I meet my new parents at Melbourne's Tullamarine Airport.

The best thing was my bedroom. I always had to share my bedroom in India, but here I had my own bed, new clothes, books and toys. It was a strange feeling to own things. There was also a big map of India on the wall.

The Brierleys introduced me to my new life slowly. They started by making Indian food for me, before introducing me to Australian food. Hobart had nice weather, a lot of space and it was near a beach. The people there do a lot of things outside, like playing sports or sailing, and Mum and Dad did them with me, too. It was so different from busy and crowded India, but I liked it. Dad took me on the water in his boat, and I finally learned how to swim.

I started school about a month after arriving in Hobart, and I loved it. There were not many children there from other countries. There was just one pupil from China and another pupil who was also from India. When the other children asked me about my life, all I could say was, "I'm from India." But they noticed that my parents were white and they wanted to know why. Mum came into school and

explained to the class about my adoption, which seemed to answer their questions. I was in a new country and I looked different from everyone else, but people treated me well.

When I was ten, Mum and Dad **adopted** a second child from India. I was excited to have a brother or sister, because I missed my brothers and sister in India so much. At Christmas, I sometimes said, "I want Shekila back," when I was asked what gift I wanted.

When Mum and Dad adopted me, they wrote on the form that they were happy with either a boy or a girl.