

After the game, Horrid Henry's class limped into the room and sat down. Horrid Henry sat at the front.

Miss Battle-Axe HAD to award him the tickets after his brilliant game.

She glared at the class.

'That was absolutely disgraceful.' she said, 'Cheating! Moving the goals! Shirt pulling!' she glared at Graham.

'Barging! Pushing and shoving! Bad sportsmanship!' Her eyes swept over the whole class.

Henry sank lower into his seat and put his head in his hands.

'And not to mention the offsides and that handball.....'

Henry sank even lower into his seat.

There was only one person on that pitch who deserves to be player of the match,' she continued. 'One person who observed the rules of the game. One person who has nothing to be ashamed of today.'

Horrid Henry's hopes rose. Well, he certainly had nothing to be ashamed of as far as he was aware!!'Only one person who can be truly proud of their performance. . . .'

Horrid Henry beamed with pride.

'And that person is -----'

'ME!' screamed Moody Margaret

'ME!' screamed Aerobic Al

'ME!' screamed Horrid Henry

'----Me, the referee,' said Miss Battle-Axe.
What?

'IT'S NOT FAIR!' screamed the class

'IT'S NOT FAIR!' screamed Horrid Henry.