

THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO:



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For Willow and Dylan
Always be the person you are born to be
SP

Sandhya's dedication TBC
SP

A TEMPLAR BOOK

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FARUQ

and the

WIRI WIRI

Sophia Payne Sandhya Prabhat



THERE was NO BETTER Smell in the WORLD than ATEE's COOK-UP RICE!

"I gat lots t'do," Faruq's grandma smiled,
chopping up the fresh ingredients.
She cooked for the family every day.
Faruq always watched closely.

The smell of warm garlic made his tummy rumble.
The sweet coconut reminded him of
lazy days on the beach, and the bright
little wiri wiri peppers, they always
made him wonder . . .





Wait, are they
REALLY SPICY,
Ajee?

WHEN do you
add them?

Can I try ONE?
Can I help?

But Ajee hadn't heard him.

She was too busy humming along
to the radio. She pointed out of the window.

"I forgot de bay leaves. Go fetch dem
will you, bai?"

The garden was bursting with flavours.
Long, spindly Bora beans, shiny, plump tomatoes,
and the gorgeous scent of rosemary.
Faruq wanted to try them all. He proudly
plucked two leaves from the bay tree
and raced back inside.

"I'm going to be a cook too!" he exclaimed.

Ajee shook her head and let out a heavy puff of air.

"Nah be troublin' wit dem ideas again. Study is more important.

You gon' be a doctor like your father."



She told him to go and
play football in the garden
until dinner was ready.

"And stay away from dem wiri wiri!"

