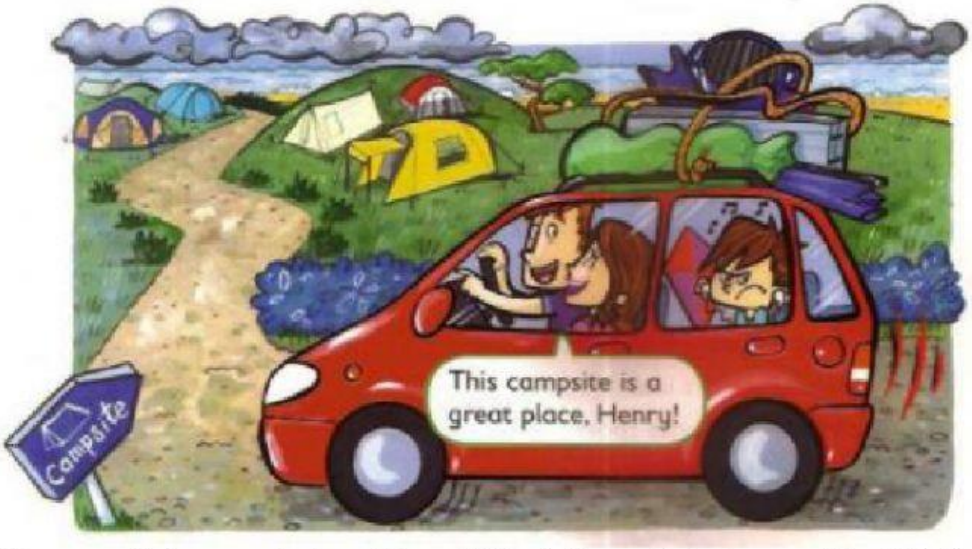
Henry's holiday

Name:

Henry likes holidays at home. He likes looking for lizards and flying his kite in the field behind his house. He likes playing badminton in his garden. He likes listening to music and watching television. He likes playing games on his computer and reading comics in bed. He likes getting up in the night and eating ice cream in the kitchen too!

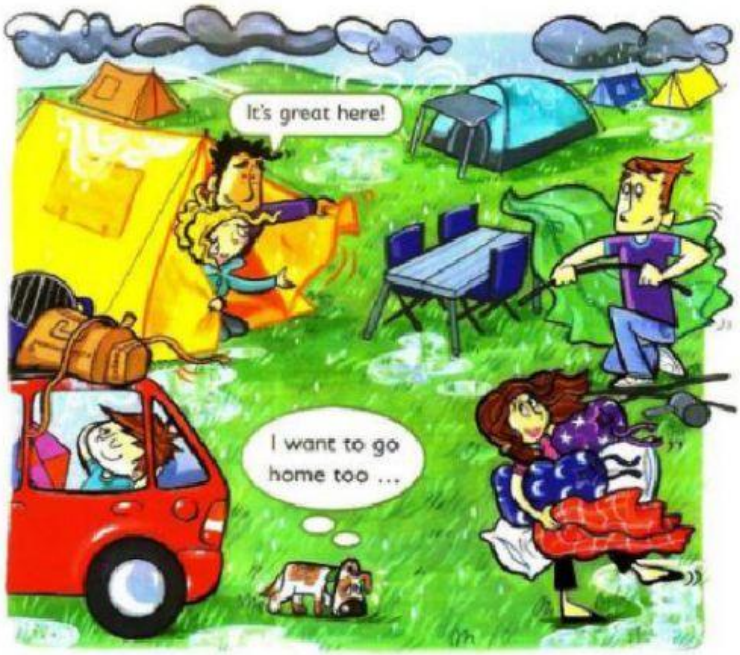
Henry doesn't enjoy holidays in other places. He doesn't want to sleep in a different bed. He doesn't want to go shopping or to write postcards. He doesn't want to get sand in his socks on the beach. He doesn't want to go for long walks in boring places and ... he doesn't want to sleep in a room with his parents because his dad SNORES!

But last Saturday, Henry and his parents went on holiday.



'This campsite is a great place, Henry!' his father said in the car. 'And it's fun and exciting to eat and sleep in a tent!' his mother said. Henry didn't listen.

The campsite was near a beach. 'Sand in my socks' and sharks in the sea! Great!' thought Henry. There were hills behind the campsite too. 'Oh no! Long walks!' thought Henry. The campsite didn't have a games room. 'And no TV!' thought Henry. 'I want to go home.'



Henry's parents started to take the tent, their clothes, the camping chairs and the caping table out of the car. It was very windy.

'Come and help us, Henry!' they called. 'We have to put up the tent now!' But Henry didn't move. He sat in the back of the car and tried to go to sleep. Then it started to rain.

'Please snow too!' Henry thought. 'I want to go home!'

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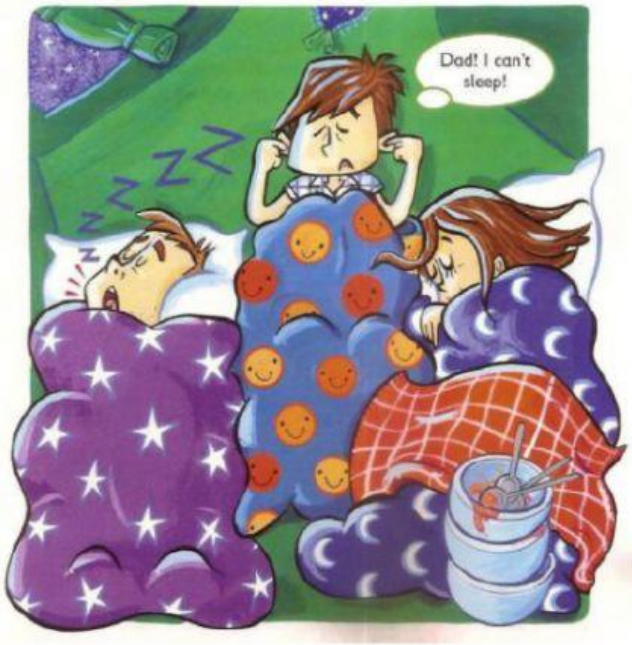
Henry's mother took the sleeping bags and blankets and mats for their beds out of the car but then she dropped the pillows on the ground and they go very wet. 'Oh dear!' she said.

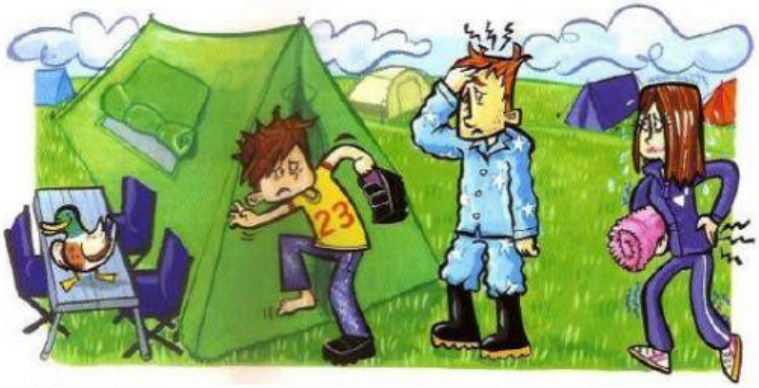
Henry got out of the car. He picked up the pillows and gave them to his mother. "Can we go home now, Mum?" he asked.

But they didn't go home. Henry, his mum and dad sat in the tent. They didn't read. (Dad forgot to bring his glasses and the torches.) They had only cold coup for dinner. (Mum forgot to bring the bread and the cheese.) Then they tried to sleep with their heads on the wet pillows ... and Henry workup 17 times in the night because his dad snored and snored and snored and snored and snored!



In the morning, Henry's dad had a bad headache. His mum's back hurt. The water in the campsite showers was cold (brrrrrrrrrrr!) and the campsite food shop was closed on Sundays. Oh ... and Henry found a lizard in his shoe.

Henry's parents weren't happy.



'Mum ... Dad ...,' Henry said slowly. 'Can we have a holidayat home?' We can have hot showers in the mornings. We can go for walks in our field in the afternoons. We can hace barbecues in the garden in the evenings. Then we can watch funny films on TV and sleep in our own beds at night.

Henry's mum looked at Henry's dad and then they both looked at Henry again. 'Yes! Great idea!' they said. 'Come on! Let's put all these wet things in the car and go home!' 'Hurrah!' Henry said and carefully picked up the lizard. 'You can come homew with us too' he laughed.

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