

THE TOP SECRET DIARIES OF TWIN SISTERS

Twinning



For Greta – A.M.



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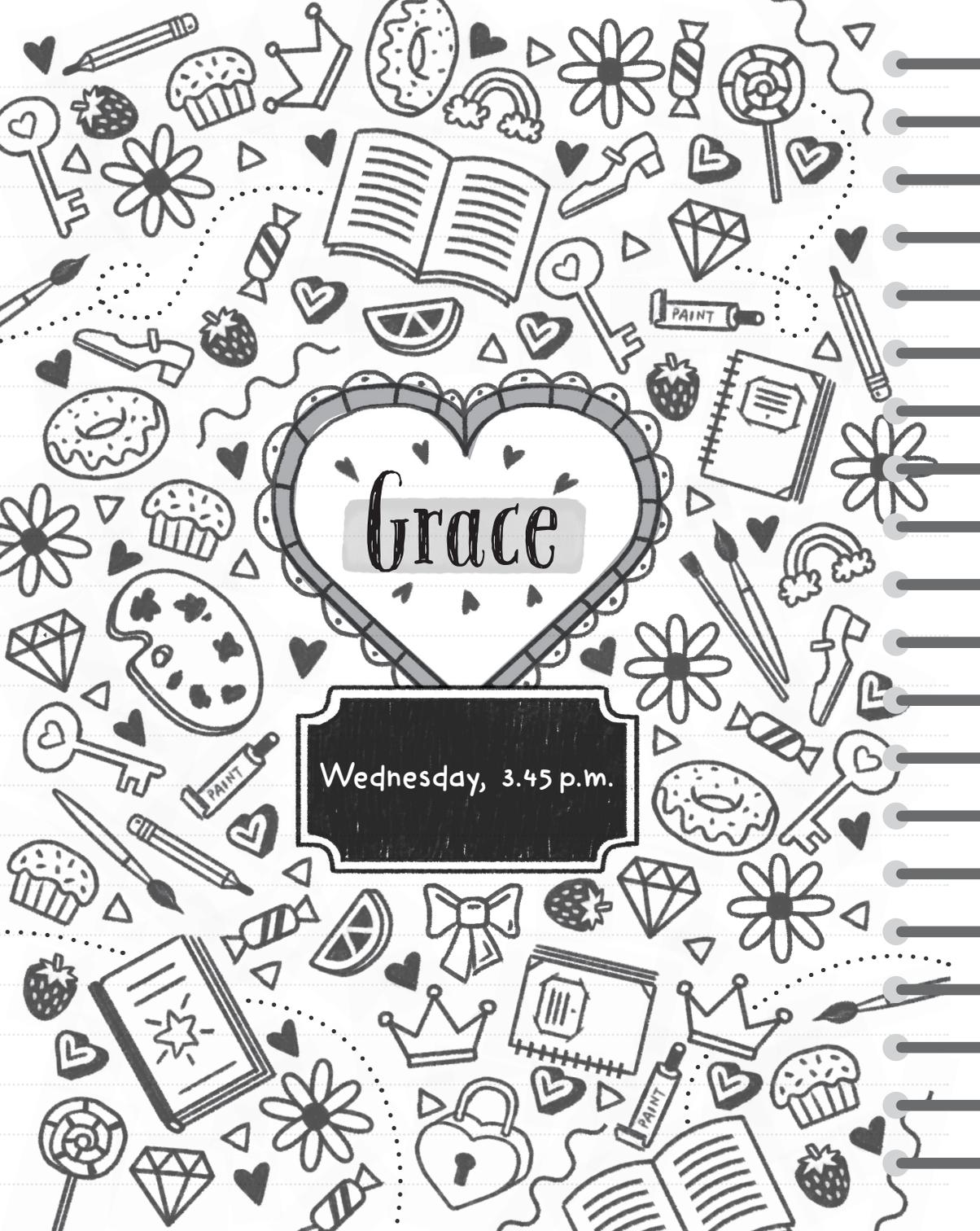
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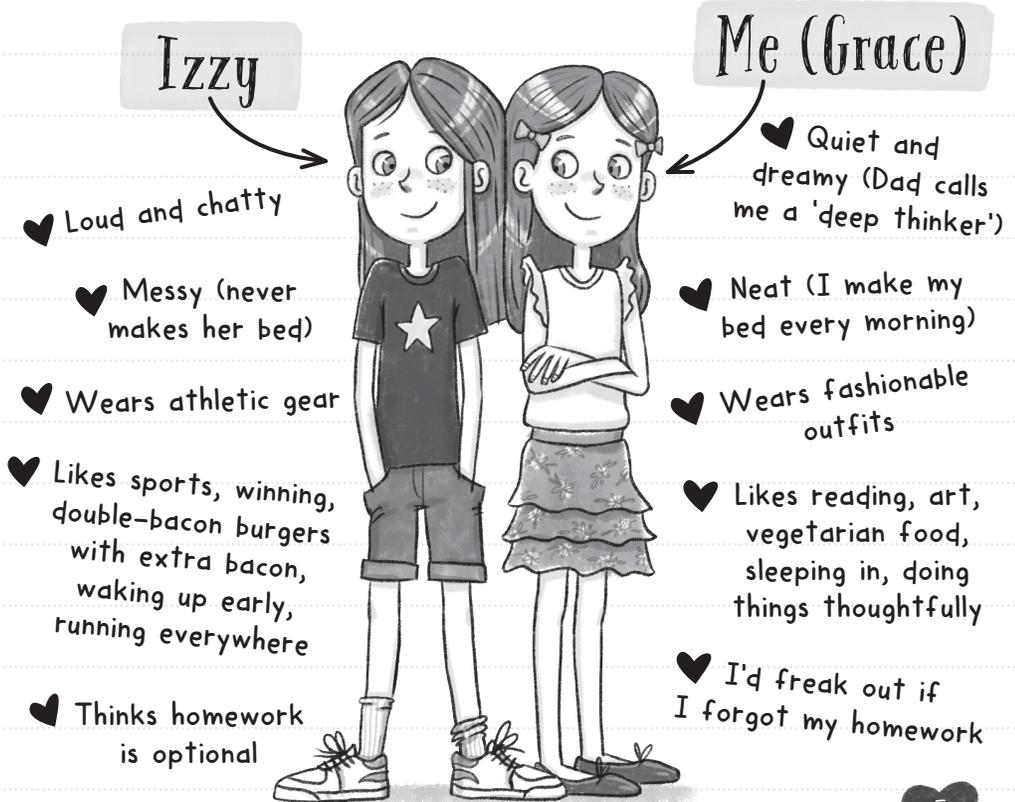


Grace

Wednesday, 3.45 p.m.

My very own diary—I'm so excited! I guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm **Grace Tomic**, I'm 10 years old and I'm in Year 5 at Rocky Point Primary.

The first thing people notice about me is that I'm an **identical twin**. My sister Izzy and I are almost always together and we're closer than BFFs. But even though we look alike, we're not similar **at all!**



My sister Izzy and I get stared at wherever we go. On the street, people whisper. At the shops, kids point. Bus drivers look twice when we get on the bus. Someone always says: **'You're twins!'**, and Izzy and I try not to giggle. Do they think we haven't noticed? We get asked the same questions over and over, so we have our responses ready.

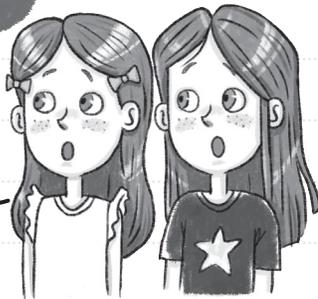


FIVE THINGS PEOPLE ALWAYS ASK TWINS



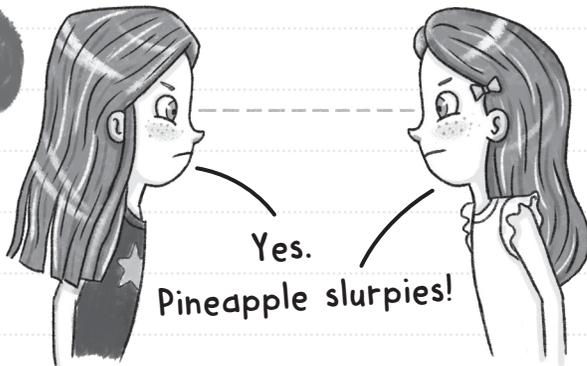
1. Are you identical twins?

Us? We're not even sisters!

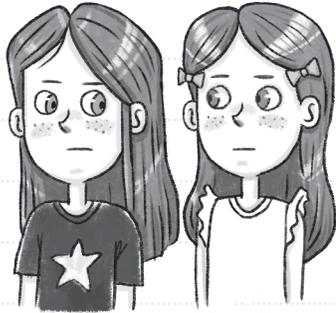


2. Can you read each other's minds?

Yes.
Pineapple slurpies!

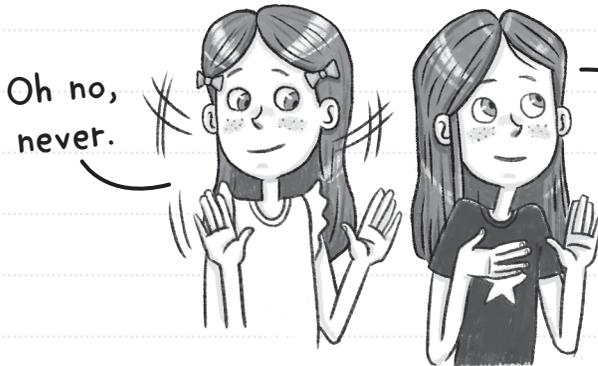


3. Do you have the same birthday?
(We truly get asked this!)



Ummmmm . . . yeah!

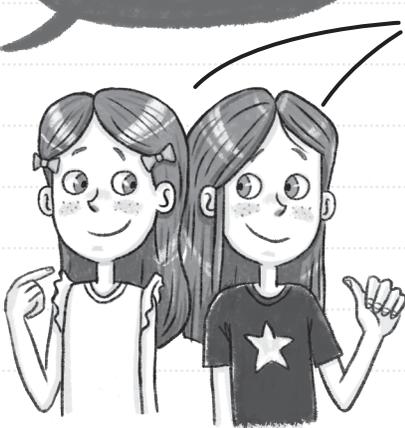
4. Do you ever trick people?



Oh no,
never.

That would
be breaking
the Identical
Twin Code.

5. Who's the oldest?



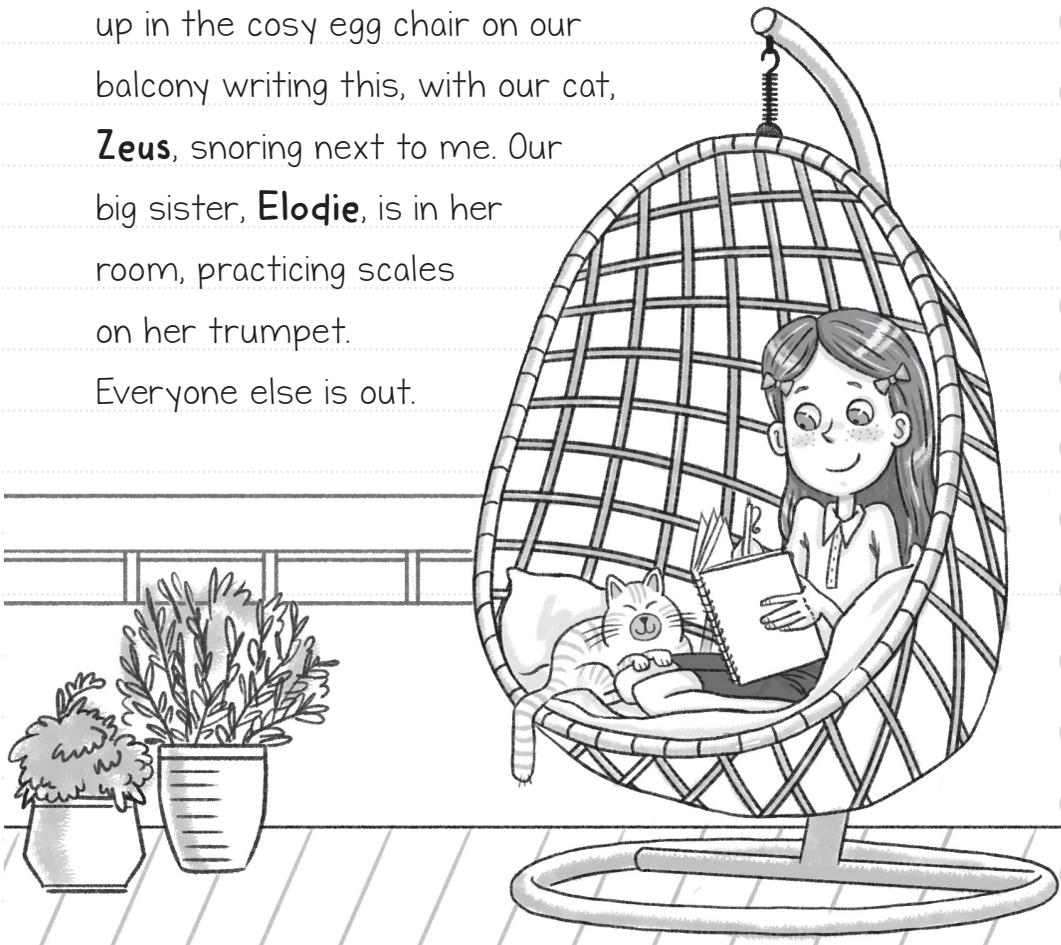
I am!

(It's actually me, though.)

Izzy and I have to keep our
faces straight, which is tricky.

Anyway, the most **brilliant** thing happened today— every kid in Year 5 has to keep a **diary** for the whole year! I couldn't wait to start, so on the way home from school I bought this notebook and three new pens.

Izzy and I share a bedroom, which can be tough because I hate Izzy's mess. So right now, I'm curled up in the cosy egg chair on our balcony writing this, with our cat, **Zeus**, snoring next to me. Our big sister, **Elojdie**, is in her room, practicing scales on her trumpet. Everyone else is out.



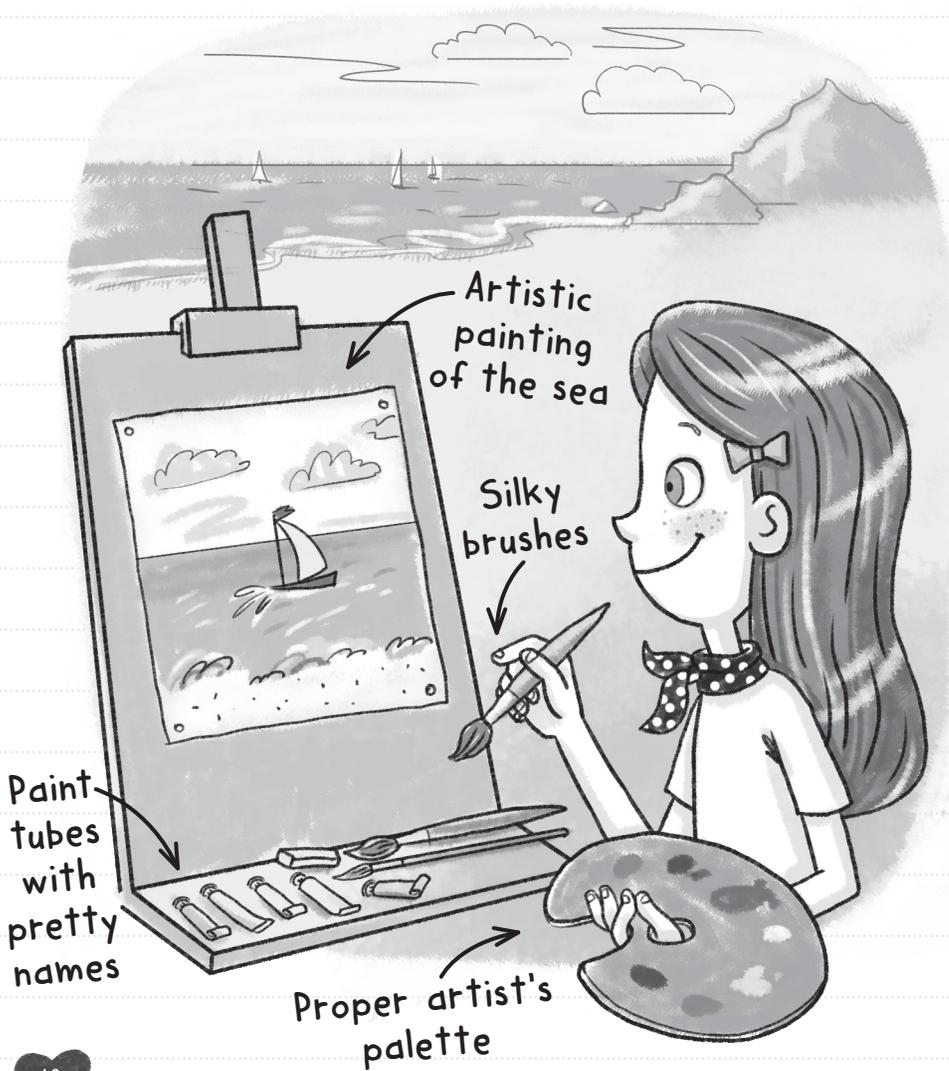
Anyway, I want Izzy and Dad and Mum to get home because of the second exciting thing that's happening this week.

HARMONY DAY is coming up on Friday and this year, Rocky Point Primary is doing tons of activities! There will be origami lessons, a food stall with treats from different countries and an indigenous basket-weaving workshop.

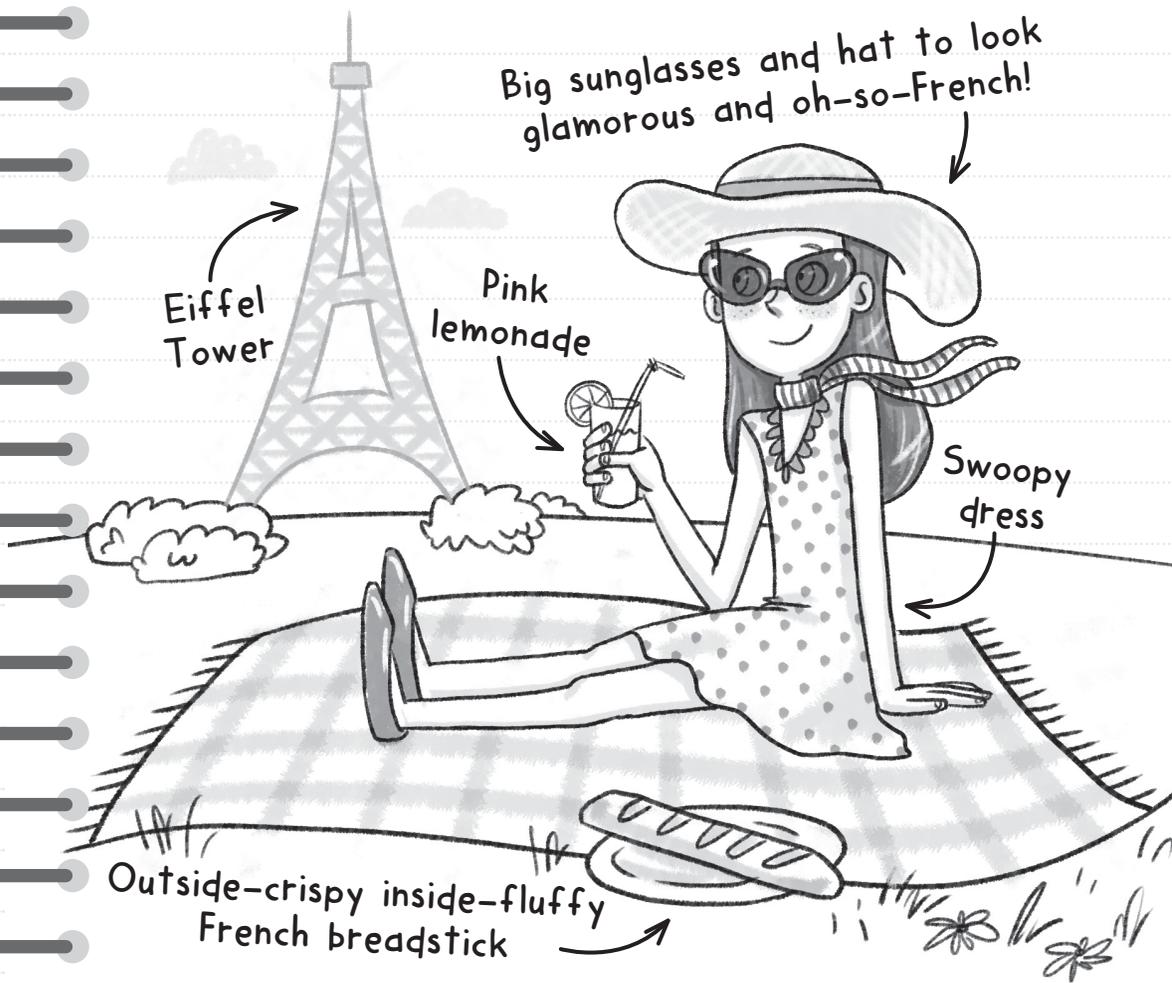
But the most excellent part is that our principal announced a **competition** for Years 5 and 6. The student who does the best presentation about a different country or culture wins **\$100!** That would take months to save up.

If I win the voucher, I'm going to buy the **artist's oil-paint set** in the window of Rocky Art Supplies. The colours are gorgeous, and they have pretty names like Cinnabar, Rose Madder and Viridian Green. If I mixed Ultramarine with Aqua, I'd capture the colour of the sea. **Grazilian Blue**, that's what I'd call my new colour.

If I got that set, I'd hike up to Rocky Point to paint the sea in Brazilian Blue. Joggers and dog-walkers would stop to watch me paint in gorgeous, thick strokes.



Anyway, I have to win first. I've chosen France for my speech because it's **SOOOO ROMANTIC** and has the best art, food and fashion in the world. One day I want to go there, and the first thing I'll do is have a picnic by the **Eiffel Tower**. Mum told me it's a famous tall tower that everyone goes to when they visit Paris!



Très dreamy! 'Très' means 'very' in French. I know this because I'm learning French on the language app on Dad's old phone.

For my presentation, I'm going to act like a tour guide taking the audience around France. This is how my talk begins: '**Bonjour!** Welcome to France, the country of art, beauty and fashion.'

Izzy and I have planned our presentations **IN SECRET** and we'll reveal them tonight in front of the whole family, which is why I want everyone to come home.

I'm quietly confident my talk will be **the best**. Yes, Izzy's better at performing than me, but she leaves her talks until the last minute, then makes up a **rap**. I'd never say anything to her, but her raps aren't great.



Izzy went to the school library this afternoon to work on her talk. I'd waited with our friend **Otti** for her to get picked up after school.



Otti Ogawa, 10

♥ Awesome
at ballet

♥ Sees the best
in everyone

♥ Hopeless
with maps

♥ Shy, except when
she's dancing

'You know how I forgot to do the "World Around Us" project?' Otti had said. She was practicing dance steps, using the school fence as a barre. 'Well, Mr Rafael said I have to "**contribute something meaningful**" to the Harmony Day activities to make up for it. What should I do?'

Otti can't remember a single continent on the map except our own. It's not her fault. It's just the way her brain works.

'How about the Harmony Day competition?' I'd suggested, as Otti did little circles with her feet. 'You could do a talk on India, or Japan, or Germany or even America.'

Otti's mum is from India, her dad's parents are German and Japanese, and Otti was born in America.

She'd shaken her head—Otti **hates** speaking in public.

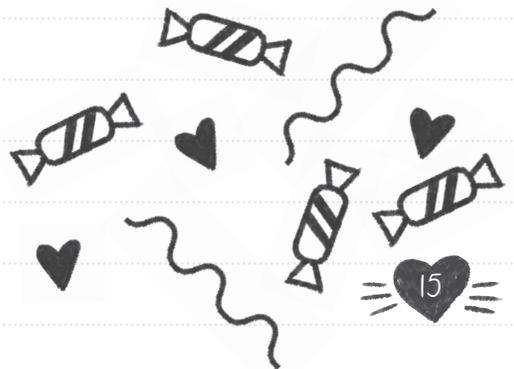
'Then why not **bake** something for the food stall?'
I'd said. 'You've got heaps of cultures to choose from.'

She'd brightened.

'That's a great idea, thanks, Grace!' Otti had said, as her mum pulled up in their car. She'd waved as she tossed her dance bag into the boot.

Oh, I wish everyone would hurry up and get home!
I miss Izzy when she isn't around.

Mum likes to tell people the story of how Izzy and I **didn't talk** for ages when we were babies. She and Dad even took us to the doctor. The doctor had watched us, then laughed. We were talking, she'd said, just not in English. We were speaking a **TWIN LANGUAGE** only we understood and that would disappear as we got older.



The TOMIC-TWIN



DICTIONARY

Ziz	Izzy
Gee	Grace
Mee noo	I understand
Gooloo	Good luck
Waah	Dog
Ook	Cat
Mee noo noo ga lem	I want to eat
Baebae	Bedtime
Eepug	Goodnight, sleep tight
Eena-nah	That's disgusting!
Mee ji	I'm sorry
Zizangee	The two of us together