

THE CHEAT BOOK



belongs to:



THE
CHEAT
BOOK
VOL. 1

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY
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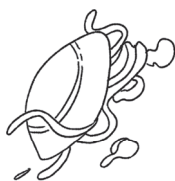
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This book is dedicated
to my amazing **HooYo***

(*: somali for 'MOM')

who shepherded four kids
out of a war zone to
safety, to live in

🇬🇧 Great Britain. 🇬🇧

this book would not
exist without you ♥



CHAPTER ONE

I don't know if you know this, but school is

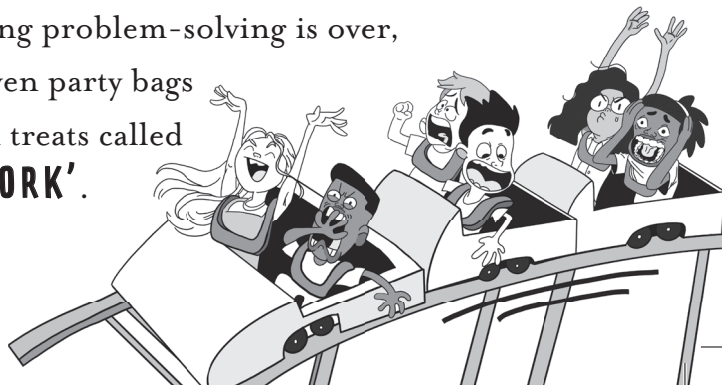
= AWESOME! =

Not convinced?

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a 'first-hand-up, stationery-neatly-arranged-on-my-desk, reads-the-dictionary-for-fun' kid.

You know – a **DORK**.

For dorks, school is a theme park of knowledge where every class is a rollercoaster of learning. Where, when the day of fun challenges and exciting problem-solving is over, they're given party bags filled with treats called **'HOMEWORK'**.





Ugh.

The smell of textbooks is enough to make me break out in a **STRESS RASH**.

So, no, I'm not a dork, but I'm not a **NORMIE** either.

Normies see school like an escape room that their parents have thrown them into. Where the only way out is to complete tasks before the final bell rings, or they'll get locked in detention for ever.

Sucks to be them.

Like I said, I'm neither a dork nor a normie, because I'm a **COOL KID** and, for me, school is a movie set and

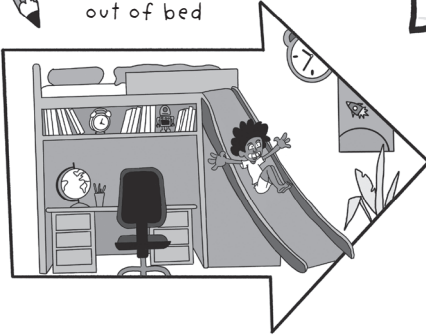
I am the **STAR**.



My typical school day goes like this:



I wake up and
SLIDE
out of bed



In the bathroom, I put on my
'morning headset'. A gadget
that I invented that gets me
ready for school.



Try and fail to dodge
Mum's sloppy goodbye
kisses (gross)



whilst grabbing the last
falafel breakfast wrap (yum)

My chauffeur, Potsworth, picks me
and Wing (my best friend) up in a
Batmobile and rockets us to school
in record time.



I do my Cool Kid strut
through the school gates,
which makes all eyes swing
over in my direction ...



KA-MAL!

KA-MAL!

KA-MAL!

KA-MAL!

KA-MAL!

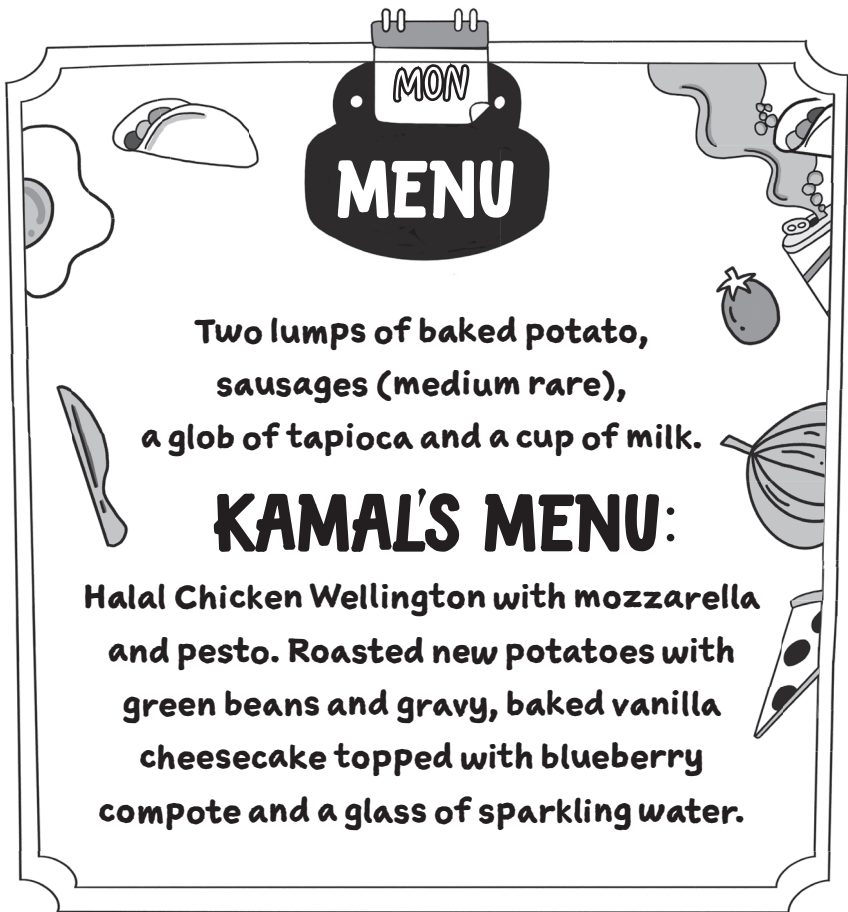


I can't take a single step down the school corridor without hearing:



Everyone wants a piece of me, even the caretaker – but I just want to get to class.

But not before I take a peek at the school noticeboard to see what's for dinner today:



The dinner ladies have really outdone

themselves. I'll have to get

them **another TEN-DAY CRUISE**

for Christmas.



Mr Osterhaus

The bell rings and now I'm in maths class with the kooky Mr Osterhaus, who always puts a maths 'joke' on the top corner of the whiteboard. Anyone in class who can guess the punchline wins a prize – usually a chocolate bar.



Some of Mr Osterhaus's previous 'hilarious' maths teasers:

Why did I divide sin by tan?

Which triangles are the coldest?

Why didn't a hyperbola feel sick?



And Zain Choudhry always gets them right. He shoots his hand up and says:

Just COS!

Ice-sosceles triangles!

It was Asymptote-matic!



This maths wizardry has earned Zain the nickname, **'ZAIN BRAIN'**.

But today, instead of a joke, Mr Osterhaus has scrawled a really strange bunch of symbols and letters on the corner of the whiteboard.



'Hey, sir. What's that?' I ask, pointing at it.

'Oh!' chuckles Mr Osterhaus, 'that's just something I wrote up as a joke. It's the Collatz conjecture. One of the hardest maths problems in the world.'

Zain frowns. No chocolate bar today.

I don't know what a conjecture is, let alone a Collatz one, but those strange symbols look weirdly familiar. Then it hits me where I know them from!

Last summer, at my mosque's youth group, we learned about famous Muslim scientists and scholars from history, and one of them was Al-Khwarizmi, who is called 'The Father of Algebra'. The imam (a Muslim scholar) made us write out one of his equations a **HUNDRED TIMES**.

I want you to know this
as well as $E=MC^2$.



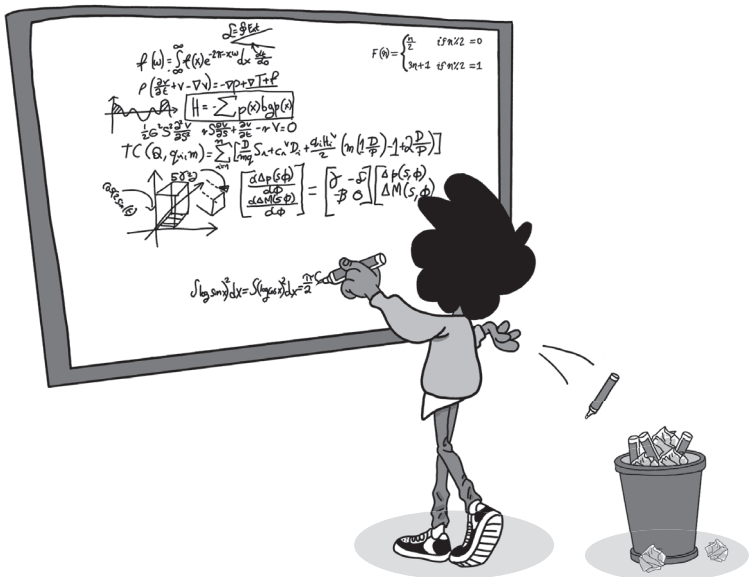
Back in maths class, I ask what the prize for solving the sum is, which makes Mr Osterhaus chuckle even harder. ‘If you can solve this, nobody here has to go to another maths class ever again.’

No more maths? **EVER?**

‘You’re on, sir!’

The whole room falls silent as I walk over to the whiteboard. As soon as my pen touches the board, I am off. Like that of a painter at an easel, my pen flows and squeaks across the surface.

I don’t even know what it means, but from the imam’s endless drilling I know exactly where each squiggle and letter belongs.



My pen runs out and I pick up another one, and another. Until, finally, I am finished.

I turn to see a sceptical Mr Osterhaus, who then inspects what I've written against a textbook on his desk, vigorously scrutinising every **DOT** and **SQUIGGLE**, his eyes growing wider and wider, his jaw going lower and lower, until, astonished, he says, 'Well done, Kamal.'

The applause is **DEAFENING!**

Before I know it, I am swamped by ecstatic classmates who then all lift me up on their shoulders, chanting.

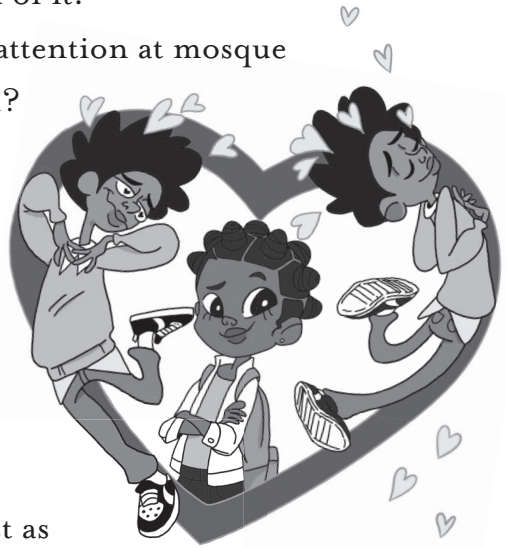


I love every second of it.

Who knew paying attention at mosque
would pay off so well?

In the sea of
clamouring faces I
spot Keisha, the
prettiest girl in
class, and she is
smiling right at **ME!**

I go all warm and
loopy inside. But just as
I am about to ask her to have



lunch with me, something **WEIRD**

starts happening. Orange
hair starts **SPROUTING**
out of her brown cheeks and
her braids start to fall out

of her head!

Her

clothes start

to **STRETCH** out and

MORPH into a

business suit.



Her brown skin turns pale and slightly pink.

I blink and suddenly my cheering classmates whose shoulders I was bouncing on, all vanish with a *poof* and I plummet to the floor, landing on my butt with an *ouch!*

I get up to find that not only was Keisha now Principal Jenkins but I was no longer in my maths classroom but standing centre stage in the school auditorium, with hundreds of eyes glaring at me.

Worst of all, I am no longer the coolest kid in school but, instead, an ordinary **NOBODY** kid who is about to read a poem in front of the entire school.