

A REAL SISTER ACT

We're celebrating everything great about sisters



I pipped Lori and Alfie (left) to the post

KERRY RANGLES, 33, Macclesfield, Cheshire

So close we timed our babies

I could tell from my sister Lori's voice over the phone that she had something to tell me.

'I hope I'm not stealing your thunder,' she said. 'But... I'm pregnant too!' Lori, 31, and I had both been trying for our second babies

and now, just a week apart, we'd done positive tests. 'That's great news,' I said, thrilled. They can be little friends.'

You don't go to antenatal classes with a second baby, so it was great to have Lori, who lived just five minutes up the road.

I was due on 26 October, Lori two and a half weeks later. But because she had

broken her pelvis in a car accident eight years earlier, she was booked for a Caesarian on 5 November.

'Ooh, they'll be born just 10 days apart,' I said.

But my due date came and went with no baby... 'Maybe my baby will

be Halloween and yours will be Bonfire Night,' I joked to Lori.

When that passed, too, I was thoroughly fed up.

'You'll be first at this rate,' I groaned to Lori.

She was the first person I texted when my waters finally broke on 3 November.

'Hold on till tomorrow!' my husband John, 36, joked as he drove me to

Macclesfield District General Hospital. Then the kids can share a birthday.' Ava Grace Randles eventually arrived at 9.16pm on 4 November, weighing 8lb.

Just 11 hours later, at 8am, Lori arrived on the ward to have her baby.

There was just time for a quick cuddle with her niece before she was whisked off to theatre, where 7lb 5oz Alfie John Brian Chapman arrived an hour later.

Two little cousins, born just 12 hours apart on the same hospital ward.

Lori and I are now sharing maternity leave and the kids will be able to share birthday parties, too.

They're almost 3 months old now and we all see one another all the time.

We hope Ava and Alfie will be just as close as Lori and I have always been.

We all went under the knife



PAULINE JOHNSON, 36, Ashington, West Sussex

So now, in November 2008, when 22st Sharon announced her gastric bypass, I knew I was getting one too.

At a massive 28st, I was classed as 'super obese', so I could have the operation on the NHS, just like Sharon and 21st Georgina. The ops would reduce our stomachs to the size of eggs, meaning we'd feel full after much less food.

In February 2009, we all went to a private hospital in Chichester, West Sussex.

There's always that competitive thing between sisters, isn't there?

So you can imagine how I felt when my younger sister, Sharon, 30, told me she was having a gastric bypass...

'If you're having one, so am I!' I blurted.

'That's funny,' Sharon laughed. That's just what Georgina said...'

Georgina, 37, was our elder sister and we were all big, always had been.

I'd tried everything to get slim, even slimming pills that gave you the runs. But by the time my son, Peter, now 8, had started school, I was miserable. None of the other mums spoke to me and I felt lonely and worthless.

We knew that there was a risk of death on the operating table, so it was an emotional moment when I went down to theatre first.

'Good luck,' Sharon whispered.

'You'll be fine,' Georgina waved.

By the time I came round from the three-hour operation, the others had been operated on as well.

'Do you feel a bit sore, too?' I asked, as they nodded in sympathy across the ward. I still felt hungry, but to my

amazement, a small bowl of soup filled me up.

Over the next few months, competition was rife.

'I've lost seven stone,' Sharon said in one call.

'I'm not far behind!' I said.

All three of us swapped tips and commiserated about the fact we couldn't keep food down sometimes and our hair was thinning.

But, almost a year on, Sharon's down to 13st 7lb, while Georgina and I are both down to 14st.

The school mums all wanted to know how I'd done it, so now there's always someone to natter

to when I pick Peter up.

Best of all, my boyfriend, Chris, 42, and I are hopeful we'll be able to try for another

baby. Fingers crossed Peter might get to know the joy of having a sister himself.

I know I couldn't have done this without mine. It's a new start for all three of us. See www.streamline-surgical.com

'None of the mums spoke to me'



BEFORE



We were all huge and hated it

AFTER

Now we're competing to lose weight