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YASMIN BANDARA Levels UP!

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*This book is dedicated to anyone who is
trying to find out who they really are.
It can be tough, but it's always worth it.*





Yasmin was doing a massive yawn while walking down the long, noisy school corridor. It was so massive she could feel a second yawn turn up in the middle of it. In a minute, maybe another one would come along as well, her mouth would get wider and wider, and she'd yawn herself into one ginormous face full of bored and tired and doneness.

That was what thinking about double history on a Monday afternoon did to you. She was about to spend a whole ninety minutes with Miss Naranjian talking about 'pottage'. Yasmin wasn't convinced that she needed to know anything about pottage. The only situation she could possibly think of was

if someone came up to her and said, 'I'm afraid you can't go home until you tell me what pottage is. But please don't use the internet.' (Apparently pottage was a kind of soup eaten by peasants, but that didn't make it any more interesting.)

'Yas! **YAS!**' came a frantic shout from up ahead.

A curly head bobbed up, disappeared, then bobbed up again.

Yasmin finished her yawn, snapped her mouth closed and practically swam through the crowd of sweaty Year Sevens. Yasmin didn't mind Year Sevens, but every now and then she felt like telling them to just, you know, chill a little bit.

'YAS! YAAAAS!'

The next bob of his head was accompanied by flailing arms, which were still flailing when she finally got close enough to see the rest of him.

'Zane, mate. You'd better have just won the lottery. Or you're here to tell me I've won it. Otherwise, all this? Extreme.'

Zane grinned, showing the big gap between his two front teeth. 'Better.'

Yasmin folded her arms and raised her best eyebrow.

'Oh yeah?'

Zane nodded.

'Yeah. We've got . . .

A SUPPLY TEACHER.'

Yasmin felt pure joy bubble up inside her.

'You haven't even heard the best part,' said Zane, his eyes watering from the excitement. 'His name - his name is -'

Yasmin tilted her head. 'Come on. It can't be that funny.'

The door to Miss Naranjian's history classroom swung open invitingly.

Yasmin steered Zane to the front of the crowd, hurrying to their side-by-side seats at the back of the class.

The supply teacher didn't look especially funny. He had on a woolly waistcoat that looked

a bit like it had been knitted by his granny, but Yasmin reckoned if her granny knitted her a woolly waistcoat she'd probably have worn it too. He had high-tops instead of leather lace-up shoes like most of the other teachers wore, and they looked all right. He gave every one of them a big smile when they walked in. He seemed a bit nerdy, but compared to what Zane had bigged up he looked like a bit of a let-down.

Until he picked up the pen and wrote on the whiteboard.

MY NAME IS
MR BOOGER