

**CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP**

... **Burp.**

Ahhh! Horrid Henry scoffed the last crumb of Super Spicy Hedgehog crisps and burped again. So yummy. **WOW**. He'd eaten the entire pack in seventeen seconds. No one could guzzle crisps faster than **Horrid Henry**, especially when he was having to gobble them secretly in class. He'd never been caught, not even—

A dark, icy shadow fell across him.

“Are you eating in class, Henry?”



hissed **MISS BATTLE-AXE**.

“No,” said Henry.

TEE HEE. Thanks to his *super-speedy* jaws, he'd already swallowed the evidence.

“Then where did this crisp packet come from?” said **MISS BATTLE-AXE**, pointing to the plastic bag on the floor.

Henry shrugged.

“Bert! Is this yours?”

“I dunno,” said Beefy Bert.

“There is no eating in class,” said Miss Battle-Axe. Why did she have to say the same things over and over? One day the Queen would



discover that she, *Boudicca Battle-Axe*, was her long-lost daughter and sweep her off to the palace, where she would live a life of pampered luxury. But until then—



“Now, as I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted,” she *glared* at **Horrid Henry**, “our school will be having its very own Olympics. We’ll be running and jumping and




swimming and—”

“**Eating!**” yelled Horrid Henry.

“Quiet, Henry,” snapped Miss Battle-Axe. “I want all of you to practise hard, both in school and out, to show—”

**Horrid Henry** stopped listening. It was so unfair. Wasn't it bad enough that every morning he had to *heave* his heavy bones out of bed to go to school, without wasting any of his precious **TV-WATCHING** time running and jumping and swimming? He was a *terrible* runner. He was a





*pathetic* jumper. He was a *hopeless* swimmer – though he did have his five-metre badge . . . Besides, Aerobic Al was sure to win every medal. In fact they should just give them all to him now and save everyone else a load of bother.

Shame, thought Horrid Henry, that the things he was so good at never got prizes. If there was a medal for who could watch TV the longest, or who could eat the most *sweets*, or who was *quickest* out of the classroom door when the home bell

rang, well, he'd be covered in gold  
from head to toe.



“Go on, Susan! Jump higher.”

“I’m jumping as high as I can,” said  
Sour Susan.

“That’s not high,” said **MOODY**

**MARGARET.** “A

tortoise could  
jump higher  
than you.”



“Then get a tortoise,” snapped Susan sourly.

“You’re just a lazy lump.”

“You’re just a moody meanie.”

“Lump.”

“Meanie.”

**“LUMP!”**

**“MEANIE!”**

**SLAP!**

**SLAP!**

