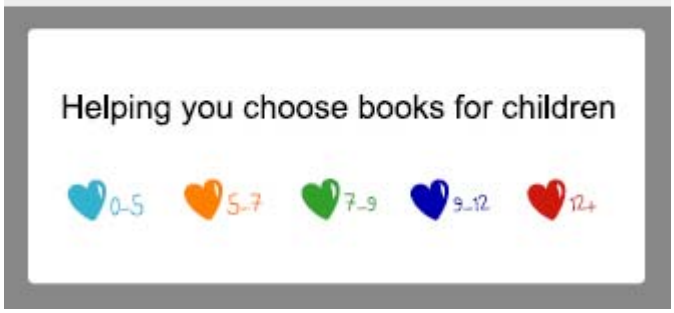
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opening extract from

Jake Cake
The Warewolf Teacher

written by

Author name

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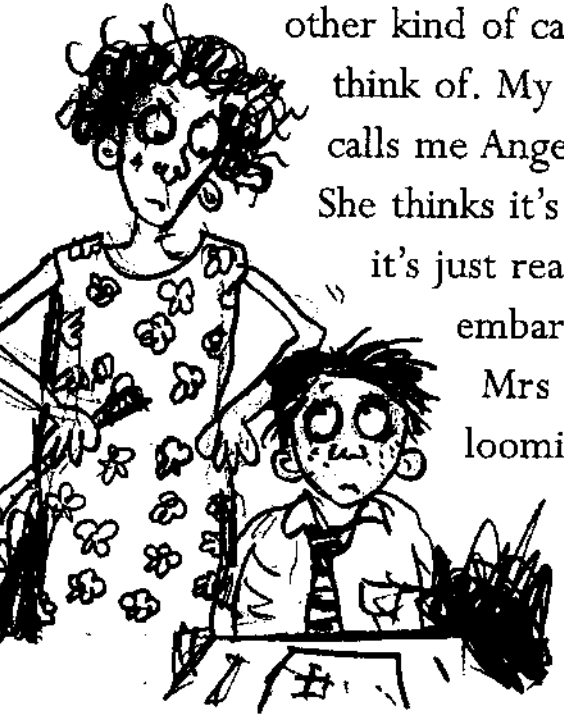


The trouble started when I fell asleep in Mrs Beady's maths class, which to begin with wasn't completely my fault because maths is really boring and if it was more interesting I probably would've stayed awake.

I was having a very nice dream about *not* being in a maths class when Mrs Beady prodded me with her special 'prodding' ruler and I nearly fell off my chair.



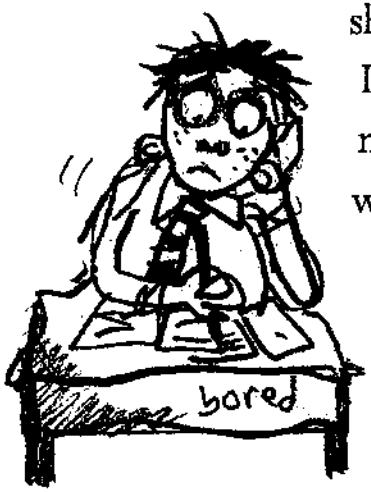
'Are we keeping you awake, Mr Cake?' she said, and sang it like a rhyme, which was even worse because the rest of the class started giggling. Everyone always makes fun of my name. They call me Carrot Cake, Jaffa Cake, Cup Cake and just about any other kind of cake you can think of. My mum even calls me Angel Cake! She thinks it's cute, but it's just really embarrassing.



Mrs Beady was looming over me and I didn't

know what to say because everyone was watching, so I said, 'I wasn't asleep, I was just resting my eyelids.' Which is something my dad says when he falls asleep in front of the TV.

The other kids started laughing but Mrs Beady didn't even crack a smile. I don't think she has a very good sense of humour, which is probably because she's a maths teacher. I know if I was a maths teacher I wouldn't smile either.

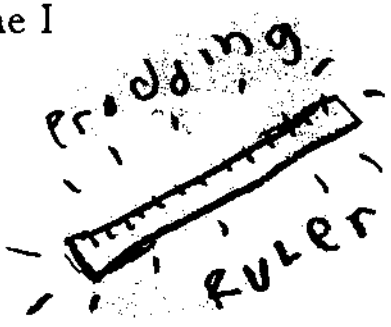


Mrs Beady was cross and made me stay behind

after school to write 'I must not fall asleep in class when I could be learning lots of wonderful things' one hundred times! And when I started writing 'I must not fall asleep in class when I could be learning lots of wonderful things' Mrs Beady had the cheek to FALL ASLEEP at her desk!



I'm not the fastest writer in the whole wide world so by the time I finished it was already getting dark outside and my teacher was snoring like a tractor. I crept up to her desk and prodded Mrs Beady with her special 'prodding' ruler.



She snuffled awake and nearly fell off her chair, which is only fair because that's how I felt when she prodded me.

'Finished!' I said cheerily before she could realize what had happened.

Mrs Beady ignored the pages I was waving and started looking around in a panic.

'What time is it?' she gasped.

I said it was 5 p.m., and that 5 p.m. is very late for a kid to still be at school, especially in winter when it gets dark so early. I also said I'd definitely learned my lesson and would never ever fall asleep in class again. Teachers love to hear stuff like that







because it makes them think they're in charge, even when they're not.

But Mrs Beady wasn't listening. She was staring at the open diary on her desk. Across the page were the words



'GET HOME BEFORE SUNSET AND BUY LOTS OF RAW STEAK!' scribbled in big red letters.

Mrs Beady looked out of the window at the big full moon shining in the sky. Her eyes grew very wide and then she started scratching behind her ear the way dogs do when they have fleas.











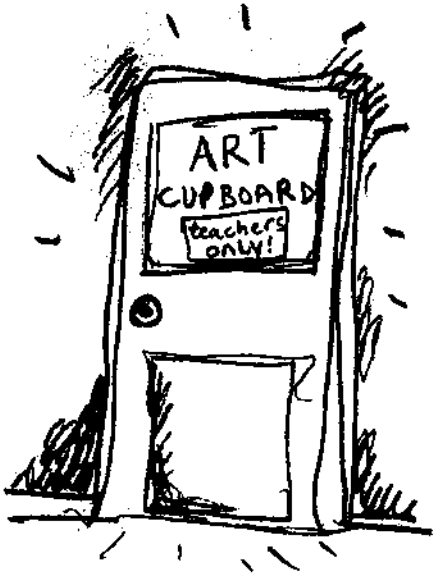
I was trying to remember whether Mrs Beady's eyes had always been bright yellow when, quick as a flash, she jumped up from her seat and shooed me towards the door with my coat and scarf.

'Off you go then! Well done! Don't do it again!' she trilled.

Mrs Beady seemed in a really big hurry to get rid of me, which was fine by me. I didn't want to hang around in school any longer than I needed to.



I put on my coat and scarf and was just about to leave when I realized I was still holding the hundred lines that Mrs Beady hadn't even bothered to look at. I turned round – just in time to see my teacher disappear into the art cupboard. She slammed the door behind her and lots of banging and clanging and crashing started coming from inside.



Something weird was definitely going on.

I told myself I needed to hand over my lines, but really I was being nosy and wanted to know what my maths teacher was up to.



'Is everything OK, Mrs Beady?' I called, knocking on the cupboard door.