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Opening extract from

Horrid Henry Robs the Bank (one of 10 books in the Horrid Henry's Tricky Tricks Collection)

Written by

Francesca Simon

Illustrated by

Tony Ross

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HORRID HENRY
Robs the Bank



'I want the skull!'

'I want the skull!'

'*I* want the skull!' said Horrid Henry, glaring.

'You had it last time, Henry,' said Perfect Peter. 'I *never* get it.'

'Did not.'

'Did too.'

'*I'm* the guest so *I* get the skull,' said Moody Margaret, snatching it from the box. '*You* can have the claw.'

'NOOOOOOOO!' wailed Henry. 'The skull is my lucky piece.'

Margaret looked smug. 'You know I'm going to win, Henry, 'cause I always do. So ha ha ha.'

'Wanna bet?' muttered Horrid Henry.

The good news was that Horrid Henry was playing *Gotcha*, the world's best board game. Horrid Henry loved *Gotcha*. You rolled the dice and travelled round the board, collecting treasure, buying dragon lairs and praying you didn't land in your enemies' lairs or in the Dungeon.

The bad news was that Horrid Henry was having to play *Gotcha* with his worm toad crybaby brother.

The worst news was that Moody Margaret, the world's biggest cheater, was playing with them.

Margaret's mum was out for the afternoon, and had dumped Margaret at Henry's. Why oh why did she have to play at his house? Why couldn't her mum just dump her in the bin where she belonged?



Unfortunately, the last time they'd played *Gotcha*, Margaret had won. The last two, three, four and five times they'd played, Margaret had won. Margaret was a demon *Gotcha* player.

Well, not any longer.

This time, Henry was determined to beat her. Horrid Henry hated losing. By hook or by crook, he would triumph. Moody Margaret had beaten him at *Gotcha* for the very last time.

'Who'll be banker?' said Perfect Peter.

'Me,' said Margaret.

'Me,' said Henry. Being in charge of all the game's treasure was an excellent way of topping up your coffers when none of the other players was looking.

'I'm the guest so *I'm* banker,' said Margaret. 'You can be the dragon keeper.'



Horrid Henry's hand itched to yank Margaret's hair. But then Margaret would scream and scream and Mum would send Henry to his room and confiscate *Gotcha* until Henry was old and bald and dead.



'Touch any treasure that isn't yours, and you're dragon food,' hissed Henry.

'Steal any dragon eggs that aren't yours and you're toast,' hissed Margaret.

'If you're banker and Henry's the dragon keeper, what am I?' said Perfect Peter.

'A toad,' said Henry. 'And count yourself lucky.'

Horrid Henry snatched the dice. 'I'll go first.' The player who went first always had the best chance of buying up the best dragon lairs like Eerie Eyrie and Hideous Hellmouth.

'No,' said Margaret, 'I'll go first.'



'I'm the youngest, I should go first,' said Peter.

'Me!' said Margaret, snatching the dice. 'I'm the guest.'

'Me!' said Henry, snatching them back.



'Me!' said Peter.

'MUM!' screamed Henry and Peter.







Mum ran in. 'You haven't even started playing and already you're fighting,' said Mum.

'It's my turn to go first!' wailed Henry, Margaret, and Peter.

'The rules say to roll the dice and whoever gets the highest number goes first,' said Mum. 'End of story.' She left, closing the door behind her.

Henry rolled. Four. Not good.

'Peter's knee touched mine when I rolled the dice,' protested Henry. 'I get another turn.'

'No you don't,' said Margaret.

'Muuum! Henry's cheating!' shrieked Peter.

'If I get called one more time,' screamed Mum from upstairs, 'I will throw that game in the bin.'

Eeeek.

Margaret rolled. Three.

'You breathed on me,' hissed Margaret.

'Did not,' said Henry.

'Did too,' said Margaret. 'I get another go.'

'No way,' said Henry.

Peter picked up the dice.

'Low roll, low roll, low roll,' chanted Henry.

'Stop it, Henry,' said Peter.

'Low roll, low roll, low roll,' chanted Henry louder.

Peter rolled an eleven.



'Yippee, I go first,' trilled Peter.

Henry glared at him.

Perfect Peter took a deep breath, and rolled the dice to start the game.

Five. A Fate square.

Perfect Peter moved his gargoyle to the Fate square and picked up a Fate card. Would it tell him to claim a treasure hoard, or send him to the Dungeon? He squinted at it.

'The og . . . the ogr . . . I can't read it,' he said. 'The words are too hard for me.'

Henry snatched the card. It read:

The Ogres make you king for a day. Collect 20 rubies from the other players.

'The Ogres make you king for a day. Give 20 rubies to the player on your left,' read Henry. 'And that's me, so pay up.'