

THE RUNAWAY RAILWAY

A Wobble & Magoo Adventure — Book 4

By

M.C. WOBBLE

WOBBLE BOOKS

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Publisher: Wobble Books

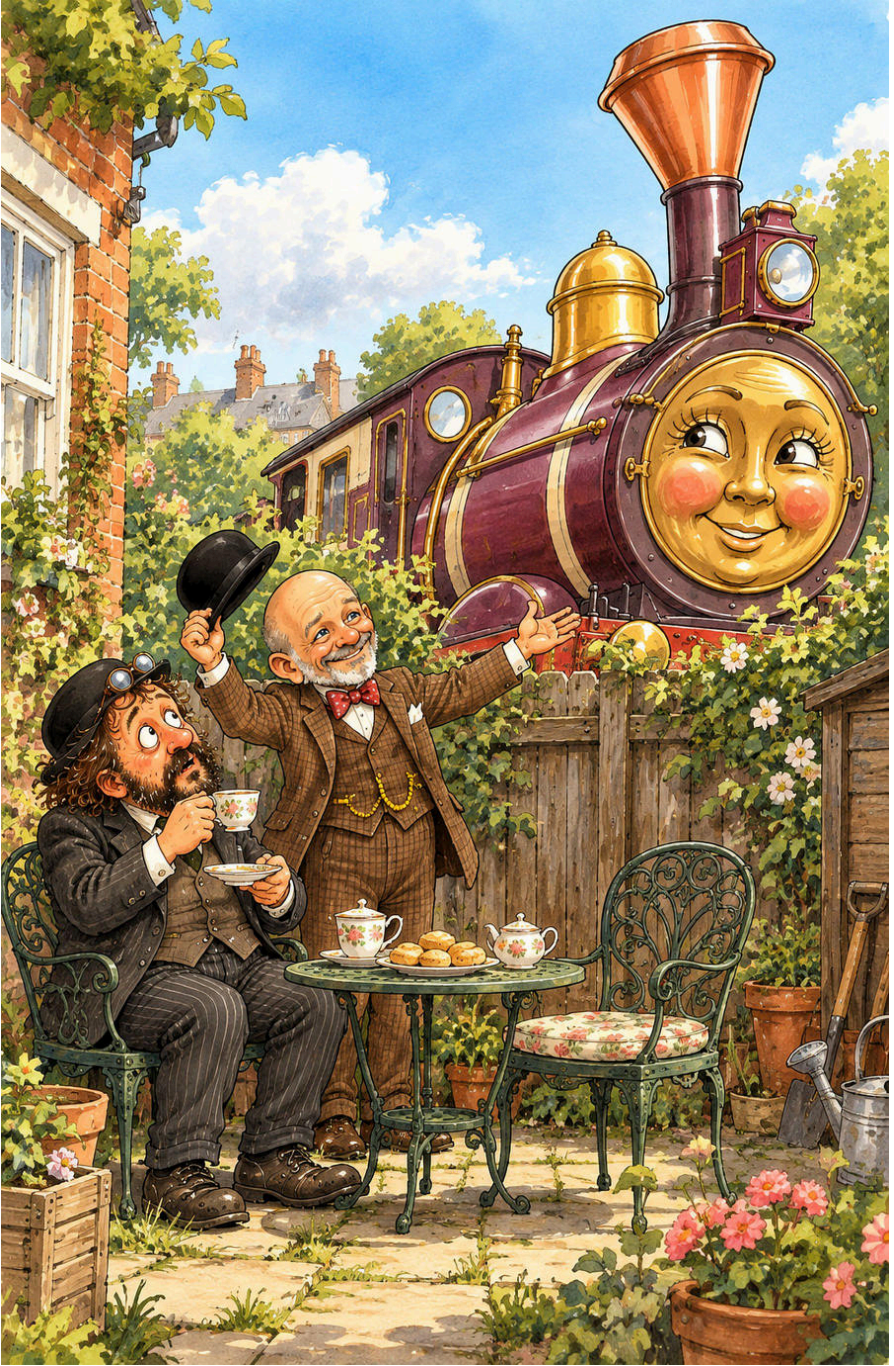
ISBN Placeholder

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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 MOST UNUSUAL CUSTOMER

In which two respectable gentlemen are employed to clean a steam locomotive, and accidentally invent the world's fastest railway service.

Friday morning arrived with glorious sunshine.

The birds were singing.

The milkman was whistling.

And Mr Magoo McGhee was standing in his garden, staring at an enormous steam

locomotive.

It was magnificent.

It had gleaming brass fittings.

Enormous red wheels.

A polished black chimney.

And a beautiful green boiler decorated with golden stripes.

But the most extraordinary thing about the locomotive was its face.

Because it had one.

Two enormous eyes.

A splendid brass nose.

And a wide, cheerful mouth.

"GOOD MORNING!" boomed the locomotive.

Magoo blinked.

"Good morning."

"LOVELY DAY!"

"Yes."

"BIT WARM FOR THE TIME OF YEAR!"

"Quite."

There was a pause.

Magoo looked at the locomotive.

The locomotive looked at Magoo.

Then Magoo slowly turned towards Wobble.

"Wobble."

"Yes, Magoo?"

"Why is that train talking?"

M.C. Wobble stood beside him in his brown checked suit, red spotted bow tie and enormous boots.

He smiled.

"Because she's very friendly!"

Magoo stared.

"That's not what I meant."

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Magoo, allow me to introduce Lady Loco-Motion the First!"

The locomotive gave a little bow.

Unfortunately, locomotives are not particularly good at bowing.

Her chimney struck a tree branch.

CRACK!

A shower of leaves fell onto Magoo's head.

"DELIGHTED!" she boomed.

Magoo removed a leaf from his spectacles.

"Likewise."

Lady Locomotion smiled.

"I REQUIRE TWO GENTLEMEN TO GIVE ME A THOROUGH CLEAN!"

Wobble grinned.

"WE'RE YOUR MEN!"

Magoo glanced at him.

"Are we?"

"Of course!"

Lady Locomotion continued.

"MY BRASS NEEDS POLISHING!"

"Certainly!"

"MY WINDOWS NEED CLEANING!"

Magoo winced.

"Not windows again."

"MY WHEELS NEED SCRUBBING!"

"Naturally!"

"AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES MUST
ANYONE TOUCH MY CONTROLS!"

Wobble nodded enthusiastically.

"Absolutely!"

Lady Locomotion narrowed her eyes.

"ESPECIALLY THE BIG RED LEVER."

Wobble looked towards the cab.

There, beside the driver's seat, stood an
enormous red lever.

It had a polished brass handle.

And a little sign.

DO NOT PULL.

Wobble smiled.

"Right you are!"

Magoo folded his arms.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Don't touch the lever."

"Wouldn't dream of it!"

Magoo stared.

He had heard those words before.

Several times.

Usually shortly before something exploded.



CHAPTER 2

THE CLEANING BEGINS

Lady Locomotion was standing in the old railway yard behind the workshop.

She had been positioned beside a water pump, a coal shed and a small wooden platform.

Wobble and Magoo had been provided with everything they needed.

Buckets.

Sponges.

Brushes.

Polishing cloths.

Soap.

And an enormous tin of brass polish.

Magoo examined the equipment.

"Right."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"We shall start at the front."

"Excellent!"

"Work our way towards the back."

"Naturally!"

"And finish before lunchtime."

Wobble smiled.

"Wonderful!"

Magoo handed him a cloth.

"Now, polish the brass."

Wobble dipped his cloth into the polish.

He rubbed Lady Locomotion's enormous brass nose.

RUB-RUB-RUB!

Lady Locomotion giggled.

"OOOH!"

Wobble stopped.

"Everything all right?"

"THAT TICKLES!"

Wobble smiled.

"Sorry!"

He rubbed again.

RUB-RUB-RUB!

Lady Locomotion giggled louder.

"HEE-HEE-HEE!"

Magoo looked up.

"What's going on?"

Wobble grinned.

"She's ticklish!"

Magoo sighed.

"Just polish the nose."

Wobble nodded.

He rubbed harder.

RUB-RUB-RUB-RUB!

Lady Locomotion's eyes crossed.

Her boiler trembled.

Her chimney rattled.

And suddenly—

AAAAAAAAAH...

Wobble stopped.

"Oh."

AAAAAAAAAH...

Magoo looked up.

"Wobble?"

CHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

An enormous cloud of steam exploded from Lady Locomotion's chimney.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Wobble flew backwards.

Magoo disappeared into the cloud.

The buckets rattled.

The sponges scattered.

And both gentlemen were blown across the railway yard.

They landed in a large pile of coal.

CRAAAAASH!

Silence.

Then two blackened faces appeared.

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo slowly turned towards him.

"Don't."

"At least we're warm."



CHAPTER 3

THE TROUBLE WITH STEAM

By ten o'clock, Magoo had decided that cleaning the locomotive's face was too dangerous.

He climbed into the cab.

"Right, Wobble."

Wobble looked up.

"Yes?"

"I shall clean the windows."

Magoo paused.

"From the inside."

Wobble nodded.

"Good thinking!"

"You polish the wheels."

"Certainly!"

"And don't touch anything else."

"Absolutely!"

Magoo entered the cab.

It was beautiful.

Polished brass gauges.

Shining copper pipes.

A comfortable leather driver's seat.

A large pressure dial.

And dozens of mysterious handles.

Magoo examined them carefully.

He adjusted his spectacles.

"Extraordinary."

Then he noticed the big red lever.

DO NOT PULL.

Magoo frowned.

"Well, that's clear enough."

He turned away.

Outside, Wobble was polishing the enormous red wheels.

He rubbed one spoke.

Then another.

Then another.

RUB-RUB-RUB!

He smiled.

"Lovely!"

But as he moved around the locomotive, he noticed something peculiar.

One wheel was turning.

Very slowly.

CREEEEEEEAK.

Wobble stopped.

He looked at the wheel.

The wheel stopped.

Wobble rubbed it again.

The wheel moved.

CREEEEEEEAK.

Wobble blinked.

"Interesting."

He leaned closer.

Then gave the wheel a little push.

CLUNK!

The wheel turned.

Another wheel moved.

Then another.

Lady Locomotion opened one eye.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Wobble smiled.

"Just checking your wheels!"

"THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO MOVE!"

Wobble looked surprised.

"Oh."

The locomotive rolled forwards.

Just six inches.

CHUFF.

Then stopped.

Magoo looked out of the cab.

"Wobble?"

"Yes?"

"Why did we move?"

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Testing the suspension!"

Magoo narrowed his eyes.

"Don't."

Wobble nodded.

"Right."

Then he noticed a little wooden block wedged beneath the rear wheel.

He frowned.

"What's this?"

Lady Locomotion gasped.

"THAT'S MY WHEEL CHOCK!"

Wobble picked it up.

"Your what?"

"MY WHEEL CHOCK!"

"Lovely little thing."

"PUT IT BACK!"

Wobble looked at the block.

Then at the wheel.

Then at Magoo.

Then smiled.

"Right you are!"

He bent down.

But before he could replace it—

CHUFF.

Lady Locomotion moved forwards.

CHUFF-CHUFF.

Wobble blinked.

"Oh."

The locomotive continued moving.

CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF!

Magoo looked out.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble ran alongside.

"MAGOO!"

"WHY ARE WE MOVING?"

Wobble held up the wooden block.

"FOUND THIS!"

Magoo stared.

"PUT IT BACK!"

Wobble looked at the rapidly turning wheels.

Then at the wooden block.

Then back at Magoo.

"BIT DIFFICULT NOW!"

The locomotive gathered speed.

CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF!

Lady Locomotion screamed.

"MY BRAKES!"

Magoo grabbed the nearest handle.

"WHICH ONE?"

"THE BLACK ONE!"

Magoo looked around.

There were six black handles.

He swallowed.

"WHICH BLACK ONE?"

"THE ONE BESIDE THE RED LEVER!"

Magoo turned.

He saw the enormous red lever.

Beside it was a little black handle.

He reached for it.

But at that precise moment—

Wobble jumped onto the footplate.

THUD!

The locomotive jolted.

Magoo stumbled.

His hand missed the black handle.

And landed on the red lever.

CLICK.

There was a terrible silence.

Magoo looked at his hand.

Wobble looked at Magoo.

Lady Locomotion's eyes widened.

"OH, NO."

The red lever slowly moved forwards.

CLUNK.

Then—

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

The locomotive shot down the track.



CHAPTER 4

THE FASTEST TRAIN IN ENGLAND

Lady Locomotion thundered out of the railway yard.

CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF!

Wobble grabbed the cab doorway.

Magoo grabbed the driver's seat.

His bowler hat flew off.

It landed on the pressure gauge.

PLOP!

"WOBBLE!"

"MAGOO!"

"STOP THE TRAIN!"

"I'M TRYING!"

Wobble grabbed a handle.

He pulled.

TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT!

The whistle blasted.

Magoo jumped.

"NOT THAT ONE!"

Wobble grabbed another.

DING-DING-DING!

A bell rang.

"NOT THAT ONE EITHER!"

Wobble grabbed a third.

A little hatch opened.

And a biscuit fell out.

PLOP.

Wobble stared.

"Well, that's clever."

Magoo screamed.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble picked up the biscuit.

"Chocolate digestive!"

Lady Locomotion roared.

"WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE STOP PULLING
THINGS?"

The train thundered towards a small country
station.

On the platform stood the stationmaster.

He wore a blue uniform.

A shiny black hat.

And a magnificent moustache.

He checked his pocket watch.

Then looked up.

His eyes widened.

"GOOD HEAVENS!"

Lady Locomotion came racing towards him.

CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF!

Wobble leaned out of the cab.

"GOOD MORNING!"

The stationmaster waved both arms.

"STOP!"

Wobble waved back.

"LOVELY WEATHER!"

"STOOOOOOOP!"

Magoo shouted:

"WE CAN'T!"

The stationmaster jumped behind a luggage trolley.

Lady Locomotion roared through the station.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

The wind blew the stationmaster's hat off.

His moustache blew sideways.

Three newspapers flew into the air.

A lady's umbrella turned inside out.

And a gentleman's sandwich disappeared from his hand.

Wobble caught it as they passed.

He looked down.

"Cheese and pickle!"

Magoo stared.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble smiled.

"Would you like half?"



CHAPTER 5

THE COW ON THE LINE

Beyond the station, the railway crossed beautiful green countryside.

Fields stretched towards the horizon.

Sheep grazed peacefully.

Birds sang in the hedgerows.

And a large brown cow stood directly on the railway track.

Her name was Buttercup.

Buttercup was not a particularly intelligent cow.

But she was very good at standing still.

Especially when she had found a nice patch of grass.

Lady Locomotion spotted her.

"OH, NO!"

Magoo looked ahead.

"WHAT?"

"THERE'S A COW!"

Wobble leaned out.

He waved.

"HELLO, COW!"

Buttercup looked up.

"MOOOO."

Lady Locomotion screamed.

"GET OFF THE LINE!"

Buttercup chewed thoughtfully.

"MOOOO."

Magoo grabbed the whistle cord.

TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT!

Buttercup blinked.

Wobble waved both arms.

"SHOO!"

Buttercup took one step.

Then stopped.

Magoo gasped.

"WE'RE GOING TO HIT HER!"

Wobble looked around desperately.

Then spotted the emergency coal shovel.

He grabbed it.

Magoo stared.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble climbed onto the front footplate.

He held out the shovel.

"COME ON, BUTTERCUP!"

The cow looked at him.

Wobble smiled.

"GOOD GIRL!"

He reached into his pocket.

And produced a chocolate digestive.

Magoo blinked.

"What are you doing?"

Wobble held out the biscuit.

"Offering refreshments!"

Buttercup's ears twitched.

She looked at the biscuit.

Then at Wobble.

Then at the biscuit again.

And stepped off the track.

Just as Lady Locomotion thundered past.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Magoo gasped.

"WOBBLE! YOU DID IT!"

Wobble grinned.

"Course I did!"

Buttercup watched the train disappear.

Then returned to eating grass.

Unfortunately, Wobble had forgotten to let go of the coal shovel.

The shovel struck a wooden sign.

CLANG!

It spun around.

And landed directly on his head.

BONK!

Wobble staggered backwards.

Magoo caught him.

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

Wobble blinked.

Then smiled.

"Never better."

The shovel slipped from his head.

CLONK!

It landed on Magoo's foot.

Magoo screamed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Lady Locomotion sighed.

"WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE YOU TWO?"



CHAPTER 6

THE BRIDGE OF CERTAIN DISASTER

The railway curved towards an enormous stone viaduct.

It crossed a deep valley.

Far below ran a little river.

Above, the sky was blue.

And the bridge was perfectly safe.

For ordinary trains.

Travelling at ordinary speeds.

Lady Locomotion was not travelling at an ordinary speed.

She was travelling at a speed best described as absolutely ridiculous.

Magoo looked ahead.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"There's a bridge."

Wobble nodded.

"Lovely."

"A very high bridge."

"Beautiful."

"A very narrow bridge."

"Magnificent."

Magoo swallowed.

"And we're going very fast."

Wobble looked at the speedometer.

The needle was spinning wildly.

He frowned.

"That's odd."

Magoo stared.

"WHAT?"

Wobble pointed.

"Think it's broken."

Magoo looked.

The needle spun once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then flew off.

PING!

It struck Magoo's spectacles.

TINK!

Magoo blinked.

"Oh, splendid."

Lady Locomotion roared onto the bridge.

CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF!

The wheels rattled.

The boiler shook.

The chimney swayed.

And Magoo made a noise that sounded rather like a frightened kettle.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

Wobble looked at him.

"Everything all right?"

Magoo clung to the seat.

"NO!"

Wobble nodded.

"Right."

He looked around.

Then smiled.

"I'VE GOT AN IDEA!"

Magoo's eyes widened.

"NO!"

"We need to slow down!"

"YES!"

"Then perhaps we should use the brake!"

Magoo stared.

"WOBBLE!"

"What?"

"THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO!"

Wobble looked at the controls.

Then spotted a large black handle.

It was labelled:

BRAKE.

Wobble grinned.

"AH!"

Magoo followed his gaze.

His mouth fell open.

"THERE IT IS!"

Wobble grabbed the handle.

He pulled.

Nothing happened.

He pulled harder.

Still nothing.

Magoo joined him.

Both men pulled.

"Heave!"

CREEEEEEEAK!

"Heave!"

CREEEEEEEAK!

"HEEEEEEEAVE!"

CLUNK!

The handle came free.

Wobble staggered backwards.

Magoo fell onto the floor.

Both men stared at the broken handle.

There was a long silence.

Then Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo slowly looked up.

"Don't."

"At least we found it."



CHAPTER 7

THE TUNNEL

Lady Locomotion thundered off the bridge.

Ahead stood a dark railway tunnel.

Its entrance was small.

Very small.

Suspiciously small.

Magoo looked ahead.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"That tunnel looks narrow."

Wobble nodded.

"Quite."

"Very narrow."

"Yes."

"Do you think we'll fit?"

Wobble examined the tunnel.

Then the locomotive.

Then the tunnel again.

He smiled.

"Probably!"

Magoo stared.

"PROBABLY?"

Lady Locomotion roared towards the entrance.

CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF!

Magoo ducked.

Wobble ducked.

Lady Locomotion closed her eyes.

"OH, DEAR!"

They entered the tunnel.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Darkness.

Absolute darkness.

Magoo could see nothing.

Wobble could see nothing.

Lady Locomotion could see nothing.

Then—

CLANG!

Something struck the chimney.

CLONK!

Something struck the roof.

SCRAAAAAPE!

Something scraped along the sides.

Magoo screamed.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO!"

Lady Locomotion roared:

"MY PAINTWORK!"

Then they emerged into the sunshine.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Magoo opened one eye.

He looked around.

The locomotive was still moving.

The cab was intact.

The wheels were turning.

And Wobble was smiling.

Magoo sighed.

"We made it."

Wobble nodded.

"Course we did!"

Then Magoo looked up.

His eyes widened.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Where's the chimney?"

Wobble looked towards the front.

The magnificent black chimney had disappeared.

In its place was a small smoking hole.

Wobble blinked.

"Oh."

Lady Locomotion gasped.

"MY CHIMNEY!"

Magoo stared.

Wobble scratched his beard.

Then smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"At least you'll fit through the next tunnel."



CHAPTER 8

THE GREAT RAILWAY RESCUE

By two o'clock, Lady Locomotion had travelled through six stations.

Across three bridges.

Past seventeen cows.

Through two tunnels.

And directly through a washing line belonging to a very surprised farmer's wife.

Magoo was exhausted.

His suit was covered in coal dust.

His spectacles were cracked.

His bowler hat was missing.

And his moustache had been blown sideways.

Wobble, meanwhile, was having a wonderful time.

"THIS IS BRILLIANT!"

Magoo stared.

"BRILLIANT?"

Wobble nodded.

"Lovely countryside!"

Magoo looked towards the rapidly approaching

railway junction.

Then his eyes widened.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"There's a junction ahead."

Wobble nodded.

"Lovely."

"With two tracks."

"Excellent."

"One goes towards the station."

"Right."

"And the other goes towards the sea."

Wobble blinked.

"The sea?"

Magoo pointed.

Ahead, a wooden sign stood beside the track.

LEFT — CENTRAL STATION

RIGHT — SEASIDE PIER

Magoo swallowed.

"WE MUST GO LEFT!"

Wobble nodded.

"LEFT!"

Lady Locomotion roared.

"THE POINTS ARE SET FOR RIGHT!"

Magoo gasped.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble looked towards the track.

Then spotted the points lever beside the junction.

It stood just beyond the railway fence.

A long wooden handle.

Painted red.

Wobble smiled.

"AH!"

Magoo stared.

"What?"

Wobble grabbed the coal shovel.

Magoo's eyes widened.

"NOT AGAIN!"

Wobble leaned out of the cab.

He stretched the shovel towards the points lever.

Closer.

Closer.

Closer.

CLANG!

The shovel struck the handle.

The points changed.

CLICK!

Lady Locomotion swerved left.

SCREEEEEEEEEECH!

Magoo flew across the cab.

Wobble flew into Magoo.

The coal shovel flew into the air.

And both gentlemen landed in a heap.

CRAAAAASH!

Silence.

Then Lady Locomotion began slowing down.

CHUFF...

CHUFF...

CHUFF...

The wheels turned more slowly.

The boiler hissed.

The locomotive rolled into Central Station.

And finally—

PSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSH!

She stopped.

Perfectly.

Beside the platform.

Magoo opened one eye.

Then the other.

He looked around.

The station.

The platform.

The waiting passengers.

The enormous clock.

He blinked.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"We've stopped."

Wobble smiled.

"Yep."

"We've actually stopped."

"Yep!"

Magoo stood.

He straightened his waistcoat.

He adjusted his spectacles.

Then he smiled.

"WOBBLE!"

"YES?"

"WE'VE DONE IT!"

The two gentlemen embraced.

They laughed.

They danced.

Wobble stamped his enormous boots.

BOOM-BOOM!

Magoo tapped his shoes.

TAP-TAP!

Wobble stamped again.

BOOM-BOOM!

Magoo finished.

TAP!

And Lady Locomotion gave a little whistle.

TOOT!

For one glorious moment, everything was wonderful.

Then the stationmaster approached.

He wore a dark blue uniform.

A shiny black hat.

And an expression of absolute horror.

"GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Good afternoon!"

The stationmaster stared at Lady Locomotion.

Then at the missing chimney.

Then at the bent buffers.

Then at the broken brake handle.

Then at Wobble.

Then Magoo.

And finally at the enormous crowd of
passengers.

He swallowed.

"DO YOU REALISE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?"

Wobble smiled.

"Delivered the train!"

The stationmaster blinked.

"DELIVERED?"

"Yes!"

"TO CENTRAL STATION?"

"Correct!"

The stationmaster stared.

Then slowly smiled.

"GOOD HEAVENS!"

Magoo looked puzzled.

"What?"

The stationmaster grabbed Wobble's hand.

"YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY!"

Wobble blinked.

"Have we?"

"YES!"

Magoo stared.

"Really?"

The stationmaster nodded.

"The afternoon express broke down!"

Wobble looked surprised.

"Oh."

"We've been waiting for a replacement locomotive!"

Magoo blinked.

"Right."

"And you've arrived exactly on time!"

Wobble grinned.

"Well!"

The stationmaster smiled.

"MARVELLOUS WORK!"

He reached into his pocket.

And produced two shiny silver coins.

"YOUR PAYMENT!"

Magoo's eyes widened.

"Payment?"

Wobble beamed.

"Much obliged!"

The stationmaster shook their hands.

Then hurried away.

Magoo stared at the coins.

Wobble stared at the coins.

Then they looked at each other.

And smiled.

"Well," said Magoo.

Wobble nodded.

"Not bad for a day's work!"

CHAPTER 9

THE LAST WHISTLE

That evening, Wobble and Magoo sat outside the workshop.

Their suits were filthy.

Their shoes were battered.

Their hats were ruined.

But their pockets contained two shiny silver coins.

Magoo sipped his tea.

Wobble ate a chocolate digestive.

Lady Locomotion stood peacefully on the old railway line.

Her boiler was cooling.

Her wheels were still.

And her enormous brass face looked rather pleased.

"THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble smiled.

"Pleasure!"

Magoo nodded.

"Indeed."

Lady Locomotion continued.

"YOU HAVE BEEN MOST ENTERTAINING!"

Wobble grinned.

"Thank you!"

Magoo frowned.

"Entertaining?"

Lady Locomotion smiled.

"ABSOLUTELY!"

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Then at his ruined suit.

Then at the locomotive's missing chimney.

And sighed.

"Well."

He took another sip of tea.

"At least it's over."

Wobble smiled.

"Funny you should say that."

Magoo froze.

"Oh, no."

Wobble reached into his jacket.

He produced another advertisement.

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"What is that?"

Wobble grinned.

"Our next job!"

Magoo slowly unfolded the paper.

It read:

TWO RELIABLE GENTLEMEN REQUIRED.

SMALL MOTOR CAR REPAIRS.

EXCELLENT PAYMENT.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

Magoo looked up.

"Motor car repairs?"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes!"

"With engines?"

"Yes!"

"Petrol engines?"

"Naturally!"

Magoo stared.

Then slowly smiled.

"Well."

Wobble blinked.

"Well what?"

Magoo folded the advertisement.

"At least motor cars don't run on railway tracks."

Wobble laughed.

"EXACTLY!"

They shook hands.

Then sat back in their chairs.

Neither noticed the little motor car approaching down the lane.

Neither noticed the smoke pouring from its bonnet.

And neither noticed the driver waving frantically.

Until—

PARP! PARP! PARP!

The car rolled through the workshop gate.

Its engine coughed.

COUGH! COUGH!

Its wheels squealed.

SCREEEEEECH!

And it stopped directly in front of them.

A little old gentleman climbed out.

He wore a flat cap.

A brown coat.

And a magnificent moustache.

"EXCUSE ME!"

Wobble stood.

"Good evening!"

The gentleman pointed at the smoking car.

"ARE YOU THE MECHANICS?"

Wobble smiled.

"WE CERTAINLY ARE!"

Magoo slowly closed his eyes.

"Oh, no."

Wobble grinned.

"Oh, YES!"

Then the motor car gave one final cough.

COUGH!

Its bonnet flew open.

CLANG!

A cloud of smoke covered both gentlemen.

And somewhere in the distance, a piano played one final note.

PLONK!

THE END

Coming next: Book 5 — The Motor Car

In which Magoo discovers the joys of motoring, Wobble discovers what happens when you connect the wrong wires, and a perfectly respectable little motor car develops a mind of its own.

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

MEET THE CHARACTERS

M.C. WOBBLE



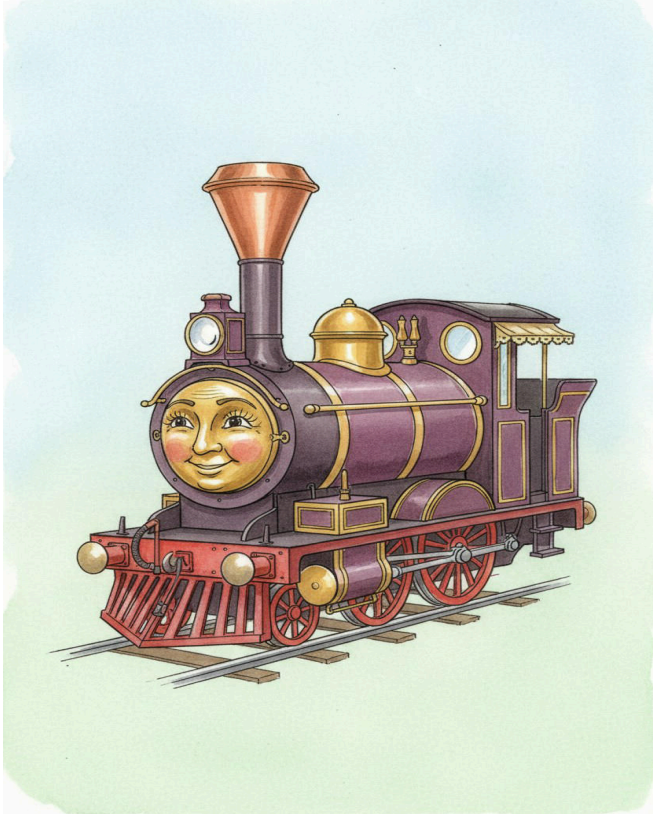
Slim, cheerful inventor whose brilliant ideas always end in disaster

MR MAGOO MCGHEE



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

LADY LOCOMOTION



*Booming, friendly, ticklish steam
locomotive with a brass face*

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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