Ek haat die winter

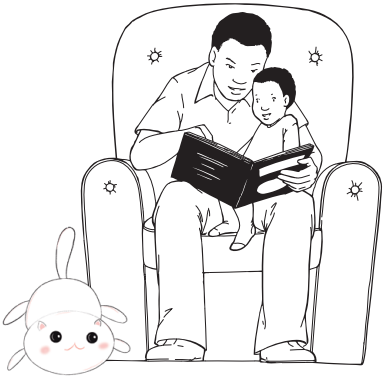
Kristien Potgieter · Linta Anish · Sabelo Shabangu

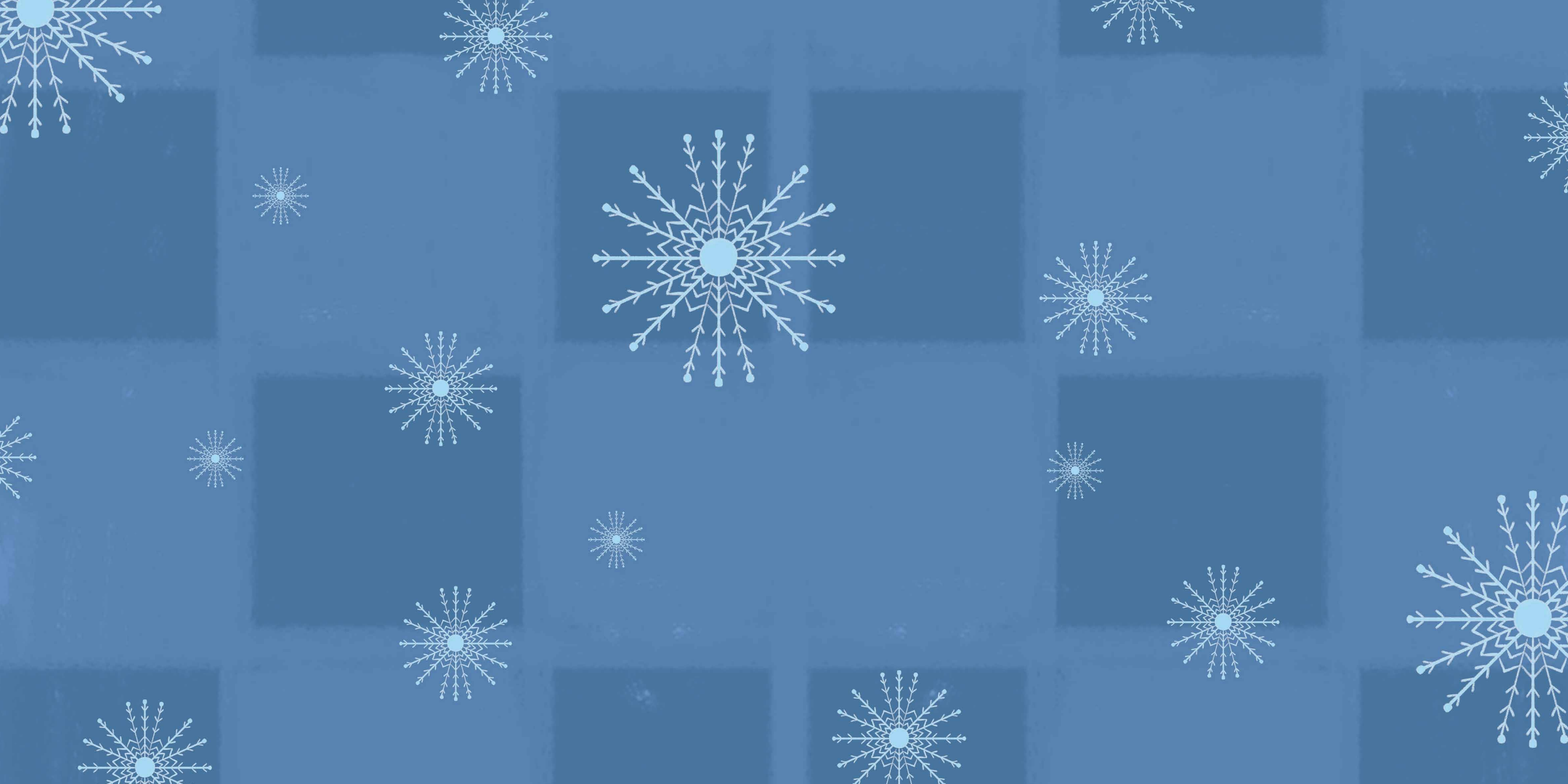


Ek haat die winter

Hierdie boek behoort aan

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Ek haat die winter
(I Hate Winter)
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Translated by Kristien Potgieter
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Johannesburg on 17 August 2024.

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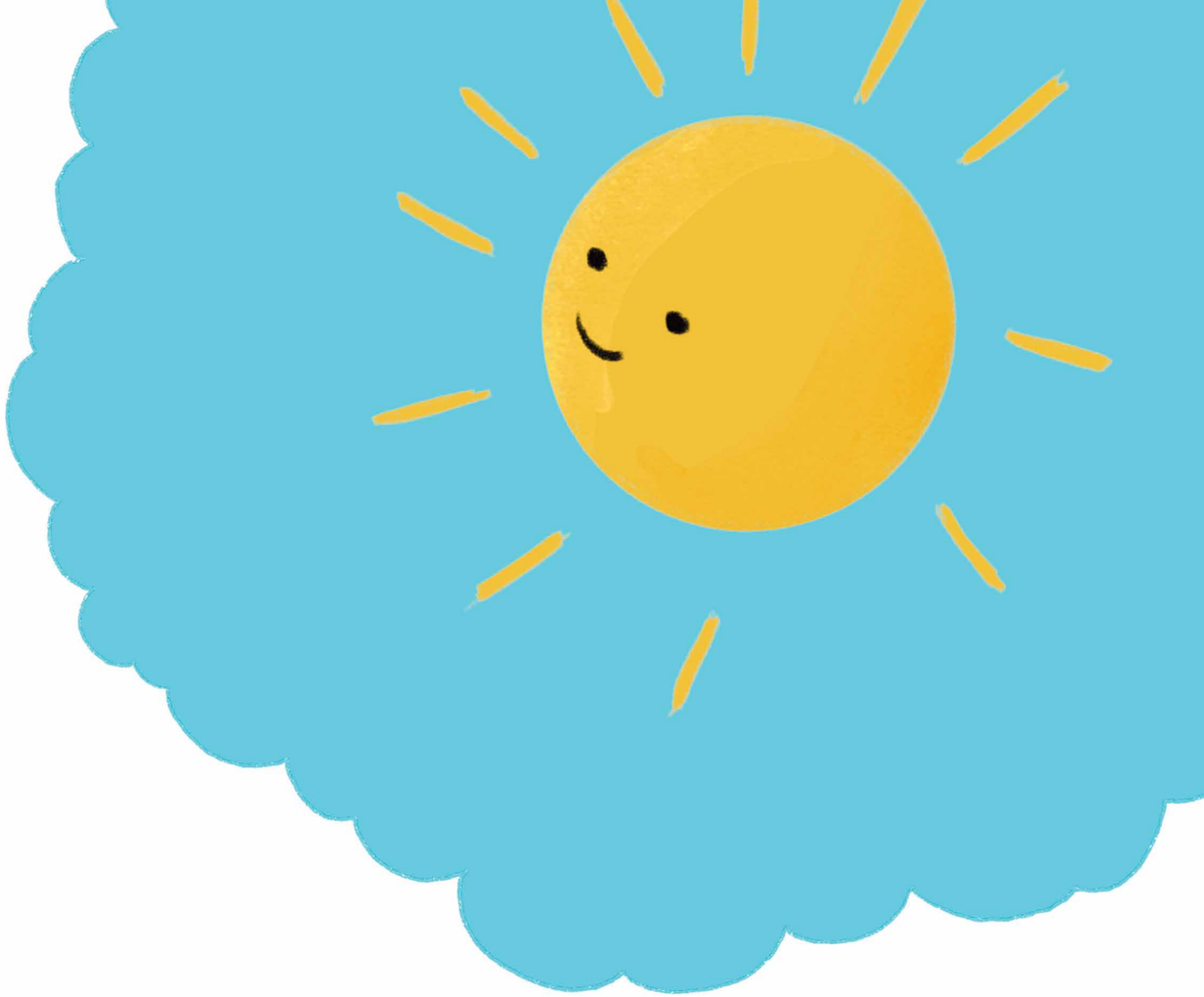
Ek haat die winter

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





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

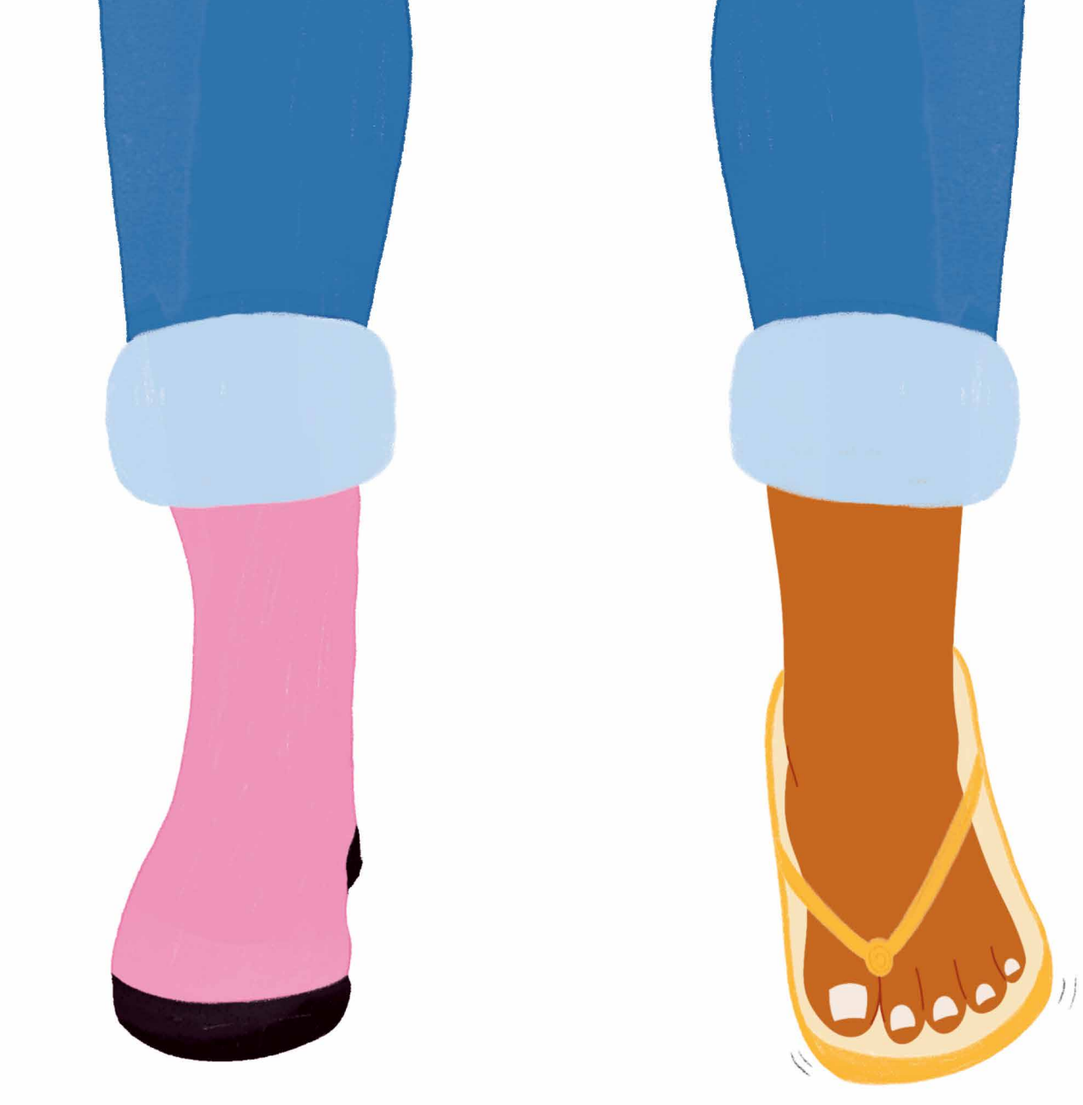
“Ek **haat** dit om koud te kry,”

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



“Wanneer die lente kom.”





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

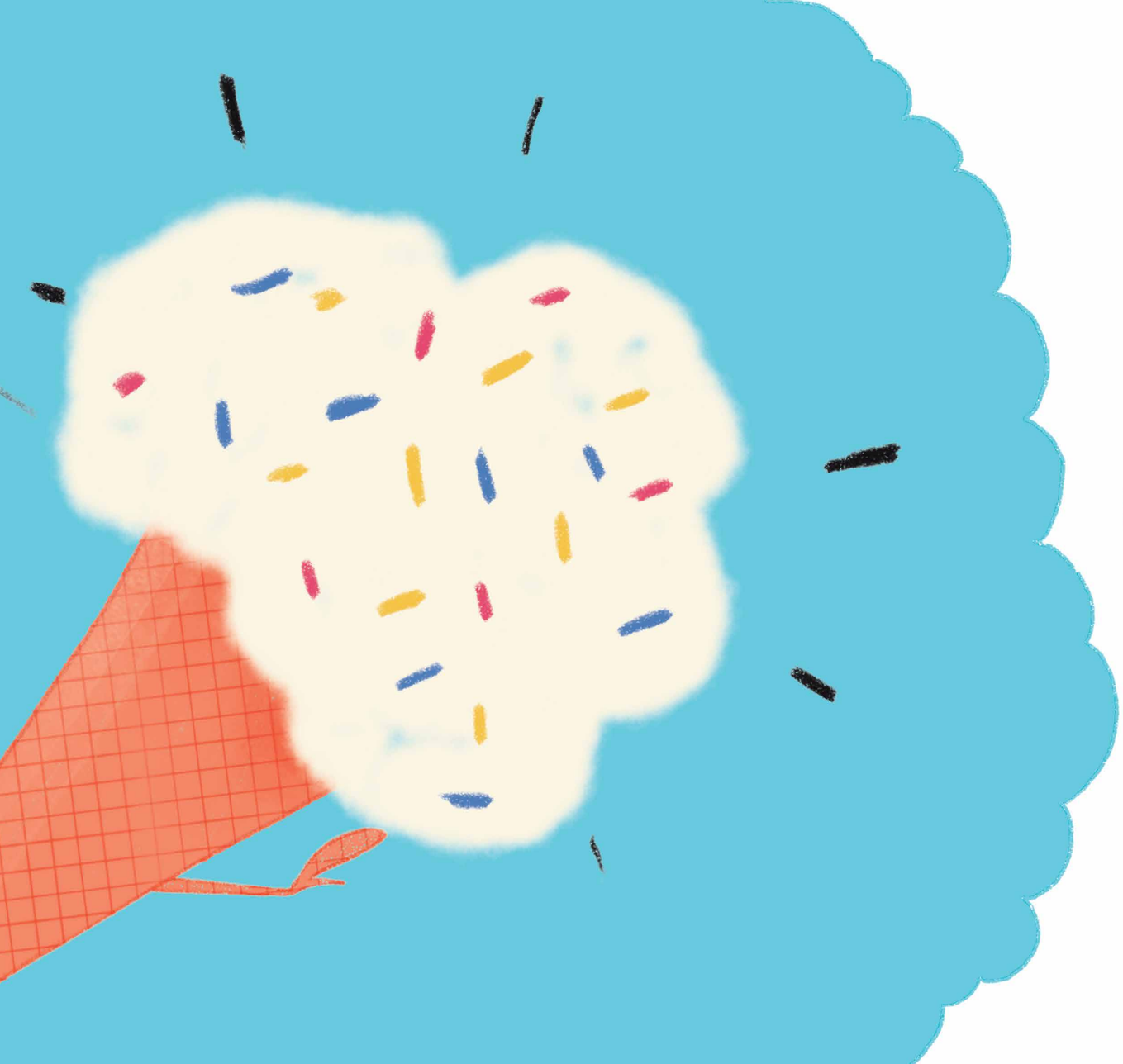
kla Thembeka terwyl sy haar reënstewels aantrek.



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







“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.

Vies vou Thembeka haar
arms oormekaar.

“Ek **haat** die winter!”



’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?



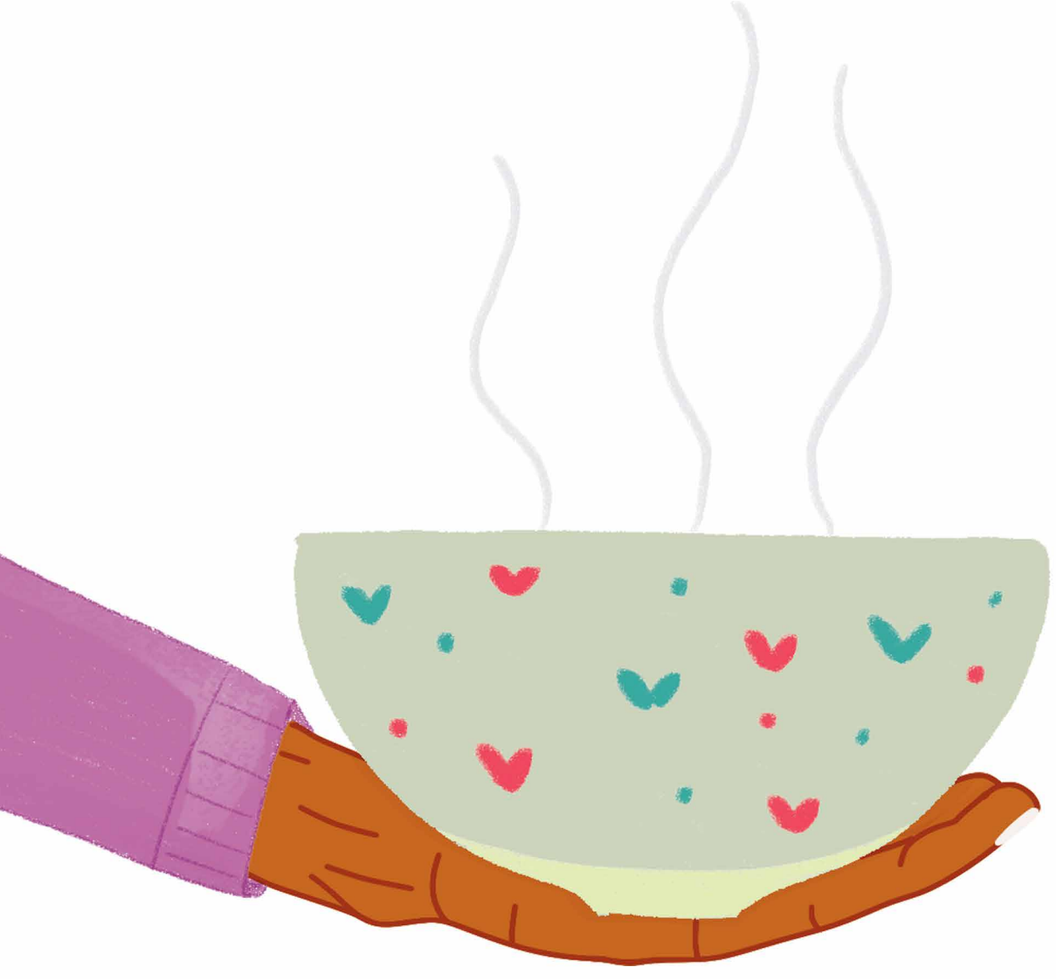
Daardie wonderlike,
ongelooflike, heerlike reuk?

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



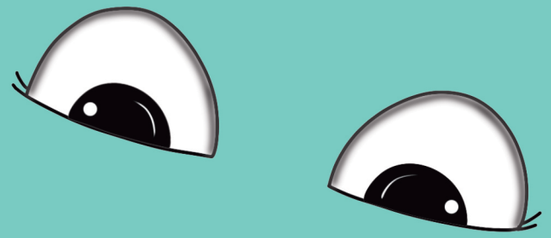
“Ek kan seker ’n bietjie sop proe …”
sê Thembeka onseker.





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





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

Wat sal sy daarvan dink?



“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!”



