

THE WEDDING CAKE

A Wobble & Magoo Adventure — Book 8

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 MOST IMPORTANT OCCASION

In which two respectable gentlemen become wedding waiters, a seven-tier cake takes an unexpected journey, and the happiest day of a young couple's life becomes the most unforgettable wedding in England.

Saturday morning arrived with sunshine, church bells and the delightful smell of freshly baked bread.

Mr Magoo McGhee stood outside the magnificent Rosewood Manor Hotel.

He wore his finest charcoal-grey pinstripe suit.

His waistcoat was freshly pressed.

His shoes were polished.

His spectacles sparkled.

And his bowler hat sat perfectly straight.

Beside him stood M.C. Wobble.

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

He had even polished his pocket-watch chain.

Unfortunately, he'd polished it with furniture wax.

And it was now stuck to his waistcoat.

Magoo examined him carefully.

"Right, Wobble."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"Today is a very important day."

"Absolutely!"

"We are working at a wedding."

"Wonderful!"

"A very expensive wedding."

"Magnificent!"

"For a very respectable family."

"Excellent!"

Magoo leaned closer.

"And we must behave like perfect gentlemen."

Wobble smiled.

"Naturally!"

"No running."

"No running!"

"No shouting."

"No shouting!"

"No accidents."

"No accidents!"

"And absolutely no brilliant ideas."

Wobble hesitated.

Magoo narrowed his eyes.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"No brilliant ideas."

Wobble sighed.

"Right you are."

Magoo smiled.

"Good."

He straightened his bowler hat.

Then pushed open the enormous hotel doors.

Unfortunately, Wobble's pocket-watch chain caught on the door handle.

TWANG!

Wobble stopped.

Magoo continued walking.

The chain stretched.

Wobble staggered.

Then—

PING!

The watch flew out of his pocket.

It sailed through the air.

And landed directly in Magoo's hat.

PLOP!

Magoo froze.

Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"We haven't even started."



CHAPTER 2

THE WEDDING OF THE YEAR

Inside Rosewood Manor, everything was beautiful.

There were enormous flower arrangements.

Crystal chandeliers.

White tablecloths.

Silver cutlery.

Champagne glasses.

And a magnificent ballroom decorated with pink roses.

At the far end stood a raised platform.

And on the platform stood the most extraordinary wedding cake either gentleman had ever seen.

Seven tiers.

Seven magnificent tiers.

Each decorated with white icing, sugar flowers and tiny golden ribbons.

At the very top stood a little bride and groom.

The cake was nearly six feet tall.

Magoo stared.

Wobble stared.

Admiral Quackers, who had followed them inside wearing his tiny sailor's hat, stared too.

QUACK!

Wobble whispered:

"Good heavens."

Magoo nodded.

"Extraordinary."

Wobble smiled.

"Bet that's delicious."

Magoo slowly turned.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Don't."

Wobble nodded.

"Right."

At that moment, a large gentleman approached.

He wore a black tailcoat, a white shirt and an enormous silver watch chain.

His moustache was so perfectly curled that it looked as though it had been measured with a ruler.

He was Mr Augustus Pompington.

The hotel manager.

"GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Good morning!"

Magoo bowed.

"Good morning, sir."

Mr Pompington examined them.

"YOU ARE THE WAITERS?"

Wobble nodded.

"Indeed!"

"EXPERIENCED?"

Magoo opened his mouth.

Wobble answered first.

"CONSIDERABLE!"

Magoo slowly turned towards him.

Mr Pompington smiled.

"EXCELLENT!"

He pointed towards the ballroom.

"The guests will arrive at noon."

Wobble nodded.

"Lovely!"

"The wedding breakfast will begin at one."

"Wonderful!"

"And the cake will be presented at precisely three o'clock."

"Magnificent!"

Mr Pompington leaned closer.

"Now, gentlemen, there is one very important rule."

Magoo nodded.

"Of course, sir."

Mr Pompington pointed towards the cake.

"DO NOT TOUCH THE CAKE."

Wobble smiled.

"Naturally!"

"DO NOT MOVE THE CAKE."

"Certainly!"

"DO NOT TASTE THE CAKE."

"Absolutely!"

"And above all—"

Mr Pompington paused dramatically.

"DO NOT DROP THE CAKE."

Wobble nodded.

"Wouldn't dream of it!"

Magoo sighed with relief.

At last.

Clear instructions.

A simple job.

What could possibly go wrong?

Then Admiral Quackers waddled towards the cake.

QUACK!

Magoo froze.

"Oh, no."



CHAPTER 3

THE DUCK AND THE SUGAR ROSE

Admiral Quackers was a respectable duck.

Usually.

But he had one terrible weakness.

Food.

Especially food that looked interesting.

And the seven-tier wedding cake looked extremely interesting.

He waddled towards the platform.

He examined the icing.

He tilted his head.

QUACK?

Then he spotted a beautiful pink sugar rose.

It was attached to the bottom tier.

The duck leaned closer.

He sniffed.

He pecked.

PECK!

The rose moved.

He pecked again.

PECK!

The rose came loose.

PLOP!

It landed on the floor.

Admiral Quackers stared.

Then gobbled it up.

GULP!

Wobble looked down.

"Quackers!"

The duck looked up.

QUACK!

Magoo hurried over.

"Wobble!"

"Yes?"

"Get that duck away from the cake!"

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

He bent down.

He reached for Admiral Quackers.

But the duck waddled beneath the table.

Wobble followed.

Magoo followed Wobble.

The duck emerged on the other side.

Wobble crawled beneath the tablecloth.

Magoo grabbed his ankles.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble stretched.

"NEARLY GOT HIM!"

The duck waddled towards the cake again.

Wobble lunged.

WHOOPI

He slid across the polished floor.

Straight beneath the cake table.

His enormous boots struck one of the legs.

BONK!

The cake trembled.

The sugar flowers shook.

The little bride and groom wobbled.

Magoo gasped.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble froze.

He looked up.

The cake leaned.

Just a little.

Then stopped.

Silence.

Magoo swallowed.

Wobble swallowed.

Admiral Quackers swallowed.

Then Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo whispered:

"Don't."

"At least it didn't fall."



CHAPTER 4

THE CHAMPAGNE PROBLEM

At twelve o'clock, the wedding guests began arriving.

There were ladies in beautiful hats.

Gentlemen in morning suits.

Children in polished shoes.

And a rather elderly aunt who carried a handbag containing three boiled sweets and a small emergency umbrella.

The bride was Miss Penelope Puddingford.

She wore a magnificent white gown with lace sleeves and a long flowing veil.

The groom was Mr Herbert Honeywell.

He wore a splendid black morning coat, striped trousers and an expression of enormous happiness.

They were a lovely couple.

And they had absolutely no idea that Wobble and Magoo were in charge of the refreshments.

Magoo stood beside a table of sparkling glasses.

He carefully arranged them on a silver tray.

"Right, Wobble."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"Carry the tray level."

"Certainly!"

"Walk slowly."

"Naturally!"

"And offer the guests a drink."

"Wonderful!"

Magoo handed him the tray.

Wobble held it proudly.

There were twelve glasses.

Each filled with sparkling lemonade.

He smiled.

"Easy!"

Magoo winced.

"Please don't say that."

Wobble began walking.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Beautifully.

He approached an elderly lady.

"Refreshment, madam?"

The lady smiled.

"How lovely!"

She took a glass.

Wobble smiled.

"Much obliged!"

He turned.

And discovered that his enormous boot was standing on the edge of the lady's dress.

He lifted his foot.

The dress tugged.

The lady stumbled.

Wobble tried to help.

The tray tilted.

CLINK!

One glass slid.

Wobble leaned the other way.

CLINK-CLINK!

Two more slid.

Magoo saw him.

His eyes widened.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble smiled nervously.

"ALL UNDER CONTROL!"

The tray tilted left.

Then right.

Then left again.

The glasses slid in perfect formation.

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK!

Wobble began moving his feet.

Left.

Right.

Left.

Right.

He looked like a gentleman performing an extremely unusual dance.

The guests watched.

A little boy clapped.

"DO IT AGAIN!"

Wobble smiled.

Then one glass flew into the air.

WHOO!

He caught it.

Another flew.

WHOO!

He caught that too.

Then three more.

WHOOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP!

Wobble juggled desperately.

Magoo stared.

The guests applauded.

Wobble grinned.

"HA!"

Then Admiral Quackers waddled beneath his feet.

QUACK!

Wobble stepped sideways.

His boot slipped.

The tray flew upwards.

Twelve glasses sailed through the air.

Magoo gasped.

"NOOOOOO!"

But something extraordinary happened.

The glasses landed.

One by one.

Perfectly.

On a nearby serving table.

CLINK!

CLINK!

CLINK!

All twelve.

Not a single one broke.

The guests erupted.

"BRAVO!"

"MARVELLOUS!"

"EXTRAORDINARY!"

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

Then Wobble bowed.

"THANK YOU!"

Magoo slowly smiled.

"Well."

Perhaps, just perhaps, the day might turn out all right.

Then the elderly aunt opened her handbag.

Her emergency umbrella sprang open.

BOING!

It struck Magoo beneath the chin.

BONK!

He fell backwards into a flower arrangement.

CRAAAAASH!

Wobble stared.

Then smiled.

"Lovely flowers."



CHAPTER 5

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST

At one o'clock, the guests sat down for the wedding breakfast.

The ballroom looked magnificent.

The brass band played softly.

The tables sparkled.

And the bride and groom smiled happily at one another.

Wobble and Magoo stood beside the kitchen

door.

Both wore white waiters' aprons over their vintage suits.

Magoo adjusted his spectacles.

"Right."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"Soup first."

"Soup first!"

"Then roast chicken."

"Roast chicken!"

"Then pudding."

"Pudding!"

"And finally the cake."

Wobble smiled.

"My favourite!"

Magoo narrowed his eyes.

"Serving it, Wobble."

"Of course!"

The kitchen doors opened.

A chef appeared.

He wore a magnificent white hat.

He had a large red face and a moustache that curled downwards.

His name was Monsieur Bonbon.

He spoke with great seriousness.

"GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble bowed.

"Bonjour!"

Magoo nodded.

"Good afternoon."

Monsieur Bonbon pointed towards two enormous silver soup tureens.

"ZEE SOUP!"

Wobble smiled.

"Lovely!"

"ZEE SOUP MUST BE SERVED HOT!"

"Naturally!"

"BUT NOT TOO HOT!"

"Certainly!"

"AND DO NOT SPILL ZEE SOUP!"

Magoo nodded.

"Of course."

Monsieur Bonbon folded his arms.

"BON!"

He disappeared into the kitchen.

Magoo lifted one tureen.

Wobble lifted the other.

They carried them towards the ballroom.

Everything went beautifully.

For approximately eleven seconds.

Then Wobble noticed a small puddle on the floor.

He stepped over it.

Magoo didn't.

SKID!

Magoo's feet flew forwards.

His soup tureen flew upwards.

Wobble gasped.

"MAGOO!"

Magoo caught the tureen.

He spun.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

The soup sloshed.

SLOSH!

SLOSH!

SLOSH!

But not a drop escaped.

Magoo stopped.

He blinked.

He looked at Wobble.

Wobble looked at Magoo.

Then both smiled.

"Phew!"

Unfortunately, Magoo was now standing on
Wobble's enormous boot.

Wobble tried to move.

Magoo tried to balance.

Their elbows locked.

The tureens tilted.

And both gentlemen began spinning together.

SWISH!

SWASH!

SWISH!

The guests turned.

The brass band stopped.

Wobble and Magoo spun across the ballroom.

Like two very confused ballroom dancers.

The soup sloshed.

The silver lids rattled.

Their bowler hats wobbled.

And the bride began laughing.

"Oh, Herbert!"

The groom smiled.

"Wonderful entertainment!"

Wobble grinned.

Magoo looked horrified.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO!"

They spun faster.

Faster.

Faster.

Until—

BOOM-BOOM!

Wobble's boots stamped.

TAP-TAP!

Magoo's shoes tapped.

BOOM-BOOM!

TAP!

The bandleader raised his baton.

The orchestra joined in.

And suddenly the entire ballroom was watching
what appeared to be the most extraordinary

comedy dance in England.

The guests clapped in time.

The bride laughed.

The groom cheered.

And Wobble and Magoo spun directly towards
the kitchen doors.

WHOOOOOOOSH!

CRAAAAASH!

They disappeared into the kitchen.

Silence.

Then Monsieur Bonbon's voice thundered:

"MON DIEU!"

The doors swung open.

Wobble emerged.

Magoo emerged.

Both gentlemen were covered in soup.

But both tureens were still full.

Wobble smiled proudly.

"Service!"

The guests erupted into applause.

Magoo closed his eyes.

"I want to go home."



CHAPTER 6

THE CAKE MUST BE MOVED

At half past two, Mr Pompington approached.

He looked extremely pleased.

"GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Yes, sir?"

"The guests are delighted!"

Magoo blinked.

"They are?"

"ABSOLUTELY!"

Wobble smiled.

"Marvellous!"

Mr Pompington continued.

"The bride particularly enjoyed your comedy dancing."

Magoo stared.

"Comedy dancing?"

"INDEED!"

Wobble grinned.

"Thank you!"

Mr Pumpington pointed towards the enormous wedding cake.

"Now comes your most important duty."

Magoo swallowed.

"The cake?"

"EXACTLY!"

Wobble smiled.

"Lovely!"

Mr Pumpington leaned closer.

"The cake must be moved from the platform to the centre of the ballroom."

Magoo frowned.

"Moved?"

"YES!"

"But earlier you said—"

"NEVER MIND THAT!"

Mr Pomington pointed towards a little wheeled trolley.

"Place the cake on this."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"Wheel it slowly into the ballroom."

"Certainly!"

"And present it to the bride and groom."

"Wonderful!"

Mr Pompington narrowed his eyes.

"BUT DO NOT DROP IT."

Wobble smiled.

"Wouldn't dream of it!"

Magoo looked at the cake.

Seven tiers.

Six feet tall.

Hundreds of sugar flowers.

And one tiny bride and groom.

He swallowed.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"We must be very careful."

Wobble nodded.

"Absolutely!"

They approached the cake.

Magoo took one side.

Wobble took the other.

They lifted.

HEAVE!

Nothing happened.

They lifted harder.

HEAVE!

The cake moved.

Just a little.

Magoo grunted.

"HEAVY!"

Wobble nodded.

"VERY!"

They lifted again.

HEEEEEAVE!

The cake rose.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Beautifully.

They placed it on the trolley.

THUD!

Magoo sighed.

"Phew!"

Wobble smiled.

"Easy!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Please stop saying that."



CHAPTER 7

THE SEVEN-TIER WOBBLE

The trolley rolled towards the ballroom.

Magoo pushed from behind.

Wobble guided from the front.

The cake stood proudly between them.

Seven magnificent tiers.

White icing.

Pink roses.

Golden ribbons.

And the little bride and groom on top.

The guests watched.

The brass band played a gentle waltz.

The bride smiled.

The groom smiled.

Mr Pompington smiled.

Everything was perfect.

Then one of the trolley wheels struck a tiny crack in the floor.

CLUNK!

The cake trembled.

Magoo froze.

Wobble froze.

The bottom tier shifted.

Just a little.

Magoo whispered:

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Did you see that?"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes."

The cake leaned left.

Then right.

Then left again.

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Bit wobbly."

Magoo stared.

"WOBBLE!"

"YES?"

"STOP THE TROLLEY!"

Wobble grabbed the handle.

He pulled.

The trolley stopped.

But the cake didn't.

The seven tiers continued moving.

WOBBLE-WOBBLE-WOBBLE!

The sugar flowers shook.

The golden ribbons fluttered.

The little bride and groom swayed.

Magoo gasped.

"IT'S GOING!"

Wobble reached out.

He caught the top tier.

Magoo caught the bottom.

The cake leaned.

Then straightened.

Then leaned again.

Wobble stretched.

Magoo stretched.

Both gentlemen stood frozen.

Holding the enormous cake between them.

The guests stared.

The bride whispered:

"Herbert?"

The groom whispered:

"Yes, darling?"

"Is the cake supposed to do that?"

Herbert swallowed.

"I don't think so."

Then Admiral Quackers appeared.

He waddled towards the trolley.

QUACK!

Magoo saw him.

His eyes widened.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"The duck."

Wobble looked down.

Admiral Quackers was examining the wheels.

He tilted his head.

He pecked one.

PECK!

The wheel moved.

CLICK!

Magoo gasped.

"NO!"

The trolley rolled forwards.

Wobble stumbled.

Magoo stumbled.

The cake leaned.

And suddenly—

The top tier slipped.

WHOOOP!

Wobble caught it.

The second tier slid.

WHOOOP!

Magoo caught it.

The third tier spun.

WHOOOP!

Wobble caught that too.

The fourth tier tilted.

Magoo grabbed it.

The fifth tier rose.

Wobble balanced it on his elbow.

The sixth tier slid.

Magoo caught it on his shoulder.

And the seventh tier—

The enormous bottom tier—

Began rolling across the ballroom floor.

Like a giant white wheel.

RUMBLE-RUMBLE-RUMBLE!

The guests screamed.

The bride gasped.

The groom jumped.

Mr Pompington fainted.

And Wobble shouted:

"AFTER THAT CAKE!"



CHAPTER 8

THE GREAT WEDDING CAKE CHASE

The bottom tier rolled across the ballroom.

RUMBLE-RUMBLE-RUMBLE!

It passed the head table.

Missed the bride.

Missed the groom.

And rolled beneath the chandelier.

Magoo chased it.

Wobble chased Magoo.

Admiral Quackers chased Wobble.

QUACK-QUACK-QUACK!

The cake rolled towards the kitchen doors.

Magoo shouted:

"STOP!"

Wobble shouted:

"CAKE!"

Monsieur Bonbon emerged from the kitchen.

He saw the enormous rolling cake.

His eyes widened.

"MON DIEU!"

He jumped aside.

The cake rolled past him.

WHOOOOOOOOSH!

It struck a serving trolley.

CLANG!

The trolley spun.

A mountain of plates flew into the air.

WHOOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP!

Magoo caught one.

Wobble caught another.

Monsieur Bonbon caught three.

And Admiral Quackers caught a bread roll.

QUACK!

The cake continued.

Out of the kitchen.

Through the hallway.

Past the reception desk.

And towards the enormous front doors.

Magoo gasped.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO!"

"IT'S GOING OUTSIDE!"

Wobble grinned.

"NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!"

He grabbed a long red carpet.

He pulled.

YANK!

The carpet slid beneath the rolling cake.

The cake bounced.

BOING!

It rose into the air.

Wobble gasped.

Magoo gasped.

Monsieur Bonbon gasped.

The cake flew upwards.

Higher.

Higher.

Higher.

Then landed—

Perfectly.

On a passing luggage trolley.

PLOP!

The trolley rolled backwards.

Straight towards the ballroom.

Magoo stared.

Wobble stared.

Then both gentlemen smiled.

"HA!"

They ran after it.

The trolley entered the ballroom.

The cake stood upright.

Perfectly balanced.

The guests cheered.

"BRAVO!"

"MARVELLOUS!"

"EXTRAORDINARY!"

Wobble grinned.

Magoo smiled.

And for one glorious moment, everything was wonderful.

Then the trolley struck a chair.

CLUNK!

The cake rose into the air.

Again.

Wobble's eyes widened.

Magoo's eyes widened.

The bride screamed.

The groom ducked.

The cake spun.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

And landed—

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Directly on Mr Pompington.

The hotel manager disappeared beneath six feet of white icing.

Silence.

Absolute silence.

Then a little hand emerged.

Followed by a white face.

Followed by a magnificent moustache covered
in pink sugar roses.

Mr Pompington blinked.

He looked at Wobble.

He looked at Magoo.

Then whispered:

"Gentlemen."

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Yes, sir?"

Mr Pompington took a deep breath.

Then screamed:

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

CHAPTER 9

THE WEDDING THAT WAS SAVED BY A DUCK

The ballroom was in chaos.

The cake was destroyed.

The guests were horrified.

The bride was crying.

The groom looked helpless.

And Mr Pompington was still covered in icing.

Magoo stood beside Wobble.

He looked at the ruined cake.

Then at the bride.

Then at Wobble.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"We've ruined their wedding."

Wobble's smile disappeared.

For once, he had nothing to say.

He looked towards Penelope.

She sat beside Herbert, wiping her eyes.

Wobble swallowed.

Then looked at the little bride-and-groom figures lying on the floor.

He bent down.

He picked them up.

He brushed away the icing.

And smiled gently.

"Not quite."

Magoo frowned.

"What?"

Wobble looked towards the kitchen.

Then at Monsieur Bonbon.

Then at the enormous trays of puddings

waiting to be served.

And slowly, very slowly, he smiled.

"Magoo."

Magoo stared.

"No."

Wobble nodded.

"Yes."

"Not another idea."

"Just a little one."

Magoo looked at the crying bride.

Then at the ruined cake.

Then sighed.

"All right."

Wobble grinned.

"COME ON!"

They hurried into the kitchen.

Monsieur Bonbon stood beside a table of beautiful little sponge cakes.

There were chocolate cakes.

Vanilla cakes.

Strawberry cakes.

Lemon cakes.

And dozens of tiny iced buns.

Wobble smiled.

"PERFECT!"

Magoo nodded.

"Actually..."

They grabbed two large serving trays.

They arranged the little cakes.

One row.

Then another.

Then another.

They built a beautiful pyramid.

Chocolate at the bottom.

Vanilla in the middle.

Strawberry at the top.

And on the very top, Wobble placed the little bride and groom.

Magoo stepped back.

He smiled.

"Well."

Wobble nodded.

"Not bad!"

Admiral Quackers waddled over.

He examined the cake.

He tilted his head.

QUACK!

Magoo pointed at him.

"Don't even think about it."

The duck blinked.

Then sat down.

Very respectfully.

Wobble grinned.

"Good boy!"

Together, they carried the new cake into the ballroom.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Beautifully.

The guests turned.

The bride looked up.

The groom stood.

Wobble smiled.

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

Magoo bowed.

"A little surprise!"

They placed the cake before the happy couple.

Penelope stared.

Her eyes widened.

"Oh!"

Herbert smiled.

"Good heavens!"

The little cakes sparkled beneath the chandelier.

The sugar flowers looked beautiful.

And the tiny bride and groom stood proudly on top.

Penelope smiled.

"It's lovely!"

Wobble beamed.

"Thank you!"

Herbert shook Magoo's hand.

"Wonderful!"

Magoo smiled.

"Most kind."

Penelope looked at Wobble.

Then Magoo.

Then Admiral Quackers.

And laughed.

"You two are absolutely ridiculous!"

Wobble grinned.

"Thank you!"

Magoo sighed.

"I think."

The guests applauded.

The brass band began playing.

The bride and groom cut the little cake.

And everybody cheered.

For one glorious moment, the wedding was saved.

Then Admiral Quackers waddled towards the cake.

He looked at a tiny strawberry bun.

He tilted his head.

Magoo saw him.

"Wobble."

Wobble looked down.

"Oh, no."

The duck opened his beak.

Magoo lunged.

Wobble lunged.

Both gentlemen grabbed the duck.

And all three fell backwards into a mountain of wedding presents.

CRAAAAASH!

The guests erupted into laughter.

The bride laughed.

The groom laughed.

Even Monsieur Bonbon laughed.

And Mr Pompington, still covered in icing,
slowly smiled.

"Well."

CHAPTER 10

THE WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH

At five o'clock, the photographer gathered everybody on the lawn.

The bride and groom stood in the centre.

The bridesmaids arranged their dresses.

The gentlemen straightened their ties.

The ladies adjusted their hats.

And Wobble and Magoo stood at the very back.

Their suits were covered in flour.

Their shoes were sticky.

Their hats were crooked.

And Admiral Quackers sat proudly between them.

The photographer raised his camera.

"EVERYBODY SMILE!"

The bride smiled.

The groom smiled.

Wobble grinned.

Magoo smiled weakly.

Admiral Quackers gave one enormous—

QUACK!

The photographer pressed the button.

FLASH!

And the photograph was taken.

Unfortunately, at that precise moment,
Wobble's enormous boot caught on Magoo's
trouser leg.

Magoo stumbled.

Wobble grabbed him.

They both fell backwards.

And disappeared into the flowerbed.

CRAAAAASH!

The photograph captured everything.

The beautiful bride.

The handsome groom.

The magnificent hotel.

The smiling guests.

And, in the background, two pairs of enormous boots sticking out of a rosebush.

It became the most famous wedding photograph in the county.

CHAPTER 11

THE LAST SLICE

That evening, Wobble and Magoo sat outside their workshop.

Their suits were ruined.

Their hats were battered.

Their shoes were sticky.

And Admiral Quackers was happily eating crumbs beneath the table.

Magoo counted their earnings.

Two shiny silver coins.

He smiled.

"Well, Wobble."

Wobble looked up.

"Yes?"

"We've finally completed a job."

Wobble nodded.

"Yep!"

"We've been paid."

"Yep!"

"And the customers were happy."

Wobble smiled.

"Absolutely!"

Magoo sighed.

"Wonderful."

Wobble reached into his pocket.

He produced a small paper parcel.

Magoo frowned.

"What's that?"

Wobble smiled.

"A little present!"

He opened it.

Inside was a beautiful slice of wedding cake.

Magoo blinked.

"Wedding cake?"

Wobble nodded.

"Penelope gave it to us."

Magoo smiled.

"How kind."

Wobble cut it carefully.

He handed half to Magoo.

Then took the other half.

They sat together.

They ate their cake.

And watched the evening sunshine.

For once, everything was peaceful.

Then Wobble spoke.

"Magoo?"

"Yes?"

"I've been thinking."

Magoo froze.

"Oh, no."

"We've had quite a week."

Magoo nodded.

"Quite."

"Pianos."

"Yes."

"Wallpaper."

"Yes."

"Window cleaning."

"Yes."

"Trains."

"Unfortunately."

"Motor cars."

"Regrettably."

"Seaside holidays."

"Never again."

"Chimneys."

"Absolutely not."

"And weddings."

Magoo sighed.

"Indeed."

Wobble smiled.

"So I thought we should try something relaxing."

Magoo looked suspicious.

"Relaxing?"

Wobble nodded.

"Very relaxing!"

"What?"

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.

GARDENING AND LANDSCAPING.

EXCELLENT PAYMENT.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

MUST BE GOOD WITH PLANTS.

Magoo looked up.

"Gardening?"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes!"

"With flowers?"

"Yes!"

"Trees?"

"Naturally!"

"And peaceful little gardens?"

Wobble smiled.

"Absolutely!"

Magoo slowly smiled.

"Well."

Wobble blinked.

"Well what?"

Magoo folded the advertisement.

"At least plants don't move."

Wobble laughed.

"EXACTLY!"

They shook hands.

Then sat back in their chairs.

Neither noticed the enormous gardening lorry
approaching down the lane.

Neither noticed the mountain of compost piled
on its back.

And neither noticed the driver desperately
waving his arms.

Until—

PARP! PARP! PARP!

The lorry rolled into the workshop yard.

Its brakes squealed.

SCREEEEEECH!

Its wheels bounced.

BOING!

And the entire load of compost tipped forwards.

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!

Wobble looked up.

Magoo looked up.

Admiral Quackers looked up.

Then—

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

A mountain of compost buried all three.

Silence.

Then Wobble's head appeared.

His bowler hat was full of soil.

A little daisy grew from his beard.

He looked at Magoo.

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Wobble smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"At least we're getting an early start."

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

PLONK!

THE END

Coming next: Book 9 — The Garden Experts

In which Wobble discovers the extraordinary power of a garden hose, Magoo discovers that lawnmowers have minds of their own, and Admiral Quackers becomes the world's first duck-shaped topiary.

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*

MONSIEUR BONBON



*Dramatic, serious French chef who cries
'Mon Dieu!'*

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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