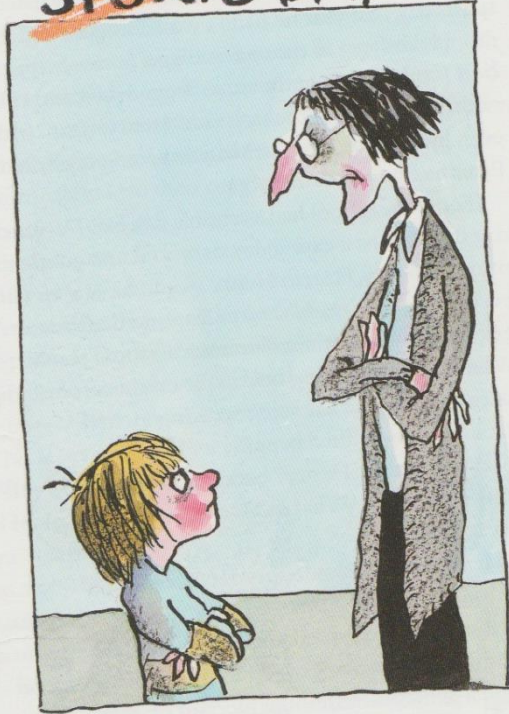


HORRID HENRY'S SPORTS DAY



Another Horrid Henry
story for you to enjoy!

We all want sports day to be a great success tomorrow,' announced Miss Battle-Axe. 'I am here to make sure that *no one*' – she glared at Horrid Henry – 'spoils it.'

Horrid Henry glared back. Horrid Henry hated sports day. Last year he hadn't won a single event. He'd dropped his egg in the egg-and-spoon race, tripped over Rude Ralph in the three-legged race, and collided with Sour Susan in the sack race. Henry's team had even lost the tug-of-war. Most sickening of all, Perfect Peter had won *both* his races.

If only the school had a sensible day, like TV-watching day, or chocolate-eating day, or who could guzzle the most crisps day, Horrid Henry would be sure to win every prize. But no. *He* had to leap and dash about getting hot and bothered in front of stupid parents. When he became king he'd make teachers run all the races then behead the winners. King Henry the Horrible grinned happily.

'Pay attention, Henry!' barked Miss Battle-Axe. 'What did I just say?'



Henry had no idea. 'Sports day is cancelled?' he suggested hopefully.

Miss Battle-Axe fixed him with her steely eyes. 'I said no one is to bring any sweets tomorrow. You'll all be given a delicious, refreshing piece of orange.'

Henry slumped in his chair, scowling. All he could do was hope for rain.



Sports day dawned bright and sunny. Rats, thought Henry. He could, of course, pretend to be sick. But he'd tried that last year and Mum hadn't been fooled. The year before that he'd complained he'd hurt his leg. Unfortunately Dad then caught him dancing on the table.

It was no use. He'd just have to take part. If only he could win a race!

Perfect Peter bounced into his room.

'Sports day today!' beamed Peter. 'And I'm responsible for bringing the hard-boiled eggs for the egg-and-spoon races. Isn't it exciting!'

'NO!' screeched Henry. 'Get out of here!'

'But I only ...' began Peter.

Henry leapt at him, roaring. He was a cowboy lassoing a runaway steer.

'Eeeaaargh!' squealed Peter.



'Stop being horrid, Henry!' shouted Dad. 'Or no pocket money this week!'

Henry let Peter go.

'It's so unfair,' he muttered, picking up his clothes from the floor and putting them on. Why did he never win?

Henry reached under his bed and filled his pockets from the secret sweet tin he kept there. Horrid Henry was a master at eating sweets in school without being detected. At least he could scoff something good while the others were stuck eating dried-up old orange pieces.

Then he stomped downstairs. Perfect Peter was busy packing hard-boiled eggs into a carton.

Horrid Henry sat down scowling and gobbled his breakfast.

'Good luck, boys,' said Mum. 'I'll be there to cheer for you.'

'Humph,' growled Henry.

'Thanks, Mum,' said Peter. 'I expect I'll win my egg-and-spoon race again but of course it doesn't matter if I don't. It's *how* you play that counts.'

'Shut up, Peter!' snarled Henry. Egg-and-spoon! Egg-and-spoon! If Henry heard that disgusting phrase once more he would start frothing at the mouth.

'Mum! Henry told me to shut up,' wailed Peter, 'and he attacked me this morning.'

'Stop being horrid, Henry,' said Mum. 'Peter, come with me and we'll comb your hair. I want you to look your best when you win that trophy again.'

Henry's blood boiled. He felt like snatching those eggs and hurling them against the wall.



Then Henry had a wonderful, spectacular idea. It was so wonderful that ... Henry heard Mum coming back down the stairs. There was no time to lose crowing about his brilliance.

Horrid Henry ran to the fridge, grabbed another egg carton and swapped it for the box of hard-boiled ones on the counter.

'Don't forget your eggs, Peter,' said Mum. She handed the carton to Peter, who tucked it safely in his school bag.

Tee hee, thought Horrid Henry.



Henry's class lined up on the playing fields. Flash! A small figure wearing gleaming white trainers zipped by. It was Aerobic Al, the fastest boy in Henry's class.

'Gotta run, gotta run, gotta run,' he chanted, gliding into place beside Henry. 'I will, of course, win every event,' he announced. 'I've been training all year. My dad's got a special place all ready for my trophies.'

Reading Vipers

Vocabulary

Infer

Predict

Explain

Retrieve

Summarise



V What does 'success' mean?

I Why was Horrid Henry 'hoping for rain'?

P What do you think might happen in the egg and spoon race?

E Explain what 'There was no time to lose crowing about his brilliance' means, in your own words.

R Why did Horrid Henry hate sport's day?

S In 3 sentences write what has happened so far in the story.

VOCABULARY LABORATORY

Explain meaning / Definition:

Use in a sentence (add picture too):

Modifications:

Modify to past tense, present, plural singular, add prefix or suffix etc.
How many forms can you think of?

scowl

Word Class:

noun? verb? adjective?

Word Class:

Synonyms

Antonyms

@VocabularyNinja

'Words unlock the doors to a world of understanding...'



The word I
want you to
investigate is
scowl