



MOO'S MISCHIEF

Teacher's Pet
Hongying Yang



江苏工业学院图书馆
藏书章

Other titles in the Mo's Mischief series:

Four Troublemakers
Teacher's Pet
Pesky Monkeys
You're No Fun, Mum!

MO'S MISCHIEF

Teacher's Pet
Hongying Yang



HarperCollins Children's Books

First published in China by Jieli Publishing House 2003
First published in Great Britain by HarperCollins *Children's Books* 2008
HarperCollins *Children's Books* is a division of HarperCollinsPublishers Ltd
77-85 Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith, London W6 8JB

The HarperCollins *Children's Books* website address is
www.harpercollinschildrensbooks.co.uk

1

Text copyright © Hongying Yang 2003
English translation © HarperCollins Publishers 2008

Illustrations © Pencil Tip Culture & Art Co 2003

Hongying Yang asserts the moral right to be identified
as the author of this work

ISBN-13 978-0-00-727340-9

ISBN-10 0-00-727340-1

Printed and bound in England by
Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

Conditions of Sale

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior written consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.



Mixed Sources

Product group from well-managed
forests and other controlled sources
www.fsc.org Cert no. SB-COC-1886
© 1996 Forest Stewardship Council

FSC is a non-profit international organisation established to promote the responsible management of the world's forests. Products carrying the FSC label are independently certified to assure consumers that they come from forests that are managed to meet the social, economic and ecological needs of present and future generations.

Find out more about HarperCollins and the environment at
www.harpercollins.co.uk/green



TEACHER'S PET

Mo and Man-Man had always been in the same class, ever since they'd started school together at three years old. Even in nursery class, Man-Man had been the teacher's pet. She was always well behaved and boring.

Mo, on the other hand, was always naughty and full of mischief. He and Man-Man could not have been more different.

When they started primary school, the teacher asked Man-Man to keep a special eye on Mo to make sure he didn't get up to anything.



Man-Man took this job very seriously; she kept an eye on Mo all day long. She did not let Mo out of her sight... except, of course, when Mo went to the toilet. Man-Man thought going into the boys' toilets was beyond the call of duty.

The strange thing was that Mo didn't mind Man-Man watching him all the time. In fact, he liked it. He worshipped Man-Man. He couldn't remember the names of any other girls from school, but he was always talking about Man-Man when he got home.

"Hey Mum, Man-Man got another star today for being good. She's got more stars than anyone else in the class."

"Hey, Mum, Man-Man ate every little bit of her dinner today, and even cleared her plate away."

"Hey, Mum, Man-Man painted a lovely picture today. The teacher put it up on the wall."

But that was way back when Mo was very young. Now that he was older, he didn't like Man-Man at all.

The fact that Mo once worshipped Man-Man was a secret he had never told anybody, not even his best friends Da, Mao and Fei – better known as Hippo, Monkey and Penguin. If they



found out he had ever liked Man-Man they would laugh their heads off.

Mo couldn't quite remember when he stopped liking Man-Man, but he could certainly remember why.



It was in Year Two. At the end of playtime, the children had to line up in two lines: boys in one, and girls in the other. They had to hold each other's hands as they walked back into school. After playtime on their first day in Year Two, Penguin was standing next to Lingau, so he took *her* hand. Hippo was next to Angel, so he took *her* hand. Monkey was next to Joy, so he took *her* hand. Mo was standing next to Man-Man so he held her hand very firmly. But Man-Man pushed his hand out of the way, and went over and held Wen's hand instead!

Wen Tao Ting was a goody-two-shoes sort of boy who always combed his hair back neatly and acted politely.

Mo hated him.

Although Wen was the same age as Mo, he had already learned to read more than 1000 Chinese characters. Wen could do multiplication and division and he could recite poetry from memory. Worse, not



only did the teachers admire Wen, *girls* admired Wen too.

It didn't bother Mo that Man-Man didn't want to hold his hand. But it *did* bother him that she wanted to hold Wen's instead! He decided to tell their class teacher.

"Ms Qin, Man-Man won't let me hold her hand."

"He grabbed my hand too tight and it hurt!" Man-Man said, quickly.

Ms Qin said Mo was bullying Man-Man and told him to stop.

It wasn't fair. Mo said he hadn't hurt Man-Man on purpose. But no matter how much he explained, Ms Qin didn't believe him. Ms Qin only believed what Man-Man said, because Man-Man was so well behaved, whereas Mo was always up to something.

And *that* was why Mo had stopped liking Man-Man.

By the time Mo was in Year Three, he had become *really* mischievous! Now, Ms Qin couldn't possibly keep an eye on Mo every minute of the day and in every class. Ms Qin needed someone to keep an eye on Mo, and that someone had to be responsible and fair. Who better than Man-Man, the teacher's pet?!





Ms Qin sidled up at Man-Man at the end of school one day. "I'm going to ask you to sit next to Mo, because I want you to keep him out of mischief.

What do you think, Man-Man? Will you do it?"

"Yes, Ms Qin, I'll do it."



But Man-Man didn't *really* want to sit next to Mo. She really wanted to sit next to Wen. Wen and Mo were so different, it was as if they came from two different planets. Mo was noisy

and mischievous. He loved to play practical jokes on people. Wen was studious and liked to read books. Wen had read so many books, there wasn't a thing he didn't know. His nickname was Little Encyclopedia because he knew so much! Man-Man had always wanted to sit next Wen.

But Ms Qin had asked her to sit next to Mo. And



Man-Man was so well behaved that it would never occur to her to say no!

Ms Qin gave Man-Man a notebook and asked her to write down all of Mo's mischievous acts – she called them “Mo's Mischief”. Man-Man had to give the notebook to Ms Qin at the end of school each day, so that Ms Qin knew exactly what Mo had been up to.

On the first day of the new seating arrangement, Mo smiled at Man-Man... but she didn't smile back.

Mo tried to start a conversation with his new desk-mate. “Man-Man, why are you looking so serious? We used to be friends in nursery!”

Man-Man didn't bother to reply. She just wrote and wrote in that little notebook...

Mo didn't like the way Man-Man was acting. Could this really be the Man-Man he had liked so much when he was younger?

When Mo found out that Man-Man had been asked by Ms Qin to keep an eye on him, he decided to teach her a lesson.

It was when they were doing Maths. Man-Man put up her hand to answer a question. Then she stood up so that the whole class could hear her answer. Mo had an idea. He carefully moved Man-Man's chair a little



bit. He did this with his feet, while pretending to be sitting perfectly upright. He acted as if he was paying close attention to Man-Man's answer, nodding his head from time to time to show how carefully he was listening.

"Very good, Man-Man. An *excellent* answer," said the teacher. "You may sit down."

There was a loud *thump* as Man-Man's bum hit the floor!



The teacher was furious, "Who did this?"

Everyone knew it was Mo.

But Man-Man wasn't going to let Mo know how upset she was. She wasn't going to cry or make a fuss. She quickly stood up and moved her seat back. Then she began to write in her little notebook.

So it began: the war between Mo and Man-Man.



WAR

There was a war every day between Mo and Man-Man.

It was usually Mo who started it but Man-Man always fought back.

In Maths, the Maths teacher asked them to finish 100 Maths problems every day. If someone got even one answer wrong, he or she had to do ten extra problems as a punishment. Mo kept getting things wrong, so he always had loads of extra problems to do. He'd had enough!

Man-Man never got a single answer wrong. So Mo



had an idea! He decided he would copy her answers. Every time he finished a problem, he snuck a look at Man-Man's notebook to see what *she'd* written. If he didn't have the same answer, Mo corrected it right away.

One day, Mo got all 100 problems right: 100 out of 100 – a perfect score! The Maths teacher was really pleased. Mo even got a star in his notebook.

The teacher told the class that if you try hard enough, you can do anything. He said Mo had tried really hard that day with his Maths problems, and he had succeeded.

Mo usually got told off all the time so getting this praise from the teacher made him feel pretty good! He looked at Man-Man's notebook and saw that she'd got 100 too. But she hadn't got a star!

Mo picked up Man-Man's Maths notebook and said loudly, "Man-Man, where's your star?"

Man-Man snatched her book back and said, "You only got that star because you copied my answers."

"What do you mean? What proof have you got?" said Mo.

Man-Man had no proof. Mo had won that particular battle...



But the next day, when they were given their Maths problems, Man-Man deliberately wrote wrong answers to more than half of the problems! She wasn't going to let Mo get away with it again.

Mo had finished his problems and he looked over to compare his answers to Man-Man's. He had never had SO many wrong answers! He couldn't understand it. He quickly rubbed out his answers and copied Man-Man's

Man-Man waited until Mo had rubbed out his answers and copied down hers; then she immediately rubbed out her wrong answers and wrote down the correct ones!

Mo had no idea that Man-Man had played a trick on him. He was still daydreaming about getting another star in his notebook.

The next day in Maths class, the teacher walked into the classroom looking FURIOUS. He looked at Mo sternly. Mo's heart started to thump loudly, what had he done?

"Mo! Come here, please," said the Maths teacher.

The teacher showed Mo his Maths note book. Mo took one look. The notebook was full of red Xs.

"Mo, yesterday I said you had improved. How do



you explain all these wrong answers? You got 53 wrong out of 100!"

The Maths teacher went on and on, but Mo didn't hear a word. What had gone wrong?

Mo kept on thinking about one thing. *If I got 53 answers wrong, how many wrong answers did Man-Man get?*

It was driving Mo nuts. He had to find out.

Mo gathered up his courage and asked, in a quiet voice, "How many answers did Man-Man get wrong?"

