



# EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND BROWN

by [childbook.ai](https://childbook.ai)



Raymond Brown's hand slapped the alarm clock for the third time. His wife Debra nudged him gently with her elbow. "Five more minutes," he mumbled into his pillow.



The bathroom door rattled as three kids argued about who got in first. Raymond sipped his coffee, watching the morning chaos unfold. "Same routine, different day," he chuckled to himself.





Toast popped up as Raymond juggled eggs and bacon in the frying pan. "Dad, Michael took my homework!" yelled Ally from the living room. Raymond sighed and flipped the bacon, wondering how breakfast became a daily negotiation.



Raymond's car inched forward in the morning traffic. The radio played his favorite oldies station. He mentally rehearsed his presentation while tapping the steering wheel.





"Morning, Raymond!" called his coworkers as he entered with donuts. He settled at his desk, arranging his pens just so. The familiar routine of checking emails began his workday properly.



Raymond unwrapped his sandwich while dialing home. "How's your day going?" he asked Debra. Their midday check-in was his favorite work tradition.





The clock seemed to slow down after 2 PM.  
Raymond refilled his coffee mug for the third time.  
He daydreamed about the weekend fishing trip  
while pretending to read reports.



Raymond loosened his tie as he drove home. The transition from work-Raymond to dad-Raymond happened somewhere on the highway. He stopped for ice cream, a Friday tradition the kids loved.





"And then Joey said the funniest thing!" Michael exclaimed between bites. Raymond watched his family laugh and share their day. These noisy dinner conversations filled his heart completely.



Raymond scratched his head at Ally's math problem. "When did math get so complicated?" he wondered aloud. Ally giggled and showed him the formula again.





The dishwasher hummed as Raymond and Debra settled on the couch. "Same show as yesterday?" he asked, already knowing the answer. Their shoulders touched comfortably as the TV flickered.



Raymond kissed each child goodnight, savoring these quiet moments. "Dad, tell me the dragon story again," whispered Geoffrey. Raymond smiled, knowing some routines were worth every repetition.





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