

Silently, Sam wandered over to the slide.
Tia blinked and suddenly Sam was at the top of the slide.

Tia's blood froze. The colour drained from her face, leaving her the same sickly-white as icing.
Then, from the other side of the slide, a high-pitched giggle sounded out into still air...

Sam was different. About seven, she looked.
Her front right incisor was gone. She giggled.

Then the triplets spoke:
"Come on the slide, Tia."

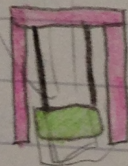
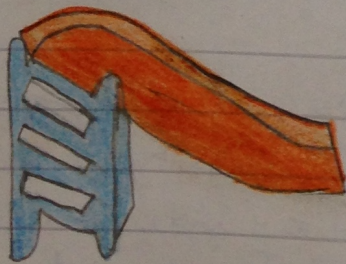
"Yes, Tia."

"The slide, Tia."

Then Sam. Her voice was like a desert at night - dry and cold. She held up her hand for Tia to take - her perfectly manicured hand - of a twelve-year-old.
"Don't be afraid."

Tia wasn't afraid. She went on the slide. She wasn't afraid, even when she felt her front right incisor was gone.

She giggled.



This is an extraordinary story Ruby.

Well done

(10/12)