

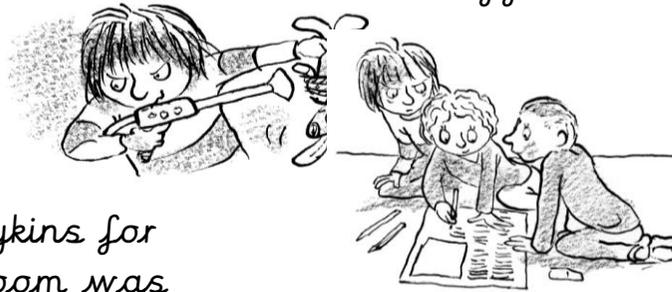
Extract from "Horrid Henry's Newspaper" by Francesca Simon

## HORRID HENRY'S NEWSPAPER

'It's not fair!' howled Horrid Henry. 'I want a Hip-Hop Robot dog!' Horrid Henry needed money. Lots and lots and lots of money. 'How could he get some money? Wait. Maybe he could persuade Peter to give him some. Peter always had tons of cash because he never bought anything.

Yes! He could hold Peter's Bunnykins for ransom. He could tell Peter his room was haunted and get Peter to pay him for ghostbusting.

Horrid Henry burst into Peter's bedroom. Perfect Peter and Tidy Ted were whispering together on the floor. Papers were scattered all around them. 'You can't come in my room,' said Peter.



'Yes I can,' said Henry, ' 'cause I'm already in. Poooh, your room stinks.' 'That's 'cause you're in it,' said Peter. Henry decided to ignore this insult.

'Whatcha doing?' 'Nothing,' said Peter. 'We're writing our own newspaper like Mrs Oddbod suggested in assembly,' said Ted. 'We've

even got a Tidy with Ted column,' he added proudly. 'A snooze paper, you mean,' said Henry. 'It is not,' said Peter. Henry snorted.

'What's it called?' 'The Best Boys' Busy Bee,' said Peter.

'Peter, I have a great idea for your paper,' said Henry. 'What?' said Peter cautiously. 'You can use your newspaper for Fluffy's cat litter tray.'

'MUUUM!' wailed Peter. 'Henry's being mean to me.' 'Don't be horrid, Henry!' shouted

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Mum. 'Peter is a poopsicle, Peter is a poopsicle,' chanted Henry. But then Peter did something strange. Instead of screaming for Mum, Peter started writing. 'Now everyone who buys my newspaper will know how horrid you are,' said Peter, putting down his pencil. 'We're selling it in school tomorrow,' said Ted. 'Miss Lovely said we could.' 'Let me see that,' said Henry, yanking the paper out of Peter's hands.

The Busy Bee's headline read:

PETER IN THE GOOD AS GOLD BOOK FOR THE FOURTH TIME THIS MONTH

Horrid Henry snorted. What a worm. Then his eye caught the second headline:

COMPUTER BAN FOR HORRID BOY

Henry was banned from playing games on the computer today because he was mean to his brother Peter and called him wibble pants and poopsicle. The Busy Bee hopes

Henry has learned his lesson and will stop being such a big meanie.

'You're going to . . . sell this?' spluttered Henry. His name would be mud. Worse than mud.