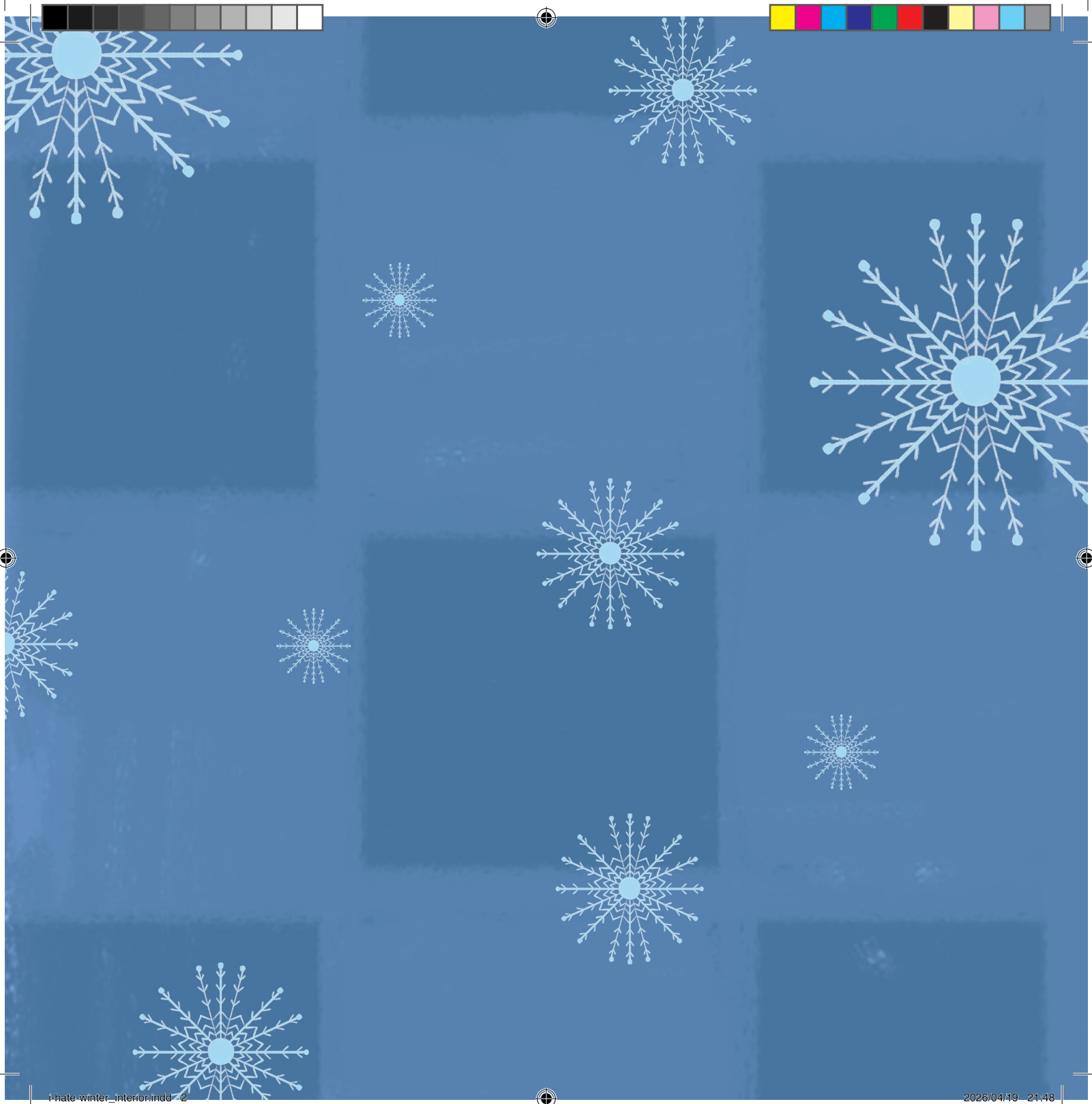
Ek haat die winter

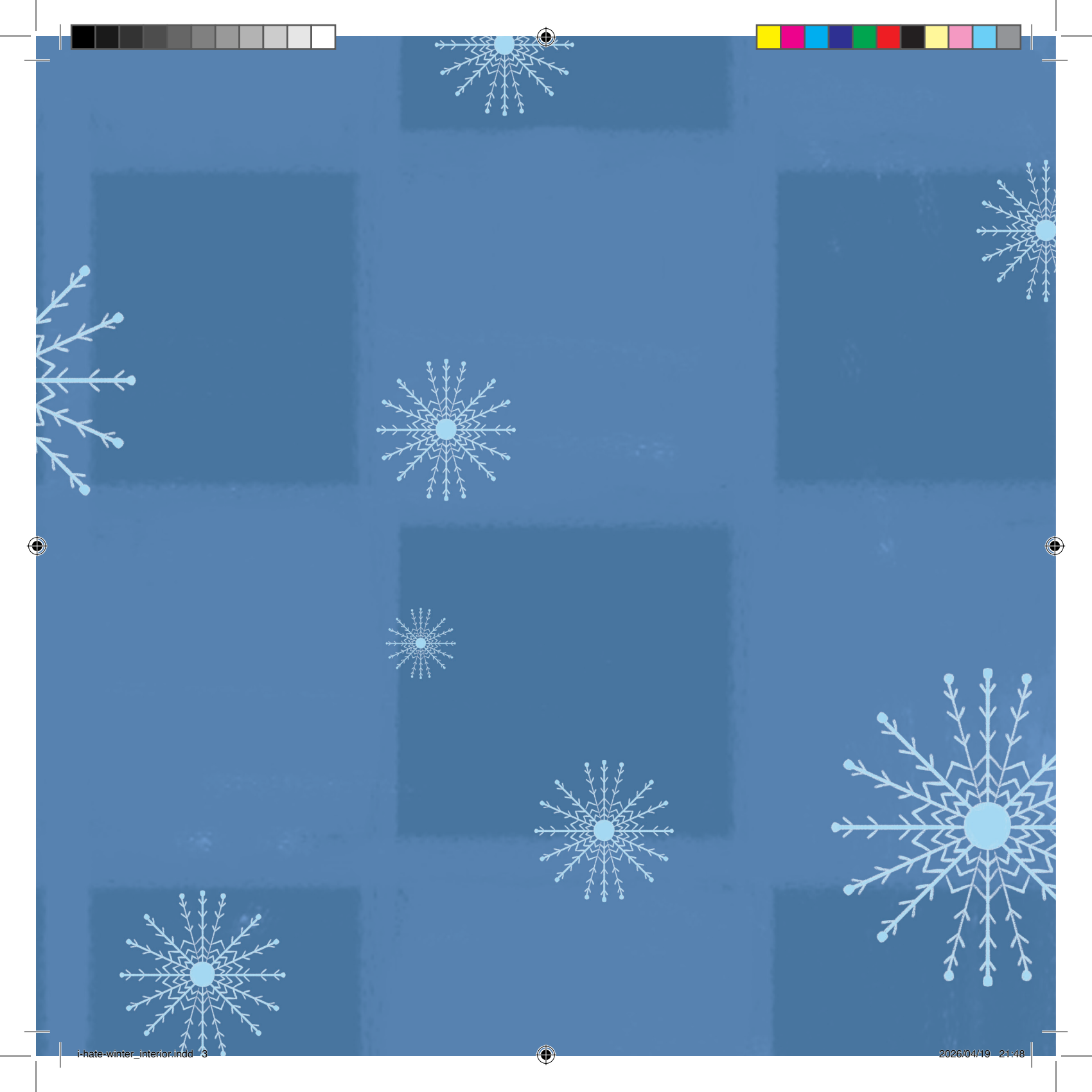
Hierdie boek behoort aan



i-hate-winter_interior.indd 1 2026/04/19 21:48



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Ek haat die winter
(I Hate Winter)
Illustrated by Linta Anish
Written by Kristien Potgieter
Designed by Sabelo Shabangu
Translated by Kristien Potgieter
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Johannesburg on 17 August 2024.

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Ek haat die winter

Kristien Potgieter · Linta Anish · Sabelo Shabangu



i-hate-winter_interior.indd 5 2026/04/19 21:48

Op ’n yskoue wintersoggend word Thembeka wakker en wens vir die somerson.





“Tyd om aan te trek, Thembeka!” sê Pappa.

“Ek **haat** dit om koud te kry,”

grom Thembeka. “Wanneer gaan dit weer warm wees, Pappa?”



“Wanneer die lente kom.”







“Maar ek wil plakkies dra sodat ek my tone kan wikkel,”

kla Thembeka terwyl sy haar reënstewels aantrek.



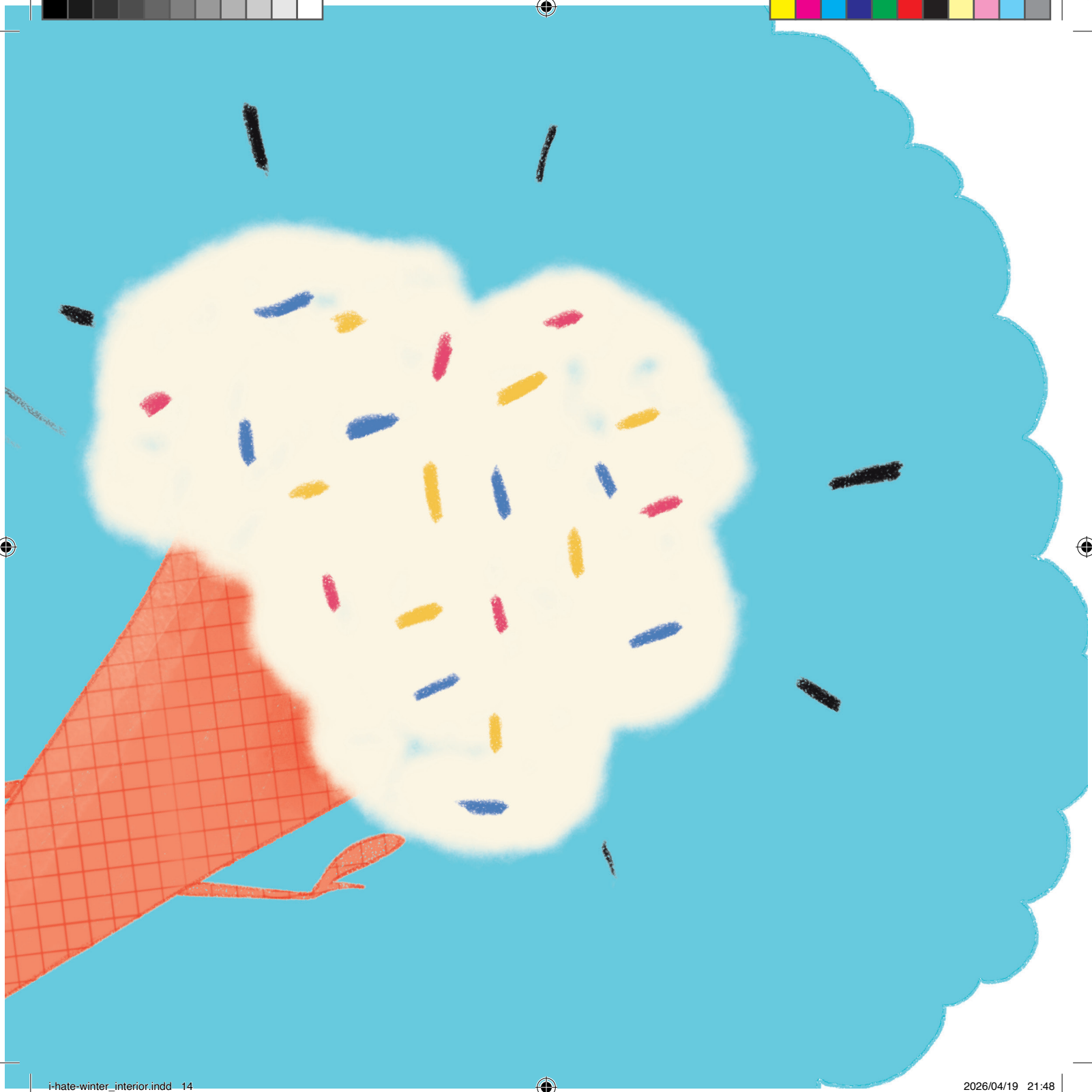
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“Ek wil **vandag** in die swembad saam
met my maats swem.”





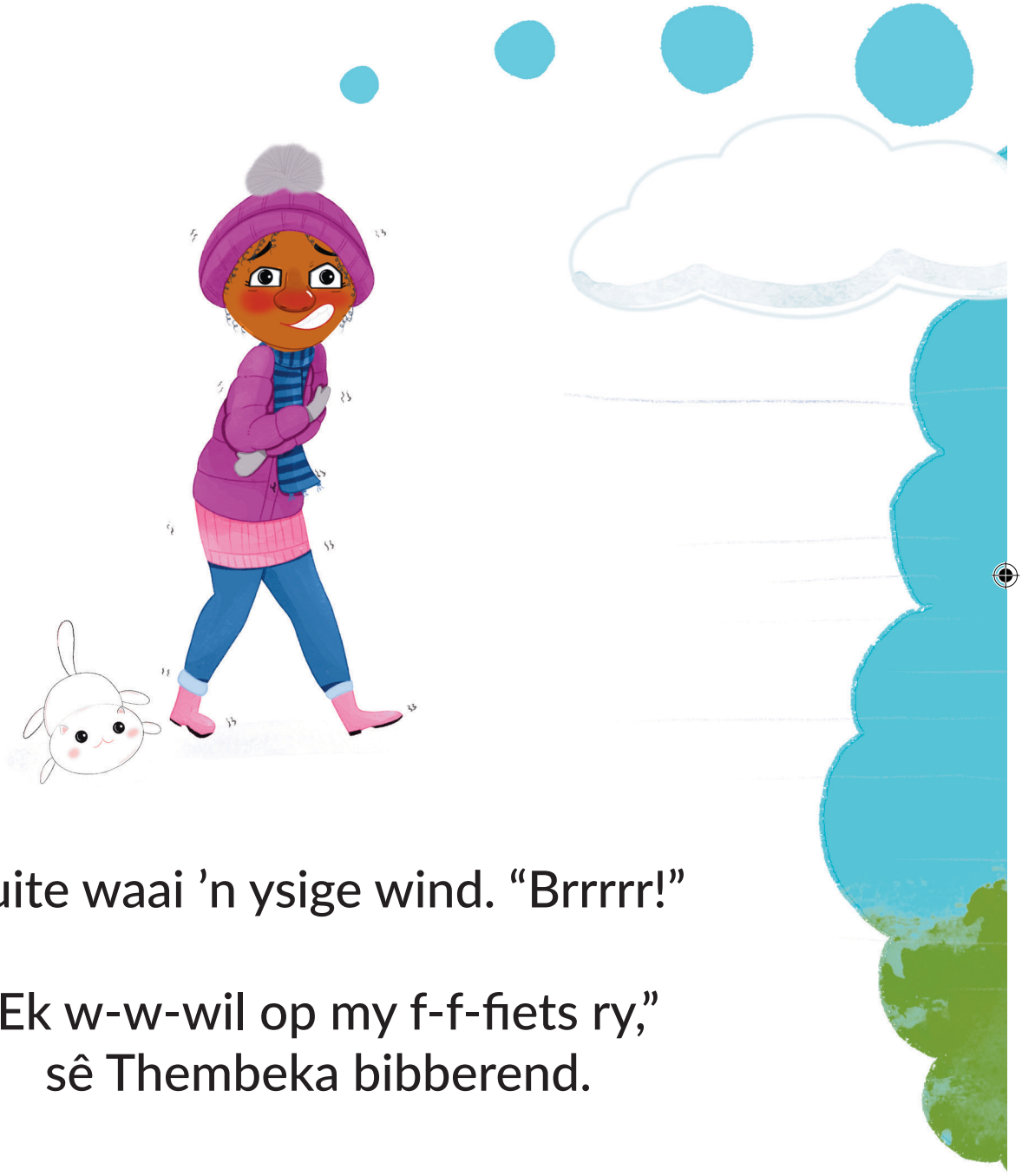
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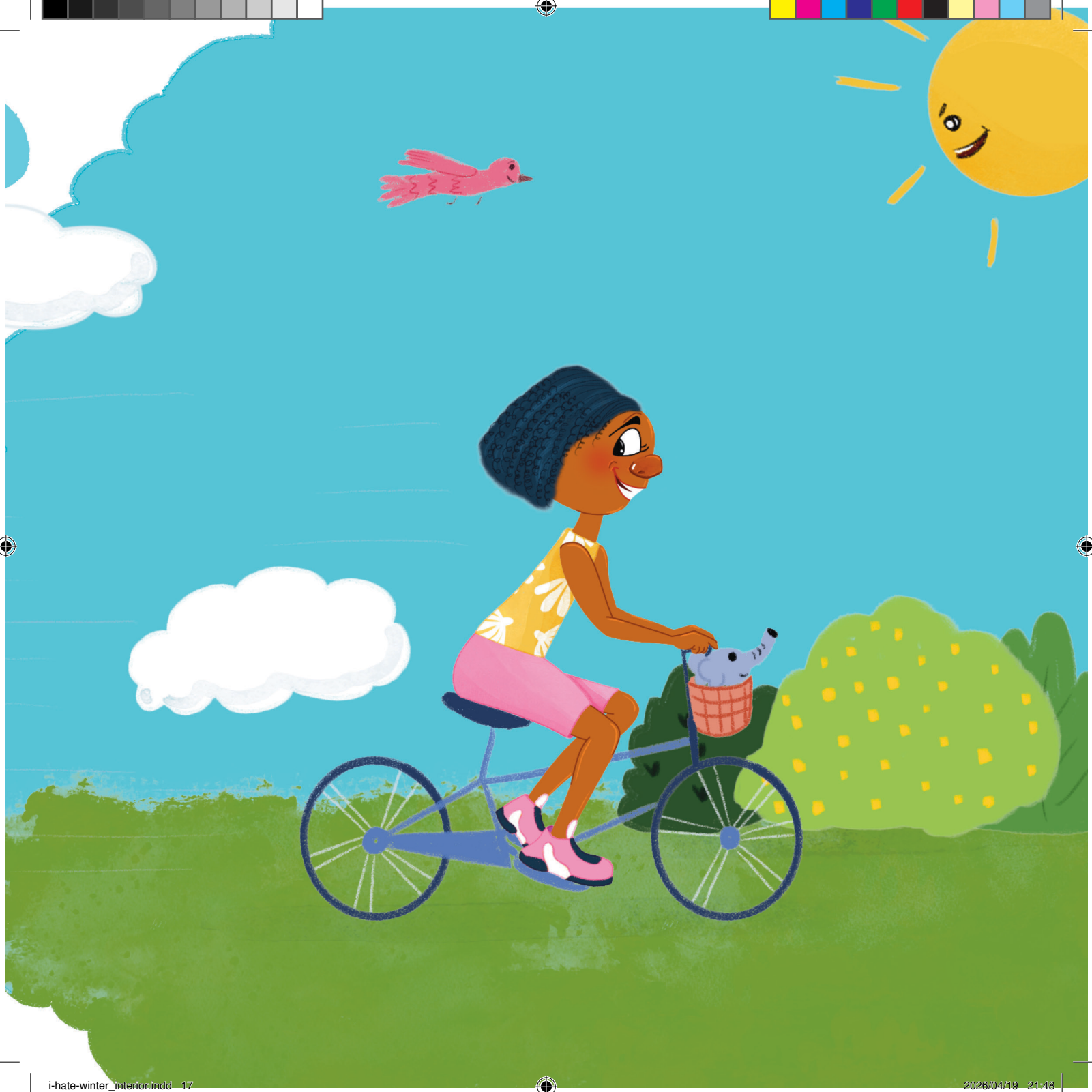
“Ek wil **nou** roomys eet, Pappa!”





Buite waai ’n ysige wind. “Brrrrr!”

“Ek w-w-wil op my f-f-fiets ry,”
sê Thembeka bibberend.



i-hate-winter_interior.indd 17 2026/04/19 21:48

Vies vou Thembeka haar
arms oormekaar.

“Ek **haat** die winter!”





i-hate-winter_interior.indd 19 2026/04/19 21:48

’n Rukkie later kom hulle by Ouma se huis aan.
Thembeka kry steeds koud en is knorrig.
Dan ruik sy iets.



Wat is daardie reuk?



Daardie wonderlike,
ongelooflike, heerlike reuk?

i-hate-winter_interior.indd 21 2026/04/19 21:48

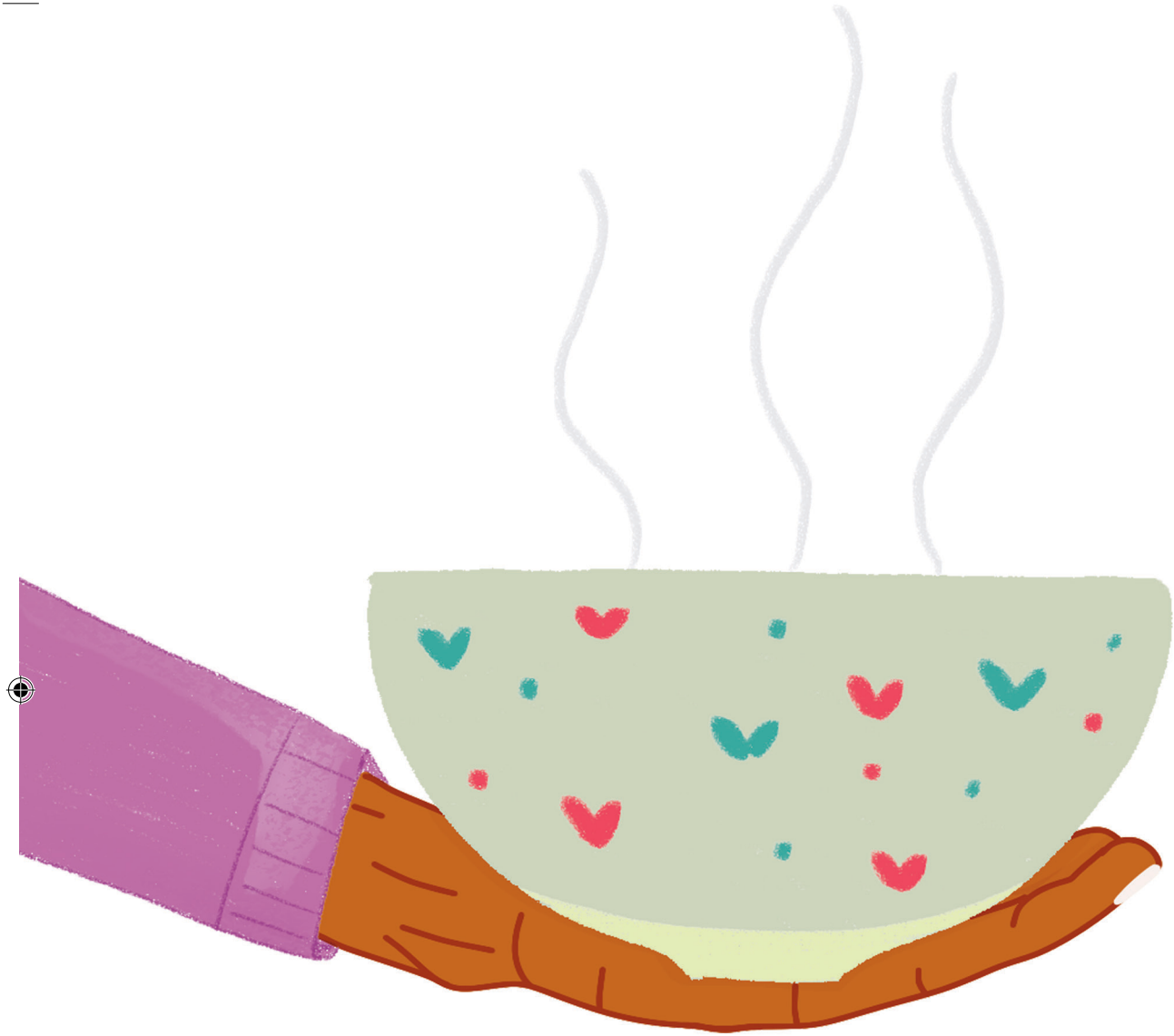
“Dis my spesiale groentesop,” sê Ouma. “Ek maak dit net in die winter.”



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“Ek kan seker ’n bietjie sop proe …”
sê Thembeka onseker.



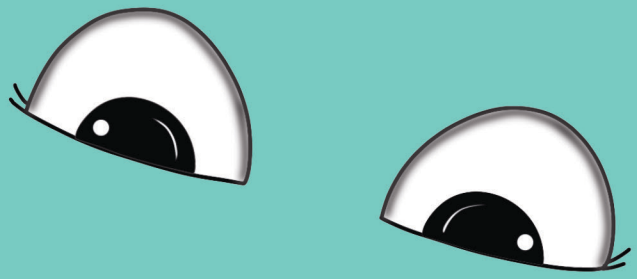


Ouma skep vir hulle elkeen
’n stomende bakkie sop in.

i-hate-winter_interior.indd 25 2026/04/19 21:48



i-hate-winter_interior.indd 26 2026/04/19 21:48



Ouma en Pappa hou Thembeka fyn
dop toe sy die sop wil proe.

Wat sal sy daarvan dink?

i-hate-winter_interior.indd 27 2026/04/19 21:48



i-hate-winter_interior.indd 28 2026/04/19 21:48

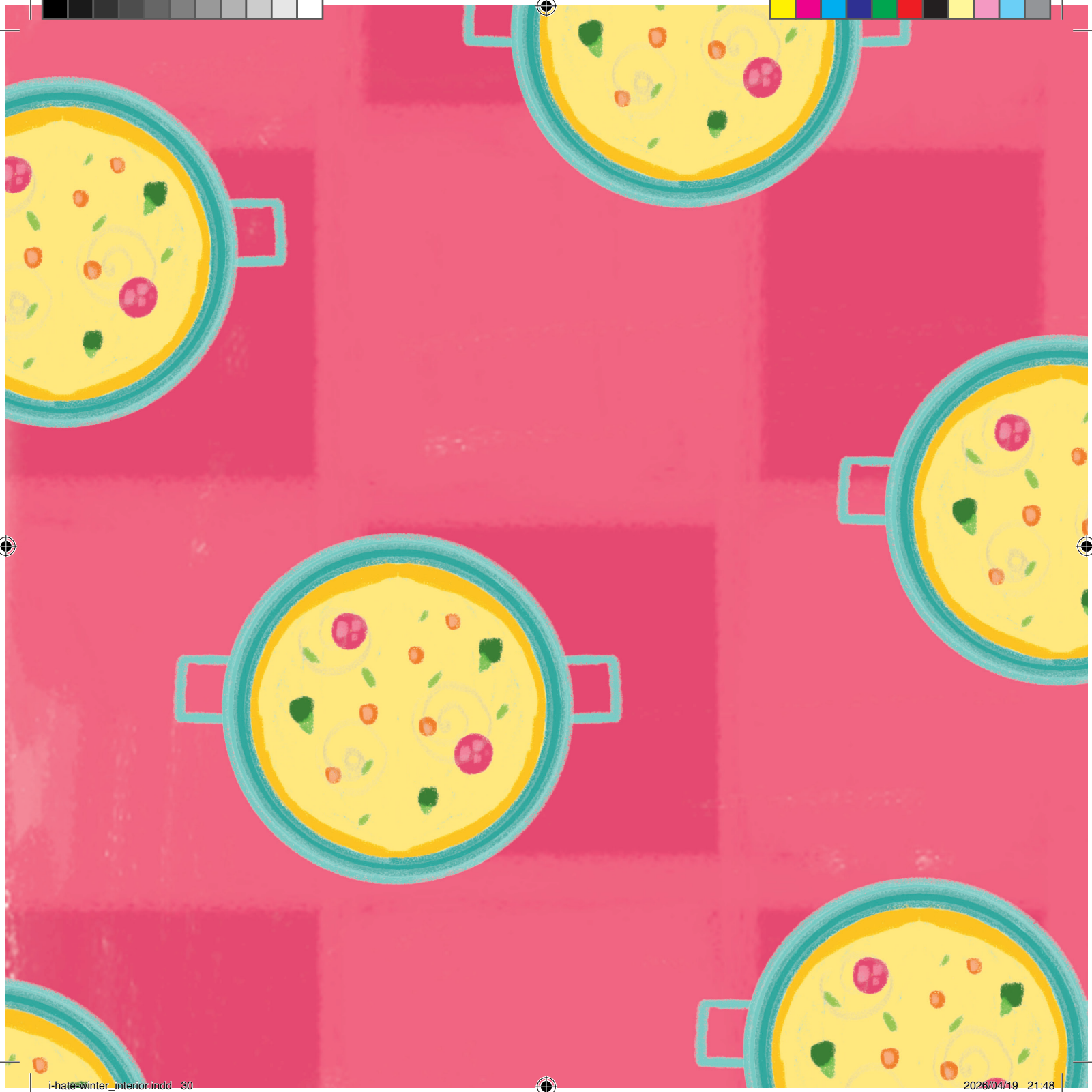
“Mmmmm!”

Sy het nog nooit sulke lekker sop geproe nie!
Die sop maak haar hele lyf van binne af warm.

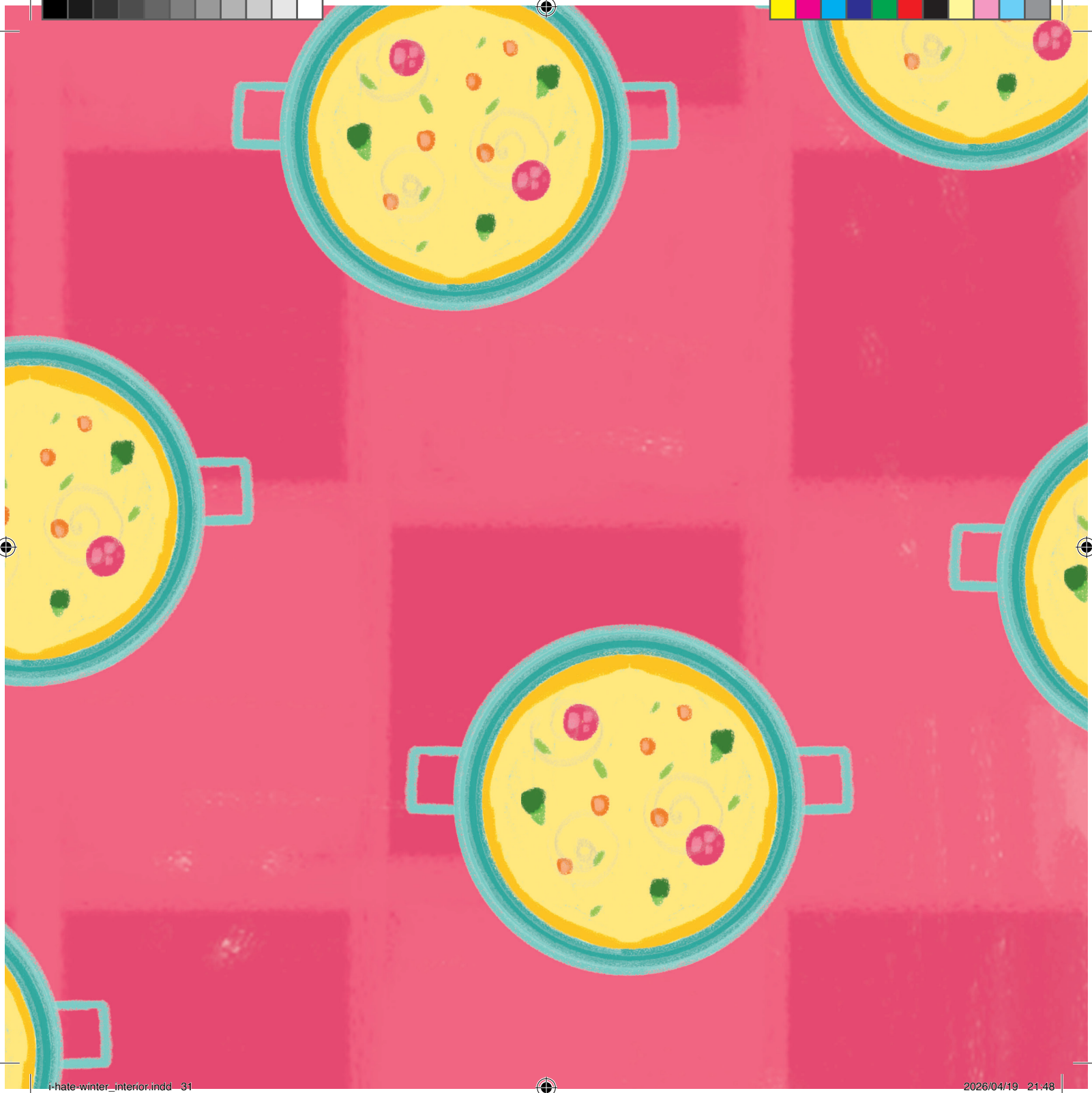


“Ek is **mal** oor die winter!”

i-hate-winter_interior.indd 29 2026/04/19 21:48



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i-hate-winter_interior.indd 31 2026/04/19 21:48



i-hate-winter_interior.indd 32 2026/04/19 21:48