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Opening extract from

Horrid Henry and the Zombie Vampire

Written by

Francesca Simon

Published by

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HORRID HENRY
and the
Zombie Vampire

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 45 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*.

Also by Francesca Simon

Don't Cook Cinderella
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Don't Be Horrid, Henry!
The Parent Swap Shop
Spider School
The Topsy-Turvies

There is a complete list of **Horrid Henry** titles at the end of the book.

Visit Horrid Henry's website at **www.horridhenry.co.uk** for competitions, games, downloads and a monthly newsletter!

HORRiD HENRY and the Zombie Vampire



Francesca Simon
Illustrated by Tony Ross

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For the amazing, inspiring, and fantastic
Josh Stamp-Simon

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1

HORRID HENRY WRITES A STORY

'NO!' screamed Horrid Henry. 'NO!'

'Don't be horrid, Henry,' said Dad.

'We'd LOVE to hear your new story, Peter,' said Mum.

'I wouldn't,' said Henry.

'Don't be rude, Henry,' said Dad.

Horrid Henry stuck his fingers in his ears and glared.

AAAARRRRRGGGGHHHHH.

Wasn't it bad enough that he had to sit at the table in front of a disgusting plate filled with – yuck – sprouts and – blecccchh – peas instead of the chips

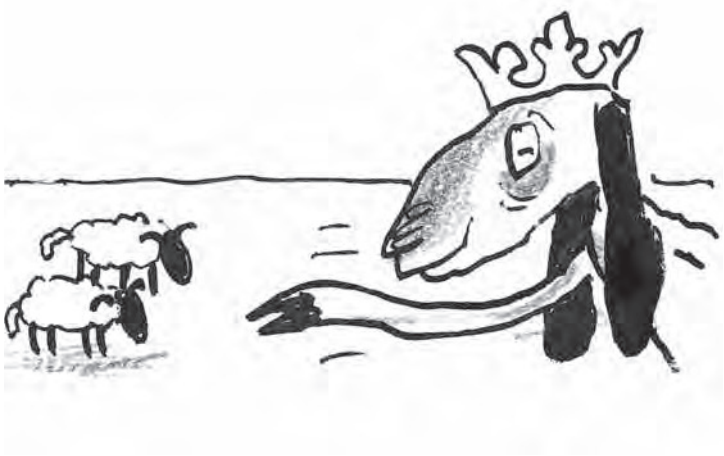
and pizza he had BEGGED Dad to cook for dinner? Did he really have to listen to Peter droning on as well?

This was torture. This was a cruel and unusual punishment. Did any child in the world ever suffer as much as Henry?

It was so unfair! Mum and Dad wouldn't let him play the Killer Boy Rats during dinner but now they wanted to force him to listen to Peter read his stupid story.

Peter wrote the world's worst stories. If they weren't about fairies, they were about kittens, or butterflies, or little elves that helped humans with their chores. His last one was all about the stupid adventures of Peter's favourite plastic sheep, Fluff Puff, and the terrible day his pink and yellow nose turned blue. The king of the sheep had to come and wave his magic hoof to change it back . . .





Henry shuddered just remembering. And then Henry had shouted that a woodsman who really fancied a lamb chop had nabbed Fluff Puff and then Mum and Dad had sent him to his room.

Perfect Peter unfolded his piece of paper and cleared his throat.

'My story is called, *Butterfly Fairies Paint the Rainbow*,' said Peter.

'AARRGGHHH!' said Henry.

'What a lovely title,' said Mum. She glared at Henry.

'Can't wait to hear it,' said Dad. 'Stop playing with your food, Henry,' he added, as Horrid Henry started squishing peas under his knife.

'Once upon a time there lived seven butterfly fairies. There was one for every colour of the rainbow. Dance and prance, prance and dance, went the butterfly fairies every day.'

Henry groaned. 'That's just copying *Daffy and her Dancing Daisies*.'

'I'm not copying,' said Perfect Peter.

'Are too.'

'Am not.'

'Don't be horrid, Henry,' said Mum. 'Peter, that's a lovely story so far. Go on, what happens next?'

'The butterfly fairies also kept the rainbow lovely and shiny. Each fairy polished their own colour every day. But one day the butterfly fairies looked

up at the sky. Whoopsydaisy! All the colours had fallen off the rainbow.'

'Call the police,' said Horrid Henry.

'Mum, Henry keeps interrupting me,' wailed Peter.

'Stop it, Henry,' said Mum.

'The fairies ran to tell their queen what had happened,' read Peter.

'"All the colours of the rainbow fell down," cried the butterfly fairies.



"Oh no."

"Oh woe."

"Boo hoo. Boo hoo."'



SCRATCH! SCRAPE!

Horrid Henry started grinding his knife into his plate.

'Stop that, Henry,' said Dad.

'I'm just eating my dinner,' said Henry. He sighed loudly. 'You're always telling me to use my knife. And now I am and you tell me to stop.'

Perfect Peter raised his voice. "'Don't cry, butterfly fairies," said the Queen. "We'll just—"'

SCRAPE!

Horrid Henry scraped louder.

'Mum!' wailed Peter. 'He's trying to ruin my story.'

'There's nothing to ruin,' said Henry.

'Be quiet, Henry,' said Dad. 'I don't want to hear another word out of you.'