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opening extract from

Horrid Henry Wakes the Dead

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HORRID HENRY AND THE TV REMOTE

Horrid Henry pushed through the front door. Perfect Peter squeezed past him and ran inside.

'Hey!' screamed Horrid Henry, dashing after him. 'Get back here, worm.'

'Noooo!' squealed Perfect Peter, running as fast as his little legs would carry him.

Henry grabbed Peter's shirt, then hurtled past him into the sitting room. Yippee! He was going to get the comfy

black chair first. Almost there, almost there, almost . . . and then Horrid Henry skidded on a sock and slipped. Peter pounded past and dived onto the comfy black chair. Panting and gasping, he snatched the remote control. Click!

'All together now! Who's a silly Billy?' trilled the world's most annoying goat.

'Billy!' sang out Perfect Peter.

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

It had happened again. Just as Henry was looking forward to resting his weary bones on the comfy black chair after another long, hard, terrible day at school and watching *Rapper Zapper* and *Knight Fight*, Peter had somehow managed to nab the chair first. It was so unfair.

The rule in Henry's house was that whoever was sitting in the comfy black chair decided what to watch on TV. And there was Peter, smiling and singing along

with Silly Billy, the revolting singing goat who thought he was a clown.



Henry's parents were so mean and horrible, they only had one teeny tiny telly in the whole, entire house. It was so minuscule Henry practically had to watch it using a magnifying glass. And so old you practically had to kick it



to turn it on. Everyone else he knew had loads of TVs. Rude Ralph had five ginormous ones all to himself. At least, that's what Ralph said.

All too often there were at least two great programmes on at the same time. How was Henry supposed to choose between *Mutant Max* and *Terminator Gladiator*? If only he could watch two TVs simultaneously, wouldn't life be wonderful?

Even worse, Mum, Dad, and Peter had their own smelly programmes *they* wanted to watch. And not great programmes like *Hog House* and *Gross Out*. Oh no. Mum and Dad liked watching . . . news. Documentaries. Opera. Perfect Peter liked nature programmes. And revolting baby programmes like *Daffy and her Dancing Daisies*. Uggghh! How did he end up in

this family? When would his real parents, the King and Queen, come and fetch him and take him to the palace where he could watch whatever he wanted all day?



When he grew up and became King Henry the Horrible, he'd have three TVs in every room, including the bathrooms.

But until that happy day, he was stuck at home slugging it out with Peter. He *could* spend the afternoon watching *Silly Billy*, *Cooking Cuties*, and *Sammy the Snail*. Or . . .

Horrid Henry pounced and snatched the remote. CLICK!

'. . . and the black knight lowers his visor . . .'

'Give it to me,' shrieked Peter.

'No,' said Henry.

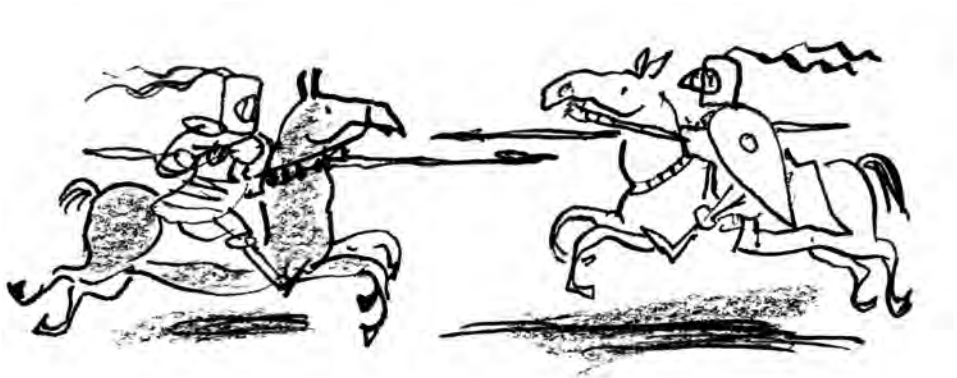
'But I've got the chair,' wailed Peter.

'So?' said Henry, waving the clicker at him. 'If you want the remote you'll have to come and get it.'

Peter hesitated. Henry dangled the remote just out of reach.

Perfect Peter slipped off the comfy black chair and grabbed for the remote. Horrid Henry ducked, swerved and jumped onto the empty chair.

'. . . And the knights are advancing towards one another, lances poised . . .'



'MUUUUMMMM!' squealed Peter. 'Henry snatched the remote!'

'Did not!'

'Did too.'

'Did not, wibble pants.'

'Don't call me wibble pants,' cried Peter.

'Okay, pongy poo poo,' said Henry.

'Don't call me pongy poo poo,' shrieked Peter.

'Okay, wibble bibble,' said Horrid Henry.

'MUUUUUMMM!' wailed Peter. 'Henry's calling me names!'

'Henry! Stop being horrid,' shouted Mum.

'I'm just trying to watch TV in peace!' screamed Henry. 'Peter's annoying me.'

'Henry's annoying *me*,' whined Peter. 'He pushed me off the chair.'

'Liar,' said Henry. 'You fell off.'

'MUUUUMMMMMM!' screamed Peter.

Mum ran in, and grabbed the remote.

Click! The screen went black.

'I've had it with you boys fighting over the TV,' shouted Mum. 'No TV for the rest of the day.'

What?

Huh?

'But . . . but . . .' said Perfect Peter.

'But . . . but . . .' said Horrid Henry.

'No buts,' said Mum.

'It's not fair!' wailed Henry and Peter.

Horrid Henry paced up and down his room, whacking his teddy, Mr Kill, on the bedpost every time he walked past.

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

He had to find a way to make sure he watched the programmes *he* wanted to watch. He just had to. He'd have to get up at the crack of dawn. There was no other way.

Unless . . .

Unless . . .

And then Horrid Henry had a brilliant, spectacular idea. What an idiot he'd been. All those months he'd missed his fantastic shows . . . Well, never ever again.

Sneak.

Sneak.

Sneak.