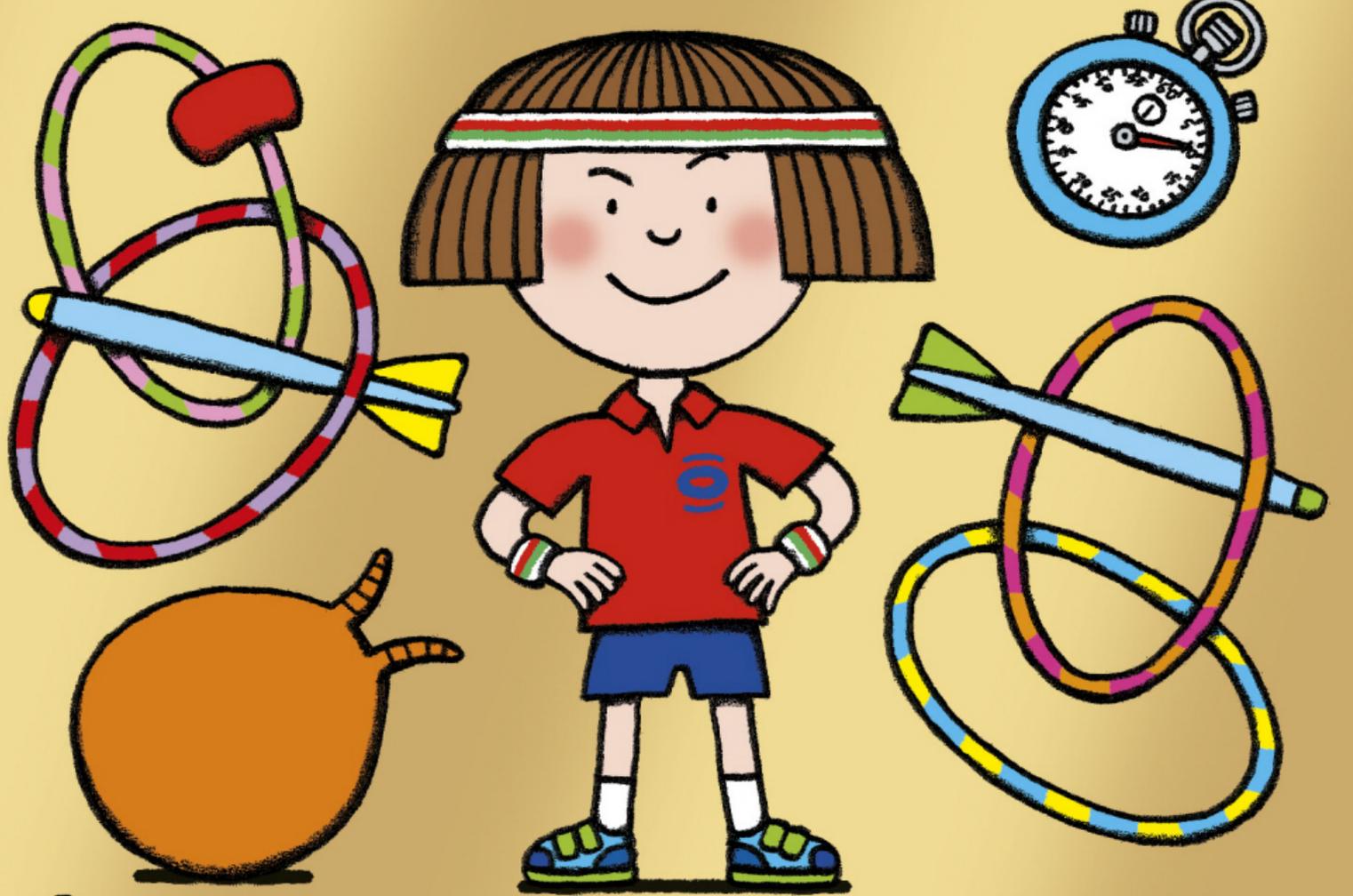


DAISY



and the TROUBLE with

SPORTS DAY



by Kes Gray

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Daisy's Sports Day Quiz

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About the Book

It's Sports Day and Daisy is going for gold!

Trouble is, will super turbo chewing gum power be enough to beat the two fastest girls in her school?

DAISY



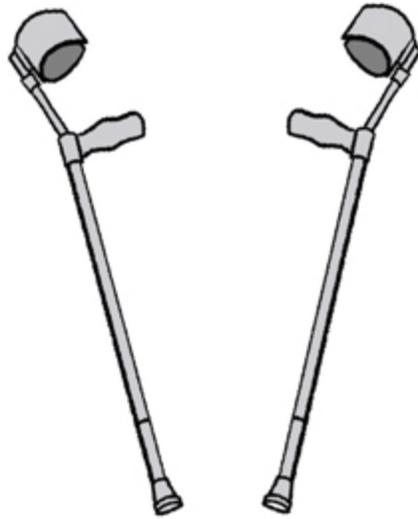
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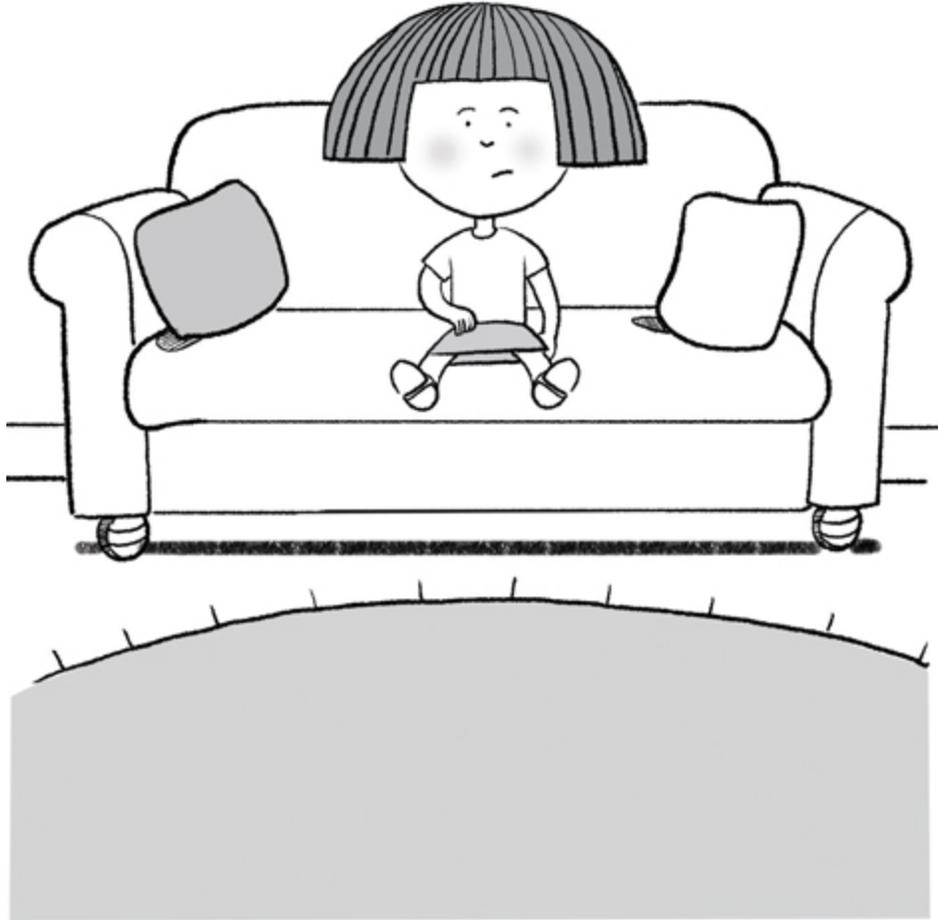
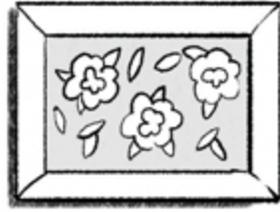
SPORTS DAY

by Kes Gray

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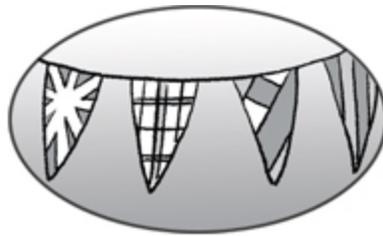
To the Bradys





CHAPTER 1

The **trouble with Sports Day** is everyone in my school wants to win. If children didn't want to win so much then I would never have had to go into Olympic training.



Winning a race on Sports Day can be really difficult, especially if there are other people in the race. Double especially if the other people in the race are really fast runners. Triply especially if your mum won't buy you a new pair of trainers, and fourply especially if she won't even buy you a new headband.

Athletes on the telly say that if you want to come first in a race then you have to get "into the zone". The only zone I ended up in after Sports Day was the headmaster's office.

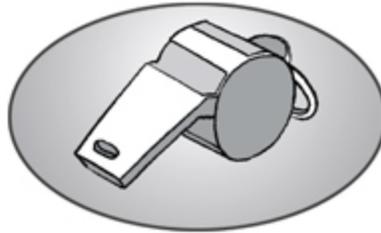
Which isn't my fault!

CHAPTER 2

It was nearly two weeks ago when our Sports Day was announced. We were in Monday morning assembly and the whole school had just got told off by Mr Copford for being too chatty and fidgety. Mr Copford is our new headmaster. He's really cool (unless you're being told off), but he looked even cooler that morning, because instead of wearing a grey suit like he normally does, he was wearing a red tracksuit and white trainers! Plus he had a whistle around his neck!!



The **trouble with whistles** is as soon as you see one hanging around a headmaster's neck it makes you want to chat and fidget. Especially if the whistle is a sports whistle.



I think to start off with Mr Copford was going to save his special Sports Day announcement until after he had given us our Thought for the Week, but when our chatting and fidgeting got out of control, he decided to do the Sports Day announcement first.

Second, actually. First he had to blow his whistle really loudly.

The **trouble with blowing sports whistles really loudly** is it makes you jump. Especially if you're in an assembly hall that echoes.



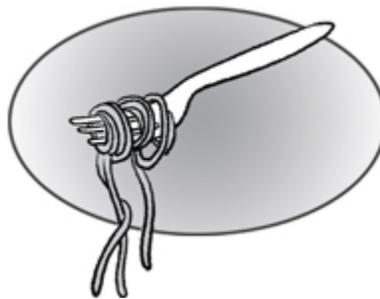
As soon as the assembly hall went quiet, Mr Copford went straight on with his special Sports Day announcement. He said our Sports Day would be happening in just over a week's time and that our parents were allowed to come and watch us do our races!

Then things got even more exciting. Because instead of making us sing a song about Jesus, Mr Copford held up the Sports Day cup! The Sports Day cup is given to the house that wins the most points at the end of all the races!



There are four houses in our school. All of them are named after types of pasta. I'm in Tagliatelle and Gabby is in Fettuccine. The ones we're not in are Penne and Linguine.

The **trouble with pastas** is that when you see them written down you don't know how to say them. Because they are in Italian.



The proper Italian way to say tagliatelle is "tally a telly" (except everyone in my school says "taggly a telly" instead).

The proper Italian way to say fettuccine is "fettoo cheeny" (except most people in my school have changed it a little bit to "fetter cheeny").

If you're Italian and you're saying penne you're meant to say "pennay" (some people in my school say "penny" but me and Gabby say it the proper Italian way).

And the exactly right Italian way to say linguine is "lingweeny" (which is the way absolutely everyone in my school says it, even Jack Beechwhistle).

If you ask me, having Italian-sounding house names is a really good idea, because it means if you ever go abroad you are able to speak the language. Especially if you go to a restaurant and you want pasta.

After Mr Copford had done his Sports Day announcement, he gave us our Thought for the Week.

Our Thought for the Week was, "Silence is golden. So let's go for gold."

The **trouble with Thoughts for the Week** is sometimes they can be a bit confusing.



I mean, I never knew silence was golden. In fact, I never knew silence was the colour of anything at all. Because it's a sound and not an actual thing.

Except it isn't. Because silence *can't* be a sound, because it's the sound of no sound. Which means it's the sound of nothing. Which is nothing. So it must be the colour of nothing. Which is nothing.

When we got back to our classroom, I asked Gabby what colour she thought silence was. She said she didn't know. But when she closed her eyes and listened to the silence really carefully, it looked black.

Not golden.

So I closed my eyes and listened really hard. And she was right. Except when I scrunched my eyes up really tight, the silence I was listening to stopped being the colour of black and started being the colour of black with little white dots.

Not golden.

So we asked some of our friends what colour they thought silence was.

Sanjay Lapore said he thought silence was purple with green stripes. Melanie Simpson said she thought silence was sky blue pink, and Vicky Carrow said she thought silence was the colour of whale custard.

That's **the trouble with Vicky Carrow**. She's always saying things that are silly.



In the end, everyone decided to ignore the first half of Mr Copford's Thought for the Week and just concentrate on the second half instead. After all, everybody knows what "go for gold" means. It means do everything you can to win. WIN, WIN, WIN!

CHAPTER 3

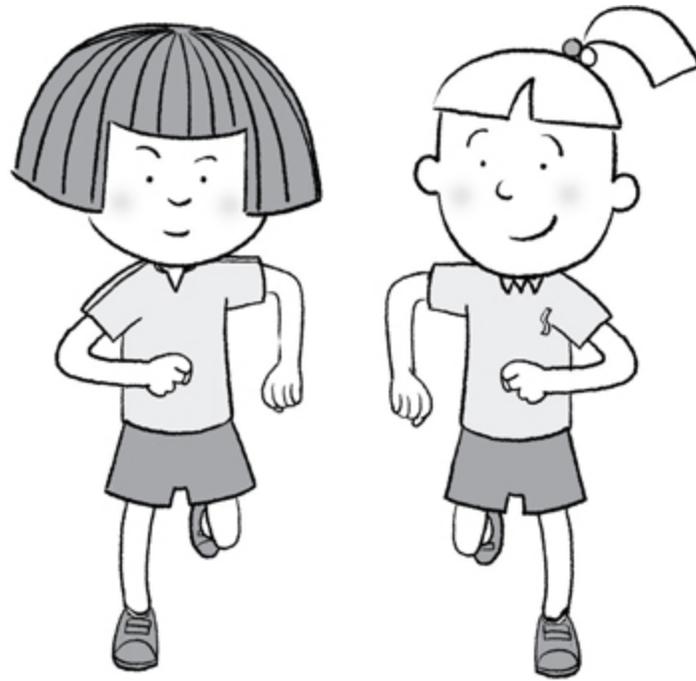
It was Wednesday before Mrs Peters told us which Sports Day races we would be in.

She didn't tell us straight away. First of all we had to do Sports Day rehearsals.

The **trouble with Sports Day rehearsals** is it was a bit hot.



Plus I put my PE shirt on inside-out without knowing. Which was really annoying, because no one told me when we ran out onto the field.



It was really, really sunny on the field, even though it was still only the morning. Gabby said she really hoped she would be chosen to do the sixty-metre sprint.

Which was really strange, because so did I!

Then she said she would like to do the multi-skills race as well.

Which was even stranger, because I wanted to do the multi-skills race as well as well!

In case you've never been in a Sports Day, sixty-metre sprints are when you have to run as fast as you can for sixty metres and be the first one to get to the end.

Multi-skills is when you have to throw a bean bag into a hoop, dribble a football, bounce a tennis ball on a tennis racquet, put on a hat and a shirt and then take them off, balance a bean bag on your head and be the first one to get to the end.

You have to be a really good athlete to do multi-skills.

After Mrs Peters had clapped her hands loudly a few times, we all sat in a circle on the grass. Mrs Peters told us there would be ten different Sports Day events to choose

from and that if we especially wanted to be in one, we should raise our hand high above our head when she read it out.



I was so excited I put my hand up straight away. But then I took it down really quickly. Because do you know what Mrs Peters said next? I couldn't believe it. And neither could Gabby.

Just as me and Gabby were totally about to get into the zone, Mrs Peters took a pen and a piece of paper out of her tracksuit top pocket and said that everyone in the class would be able to compete in one event only!

ONE EVENT ONLY!

Starting with . . .

. . . the sack race.

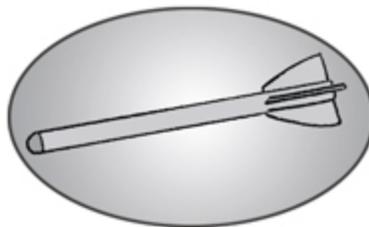
The **trouble with sack races** is it's really hard to run fast when your legs are in a sack. Plus it's really easy to fall over.



So no one put their hand up.

So Mrs Peters said, "Foam javelin."

The **trouble with foam javelins** is they're made of foam.



Which isn't a proper metal. Which means they're not like proper spears.

So no one put their hand up.

So Mrs Peters said, "Shot putt."

The **trouble with shot putts** is the ones in our PE cupboard are made of foam too.



Plus they don't even go as far as a foam javelin or a foam discus. Not even with the wind behind you.

So no one put their hand up.

So Mrs Peters said, "Sixty-metre sprint."

The **trouble with saying sixty-metre sprint** is I was still thinking about foam when Mrs Peters said it. By the time I put my hand up, everyone had their hand up.



Mrs Peters said it wouldn't be possible for everyone in the class to do the sixty-metre sprint, especially as there were two other classes in our year that would be racing with us too.

So she said, "Multi-skills" instead.

