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33p

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Karron & Chris Eubank have!



**HOW CRUEL CAN YOU GET?
THE CANCER CON WOMAN**



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Bella



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Deborah adores T'zyah but doesn't want to put herself through pregnancy again

Pregnancies fro

Apart from the usual aches and pains, mo
But for these mums-to-be, their nine mont

Case study 1



'So sick I had to consider a termination'

Suzanne Murray, 33, from Wimbledon, suffered with hyperemesis – severe morning sickness

As the smell of toast wafted into the bedroom from the kitchen, I felt the familiar wave of nausea. Running into the bathroom I steered myself for another bout of retching.

'This isn't normal!' my husband Damien, 33, said, holding my hair and rubbing my back. Eight weeks in, and off sick again from my nurse's job, I had to agree with Damien.

Every day my head felt as if I'd stepped on to a ferry in rough waters and I vomited up to 20 times. I was starving but nothing stayed down.

Damien had to lift me into the

bath one day, as I felt so weak. 'I'm taking you to the hospital,' he said.

At A&E I was diagnosed with hyperemesis – severe morning sickness. 'This is one of the worst cases I've seen,' a doctor said. 'We're going to try steroids. And if that doesn't work you may have to consider a termination.'

I felt panicked. There was no way I could let that happen. I just prayed the steroids would work.

After I swallowed the first tablet the nausea soon subsided. I was given a plate of shepherd's pie and

I wolfed it down – food had never tasted so good!

I continued taking the tablets until just before my due date, when I weaned myself off them by taking fewer each day. I wanted to give birth without being on any medication – although the sickness came straight back. But as soon as Darragh was delivered by Caesarean I felt fabulous.

I had hyperemesis again with my daughter Niamh, now four, and to steroids again. It's such a horrible debilitating illness, but at least I know it can be treated.

Case study 2

'I had severe birth phobia'

Deborah Allick, 30, from London, suffered tokophobia – a fear of giving birth



Feeling breathless and dizzy, I rushed for the door. I'd just legged it out of an antenatal class!

Just talking about giving birth filled me with a gut-wrenching dread. Which was worrying, since I was six months pregnant with my boyfriend Eric's baby.

'How can a baby come out of me?' I told the midwife. 'I need a Caesarean.'

But she shook her head. 'You'll be okay,' she replied.

When I finally went into labour the pain was worse than anything I'd imagined.

After 44 excruciating hours the baby's heart rate began

to drop. I was rushed, terrified, into theatre for an emergency Caesarean.

It turned out that my baby daughter T'zyah's left knee had become dislocated because she was unable to fit through my pelvis.

I wanted to scream 'I told you so!' at the doctors.

I felt overwhelming love for T'zyah, but that experience only cemented my fears.

Babies are lovely but there's no way I'll ever have another one naturally. The only way for me now would be adoption or a surrogate.

m hell!

Women enjoy being pregnant. It became a nightmare



Case study 3

'OCD blighted my pregnancy'

Delphi Ellis, 33, from Bedford, didn't know her mood swings were really antenatal depression



Looking at the pregnancy test, utter joy washed over me – I was having another baby. But it was soon followed by fear.

'What if it's too good to be true?' I said to my partner Dean, then 30. I'd always dreamt of having a brother or sister for my daughter Elysia, now 13. But in 1995 I'd miscarried.

Suddenly I was petrified I'd lose this new life too. I could barely concentrate at work where I was a PA – I'd rush to the toilet every few hours to check for bleeding. And no matter how much I tried to stay positive, everything seemed to pose a danger to the baby's life.

I worried about chemicals in everyday products, and stopped wearing make-up, body lotion and perfume. And I washed my hands constantly – sometimes up to 200 times a day. My palms became so dry they cracked and bled, but I barely noticed.

By 28 weeks, I was a nervous wreck. I went to the antenatal

ward every few days just to hear my baby's heartbeat. 'The baby's fine,' the midwives would say. But I didn't believe them. And I could barely sleep even though I was exhausted from crying all day.

Eventually I broke down. 'I must sound crazy,' I said to my midwife.

'No – I think you have antenatal depression,' she replied. Unlike post-natal depression, some women can suffer *while* they're pregnant.

'The hand washing is a sign of obsessive-compulsive disorder due to stress,' she explained. 'You'll feel better once the baby's born.'

She was right – the second my son Harvey arrived on 26 March 2004 all my stress melted away and I've been fine ever since.

Having antenatal depression has actually enriched my life, as now I help other sufferers and raise awareness about the problem.