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Opening extract from  
**Horrid Henry's Krazy Ketchup**

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Published by  
**Orion Children's Books**

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First published in Great Britain in 2014  
by Orion Children's Books  
a division of the Orion Publishing Group Ltd  
Orion House  
5 Upper Saint Martin's Lane  
London WC2H 9EA  
An Hachette UK Company  
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Text © Francesca Simon 2014

Illustrations © Tony Ross 2014

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A catalogue record for this book is  
available from the British Library.

Printed in Great Britain by  
Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

ISBN 978 1 4440 0017 7

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[www.orionbooks.co.uk](http://www.orionbooks.co.uk)

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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.