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HORRID HENRY'S MONSTER MOVIE

Horrid Henry loved scary movies. He loved nothing more than curling up on the comfy black chair with a huge bag of popcorn and a Fizzywizz drink, and jumping out of his seat in shock every few minutes. He loved wailing ghosts, oozing swamps, and bloodthirsty monsters. No film was too scary or too creepy for Horrid Henry. MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Perfect Peter hated scary movies. He hated nothing more than hiding behind the comfy black chair covering his eyes

and jumping out of his skin in shock every few seconds. He hated ghosts and swamps and monsters. Even Santa Claus saying 'ho ho ho' too loudly scared him.

Thanks to Peter being the biggest scaredy-cat who ever lived, Mum and Dad would never take Henry to see any scary films.

And now, the scariest, most frightening, most terrible film ever was in town. Horrid Henry was desperate to see it.

'You're not seeing that film and that's final,' said Mum.

'Absolutely no way,' said Dad. 'Far too scary.'

'But I love scary movies!' shrieked Horrid Henry.

'I don't,' said Mum.

'I don't,' said Dad. 'I hate scary movies.'

'Stop shouting, Henry,' said Mum.

'But everyone's seen *The Vampire Zombie Werewolf*,' said Perfect Peter.

'Please can we see *The Big Bunny Caper* instead?'

'NO!' shrieked Horrid Henry.

'Werewolf,'

moaned

Horrid Henry.

'Everyone but me.'

Moody

Margaret had seen it, and said it was the best horror film ever.

Fiery Fiona had seen it three times. 'And I'm seeing it three more times,' she squealed.

Rude Ralph said he'd run screaming from the cinema.

AAAARRRRGGGGHHHHHHH.

