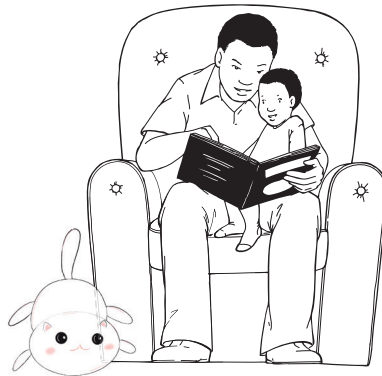
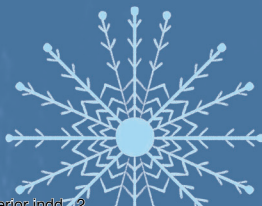
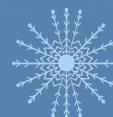
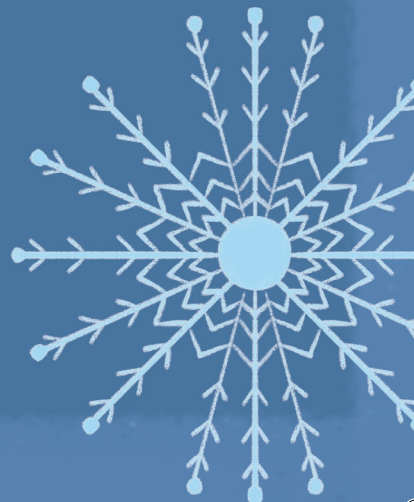
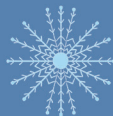
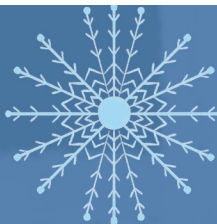


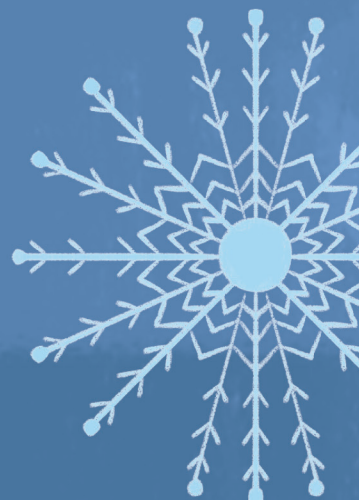
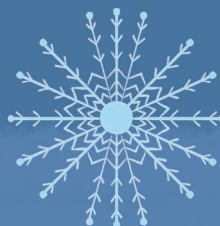
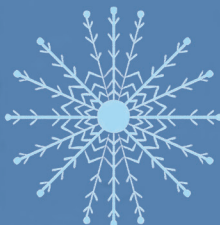


I Hate Winter

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I Hate Winter

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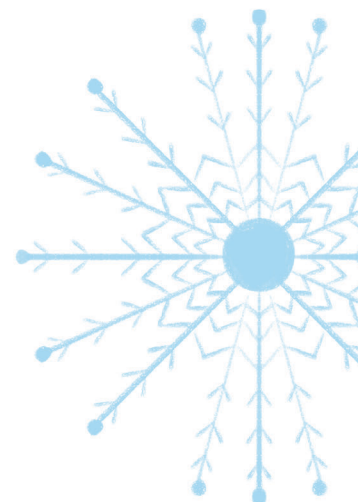
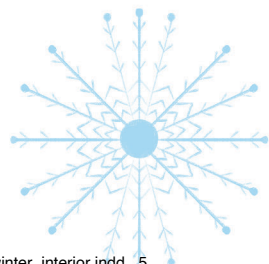
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I Hate Winter

Kristien Potgieter · Linta Anish · Sabelo Shabangu





On an icy winter morning, Thembeke
wakes up dreaming of the summer sun.





“Time to get dressed, Thembeke!” says uBaba.





“I hate being cold,”

Thembeke grumbles. “When will it be warm again, Baba?”





“When spring comes.”







“But I want to wear
flip-flops so I can
wiggle my toes,”

Thembeka moans, putting on
her boots.





“I want to swim in the pool with
my friends **today.**”



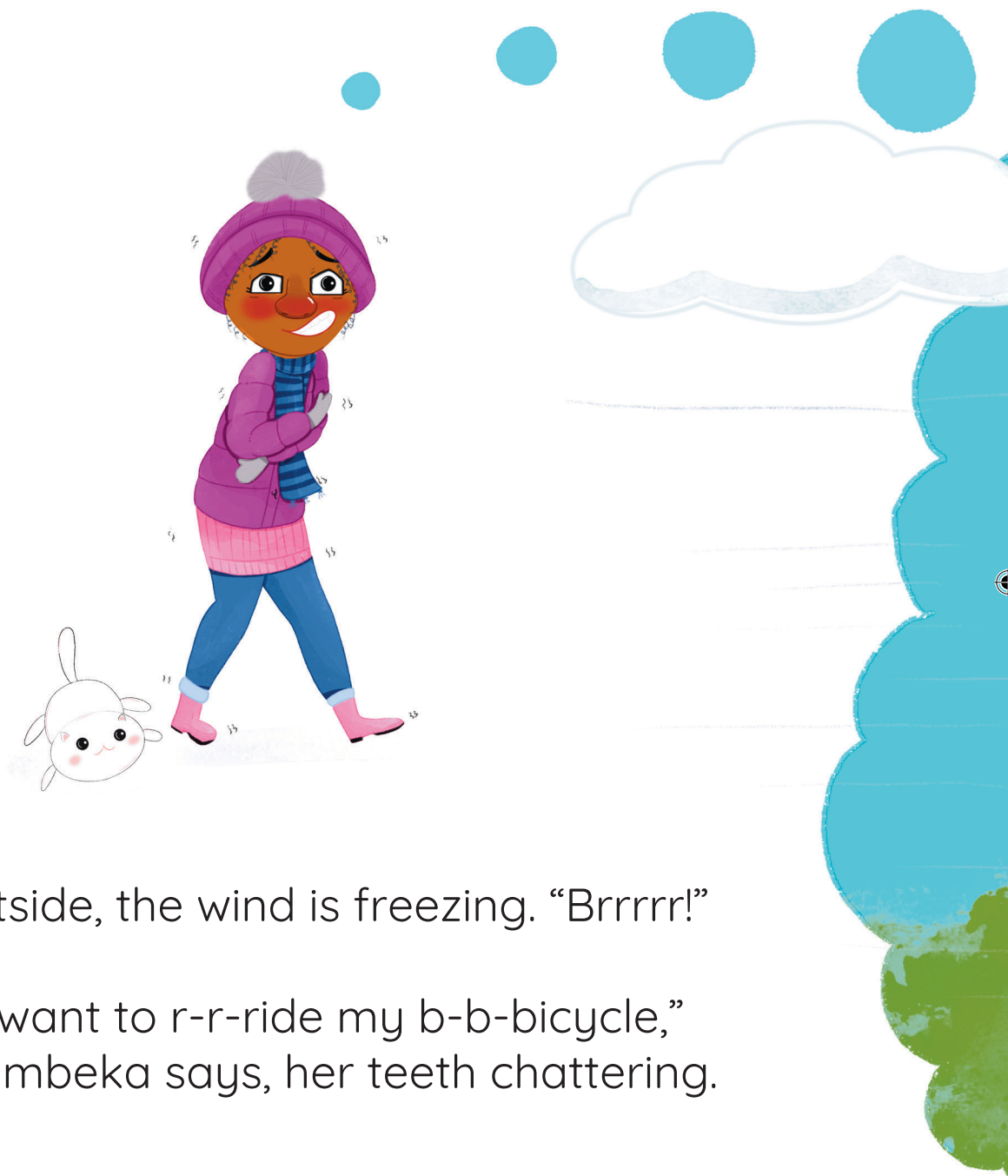






“I want to eat ice cream
now, Baba!”

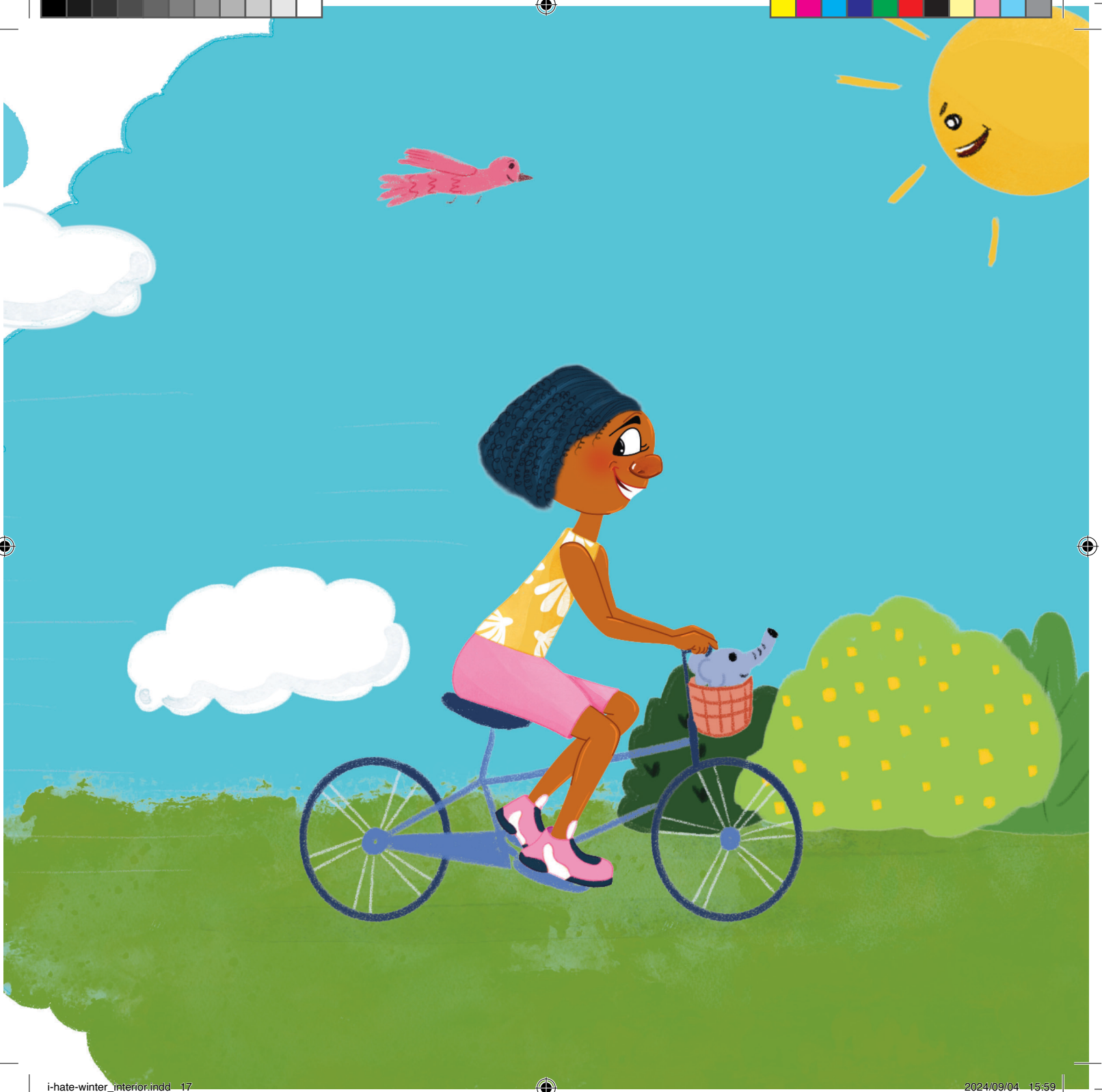




Outside, the wind is freezing. “Brrrrr!”

“I want to r-r-ride my b-b-bicycle,”
Thembeke says, her teeth chattering.







Thembeka angrily
crosses her arms.

“I hate winter!”





Soon they arrive at uGogo's house.
Thembeke is still feeling cold and cross.
Then she sniffs the air.





What's that smell?



That wonderful, amazing,
mouth-watering smell?





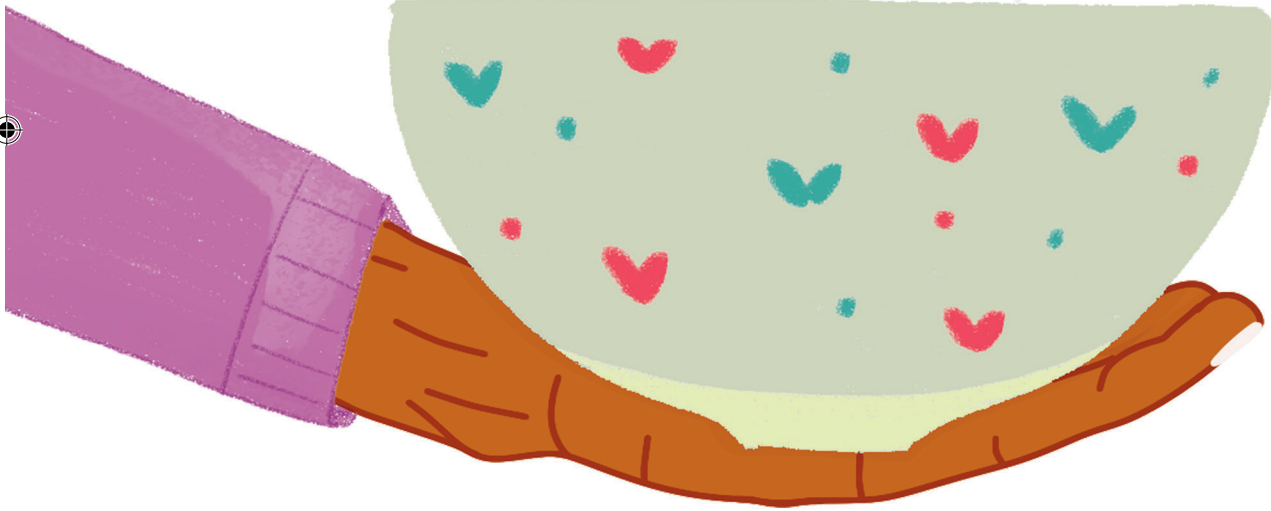
“It’s my famous vegetable soup,” says uGogo. “I only make it in winter.”





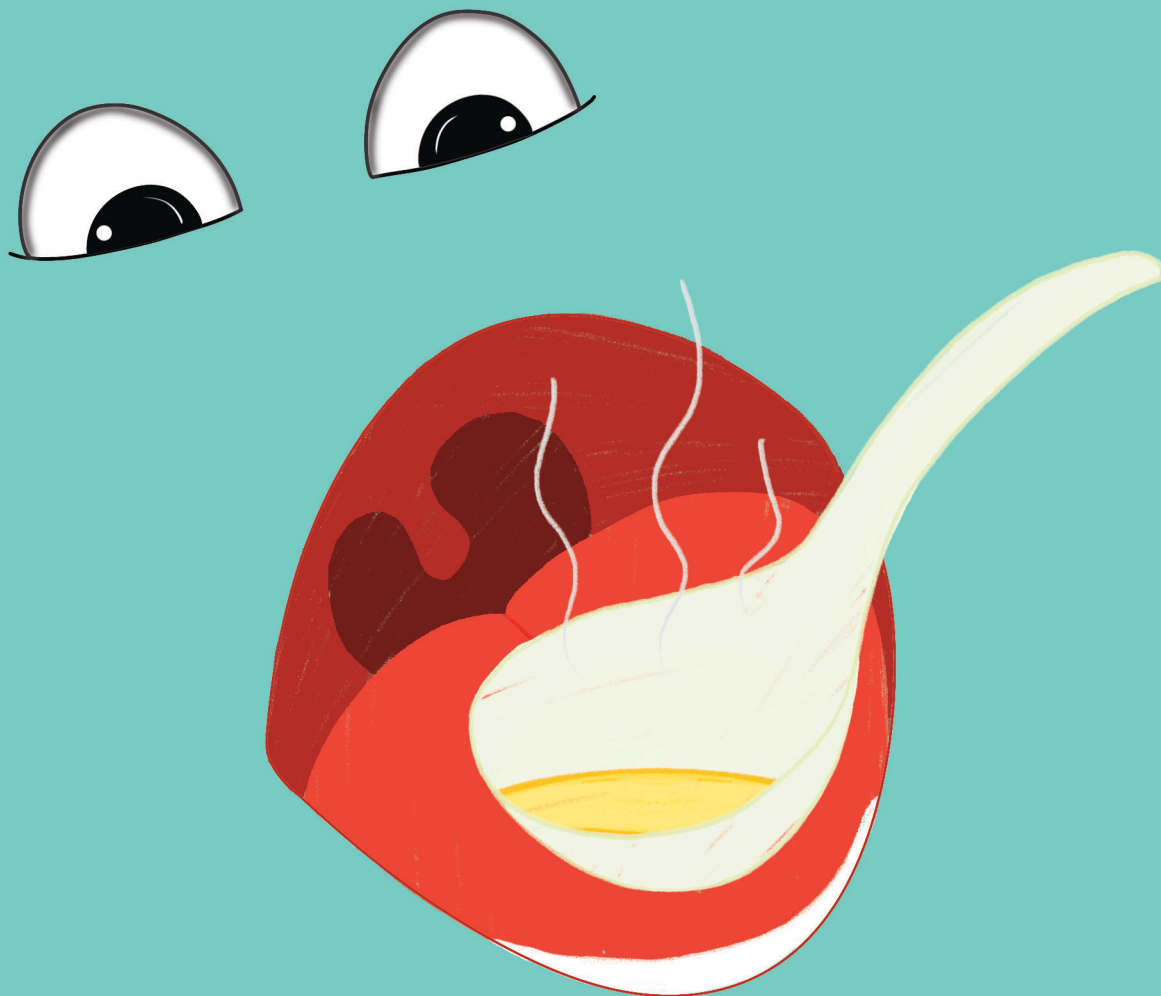
“I guess I’ll try some...”
Thembeke says doubtfully.

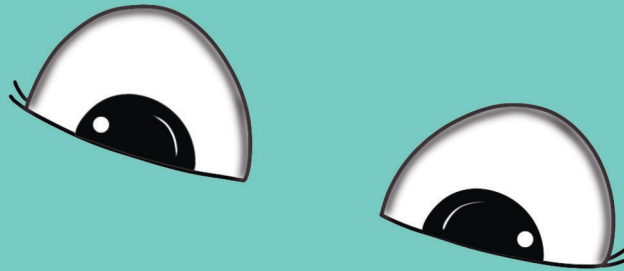






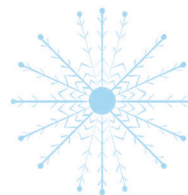
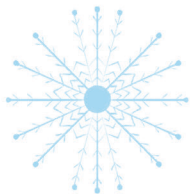
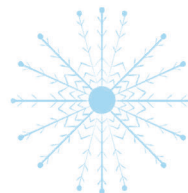
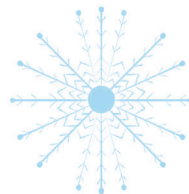
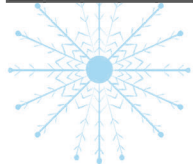
uGogo serves them
steaming bowls of soup.





uGogo and uBaba look at Thembeke as she
lifts her spoon to her mouth...

What will she think?





“Mmmmm”.

She has never tasted anything so delicious.
The soup warms her up from the inside out.



“I love winter!”

