

## Ramon's family

Hi friends, I'm sure you remember me. I'm Ramon. When I arrived in Spain I was alone, I didn't have a family. But I was really lucky because I found a new family who decided to adopt me. Now I live with my daddies Juan and Andrés. On the first day of school, they came with me. I was happy to go to school, I wanted to learn, make new friends and play. When I arrived to the line where my classmates were waiting to go into the classroom I kissed my daddies and say goodbye. Suddenly, I noticed that people were looking at me in a strange way. They were whispering and laughing. I thought it was because I was new at school, and I went in my classroom with my teacher and the other pupils.

We played lots of funny games to get to know each other, but I noticed again that there was laughter and whispering in the classroom. One of my new friends told me that children didn't understand why I had two daddies and no mum. Every child in my class pointed at me and told others that I didn't have a dad and a mum, but two daddies. Day by day the situation got worse. After laughter and whispering, swear words came. I didn't understand it.

Why were they calling us these horrible words? We were happy, my daddies loved me a lot and they also loved each other, I didn't know what bothered my classmates. I love them too, we had fun and we did many activities together during our free time. My dad Juan is tall and strong. He likes playing football and running, every weekend we go to play ball. I want to be a goalkeeper, I can stop all the balls my dad shoots. My dad Andres is very good at cooking. I love his chilindrón chicken. Every Sunday we ask him to cook his specialty. We sit at the table, drink cold water with lemon, and laugh while we remember all the adventures we had during the week. Both of them love music, and so I do. All together we clean our house listening to cool songs. We can't help dancing with brooms, brushes and rags.

My classmates asked me why I have two daddies. I answered them that it was my family and it's the only one I have, not better or worse than others. There are many different types of families, I told them, the most important is that we love and help each other. They didn't understand and they went on laughing, whispering and saying swear words. I am happy, I love my family, our home is full of love, respect and happiness. Why can't they understand that?

