Come on the Slide

The bell rang out, signalling the end of the day. Hundreds of teenagers swarmed out into the bright, humid back field of the high school, talking and laughing, glad to be outside in the fresh air after being cooped in the stuffy classroom all day.

The crowd parted, most of the boys heading towards the football pitch, and the girls towards the village playground. Tia and Sam were among those girls.

"Awwwww!" Sam had just noticed three similar-looking girls of about seven, with identical halos of golden curls, playing on the slide in the shade. They beckoned to Tia and Sam. Now she was closer, Tia spotted all three triplets (~~Gosh~~ she assumed they were triplets, anyway,) had lost the same tooth, the front right incisor, the gap revealing the deep black voids of their mouths.

"I'm Mary."
"Aggie."
"Frances."
The girls held out their hands in an old-fashioned way, their gnarled, cracked hands. Wait... what? Although they were only about seven, their hands were... gnarled and cracked? Tia shuddered. The triplets spoke:
"Come on the slide, Sam."
"Yes, Sam."
"The slide, Sam."