

MADDY YIP'S

GUIDE TO LIFE

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IN THIS SERIES!**



**Maddy Yip's
Guide to Holidays**

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GUIDE TO LIFE



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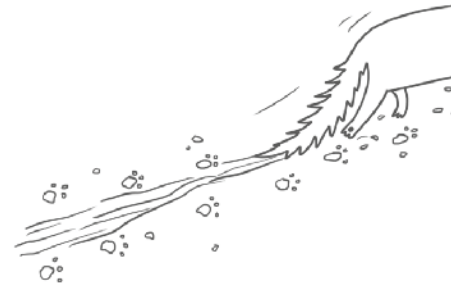
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*To Dave,
whose talent is being married
to me and never losing his patience
(apart from the time I ironed
creases into his jeans).*



ME



OLI

(LITTLE BROTHER)



MAM



DAD



JACK

(BIG BROTHER)



AGUNG

(GRANDAD)



FUZZFACE



DEV

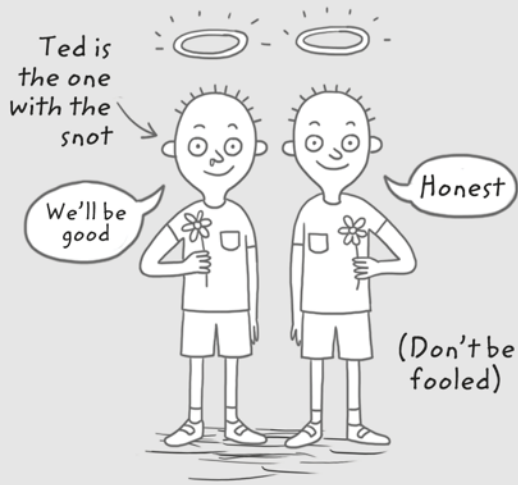
(BEZZIE FRIEND)



HULK



EVIL TWINS



MR PIKE

Gerroutofit you
manky moggy



HEENA

(DEV'S LITTLE SISTER)

TOOTY-
TOOOOOT-
TOOTY-
TOOOOOO
OOT!!!



Marginally
less annoying
than Oli

GRAHAM

(DEV'S DOG)

WHOO-WHOO-
WHOOOOOOOOOO!!!



Marginally less
annoying than
Fuzzface

GED SPONGER



THE CHANS

The best cooks in Plunkthorpe

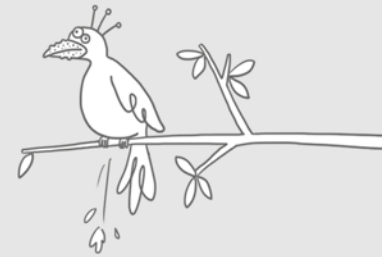


KAYLA DIGBY

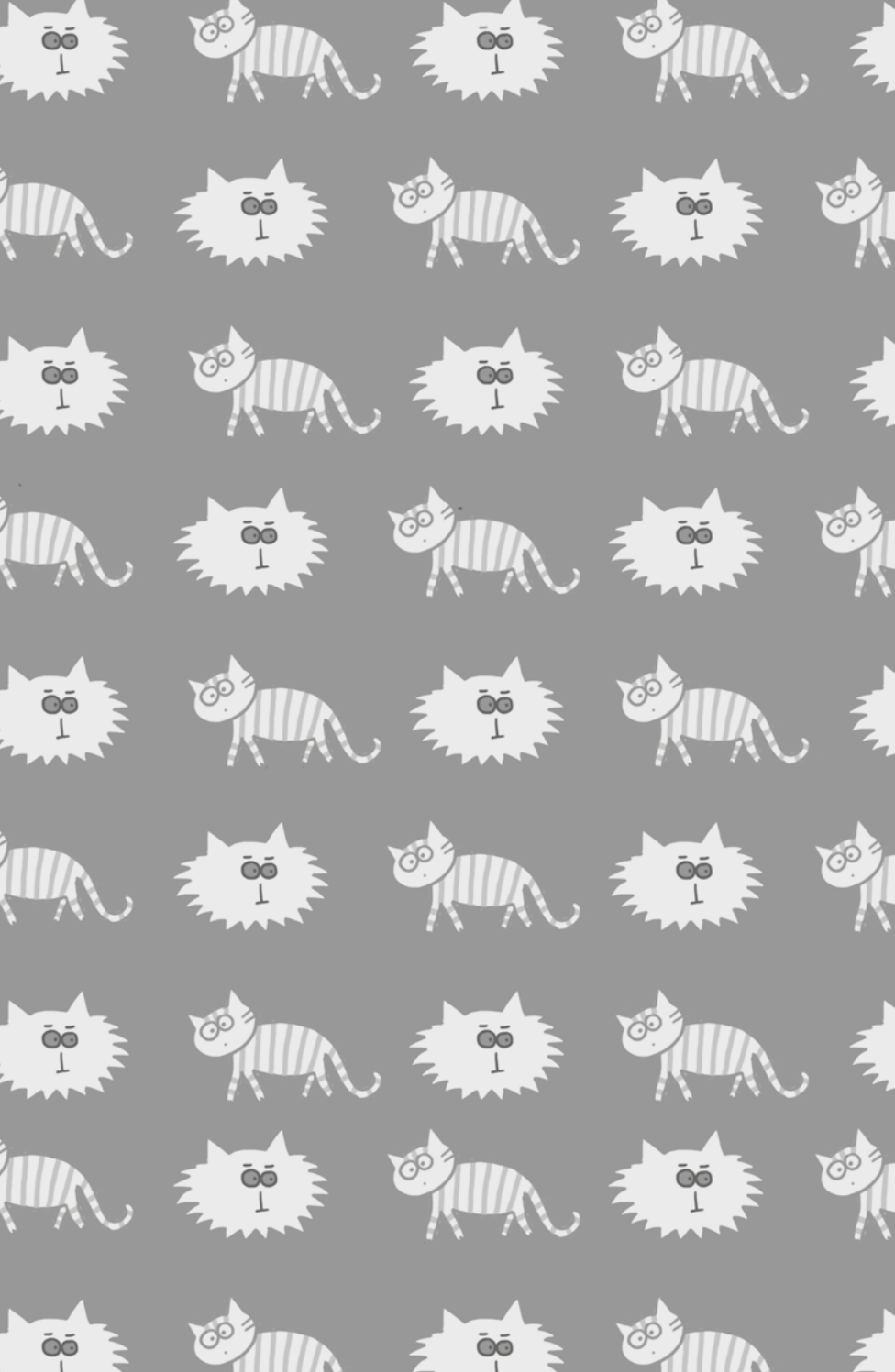


No way is
Jack going
out with an
intellectual!

FLAMING LYCHEEBILL



The most exciting
thing to happen to
Agung since instant
cup noodles



Saturday

UGH.

Weekends are officially ruined.

Mam was only meant to childmind the Tatlocks' twins during the week, but now they are coming on Saturdays too! Yesterday while I was at school, they sneaked into my room and painted a **stegosaurus** on the wall with ketchup. Then they wiped their dirty hands



all over my favourite Kermit T-shirt. How can three-and-a-half year olds be so evil? Dad thought I was overreacting when I asked for a lock on my door. Just wait until they smear goo all over his pristine magnolia walls, we'll see who is crying then!

I planned a trip to the shop with Dev so I didn't have to be in when Ted and Tod (AKA **EVIL TWINS**) arrived. Dev is my best mate. We're both eleven but bonded at infant school after discovering our shared love of armpit farts. We were about to leave the house when Mr Tatlock came walking down the path with **EVIL TWINS**. He gave Mam a bag of toys, said thanks and left.

When me and Dev went to leave, Mam said, 'And where do you think you're going?!'



I said, 'To buy snacks.'

'No, you're not,' she said, 'the pipe's just burst under the sink and water's going everywhere, so you're looking after the twins while I fix it.'

WHAAAT?!

But I wasn't qualified to be in charge of these . . . mini thugs! I've seen them smash ladybirds in

with a hammer. Imagine what they could do to me. Dev said he didn't mind helping. He thinks the twins are 'entertaining'. He *would*. He goes to drama club where everybody loves a scene. I was about to argue back, but Mam was giving me that glare that can crack concrete a mile off,



so I thought better of it. (She goes boxing at the gym and is hard as nails).

We took the twins into the back garden where Tod immediately picked up a plant pot and smashed it on the ground to smithereens.

BRILLIANT.

I grabbed them both and shoved them on their tricycles while we swept up the mess. The next thing we heard was Mr Pike shouting next door. We turned round and Ted was trying to chuck our cat over his fence. Mr Pike is a **GRUMPY CODGER** with a 'face like a chewed toffee' (Dad's words, not mine). He hates **FUZZFACE** and has threatened to take the law into his own hands if she ever uses his alpine rockery as a litter tray again.



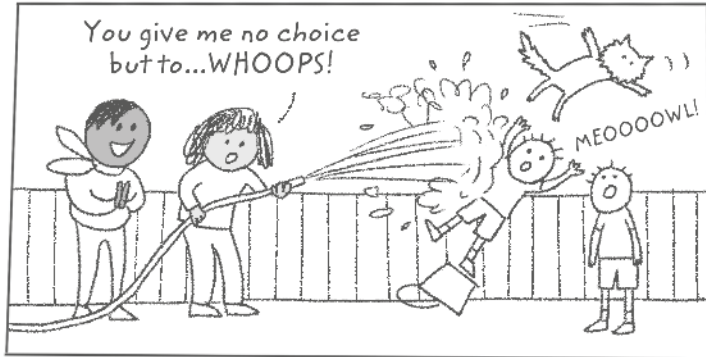
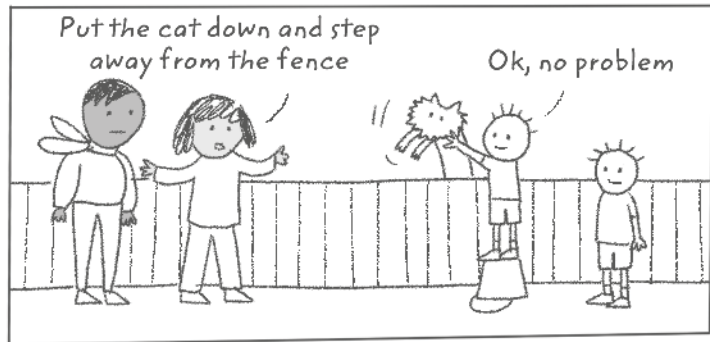
(WHY MR PIKE THINKS
FUZZFACE IS VERMIN)



I didn't want any trouble so I grabbed the hose and aimed it at Ted. 'Put the cat down and step away from the fence!' I told him, in my most authoritative voice. He didn't respond so I signalled to Dev to turn on the tap. It was only meant to be a light spray but the water came blasting out and knocked Ted off the bucket he was standing on. **FUZZFACE YOWLED** and pounced on Tod, who also fell over.



How to control naughty toddlers



Then all three got up and ran into the house covered in mud.

'QUICK, DEV, STOP THEM!' I yelled, but it was too late.



Mam marched out, pointing at the house, **'HAVE YOU SEEN THE MESS IN THERE?!'**

Mr Pike looked pleased that we were in trouble. I turned the tap off sheepishly. Agung, my grandad, wandered out to see what was going on. He was dunking a coaster into a cup of tea thinking it was a biscuit. He is as blind as a bat without his glasses on.

Dev rubbed off some specks that had landed on his tie-dye leggings and tried to be helpful by saying to Mam, 'I've heard Sparklez Liquid's oxi formula is proven to remove a hundred per cent of stains.'

'Yeah, well get on with it then!' said Mam. 'This house needs a proper clean and you're



all doing it now!’ She pointed at me and said, ‘There’s still dried ketchup on your bedroom wall for a start.’ Which I thought was unfair considering it was the twins that did it.

‘**And Jack can clean his petri dish of a room too!**’ she shouted up at his bedroom window.

The window opened and my big brother Jack shouted down at me aggressively. ‘**You owe me for this!**’

He is fourteen and trying to grow a moustache. He was probably mad at me because he’d planned to go to town to impress some girl with the three wispy chin hairs and monobrow he has managed so far.



Dev shuffled out of the side gate and sang out, ‘**See ya, wouldn’t want to be ya!**’

So much for being a loyal friend.

While Mam cleaned up **EVIL TWINS** I had to clean the living room. It seemed like a relatively easy job until I saw the billion cat paw prints on every single surface. My arm was aching by the time I got to the cabinet. I am not cut out for manual labour. I am only four foot six. The cabinet is full of trophies and prizes. Oli, my little brother, has the most. One for swimming, one for football and one for hacky sack, whatever that is. I noticed he didn’t have one for **Biggest Blabbermouth** though. He is excellent at that. Jack has two framed school certificates, Mam has a boxing medal and Agung has a



Best Exotic Vegetable rosette. Dad doesn't have a prize, he's got a silver tankard with a miniature schnauzer on that he hand-etched himself. He is dead creative.



It was then that I suddenly realised. All my family are good at something, **except me!** I tried to think if I had any talents. I did knit a scarf once. It never got finished so I gave it to Dad for Christmas as a bookmark.

I tried roller skating too, but could only go in one direction.

Unfortunately that direction was straight into a gigantic bramble bush. It took Mam a whole day to tweeze the thorns out of my shins.

I was trying to think of more things, when Dad appeared with the Hoover. 'I didn't realise the carpet was this colour underneath all this dirt,' he commented, surprised. He is not used to tidying. He is normally riffling through people's



skips in his spare time and bringing back rubbish so he can make useful things out of them.

I went upstairs out of his way and scuttled past Jack's open door.

'Oi, Nut, come here!' he shouted.

UGH. I crept into his room.

'Yes?' I said.

'I was meant to be meeting mates in town. Now look at me!'

He was holding a pink feather duster, so I couldn't look at him (without laughing in his face). Nut, by the way, sounds like an



affectionate term, but it's not. He calls me that because I once got a roasted peanut wedged up my nose when I was five. I nearly got taken to hospital but Dad threw pepper in my face and I sneezed it out. Jack thought it was so gross he has never let me forget about it since.

'You're not getting away with this,' he said.

'OK, I get the message,' I answered, holding my hands up.

I still wondered what I was good at so I asked Jack what he thought and he said, 'Shoving peanuts up your nose.'

GREAT.



Nobody had warned me that spring cleaning required effort! I had disinfected the skirting boards, removed cobwebs and even hoovered the curtains. I didn't go as far as sorting my socks into matching pairs though, **I will never be that dull!** While tidying, I found a miniature plastic trophy under the bed which had been forgotten about. I'd won it in a game of

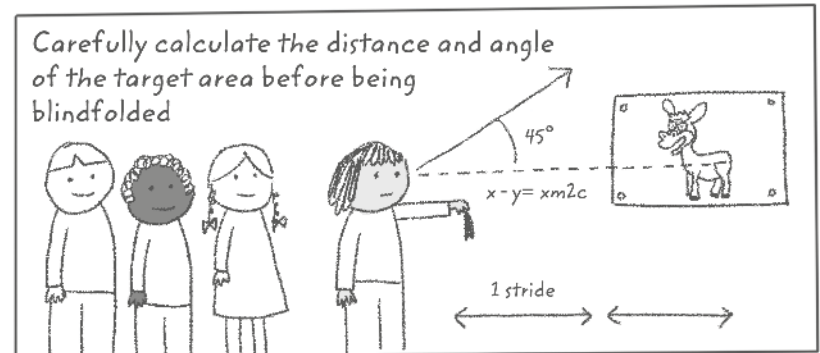


. . . at Bella Brady's birthday party when I was six. It might have been a pretend trophy but it was evidence that **I WAS GOOD AT SOMETHING!** I thought about putting it in



the cabinet but worried if Jack found it he would probably ridicule me with yet another stupid nickname such as 'Donkey' or even worse . . . 'Ass!' I didn't throw it away. You never know when a miniature plastic trophy might come in useful one day.

How NOT to win Pin the Tail on the Donkey

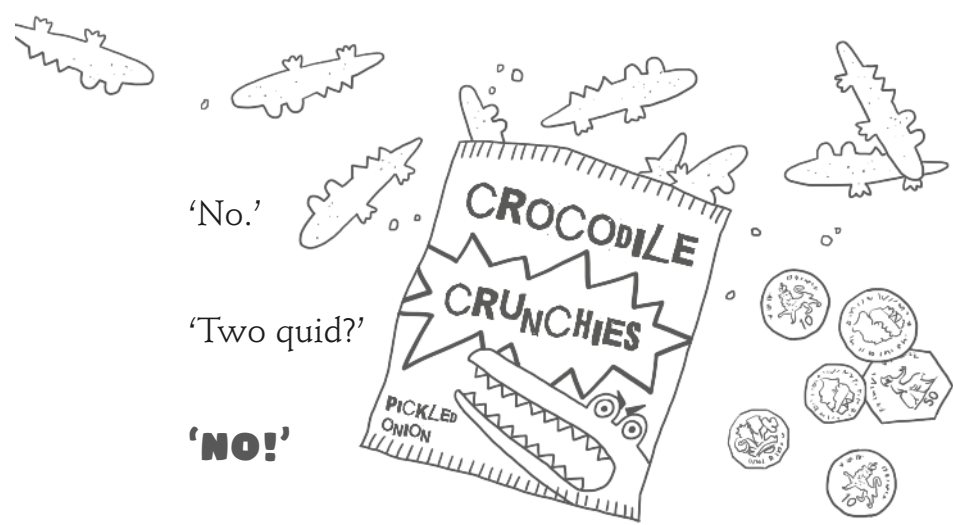


Maybe Oli knew what I might be good at. He was in our room too, cleaning. That's right, I have to **SHARE** a room with my seven-year-old brother. Dad put a 'divider curtain' across the middle. It hasn't helped. It just means that even though I am shielded from Oli's ugly mug, I can still hear him talking to **Luke Skywalker** (his action figure, not the actual greatest Jedi the galaxy has ever known).

'What do you think I'm good at?' I asked Oli.

'Ruining my life,' he sulked.

'Yeah, sorry about that,' I said, not sorry at all. 'Will you clean my half of the room if I give you a quid?' I asked.



'No.'

'Two quid?'

'**NO!**'

'Two quid and packet of pickled onion **CROCODILE CRUNCHIES?**'

'**MAAAAAAMMMMM!!!!**'

God, little brothers are such a **pain**. I didn't want Mam going mad at me again so I went downstairs and hid in Agung's room. Agung is Dad's dad. He moved over from Hong Kong (glam) a few years ago and lives in the garage (not so glam). People might think that is cruel but the garage



conversion is actually the best room in the house. It is massive and has a bed, sofa, telly and kettle. A total palace compared to my pathetic half-room hovel!



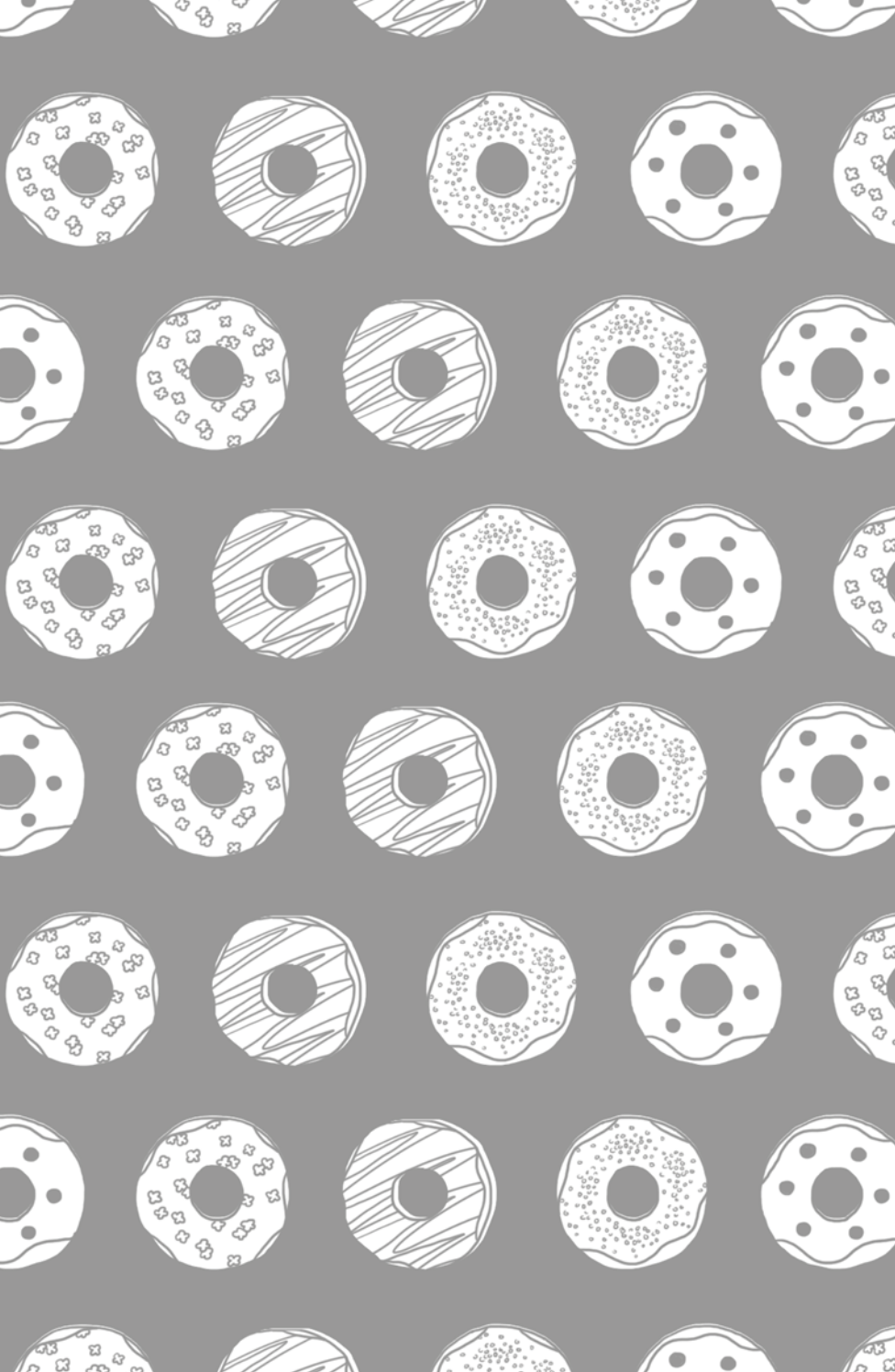
Agung was watching a quiz show, which is **bonkers** because he can hardly speak English.



Apart from Dad who speaks Chinese, everyone else has to communicate with Agung by talking English in slow motion and doing terrible sign language.

Someone on the telly had won and was getting handed a trophy. Then I remembered the cabinet full of trophies and it made me feel depressed again . . .

I needed to find my talent or **I would forever be a loser!**

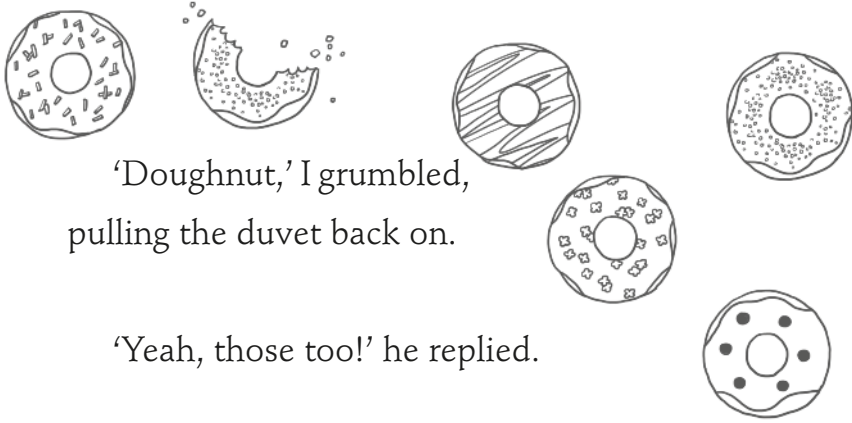


Sunday

I was still in bed the next morning when Dev came round to get me. He woke me up by pulling off the duvet and shouting, '**Get up, you're late for school!**' I almost had a heart attack. Then I realised it was Dev being a pillock . . . and it was Sunday.

'Come on, let's get chocolate!' he said. We never made it to the shops yesterday so snacks were overdue.





‘Doughnut,’ I grumbled, pulling the duvet back on.

‘Yeah, those too!’ he replied.

The thought of **doughnuts** eventually got me out of bed. I must have burned the equivalent of twenty-five just folding my pants yesterday. I got dressed and we headed off to the shop to replenish the calories.

Afterwards we went back to Dev’s house where he has his own bedroom and no annoying little brother. He has a five-year-old sister called Heena, but she has her own bedroom and is only mildly irritating. He has a mongrel called Graham too who is just as nuts as **FUZZFACE**. Unlike me, Dev has many



talents. One of them is turning his eyelids inside out, which is totally **VOMIT INDUCING**. The others are singing and dancing. He has two certificates hanging on his bedroom wall. One for Grade One singing and the other for tap dancing.

‘I wish I was talented,’ I said, having a closer look at his certificates. ‘I had to clean our trophy cabinet yesterday. None of them were mine. I’m the untalented one of the family.’

‘Don’t be daft,’ said Dev. ‘Everyone has a talent. I bet I can find out what yours is.’

Well good luck to him, **HA!** I thought it would take him **AGES** but within seconds he had a brainwave. He chucked a bag of marshmallows



at me and said, 'I know, let's see how many of these you can cram into your mouth at once!'

'I know, why don't you come back to me when you've thought of something less idiotic?' I answered.

Dev tapped his phone and showed me the screen. 'Look, the world record is fifty-one by a great-granny in Flemingsville, Kentucky, USA. You could beat that easy with your **massive gob!**'



I wasn't sure if that was a compliment or not.

Dev scrolled through his phone again, looking puzzled.



'But it doesn't say whether she had her teeth in.'

UGH.

I wasn't about to **humiliate myself** by trying to beat some toothless nonagenarian who lives in a place where they don't have anything better to do – plus what a waste of marshmallows! I racked my brain and remembered the plastic trophy that I'd found under the bed.

'I've got a better idea,' I said.

Dev didn't answer. He was too busy squashing a handful of marshmallows into his gob in an attempt to break the world record himself.





'I won a **Pin the Tail on the Donkey** game when I was six,' I said.

'Yeah, amph?' said Dev, shoving another in.

'So then I must be good at doing things with my eyes shut!'



'Mmmph mmmamph mumph,' Dev replied.

He was half suffocating and unable to interrupt so I took the opportunity to tell him about the trophy I got at **BELLA BRADY'S PARTY**. Dev responded by regurgitating pink, fluffy goo into the bin.

'If that's what you think then forget about it!' I said.

'No, that's a great idea,' said Dev. 'But how do we prove you're good at doing things with your eyes shut?'

There was only one way to find out. I grabbed a pencil and pad, got him to blindfold me and said, 'Ask me to draw something.'



‘The cross section of a sixteenth-century galleon,’ he replied.

Winding me up on purpose is another of Dev’s many talents. I gave him my ‘seriously?’ face.

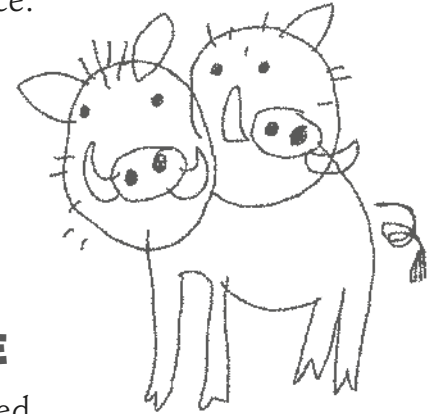
‘OK, a warthog then,’ he said.

I have only set eyes on a warthog once. It was when Agung was watching a nature documentary about their social behaviour in savanna habitats. Basically they are just angry pigs with revolting body hair and oversized teeth. (Maybe Warthog could be my nickname for Jack. HA! HA!). I pictured one in my head and started scribbling, certain that the lines were going in all the right places. When I finished



I took off my blindfold to take in my accomplished masterpiece.

‘It’s got two heads,’
Dev muttered.



**‘THEY HAVE A
COMPLICATED BONE
STRUCTURE!’** I replied,

throwing down my pencil in a strop. I was *sure* that was going to be my talent. How disappointing.

‘Anyway, who gives prizes for drawing anatomically correct warthogs with their eyes shut?’ Dev pointed out.

I was sorry to admit it, but he was right.



He brought the subject back to his drama club, which he has mentioned a **BILLION** times before. He has wanted me to join since I was five, even though he knows I can't sing, dance or act. I reminded him about the infant school nativity when I played a shepherd. Mary was handing me baby Jesus (a doll, I'll add at this point), and as I stepped forward the tea towel on my head slipped over my eyes and I **tripped** over a hay bale. Jesus went **FLYING** out of my arms and landed on Miss Wimple's (one of the dinner ladies) lap on the front row. She was so shocked she **jumped UP** and her bag of mint humbugs launched into the air like a fountain of hailstones. I went to retrieve Jesus but **slid** on a humbug, **fell** off the stage and **knocked** Miss Wimple flat on her backside. The whole place erupted with laughter and she

was utterly humiliated. She never did give me a full serving of chips after that.



‘And that’s what put me off drama ever since,’ I said.

‘Maybe comedy’s more your thing then,’ Dev replied, unhelpfully.

I didn’t want to be a comedian. I wanted to be taken seriously for once. I went home feeling *deflated* and a **BIT SICK** after too many marshmallows. Unlike my warthog, Dad was sketching an actual masterpiece at the kitchen table, which made me feel even more nauseous.

‘What’s that?’ I asked.

‘I’m designing a bird table for Agung. Well, not for his own personal use, it’ll be way too small!’ he snorted, laughing at his own joke.

Then Agung walked in and said something to me in Chinese. I don’t know why he does that because he knows full well I can hardly understand a word. Dad translated and said, ‘There’s been rare sightings of the Asian **Flaming Lycheebill** in the area, according to Agung’s sources, and he’s hoping this bird table will lure it in.’ Agung’s sources are his second cousins, the Chans, who run the **BAMBOO GARDEN** Chinese takeaway in the high street.

So Dad is going to build a bird table, probably made from bits of old scrap he finds in skips. It will end up looking like a work of art as usual. I will never be as good as him at anything. Or anyone else in the family for that matter.

