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Opening extract from

Horrid Henry's Krazy Ketchup

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HORRID HENRY'S KRAZY KETCHUP

"Boys," shouted Mum up the stairs. "Dinner's ready."

"Ralph! Catch."

Horrid Henry threw Fluff Puff, Peter's favourite plastic sheep, to Ralph.

Rude Ralph caught it, and threw it back to Henry over Peter's head.



"Give me back my sheep," said Perfect Peter.

"How much will you pay me, Wormy Worm?" said Horrid Henry.

"Mum!" screamed Perfect Peter.





"Henry stole Fluff Puff and he won't give him back. And he called me Wormy Worm."

"Tell-tale," hissed Henry.

Fluff Puff flew through the air, a sheep in flight, and landed smack on the floor.

"Henry," shouted Mum. "Say sorry for calling Peter names. And get down here NOW."

"Sorry I called you Wormy Worm," said Henry, "when I meant to call you

Poopsicle."

"MUUUUM!" shrieked Peter. He picked up Fluff Puff and ran downstairs.



"Boys. For the last time. Dinner's ready."

Henry and Ralph stomped downstairs and sat at the table.

"What's for dinner?" said Horrid Henry.

"Cauliflower cheese," said Dad.

"Ick," said Henry.

"Yuck," said Ralph, rudely. "I hate cauliflower. I need ketchup."

"Yeah," said Horrid Henry. "Me too. Ketchup makes everything taste great."

"No ketchup for me," said Perfect Peter. "It's much too sweet."

Mum smiled at Peter.

"It certainly is," said Mum. "Ketchup has lots of sugar in it."

Wow, thought Horrid Henry. Wow. Ketchup was even more wonderful than he'd thought. When he became a billionaire with his top secret ketchup recipes, and, naturally, his own brand, *Henry's Incredible Ketchup*, he'd put in loads more sugar. Then it would taste even better.





Mum reached for the sauce and squirted a teeny weeny drop onto Henry's plate. Then she did the same to Ralph's plate.

"That's not enough," Henry howled. "I need MORE. I want ketchup on my ketchup."

"Yeah," said Rude Ralph. "Gimme more."

How could anyone eat cauliflower unless its horrible white knobbly-ness was covered in ketchup? And beans without ketchup? Or eggs without ketchup? Gross. Nothing could hide their horrible beaniness, or revolting egginess, but ketchup helped.

"Don't be horrid, Henry," said Mum.