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Opening extract from
Horrid Henry's Christmas Presents

Written by
Francesca Simon

Illustrated by
Tony Ross

Published by
Orion (an Imprint of The Orion Publishing Group Ltd) an imprint of Orion Publishing Co

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Horrid Henry's Christmas Presents originally appeared in
Horrid Henry's Christmas Cracker first published in
Great Britain in 2006 by Orion Children's Books
This edition first published in Great Britain in 2012
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

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

ISBN 978 1 4440 0118 1
Printed in China



www.orionbooks.co.uk
www.horridhenry.co.uk

Chapter 1

Horrid Henry sat by the Christmas tree and stuffed himself full of the special sweets he'd nicked from the special Christmas Day stash when Mum and Dad weren't looking.



Horrid Henry was feeling delighted with himself and with the world. Granny and Grandpa, his grown-up cousins Pimpley Paul and Prissy Polly, and their baby Vomiting Vera were coming to spend Christmas. Whoopee, thought Horrid Henry, because they'd all have to bring *him* presents.



Thankfully, Rich-Aunt Ruby and Stuck-Up Steve weren't coming. They were off skiing. Henry hadn't forgotten the dreadful lime green cardigan Aunt Ruby had given him last year.



Mum dashed into the sitting room,
wearing a flour-covered apron
and looking frantic.

Henry choked down his mouthful
of sweets.

“Right, who wants to decorate
the tree?” said Mum. She held out a
cardboard box brimming with tinsel
and gold and silver and blue baubles.



“Me!” said Henry.

“Me!” said Peter.

