“And mama bear and papa bear and baby bear lived happily ever after,” said Mama as she closed the book.
“Mama?” Said Rosie, “Why do we not have a Papa bear? In the story, the family is mama and papa and baby bear. Why is our family just you and me?”
“There are lots of different kinds of families,” said Mama, pulling the quilt up to Rosie’s chin.
“A lion’s family is called a pride. A pride of lions has many lion mamas and papas raising the lion cubs as one big family.”
“Seahorse daddies carry their babies on their bellies in a pouch until the babies are old enough to swim on their own.”
“So a lion family has lots of mommies and a seahorse family doesn’t have any!” said Rosie.
“That’s right,” said Mama, as she tucked Rosie’s teddy bear into bed.
“In a bee hive, there is one queen bee and lots of worker bees who take care of the eggs.”
“Polar bears usually have families with a mother bear and two or three baby bear cubs. Sometimes mama polar bears will even adopt motherless cubs into their family!”
“Wolf spider babies get rides on their mama’s back until they are big enough to take care of themselves.”

“Like when you give me piggy back rides!” said Rosie.
“Emperor penguin families have one mommy and one daddy and while the mommy swims off into the ocean to get food, the baby stays warm by sitting on the daddy’s feet.”
“A school of fish is like a giant family with many fish all swimming together in a group.”
Rosie giggled, “so grandpa fish and baby fish and uncle fish and sister fish all in the ocean together?”
Mama kissed Rosie’s forehead. “Yes! And just like all the different kinds of animal families, people have different types of families too.”
“Your family could be you and your grandpa and grandma or you and your dad and your sisters and brothers.”
“You could have a family with two mamas or a family with two papas. You could even have a family with parents who adopted you!”
“What if you had a family with your teddy bear?!?” exclaimed Rosie.

“You could have that family too!” said Mama.
“I like our family though, Mama,” said Rosie as she yawned.


“I love you too, Mama.”