Realistic fiction tells about made-up events that could happen in real life. Now read about two cousins from different communities who enjoy their summers together.

Question of the Week

What can we learn by exploring different communities?
One day last summer, a lady said to us, “Twins! How cute!”

Jorge put a silly look on his face and I tried very hard not to roll my eyes.

Jorge and I are not twins. We are not even brothers. We’re cousins. We are best friends.

But the lady called us twins. We could start a club. It would be the Twin Club!
Even before we were the Twin Club, we stayed all summer with Grandma Inés. We did everything together.

Now we were the Twin Club. We had a secret handshake. We built a clubhouse. It was big. But it was hard for both of us to fit.

And, as Twins, we made a promise. “We’ll always, always be friends,” we told each other.
Together, we walked around Grandma’s beautiful small town. We did tricks in front of stores. Someone, somewhere might have a better club than ours. But I don’t think so!

Then one day, Grandma said, “I have news. The summer is almost over, chicos,” she said. “It’s time for you to go home to your parents.”

It was too soon for the summer to end! “Jorge and I won’t live here again until next summer, Grandma. We won’t be the Twin Club anymore. Will we?”
“Juan Ramón, your parents miss you very much. They are looking forward to having you back on the farm. And soon you will start second grade. School will be fun!” Grandma Inés said.

Oh, no, it won’t, I thought.

We knew it really was both good news and bad news. We would be with our families and friends again, which was good. But Jorge and I would not be together, which was bad. Very, very bad.
Grandma was right. Being back home on our farm was great. The first day back, I went for a walk to our neighbor’s barn.

I climbed a ladder in the barn and jumped into the soft hay. I said hello to the goat. The old goose chased me!

That night, I watched fireflies in the meadow.
I thought about the Twin Club when Papi drove me to the bus stop in the morning. I thought about the Twin Club during the bus ride to school. It was a really long ride.

I thought about the Twin Club when I picked fruit off our trees and when I watched fireflies. I thought about the Twin Club all the time.
Then, one day, I got an e-mail message. It was from Jorge.

To: JuanRamon@farmz.com
From: Jorge@ramirez.com
Subject: Hello, Twin Club

Hi Twin,

How are you?
Today, I walked around my neighborhood.
I love to walk around my neighborhood.
I see lots of people, lots of cars, lots of stores.
Everything goes so fast!
I walk to school by myself. My school is two blocks away.
My friend, Jamilla, and I play basketball in the park. Sometimes we go to the supermarket to buy fruit from around the world. AMAZING!
I am glad to be back home, but I miss our Twin Club!

Your twin cousin,
Jorge
And do you know what was even more fun? Changing our club name to “The AMAZING E-mail Twins”!

Now we write to each other about everything. And we are making plans for next summer at Grandma’s!