For Mum and Dad, for Absolutely Everything.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP
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First published 2018

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-275874-3

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in China

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural,
recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests.
The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental
regulations of the country of origin.

Horace & Harriet

Take on the Town



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY THE SPLENDIFEROUS
CLARE ELSOM

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THE FIRST BIT

It was a Saturday, and I decided to go to Princes Park to practise Going to the Park on My Own.

Mum said I could Go to the Park on My Own when I was ten.

Which I'm not.

I'm seven.

And a quarter.

Which meant that Grandad was with me, but, as instructed, he was walking AT LEAST thirty steps behind me, so that I could practise.

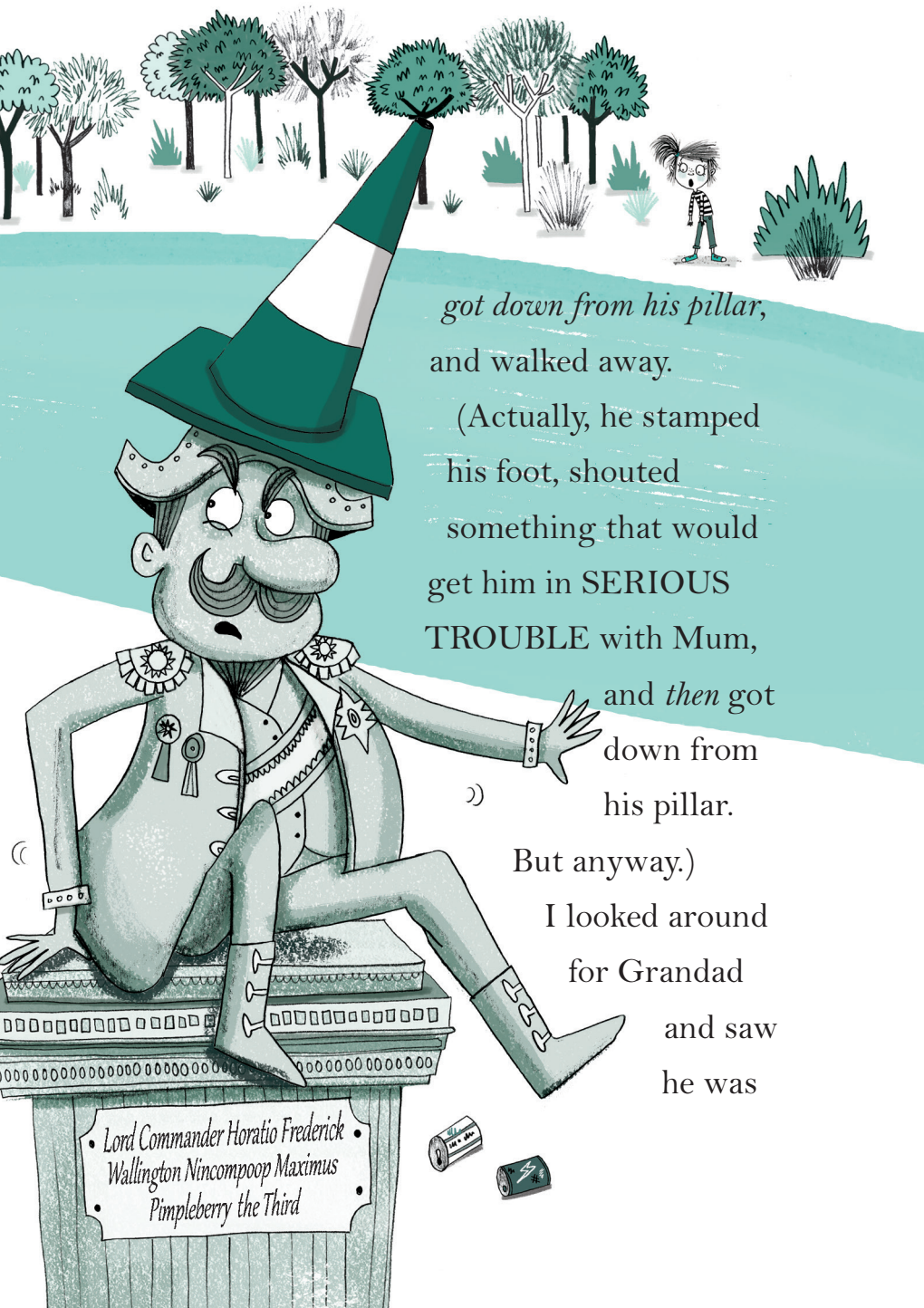
I was looking across the ornamental lake

to where the statue of Lord Commander Horatio Frederick Wallington Nincompoop Maximus Pimpleberry the Third stood. Somebody had cleaned the graffiti and pigeon poo off him, but some older kids were now throwing empty cans and trying to hit the traffic cone that was currently wedged on his head. They soon got bored and wandered away.



And THAT was when it happened.

Lord Commander Horatio Frederick Wallington Nincompoop Maximus Pimpleberry the Third …



got down from his pillar,
and walked away.
(Actually, he stamped
his foot, shouted
something that would
get him in SERIOUS
TROUBLE with Mum,
and *then* got
down from
his pillar.
But anyway.)
I looked around
for Grandad
and saw
he was

safely occupied Daydreaming About the Old Times on a bench, so I crept around the lake to have a closer look. The statue was hopping around next to his pillar and trying to yank the traffic cone from his head. I couldn't believe it. Well, have you ever seen a statue come to life, start talking, and GET DOWN from its pillar? No. Exactly.



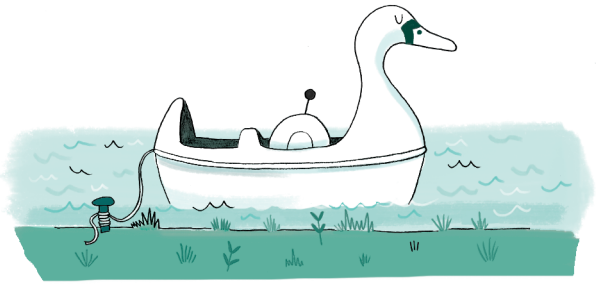
'That is QUITE ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE!' he was yelling. '*Nobody* should treat Lord Commander Horatio Frederick Wallington Nincompoop Maximus Pimpleberry the Third, winner of illustrious battles, thrice world champion of the international egg-and-spoon race, and the largest and most brilliant statue in Princes Park, in this most *disgraceful manner*!'



The statue puffed out his chest and straightened his medals. 'I demand a better place to reside. Henceforth it is *time*—' he paused for dramatic effect '—for some INVADING!' Then he whipped out a telescope and peered around the park. 'Aha!' he exclaimed, pointing the telescope towards the lake, even though he was standing right next to it. 'Target spotted!



Just the place! And there's even a ship!' he said excitedly. 'A little below the usual standards, but it will have to suffice.'



Lord Commander Horatio Frederick Wallington Nincompoop Maximus Pimpleberry the Third clambered into the pedalo and began pedalling furiously across the lake, waving some twigs threateningly at the ducks.

'Barry, go forth and warn them of our impending invasion!' He said this last bit to a pigeon that had been perched on his pillar.