



A story by *Jules* .....

It was

*dinner time again* .....

again and *Lava* ..... just knew

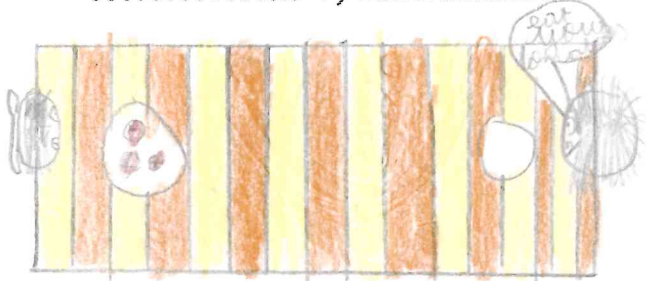
what her mum was going to say,

before she even said it.

« *Eat your tomatoes* .....

.....

..... », said Mum.



*Lava* ..... looked down  
at *the tomatoes* .....

On

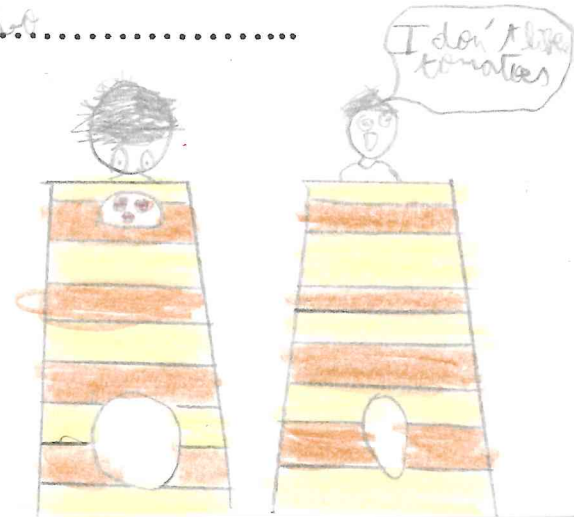
*his plate* .....

« *I don't like tomatoes* .....

.....

..... », said

*Lava* .....



« If you

eat your tomatoes, you can  
have a cake.

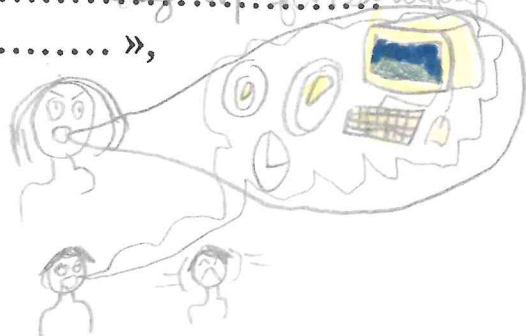
»,  
said Mum.



« If you

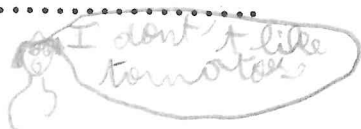
eat your tomatoes, you can  
have a cake, play on your  
computer and stay up for ten half  
hours.

»,  
said Mum.



« But

I don't like tomatoes », said  
Steve.



« But

I don't like tomatoes », said  
Steve.



« If you

eat your tomatoes you can  
be the king of the world have the  
solar system, have one million dollars  
you can destroy.», all the schools of the world  
said Mum. and you can have a lightbulb



«But

I don't like tomatoes», said  
Steve

I don't like tomatoes

« I'll eat my

tomatoes if you eat your chocolate  
cake

..... »,

said Steve



« But I don't like chocolate  
cake .....  
..... », said Mum.

« Exactly ! I don't like tomatoes  
and you don't like chocolate  
cake .....  
..... », said Steve.

« But we both like carrots !  
.....  
.....

».

