

Francesca Simon

Illustrated by Tony Ross

A Monster Helping of
HORRID HENRY
3 Books in 1



A MONSTER HELPING OF HORRID HENRY

Francesca Simon spent her childhood on the beach in California, and then went to Yale and Oxford Universities to study medieval history and literature.

She now lives in London with her family. She has written over fifty books and won the Children's Book of the Year in 2008 at the Galaxy British Book Awards for *Horrid Henry and the Abominable Snowman*.

Tony Ross is one of Britain's best-known illustrators, with many picture books to his name as well as line drawings for many fiction titles. He lives in Oxfordshire.

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Orion
Children's Books

This collection first published in Great Britain in 2013
by Orion Children's Books
a division of the Orion Publishing Group Ltd
Orion House
5 Upper St Martin's Lane
London WC2H 9EA
An Hachette UK Company

3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978 1 4440 0923 1

Printed in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

www.horridhenry.co.uk
www.orionbooks.co.uk

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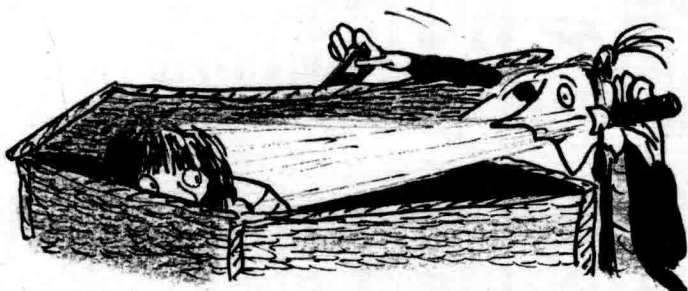
HORRID HENRY

Rocks

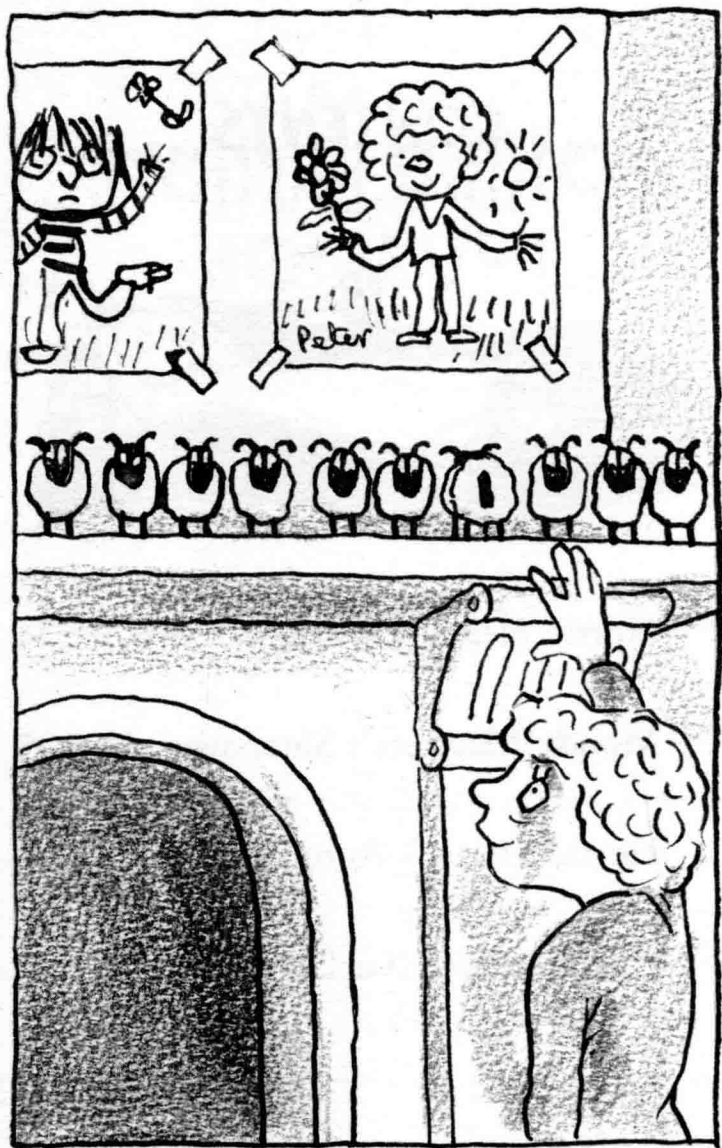


*For Jesse Nunn,
a major league Horrid Henry fan,
and for Imogen Stubbs*

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HORRID HENRY'S INVASION

'Baa! Baa! Baa!'

Perfect Peter baaed happily at his sheep collection. There they were, his ten lovely little sheepies, all beautifully lined up from biggest to smallest, heads facing forward, fluffy tails against the wall, all five centimetres apart from one another, all—

Perfect Peter gasped. Something was wrong. Something was terribly wrong. But what? What? Peter scanned the mantelpiece. Then he saw . . .

Noooooo!

Fluff Puff, his favourite sheep, the one with the pink and yellow nose, was facing the wrong way round. His nose was shoved against the wall. His tail was facing forward. And he was . . . he was . . . crooked!

This could only mean . . . this could only mean . . .

‘Mum!’ screamed Peter. ‘Mum! Henry’s been in my room again!’

‘Henry!’ shouted Mum. ‘Keep out of Peter’s room.’

‘I’m not in Peter’s room,’ yelled Horrid Henry. ‘I’m in mine.’

‘But he was,’ wailed Peter.

‘Wasn’t!’ bellowed Horrid Henry.

Tee hee.

Horrid Henry was strictly forbidden to go into Peter’s bedroom without Peter’s permission. But sometimes, thought Horrid Henry, when Peter was being

even more of a toady toad than usual, he had no choice but to invade.

Peter had run blabbing to Mum that Henry had watched *Mutant Max* and *Knight Fight* when Mum had said he could only watch one or the other. Henry had been banned from watching TV all day. Peter was such a telltale frogface ninnyhammer toady poo bag, thought Horrid Henry grimly. Well, just wait till Peter tried to colour in his new picture, he'd—

'MUM!' screamed Peter. 'Henry switched the caps on my coloured pens. I just put pink in the sky.'

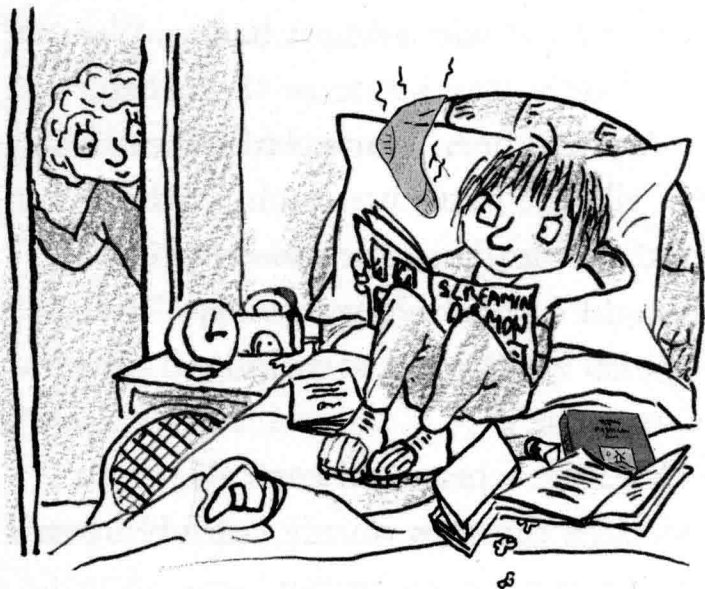
'Didn't!' yelled Henry.

'Did!' wailed Peter.

'Prove it,' said Horrid Henry, smirking.

Mum came upstairs. Quickly Henry leapt over the mess covering the floor

of his room, flopped on his bed and grabbed a *Screamin' Demon* comic. Peter came and stood in the doorway.



‘Henry’s being horrid,’ snivelled Peter.
 ‘Henry, have you been in Peter’s room?’ said Mum.

Henry sighed loudly. ‘Of course I’ve been in his smelly room. I live here, don’t I?’

'I mean when he wasn't there,' said Mum.

'No,' said Horrid Henry. This wasn't a lie, because even if Peter *wasn't* there his horrible stinky smell was.

'He has too,' said Peter. 'Fluff Puff was turned the wrong way round.'

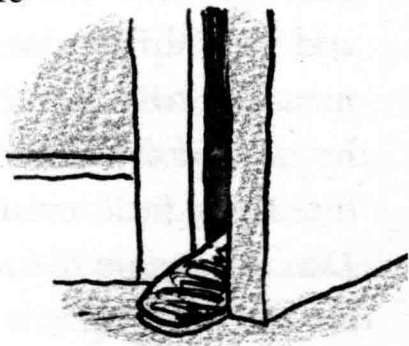
'Maybe he was just trying to escape from your pongy pants,' said Henry.

'I would.'

'Mum!' said Peter.

'Henry! Don't be horrid. Leave your brother alone.'

'I *am* leaving him alone,' said Horrid Henry. 'Why can't he leave *me* alone? And get out of *my* room, Peter!' he shrieked, as Peter put his foot just inside Henry's door.



Peter quickly withdrew his foot.

Henry glared at Peter.

Peter glared at Henry.

Mum sighed. 'The next one who goes into the other's room without permission will be banned from the computer for a week. And no pocket money either.'

She turned to go.

Henry stuck out his tongue at Peter.

'Telltale,' he mouthed.

'Mum!' screamed Peter.

Perfect Peter stalked back to his bedroom. How dare Henry sneak in and mess up his sheep? What a mean, horrible brother. Perhaps he needed to calm down and listen to a little music. The *Daffy and her Dancing Daisies Greatest Hits* CD always cheered him up.

