

THE MOTOR CAR

A Wobble & Magoo Adventure — Book 5

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

THE FINEST MOTOR MECHANICS IN ENGLAND

In which two respectable gentlemen become motor mechanics, discover the importance of brakes, and accidentally enter the most prestigious motor race in the county.

Saturday morning arrived with sunshine, birdsong and the gentle sound of somebody hitting an engine with a hammer.

CLANG!

"Try it now, Magoo!"

Mr Magoo McGhee sat behind the steering wheel of a small, rather elderly motor car.

He wore his charcoal-grey pinstripe suit, a slightly crooked bow tie and his battered bowler hat.

His spectacles were perched on the end of his nose.

He looked extremely worried.

"Wobble?"

"Yes, Magoo?"

"Are you quite certain you know what you're doing?"

M.C. Wobble stood beside the open bonnet, wearing his brown checked suit and red spotted bow tie.

His sleeves were rolled up.

His enormous brown boots were covered in oil.

And he was holding a hammer.

He smiled.

"Absolutely!"

Magoo looked at the hammer.

"Why are you hitting the engine?"

Wobble considered this.

"Encouragement."

Magoo stared.

"Encouragement?"

"Yes! Sometimes machinery needs a little encouragement."

He tapped the engine again.

CLANG!

A small spring flew out.

PING!

It landed in Magoo's teacup.

PLOP!

Magoo looked down.

Then slowly looked up.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Was that important?"

Wobble peered into the engine.

He scratched his beard.

Then smiled.

"Probably not."

Magoo closed his eyes.

He had a terrible feeling that today was going to be a very long day.



CHAPTER 2

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE BROKEN CAR

The little motor car belonged to Mr Percival Pumbleton.

Mr Pumbleton was a respectable gentleman.

He wore a flat cap, a brown tweed coat and a magnificent moustache.

His car was a beautiful little 1920s roadster.

It had round headlamps.

A polished brass radiator.

Red leather seats.

And a folding canvas roof.

It was painted a glorious shade of British racing green.

Unfortunately, it had three problems.

The engine wouldn't start.

The horn wouldn't stop.

And the brakes only worked when they felt like it.

Mr Pumbleton stood beside the car.

"Gentlemen, can you repair her?"

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Certainly, sir!"

Magoo bowed politely.

"We shall do our very best."

Mr Pumbleton smiled.

"Splendid!"

He pointed towards the engine.

"She needs to be ready for the village motor show this afternoon."

Wobble nodded.

"Not a problem!"

Magoo looked at him.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"This afternoon?"

"Yes!"

"In four hours?"

"Plenty of time!"

Magoo stared at the engine.

Then at the loose spring in his teacup.

Then at Wobble.

"Wonderful."

Mr Pumbleton handed them the keys.

"Now, gentlemen, please be careful. She's rather precious to me."

Wobble smiled.

"Treat her like our own!"

Magoo looked horrified.

"PLEASE DON'T!"

But Mr Pumbleton had already walked away.



CHAPTER 3

THE HORN THAT WOULDN'T STOP

Wobble examined the engine.

Magoo examined the dashboard.

There were several mysterious switches.

A large steering wheel.

A speedometer.

And a magnificent brass horn.

Magoo pressed the horn gently.

PARP!

He smiled.

"That's rather nice."

He pressed it again.

PARP!

Wobble looked up.

"Lovely!"

Magoo pressed it a third time.

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

The horn continued.

And continued.

And continued.

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

Magoo removed his hand.

The horn kept sounding.

He stared.

"Wobble?"

"Yes?"

"The horn's stuck."

Wobble walked over.

He pressed the button.

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

He pressed it again.

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

He hit it with his palm.

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

Magoo covered his ears.

"MAKE IT STOP!"

Wobble frowned.

Then smiled.

"I'VE GOT AN IDEA!"

Magoo's eyes widened.

"Oh, no."

Wobble fetched his hammer.

"WOBBLE!"

"Just a little tap!"

CLANG!

The horn stopped.

Silence.

Beautiful silence.

Magoo sighed.

"Thank goodness."

Then the engine began making a strange noise.

PARP!

Both men froze.

PARP-PARP!

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Wobble looked at Magoo.

The engine coughed.

PARP-PARP-PARP!

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"At least we've moved the noise somewhere else."



CHAPTER 4

THE MYSTERIOUS SPARE PART

By eleven o'clock, Wobble had removed seventeen bolts, three springs, a fan belt and something that looked suspiciously like a teaspoon.

Magoo stood beside him holding a tray.

On the tray were all the parts.

"Right," said Magoo. "We must put everything back exactly where it came from."

Wobble nodded.

"Absolutely!"

Magoo pointed to a bolt.

"Where does that go?"

Wobble examined it.

Then pointed vaguely towards the engine.

"In there."

"Where?"

"Somewhere."

Magoo sighed.

He picked up a spring.

"And this?"

Wobble smiled.

"Near the other spring."

Magoo stared.

"And the teaspoon?"

Wobble looked puzzled.

"That's mine."

Magoo blinked.

"Yours?"

"Yes! Been looking for that since breakfast."

He took the spoon and put it in his pocket.

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Of course."

They began rebuilding the engine.

CLINK!

CLANK!

RATTLE!

BANG!

At last, everything was back together.

Almost.

One small brass nut remained on the tray.

Magoo looked at it.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"What's this?"

Wobble examined the nut.

He turned it over.

He held it up to the light.

Then smiled.

"Spare."

Magoo frowned.

"Spare?"

"Every good machine has a spare part."

Magoo stared.

Wobble slipped it into his pocket.

"Just in case!"

Then he slammed the bonnet shut.

CLANG!

"RIGHT! LET'S START HER!"



CHAPTER 5

THE FIRST TEST DRIVE

Magoo sat behind the steering wheel.

Wobble sat beside him.

Both gentlemen wore their bowler hats.

Wobble had even brought a picnic basket.

Magoo looked at it.

"What's that for?"

Wobble smiled.

"Lunch!"

"We're only going around the block."

"Exactly! Might get hungry."

Magoo sighed.

He inserted the key.

He turned it.

CLICK.

Nothing.

He tried again.

CLICK-CLICK.

Still nothing.

Wobble leaned forward.

"Give it a little more."

Magoo turned the key.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK!

The engine coughed.

COUGH!

Then spluttered.

SPLUTTER!

Then roared into life.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

Both men jumped.

Magoo gasped.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble grinned.

"WE'VE DONE IT!"

Magoo smiled.

"WE HAVE!"

The engine settled into a gentle rumble.

PUTT-PUTT-PUTT-PUTT.

Magoo carefully selected first gear.

He released the handbrake.

And pressed the accelerator.

The car moved forwards.

Slowly.

Beautifully.

Perfectly.

Magoo smiled.

"Well, would you look at that."

Wobble nodded.

"Lovely!"

They drove out of the workshop yard.

Onto Primrose Terrace.

Past Mrs Crumpet's house.

Past Miss Puddington's house.

Past the little bakery.

And towards the village square.

Magoo sat proudly behind the wheel.

"She drives beautifully!"

Wobble smiled.

"Told you!"

Then the engine coughed.

PARP!

Magoo frowned.

The car accelerated.

Just a little.

"Wobble?"

"Yes?"

"Did you touch anything?"

Wobble shook his head.

"No."

The car accelerated again.

BRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

Magoo looked down.

His foot was nowhere near the accelerator.

"Wobble?"

"Yes?"

"WHY ARE WE SPEEDING UP?"

Wobble looked at the dashboard.

Then at the engine.

Then at Magoo.

"Oh."

Magoo's eyes widened.

"OH WHAT?"

Wobble scratched his beard.

"Think I may have connected the throttle to the horn."

Magoo stared.

"YOU WHAT?"

The horn sounded.

PAAAAAAAAAARP!

The car accelerated.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

Magoo screamed.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble grinned nervously.

"BEST NOT TO HONK!"



CHAPTER 6

THE VILLAGE MOTOR SHOW

At precisely twelve o'clock, the annual
Primrose Village Motor Show was beginning.

The village square was packed.

There were polished motor cars.

Beautiful vintage motorcycles.

Brass bands.

Bunting.

Flags.

And a large banner hanging across the road.

WELCOME TO THE ANNUAL PRIMROSE MOTOR
RALLY!

The mayor stood on a wooden platform.

He wore a magnificent gold chain.

A top hat.

And a rather serious expression.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he announced.

"Welcome to the finest motor rally in the
county!"

The crowd applauded.

The mayor raised his hand.

"Our competitors will shortly depart on a magnificent circuit of the countryside!"

The crowd cheered.

"Drivers, prepare your engines!"

Twelve beautiful motor cars lined up beneath the starting banner.

Their drivers wore leather helmets and goggles.

Their passengers held maps.

And everybody looked terribly professional.

Then—

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

The crowd turned.

A small green roadster came racing towards the square.

Inside sat two gentlemen in bowler hats.

One was screaming.

The other was eating a chocolate digestive.

Magoo clung to the steering wheel.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble looked up.

"YES?"

"WE'RE GOING TOO FAST!"

Wobble nodded.

"BIT BRISK!"

The green roadster shot into the square.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

It swerved around a flowerbed.

Missed a lamppost.

Bounced over a small wooden ramp.

And landed directly at the front of the rally
starting line.

BOING!

The crowd erupted.

"HOORAY!"

Magoo blinked.

Wobble blinked.

The mayor stared.

Then smiled.

"AH! OUR FINAL COMPETITORS!"

Magoo looked horrified.

"COMPETITORS?"

The mayor raised his starting flag.

"DRIVERS READY?"

Magoo shook his head.

"NO!"

Wobble waved cheerfully.

"GOOD AFTERNOON!"

The mayor lowered the flag.

"THREE!"

Magoo screamed.

"WAIT!"

"TWO!"

"WOBBLE!"

"ONE!"

"GO!"

The flag dropped.

The cars roared forwards.

And Wobble and Magoo accidentally entered the Primrose Motor Rally.



CHAPTER 7

THE MOST UNLIKELY RACING DRIVERS

The little green roadster thundered down the country lane.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

Magoo gripped the steering wheel.

Wobble held the picnic basket.

Behind them came twelve racing cars.

Ahead stretched the winding countryside.

Magoo looked at Wobble.

"WOBBLE!"

"YES?"

"WE'RE IN A RACE!"

Wobble smiled.

"ARE WE?"

"YES!"

"HOW EXCITING!"

Magoo stared.

"EXCITING?"

Wobble opened the picnic basket.

"Sandwich?"

Magoo screamed.

"NO!"

Wobble shrugged.

"More for me."

He took a bite.

Then the car hit a bump.

BOING!

The sandwich flew into the air.

It landed on Magoo's face.

SPLAT!

Magoo couldn't see.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble grabbed the sandwich.

"Sorry!"

The car swerved.

It passed a red racing car.

Then a blue racing car.

Then a yellow racing car.

The drivers stared.

One gentleman lifted his goggles.

"GOOD HEAVENS!"

The green roadster overtook another car.

Then another.

And another.

Wobble looked backwards.

"Magoo!"

"WHAT?"

"WE'RE WINNING!"

Magoo screamed.

"I DON'T WANT TO WIN!"

Wobble grinned.

"TOO LATE!"



CHAPTER 8

THE HAIRPIN BEND

The road climbed a steep hill.

At the top stood a warning sign.

DANGEROUS BEND.

SLOW DOWN.

Magoo saw it.

His eyes widened.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"There's a bend."

Wobble nodded.

"Lovely."

"A very sharp bend."

"Right."

"And we're going very fast."

Wobble looked at the speedometer.

The needle was shaking.

He frowned.

"That's odd."

Magoo stared.

"WHAT?"

Wobble tapped the glass.

The needle spun.

Then fell off.

PING!

It landed in his lap.

Wobble smiled.

"Well, that's not ideal."

Magoo pressed the brake pedal.

Nothing happened.

He pressed harder.

Still nothing.

"WOBBLE!"

"YES?"

"THE BRAKES!"

Wobble looked down.

"Oh."

Magoo's eyes widened.

"OH WHAT?"

Wobble scratched his beard.

"Remember that spare nut?"

Magoo stared.

"YES?"

Wobble held it up.

"Think it might have belonged to the brakes."

There was a terrible silence.

Then Magoo screamed:

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

The car reached the bend.

Magoo turned the steering wheel.

The tyres squealed.

SCREEEEEEEEEECH!

The roadster skidded sideways.

Its rear wheels lifted.

Wobble grabbed his bowler hat.

Magoo grabbed the dashboard.

And the car swung around the corner—

Perfectly.

It straightened.

The wheels landed.

THUD!

And the roadster continued down the hill.

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

Then Wobble grinned.

"BEAUTIFUL DRIVING!"

Magoo stared.

His moustache trembled.

His spectacles slid down his nose.

And he whispered:

"I want to go home."



CHAPTER 9

THE BRIDGE, THE DUCK AND THE PICNIC BASKET

At the bottom of the hill stood a narrow wooden bridge.

A small river flowed beneath it.

And in the middle of the bridge stood a duck.

A very proud duck.

A very stubborn duck.

A duck who believed the bridge belonged entirely to him.

His name was Admiral Quackers.

Magoo spotted him.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"There's a duck."

Wobble leaned forward.

"Where?"

"ON THE BRIDGE!"

Wobble smiled.

"Lovely!"

The duck looked at the approaching car.

QUACK!

Magoo sounded the horn.

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

Unfortunately, the horn was still connected to the accelerator.

The car shot forwards.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

Magoo screamed.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble grabbed the picnic basket.

He opened it.

Inside were two sandwiches.

Three chocolate digestives.

An apple.

And a large piece of cheese.

Wobble held up the cheese.

"HELLO, DUCK!"

Admiral Quackers stared.

Wobble waved the cheese.

"COME ON!"

The duck tilted his head.

Then waddled towards the side of the bridge.

Magoo gasped.

"IT'S WORKING!"

Wobble grinned.

"COURSE IT IS!"

The duck stepped aside.

The car thundered past.

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!

Magoo sighed.

"Phew!"

Wobble smiled.

"Lovely little chap!"

Then Admiral Quackers flapped his wings.

FLAP-FLAP-FLAP!

He flew after the car.

And landed directly in Wobble's lap.

PLOP!

Wobble blinked.

The duck blinked.

Magoo looked sideways.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Why is there a duck in our car?"

Wobble looked down.

Then smiled.

"Think he's coming with us."

Admiral Quackers quacked.

QUACK!

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Of course."

CHAPTER 10

THE GREAT CHICKEN INCIDENT

The rally continued through a small farming village.

The road was lined with cottages.

A little shop.

A post office.

And a large chicken farm.

Outside the farm stood a sign.

FRESH EGGS FOR SALE.

Magoo looked ahead.

The road was straight.

The car was still going far too fast.

But at least nothing seemed to be in the way.

He sighed.

"Thank goodness."

Wobble nodded.

"Lovely countryside!"

Then Admiral Quackers spotted something.

A chicken.

Standing beside the road.

He quacked.

QUACK!

The chicken clucked.

CLUCK!

The duck quacked again.

QUACK-QUACK!

The chicken flapped her wings.

FLAP-FLAP!

Then another chicken appeared.

And another.

And another.

Within seconds, twenty chickens were running alongside the car.

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"WHY ARE THE CHICKENS FOLLOWING US?"

Wobble looked down at the duck.

Then at the chickens.

Then smiled.

"Think we've started a parade!"

The chickens chased the car.

CLUCK-CLUCK-CLUCK!

The duck quacked.

QUACK-QUACK!

The horn sounded.

PAAAAAAAAAARP!

The engine roared.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

And the little green roadster thundered
through the village followed by an enormous
flock of chickens.

People rushed to their windows.

A farmer dropped his pitchfork.

A policeman blew his whistle.

And Mrs Crumpet, who happened to be visiting her sister, stared in horror.

"WOBBLE?"

Wobble waved.

"AFTERNOON, MRS CRUMPET!"

Magoo covered his face.

"Oh, no."

CHAPTER 11

THE FINISH LINE

At three o'clock, the rally returned towards Primrose Village.

The mayor stood beside the finishing line.

The crowd waited.

The brass band played.

The judges checked their watches.

And the announcer raised his microphone.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"

The crowd cheered.

"THE LEADING CAR IS APPROACHING!"

In the distance came a strange noise.

PARP!

QUACK!

CLUCK-CLUCK!

BRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

The announcer frowned.

"That's unusual."

Then the little green roadster appeared.

It was covered in mud.

Its bonnet was smoking.

Its horn was sounding continuously.

A duck sat on the dashboard.

And two gentlemen in bowler hats were screaming.

Magoo shouted:

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO!"

The crowd erupted.

"HOORAY!"

The roadster crossed the finishing line.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

The chequered flag waved.

The brass band played.

The mayor cheered.

And the announcer shouted:

"WE HAVE A WINNER!"

Magoo blinked.

Wobble blinked.

Admiral Quackers quacked.

QUACK!

But the car was still moving.

Magoo looked ahead.

A large haystack stood beside the road.

He turned the wheel.

The roadster swerved.

It struck the haystack.

WHOOOOOOOMP!

And disappeared completely.

Silence.

Hay floated through the air.

The crowd stared.

The mayor stared.

The brass band stopped.

Then two bowler hats appeared.

One.

Then another.

Wobble emerged from the hay.

Magoo emerged beside him.

Admiral Quackers climbed onto Wobble's shoulder.

QUACK!

The crowd erupted.

"HOORAY!"

The mayor rushed forward.

"MARVELLOUS!"

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

The mayor grabbed their hands.

"GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE WON THE PRIMROSE
MOTOR RALLY!"

Magoo stared.

"Won?"

"YES!"

Wobble grinned.

"WE HAVE?"

"IN RECORD TIME!"

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Wobble looked at Magoo.

Then both gentlemen smiled.

"Well!" said Wobble.

The mayor presented them with an enormous silver trophy.

It was nearly as tall as Magoo.

Wobble lifted it proudly.

The crowd cheered.

The brass band played.

And Admiral Quackers gave one final—

M.C. WOBBLE

QUACK!

CHAPTER 12

THE UNEXPECTED BILL

That evening, Wobble and Magoo returned to the workshop.

Their suits were ruined.

Their hats were full of hay.

Their shoes were muddy.

But they had won an enormous silver trophy.

Magoo placed it proudly on the table.

"Well, Wobble."

Wobble smiled.

"Yes, Magoo?"

"We've finally done something properly."

Wobble nodded.

"Absolutely!"

"We won a race."

"Yep!"

"With a car we'd repaired ourselves."

"Yep!"

"And without getting into any serious trouble."

Wobble smiled.

"Exactly!"

Magoo sighed happily.

He poured himself a cup of tea.

Then came a knock at the door.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Magoo looked up.

"Who could that be?"

Wobble opened the door.

Standing outside was Mr Percival Pumbleton.

The owner of the little green roadster.

He looked at Wobble.

Then Magoo.

Then the enormous silver trophy.

Then the little green car, which was now being towed into the yard.

Its bonnet was missing.

Its windscreen was cracked.

Its horn was still sounding.

PAAAAAAAAAARP!

Mr Pumbleton stared.

"GENTLEMEN."

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Good evening!"

Mr Pumbleton pointed towards the car.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY MOTOR CAR?"

Wobble smiled.

"Won a race!"

Mr Pumbleton blinked.

"YOU WHAT?"

Magoo stood.

"Indeed, sir. First place!"

Mr Pumbleton looked at the trophy.

Then the car.

Then the trophy again.

His expression changed.

"FIRST PLACE?"

Wobble nodded.

"Absolutely!"

Mr Pumbleton slowly smiled.

"GOOD HEAVENS!"

Magoo looked relieved.

Mr Pumbleton laughed.

"MY LITTLE CAR WON THE RALLY!"

Wobble grinned.

"She certainly did!"

Mr Pumbleton shook their hands.

"GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE GENIUSES!"

Magoo smiled proudly.

"Thank you, sir."

Mr Pumbleton looked at the trophy.

Then smiled.

"I shall treasure this forever!"

He picked it up.

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

Mr Pumbleton continued.

"And naturally, I'll take the prize money."

Magoo froze.

"Prize money?"

Mr Pumbleton nodded.

"Fifty pounds!"

Wobble stared.

"FIFTY POUNDS?"

"Indeed!"

Magoo's eyes widened.

"But—"

Mr Pumbleton smiled.

"After all, it was my car!"

He tucked the trophy under his arm.

"Splendid work, gentlemen!"

Then he walked away.

Leaving Wobble and Magoo standing in silence.

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Wobble looked at Magoo.

Then Magoo whispered:

"Fifty pounds."

Wobble nodded.

"Yep."

"Fifty pounds."

"Yep."

"And we get nothing."

Wobble thought for a moment.

Then smiled.

"Not entirely nothing."

Magoo frowned.

"What?"

Wobble pointed towards the workshop.

There, sitting proudly on the workbench, was
Admiral Quackers.

The duck looked at them.

QUACK!

Wobble grinned.

"We've got a duck!"

Magoo slowly closed his eyes.

"Oh, splendid."

CHAPTER 13

THE LAST HONK

The sun began setting over Primrose Terrace.

Wobble and Magoo sat outside the workshop.

Their suits were drying.

Their shoes were drying.

And Admiral Quackers was happily eating crumbs beneath the table.

Magoo sipped his tea.

Wobble ate a chocolate digestive.

For once, everything was peaceful.

Then Wobble spoke.

"Magoo?"

"Yes?"

"I've been thinking."

Magoo froze.

"Oh, no."

"We've worked very hard this week."

Magoo nodded.

"Too hard."

"And we've had rather a lot of accidents."

"Rather a lot?"

Wobble smiled.

"Quite."

Magoo sighed.

"So?"

Wobble leaned back.

"I think we deserve a holiday!"

Magoo opened his eyes.

"A holiday?"

"Yes!"

"No jobs?"

"No jobs!"

"No ladders?"

"No ladders!"

"No wallpaper?"

"No wallpaper!"

"No pianos?"

"Definitely no pianos!"

Magoo smiled.

"Well, Wobble."

Wobble grinned.

"Yes?"

"That is the first sensible thing you've said all week."

Wobble nodded.

"Thank you!"

Magoo lifted his cup.

"Where shall we go?"

Wobble reached into his jacket.

And produced two tickets.

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"What are those?"

Wobble smiled.

"Train tickets!"

Magoo frowned.

"Train tickets?"

"To the seaside!"

Magoo's face brightened.

"The seaside?"

"Yes!"

"With beaches?"

"Yes!"

"Ice cream?"

"Naturally!"

"Deck chairs?"

"Absolutely!"

Magoo smiled.

"Wonderful."

Then he looked at the tickets.

His smile faded.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"These tickets say Lady Locomotion's Seaside Special."

Wobble grinned.

"Exactly!"

Magoo slowly lowered his teacup.

"Lady Locomotion?"

"Yes!"

"The steam locomotive?"

"Yes!"

"The one we nearly destroyed?"

Wobble nodded.

"She's offered us free travel!"

Magoo stared.

Then whispered:

"Oh, no."

From behind the workshop came an enormous whistle.

TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT!

Lady Locomotion's brass face appeared above the fence.

"ALL ABOARD, GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble jumped up.

"COMING!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

Lady Locomotion smiled.

"NEXT STOP... THE SEASIDE!"

Admiral Quackers flapped his wings.

QUACK!

Wobble grabbed his suitcase.

Magoo grabbed his hat.

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

PLONK!

THE END

Coming next: Book 6 — A Day at the Seaside

In which Magoo attempts to enjoy a peaceful holiday, Wobble encounters a deckchair with a mind of its own, and Admiral Quackers

declares war on the local seagulls.

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'

ADMIRAL QUACKERS



*Proud, stubborn, greedy duck who adopts
the two gentlemen*

MRS E. CRUMPET



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

MR PERCIVAL PUMBLETON



*Little old motoring gentleman and owner
of the green roadster*

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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