

FRANCESCA SIMON

HORRID  
HENRY'S



EVIL



ENEMIES

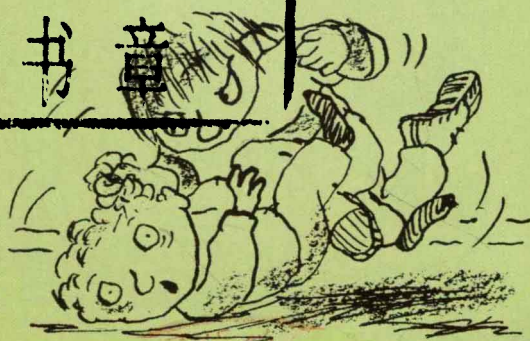
*Ten favourite stories – and more!*

Illustrated by Tony Ross

# HORRID HENRY'S EVIL ENEMIES

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藏书章





FRANCESCA SIMON

HORRID  
HENRY'S

EVIL Illustrated by  
Tony Ross

ENEMIES



Orion  
Children's Books

This book is dedicated to  
*Hannah & Eve Phillips, Max Pittack,  
Raphi Patterson, Sam Rubinstein, Ethan & Jake  
Silverstone and Claudia Smith of Akiva School*  
2006



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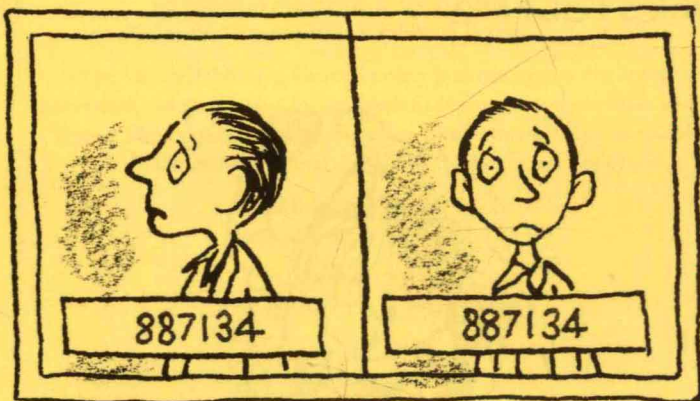
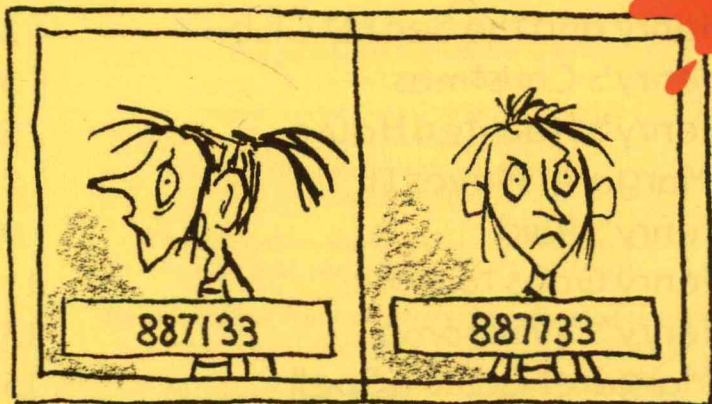
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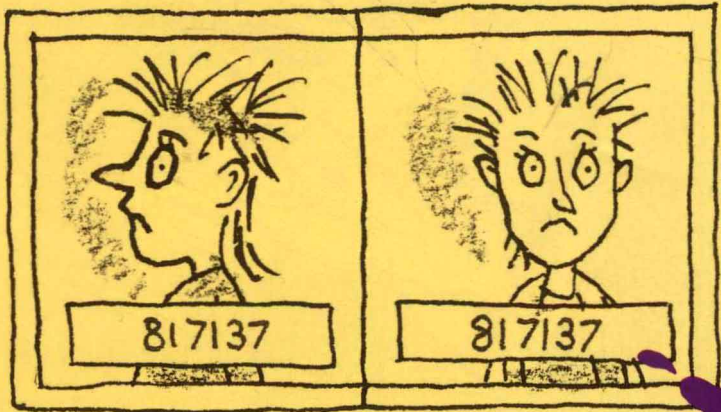
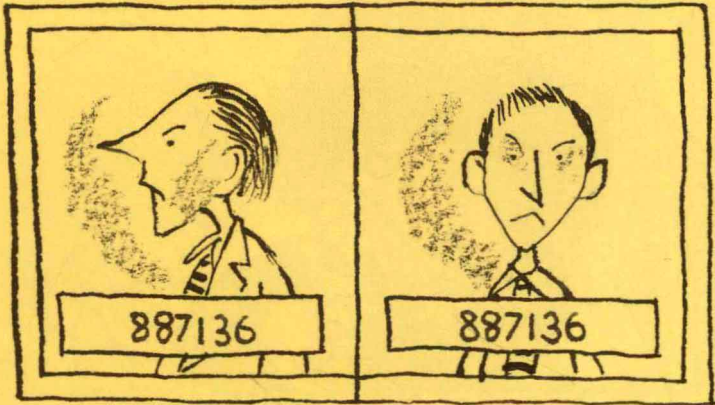
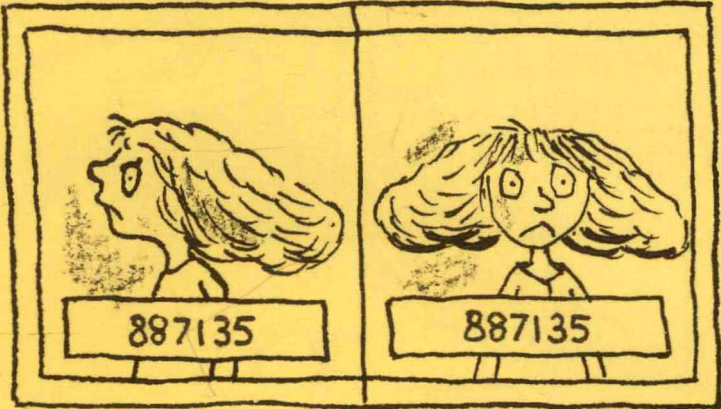
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# THE USUAL SUSPECTS









# HORRID HENRY AND MOODY MARGARET



‘I’m Captain Hook!’

‘No, I’m Captain Hook!’

‘I’m Captain Hook,’ said Horrid Henry.

‘I’m Captain Hook,’ said Moody Margaret.

They glared at each other.

‘It’s *my* hook,’ said Moody Margaret.

Moody Margaret lived next door. She did not like Horrid Henry, and Horrid Henry did not like her. But when Rude Ralph was busy, Clever Clare had flu, and Sour Susan was her enemy, Margaret would jump over the wall to play with Henry.

‘Actually, it’s my turn to be Hook now,’ said Perfect Peter. ‘I’ve been the prisoner for such a long time.’

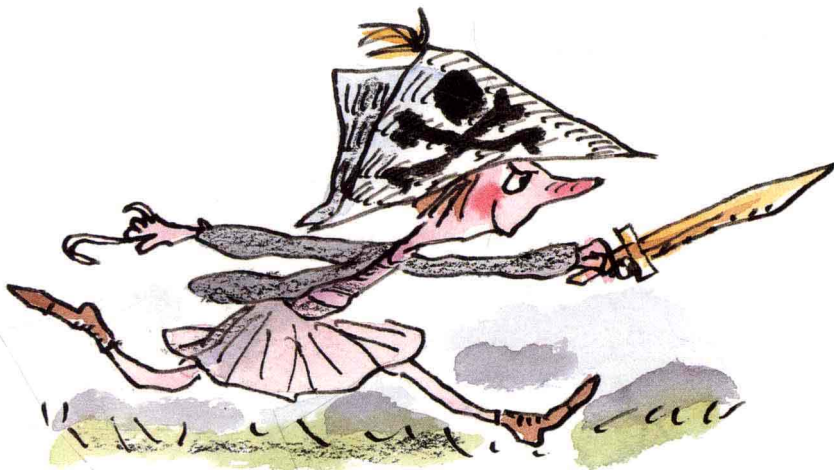
‘Prisoner, be quiet!’ said Henry.

‘Prisoner, walk the plank!’ said Margaret.

‘But I’ve walked it fourteen times already,’ said Peter. ‘Please can I be Hook now?’

‘No, by thunder!’ said Moody Margaret. ‘Now out of my way, worm!’ And she swashbuckled across the desk, waving her hook and clutching her sword and dagger.





Margaret had eyepatches and skulls and crossbones and plumed hats and cutlasses and sabres and snickersnees.

Henry had a stick.

This was why Henry played with Margaret.

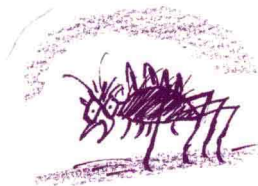
But Henry had to do terrible things before playing with Margaret's swords. Sometimes he had to sit and wait while she read a book. Sometimes he had to play 'Mums and Dads' with her. Worst of all (please don't tell anyone), sometimes he had to be the baby.

Henry never knew what Margaret would do.

When he put a spider on her arm, Margaret laughed.

When he pulled her hair, Margaret pulled his harder.

When Henry screamed, Margaret would scream louder. Or she would sing. Or pretend not to hear.



Sometimes Margaret was fun. But most of the time she was a moody old grouch.

‘I won’t play if I can’t be Hook,’ said Horrid Henry. Margaret thought for a moment.

‘We can both be Captain Hook,’ she said.

‘But we only have one hook,’ said Henry.



‘Which I haven’t played with yet,’ said Peter.

‘BE QUIET, prisoner!’ shouted Margaret. ‘Mr Smee, take him to jail.’

‘No,’ said Henry.

‘You will get your reward, Mr Smee,’ said the Captain, waving her hook.

Mr Smee dragged the prisoner to the jail.

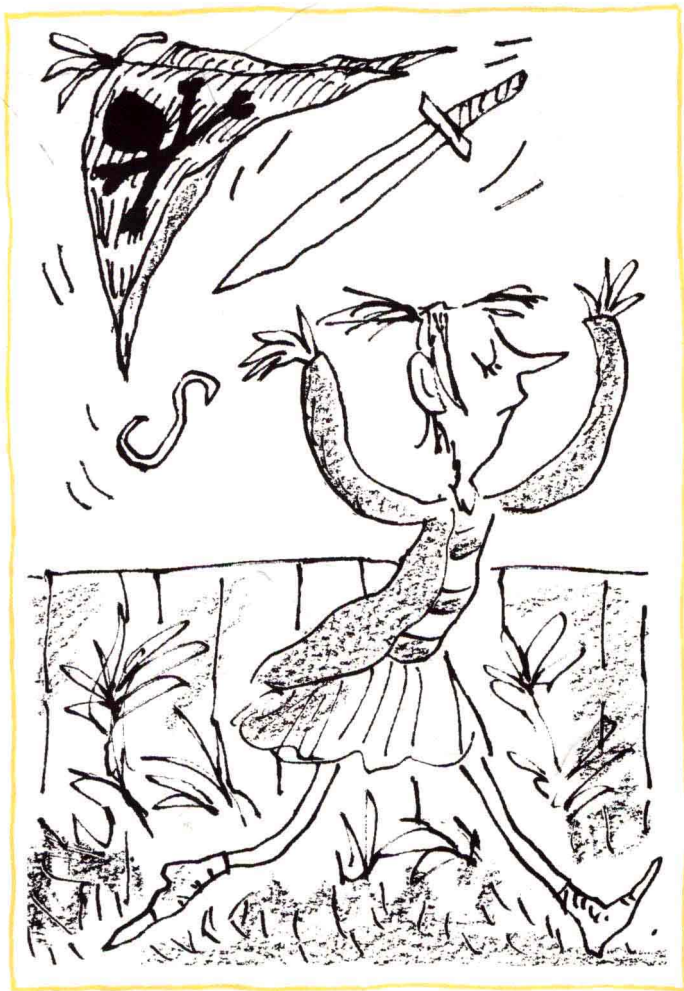
‘If you’re very quiet, prisoner, then you will be freed and you can be a pirate, too,’ said Captain Hook.

‘Now give me the hook,’ said Mr Smee.

The Captain reluctantly handed it over.

‘Now I’m Captain Hook and you’re Mr Smee,’ shouted Henry. ‘I order everyone to walk the plank!’

‘I’m sick of playing pirates,’ said Margaret. ‘Let’s





play something else.'

Henry was furious. That was just like Moody Margaret.

'Well, I'm playing pirates,' said Henry.

'Well I'm not,' said Margaret. 'Give me back my hook.'

'No,' said Henry.

Moody Margaret opened her mouth and screamed. Once Margaret started screaming she could go on and on and on.

Henry gave her the hook.

Margaret smiled.

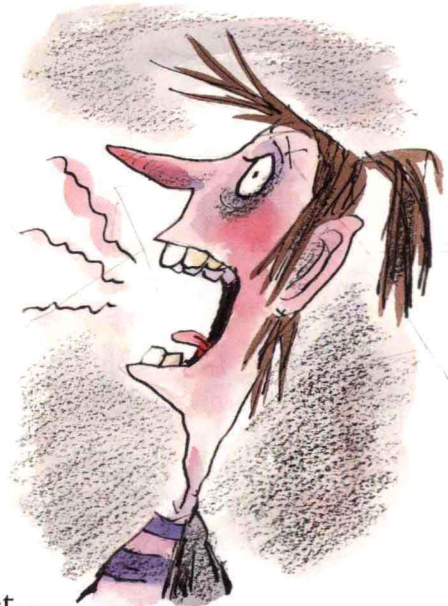
'I'm hungry,' she said.

'Got anything good to eat?'

Henry had three bags of crisps and seven chocolate biscuits hidden in his room, but he certainly wasn't going to share them with Margaret.

'You can have a radish,' said Henry.

'What else?' said Margaret.



'A carrot,' said Henry.

'What else?' said Margaret.

'Glop,' said Henry.

'What's Glop?'

'Something special that only I can make,' said Henry.

'What's in it?' asked Margaret.

'That's a secret,' said Henry.

'I bet it's yucky,' said Margaret.

'Of course it's yucky,' said Henry.

'I can make the yuckiest Glop of all,' said Margaret.

'That's because you don't know anything. No one can make yuckier Glop than I can.'

'I dare you to eat Glop,' said Margaret.

'I double dare you back,' said Henry. 'Dares go first.' Margaret stood up very straight.

'All right,' said Margaret. 'Glop starts with snails and worms.'

And she started poking under the bushes.

'Got one!' she shouted, holding up a fat snail.

'Now for some worms,' said Margaret.

She got down on her hands and knees and started digging a hole.





‘You can’t put anything from outside into Glop,’ said Henry quickly. ‘Only stuff in the kitchen.’

Margaret looked at Henry.

‘I thought we were making Glop,’ she said.

‘We are,’ said Henry. ‘My way, because it’s *my* house.’

Horrid Henry and Moody Margaret went into the gleaming white kitchen. Henry got out two wooden mixing spoons and a giant red bowl.

‘I’ll start,’ said Henry. He went to the cupboard and opened the doors wide.

‘Porridge!’ said Henry. And he poured some into the bowl.

Margaret opened the fridge and looked inside. She grabbed a small container.

‘Soggy semolina!’ shouted Margaret. Into the bowl it went.

‘Coleslaw!’

‘Spinach!’

‘Coffee!’

‘Yoghurt!’

‘Flour!’

‘Vinegar!’

‘Baked beans!’

‘Mustard!’

‘Peanut butter!’

