

'He's got us

BOTH pregnant!

We were desperate for a family, and then a kind stranger offered to help. But there was a surprise in store. *By Anna Jones, 28*

I waited nervously at the registrar's table as a hush descended. Somebody whispered: 'She's here!' The music started up and I heard gasps. I turned to look and felt tears well in my eyes. Kirsty looked beautiful on her dad's arm. She was wearing a white satin fishtail dress and her blonde hair was in an elegant updo.

But her stunning frock was not a surprise to me. I was wearing exactly the same dress, had the same hairstyle and was carrying the same bouquet. Our eyes met and we smiled. Then we stood side by side in front of the registrar, looking like twin sisters. But in fact, we were about to become Mrs and Mrs.

I was having a civil partnership ceremony with my long-term girlfriend Kirsty. It was a wonderful day and we soon settled into married life. Yet there was

something missing. Every time my sisters' children came to stay, I'd tuck them into bed and think: *I wish we could have little ones of our own.*

Kirsty agreed. But we both worked as carers, so we weren't able to afford to use a fertility clinic, and we could be on the NHS waiting list for years.

Kirsty said: 'I guess it will never happen for us.' I confided in my sister Lorraine. She said: 'You'd make a great mum, Anna. You both would.'

A couple of days later, I was sitting watching TV with Kirsty when her phone beeped.

She read the message and said: 'Your sister has found us a donor.' I gave her a sarcastic look and said: 'Oh, has she?'

Then a few minutes later my phone rang. It was Lorraine. She said: 'I've just been chatting to my hairdresser.'

'Oh?' I said, wondering where this was leading. 'I told him about you and Kirsty,' she said. 'About how you're desperate to have a baby.'

Lorraine explained that her hairdresser, Brian, had said that he'd been considering becoming a sperm donor.

He was gay and could relate to our plight. Lorraine said: 'He wants to meet you.'

A week later, Brian came round for a cup of tea.

As we told him all about ourselves, he



Alfie's scan

said: 'You are lovely people and you deserve to be parents.'

Brian had never donated before.

But he said: 'I want to help you.'

Kirsty said: 'I can't believe it.'

I added: 'That's great!'

Then Brian said: 'When do you want to start trying?'

It was just before Christmas and so we agreed to start

and I bought a plastic beaker. Later Brian arrived.

We all chatted excitedly and couldn't stop giggling.

Then I said: 'Right, shall we get on with it?'

Kirsty and I went into the bedroom and Brian took the beaker into the bathroom.

Shortly afterwards he handed it to me.

I said: 'This is a truly amazing thing you are doing for us.'

I took a syringe and said to Kirsty: 'Are you ready?'

I did what was necessary and

But there was still one problem. Who would carry the baby?

I said: 'I want to experience pregnancy and giving birth.'

Kirsty said: 'Me too, Anna. It's what every woman wants.'

We all agreed that Kirsty and I would take it in turns to try until one of us fell pregnant.

I said: 'It's the fairest way.'

We went online and looked up how to artificially inseminate ourselves.

When the time came, we were all very nervous. That day Kirsty



Kirsty and me

hadn't started.

I was in the kitchen making breakfast when she ran in, waving a pregnancy test in her hand. She said: 'I am pregnant!'

I took the test from her hand and stared at the two blue lines.

She did nine pregnancy tests before I could believe it was true.

I said: 'You've fallen pregnant at our first attempt!'

When I rang Mum to tell her the good news, she said: 'Yeah, right!'

'I'm not lying, Mum,' I said. 'It's the truth.'

Two weeks later, I started to get abdominal pains.

Kirsty said: 'You're pregnant.'

I said: 'Don't be daft.'

But when my period didn't arrive, I did a test.

It was positive.

I said to Kirsty: 'How can this be possible? It takes some people months or even years to conceive.'

I sent Brian a text to tell him our good news.

He replied: *Congratulations. I'm so happy for you both.*

Our babies were due just two weeks apart.

At Kirsty's first scan, the midwife presumed we were sisters.

When we explained the situation, she arranged for us to have our check-up appointments on the same days.

At our next scans, we discovered the sex of our babies.

The midwife said: 'You're having the perfect family — a boy and a girl.'

I said: 'I bet there aren't many people who can say that!'

Our pregnancies progressed and we experienced everything together.

We both suffered heartburn and loved feeling each other's tummies when our babies started to kick.

I told Kirsty: 'I feel sorry that Brian is missing out on all of this.'

So we sent him copies of our scan pictures.

Kirsty's due date came and then went. She was 12 days overdue and I started to feel anxious.

I said: 'You'd better hurry up because I'm due soon.'

The midwife said: 'You are going to go at the same time. You're two women living together so your



Scarlett-Marie's scan

afterwards she lay with her feet up against the wall.

A couple of weeks later, Brian came round again.

This time it was my turn.

We tried not to get our hopes up. We knew it might take months.

But a couple of days later, Kirsty said: 'I'm late...'

She took a pregnancy test but it was negative.

I wrapped my arms around her and said: 'Don't worry, maybe I'll be lucky.'

But I knew she'd be a bit disappointed if I became pregnant instead of her.

The next morning, her period still



I took a test

'I want to experience pregnancy'



Scarlett-Marie and Alfie

hormones are probably in sync!'

We hoped she was wrong. We wanted to be there for each other when our babies were born.

Four days later, Kirsty went into hospital to be induced.

She was in labour for 16 hours. She had gas and air for the pain, and as she squeezed my hand, I felt my baby kick.

I thought: *Oh no, I've got to go through all of this soon.*

Then it was time for Kirsty to push. In time we heard a little cry.

The midwife wrapped the baby in a blanket and handed her to me.

We'd already chosen the name Scarlett-Marie.

I told Kirsty: 'She's got little pursed lips like yours.'

Kirsty and Scarlett-Marie were kept in hospital for a couple of days.

They'd been back at our home in Gloucester for two days, when Brian arrived with flowers.

He said: 'I'm so happy I've been able to do this for you.'

Later that day I started to get pains in my abdomen.

Next day they grew more intense. Kirsty phoned her mum Vicky to come and take care of Scarlett-Marie while we made our way back to the hospital.

This time it was Kirsty holding my hand and telling me to breathe.

I was in labour for 48 hours.

Then the midwife said: 'The head is through.'

Kirsty looked at me and said:

'I love you.'

A short while later, the nurse handed baby Alfie to Kirsty.

I started to cry.

Our babies were born five days apart and people assumed they were twins until they realised that Scarlett was slightly bigger than Alfie. We'd laugh and start to explain.

Now Scarlett-Marie is nearly seven weeks old and Alfie is almost six weeks. Brian sees them every week and when they are older, we will tell them that they were

his amazing gift to us.

If they choose to call him Daddy, that will be their decision, and Brian is happy with that. We're so grateful he has helped us to become mums.

● *Brian's name has been changed.*



Kirsty and me with our babies



Our wedding