

# A DAY AT THE SEASIDE

*A Wobble & Magoo Adventure — Book 6*

By

**M.C. WOBBLE**

WOBBLE BOOKS

Copyright © 2026 by M.C. Wobble.

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, digitalized, or transmitted in any form without written permission from the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews.

Publisher: Wobble Books

ISBN Placeholder

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                                    |    |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Dedication                         | 4  |
| The Holiday Begins                 | 6  |
| Welcome to Bumblewick-on-Sea       | 15 |
| The Deckchair Disaster             | 22 |
| The Greatest Sandcastle in England | 35 |
| The Ice-Cream Incident             | 49 |
| The Battle of the Birds            | 61 |
| The Rescue of M.C. Wobble          | 75 |
| The Most Unexpected Prize          | 88 |
| The Journey Home                   | 97 |

## **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 HOLIDAY BEGINS**

In which two respectable gentlemen attempt to enjoy a peaceful holiday, a deckchair proves more dangerous than a steam locomotive, and a duck becomes an unlikely seaside hero.

Sunday morning arrived with glorious sunshine.

The birds were singing.

The countryside was beautiful.

And Mr Magoo McGhee was enjoying the most peaceful railway journey of his entire life.

He sat in a comfortable first-class carriage.

He wore his charcoal-grey pinstripe suit, a freshly pressed waistcoat and his favourite bowler hat.

His spectacles rested neatly on his nose.

Beside him sat M.C. Wobble.

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

On his lap sat Admiral Quackers.

The duck was wearing a tiny sailor's hat.

QUACK!

Magoo smiled.

"Lovely, isn't it, Wobble?"

Wobble nodded.

"Beautiful!"

"No work."

"No work!"

"No accidents."

"No accidents!"

"No broken windows."

"Certainly not!"

"No runaway pianos."

"Absolutely!"

Magoo sighed happily.

"And no ridiculous inventions."

Wobble hesitated.

"Well..."

Magoo slowly turned.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"What have you brought?"

Wobble smiled innocently.

"Nothing!"

Magoo narrowed his eyes.

"Wobble."

Wobble reached beneath his seat.

He produced a large wooden box.

Magoo stared.

"What's that?"

Wobble grinned.

"My portable seaside entertainment apparatus!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Oh, no."

Wobble opened the box.

Inside were three wooden paddles, a ball of string, two springs, a small brass bell and something that looked suspiciously like a

bicycle pump.

Magoo stared.

"Why have you brought all that?"

Wobble smiled.

"FUN!"

Before Magoo could answer, Lady Locomotion gave an enormous whistle.

TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT!

"SEASIDE STATION!" she boomed. "EVERYBODY OFF!"

Wobble jumped up.

"HOLIDAY TIME!"

Magoo smiled.

"At last!"

Admiral Quackers flapped his wings.

QUACK-QUACK!

And the three holidaymakers hurried towards the platform.

Unfortunately, Wobble forgot to close his wooden box.

The springs fell out.

The paddles scattered.

The brass bell rolled beneath the seats.

And the bicycle pump shot across the carriage.

CLANG!

BOING!

DING-DING!

Magoo stopped.

He looked at the mess.

Then at Wobble.

Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo sighed.

"We haven't even reached the beach."



## **CHAPTER 2**

# **WELCOME TO BUMBLEWICK-ON-SEA**

Bumblewick-on-Sea was the most beautiful seaside town in the county.

There was a magnificent pier.

A golden sandy beach.

Colourful beach huts.

Donkey rides.

Ice-cream stalls.

A brass band.

And hundreds of cheerful holidaymakers.

Seagulls wheeled overhead.

Children built sandcastles.

Ladies carried parasols.

Gentlemen wore striped bathing costumes.

And everybody seemed to be having a  
wonderful time.

Magoo stood on the promenade.

He breathed in the salty sea air.

"Ahhhhh."

Wobble stood beside him.

He breathed in deeply.

"AHHHHH!"

Admiral Quackers breathed in too.

QUACK!

Magoo smiled.

"Now, Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Today we shall do absolutely nothing."

Wobble nodded.

"Absolutely!"

"We shall sit on the beach."

"Lovely!"

"Eat ice cream."

"Wonderful!"

"Perhaps paddle in the sea."

"Excellent!"

"And avoid all unnecessary excitement."

Wobble grinned.

"Naturally!"

Magoo pointed towards a row of colourful deckchairs.

"Let's start there."

They approached a little wooden hut.

Outside stood an elderly gentleman with a white moustache.

He wore a straw boater and a striped waistcoat.

"DECKCHAIRS!" he called. "SIXPENCE EACH!"

Wobble smiled.

"Two, please!"

The gentleman handed them two folded deckchairs.

One blue.

One red.

Magoo took the blue one.

Wobble took the red.

They carried them onto the beach.

Found a lovely quiet spot.

And prepared to relax.

Which was where the trouble began.



## **CHAPTER 3**

# **THE DECKCHAIR DISASTER**

Magoo opened his deckchair.

**CLICK!**

He unfolded the wooden frame.

**CLACK!**

He stretched the canvas.

**FLAP!**

And sat down.

Perfect.

He leaned back.

He closed his eyes.

And sighed.

"Wonderful."

Wobble watched carefully.

Then examined his own chair.

It was folded flat.

He pulled one end.

CLICK!

Nothing happened.

He pulled the other.

CLACK!

Still nothing.

He turned it upside down.

He shook it.

He kicked it.

BONK!

Magoo opened one eye.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"What are you doing?"

Wobble frowned.

"Opening my chair."

Magoo sighed.

"Pull the wooden frame apart."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

He grabbed both ends.

He pulled.

CREEEEEEEAK!

The chair opened.

Then immediately folded again.

CLACK!

It trapped his fingers.

"OW!"

Magoo winced.

"Careful!"

Wobble shook his hand.

Then tried again.

He opened the chair.

He placed it on the sand.

He stepped backwards.

And smiled.

"HA!"

Magoo nodded.

"Very good."

Wobble turned around.

He carefully lowered himself.

And sat down.

SNAP!

The chair folded beneath him.

His knees flew upwards.

His boots flew into the air.

And he landed flat on his back.

WHUMP!

Silence.

Magoo slowly turned his head.

Wobble lay in the sand.

His enormous boots pointed towards the sky.

The deckchair was wrapped around his middle.

Wobble blinked.

Then smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"Very comfortable sand."

Magoo sighed.

He stood up.

"Here. Let me help."

He grabbed the chair.

He pulled one wooden arm.

CLICK!

He pulled the other.

CLACK!

The chair sprang open.

BOING!

Wobble shot into the air.

He flew over Magoo.

Over the blue deckchair.

And landed directly in a nearby sandcastle.

CRAAAAASH!

A little girl stared at the ruins.

Wobble slowly lifted his head.

He had a bucket on his head.

A spade in his hand.

And a seashell stuck to his bow tie.

He looked at the little girl.

The little girl looked at him.

Wobble smiled.

"Lovely castle."

The girl folded her arms.

"YOU BROKE IT!"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes."

She pointed at the bucket.

"AND THAT'S MINE!"

Wobble removed it.

He handed it back.

"Terribly sorry."

The little girl stared.

Then smiled.

"Would you like to help me build another?"

Wobble beamed.

"LOVE TO!"

Magoo sighed.

And sat back down.

At last.

Peace.

Quiet.

A perfectly ordinary holiday.

Then Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO! HAVE YOU SEEN THIS?"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Oh, no."



## **CHAPTER 4**

# **THE GREATEST SANDCASTLE IN ENGLAND**

Wobble had decided to build the biggest sandcastle on the beach.

Not an ordinary sandcastle.

Not a little sandcastle.

But an enormous magnificent fortress.

With towers.

Battlements.

A drawbridge.

A moat.

And a flag.

The little girl, whose name was Poppy,  
watched in amazement.

Wobble piled sand into a huge mound.

SHOVEL!

SPLAT!

PAT-PAT-PAT!

He shaped the walls.

He built the towers.

He dug the moat.

And he decorated everything with seashells.

Poppy clapped.

"It's brilliant!"

Wobble smiled proudly.

"Thank you!"

Magoo wandered over.

He looked at the castle.

Then at Wobble.

Then at Poppy.

And slowly smiled.

"Well, that's rather good."

Wobble grinned.

"Course it is!"

Magoo examined the moat.

"Needs a little water."

Wobble nodded.

"Exactly!"

He grabbed a bucket.

He ran towards the sea.

Filled it.

And hurried back.

SLOSH!

He poured the water into the moat.

SPLOOOOOOSH!

The moat filled beautifully.

Poppy cheered.

"Hooray!"

Magoo smiled.

"Excellent!"

Wobble looked at the castle.

Then frowned.

"Needs more water."

Magoo shook his head.

"No, Wobble."

Wobble grabbed another bucket.

"Just a little!"

He ran to the sea.

Filled it.

Returned.

And poured.

SPLOOOOOOSH!

The moat overflowed.

The sand softened.

One tower leaned.

CREEEEEEEAK.

Magoo frowned.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"That's enough water."

Wobble nodded.

"Right."

Then he noticed something.

The castle was leaning.

Just a little.

He looked at Magoo.

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Poppy looked at the castle.

One tower tilted.

Then another.

Then the drawbridge.

Then—

SCHLOOOOOOOOOOP!

The entire castle collapsed.

A great muddy wave swept across the sand.

It covered Wobble's boots.

Magoo's shoes.

And Poppy's little bucket.

Silence.

Poppy stared at the ruins.

Her bottom lip trembled.

Wobble looked horrified.

"Oh dear."

Magoo sighed.

Then knelt beside her.

"Don't worry, Poppy."

Poppy sniffed.

"Really?"

Magoo smiled.

"We'll build another."

Wobble nodded enthusiastically.

"AN EVEN BIGGER ONE!"

Magoo slowly turned towards him.

"No."

Wobble blinked.

"No?"

Magoo pointed at the tiny patch of dry sand beside them.

"A much smaller one."

Wobble thought for a moment.

Then smiled.

"Right you are!"

And together, the three of them built a beautiful little castle.

With one tower.

One doorway.

And a tiny seashell flag.

Poppy smiled.

"It's perfect!"

Magoo nodded.

"It is."

Wobble beamed.

Then Admiral Quackers waddled over.

He examined the castle.

Tilted his head.

And sat directly on top of it.

PLOP!

The castle disappeared.

Poppy stared.

Magoo stared.

Wobble stared.

Admiral Quackers looked extremely pleased.

QUACK!

There was a long silence.

Then Poppy burst out laughing.

Wobble laughed.

Magoo laughed.

And even Admiral Quackers joined in.

QUACK-QUACK-QUACK!



## CHAPTER 5

# THE ICE-CREAM INCIDENT

By lunchtime, the sun was shining brightly.

Magoo was getting hungry.

Wobble was getting hungrier.

And Admiral Quackers was getting extremely interested in everybody else's sandwiches.

Magoo stood up.

"Right."

Wobble looked over.

"Yes?"

"Ice cream."

Wobble grinned.

"BRILLIANT!"

They approached a beautiful little ice-cream cart.

It was painted pink and cream.

It had a striped awning.

A shiny brass bell.

And a cheerful sign.

MR WHIPPINGTON'S WONDERFUL ICES.

Behind the cart stood Mr Whippington.

He wore a white apron, a straw hat and a magnificent curled moustache.

"GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Afternoon!"

"What'll it be?"

Magoo smiled.

"Two vanilla cones, please."

Wobble raised a finger.

"With chocolate sauce!"

Magoo nodded.

"Very well."

"And sprinkles!"

"Fine."

"And a cherry!"

Magoo sighed.

"Yes."

"And a wafer!"

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble smiled.

"Just making sure."

Mr Whippington prepared two enormous ice creams.

He handed one to Magoo.

Then one to Wobble.

They were magnificent.

Tall.

Creamy.

Covered in chocolate.

Decorated with colourful sprinkles.

And topped with bright red cherries.

Magoo smiled.

"Lovely."

Wobble grinned.

"MARVELLOUS!"

They walked back towards the beach.

Magoo took a careful lick.

Wobble took an enormous lick.

Admiral Quackers waddled beside them.

He looked up.

QUACK!

Wobble smiled.

"Would you like some?"

Magoo shook his head.

"Wobble, ducks don't eat ice cream."

Wobble frowned.

"Really?"

Admiral Quackers quacked again.

QUACK!

Wobble lowered his cone.

The duck took one little peck.

PECK!

Then another.

PECK!

Then a third.

PECK!

Wobble smiled.

"See? Loves it!"

Magoo sighed.

Then a shadow passed overhead.

A large seagull landed on a nearby post.

It was enormous.

White feathers.

Grey wings.

Yellow beak.

And an expression that suggested it had never paid for a meal in its life.

Its name was Captain Squawk.

Captain Squawk spotted Magoo's ice cream.

His eyes narrowed.

He spread his wings.

And launched himself into the air.

SCREEEEEEEEE!

Magoo looked up.

"What was that?"

Wobble turned.

"Where?"

The seagull swooped.

WHOOOOOSH!

And snatched Magoo's ice cream.

SNATCH!

Magoo stared at his empty hand.

His mouth fell open.

"My ice cream!"

Captain Squawk flew away.

Magoo looked horrified.

"MY ICE CREAM!"

Wobble gasped.

"THE SCOUNDREL!"

Admiral Quackers looked up.

His eyes narrowed.

QUACK.

Wobble pointed towards the seagull.

"AFTER HIM!"

And the great seaside chase began.



## **CHAPTER 6**

# **THE BATTLE OF THE BIRDS**

Captain Squawk flew along the promenade.

In his beak was Magoo's enormous vanilla ice cream.

Behind him ran Wobble.

Behind Wobble ran Magoo.

And behind Magoo waddled Admiral Quackers.

**QUACK-QUACK-QUACK!**

Wobble shouted:

"STOP, THIEF!"

Magoo shouted:

"MY ICE CREAM!"

Captain Squawk laughed.

SCREE-SCREE!

He swooped around a lamppost.

Wobble followed.

Magoo followed.

Admiral Quackers took the shortcut beneath a bench.

Captain Squawk flew past the sweetshop.

Past the fish-and-chip shop.

Past the souvenir stall.

Then towards the pier.

Wobble spotted a little wooden trolley.

It belonged to Mr Whippington.

The trolley was loaded with empty ice-cream tubs.

Wobble smiled.

"AH!"

Magoo saw the expression.

His face changed.

"No."

Wobble grabbed the trolley.

"YES!"

"No, Wobble!"

"TRUST ME!"

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble jumped onto the trolley.

He pushed off.

RATTLE-RATTLE-RATTLE!

The trolley rolled down the promenade.

Wobble steered with his enormous boots.

Magoo ran after him.

"STOP!"

Wobble grinned.

"CAN'T!"

The trolley gathered speed.

RATTLE-RATTLE-RATTLE-RATTLE!

It passed the fish-and-chip shop.

The sweetshop.

The souvenir stall.

And a policeman enjoying a peaceful cup of tea.

The policeman looked up.

His eyes widened.

"OI!"

Wobble waved.

"AFTERNOON!"

The trolley struck a small bump.

BOING!

Three empty tubs flew into the air.

One landed on the policeman's head.

PLOP!

Another landed on Magoo's head.

PLOP!

And the third landed on Admiral Quackers.

PLOP!

The duck shook it off.

QUACK!

Captain Squawk flew towards the pier.

Wobble followed.

The trolley rattled onto the wooden boards.

CLATTER-CLATTER-CLATTER!

Magoo gasped.

"WOBBLE!"

"YES?"

"THE PIER!"

Wobble looked ahead.

The pier stretched far out over the sea.

At the end stood a magnificent little  
bandstand.

And beyond it—

Nothing.

Just the ocean.

Wobble blinked.

"Oh."

Magoo screamed.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble tried to brake with his boots.

SCRAAAAAPE!

Sparks flew.

The trolley continued.

He grabbed the sides.

He leaned backwards.

He shouted:

"STOP!"

But the trolley had other ideas.

It raced towards the end of the pier.

Faster.

Faster.

Faster.

Until—

CRAAAAASH!

It struck a stack of empty deckchairs.

The chairs flew into the air.

CLATTER!

BANG!

BOING!

Wobble shot forwards.

He flew over the trolley.

Over the bandstand.

Over the railing.

And straight towards the sea.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Magoo reached the end of the pier.

He stared in horror.

"WOBBLE!"

But just as Wobble was about to fall—

His enormous trousers caught on a little brass hook.

TWANG!

He stopped.

Hanging upside down.

Over the ocean.

His bowler hat fell.

PLOP!

It landed in the water.

Wobble blinked.

He looked down.

Far below, the waves rolled gently against the pier.

He looked up.

Magoo stood above him.

Wobble smiled.

"Lovely view!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Oh, splendid."



## **CHAPTER 7**

# **THE RESCUE OF M.C. WOBBLE**

Magoo grabbed Wobble's boots.

"Hold still!"

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

Magoo pulled.

HEAVE!

Nothing.

He pulled harder.

HEAVE!

Still nothing.

Wobble swung gently.

Like a very large pendulum.

Magoo grunted.

"You're heavier than you look!"

Wobble smiled.

"Good living!"

Magoo planted his feet.

He pulled with all his strength.

"HEEEEEAVE!"

Wobble moved upwards.

Just a little.

Magoo smiled.

"Nearly!"

Then—

RIIIIIIIP!

Wobble's trousers tore.

The brass hook came free.

Magoo staggered backwards.

Wobble dropped.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

He landed in the sea.

A magnificent fountain of water rose above the pier.

Magoo stared.

Silence.

Then Wobble's bald head appeared.

He blinked.

He wiped the water from his beard.

And smiled.

"Refreshing!"

Magoo collapsed onto a bench.

He covered his face.

Then a tiny sound came from behind him.

QUACK.

Magoo looked up.

Admiral Quackers stood beside him.

He was staring towards the sky.

Captain Squawk was circling overhead.

Still carrying the stolen ice cream.

The duck narrowed his eyes.

He spread his wings.

Magoo blinked.

"Quackers?"

The duck gave one determined—

QUACK!

And launched himself into the air.

He flew straight towards Captain Squawk.

The seagull looked surprised.

SCREE?

Admiral Quackers flapped harder.

FLAP-FLAP-FLAP!

Captain Squawk tried to turn.

Too late.

The duck struck him.

BONK!

The seagull dropped the ice cream.

It fell through the air.

Spinning.

Twisting.

Turning.

Down.

Down.

Down.

Towards the pier.

Magoo looked up.

His eyes widened.

"MY ICE CREAM!"

He jumped from the bench.

He held out his hands.

The cone dropped.

Closer.

Closer.

Closer.

And landed—

Perfectly.

In his palm.

PLOP!

Magoo stared.

He couldn't believe it.

The ice cream was still intact.

The chocolate sauce was perfect.

The sprinkles were still there.

Even the cherry remained on top.

Magoo smiled.

"Well, would you look at that!"

He lifted the cone.

He admired it.

He prepared to take a glorious bite.

Then—

**SPLAT!**

Captain Squawk landed on his head.

The ice cream flew upwards.

It spun once.

Twice.

Three times.

And landed directly on Magoo's face.

**SPLOOOOOOSH!**

Silence.

The seagull flew away.

Admiral Quackers landed beside Magoo.

**QUACK!**

Magoo slowly wiped the ice cream from his spectacles.

He looked at the duck.

The duck looked at him.

Then Magoo sighed.

"Thank you, Quackers."

The duck bowed.

M.C. WOBBLE

---

**QUACK!**



## **CHAPTER 8**

# **THE MOST UNEXPECTED PRIZE**

By four o'clock, Wobble had been rescued from the sea by a kindly fisherman.

Magoo had cleaned the ice cream from his face.

Admiral Quackers had become something of a local celebrity.

And all three were sitting on the beach.

Wobble wore a borrowed striped bathing costume.

His brown checked suit hung from a washing line.

Magoo wore his damp pinstripe trousers and a large seaside towel.

His spectacles were crooked.

His bowler hat was full of sand.

And his moustache smelled faintly of vanilla.

They sat quietly.

At last.

Peace.

Quiet.

A perfectly ordinary holiday.

Then a cheerful voice called:

"EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble looked up.

Standing before them was the mayor of  
Bumblewick-on-Sea.

He wore a splendid white suit.

A gold chain.

And a magnificent straw hat.

Beside him stood a photographer.

The mayor smiled.

"ARE YOU THE GENTLEMEN RESPONSIBLE FOR  
TODAY'S ENTERTAINMENT?"

Wobble blinked.

"Entertainment?"

The mayor nodded.

"YES!"

Magoo looked puzzled.

"Us?"

"INDEED!"

The mayor gestured towards the pier.

"The runaway trolley!"

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Ah."

"The flying deckchairs!"

Magoo winced.

"Oh."

"The gentleman hanging upside down!"

Wobble nodded.

"That was me."

"And the magnificent duck!"

Admiral Quackers puffed out his chest.

QUACK!

The mayor beamed.

"MARVELLOUS!"

Magoo stared.

"Marvellous?"

"ABSOLUTELY!"

The mayor continued.

"We haven't had entertainment like that since the great donkey race of 1924!"

Wobble grinned.

"Thank you!"

The mayor reached into his pocket.

He produced three beautiful gold-coloured medals.

One for Wobble.

One for Magoo.

And one tiny medal for Admiral Quackers.

He placed them around their necks.

"FOR SERVICES TO SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT!"

The crowd applauded.

The photographer raised his camera.

"SMILE, GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble grinned.

Magoo smiled weakly.

Admiral Quackers stood proudly between them.

FLASH!

The photograph was taken.

And for one glorious moment, the three friends looked like the most respectable holidaymakers in England.

Then Wobble's borrowed bathing costume slipped.

TWANG!

Magoo gasped.

Wobble grabbed it.

The photographer dropped his camera.

And the crowd erupted into laughter.

Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"At least the medal covers something."

## **CHAPTER 9**

# **THE JOURNEY HOME**

That evening, Wobble and Magoo boarded Lady Locomotion's Seaside Special.

They were exhausted.

Their clothes were damp.

Their shoes were sandy.

And their pockets were full of seashells.

Admiral Quackers sat between them.

He wore his tiny sailor's hat.

And his little gold medal.

Lady Locomotion smiled.

"DID YOU ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY, GENTLEMEN?"

Wobble grinned.

"MARVELLOUS!"

Magoo sighed.

"Memorable."

Lady Locomotion laughed.

"THAT'S WONDERFUL!"

She gave a cheerful whistle.

TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOT!

And the train began its journey home.

Magoo settled into his seat.

He closed his eyes.

"Well, Wobble."

"Yes?"

"We've had a holiday."

"Yep!"

"We've been to the seaside."

"Yep!"

"We've eaten ice cream."

"Sort of."

"We've won medals."

"Yep!"

"And now we're going home."

Wobble smiled.

"Exactly!"

Magoo sighed happily.

"Wonderful."

Then Wobble reached into his jacket.

"Funny you should say that."

Magoo opened one eye.

"Oh, no."

Wobble produced a folded advertisement.

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"What is that?"

Wobble grinned.

"Our next job!"

Magoo slowly unfolded the paper.

It read:

**TWO RELIABLE GENTLEMEN REQUIRED.**

CHIMNEY CLEANING.

EXCELLENT PAYMENT.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

ASK FOR MRS CRUMPET.

Magoo looked up.

His face went pale.

"Mrs Crumpet?"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes!"

"The piano lady?"

"Yes!"

"The wallpaper lady?"

"Yes!"

"The lady who told us never to come back?"

Wobble smiled.

"Apparently she's changed her mind!"

Magoo stared.

Then whispered:

"Oh, no."

Wobble grinned.

"Oh, YES!"

Admiral Quackers flapped his wings.

**QUACK!**

**Lady Locomotion laughed.**

**"GOOD LUCK, GENTLEMEN!"**

**Magoo slowly pulled his bowler hat over his face.**

**Wobble began whistling.**

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

**PLONK!**

**THE END**

**Coming next: Book 7 — The Chimney Sweeps**

**In which Wobble discovers the mysterious workings of a chimney, Magoo discovers that**

soot gets absolutely everywhere, and Mrs Crumpet discovers that inviting the two gentlemen back into her house may have been the worst decision of her life.

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

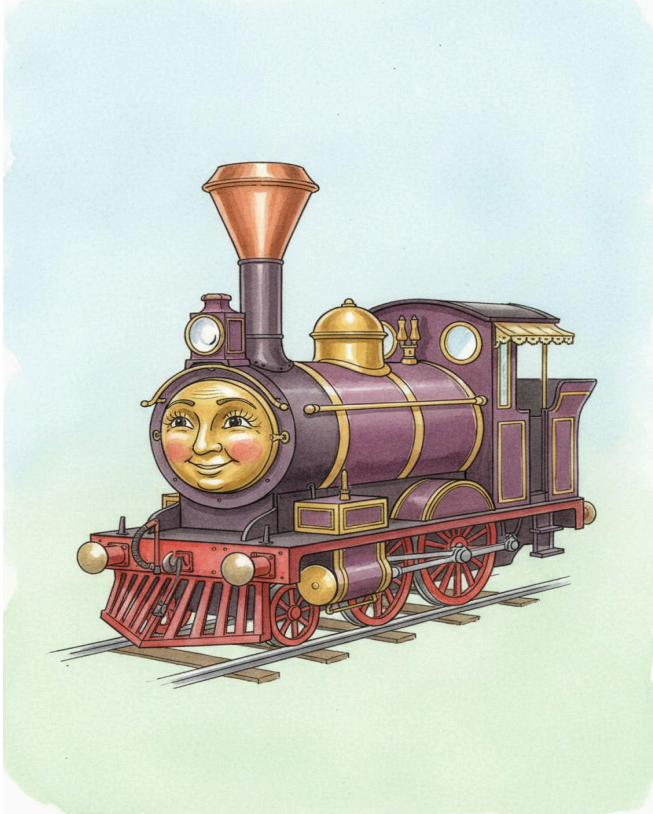
---



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

# LADY LOCOMOTION

---



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

# POPPY

---



*Bright little girl from the seaside who  
loves building things*

## 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.

Find the whole wobbly library at  
[wobblebooks.com](http://wobblebooks.com)

