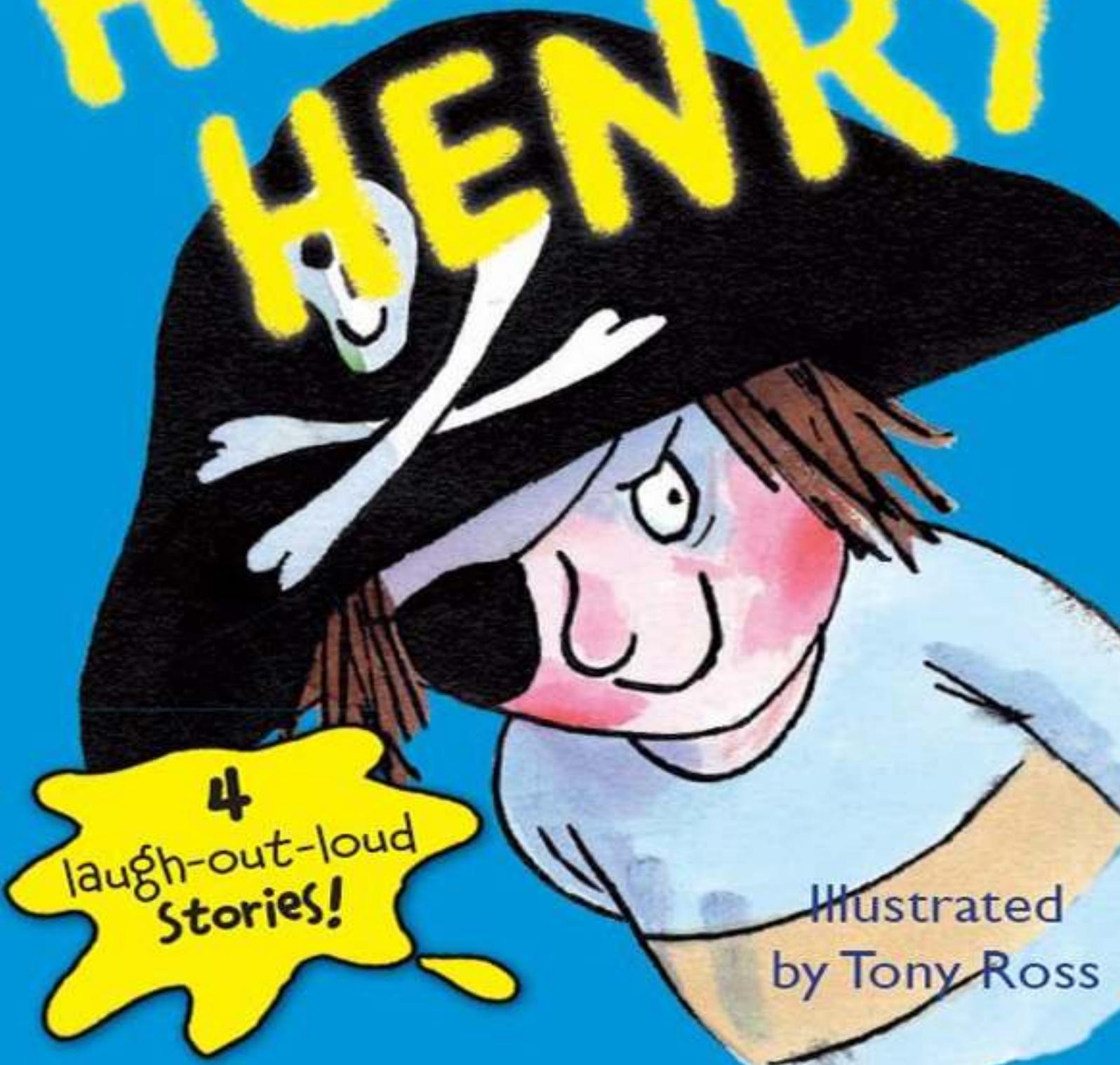


Francesca Simon

# HORRID HENRY



4  
laugh-out-loud  
Stories!

Illustrated  
by Tony Ross

# HORRID HENRY

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# Meet HORRID HENRY the laugh-out-loud worldwide sensation!

- ★ Over 15 million copies sold in 27 countries and counting
- ★ # 1 chapter book series in the UK
- ★ Francesca Simon is the only American author to ever win the Galaxy British Book Award Children's Book of the Year (past winners include J.K. Rowling, Philip Pullman, and Eoin Colfer).



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“Horrid Henry is a fabulous antihero...**a modern comic classic.**” —*Guardian*

“**Wonderfully appealing to girls and boys alike**, a precious rarity at this age.” —Judith Wood  
*Times*

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“**The best children’s comic writer.**”

—Amanda Craig, *The Times*

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“**I love the Horrid Henry books by Francesca Simon.** They have lots of funny bits in. And Henry always gets into trouble!” —Mia, age 6, *BBC Learning Is Fun*

“My two boys love this book, and **I have actually had tears running down my face and had to stop reading because of laughing so hard.**” —T. Franklin, Parent

“**It’s easy to see why Horrid Henry is the bestselling character for five- to eight-year-olds**”  
—*Liverpool Echo*

“Francesca Simon’s truly horrific little boy is **a monstrously enjoyable creation.** Parents love the books because Henry makes their own little darlings seem like angels.” —*Guardian Children’s Book Supplement*

“I have tried out the Horrid Henry books with groups of children as a parent, as a babysitter, and as a teacher. **Children love to either hear them read aloud or to read them themselves.**” —Daniel Hall, Teacher

“A flicker of recognition must pass through most teachers and parents when they read Horrid Henry. **There’s a tiny bit of him in all of us.**” —Nancy Astee, *Child Education*

“**As a teacher...it’s great to get a series of books my class loves.** They go mad for Horrid Henry.” —A teacher

“**Henry is a beguiling hero who has entranced millions of reluctant readers.**” —*Herald*

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“**An absolutely fantastic series and surely a winner with all children Long live Francesca Simon and her brilliant books! More more please**”

—A parent

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“**Laugh-out-loud reading for both adults and children alike.**” —A parent

“**Horrid Henry certainly lives up to his name, and his antics are everything you hope your own child will avoid—which is precisely why younger children so enjoy these tales.**”

—*Independent on Sunday*

“Henry might be unbelievably naughty, totally wicked, and utterly horrid, but **he is frequent**

credited with converting the most reluctant readers into enthusiastic ones...superb in its simplicity." —*Liverpool Echo*

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**“Will make you laugh out loud.”**

—*Sunday Times*

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“Parents reading them aloud may be consoled to discover that Henry can always be relied upon to behave worse than any of their own offspring.” —*Independent*

**“What is brilliant about the books is that Henry never does anything that is subversive.** She creates an aura of supreme naughtiness (of which children are in awe) but points out that he operates within a safe and secure world...**eminently readable** books.” —Emily Turner, *Angels and Urchins*

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**“Inventive and funny, with appeal for boys and girls alike, and super illustrations by Tony Ross.”**

—*Jewish Chronicle*

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“Accompanied by fantastic black-and-white drawings, the book is a joy to read. **Horrid Henry has an irresistible appeal to everyone—child and adult alike!** He is the child everyone is familiar with—irritating, annoying, but you still cannot help laughing when he gets into yet another scrape. Not quite a devil in disguise but you cannot help wondering at times! No wonder he is so popular!”

—Angela Youngman

# **Horrid Henry by Francesca Simon**

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Horrid Henry

Horrid Henry Tricks the Tooth Fairy

Horrid Henry and the Mega-Mean Time Machine

Horrid Henry's Stinkbomb

Horrid Henry and the Mummy's Curse

Horrid Henry and the Soccer Fiend

# HORRID HENRY

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*Illustrated by* Tony Ross



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*For Joshua and his friends— Dominic, Eleanor, Freddie, Harry, Joe, Robbie, and Toby, with love*

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## HORRID HENRY'S PERFECT DAY

Henry was horrid.

Everyone said so, even his mother.

Henry threw food, Henry grabbed, Henry pushed and shoved and pinched. Even his teddy bear, Mr. Kill, avoided him when possible.

His parents despaired.

“What are we going to do about that horrid boy?” sighed Mom.

“How did two people as nice as us have such a horrid child?” sighed Dad.

When Horrid Henry's parents took Henry to school they walked behind him and pretended he was not theirs.

Children pointed at Henry and whispered to their parents, “That's Horrid Henry.”

“He's the boy who threw my jacket in the mud.”

“He's the boy who squashed Billy's beetle.”

“He's the boy who...” Fill in whatever terrible deed you like. Horrid Henry was sure to have done it.



Horrid Henry had a younger brother. His name was Perfect Peter.

Perfect Peter always said “Please” and “Thank you.” Perfect Peter loved vegetables.



Perfect Peter always used a hankie and never, ever picked his nose.

“Why can’t you be perfect like Peter?” said Henry’s mom every day.

As usual, Henry pretended not to hear. He continued melting Peter’s crayons on the radiator.

But Horrid Henry started to think. “What if *I* were perfect?” thought Henry. “I wonder what would happen.”

When Henry woke the next morning, he did not wake Peter by pouring water on Peter’s head.

Peter did not scream.

This meant Henry’s parents overslept and Henry and Peter were late for Cub Scouts.

Henry was very happy.

Peter was very sad to be late for Cub Scouts.

But because he was perfect, Peter did not whine or complain.



On the way to Cub Scouts Henry did not squabble with Peter over who sat in front. He did not pinch Peter and he did not shove Peter.

Back home, when Perfect Peter built a castle, Henry did not knock it down. Instead, Henry sat on the sofa and read a book.

Mom and Dad ran into the room.



“It’s awfully quiet in here,” said Mom. “Are you being horrid, Henry?”

“No,” said Henry.

“Peter, is Henry knocking your castle down?”

Peter longed to say “yes.” But that would be a lie.

“No,” said Peter.



He wondered why Henry was behaving so strangely.

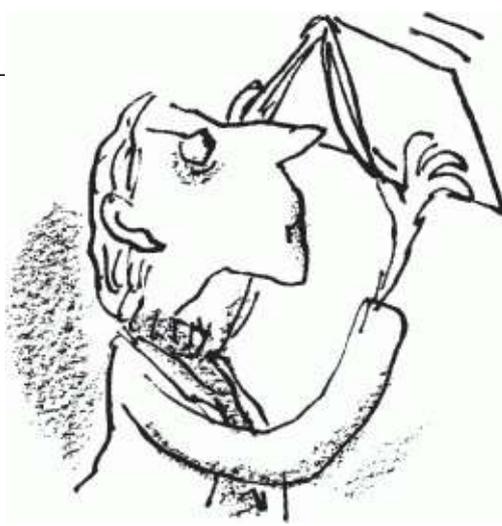
“What are you doing, Henry?” said Dad.

“Reading a wonderful story about some super mice,” said Henry.

Dad had never seen Henry read a book before. He checked to see if a comic was hidden inside.

There was no comic. Henry was actually reading a book.

“Hmmm,” said Dad.



\* \* \*

It was almost time for dinner. Henry was hungry and went into the kitchen where Dad was cooking.

But instead of shouting, "I'm starving! Where's my food?" Henry said, "Dad, you look tired. Can you help get supper ready?"

"Don't be horrid, Henry," said Dad, pouring peas into boiling water. Then he stopped.

"What did you say, Henry?" asked Dad.

"Can I help, Dad?" said Perfect Peter.

"I asked if you needed any help," said Henry.

"I asked first," said Peter.

"Henry will just make a mess," said Dad. "Peter, would you peel the carrots while I sit down for a moment?"

"Of course," said Perfect Peter.

Peter washed his spotless hands.

Peter put on his spotless apron.

Peter rolled up his spotless sleeves.

Peter waited for Henry to snatch the peeler.



But Henry set the table instead.

Mom came into the kitchen.

“Smells good,” she said. “Thank you, darling Peter, for setting the table. What a good boy you are.”

Peter did not say anything.

“I set the table, Mom,” said Henry.

Mom stared at him.

“You?” said Mom.

“Me,” said Henry.

“Why?” said Mom.

Henry smiled.

“To be helpful,” he said.

“You’ve done something horrid, haven’t you, Henry?” said Dad.

“No,” said Henry. He tried to look sweet.

“I’ll set the table tomorrow,” said Perfect Peter.

“Thank you, angel,” said Mom.

“Dinner is ready,” said Dad.

The family sat down at the table.

Dinner was spaghetti and meatballs with peas and carrots.

Henry ate his dinner with his knife and fork and spoon.

He did not throw peas at Peter and he did not slurp.

He did not chew with his mouth open and he did not slouch.

“Sit properly, Henry,” said Dad.

“I am sitting properly,” said Henry. Dad looked up from his plate. He looked surprised.

“So you are,” he said.

Perfect Peter could not eat. Why wasn't Henry throwing peas at him?

Peter's hand reached slowly for a pea.



When no one was looking, he flicked the pea at Henry.

“Ouch,” said Henry.

“Don't be horrid, Henry,” said Mom.

Henry reached for a fistful of peas. Then Henry remembered he was being perfect and stopped.

Peter smiled and waited. But no peas bopped him on the head.

Perfect Peter did not understand. Where was the foot that always kicked him under the table?

Slowly, Peter stretched out his foot and kicked Henry.

“OUCH,” said Henry.

“Don't be horrid, Henry,” said Dad.

“But I...” said Henry, then stopped.

Henry's foot wanted to kick Perfect Peter around the block. Then Henry remembered he was being perfect and continued to eat.

“You're very quiet tonight,

Henry,” said Dad.

“The better to enjoy my lovely dinner,” said Henry.

“Henry, where are your peas and carrots?” asked Mum.

“I ate them,” said Henry. “They were delicious.”

Mom looked on the floor. She looked under Henry's chair. She looked under his plate.



“You ate your peas and carrots?” said Mom slowly. She felt Henry’s forehead.

“Are you feeling all right, Henry?”

“Yeah,” said Horrid Henry. “I’m fine, thank you for asking,” he added quickly.



Mom and Dad looked at each other. What was going on?

Then they looked at Henry. “Henry, come here and let me give you a big kiss,” said Mom. “You are a wonderful boy. Would you like a piece of fudge cake?”

Peter interrupted.

“No cake for me, thank you,” said

Peter. “I would rather have more vegetables.”

Henry let himself be kissed. Oh my, it was hard work being perfect. He smiled sweetly at Peter.

“I would love some cake, thank you,” said Henry.

Perfect Peter could stand it no longer. He picked up his plate and aimed at Henry.

Then Peter threw the spaghetti.

Henry ducked.

**SPLAT!**

Spaghetti landed on Mom’s head. Tomato sauce trickled down her neck and down her new yellow fuzzy sweater.





“PETER!!!!” yelled Mom and Dad.

“YOU HORRID BOY!” yelled Mom.

“GO TO YOUR ROOM!!” yelled Dad.

Perfect Peter burst into tears and ran to his room.

Mom wiped spaghetti off her face. She looked very funny.

Henry tried not to laugh. He squeezed his lips together tightly.

But it was no use. I am sorry to say that he could not stop a laugh escaping.

“It’s not funny!” shouted Dad.

“Go to your room!” shouted Mom.

But Henry didn’t care.

Who would have thought being perfect would be such fun?



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## HORRID HENRY'S DANCE CLASS

Stomp Stomp Stomp Stomp Stomp Stomp Stomp.

Horrid Henry was practicing his elephant dance.

Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap.

Perfect Peter was practicing his raindrop dance.

Peter was practicing being a raindrop for his dance class show.

Henry was also supposed to be practicing being a raindrop.

But Henry did not want to be a raindrop. He did not want to be a tomato, a string bean, or a banana either.

Stomp Stomp Stomp went Henry's heavy boots.

Tap Tap Tap went Peter's tap shoes.

"You're doing it wrong, Henry," said Peter.

"No I'm not," said Henry.

"You are too," said Peter. "We're supposed to be raindrops."

Stomp Stomp Stomp went Henry's boots. He was an elephant smashing his way through the jungle trampling on everyone who stood in his way.

"I can't concentrate with you stomping," said Peter. "And I have to practice my solo."

"Who cares?" screamed Horrid Henry. "I hate dancing, I hate dance class, and most of all, I hate you!"

This was not entirely true. Horrid Henry loved dancing. Henry danced in his bedroom. Henry danced up and down the stairs. Henry danced on the new sofa and on the kitchen table.

What Henry hated was having to dance with other children.

"Couldn't I go to karate instead?" asked Henry every Saturday.



“No,” said Mom. “Too violent.” “Judo?” said Henry.

“N-O spells no,” said Dad.

So every Saturday morning at 9:45 a.m., Henry and Peter’s father drove them to Miss Impatience Tutu’s Dance Studio.

Miss Impatience Tutu was skinny and bony. She had long stringy gray hair. Her nose was sharp. Her elbows were pointy. Her knees were knobby. No one had ever seen her smile.

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