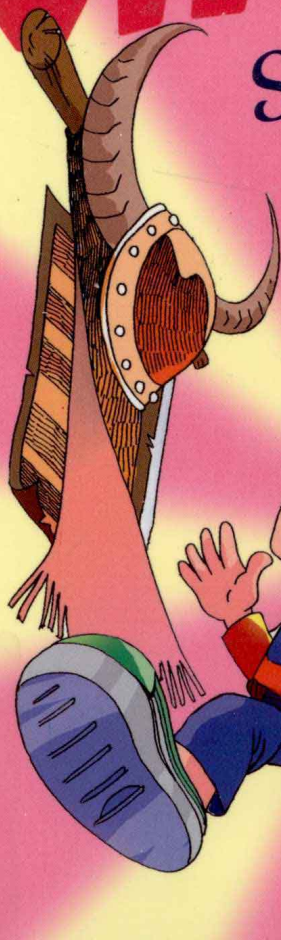


MOO'S MISCHIEF

Super Cool Uncle
Hongying Yang





**MO'S
MISCHIEF**
Super Cool Uncle

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A BRAND NEW HUMAN

Mo's mother had a brother and his name was Dink. Mo thought his uncle was the coolest person he had ever met. Uncle Dink had been to university in Shanghai and then moved on to Beijing, where he was a whizkid with computers. He'd then moved to different cities in China for work, but now he was coming home.

Mo hadn't seen his uncle for years but he'd heard his parents and their friends calling Uncle Dink a 'brand new human'.

"Dad, what's the difference between brand new humans and humans like us?"



Mo and his father, Mr Ma, were on their way to the airport to meet Uncle Dink.

"Brand new humans are quite different from us, Mo. They work hard but they also play hard; they don't mind what people think about them and they like to be noticed. When you meet Uncle Dink, you'll know what I mean!"

To Mo, Uncle Dink was as mysterious as the abominable snowman and he couldn't wait to meet him.

"What does Uncle Dink do?"

"He's a computer software engineer. A very clever business man who will make lots of money."

Mo immediately formed a picture of Uncle Dink in his mind: a smart haircut, polished black shoes, a sharp single-breasted jacket with two buttons or an equally sharp double-breasted jacket with four buttons, a pure-silk tie which was heavy and thick, and a big shiny briefcase.

When they arrived at the airport they saw from the board that Uncle Dink's flight had arrived.

Many smart business men and women walked into the arrivals hall, dragging their suitcases behind them, but there was no sign of Uncle Dink.



"Do you think we've met the right flight?" Mo asked anxiously.

"I think so," said Mr Ma, taking out a small piece of paper from his jacket pocket: "Flight 4107. That's right."

Mo had made a card on which was written "Welcome Home Uncle Dink". Mo's handwriting was quite poor, especially when using big felt pens, but he had managed to write the words nice and big.

Mo held the card up high – he was afraid that Uncle Dink would sneak away and get a taxi.

Then a young man with rainbow-coloured hair, tight leather jeans and a leather jacket covered in studs and zippers walked straight towards Mo. He stopped in front of the board, craned his neck to one side, and tried very hard not to laugh.

"Hi, Dink!" Even Mr Ma had great difficulty in recognising his wife's brother.

"Brother-in-law!" said the man. Then he pointed at Mo. "Is this little Mo, your precious only son?"

"Who else could he be?" said Mr Ma. He looked around. "Where's your luggage?"

"This is it."

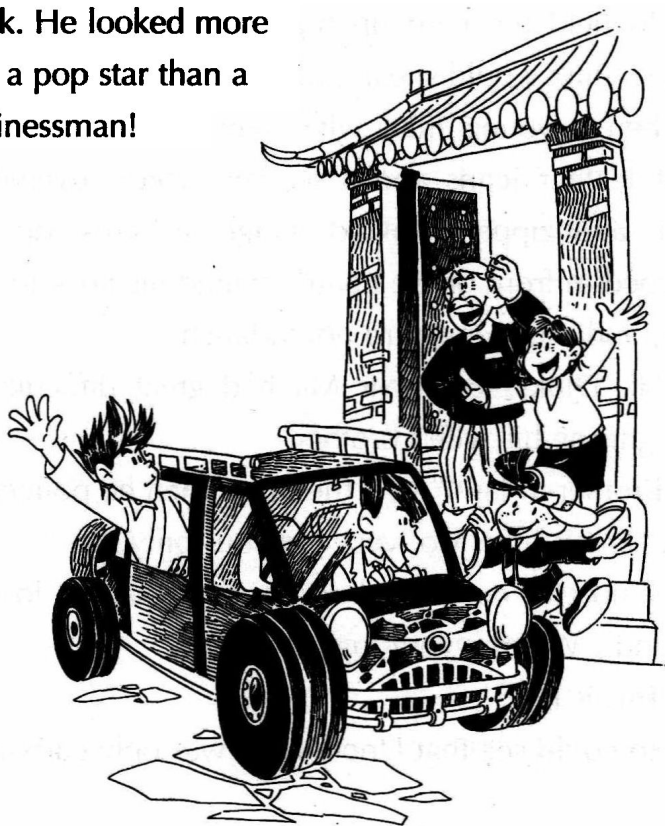
Mo could see that Uncle Dink was only carrying a



laptop in one hand and a mobile in the other. Uncle Dink said, "See here, a laptop, a mobile, a credit card and passport. It's enough for me to travel around the world and live a happy life."

Uncle Dink held Mo's hand and strode off towards the car park. He had such long legs that Mo had to scamper to keep up with him.

Mr Ma drove Uncle Dink to his parents' house. During the ride, Mo couldn't stop staring at Uncle Dink. He looked more like a pop star than a businessman!



Like Mr Ma, Grandpa and Grandma had not seen Uncle Dink for two or three years. His colourful hair alone was enough to make them almost faint.

"Oh no, Dink," said Grandma. "Someone has dropped paint on your head!"

Mo's Grandma tried to persuade Uncle Dink to wash the paint off his hair. Uncle Dink found it both funny and annoying.

"Don't be silly!" said Mo. "That's not paint. Uncle Dink *chose* to have his hair dyed like that."

Grandpa and Grandma remained confused. "Why would he do that?"

Mr Ma, worrying about more squabbling, suggested that Dink might be tired from his flight and want to freshen up in his room.

"Oh, I'm not staying here," Uncle Dink explained. "The company have rented a flat for me."

"Ridiculous!" said Grandpa. "We have plenty of rooms but you would rather stay outside in a rented house, it doesn't make sense."

Grandma was upset too. "You wicked son. We have kept all your things unchanged in your room, even though you have been away for years. Your room is just as usual, and your guitar, your tennis racket are



still in the same place...nothing has been changed..."

Grandma got angrier when she spoke and Uncle Dink felt a bit guilty. He put his arm around his mother to comfort her.

Mo realised that Grandpa and Grandma still had no idea that Uncle Dink had become a brand new human. That was why they couldn't understand his weird behaviour. But Mo could. How could someone be a brand new human if he hadn't changed at all?

"Grandpa and Grandma, I'm afraid there is one thing you still don't know – Uncle Dink has become a brand new human!"

"What's a brand new human? An alien?" Grandma asked. "I gave birth to this boy – how could he turn into an alien?"

Grandma grabbed Uncle Dink's arm. "Did you get abducted by aliens and forced to become an alien too?"

Grandma had seen something about UFOs in the newspapers and on TV. She was quite old, but she had a good imagination, thought Mo.

Uncle Dink gave up. He knew he would never be able to persuade his parents that he was a modern man and that he didn't live in the dark ages



like they did. Mr Ma drove him to an apartment block in the city where he would be living. The flat was on the twenty-ninth floor and Mo was longing to see inside it, but his dad wanted to get home.

When he said goodbye, Uncle Dink gave Mo an unexpected smile. Mo took this to be a good sign. Uncle Dink liked him!



FINDING OUT

Mo became more and more fascinated by Uncle Dink, but Grandpa and Grandma were more and more annoyed by him. Next time he visited them, they asked where his office was. He said anywhere and everywhere. When they asked how long his working hours were, he said as long or as little as it took.

"Son-in-law," they said to Mo's dad. "You are the director of a toy factory, you should discipline your brother-in-law a little bit!"

Mr Ma knew what he could do and what he could not do. Disciplining a brand new human like Uncle



Dink was not possible. How can you discipline a person when you don't even know what that person does all day long?

Mo's grandparents' hope lay in Mo. They thought their grandson was the cleverest and most precious boy in the world. They also knew how curious he was about everything. They would send him to find out what his brand-new-human uncle was up to!

First they went to the supermarket to buy Mo's favourite snacks.

They carried a big bag of food and went to meet Mo after school.

Mo was absolutely starving – he'd had a very busy day being mischievous at school. He tore open a bag of crisps and began to eat. He crunched and munched as he listened to his Grandma and then his Grandpa. Finally he put his hand on his heart and promised to do his best and find out what Uncle Dink did.

Grandpa and Grandma decided that it was worth buying all that food for Mo, and so did someone else.

"Mo!" a voice shouted.

"Mo! Wait for us," cried two more voices.

It was Penguin, Monkey and Hippo, Mo's best friends. He thought they had gone home, but they



could see the bag of food and decided to wait for Mo.

"Mo, what's in that supermarket bag?"

They already knew it was full of food...

Mo said nothing.

"Mo, are we still good friends?" Penguin said, loudly. "Because good friends share everything..."

Now Penguin never liked to share anything with his friends, and certainly not food. But Mo was a kind and generous boy and he had an idea! He took out three bags of crisps, and gave one to each of his three friends.

While they were munching, Mo said, "I have a question for you guys. A man does not go to work everyday, but he earns a lot of money. What does he do?"

"Is this some kind of riddle, Mo? Or are you talking about someone in particular?" asked Monkey.

"I am talking about my Uncle Dink," replied Mo.

"Well, he must be a professional hit man," said Monkey, quick as a flash.

Mo didn't like Monkey's answer.

"He must be a gambler," said Penguin.

Mo didn't like Penguin's answer either.

"Maybe he sells things on Ebay," said Hippo, thoughtfully.



Mo didn't mind that answer as much but he knew it wasn't right.

"You're all wrong," said Mo. "Uncle Dink is a computer software engineer. What I want to know is what does a software engineer do all day long if he doesn't go to an office?"

Monkey said, "Go and ask his wife!"

Mo said, "Uncle Dink isn't married. He lives alone somewhere."

"Then he just sleeps all day, like a log." Hippo thought that would be the best thing to do if you lived on your own.

"Can you make easy money by sleeping all day?" Monkey asked. Then he exclaimed, "I know! Uncle Dink must be a frog."

"What do you mean, a frog? Don't be so rude about my uncle," said Mo.

Mo couldn't allow anyone to be rude about Uncle Dink.

But Monkey said:

"I don't mean a frog that sits in a bog,

A frog that's green and slimy.

I mean a dude who stares at a screen

Till his eyes 'bulge out and he's never seen.



A google-eyed geek, a computer freak!"

"Don't be stupid, Monkey!" Penguin said. "You're always so full of rubbish. Why don't we all go to Mo's uncle's flat and have a look. Then we can find out what he does all day long."

The boys set off and soon arrived at the apartment block where Uncle Dink was staying.

