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opening extract from

horrid henry's big bad book

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published by orion

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FRANCESCA SIMON

HORRID HENRY'S BIG BAD BOOK



Illustrated by Tony Ross

Orion
Children's Books



HORRID HENRY'S NEW TEACHER



'Now Henry,' said Dad. 'Today is the first day of school. A chance for a fresh start with a new teacher.'

'Yeah, yeah,' scowled Horrid Henry.

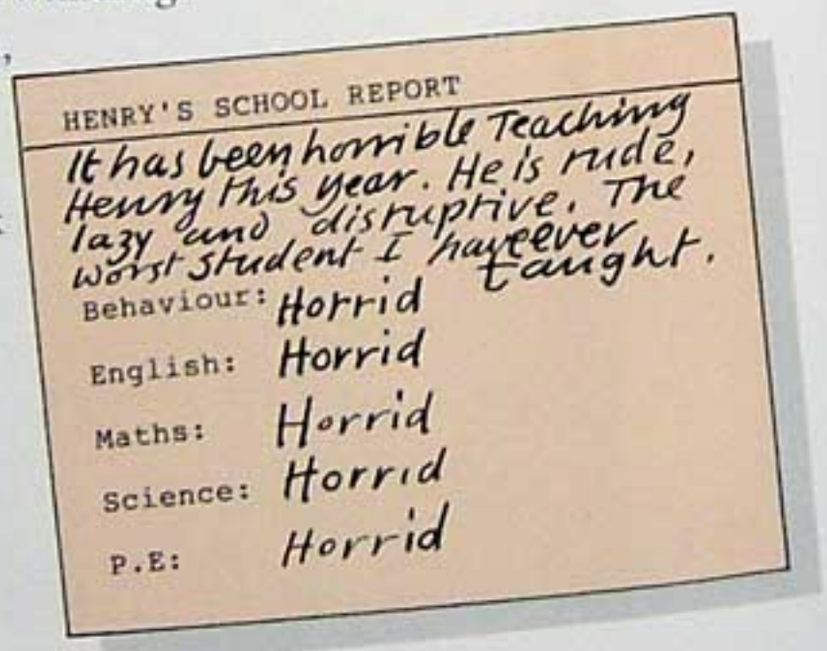
He hated the first day of term. Another year, another teacher to show who was boss. His first teacher, Miss Marvel, had run screaming from the classroom after two weeks. His next teacher, Mrs Zip, had run screaming from the classroom after one day. Breaking in new teachers wasn't easy, thought Henry, but someone had to do it.

Dad got out a piece of paper and waved it.

'Henry, I never want to read another school report like this again,' he said. 'Why can't your school reports be like Peter's?'

Henry started whistling.

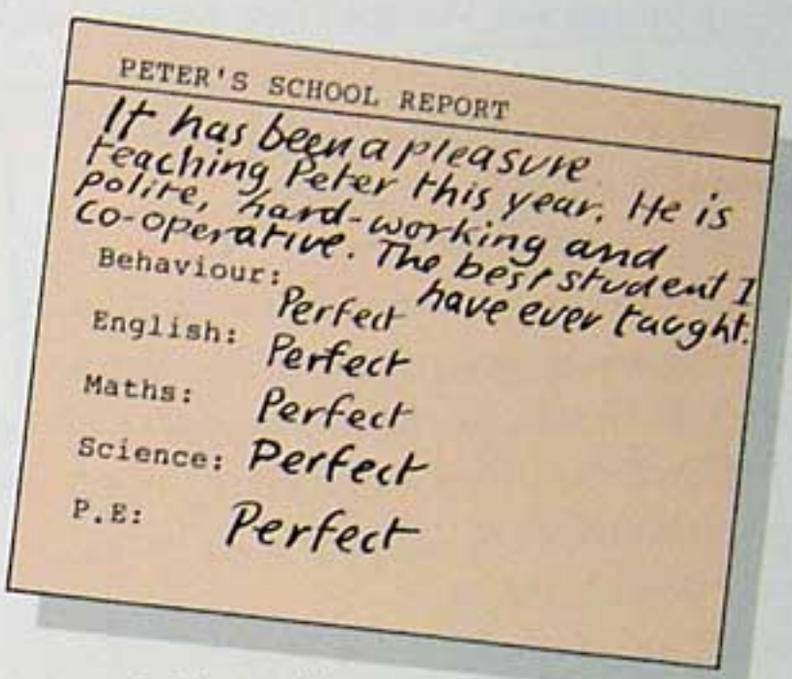
'Pay attention, Henry,' shouted Dad. 'This is important. Look at this report.'



'What about *my* report?' said Perfect Peter.

Dad beamed.

'Your report was perfect, Peter,' said Dad. 'Keep up the wonderful work.'



Peter smiled proudly.

'You'll just have to try harder, Henry,' said Peter, smirking.

Horrid Henry was a shark sinking his teeth into a drowning sailor.

'OWWWW,' shrieked Peter. 'Henry bit me!'

'Don't be horrid, Henry!' shouted Dad. 'Or no TV for a week.'

'I don't care,' muttered Henry. When he became king he'd make it a law that parents, not children, had to go to school.

Horrid Henry pushed and shoved his way into class and grabbed the seat next to Rude Ralph.

'Nah nah ne nah nah, I've got a new football,' said Ralph.

Henry didn't have a football. He'd kicked his through Moody Margaret's window.

'Who cares?' said Horrid Henry.

The classroom door slammed. It was Mr Nerdon, the toughest, meanest, nastiest teacher in the school.

'SILENCE!' he said, glaring at them with his bulging eyes. 'I don't want to hear a sound. I don't even want to hear anyone breathe.'

The class held its breath.

'GOOD!' he growled. 'I'm Mr Nerdon.'

Henry snorted. What a stupid name.

'Nerd,' he whispered to Ralph.

Rude Ralph giggled.

'Nerdy Nerd,' whispered Horrid Henry, snickering.

Mr Nerdon walked up to Henry and jabbed his finger in his face.

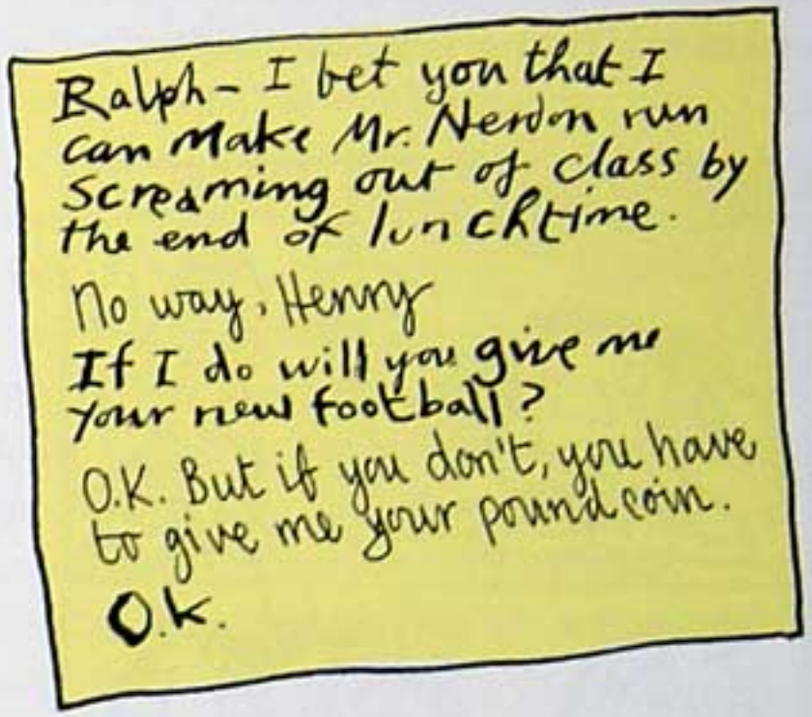
'Quiet, you horrible boy!' said Mr Nerdon. 'I've got my eye on you. Oh yes. I've heard about your other teachers. Bah! I'm made of stronger stuff. There will be no nonsense in *my* class.'

We'll see about that, thought Henry.

'Our first sums for the year are on the board. Now get to work,' ordered Mr Nerdon.

Horrid Henry had an idea.

Quickly he scribbled a note to Ralph.



Horrid Henry took a deep breath and went to work. He rolled up some paper, stuffed it in his mouth, and spat it out. The spitball whizzed through the air and pinged Mr Nerdon on the back of his neck.

Mr Nerdon wheeled round.

'You!' snapped Mr Nerdon. 'Don't you mess with me!'

'It wasn't *me*!' said Henry. 'It was Ralph.'

'Liar!' said Mr Nerdon. 'Sit at the back of the class.'