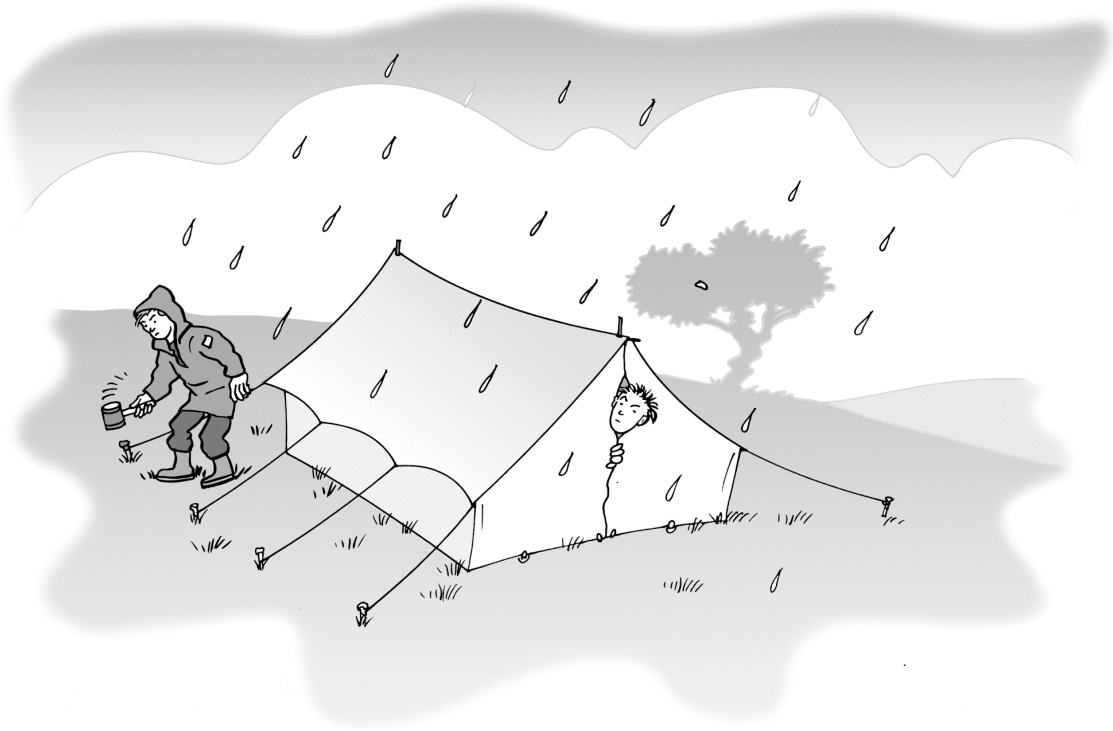


## The scout

One weekend Henry Brown went out camping with the scouts. They found the best place to put up the tents and banged the pegs into the ground.

They dug a trench round the tent with a trowel and ran a flag up a stout pole. Now they were very proud of their work, but in the sky were big black clouds.



By eight o'clock, the rain came down, the wind howled and the weather was foul. The scouts frowned and scowled at the sound of the loud bangs of thunder.

They wound towels around them to keep dry. The next day the whole crowd gave up on the camp and made for town.

“What a day,” said Henry Brown. “How foul! But at least it didn’t snow.”