person, even more than two. I didn't seem to find my place, switched careers several times to completely opposite directions.

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Sometimes I've had panic attacks that I learned to control now. I had a dream once, that I'm alone in my mother's womb, terribly alone, and it shouldn't be like that.

I've felt the need to search for something, but didn't know exactly what. Though I've always had a lot of people around me, and I have close relationships with my friends and family, still felt like I was missing something.

I went to a family constellation, where I could "meet" my twin sisters. We started out as triplets. I lost one of them at an early stage, and lost the other later in the pregnancy. My mother had some bleeding, but the doctor only told her to rest, and it will be OK. She didn't know about my twins.

Some people close to me think it's just my imagination, and I didn't have sisters in the womb. The rational part of me says the same thing, but I don't have to know it, it's enough to feel it deep down.

Ever since I've read a book about it, things have felt like they fell into their place, I started to understand a lot of things about myself, and it was a beautiful moment, when I could meet with them in the family constellation.

I feel deep love for them, and I couldn't feel it, if they hadn't been there. I gave them names and sometimes, I talk to them. I know, I have to live my life to its fullest, not just for myself, but for them as well. They have a special place in my heart.

Gaynor: "I had a terrible pain in my stomach..."

For each birthday until I was three years old I was crying instead of smiling - parents/siblings told me that.

For my third birthday I had terrible pain in my stomach, so parents took me to the hospital urgently - I felt like dying -

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I remember that very well - as I came there I got terrible narcosis (at that time it smelt badly and as I woke up there were bald people with needles in their heads around me). But, what was out there - on the other side of the windows - the world was just beautiful.

So, before I woke up - they cut my belly - my twin was still in me - a tissue in the shape of sphere - weighed more than a kilo. But, nothing more (tears in my eyes).

I can work for two, think even for more, and I sleep very little, maybe I compensate ... I don't believe in angels, but "looking at you" I wonder if that is true ... I borrowed that from a poet I like, my words are not strong enough.

You You: "I developed OCD and anxiety..."

I was about 13 when my parents told me that I had a twin who died before birth. After I learnt it, suddenly everything made sense - since childhood I felt like there was something or someone missing from my life, I always felt a bit lonely I would say. I developed OCD and anxiety maybe because of the experience. I also found myself attracted to twins, I always admired them from a distance with a feeling of envy and bitterness too, and a longing for a relationship like that, however I thought that it was simply my personality. One day in elementary school, I saw two classmates - who happened to be twins - playfully pranking each other and I did something I didn't understand back then; I started crying. I carried this experience within myself for a few years blaming it on being emotionally unstable, until that day. It was summer, and we were on our way to a restaurant for a family gathering, and we were talking about twins. I expressed how I envied people who had someone just as old as them as a sibling, when my father told me: "Darling, you had a twin too." And there, I learnt our story.

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My mother was early in her pregnancy, they did not even know there were two of us. After my mother started bleeding, it turned out in the hospital that she had a miscarriage - but one of us survived, and that was me. I was shocked partly because of the sudden information and because everything suddenly made sense. In a moment, I realized why I felt like that my whole life, why I had that strange feeling when seeing twins, and that someone whom I missed and whose space I felt was actually my lost twin. I don't know for sure whether I had a brother or sister, whether we were identical or not... But I miss him/her. And I think I always will.

Rosa Margarida: "I couldn't see what it was beyond that black hole terror..."

Well, it's not easy for me to tell my story.. I'll try to shorten it... I started the journey of knowing myself since 2008... I'm a very curious person and I've tried all kinds of therapies ...

First I found my anger against my father: I was very addicted to him when I was a child but he disappointed me in adolescence...

When the question "mother" came up in therapy I always avoided it and I didn't know why...

I remember that, every year, when it was near my birthday I cried a lot, I didn't like to celebrate it... In fact, I used to contact with a feeling of terror and when I closed my eyes and I contacted with the dark in it, it was worst... I went in a spiral of terror, emptiness and cry... It was very painful... But I couldn't see what it was beyond that black hole of terror...

Well, this year I started a rebirthing course and I continued

the work with my therapist.... For that I had to ask my mother some questions about my gestation and childhood... She told me that she experienced a severe emotional trauma (the death of her grandmother whom she liked a lot) and she started bleeding (it was in the first trimester)... I had to be reanimated at birth in cold and hot water because I didn't breathe.

As a child I was very sociable but I had moments of a great sadness and I wanted to be alone in those moments, I used to talk to myself in the mirror and somehow it calmed me down... I remember that I used to kiss the mirror... I always preferred the company of male friends and I used to play the same things that they used to play...

One day (January 2015) my therapist invited me to see what was beyond that black hole of terror.. First, I was frightened but I accepted it... I closed my eyes and I began the journey... it was too painful for me but my therapist gave me strength to carry on...and... it was wonderful, I didn't see my twin but I felt a male presence next to me joined with a feeling of peace and fullness... I began to cry a lot and I didn't want that feeling to stop...I ended my visit to the "black hole" with a mix of feelings: love, guilt, abandonment, betrayal...

Since January I am trying to learn more about womb twin survivors, I bought the books: "Womb Twin Survivors" and " A healing path for womb twin survivors" from Althea Hayton and they are helping me a lot...

Trudy Lee: "Having my own family has been the best remedy"

Mum asked one day out of the blue when I was visiting with my baby son if I'd ever felt that something was missing in my life. I think mum was taken aback when I said yes, every day ever since I could remember there's an

emptiness that just doesn't go away. But I don't know why. That's when mum told me I'd had a twin that didn't make it with me. It helps to read that others feel the same. Having my own family has been the best remedy.

Sim: "...I push people away..."

I found out that I'm a twin survivor through research and then I was reading about it I couldn't help myself just become emotional. Since I was a baby I was really different from other kids and would stay alone. Fears, crazy thoughts, loneliness and unexplainable physical and emotional pain.

I knew I had to have a twin but never thought about it as something that can give much of an effect to my life. I admit I would think about what could have been like having a twin and why did this have to happen.

Before knowing I'm a twin survivor I couldn't explain some of my actions towards other people and even some situations. I would always want to be close with someone but after a while I would find a reason to disappear from people's life. Whenever I would try rationalizing why I push people away I would have a hard time answering my own given question.

A year ago I started having big changes in my life. Everything started changing too fast that I ended up feeling on emotional edge. Not long after I started getting physical pain in my body. No doctor could find good enough reason. I started doing my own research about illnesses, human anatomy and just tried to find explanation of what is going on.

After some time I just thought I needed a break from all books and thoughts and met one of my friends. As we were talking about our own different happenings, she mentioned

the word "siblings". That's when I thought about unborn twin. When I came home I researched it. To be honest I didn't expect anything until "Vanished twin survivor" popped up in my computers screen. Reading all articles, watching videos, seeing all symptoms and finally finding answers. It was truly a relief for me and turning me a happier person. What seems so little and to some not meaningful can give surprising changes in persons actions and even personality.

Juliette: "...I catch myself speaking to nobody all the time"

MY twin died in the womb. It's a genetic thing in my family, through my mother's side. My mother told me that until I was 1 year old, I spoke to somebody that wasn't there and was constantly sad. What she doesn't know is that I catch myself speaking to nobody all the time. I've never really felt complete. I've always felt like I was missing something, until I found that that something was a someone. I thought I was going crazy for a while, I mean, how can you miss your dead brother if you didn't even know him? I get so sad for no reason sometimes and I cry if I think about him. I feel like he took a part of me when he died that nobody can get back.

Bettina (English translation after the original German copy)
Ich bin 57 Jahre alt und habe mit etwa 9 Jahren erfahren, dass ich einen Zwilling hatte, der vor oder während der Geburt starb. Meine Eltern wollten nicht darüber reden. Ich erfuhr lediglich, es sei „ja gar kein richtiges Kind gewesen“. Und dass es für solche Kinder kein Grab gebe. Ich hatte niemanden und keinen Ort für meine Trauer.

Viele Jahre habe ich dieses Wissen und meine Trauer

verdrängt. Erst als ich selbst ein Kind hatte, erwachte meine Erinnerung nach und nach. Ich war fasziniert von Zwillingen. Mir wurde bewusst, dass mich schon lange eine stete Unruhe quälte und ich ständig auf der Suche war nach irgendetwas, von dem ich nicht hätte sagen können, was es war. Ich fühlte mich selbst unter Menschen allein und isoliert, ohne Zugang zu den Anderen. Und doch war ich gern allein. Ich war anders.

Meine Mutter sorgte dafür, dass ich, da ich keine Geschwister habe, mit meiner gleichaltrigen Cousine zusammen aufwuchs. Wir wurden ähnlich angezogen und erhielten die gleichen Spielsachen. Ob wir wollten oder nicht. Doch wir beide entwickelten uns immer mehr auseinander und hatten uns eines Tages einfach nichts mehr zu sagen. Meiner Mutter fiel es schwer zu akzeptieren, wie unterschiedlich wir waren und dass es unmöglich war, etwas erzwingen zu wollen, was von Anfang an falsch gewesen war. Meine Cousine war jahrelang das Kind, das meine Mutter verloren hatte. In diesem Kind entdeckte sie all die Eigenschaften, die sie an mir vermisste.

Inzwischen habe ich das Anderssein angenommen, aber die Trauer ist da und die Bitterkeit.

Meinen Zwilling und die Trauer loslassen kann ich (noch) nicht. Er ist bei mir, und ich fühle mich gut damit.

Bettina, Mannheim, Germany

English translation

Bettina "...it wasn't a proper child...no grave for such children"

I am 57 years old and I was nine when I found out that I had a twin that died during birth. My parents didn't want to talk about it. All I learnt was that "it wasn't a proper child". And that there would be no grave for such children. There

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was no where I could grieve and no one I could grieve with.

I had this knowledge for many years and I have been suppressing my grief. It wasn't until I had a child of my own that these memories kept coming back. I was fascinated with twins. I noticed that I was tortured by this constant restlessness and I was always searching for something but I didn't know what. I feel alone and isolated when I am amongst people but then I liked being on my own. I was different.

My mother made sure that I grew up with my cousin who is the same age as me because I didn't have any siblings. We were dressed similarly and got the same toys - whether we wanted it or not. Yet we diverged from each other and one day we just had nothing to say each to other. My mother found it hard to accept how different we were and it was impossible to force us together which wasn't right from the start. For years my cousin was the daughter my mother never had. She discovered the qualities in her that was missing in me.

In the mean time I accepted that I was different but the grief and bitterness are there.

I can't yet let go of my twin or my grief. He is with me and it feels good.

Bettina

Debbie: "...the umbilical cord was wrapped around my neck..."

I was born in 1961. Ultrasound was not readily available. The only info I have is what my mother told me. In the first or second trimester she began to have symptoms of a miscarriage. However remained pregnant to deliver me full

term. My mother told me several details about my birth. One was that I was attached to the uterus at my low back. A second complication was that the umbilical cord was wrapped around my neck and I had to be turned. Both of these stories seem unlikely. My mother was 39 years old when she had me after having 4 boys who are at least 12 years older than me. I have often felt alone among a crowd of people. I have felt that something was missing. I suffer from depression and anxiety as well as overeating. These symptoms could have resulted from many childhood experiences but my "gut" tells me it is more. I often just feel lost. I wonder about the accuracy of the stories surrounding my birth. I wonder what life would be like if we had both survived. My family and friends have joked about it over the years, "wow imagine if there were two of you!" "You were so ornery that you must have kicked the other one out." "What if you absorbed your twin and have an extra tooth or eye coming out of your side." I laugh at these silly comments but deep inside I feel grief.

Hannah: "I still dream of a girl..."

All my life I have felt like something is missing. When I was young I used to pretend I had a twin sister, or I would dream about someone who didn't exist. In these dreams, I felt whole again.

Even now, at the age of thirteen, I still dream of a girl - Now my age - that makes me feel complete again. I am constantly expressing my need for "A friend." Just someone who could be there for me.

And then I found out about Womb Twin Survivors. And somewhere in my mind, I know that I was a twin. I just know it. And even though we will never know for sure if I had a Vanishing Twin, I believe that she was there, and I truly miss her.

Sarah: "I had a stillborn twin sister"

I always felt lonely growing up. I felt like there was an empty space, the absence of a presence, if that makes any sense to say. I had two older sisters as a young child; my eldest sister was usually never around, she ran away and she was four years older than me, I never felt very close to her as she seemed to avoid home. The middle child was severely ill, permanently disabled and never grew larger than a small child, even as she grew to be six years old, she was the size of an infant and could not respond to the outer world. I was born a year after her, as a "replacement" child, as no doctor thought that she would live more than a few months. But she did, and needed round the clock care all her life. So the first few years of my life are very blank. I was largely overlooked. When my sick sister died, my mom became ill with MS, and my father grew consistently more distant emotionally. Most of the time I was left to myself and I always felt like I was a lone child, even though I had two sisters, because I was never able to bond with any of them, and neither of them were able to look after me, take care of me or just play with me; and my parents didn't have the health or mental energy left.

So at some point in this story, I found out that when I was born, I actually had a stillborn twin sister. This made me very sad to learn as I felt lonely my whole life. I felt like if she had been there, we would have had two sets of eyes to observe what went on at home, two hearts to care for each other with. We would have been for each other what my sister or my parents never were.

For a long time I stated her existence only as another sad fact of life. But in the past year, I have slowly begun to acknowledge the impact her absence has had on me. I've been devastated and mourning her, as if I had known her. In some way I feel like I always did know her in some way, because I knew that she wasn't there and I knew what

she could have been, what she might have thought and said. I've never been able to put all my trust to one person but I know if she were here that she would be that person. I know this not as if I was dreaming of it but more as if that would simply have been what we would agree on.

I'm a grown woman in my late twenties and I still feel like I carry around the twin sister I never had as a talisman around my heart. When I feel very sad or lost, or I have to talk to someone who just knows everything and not some censored version, just accepts who I am and knows when I'm right and what I need, I talk to her. I talk to her just out loud and allow myself to be sad and cry. She has taught me how to feel emotions safely and pour my heart out unconditionally, something I have never even done to family or my closest partners or friends. She is my go to person and I'm not even half sure she was ever real.

Doomun: "Real life no longer mattered to me"

I am 16 years old. I had basically all my life imagined a twin. I would build up features, body, face, hair and anything i could about the imaginary twin i built for myself. So far relating this to someone made them think i was a lunatic, so after some epic fails i decided to keep it all to myself. Real life no longer mattered to me. I would always stay up there in my own imagination with my imaginary twin. Though i thought i was completely normal, i was not. For as long as i can remember, i always had weird dreams that could not be explained. People i didn't know interacted with me and i felt comfortable with them. When i was 4 i changed house to go live at my grandparent's deserted house. I started having weirder dreams. I once dreamt of a little boy around the same age as me, except he looked like he was all beaten up and bruised. It scared me to death, i was standing just in front of him and the fact that he was dead made me reluctant to walk ever again to that part of the house where i dreamt he was. As i grew up the image

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of that boy changed but he was not dead he was alive and talking to me. By the time i was 12 my parent thought i was crazy and i was being haunted. But deep down i had always known i had a twin somewhere, watching over me. I used to ask my mom to give me a brother but she'd never reply to me. My dad said that my elder sister by 8 years should be enough. One day i stopped asking, i just knew it, i did not need anyone to tell me, i just knew it, but i still had that little bit of confusion in me, i was always confused about everything in life. It's like i wanted two things at the same time. Some called it bipolar. In my imaginary world, as weird as it sounds, it was always a boy twin, who grew up in my imagination. I always knew. I had a strange obsession for twins, i subscribed to all the twin youtubers and read every possible stories about twins. I would try to re enact all those in my imagination, since i knew not what a twin was like. And yet each time it ended up the same way. I would have a great life until one day we fight and never talk ever again. I was stuck at that point each time and started a new story over again and it'd end up again with no ending. Never happy in the end and even though it was my imagination i could not change it or re imagine it, it was like i didn't know what came next, it never happened. The 30 December 2015, my life changed forever. I turned 16 on the first of that month and i always refused to celebrate my birthday. Why? No one knew not even me. I fell in love, truly and deeply when i was 12, and it was someone of the same sex as me, a girl. It was crazy, how could i? Part of me was disgusted and part of me was attracted soo badly to her and wanted her in all ways. We were friends and it stayed that way. I ended up understanding that all i was looking for in her was a twin, since we shared soo many things in common. It then hit me that why my relationships be it friends or family never worked, because i'd always try to make them my twin, turn them into my imaginary twin. I am so sensitive to people, i can just feel their emotion looking in their eye, of hearing their voice. Each time i felt someone's interest in me lower, i would automatically eject them from my life, i feared

they'd do it. On the 30 December i was watching a dolan twin video of what its like to be a twin. Scrolling down in the comments i saw someone who said they should have had a twin too but she died in pregnancy and she gave a site to read. I clicked and saw an article about womb twin survivors. All that i read in there i could relate to it. I cried my heart out since i was alone, i do not cry in front of people. I decided to call my friend and relate it to her, and i could feel she was thinking i was crazy. I was sad, i had lost that one thing i had always wanted. I waited for my dad and mom to come home and demanded the truth, dad denied mom was silent, i could feel she was gonna cry. I had my answer, though they never confirmed, i knew the truth. My mom had complications when i was born, and was hospitalised for some months, she always said it was because of me and something to do about too much time to come out. But truth is, i came out first, but my brother never did, at least not alive. My dad was not present at that time, but he sure knows it too. They made sure to hide all pregnancy pictures, they said they didn't have any, but they had for my sis though. As much as this hurts me, i'm sure it hurts her too, so i stopped asking. And though they never told me this, i know it all, don't ask why, i just do. Since that day, i decided to live for us both, my brother and i. I love him as i have never loved anyone, I never saw him, heard him, but still i do know him.

I know he is there somewhere with me. I had an accident and though i should have died, i did not, doctors were soo amazed at how strong i was. Turns out i hate my strength, it caused my brother to die.

Ann: "I choose to welcome my brother and slowly acknowledge him"

One week ago (23rd February) I was so bad emotionally that I called a friend that does counselling in Bach Flowers. I talked to her and my deep feelings reminded her other surviving twin that has the same psychological disorder. I

choose to welcome my twin brother and I slowly acknowledge him. Hugo is a vanishing twin and my mum didn't know his existence. I wonder how I can remember that it is probably due to cellular memory. I am sad because I have to bury him symbolically and fight a huge feeling of emptiness. I want to go ahead solve matters in my life that were due to not having knowledge of my twin. I write a lot till I am a teenager and hope expressing with word my pain will help to feel better soon. I will soon bury Hugo under an apple tree in a garden that seems to be paradise. If my story could help anyone I am happy to share.

From France

Ann'

Jennifer: "I grew up always yearning for a twin sister"

My mother believed she was going to have twins because the Dr. could hear two heart beats early in her pregnancy. At some point during her pregnancy they could only find 1 heart beat. I grew up always yearning for a twin sister. Years later i finally had a gorgeous baby girl. As she grew i realised she was EVERYTHING I had always dreamt of being. She has the most incredible ocean blue eyes, blonde hair with a widows peak. A strong confident personality, motherly and caring, yet sensitive and artistic. Everyone constantly tells me she is my mini me or "twin." I have a feeling God gave her the option to be born along with me, but the probability that she would out shine me and send me into a whirlwind of jealousy and depression. Or she could wait and let me grow in confidence so one day she could come through me and be my greatest accomplishment, the Love of my life with a bond that can never be broken.