

The Key Clue

“The weekend is finally here!” Samier and I shout together.

We run across the school playground.

“Guys! Wait for me!” Samia yells out from behind us.

Samia and Samier are twins. Sometimes twins look exactly alike, but Samia and Samier are not identical.

Samier is a lot shorter than his sister. Samia has the longest legs of all the kids in our class.

“I forgot my jersey and had to go back and fetch it in Miss Adams’s classroom,” Samia says. “I keep forgetting it there.” She is barely out of breath when she reaches us, and we all walk to the school gate.

Grandma Mienie and my little sister, Jenni-Lee, are waiting for us at the school gate, like they do each afternoon. My grandma likes to

make sure that I get home safely as there is a busy main road separating the school from our neighbourhood.

Samia and Samier have joined us today.



Samier's family is Muslim. Their father fetches them from our house after he attends Friday prayers at the mosque.

Grandma Mienie bought some bananas from Freddy, the guy who sells fruit and vegetables on the corner. Sometimes he gives her extra fruit because she is such a good customer.

Samier is always hungry and has barely finished peeling his banana when he takes a bite.

"Make sure to eat all of it. You definitely need to catch up to your sister," says Grandma Mienie. "She is outgrowing you."

I pass a small piece of my banana to Jenni-Lee. After one or two bites, she does not want any more, and starts wiping it all over her poor T-shirt. Why are little kids so messy?

By the time we reach our





street, I am ready to get out of my school clothes.

“Last one at the door is a rotten egg!” I yell and start sprinting home. Samia nearly always wins because she is very fast, but today I am first.