

real life sisterly surprise

Our spooky parallel pregnancies!

Lisa (left) and Deborah with Layla and Ivy



Deborah Kaye, 30, reveals the coincidences she shares with her sister...

Lisa laughed. 'Mine too!'

And the strange parallels kept cropping up. After our 20-week scans we found out we were both expecting girls. It felt really special that our daughters could grow up as close as we were.

As our due date came and went, both Lisa and I were to be induced on 24 March.

But on the morning of 19 March Lisa called.

'I'm having contractions,' she gasped on the phone.

'You'll be fine,' I insisted. 'Keep me posted!'

Praying she wasn't in too much pain, I wondered when it would be my turn.

That afternoon I had some faint twinges in my belly. Later, the pains got worse.

'Adam,' I said. 'It's starting.'

At 3am we went to Pinderfields Hospital in Wakefield. Adam called my mum to say things

were progressing quickly, so she left Lisa to come to me.

At 5.30am my beautiful daughter Ivy Kaye Benson was born. We'd given her my dad David's surname as a middle name. He passed away four years ago and we had a feeling he was causing all the coincidences.

Mum cried tears of happiness when she held Ivy, but she only had time for a quick cuddle before Paul called, saying Lisa was near to giving birth.

'No rest for the wicked!' said Mum before dashing off.

Lisa's daughter Layla Rose Dodd was born at 4.30pm that same day.

Lisa and I were frantically texting pictures and comparing births, and a few days later we finally met our respective nieces.

Now Lisa and I are enjoying motherhood together and she's helping me plan my May 2013 wedding, when our daughters will be flower girls.

I can just imagine them toddling up the aisle together, peas in a pod just like their mums!

● **Lisa says:** 'It was so special to go through the whole experience with Deborah. I just know it was Dad looking down on us that made it happen.'

My heart leapt as I took in the doctor's words. 'You're pregnant,' he said.

After suffering stomach ache and bloating for weeks, I thought I had IBS. This was the last thing I was expecting.

My fiancé Adam Benson, 34, was away on a work trip, so I went to see my mum, Linda, 56, to share the news.

I live in Leeds but I'm always visiting her and my older sister Lisa in Penistone, near Sheffield.

'I'm going to be a grandma!' Mum shrieked.

Then Lisa, 32, arrived.

'I'm pregnant!' I blurted out.

'That's amazing,' she squealed. But she looked distracted.

'Are you okay?' I asked.

She was suffering bloating and nausea just like I'd been.

'What if you're pregnant too?' I said. 'How weird would that be?'

That evening Lisa called.

'I'm having a baby!' she said, excitedly. I was so pleased for her and her husband Paul, 32.

'What a coincidence, finding

out on the same day!' I laughed.

From being dressed in the same outfits as little girls, going through identical goth phases in our teens, then sharing all our feelings in adulthood, Lisa and I had always been close. With only a year between us we were best friends as well as sisters.

'You're like twins,' friends and family would say.

We even had the same careers as retail merchandisers.

Now our children could grow up together, just like us.

Within a few weeks I received a letter confirming my 12-week scan – and it turned out that Lisa's was in another hospital on the same day.

After the scan, I called Lisa.

'All okay this end, how about you?' I asked.

'Yep, fine,' she replied. 'When's your due date?'

'14 March,' I said.

'You're joking,'



As children and (right) dressing alike as teens