Henry Harris hates haitches.

He hates haitches more than he hates homework.





He even hates haitches more than he hates Hannah Hunter.

And Hannah Hunter is very hateful.





Henry likes Harry. They are friends.

"Hello, Henry."

"'Ey! 'Arry! 'Ow are you?"



"Morning Henry," says Miss Hill the History teacher. "Have you got your homework?" "'Arry! I 'aven't got my 'omework," says Henry to his friend.

"Oh Henry, you've never got your homework!" says Harry.

Miss Hill isn't happy.

"Hand me your homework, Henry!"

