PUFFIN BOOKS

YASMIN BANDARA LEVELS UP!

YASMIN BANDARA Levels Up!



ROMESH RANGANATHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LANCETT

PUFFIN

PUFFIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
India | New Zealand | South Africa

Puffin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies
whose addresses can be found at global.penguinrandomhouse.com

www.penguin.co.uk www.puffin.co.uk www.ladybird.co.uk



Penguin
Random House
UK

First published 2025
001

Text copyright © Romesh Ranganathan, 2025
Illustrations copyright © James Lancett, 2025

The moral right of the author and illustrator has been asserted

Penguin Random House values and supports copyright. Copyright fuels creativity, encourages diverse voices, promotes freedom of expression and supports a vibrant culture. Thank you for purchasing an authorized edition of this book and for respecting intellectual property laws by not reproducing, scanning or distributing any part of it by any means without permission. You are supporting authors and enabling Penguin Random House to continue to publish books for everyone. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner for the purpose of training artificial intelligence technologies or systems. In accordance with Article 4(3) of the DSM Directive 2019/790, Penguin Random House expressly reserves this work from the text and data mining exception.

Text design by Stephanie Jones

Printed in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A.

The authorized representative in the EEA is Penguin Random House Ireland,
Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street, Dublin D02 YH68

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

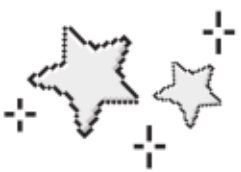
ISBN: 978-0-241-49328-1

All correspondence to:
Puffin Books
Penguin Random House Children's
One Embassy Gardens, 8 Viaduct Gardens, London SW11 7BW



Penguin Random House is committed to a sustainable future for our business, our readers and our planet. This book is made from Forest Stewardship Council® certified paper.

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 flaily 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