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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.