HORRID HENRY'S
Monster Movie

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 more than 50 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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and for younger readers

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The Topsy-Turvies
Runaway Duckling
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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!

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Francesca Simon
Illustrated by Tony Ross

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For Emily Lethbridge

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HORRID HENRY'S MONSTER MOVIE

Horrid Henry loved scary movies. He loved nothing more than curling up on the comfy black chair with a huge bag of popcorn and a Fizzywizz drink, and jumping out of his seat in shock every few minutes. He loved wailing ghosts, oozing swamps, and bloodthirsty monsters. No film was too scary or too creepy for Horrid Henry. MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Perfect Peter hated scary movies. He hated nothing more than hiding behind

the comfy black chair covering his eyes and jumping out of his skin in shock every few seconds. He hated ghosts and swamps and monsters. Even Santa Claus saying 'ho ho ho' too loudly scared him.

Thanks to Peter being the biggest scaredy-cat who ever lived, Mum and Dad would never take Henry to see any scary films.

And now, the scariest, most frightening, most terrible film ever was in town. Horrid Henry was desperate to see it.

'You're not seeing that film and that's final,' said Mum.

'Absolutely no way,' said Dad. 'Far too scary.'

'But I love scary movies!' shrieked Horrid Henry.

'I don't,' said Mum.

'I don't,' said Dad.

'I hate scary movies,' said Perfect Peter. 'Please can we see *The Big Bunny Caper* instead?'

'NO!' shrieked Horrid Henry.

'Stop shouting, Henry,' said Mum.

'But everyone's seen *The Vampire Zombie Werewolf*,' moaned Horrid Henry. 'Everyone but me.'

Moody Margaret had seen it, and said it was the best horror film ever.

Fiery Fiona had seen it three times. 'And I'm seeing it three more times,' she squealed.

Rude Ralph said he'd run screaming from the cinema.

AAAARRRRGGGGHHHHHH.

Horrid Henry thought he would explode he wanted to see *The Vampire Zombie Werewolf* so much. But no. The film came and went, and Horrid Henry wailed and gnashed.

So he couldn't believe his luck when Rude Ralph came up to him one day at playtime and said:

'I've got *The Vampire Zombie*

Werewolf film on DVD. Want to come over and watch it after school?'

Did he ever!

Horrid Henry squeezed onto the sofa between Rude Ralph and Brainy Brian. Dizzy Dave sat on the floor next to Jolly Josh and Aerobic Al. Anxious Andrew sat on a chair. He'd already covered his face with his hands. Even Moody Margaret and Sour Susan were there, squabbling over who got to sit in the armchair and who had to sit on the floor.

'OK everyone, this is it,' said Rude Ralph. 'The scariest film ever. Are we ready?'

'Yeah!'

Horrid Henry gripped the sofa as the eerie piano music started.

There was a deep, dark forest.

'I'm scared!' wailed Anxious Andrew.

'Nothing's happened yet,' said Horrid Henry.

A boy and a girl ran through the shivery, shadowy trees.

'Is it safe to look?' gasped Anxious Andrew.

'Shhh,' said Moody Margaret.

'You shhh!' said Horrid Henry.

'MWAHAAAAHAAAAHAHAHAA!' bellowed Dizzy Dave.

'I'm scared!' shrieked Anxious Andrew.

'Shut up!' shouted Rude Ralph.

The pale girl stopped running and turned to the bandaged boy.

'I can't kiss you or I'll turn into a zombie,' sulked the girl.

'I can't kiss *you* or *I'll* turn into a vampire,' scowled the boy.

'But our love is so strong!' wailed the vampire girl and the zombie boy.

'Not as strong as me!' howled the werewolf, leaping out from behind a tree stump.

'AAAAAAAARRRRGGGHHH!' screeched Anxious Andrew.

'SHUT UP!' shouted Henry and Ralph.

'Leave her alone, you walking bandage,' said the werewolf.

'Leave him alone, you smelly fur ball,' said the vampire.

'This isn't scary,' said Horrid Henry.

'Shh,' said Margaret.

'Go away!' shouted the zombie.

'You go away, you big meanie,' snarled the werewolf.

'Don't you know that two's company and three's a crowd?' hissed the vampire.

'I challenge you both to an arm-wrestling contest,' howled the werewolf. 'The winner gets to keep the arms.'

'Or in your case the paws,' sniffed the vampire.

'This is the worst film I've ever seen,' said Horrid Henry.

'Shut up, Henry,' said Margaret.

'We're trying to watch,' said Susan.

'Ralph, I thought you said this was a really scary film,' hissed Henry. 'Have you *actually* seen it before?'

Rude Ralph looked at the floor.

'No,' admitted Ralph. 'But everyone said they'd seen it and I didn't want to be left out.'

'Margaret's a big fat liar too,' said Susan. 'She never saw it either.'

'Shut up, Susan!' shrieked Margaret.

'Awhoooooooo,' howled the werewolf.

Horrid Henry was disgusted. He could make a *much* scarier film. In fact . . . what was stopping him? Who better to make the scariest film of all time than

Henry? How hard could it be to make a film? You just pointed a camera and yelled, 'Action!' Then he'd be rich rich rich. He'd need a spare house just to stash all his cash. And he'd be famous, too. Everyone would be begging for a role in one of his mega-horror blockbusters. *Please can we be in your new monster film?* Mum and Dad and Peter would beg. Well, they could beg as long as they liked. He'd give them his autograph, but that would be *it*.