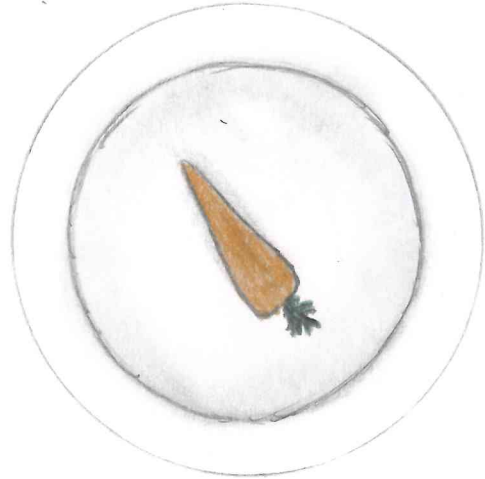


Michel Eat your Carrots



A story by Karla BUKOVEC

It was

snack time again.....

again and Michel..... just knew

what her mum was going to say,

before she even said it.

« Eat your carrots.....
.....
..... »

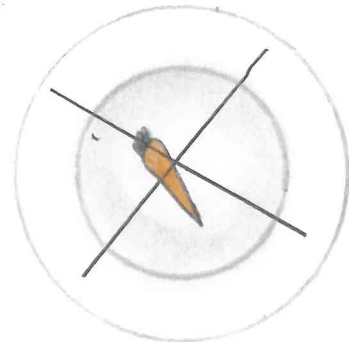
», said Mum.

..... Michel..... looked down
at the carrots.....

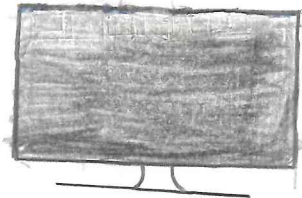
On
his plate.....

« I don't like carrots.....
.....
..... »

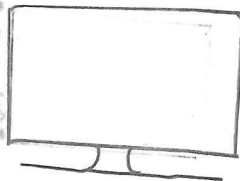
», said
Michel.....



« If you
..eat..your..carrots..you..
..can..watch..TV.....
.....
..... »,
said Mum.



« If you
..eat..carrots..you..can.....
..watch..TV..play..video..games..
..and..call..your..friends..
..... »,
said Mum.



« But
..I..don't..like..carrots..»
..said..Michel.....
.....

« But
..I..don't..like..carrots..»
..said..Michel.....
.....

« If you

eat you can't. you can... have a long
trip. have your own dragon, have
your own castle, and you can...
have a dog and a cat»,
said Mum.



« I'll eat my


carrots. if you eat your tomatoes»
.....
.....
..... »,

said Michel.....

↑
But

I don't like carrots.....
said Michel.....
.....

« But I... don't... like... carrots
and... you... don't... like... tomatoes,
..... », said Mum.

« Exactly ! I don't like carrots. 
and... don't... like... tomatoes.....

..... », said Michel

« But we... both... like... pudding... 

»