

# Why Have I Got Two Mummies?

a Sally Harper Story

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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**For Freddie**

Robbie bursts through the back door, his backpack thudding onto the kitchen floor. His cheeks are pink from the cold, and his eyes sparkle with excitement.

"Max says I can go to his house for tea on Friday!" He exclaims, practically bouncing on the spot.



"He's got a proper goalpost in his garden,  
and Max's daddy says I'm the best shooter  
ever!"

"That sounds fun," Mummy says, laughing.  
"I'll talk to Max's mum tomorrow at the  
school gates to sort it out."





Robbie pauses, a thoughtful look crossing his face. "Mummy, how come I have two mummies?"

Mummy looks up, surprised. "Gosh, that's a big question, Robbie. How about we talk about it later, maybe at bedtime?"

"No!" Robbie crosses his arms and plops down at the kitchen table, his face serious. "I want to know now. Max and Ryan both have a mummy and a daddy, so why do I have two mummies?"





Mummy smiles gently and sits next to him,  
sliding over a glass of squash and a biscuit.

"Well, Robbie, every family is different - kind of  
like how football teams have different players,  
but they all work together to win. There aren't  
any rules for families like there are for  
football."





Robbie takes a bite of his biscuit, thinking. "My friend Annie lives with her mummy and her granny. Is that what you mean?"

"Exactly," Mummy says, nodding. "Some children have a mummy and a daddy, some have two mummies, like you, and some have two daddies. Others live with just one parent, or even their grandparents. No two families are the same, but they all have something in common: and that's love."



Just then, the back door flies open again,  
letting in a whoosh of cold air.

"Hello, you two!" calls Mama, holding up a bag of  
groceries. "I've brought pasta for tea. Who  
fancies spaghetti Bolognese?"

"Me!" Robbie and Mummy shout together.





Robbie loves spaghetti Bolognese - it's his absolute favourite and he finishes the whole bowl! After dinner, the kitchen is filled with laughter and empty plates.

Later, Robbie reads his school book to Mama before heading upstairs for a bubble bath.





The warm water is piled high with frothy bubbles, and Robbie giggles as he washes the mud off his knees.





When he climbs into bed, Robbie starts to think about his day. He smiles, thinking about football practice with Max and Ryan and his favourite dinner afterwards, but somehow he feels sad and he's not sure why.

Just then, Mummy comes in holding a book, ready to read him a bedtime story. She notices he has tears in his eyes. "Robbie, are you still worried?" she asks.

"Ryan said something at football practice that I can't stop thinking about," he says, cuddling his favourite dinosaur.





Mummy sits down beside him. "What was it that Ryan said that's worrying you?" She asks softly. Robbie fiddles with the edge of his blanket. "Ryan said you can only have one mummy. Why did he say that? I have two mummies! I still don't understand."



Mummy smiles and strokes his hair. "Ryan's right in a way, you see, Robbie, only one mummy can carry a baby inside her tummy until it's time to be born. That's called being a birth mummy."

Robbie's eyes widen. "So... are *you* my birth mummy?" Or is Mama my birth mummy?"

"Well, I am," says Mummy, "but Mama and I both love you in exactly the same way."





"You see, Robbie, you can't always choose who you fall in love with. Love chooses you. And when Mama and I met, we knew we wanted to be together. Families can be made up in different ways. Some mummies marry daddies, but I wanted to marry Mama."

"And after Mama and I got married, we decided to have you. You made our family complete. Both Mama and I love you to the moon and back!"





"Will it always be just you, Mama and me?" asks Robbie, or will I get a brother or sister to play football with?"

"Maybe one day," says Mummy quietly. "Who knows? Maybe Mama will carry the baby next time. But no matter what, we'll always be a loving family and that will never change."





Mummy gives Robbie a squeeze and says "We're so lucky to have you Robbie."

Just then, Mama pops her head around the door.

"What's all this chatter? I thought it was bedtime!"

"We're talking about families," Robbie says.

Mama smiles. "How lovely," she says. "Well, how about our little family meets up with Max's and Ryan's family's in the holidays? We could all go to the beach for the day and play football on the sand. What do you think?"





Robbie's face lights up. "That sounds great!"  
He yawns and snuggles under his blanket. "I  
think I have the best family in the world.  
Night-night, Mama. Night-night, Mummy."  
"Night-night, Robbie," they say together,  
turning out the light.





This story helps children celebrate diverse families and understand that love is what makes a family.

Through Robbie's curiosity and thoughtful conversations with his mummies, young readers learn that every family is unique and special in its own way.

The story fosters acceptance, celebrates diversity, and reassures children that their family, no matter its structure, is built on love, care, and belonging.

Look out for more stories by Sally Harper

Acknowledgments:

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