

THE DECORATING DISASTER

A Wobble & Magoo Adventure — Book 2

By

M.C. WOBBLE

WOBBLE BOOKS

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DEDICATION

For anyone who has ever carried a piano up
the wrong staircase with their best friend —
and laughed all the way back down.



CHAPTER 1

A FRESH START

In which two respectable gentlemen discover that wallpaper is considerably easier to put up than to get off.

Wednesday morning arrived with glorious sunshine.

The birds were singing.

The milkman was whistling.

And Mr Magoo McGhee was hiding.

He was hiding behind his newspaper, inside his little workshop, with the door locked and a handwritten sign hanging outside.

CLOSED FOR BUSINESS.

Underneath, in smaller letters, he had added:

ESPECIALLY TO M.C. WOBBLE.

Magoo settled into his favourite chair.

He poured himself a cup of tea.

He took a chocolate digestive from the biscuit tin.

He sighed.

"Lovely."

Then came a knock.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Magoo froze.

Another knock.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

He slowly lowered his newspaper.

Through the frosted glass of the workshop door, he could see a familiar round head.

A bowler hat.

And two enormous ears.

"MAGOO!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Go away."

"MAGOO! IT'S ME!"

"I know."

"I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS!"

"That's what worries me."

"WONDERFUL NEWS!"

Magoo pulled his hat over his face.

"Wobble, I am not coming out."

There was a pause.

Then Wobble shouted:

"RIGHT YOU ARE!"

Magoo smiled.

At last.

Peace.

Quiet.

He lifted his cup.

Then—

CRAAAAAASH!

A ladder came through the workshop window.

Magoo dropped his tea.

The ladder continued across the room.

It struck a shelf.

Three tins of paint fell.

A broom toppled.

And a large bucket landed perfectly over Magoo's head.

CLONK!

Silence.

Then Wobble's cheerful face appeared through the broken window.

"Morning, old chap!"

From beneath the bucket came a muffled voice.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble grinned.

"Found the spare entrance!"



CHAPTER 2

MRS CRUMPET'S GENEROUS OFFER

Half an hour later, the two gentlemen stood outside number seventeen, Primrose Terrace.

Magoo wore his charcoal-grey pinstripe suit.

His spectacles sat crookedly on his nose.

His bowler hat had a small dent.

Wobble wore his brown checked three-piece suit, red spotted bow tie and enormous brown boots.

He was carrying a ladder.

A bucket.

Three paintbrushes.

A roll of wallpaper.

And a packet of chocolate digestives.

Magoo stared at the house.

"Why are we here?"

Wobble smiled.

"Mrs Crumpet has offered us another job!"

Magoo looked horrified.

"After yesterday?"

"Yes!"

"After the piano?"

"Yes!"

"After the ceiling?"

"Yes!"

"After the grandfather clock?"

Wobble nodded.

"Very forgiving woman."

Magoo looked through the front window.

He could still see the enormous hole in the ceiling.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Are you absolutely certain she wants us?"

Wobble produced a letter.

"Read it yourself!"

Magoo unfolded the paper.

It read:

Dear Mr Wobble,

Following yesterday's unfortunate incident, I
require the sitting room redecorated.

You and your associate may undertake the
work, provided you follow my instructions
precisely.

The wallpaper must be cream with little pink

roses.

The carpet must remain spotless.

The furniture must not be moved unnecessarily.

And under no circumstances are you to touch the grandfather clock.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs E. Crumpet.

Magoo looked up.

"She's giving us a second chance."

Wobble nodded proudly.

"Exactly!"

Magoo smiled.

"Well, perhaps we should make a proper job of it."

Wobble clapped his hands.

"THAT'S THE SPIRIT!"

Magoo straightened his waistcoat.

"We shall work carefully."

"Absolutely!"

"Quietly."

"Naturally!"

"And without any ridiculous inventions."

Wobble hesitated.

"Well..."

Magoo narrowed his eyes.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"No inventions."

Wobble sighed.

"Very well."

Then he smiled.

"Good job I brought my automatic wallpapering machine yesterday!"

Magoo slowly turned towards him.

His face went pale.

"Your WHAT?"



CHAPTER 3

THE WALLPAPERING EXPERTS

Mrs Crumpet opened the front door.

She looked at the ladder.

Then the bucket.

Then the brushes.

Then Wobble.

Then Magoo.

She took a deep breath.

"Gentlemen."

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Good morning, madam!"

Magoo bowed.

"Good morning, Mrs Crumpet."

She pointed towards the sitting room.

"The wallpaper is to be replaced."

"Certainly," said Magoo.

"The furniture is to be protected."

"Of course."

"The carpet must remain spotless."

"Naturally."

Mrs Crumpet looked directly at Wobble.

"And absolutely nothing is to fall through the ceiling."

Wobble smiled.

"Wouldn't dream of it!"

Mrs Crumpet narrowed her eyes.

"Very well."

She disappeared upstairs.

Magoo turned to Wobble.

"Right. First things first."

Wobble nodded.

"Tea?"

"No."

"Biscuits?"

"No."

"Lunch?"

"WOBBLE!"

"Only asking."

Magoo pointed towards the furniture.

"We must cover everything with dust sheets."

"Excellent idea!"

Wobble grabbed a large white sheet.

He threw it over the sofa.

WHOOSH!

Perfect.

Magoo smiled.

"Very good."

Wobble grabbed another sheet.

He threw it over the armchair.

WHOOSH!

Perfect again.

Magoo nodded approvingly.

"Well done."

Wobble beamed.

Then he picked up the largest sheet.

"AND NOW THE BIG ONE!"

He threw it into the air.

The sheet floated beautifully.

It drifted across the room.

It spread its enormous white wings.

Then landed—

Directly over Magoo.

FWUMP!

Magoo disappeared.

Wobble stared.

"Magoo?"

A muffled voice answered.

"YES?"

"Where've you gone?"

"WOBBLE!"

The sheet began moving.

A strange white figure stumbled across the room.

Its arms waved.

Its head bumped the lampshade.

BONK!

Wobble gasped.

"GOOD HEAVENS!"

The figure staggered towards him.

Wobble backed away.

"A GHOST!"

Magoo's muffled voice shouted:

"I'M NOT A GHOST!"

Wobble grabbed a broom.

"BACK, SPIRIT!"

He poked the sheet.

POKE!

"BEGONE!"

POKE!

"RETURN TO THE OTHER SIDE!"

Magoo finally pulled the sheet from his head.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble stopped.

"Oh."

Magoo stared.

Wobble smiled.

"Thought you looked familiar."



CHAPTER 4

A STICKY SITUATION

By eleven o'clock, the furniture was covered.

Mostly.

The wallpaper was ready.

The paste had been mixed.

And Magoo was standing beside the wall
holding a brush.

"Now," he said, "we shall do this properly."

Wobble nodded.

"Properly."

"First, apply paste to the paper."

"Paste to the paper."

"Then carefully lift the paper."

"Carefully lift the paper."

"Then place it against the wall."

"Against the wall."

"And smooth out the bubbles."

Wobble smiled.

"Easy!"

Magoo handed him a brush.

"Very well. You do the first strip."

Wobble dipped the brush into the paste.

He spread it across the wallpaper.

SWISH!

SWASH!

SPLAT!

Magoo nodded.

"Good."

Wobble applied more paste.

SWISH!

SWASH!

SPLAT!

Magoo frowned.

"That's enough."

Wobble added another enormous dollop.

SPLOOOOOOSH!

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble stopped.

"Yes?"

"That's far too much paste!"

Wobble looked down.

The wallpaper was swimming.

A small river of paste ran off the table.

It dripped onto his boots.

Then onto the floor.

Then into Magoo's shoes.

Magoo looked down.

He lifted one foot.

SCHLURP!

He lifted the other.

SCHLURP!

He frowned.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"My shoes are sticking."

Wobble smiled.

"Excellent paste, isn't it?"

Magoo tried to step backwards.

SCHLURP!

His left shoe remained on the floor.

His foot came out.

Magoo stared.

He tried to retrieve the shoe.

But his sock stuck to the floor.

SQUELCH!

He leaned forwards.

His hand landed in the paste.

SPLAT!

Now his hand was stuck.

Magoo froze.

One foot in a shoe.

One foot in a sock.

One hand on the floor.

His bottom pointing towards the ceiling.

Wobble stared.

"Magoo?"

Magoo slowly turned his head.

"Yes, Wobble?"

"Are you comfortable?"

There was a very long silence.

Then Magoo whispered:

"No."

Wobble nodded.

"Right."

He thought for a moment.

Then smiled.

"I'LL PULL YOU FREE!"

He grabbed Magoo's waistcoat.

"Heave!"

SCHLURP!

Nothing.

"Heave!"

SCHLURP!

Still nothing.

Wobble planted both enormous boots against the floor.

"HEEEEEAVE!"

Magoo suddenly came free.

POP!

Both gentlemen flew backwards.

Wobble landed in the armchair.

Magoo landed on top of him.

The wallpaper brush flew through the air.

It struck the ceiling.

SPLAT!

And stuck there.

Silence.

Magoo slowly lifted his head.

He was sitting on Wobble's lap.

Wobble smiled.

"Well, that's one way of doing it."

Magoo stared.

Then reached for his spectacles.

They were missing.

He looked around.

"Where are my glasses?"

Wobble pointed upwards.

Magoo followed his finger.

His spectacles were stuck to the ceiling.

Beside the wallpaper brush.

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Oh, splendid."



CHAPTER 5

THE FIRST STRIP

After considerable effort, the two gentlemen managed to get the first strip of wallpaper onto the wall.

It was straight.

It was smooth.

And the little pink roses looked beautiful.

Magoo stepped backwards.

He smiled.

"There."

Wobble nodded.

"Lovely."

Magoo folded his arms.

"See what happens when we take our time?"

Wobble grinned.

"Excellent teamwork!"

They admired their handiwork.

Then the wallpaper slowly peeled away.

Prrrrrrrrrrrp.

Magoo frowned.

The top corner lifted.

Then the middle.

Then the bottom.

The entire strip slid down the wall.

SCHLOOOOOOP!

It landed on the floor.

Magoo stared.

Wobble stared.

There was a long silence.

Then Wobble said:

"Perhaps it doesn't like roses."

Magoo turned.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Get the ladder."



CHAPTER 6

THE AUTOMATIC WALLPAPERING MACHINE

At twelve thirty, Magoo went into the kitchen to make tea.

He left Wobble alone for precisely four minutes.

Four minutes.

Two hundred and forty seconds.

Which was approximately two hundred and thirty-nine seconds too long.

Because Wobble had discovered something in his toolbox.

A small electric motor.

A bicycle wheel.

Three pulleys.

A length of string.

And a wooden rolling pin.

He looked at them.

Then at the wallpaper.

Then at the wall.

And smiled.

"Ahhh."

He rubbed his hands.

"Now we're talking!"

By the time Magoo returned, Wobble had built a machine.

It stood in the middle of the sitting room.

The electric motor was attached to the bicycle wheel.

The wheel turned the rolling pin.

The rolling pin fed wallpaper through a tray of paste.

And a series of wooden arms pressed the paper against the wall.

Magoo stopped in the doorway.

His teacup trembled.

"Wobble."

Wobble beamed.

"MAGOO!"

"What is that?"

Wobble spread his arms.

"THE WOBBLE WALLPAPER WONDER!"

Magoo stared.

"The what?"

"The Wobble Wallpaper Wonder!"

Magoo looked at the machine.

Then at Wobble.

Then back at the machine.

"No."

Wobble grinned.

"YES!"

"No, Wobble."

"Watch!"

"WOBBLE, DON'T—"

Wobble pressed the switch.

CLICK!

The motor hummed.

WHIRRRRRRR!

The bicycle wheel turned.

The rolling pin spun.

The wallpaper began feeding through the paste.

Magoo blinked.

"Well..."

The paper rose towards the wall.

The wooden arms pressed it into place.

SWISH!

SMOOTH!

SWISH!

SMOOTH!

A beautiful strip of wallpaper appeared.

Perfectly straight.

Perfectly smooth.

Perfectly aligned.

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

Wobble smiled proudly.

"Yes?"

"It's working."

"OF COURSE IT IS!"

The machine continued.

Another strip.

Then another.

Then another.

Magoo's eyes widened.

"It's marvellous!"

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"THANK YOU!"

The machine moved across the room.

Papering one wall.

Then another.

Then another.

The roses lined up beautifully.

Magoo began laughing.

"We'll be finished in no time!"

Wobble grinned.

"EXACTLY!"

Then the motor made a strange noise.

WHIRRRR-CLUNK!

The bicycle wheel began spinning faster.

The rolling pin rattled.

The paste tray shook.

Magoo stopped laughing.

"Wobble?"

"Yes?"

"Why's it speeding up?"

Wobble looked at the machine.

"Not sure."

The motor whined.

WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

The wallpaper began flying through the rollers.

FLAP-FLAP-FLAP-FLAP!

The machine papered the fourth wall.

Then the window.

Then the fireplace.

Then the clock.

Magoo gasped.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble grabbed the switch.

He pressed it.

Nothing happened.

He pressed it again.

Still nothing.

"OH DEAR!"

The machine turned towards the furniture.

WHIRRRRRRRRRRR!

It wallpapered the sofa.

Then the armchair.

Then the television.

Then Mrs Crumpet's favourite porcelain dog.

Magoo shouted:

"STOP IT!"

Wobble grabbed the power cable.

He pulled.

The machine jerked sideways.

The wallpaper roll spun.

A long strip flew through the air.

It wrapped around Magoo's waist.

FWIP!

Magoo froze.

"Wobble?"

Another strip wrapped around his chest.

FWIP!

Then his arms.

FWIP!

Then his legs.

FWIP!

Then his head.

FWUMP!

Wobble stared.

Standing in the middle of the room was an enormous human-shaped parcel.

Covered in cream wallpaper.

With little pink roses.

A muffled voice emerged.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble blinked.

"Magoo?"

"YES!"

"Is that you?"

"OF COURSE IT'S ME!"

Wobble smiled.

"Well, you match the room beautifully!"

The wallpaper machine continued spinning.

Magoo began rolling across the carpet.

ROLL!

ROLL!

ROLL!

He struck the sofa.

Bounced off.

Rolled towards the fireplace.

Bounced again.

Then came to rest against the wall.

Perfectly upright.

Wobble stared.

The wallpaper pattern on Magoo lined up exactly with the wallpaper behind him.

He had disappeared into the decoration.

Wobble scratched his beard.

"Magoo?"

A muffled voice answered.

"YES?"

Wobble looked around.

"Where've you gone?"

"WOBBLE!"

"Magoo?"

"I'M HERE!"

Wobble stared at the wall.

Then smiled.

"Good heavens."

He clapped his hands.

"INVISIBLE WALLPAPER!"



CHAPTER 7

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR

At that precise moment, Mrs Crumpet returned.

She entered the sitting room.

And stopped.

The room looked magnificent.

The walls were beautifully papered.

The roses matched perfectly.

The furniture was arranged neatly.

And the wallpapering machine had finally stopped.

Mrs Crumpet gasped.

"Gentlemen!"

Wobble turned.

"Madam!"

She looked around.

"Why, this is wonderful!"

Wobble beamed.

"Thank you!"

"The wallpaper is beautiful!"

"Much obliged!"

"The pattern is perfect!"

"Very kind!"

Mrs Crumpet smiled.

"Where is Mr McGhee?"

Wobble hesitated.

"Ah."

Mrs Crumpet looked around.

"Mr Magoo?"

From the wall came a muffled voice.

"HELP!"

Mrs Crumpet frowned.

"What was that?"

Wobble coughed.

"Er..."

"Did somebody speak?"

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Possibly the wireless."

Mrs Crumpet walked towards the wall.

She examined the wallpaper.

Then frowned.

"That's odd."

Wobble swallowed.

"What is, madam?"

Mrs Crumpet pointed.

"Why is there a nose sticking out of my wallpaper?"

Wobble looked.

Sure enough, a small nose was poking through the paper.

Below it appeared a moustache.

Then two worried eyes.

Mrs Crumpet screamed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Magoo screamed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Wobble screamed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Nobody was entirely sure why Wobble screamed.

But he didn't want to feel left out.

Mrs Crumpet staggered backwards.

"THERE'S A MAN IN MY WALL!"

Wobble smiled.

"Yes, madam."

"WHY IS THERE A MAN IN MY WALL?"

Wobble thought carefully.

"Decorative feature?"

Mrs Crumpet stared.

Then fainted.

THUD.

Magoo groaned.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble nodded.

"Coming, old chap!"

He grabbed the loose end of the wallpaper.

Then pulled.

RRRRRRRRRRRRIP!

Magoo spun away from the wall.

Around the room.

Past the sofa.

Past the fireplace.

Past Mrs Crumpet.

Then straight through the open doorway.

WHOOOOOOOSH!

He disappeared into the hallway.

Wobble stared.

"Well."

A tremendous crash came from the kitchen.

CRAAAAAAAAAASH!

Wobble winced.

"Found him."



CHAPTER 8

THE DOOR THAT DISAPPEARED

By three o'clock, Magoo had been rescued.

Mostly.

His suit was covered in paste.

His waistcoat was decorated with pink roses.

And a long strip of wallpaper hung from the back of his trousers.

Mrs Crumpet had recovered.

She stood in the sitting room, inspecting the walls.

"Well," she said, "despite everything, the room does look rather nice."

Magoo smiled weakly.

"Thank you, madam."

Wobble beamed.

"Told you!"

Mrs Crumpet nodded.

"I suppose you gentlemen have earned your payment."

Magoo's eyes widened.

"Payment?"

"Yes."

Wobble grinned.

"Excellent!"

Mrs Crumpet reached into her handbag.

But then she frowned.

"Just one thing."

Magoo froze.

Wobble smiled.

"Yes, madam?"

Mrs Crumpet looked around.

"Where is the sitting-room door?"

There was silence.

Magoo looked towards the doorway.

Or rather—

Where the doorway used to be.

Now there was a perfectly papered wall.

Cream.

With little pink roses.

Magoo stared.

Wobble stared.

Mrs Crumpet stared.

Finally, Wobble smiled.

"Ah."

Mrs Crumpet folded her arms.

"Ah WHAT?"

Wobble examined the wallpaper.

He tapped the wall.

TAP-TAP.

Something tapped back.

TAP-TAP.

Wobble blinked.

"Interesting."

Magoo looked horrified.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Did you wallpaper over the door?"

Wobble hesitated.

"Possibly."

Mrs Crumpet's face turned red.

"YOU'VE WALLPAPERED OVER MY DOOR?"

Wobble smiled.

"Very neatly, though."

Magoo closed his eyes.

Mrs Crumpet pointed at the wall.

"REMOVE IT!"

Wobble nodded.

"Certainly!"

He grabbed the edge of the wallpaper.

Then pulled.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRIP!

A huge strip peeled away.

Unfortunately, it was attached to the
wallpaper on the next wall.

And the next.

And the next.

And the ceiling.

Wobble kept pulling.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIP!

Magoo's eyes widened.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble pulled harder.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIP!

The wallpaper came away in one enormous piece.

The entire room unravelled.

The roses vanished.

The beautiful walls disappeared.

The furniture emerged.

The fireplace reappeared.

And Mrs Crumpet's porcelain dog fell off the mantelpiece.

Magoo dived.

He caught it.

"HA!"

Wobble stumbled backwards.

The wallpaper wrapped around his boots.

He spun.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then crashed into Magoo.

BUMP!

Magoo dropped the porcelain dog.

Wobble caught it.

"HA!"

Then Wobble dropped his bowler hat.

Magoo caught it.

"HA!"

Then Magoo slipped on the paste.

Wobble grabbed him.

"HA!"

Then both men fell over.

CRAAAAAAAAAASH!

The porcelain dog flew into the air.

It spun.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

And landed—

Perfectly.

On the mantelpiece.

TINK!

Silence.

Wobble and Magoo lay tangled together on the floor.

They looked at the porcelain dog.

Then at each other.

Then smiled.

"Well," said Wobble.

Magoo sighed.

"Don't."

"That went rather well."

Magoo closed his eyes.



CHAPTER 9

THE FINAL ROSE

That evening, the two gentlemen walked home.

Their suits were ruined.

Their shoes were sticky.

Their hats were battered.

And Magoo had a little pink rose stuck to his forehead.

Wobble whistled cheerfully.

Magoo walked in silence.

After a while, Wobble spoke.

"Magoo?"

"Yes?"

"Do you think Mrs Crumpet was pleased?"

Magoo stopped.

He slowly turned.

He looked at Wobble.

Then at his ruined suit.

Then at the wallpaper stuck to his trousers.

And finally at the little pink rose on his forehead.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"We are never decorating again."

Wobble nodded.

"Right you are."

"Never."

"Absolutely."

"Under any circumstances."

"Certainly."

Magoo sighed.

"Good."

They continued walking.

A few moments later, Wobble reached into his jacket.

"Funny you should say that."

Magoo stopped.

"Oh, no."

Wobble produced a folded advertisement.

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"What is that?"

Wobble grinned.

"Our next job!"

Magoo slowly took the paper.

He unfolded it.

It read:

TWO RELIABLE GENTLEMEN REQUIRED.

WINDOW CLEANING.

GOOD PAYMENT.

LADDERS PROVIDED.

Magoo looked up.

"Window cleaning?"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes!"

"With ladders?"

"Yes!"

"High ladders?"

"Very high!"

Magoo stared.

Then slowly smiled.

"Well."

Wobble blinked.

"Well what?"

Magoo folded the advertisement.

"At least there's no wallpaper."

Wobble laughed.

"EXACTLY!"

They shook hands.

Then walked happily down the street.

Neither noticed the enormous ladder leaning against the next house.

Neither noticed the bucket of water balanced on top.

And neither noticed the cat sitting on the windowsill.

Until—

MEEEEEOOOOW!

The cat jumped.

The ladder moved.

The bucket tipped.

And an enormous waterfall landed directly on their heads.

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Silence.

Wobble stood dripping.

Magoo stood dripping.

Their bowler hats floated in a puddle.

Wobble looked at Magoo.

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Then Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"At least we're already wet."

Magoo sighed.

And somewhere in the distance, a piano played a single note.

PLONK!

THE END

Coming next: Book 3 — The Window Cleaners

In which Magoo discovers he is afraid of

heights, Wobble discovers the joys of a very long ladder, and a perfectly respectable lady discovers two gentlemen hanging outside her bedroom window.

BOOM-BOOM. TAP-TAP. BOOM-BOOM. TAP!

MEET THE CHARACTERS

M.C. WOBBLE



Slim, cheerful inventor whose brilliant ideas always end in disaster

MR MAGOO MCGHEE



Stocky, scruffy, long-suffering gentleman
who always says 'Oh, no'

MRS E. CRUMPET



*Fussy, house-proud widow at number
seventeen, Primrose Terrace*

ABOUT M.C. WOBBLE

M.C. Wobble writes books about the sort of characters nobody ever puts in books — blobs, beasts, and things made entirely of baked goods. The stories are silly on the outside and surprisingly warm on the inside.

Every Wobble Book is designed with dyslexic readers in mind — not as an afterthought, but from the first word. Because every child deserves a book that feels like it was made for them.

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