Lovereading.co.uk

Horrid Henry and the Football Fiend

Written by Francesca Simon

Illustrated by Tony Ross

Published by Orion Children's Books

Extract

Text © Francesca Simon 2006
Illustrations © Tony Ross 2006

Click here to buy this book and read more

This opening extract is exclusive to Lovereading.
Please print off and read at your leisure.

1

HORRID HENRY PEEKS AT PETER'S DIARY

'What are you doing?' demanded Horrid Henry, bursting into Peter's bedroom.

'Nothing,' said Perfect Peter quickly, slamming his notebook shut.

'Yes you are,' said Henry.

'Get out of my room,' said Peter. 'You're not allowed to come in unless I say so.'

Horrid Henry leaned over Peter's shoulder.

'What are you writing?'

'None of your business,' said Peter. He

covered the closed notebook tightly with his arm.

'It is *too* my business if you're writing about *me*.'

'It's *my* diary. I can write what I want to,' said Peter. 'Miss Lovely said we should keep a diary for a week and write in it every day.'

'Bo-ring,' said Henry, yawning.

'No it isn't,' said Peter. 'Anyway, you'll find out next week what I'm writing: I've been chosen to read my diary out loud for our class assembly.'

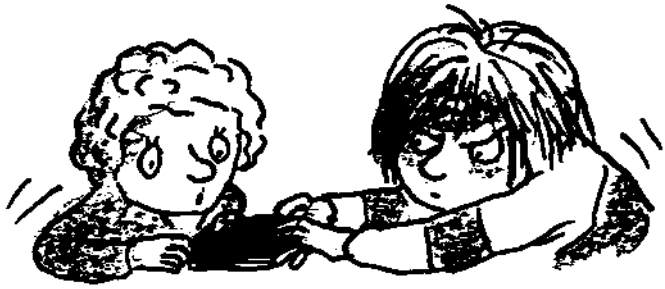
Horrid Henry's heart turned to ice.

Peter read his diary out loud? So the whole school could hear Peter's lies about him? No way!

'Gimme that!' screamed Horid Henry, lunging for the diary.

'No!' screamed Peter, holding on tight. 'MUUUM! Help! Henry's in my room!

And he didn't knock! And he won't leave!'



'Shut up, tattle-tale,' hissed Henry, forcing Peter's fingers off the diary.

'MUUUUMMMMMM!' shrieked Peter.

Mum stomped up the stairs.

Henry opened the diary. But before he could read a single word Mum burst in.

'He snatched my diary! And he told me to shut up!' wailed Peter.

'Henry! Stop annoying your brother,' said Mum.

'I wasn't,' said Henry.

'Yes he was,' snivelled Peter.

'And now you've made him cry,' said Mum. 'Say sorry.'

'I was just asking about his homework,' protested Henry innocently.

'He was trying to read my diary,' said Peter.

'Henry!' said Mum. 'Don't be horrid. A diary is private. Now leave your brother alone.'

It was so unfair. Why did Mum always believe Peter?

Humph. Horrid Henry stalked out of Peter's bedroom. Well, no way was Henry waiting until class assembly to find out what Peter had written.

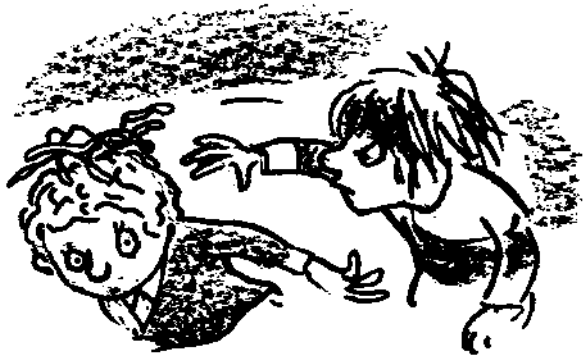
Sneak. Sneak. Sneak.

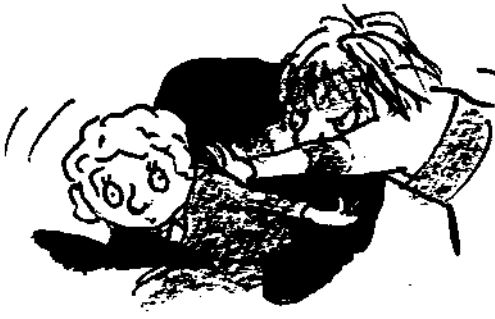
Horrid Henry checked to the right. Horrid Henry checked to the left. Mum was downstairs working on the computer.

Dad was in the garden. Peter was playing at Goody-Goody Gordon's house.

At last, the coast was clear. He'd been trying to get hold of Peter's diary for days. There was no time to lose.

Tomorrow was Peter's class assembly. Would he mention Sunday's food fight, when Henry had been forced to throw soggy pasta at Peter? Or when Henry had to push Peter off the comfy black chair and pinch him? Or yesterday when Henry banished him from the





Purple Hand Club and Peter had run screaming to Mum?

A lying, slimy worm like Peter would be sure to make it look like Henry was the villain when in fact Peter was always to blame.

Even worse, what horrid lies had Peter been making up about him? People would read Peter's ravings and think they were true. When Henry was famous, books would be written about him, and someone would find Peter's diary and believe it! When things were written down they had a horrible way of seeming to be true even when they were big fat lies.

Henry sneaked into Peter's bedroom

and shut the door. Now, where was that diary? Henry glanced at Peter's tidy desk. Peter kept it on the second shelf, next to his crayons and trophies.

The diary was gone.

Rats. Peter must have hidden it.

That little worm, thought Horrid Henry. Why on earth would he hide his diary? And *where* on earth would that smelly toad hide it? Behind his 'Good as Gold' certificates? In the laundry basket? Underneath his stamp collection?

He checked Peter's sock drawer. No diary.



He checked Peter's underwear drawer. No diary.

He peeked under Peter's pillow, and under Peter's bed.
Still no diary.

OK, where would *I* hide a diary, thought Horrid Henry desperately. Easy. I'd put it in a chest and bury it in the garden, with a pirate curse on it.



Somehow he doubted Perfect Peter would be so clever.

OK, thought Henry, if I were an ugly toad like him, where would I hide it?

The bookcase. Of course. What better place to hide a book?

Henry strolled over to Peter's bookcase, with all the books arranged neatly in alphabetical order. Aha! What



was that sticking out between *The Happy Nappy* and *The Hoppy Hippo*?

Gotcha, thought Horrid Henry, yanking the diary off the shelf. At last he would know Peter's secrets. He'd make him cross out all his lies if it was the last thing he did.

Horrid Henry sat down and began to read:





Monday

Today I drew a picture of my teacher, Miss Lovely. Miss Lovely gave me a gold star for reading. That's because I'm the best reader in the class. And the best at maths. And the best at everything else.

Tuesday

Today I said please and thank you 236 times

Wednesday

Today I ate all my vegetables

Thursday
Today I sharpened my pencils.
I ate all my sprouts and had
Seconds.

Friday
Today I wrote a poem to my mummy

I Love my mummy.
I came out of her tummy,
Her food is yummy,
She is so scrummy,
I love my mummy.

Slowly Horrid Henry closed Peter's diary. He knew Peter's diary would be bad. But never in his worst nightmares had he imagined anything this bad.

Perfect Peter hadn't mentioned him once. Not once.

You'd think I didn't even live in this house, thought Henry. He was outraged.

How dare Peter *not* write about him? And then all the stupid things Peter *had* written.

Henry's name would be mud when people heard Peter's diary in assembly and found out what a sad brother he had. Everyone would tease him. Horrid Henry would never live down the shame.

Peter needed Henry's help, and he needed it fast. Horrid Henry grabbed a pencil and got to work.

