

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPS

A Wobble & Magoo Adventure — Book 7

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 VERY BLACK MONDAY

In which two respectable gentlemen undertake a dirty job, a duck becomes a chimney inspector, and Mrs Crumpet discovers that there are worse things than a piano falling through her ceiling.

Monday morning arrived with grey clouds, a chilly breeze and the distant sound of church bells.

Mr Magoo McGhee stood outside number seventeen, Primrose Terrace.

He wore his charcoal-grey pinstripe suit, his battered bowler hat and his favourite waistcoat.

In one hand he held a chimney brush.

In the other, a long wooden pole.

He looked up at the roof.

Then at the chimney.

Then at M.C. Wobble.

"Wobble."

"Yes, Magoo?"

"Why are we here?"

Wobble smiled.

"To clean Mrs Crumpet's chimney!"

Magoo nodded slowly.

"Yes, I know that."

"Excellent!"

"But why are we here?"

Wobble frowned.

"Because she's paying us."

Magoo stared.

"Mrs Crumpet?"

"Yes!"

"The woman whose piano we put through the ceiling?"

"Yes!"

"Whose sitting room we wallpapered over?"

"Yes!"

"Whose grandfather clock we destroyed?"

Wobble nodded.

"Very forgiving woman."

Magoo closed his eyes.

He took a deep breath.

Then another.

Then whispered:

"I should have stayed at the seaside."

Wobble grinned.

"Come along, old chap!"

He lifted his enormous chimney brush.

Unfortunately, the brush struck Magoo's bowler hat.

BONK!

The hat flew into the air.

It landed in a puddle.

PLOP!

Magoo looked at it.

Then at Wobble.

Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo sighed.

"We haven't even started."



CHAPTER 2

MRS CRUMPET'S STRICT INSTRUCTIONS

Mrs Crumpet opened the front door.

She wore a beautiful blue dress, a white apron
and an expression of extreme suspicion.

"Gentlemen."

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Good morning, madam!"

Magoo bowed politely.

"Good morning, Mrs Crumpet."

Mrs Crumpet examined their equipment.

The brushes.

The poles.

The buckets.

The enormous coil of rope.

And Admiral Quackers, who stood proudly
beside Wobble wearing his tiny sailor's hat.

Mrs Crumpet frowned.

"Why have you brought a duck?"

Wobble looked down.

"Ah!"

Admiral Quackers looked up.

QUACK!

Wobble smiled.

"Assistant chimney inspector."

Mrs Crumpet stared.

"A WHAT?"

"Very experienced."

Magoo slowly turned towards Wobble.

The duck puffed out his chest.

QUACK!

Mrs Crumpet sighed.

"Very well. But I want no nonsense."

"Absolutely!" said Wobble.

"No mess."

"Certainly!"

"No damage."

"Naturally!"

"No strange inventions."

"Of course!"

"And under no circumstances are you to light the fire."

Wobble nodded enthusiastically.

"Wouldn't dream of it!"

Mrs Crumpet narrowed her eyes.

She pointed towards the sitting room.

"The chimney is blocked. The fire smokes terribly. I want it cleaned from top to bottom."

Magoo nodded.

"Certainly, madam."

Mrs Crumpet continued.

"I shall be visiting my sister for two hours."

Wobble smiled.

"Lovely!"

"When I return, I expect a clean chimney."

"Of course!"

"A clean sitting room."

"Naturally!"

"And two gentlemen who have not destroyed anything."

Wobble beamed.

"Leave everything to us!"

Mrs Crumpet stared at him.

For a moment, she looked as though she might change her mind.

Then she sighed.

"Goodbye, gentlemen."

She walked down the garden path.

Stopped.

Turned around.

And shouted:

"AND DON'T TOUCH MY NEW GRANDFATHER
CLOCK!"

Wobble waved.

"RIGHT YOU ARE!"

Magoo watched her disappear.

Then slowly turned towards Wobble.

"Right."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"Let's do this properly."

"Absolutely!"

Magoo pointed towards the fireplace.

"We shall cover the furniture."

"Certainly!"

"Remove the soot carefully."

"Naturally!"

"And finish before Mrs Crumpet returns."

Wobble smiled.

"Easy!"

Magoo looked at him.

"Please don't say that."



CHAPTER 3

THE BRUSH THAT WENT MISSING

The sitting room looked beautiful.

Mrs Crumpet had bought new curtains.

New furniture.

A new carpet.

And a magnificent new grandfather clock.

Everything was spotless.

Magoo examined the fireplace.

It was enormous.

Made from polished marble.

With brass fittings and a beautiful wooden mantelpiece.

Above it hung a portrait of Mrs Crumpet's late husband.

A stern-looking gentleman with a magnificent moustache.

Magoo nodded.

"Right. I'll work from below."

Wobble smiled.

"And I'll work from above!"

Magoo frowned.

"Above?"

Wobble pointed towards the roof.

"Up the chimney!"

Magoo stared.

"You're going onto the roof?"

Wobble nodded.

"Exactly!"

Magoo looked at the ladder outside.

Then at Wobble.

Then at the ceiling.

He swallowed.

"Please be careful."

Wobble grinned.

"Always am!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

A few minutes later, Wobble was standing on the roof.

He wore his brown checked suit.

His red spotted bow tie.

His battered bowler hat.

And his enormous boots.

Beside him stood a chimney pot.

It was tall.

Black.

And covered in soot.

Wobble peered inside.

"HELLOOOOOO!"

His voice echoed.

HELLO... HELLO... HELLO...

From below, Magoo shouted:

"CAN YOU HEAR ME?"

Wobble grinned.

"LOUD AND CLEAR!"

"PUT THE BRUSH DOWN!"

"RIGHT!"

Wobble lowered the brush.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Beautifully.

The brush disappeared into the chimney.

SCRAPE!

SCRAPE!

SCRAPE!

Magoo watched from the fireplace.

A little soot fell.

PLOP!

Then more.

PLOP-PLOP!

Then a small cloud.

POOOOF!

Magoo smiled.

"Excellent!"

He called up:

"KEEP GOING!"

Wobble pushed harder.

SCRAPE!

SCRAPE!

CLUNK!

The brush stopped.

Wobble frowned.

"That's odd."

He pushed again.

CLUNK!

Nothing.

He pulled.

Nothing.

He twisted.

Nothing.

He shook the pole.

Nothing.

Wobble scratched his beard.

Then smiled.

"Ah!"

He gave the pole an enormous shove.

THWACK!

The brush disappeared.

So did the pole.

So did Wobble's bowler hat.

WHOOOP!

Wobble stared into the chimney.

"Oh."

From below came Magoo's voice.

"WOBBLE?"

Wobble leaned over.

"YES?"

"WHERE'S THE BRUSH?"

Wobble hesitated.

"COMING DOWN!"

Magoo looked up.

And an enormous cloud of soot exploded from the fireplace.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Magoo disappeared.

The furniture disappeared.

The curtains disappeared.

The grandfather clock disappeared.

The entire sitting room vanished into a black cloud.

Silence.

Then Magoo's voice emerged.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble peered down.

"YES?"

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Loosened it!"



CHAPTER 4

THE BLACK GENTLEMAN

When the soot finally settled, Magoo stood in the middle of the sitting room.

He was completely black.

His face was black.

His suit was black.

His waistcoat was black.

His hands were black.

Even his spectacles were black.

Only the whites of his eyes remained visible.

He blinked.

Twice.

Then slowly looked towards the fireplace.

"Wobble."

From above came a cheerful voice.

"Yes?"

"Come down."

"Right!"

"Immediately."

"Certainly!"

"And bring a broom."

"Of course!"

Five minutes later, Wobble entered the sitting room.

He stopped.

He looked around.

Everything was covered in soot.

The carpet.

The furniture.

The curtains.

The clock.

And a strange black figure standing beside the fireplace.

Wobble stared.

"Good heavens!"

Magoo said nothing.

Wobble stepped closer.

"Excuse me, sir."

Magoo slowly turned.

Wobble blinked.

"Have you seen my friend Magoo?"

Magoo stared.

Wobble smiled politely.

"Tall chap. Beard. Spectacles. Slightly worried expression."

Magoo folded his arms.

"WOBBLE."

Wobble jumped.

"AAAAAAAAAAAH!"

He staggered backwards.

His enormous boots slipped on the soot.

He fell into the armchair.

WHUMP!

A cloud of black dust rose around him.

POOOOF!

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

Now they were both black.

Wobble looked at Magoo.

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Wobble smiled.

"Ah. There you are."

Magoo closed his eyes.



CHAPTER 5

ADMIRAL QUACKERS INVESTIGATES

Admiral Quackers had been waiting patiently in the garden.

But after hearing the enormous crash, he decided it was time to investigate.

He waddled through the front door.

Across the hallway.

And into the sitting room.

QUACK!

He stopped.

The room was black.

The furniture was black.

The curtains were black.

And two strange black gentlemen stood in the middle of it.

The duck tilted his head.

QUACK?

Wobble smiled.

"Hello, Quackers!"

The duck stared.

Magoo sighed.

"Don't ask."

Admiral Quackers waddled towards the fireplace.

He examined the soot.

He pecked at the brush.

He looked up the chimney.

Then he gave one determined—

QUACK!

And jumped into the fireplace.

Magoo frowned.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"What's the duck doing?"

Wobble smiled.

"Inspecting!"

The duck peered into the chimney.

He stretched his neck.

He flapped his wings.

And suddenly—

WHOOOP!

He disappeared.

Magoo gasped.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble stared.

"QUACKERS!"

From inside the chimney came a muffled:

QUACK-QUACK!

Magoo looked horrified.

"HE'S STUCK!"

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

Magoo grabbed the chimney brush.

"We must get him out!"

Wobble smiled.

"I'VE GOT AN IDEA!"

Magoo froze.

"No."

Wobble pointed towards the roof.

"We'll lower a rope!"

Magoo stared.

"How will the duck hold it?"

Wobble thought.

Then smiled.

"He's got a beak!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Of course."



CHAPTER 6

THE GREAT DUCK RESCUE

Wobble climbed back onto the roof.

He lowered a rope down the chimney.

SWISH!

SWISH!

SWISH!

Inside, Admiral Quackers watched it descend.

He pecked at the rope.

PECK!

Then grabbed it.

QUACK!

Wobble smiled.

"GOT HIM!"

Magoo shouted from below:

"CAREFULLY!"

Wobble nodded.

"CAREFULLY!"

He pulled.

HEAVE!

The rope tightened.

He pulled again.

HEAVE!

Something moved inside the chimney.

Magoo listened.

SCRAPE!

SCRAPE!

SCRAPE!

He smiled.

"IT'S WORKING!"

Wobble pulled harder.

HEEEEEAVE!

Then—

BOOOOOOING!

Something enormous shot out of the chimney
pot.

It was not Admiral Quackers.

It was the chimney brush.

Attached to the rope.

With Admiral Quackers sitting proudly on top.

The brush flew into the air.

The duck flapped his wings.

QUACK-QUACK!

Wobble stumbled backwards.

The rope wrapped around his waist.

FWIP!

He spun once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then the rope pulled tight.

TWANG!

Wobble shot across the roof.

WHOOOOOOOSH!

He slid towards the gutter.

His enormous boots scraped the tiles.

SCRAAAAAPE!

He grabbed the chimney pot.

CLANG!

The pot wobbled.

Wobble wobbled.

The duck wobbled.

Everything wobbled.

Then—

CRAAAAACK!

The chimney pot came loose.

Wobble stared.

"Oh."

The pot tipped.

Wobble tipped.

The rope tightened.

And all three disappeared over the edge of the roof.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"



CHAPTER 7

THE WRONG CHIMNEY

Fortunately, Wobble did not fall to the ground.

His enormous trousers caught on the gutter.

TWANG!

He stopped.

Hanging upside down.

His bowler hat fell.

PLOP!

It landed in Mrs Crumpet's birdbath.

Admiral Quackers fluttered safely onto the garden wall.

QUACK!

Wobble blinked.

He looked down.

The garden seemed terribly far away.

He looked up.

The roof seemed terribly close.

Then he noticed something.

A second chimney.

Just beside the first.

It belonged to the house next door.

Wobble smiled.

"Ah!"

He swung his legs.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then grabbed the neighbouring chimney pot.

CLANG!

He pulled himself onto the roof.

He stood.

He dusted off his suit.

And smiled proudly.

"HA!"

Then he looked down the chimney.

It was dark.

Very dark.

But he could hear voices below.

"HELLOOOOOO!"

A little old lady's voice answered.

"WHO'S THERE?"

Wobble smiled.

"CHIMNEY SWEEP!"

There was a pause.

Then the voice said:

"OH, HOW LOVELY!"

Wobble blinked.

"Lovely?"

"YES! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!"

Wobble smiled.

"MARVELLOUS!"

He grabbed his brush.

And lowered it into the chimney.

SCRAPE!

SCRAPE!

SCRAPE!

Below, in the house next door, a little old lady
sat beside her fireplace.

She wore a pink cardigan.

A floral dress.

And enormous spectacles.

Her name was Mrs Butterworth.

She had been expecting a chimney sweep.

But not until Thursday.

She looked up.

"DO BE CAREFUL, DEAR!"

Wobble shouted:

"OF COURSE!"

He pushed the brush.

SCRAPE!

He pushed harder.

SCRAPE!

Then—

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

A mountain of soot exploded into Mrs
Butterworth's sitting room.

Her furniture disappeared.

Her curtains disappeared.

Her carpet disappeared.

And Mrs Butterworth vanished into the cloud.

Silence.

Then a tiny voice emerged.

"Oh, dear."

Wobble peered down.

"EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?"

Mrs Butterworth coughed.

Then smiled.

"VERY THOROUGH, DEAR!"

Wobble beamed.

"THANK YOU!"



CHAPTER 8

THE FIRE THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN LIT

Meanwhile, back at number seventeen, Magoo was attempting to clean the sitting room.

He had swept the floor.

Dusted the furniture.

Wiped the curtains.

And polished the mantelpiece.

But the soot seemed to be everywhere.

Every time he wiped one surface, another became dirty.

Every time he swept the carpet, another cloud appeared.

And every time he sneezed—

ACHOOOOO!

Another cloud of soot rose into the air.

Magoo sighed.

"Hopeless."

Then Wobble returned.

He entered through the front door.

His suit was torn.

His hat was missing.

And a small chimney pot was tucked under his arm.

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Where have you been?"

Wobble smiled.

"Next door."

Magoo blinked.

"Next door?"

"Yes!"

"Why?"

Wobble thought.

"Long story."

Magoo looked at the chimney pot.

Then at Wobble.

Then sighed.

"Never mind."

Wobble examined the fireplace.

He frowned.

"Still looks rather dirty."

Magoo nodded.

"Yes."

Wobble scratched his beard.

Then smiled.

"AH!"

Magoo froze.

"No."

Wobble grinned.

"I'VE GOT AN IDEA!"

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Whatever it is, don't."

Wobble pointed towards the fireplace.

"What we need is a little fire!"

Magoo's eyes widened.

"NO!"

"Just a tiny one!"

"WOBBLE!"

"To burn away the soot!"

"NO!"

Wobble smiled.

"Trust me!"

Before Magoo could stop him, Wobble had placed three small logs in the grate.

He struck a match.

SCRITCH!

A tiny flame appeared.

Magoo stared.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Mrs Crumpet specifically said—"

Wobble dropped the match.

WHOOSH!

The fire roared into life.

The flames danced.

The logs crackled.

And the chimney began drawing beautifully.

Wobble smiled.

"SEE?"

Magoo blinked.

The smoke rose neatly.

The flames burned steadily.

The room began warming.

Magoo looked surprised.

"Well."

Wobble grinned.

"Exactly!"

Magoo nodded slowly.

"Perhaps you're right."

Wobble folded his arms.

"Of course!"

Then the chimney made a strange noise.

RUMBLE.

Magoo frowned.

"Wobble?"

"Yes?"

"What's that?"

Wobble looked up.

The chimney rumbled again.

RUMBLE-RUMBLE.

Then—

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

An enormous cloud of soot exploded down the chimney.

The fire went out.

The room disappeared.

The curtains vanished.

The furniture vanished.

The grandfather clock vanished.

And both gentlemen were blown backwards.

CRAAAAAAAAAASH!

Silence.

Absolute silence.

Then a little black duck waddled out of the fireplace.

QUACK!

Magoo slowly lifted his head.

His face was black.

His suit was black.

His spectacles were black.

Wobble sat beside him.

Also completely black.

They stared at each other.

Then Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"At least the chimney's clear."

CHAPTER 9

MRS CRUMPET COMES HOME

At precisely four o'clock, Mrs Crumpet returned.

She walked up the garden path.

She admired her flowers.

She adjusted her hat.

And smiled.

"Perhaps," she thought, "those two gentlemen have finally learned their lesson."

She opened the front door.

"GENTLEMEN?"

No answer.

She stepped into the hallway.

Everything seemed quiet.

Too quiet.

She walked towards the sitting room.

Then stopped.

The door was black.

The walls were black.

The carpet was black.

And a strange black duck stood in the doorway.

QUACK!

Mrs Crumpet stared.

"What on earth?"

She entered the sitting room.

And gasped.

Everything was covered in soot.

The furniture.

The curtains.

The clock.

The carpet.

Even the portrait of her late husband had acquired an enormous black moustache.

Mrs Crumpet's mouth fell open.

"GENTLEMEN!"

From behind the sofa, two black figures slowly stood up.

Wobble smiled.

"Good afternoon, madam!"

Magoo bowed.

"Good afternoon, Mrs Crumpet."

Mrs Crumpet stared.

Then screamed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Wobble jumped.

Magoo jumped.

Admiral Quackers jumped.

QUACK!

Mrs Crumpet pointed at the fireplace.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Cleaned the chimney!"

Mrs Crumpet looked around.

"CLEANED?"

Magoo swallowed.

"Well, we did remove quite a lot of soot."

Mrs Crumpet's face turned purple.

"FROM THE CHIMNEY?"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes!"

"AND PUT IT WHERE?"

Wobble looked around.

Then smiled.

"Everywhere else."

Magoo slowly closed his eyes.

Mrs Crumpet took a deep breath.

Then another.

Then another.

And shouted:

"GET OUT!"

Wobble nodded.

"Certainly!"

"OUT!"

Magoo bowed.

"Immediately!"

"OUT!"

The two gentlemen grabbed their hats.

They hurried towards the door.

But just as they reached it—

"WAIT!"

They froze.

Mrs Crumpet stood beside the fireplace.

She looked at the chimney.

Then the soot.

Then the gentlemen.

And suddenly smiled.

"Actually."

Wobble turned.

"Yes, madam?"

Mrs Crumpet pointed towards the fireplace.

"The chimney does seem to be drawing properly now."

Magoo blinked.

"Really?"

"Yes."

Wobble grinned.

"MARVELLOUS!"

Mrs Crumpet nodded.

"And I suppose you did remove the blockage."

Magoo smiled.

"Indeed, madam."

Mrs Crumpet reached into her handbag.

She produced two shiny silver coins.

"Very well. Your payment."

Wobble beamed.

"Much obliged!"

Magoo smiled.

"Thank you, Mrs Crumpet."

Mrs Crumpet folded her arms.

"But I never want to see either of you again."

Wobble nodded.

"Of course!"

"Ever."

"Naturally!"

"Under any circumstances."

"Certainly!"

Mrs Crumpet pointed towards the door.

"Goodbye!"

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Goodbye, madam!"

Magoo bowed.

"Goodbye!"

And the two gentlemen hurried away.

CHAPTER 10

THE FINAL PUFF

That evening, Wobble and Magoo sat outside the workshop.

Their suits were black.

Their hats were black.

Their shoes were black.

And Admiral Quackers was sitting in a bucket of warm water.

QUACK!

Magoo counted their earnings.

Two silver coins.

He smiled.

"Well, Wobble."

Wobble looked up.

"Yes?"

"We've finally been paid properly."

Wobble nodded.

"Yep!"

"For a job."

"Yep!"

"Without destroying the entire house."

Wobble hesitated.

"Well..."

Magoo sighed.

"Almost."

Wobble smiled.

"Exactly!"

Magoo leaned back.

He sipped his tea.

"At last."

Wobble nodded.

"Peace and quiet."

Magoo smiled.

"Wonderful."

Then Wobble reached into his jacket.

"Funny you should say that."

Magoo froze.

"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.

WEDDING RECEPTION WAITERS.

EXCELLENT PAYMENT.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

MUST BE CAREFUL WITH THE CAKE.

Magoo looked up.

"Wedding reception?"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes!"

"With food?"

"Yes!"

"Music?"

"Naturally!"

"And cake?"

Wobble grinned.

"An enormous cake!"

Magoo stared.

Then slowly smiled.

"Well."

Wobble blinked.

"Well what?"

Magoo folded the advertisement.

"At least cakes don't explode."

Wobble laughed.

"EXACTLY!"

They shook hands.

Then sat back in their chairs.

Neither noticed the little puff of smoke rising
from Admiral Quackers' bucket.

Neither noticed the tiny bubbles forming on the surface.

And neither noticed the duck's suspicious expression.

Until—

PFFFFFFFFFT!

An enormous black cloud erupted from the bucket.

It covered Wobble.

It covered Magoo.

It covered the workshop.

And it covered the washing line.

Silence.

Then Admiral Quackers emerged from the smoke.

Completely clean.

QUACK!

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"At least the duck's clean."

And somewhere in the distance, a piano played

one final note.

PLONK!

THE END

Coming next: Book 8 — The Wedding Cake

In which Wobble discovers the difficulties of carrying a seven-tier wedding cake, Magoo discovers that ballroom floors are surprisingly slippery, and a perfectly respectable wedding becomes the most memorable celebration in the county.

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*

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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