



This book belongs to...

HORRIBLE HARRIET

and the
TERRIBLE TANTRUM

*Dedicated to Erica Wagner, my editor,
without whom...*



Leigh HOBBS


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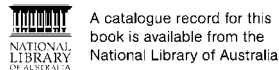


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Allen & Unwin
83 Alexander Street
Crows Nest NSW 2065
Australia
Phone: (61 2) 8425 0100
Email: info@allenandunwin.com
Web: www.allenandunwin.com



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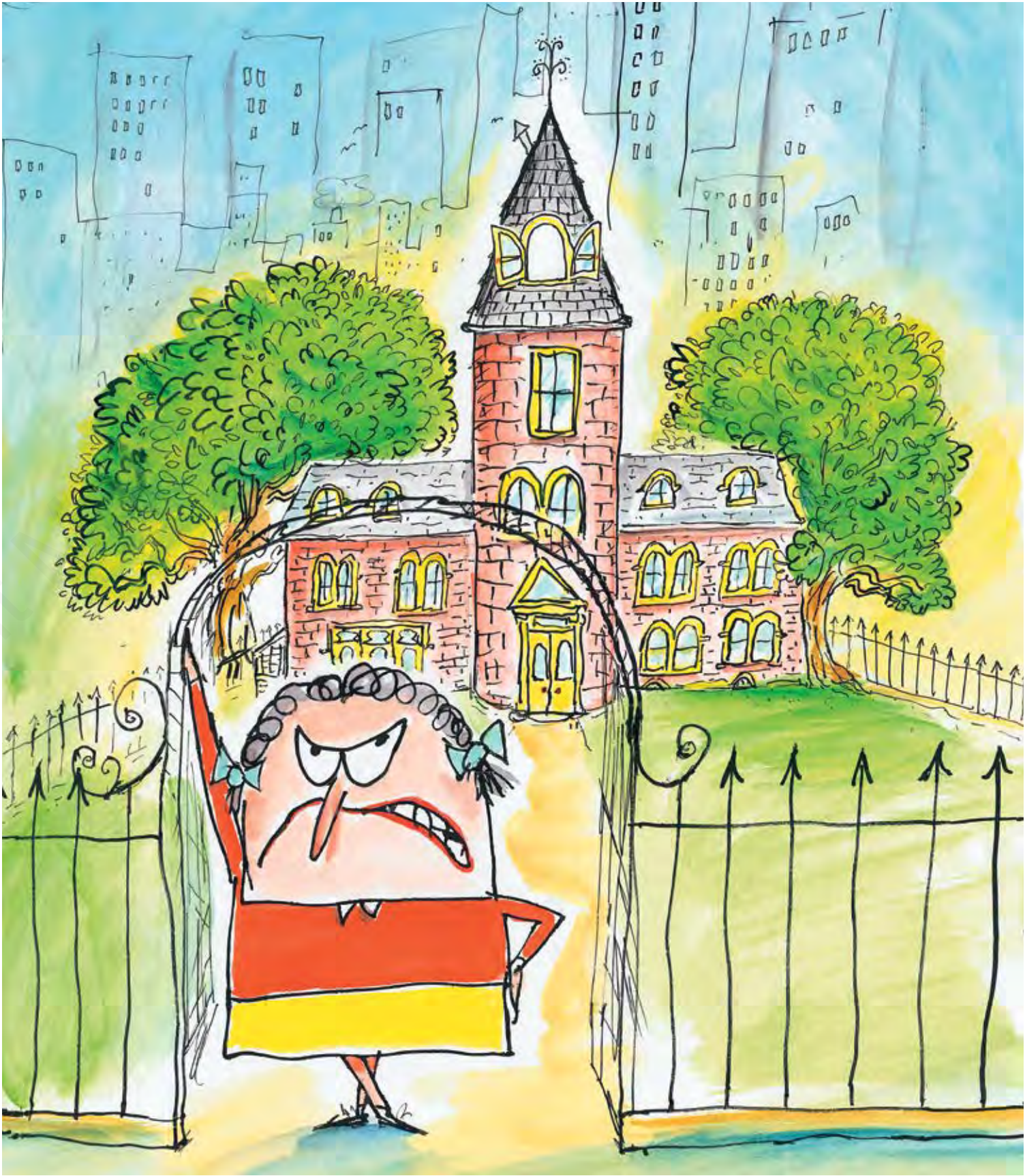
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Horrible Harriet was bored with being a bad girl.
She wanted to be a good girl for a change.

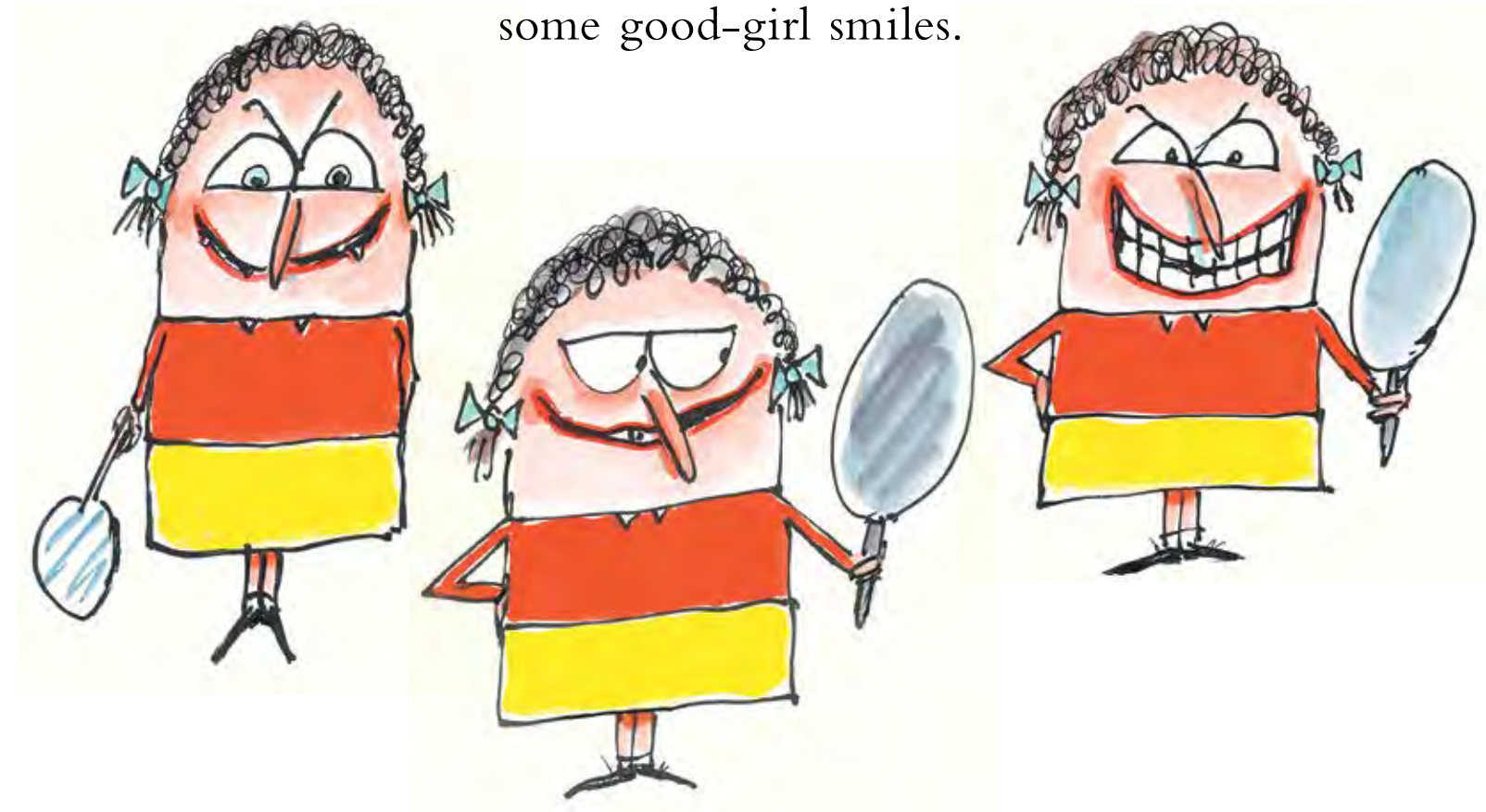
Her teacher, Mr Boggle, who couldn't see very well,
had *always* thought she was a good girl.



But no one else did.



‘Who cares what anyone thinks?’
said Horrible Harriet as she tried out
some good-girl smiles.



She found a lovely one straight away.



Next, Horrible Harriet tried out
some good-girl things, like:



thoughtful gift-giving



being polite



sharing lunch



and playing nicely.



Unfortunately, there was one big problem.
It was called a Terrible Tantrum. Horrible Harriet
kept it locked in a cage in her room in the roof.



It was locked up because it couldn't be controlled.
Of course, Horrible Harriet provided food and water.
In fact, the Terrible Tantrum was rather like a pampered pet.



‘Let me out,’ the Terrible Tantrum
would constantly demand, rattling its cage.
‘Certainly not,’ Horrible Harriet would reply.
‘Unless you promise to behave.’



Of an evening, the Terrible Tantrum liked a bedtime
story. However, when Horrible Harriet finished one, the
Terrible Tantrum would growl and hiss, huff and puff,
sulk and scowl until she read another...and another.



Then, in the morning,
if breakfast was late or its eggs were overcooked,
the Terrible Tantrum would bare its fangs...



...and even poke its tongue out!



The Terrible Tantrum was often naughty.
Sometimes it pretended to be asleep. Then it would
suddenly shake its cage, jump up and down and bark,
giving Horrible Harriet an awful fright.



Early one morning, Horrible Harriet made a dreadful discovery. The Terrible Tantrum had escaped.



That was bad, but worse was to come. For when Horrible Harriet went downstairs to school, an unpleasant surprise was sitting in her seat.



The Terrible Tantrum seemed very pleased with itself and was answering all of Mr Boggle's questions...correctly!

Even more alarming, the Terrible Tantrum had just been voted the most popular student in class, as well as the most polite.

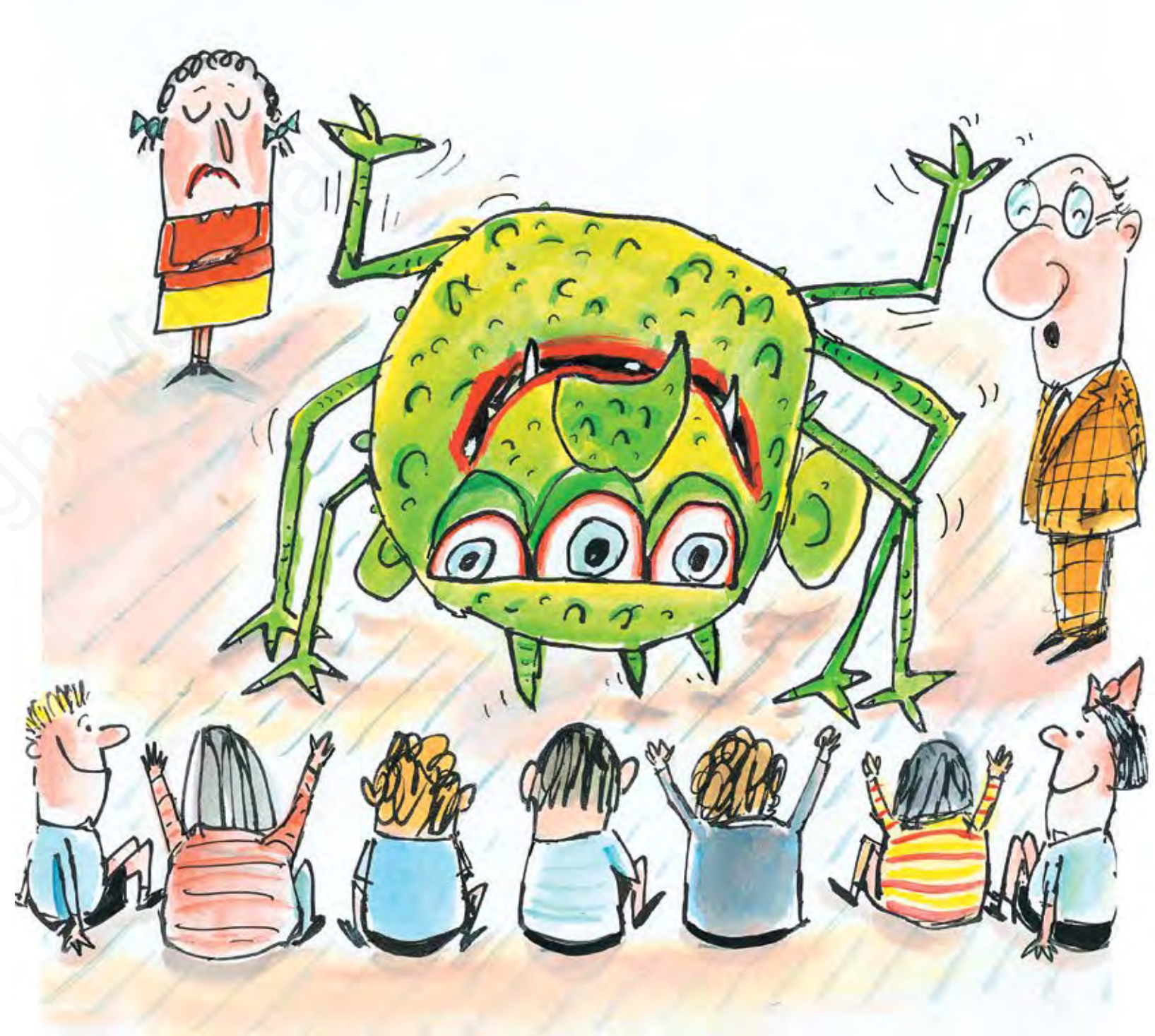


It was putting its hand up if it needed to leave the room,
and saying please and thank you,
and sharing its playlunch with its new friends.



‘Oh, what a goody-two-shoes,’ said Horrible Harriet.

The Terrible Tantrum was entertaining everyone
with its clever tricks.



‘Oh, what a show-off,’ said Horrible Harriet,
stamping her feet.



Nothing was going to plan.
The Terrible Tantrum was getting all the attention.
All her good-girl efforts had gone to waste.
Even her lovely good-girl smile had gone away.



There seemed only one thing to do, and that was
to throw a tantrum...a Terrible Tantrum.

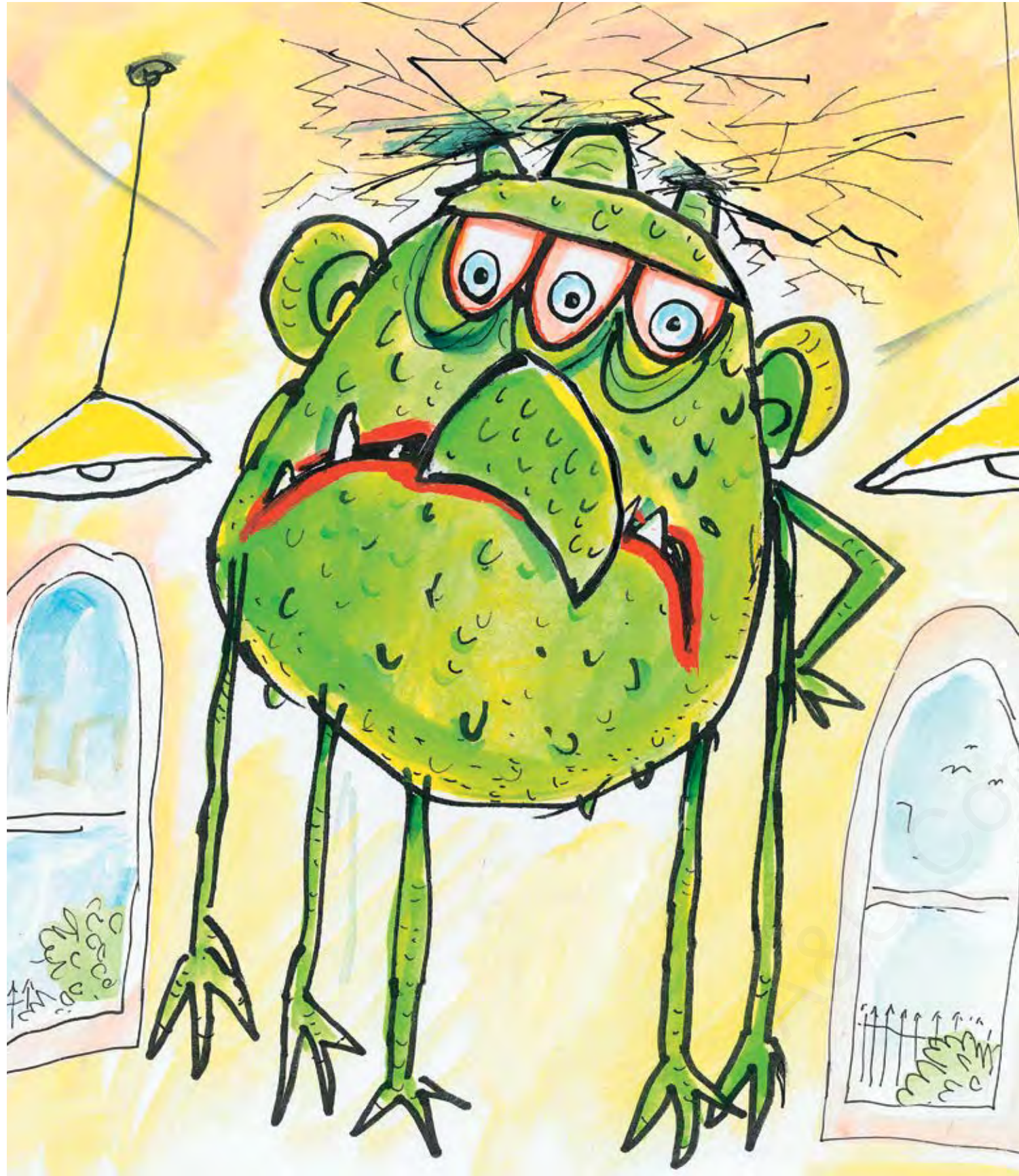
So that is exactly what Horrible Harriet did.



With a whoosh and a whirl,
the Terrible Tantrum flew through the air.

Up up up it went.





Then, with a great big bang,
the Terrible Tantrum got stuck in the ceiling.



At last it was Horrible Harriet's turn...



...to entertain the class with her own clever tricks.

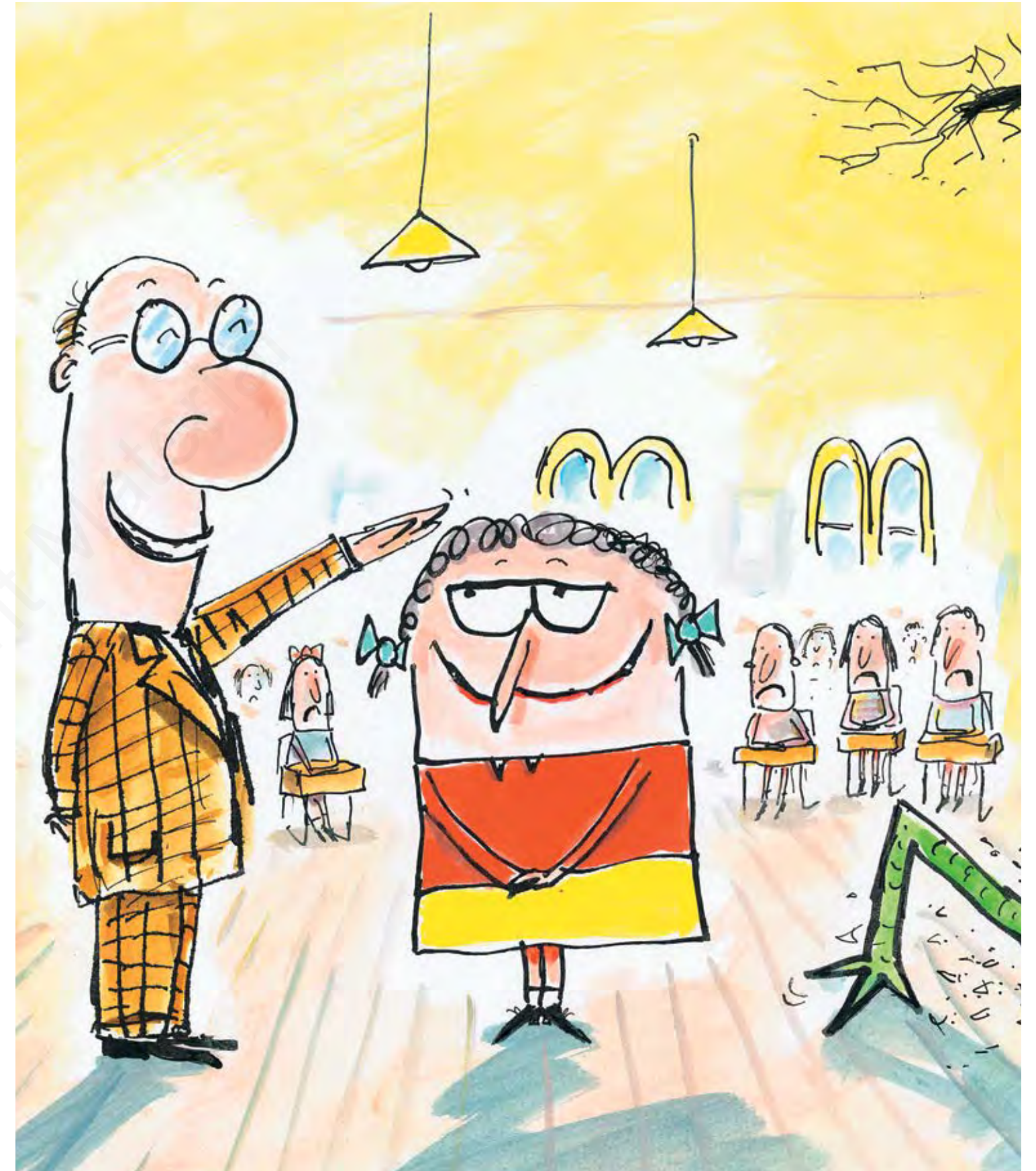


Back and forth,
round and round she twirled,
just like a circus acrobat.

It was all going splendidly...



...until a deafening crash signalled the end of her performance.



‘Magnificent!’ cried Mr Boggle, who couldn’t see very well.



That night, the new student was too tired for a story.
After all, it had school in the morning.

As for Horrible Harriet, she was too excited to sleep.



Wouldn't you know it,
Mr Boggle had made her Good Girl of the Week.

