

Deborah eat your
tomatoes.



A story by Sarah GARCIA

It was

.....lunch time.....

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

«Eat your.....

.....Tomatoes..... »

..... » , said Mum.



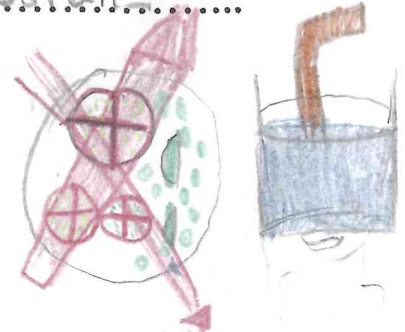
.....Deborah..... looked down
atthe tomatoes.....

On

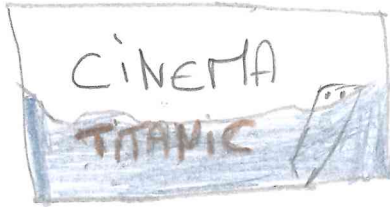
.....her plate.....

«I don't eat.....
.....like Tomatoes..... »

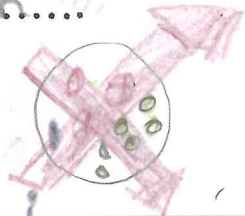
..... » , said
.....Deborah.....



« If you
eat your tomatoes,
you can play video
games and you can go to
the cinema..... »,
said Mum.



But
..... I don't like
tomatoes..... Said
Deborah.....



« If you
eat your tomatoes, you can
play on your phone, go and play with your
Friends and watch TV.....
..... »,
said Mum.



But
..... I don't like
Tomatoes..... Said
Deborah.....

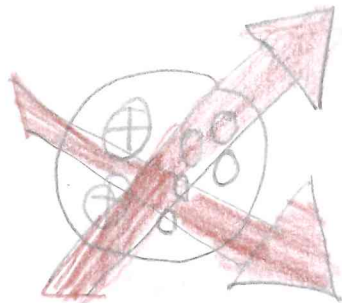
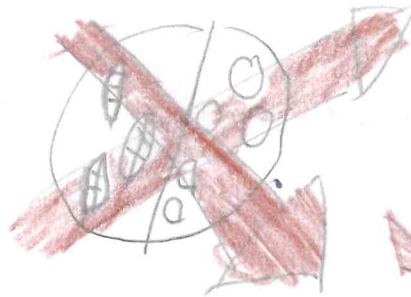
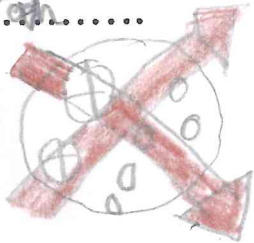


« If you
eat your tomatoes you can play an
instrument, ride a horse, stay up
for 50 minutes and read
a book »
said Mum.



« I'll eat my
tomatoes
if you eat
your carrots
»
said Deborah.

"But
I don't like
Tomatoes," said
Deborah.



« BUT
I don't like
carrots », said Mum.



« Exactly !
I don't like
Tomatoes and you don't
like carrots
..... », said Debarak

« But we both
like
chocolate !

»

JaNa

