

Anta eat your
cherries



A story by ...Amber.....

It was

lunch time.....

again and Anka.... just knew
what her mum was going to say,
before she even said it.

« Eat your cherries.....

..... »), said Mum.



Anka..... looked down
at the cherries.....

On

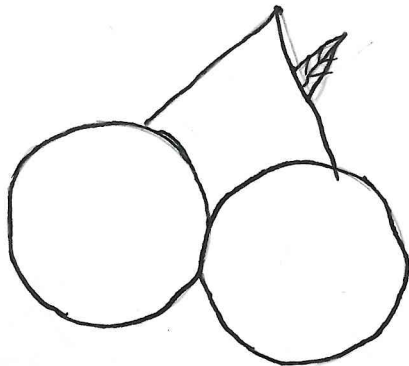
her plate.....

«

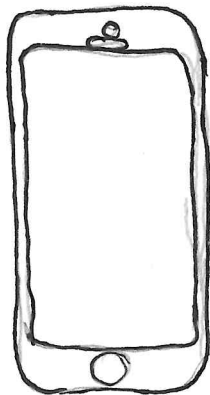
I don't like cherries.....

..... »), said

Anka.....

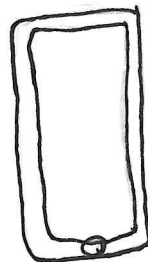
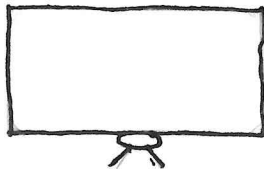


« If you
eat your cherries.....
you can play on your
phone.....
..... »,
said Mum.



« But
I don't like cherries.....
Said Anta.....
..... »

« If you
eat your cherries you
can play video games,
with T.V, play with a
phone..... »,
said Mum.



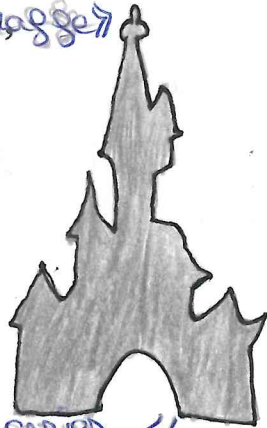
« But
I don't like cherries.....
Said Anta.....
..... »



« If you

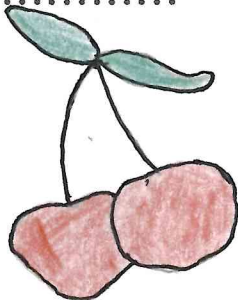
.eat..your..cherries., you can
.have..a..baby..horse., live in.
.Disneyland., have..a..kitten,
.have..a..baby..giraffe»

said Mum.



« But

.I..don't..like..cherries..!'
..Said..Anta.....
.....



« I'll eat my

.cherries..if..you..eat..your..
.green..beans..!'
.....
..... »,

said Anta.....

« But I don't like green.....
beams.....
..... », said Mum.

« Exactly ! I don't like cherries
and you don't like green
beams.....
..... », said Anta..

« But we both like ice-cream! »
.....
.....
»

