

THE GARDEN EXPERTS

A Wobble & Magoo Adventure — Book 9

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 Last Job	6
The Garden of Lady Lavender	15
The Lawn That Wouldn't Behave	24
The Duck-Shaped Hedge	36
The Hosepipe From Hell	52
The Garden Party Begins	67
Everybody Comes Back	73
The Grand Garden Dance	85
The Finest Gentlemen in Primrose Village	104
The Very Last Advertisement	110

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 LAST JOB

The Grand Finale — In which two respectable gentlemen attempt one final job, a garden hose develops a personality, and the entire village discovers that friendship is the finest invention of all.

Monday morning arrived with beautiful sunshine.

The birds were singing.

The church bells were ringing.

And Mr Magoo McGhee was standing in his workshop, examining a pair of gardening gloves.

They were enormous.

Bright yellow.

And covered in little pink flowers.

Magoo looked at them.

Then at M.C. Wobble.

"Wobble."

"Yes, Magoo?"

"Why are my gardening gloves pink?"

Wobble smiled.

"Cheerful!"

Magoo sighed.

"And why are they so big?"

Wobble nodded proudly.

"Plenty of growing room!"

Magoo stared.

"Growing room?"

"Yes! They're gardening gloves!"

Magoo slowly removed his spectacles.

He cleaned them.

Then put them back on.

"Of course."

Wobble stood beside him in his brown checked three-piece suit, red spotted bow tie and enormous brown boots.

He wore his battered bowler hat.

His gold pocket-watch chain sparkled in the sunshine.

And tucked beneath one arm was an enormous gardening book.

On the cover were the words:

THE COMPLETE GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO
GARDENING.

Magoo examined it.

"Have you read that?"

Wobble nodded.

"Certainly!"

"All of it?"

Wobble hesitated.

"Most of the pictures."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Oh, splendid."

Outside the workshop stood a little green gardening cart.

It contained two spades.

Three rakes.

A wheelbarrow.

A lawnmower.

A watering can.

A coil of hosepipe.

And Admiral Quackers.

The duck sat proudly in the wheelbarrow.

He wore his tiny sailor's hat.

And his gold medal from the seaside.

QUACK!

Magoo looked towards the cart.

Then at Wobble.

"One last job."

Wobble smiled.

"One last job!"

"After this, we're retiring."

"Absolutely!"

"No more advertisements."

"No more advertisements!"

"No more accidents."

"No more accidents!"

"And no more brilliant ideas."

Wobble paused.

Then nodded solemnly.

"Right you are, Magoo."

Magoo smiled.

"Good."

He picked up his gardening gloves.

And together, the two gentlemen set off.

For their final adventure.



CHAPTER 2

THE GARDEN OF LADY LAVENDER

Their customer was Lady Arabella Lavender.

She lived in a magnificent house called
Lavender Lodge.

It stood at the edge of Primrose Village.

The house was beautiful.

White walls.

Green shutters.

Tall windows.

And a sweeping gravel driveway.

But the garden was a disaster.

The grass was waist-high.

The flowerbeds were overgrown.

The hedges were enormous.

And a magnificent stone fountain stood in the middle of a jungle of weeds.

Lady Lavender opened the front door.

She was a cheerful elderly lady with silver hair, sparkling blue eyes and a magnificent purple hat.

"GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Good morning, madam!"

Magoo bowed.

"Good morning, Lady Lavender."

She smiled.

"How lovely to see you!"

Then she looked at the garden.

Her smile faded.

"As you can see, I need a little help."

Wobble nodded.

"Certainly!"

"The lawn needs mowing."

"Of course!"

"The hedges need trimming."

"Naturally!"

"The flowers need planting."

"Wonderful!"

"And the fountain needs cleaning."

"Absolutely!"

Lady Lavender smiled.

"I am hosting the annual Primrose Garden Party this afternoon."

Magoo blinked.

"This afternoon?"

"Yes!"

Wobble grinned.

"Plenty of time!"

Magoo slowly turned towards him.

Lady Lavender continued.

"The entire village will be attending."

Wobble smiled.

"How lovely!"

"The mayor."

"Excellent!"

"The stationmaster."

"Wonderful!"

"Mrs Crumpet."

Magoo froze.

"Mrs Crumpet?"

Lady Lavender nodded.

"Of course!"

Wobble smiled.

"Old friend of ours!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Unfortunately."

Lady Lavender clasped her hands.

"And I should dearly love the garden to look beautiful."

Wobble bowed.

"Leave everything to us!"

Magoo nodded.

"We shall do our best, madam."

Lady Lavender smiled.

"Splendid!"

She disappeared into the house.

Magoo looked at the garden.

Then at Wobble.

Then at the enormous lawnmower.

"Right."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"Let's begin."



CHAPTER 3

THE LAWN THAT WOULDN'T BEHAVE

Magoo decided to mow the lawn.

Wobble decided to trim the hedges.

Admiral Quackers decided to supervise.

Magoo approached the lawnmower.

It was an elderly petrol machine.

Painted red.

With enormous iron wheels.

A brass fuel cap.

And a long wooden handle.

Magoo examined it.

"Right."

He pulled the starter cord.

CHUG!

Nothing.

He pulled again.

CHUG-CHUG!

Still nothing.

He pulled harder.

CHUG-CHUG-CHUG!

The engine coughed.

COUGH!

Then spluttered.

SPLUTTER!

Then roared into life.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

Magoo smiled.

"Excellent!"

He pushed the mower forwards.

The blades turned.

The grass fell neatly.

And a beautiful green stripe appeared behind him.

Magoo beamed.

"Wonderful!"

He pushed again.

Another stripe.

Then another.

Then another.

Soon the lawn looked magnificent.

Magoo stood back.

He admired his work.

"Well, would you look at that!"

Wobble appeared from behind a hedge.

He wore enormous gardening shears over his shoulder.

"Lovely!"

Magoo smiled.

"Thank you!"

Wobble examined the lawnmower.

"Interesting machine."

Magoo narrowed his eyes.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Don't touch it."

Wobble nodded.

"Wouldn't dream of it!"

Magoo walked towards the flowerbeds.

But Wobble continued examining the mower.

He noticed a little metal lever.

It was labelled:

SPEED.

Wobble frowned.

"Ah!"

He moved it forwards.

Just a little.

The engine roared.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUM!

Wobble blinked.

"Good heavens!"

The lawnmower shot forwards.

WHOOOOOOOSH!

Wobble grabbed the handle.

His enormous boots slid across the grass.

SCRAAAAPE!

The mower dragged him towards the fountain.

"WOBBLE!"

Magoo turned.

His eyes widened.

The lawnmower raced across the garden.

Wobble clung desperately to the handle.

"STOP!"

The mower swerved.

It passed the rose bushes.

Missed a garden gnome.

And thundered towards the flowerbeds.

Magoo ran after him.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO!"

The mower struck a small stone.

BOING!

It bounced.

Wobble bounced.

His bowler hat flew into the air.

WHOOO!

The mower landed.

Then shot through a hedge.

CRAAAAASH!

Silence.

Magoo stopped.

He stared at the enormous hole in the hedge.

Then slowly approached.

"Wobble?"

No answer.

"Wobble?"

A small branch moved.

Then Wobble's head appeared.

His beard was full of leaves.

A daisy sat on his nose.

He blinked.

Then smiled.

"Well."

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Don't."

"Lovely little shortcut."



CHAPTER 4

THE DUCK-SHAPED HEDGE

By eleven o'clock, Wobble had decided that hedge trimming was much safer than lawn mowing.

He stood before an enormous green hedge.

It was tall.

Wide.

And completely shapeless.

Magoo examined it.

"Right, Wobble."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"Just trim the sides."

"Certainly!"

"Make it neat."

"Naturally!"

"And don't do anything fancy."

Wobble smiled.

"Of course!"

Magoo walked away.

Wobble examined the hedge.

He tilted his head.

Then looked at Admiral Quackers.

The duck looked back.

QUACK!

Wobble smiled.

"Ah!"

He opened his gardening book.

Inside was a picture of a magnificent topiary elephant.

A great green elephant.

With enormous ears.

A long trunk.

And four sturdy legs.

Wobble stared.

Then looked at the hedge.

Then at the duck.

Then back at the hedge.

And slowly grinned.

"I'VE GOT AN IDEA!"

Admiral Quackers tilted his head.

QUACK?

Wobble picked up the shears.

SNIP!

SNIP!

SNIP-SNIP!

Leaves fell.

Branches tumbled.

The hedge began changing shape.

First a round body.

Then a long neck.

Then a little head.

Then a magnificent beak.

Wobble stepped back.

He smiled proudly.

"HA!"

Where the enormous hedge had stood was now
a giant green duck.

It had a round body.

Two little wings.

A magnificent tail.

And an enormous beak.

Admiral Quackers stared.

He tilted his head.

Then puffed out his chest.

QUACK!

Wobble bowed.

"Your portrait, sir!"

The duck waddled around it.

He examined the beak.

The wings.

The tail.

Then gave an approving—

QUACK-QUACK!

At that moment, Magoo returned.

He stopped.

He stared.

Then slowly removed his spectacles.

He cleaned them.

He put them back on.

And stared again.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"Why is the hedge shaped like a duck?"

Wobble smiled.

"Topiary!"

Magoo blinked.

"Topiary?"

"Yes!"

Magoo examined the enormous green duck.

Then looked at Admiral Quackers.

Then back at the hedge.

And slowly smiled.

"Well."

Wobble grinned.

"Well what?"

Magoo nodded.

"That's actually rather good."

Wobble beamed.

"THANK YOU!"

Magoo folded his arms.

"Very good indeed."

Admiral Quackers bowed.

QUACK!

For one glorious moment, everything was wonderful.

Then the hedge sneezed.

ACHOOOO!

Magoo jumped.

Wobble jumped.

Admiral Quackers jumped.

The hedge shook.

Its beak trembled.

Its wings fluttered.

And suddenly—

A very angry gardener emerged from inside.

He wore green overalls.

A straw hat.

And an enormous moustache.

He had been sleeping in the hedge.

"WHAT'S GOING ON?"

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

The gardener looked at his surroundings.

Then at his green duck-shaped home.

Then at Wobble.

And screamed:

"YOU'VE CUT MY HEDGE!"

Wobble smiled nervously.

"Yes."

"INTO A DUCK!"

Wobble nodded.

"Very artistic."

The gardener stared.

Then slowly smiled.

"Actually..."

Magoo blinked.

The gardener examined the hedge.

He walked around it.

He looked at the wings.

The tail.

The enormous beak.

Then nodded.

"That's rather splendid!"

Wobble grinned.

"THANK YOU!"

The gardener shook his hand.

"MARVELLOUS WORK!"

Magoo sighed with relief.

Perhaps this final job might actually succeed.

Then Wobble's enormous shears slipped from his hand.

CLANG!

They landed on Magoo's foot.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Wobble smiled.

"Sorry!"



CHAPTER 5

THE HOSEPIPE FROM HELL

At noon, Magoo decided to clean the fountain.

It was a magnificent stone fountain.

Three tiers.

Four little cherubs.

And a large marble fish at the top.

Unfortunately, it was covered in moss.

Magoo examined it.

"Right."

Wobble nodded.

"Right!"

"We'll wash it carefully."

"Certainly!"

"With a little water."

"Naturally!"

"And absolutely no nonsense."

"Of course!"

Magoo connected the hosepipe to the garden tap.

He turned it on.

HISSSSSS!

Water flowed gently.

Wobble smiled.

"Lovely!"

Magoo began washing the fountain.

SPLASH!

SPLISH!

SPLASH!

The moss disappeared.

The stone sparkled.

The marble fish gleamed.

Magoo smiled.

"Beautiful!"

Wobble examined the hosepipe.

He frowned.

"Bit slow."

Magoo looked at him.

"Wobble."

"Yes?"

"It's fine."

Wobble nodded.

"Right."

Then he noticed a large brass wheel beside the tap.

It was labelled:

HIGH PRESSURE.

Wobble smiled.

"Ah!"

Magoo saw him.

His eyes widened.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble turned the wheel.

Just a little.

HISSESSSESSSSSS!

The water pressure increased.

Magoo blinked.

"Wobble!"

Wobble turned it again.

HISSESSSESSSESSSESS!

The hosepipe trembled.

Magoo grabbed it.

"STOP!"

Wobble turned the wheel one final time.

CLUNK!

The hosepipe exploded into life.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Magoo flew backwards.

The hosepipe whipped into the air.

It twisted.

It turned.

It curled.

Like an enormous green snake.

Wobble stared.

"Good heavens!"

Magoo shouted:

"TURN IT OFF!"

Wobble ran towards the tap.

The hosepipe swung.

WHIP!

It struck a flowerpot.

CRASH!

It swung again.

WHIP!

It knocked over a garden gnome.

BONK!

It swung a third time.

WHIP!

And sprayed Wobble directly in the face.

SPLOOOOOOOSH!

Wobble staggered backwards.

His bowler hat flew off.

His beard flattened.

His enormous boots filled with water.

Magoo grabbed the hosepipe.

He wrestled it.

He twisted it.

He shouted:

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble wiped his eyes.

"YES?"

"THE TAP!"

Wobble nodded.

"RIGHT!"

He ran towards it.

But the hosepipe wrapped around his ankle.

FWIP!

He stumbled.

The hosepipe pulled.

Wobble flew backwards.

WHOOOP!

He landed in the wheelbarrow.

CLANG!

The wheelbarrow rolled forwards.

Admiral Quackers jumped out.

QUACK!

The wheelbarrow gathered speed.

Wobble clung to the sides.

Magoo ran after him.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO!"

The wheelbarrow rolled towards the fountain.

Faster.

Faster.

Faster.

Until—

CRAAAAASH!

It struck the stone edge.

Wobble flew upwards.

He sailed through the air.

Over the cherubs.

Over the marble fish.

And landed directly in the fountain.

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

A magnificent wave of water rose above the garden.

Magoo stared.

Admiral Quackers stared.

The gardener stared.

Then Wobble's head appeared.

He blinked.

He wiped the water from his beard.

And smiled.

"Refreshing!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Oh, splendid."



CHAPTER 6

THE GARDEN PARTY BEGINS

At precisely two o'clock, Lady Lavender emerged from the house.

She wore her finest purple dress.

Her magnificent hat.

And a beautiful pearl necklace.

She looked at the garden.

The grass was neatly cut.

The fountain sparkled.

The flowerbeds were tidy.

And the enormous duck-shaped hedge stood proudly beside the lawn.

Lady Lavender gasped.

"Oh!"

Wobble smiled.

"Good afternoon, madam!"

Magoo bowed.

"Good afternoon."

Lady Lavender looked around.

Then smiled.

"GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes?"

"IT'S BEAUTIFUL!"

Magoo blinked.

"Really?"

"ABSOLUTELY!"

Wobble grinned.

"MARVELLOUS!"

Lady Lavender examined the duck-shaped hedge.

She laughed.

"Oh, how delightful!"

Admiral Quackers puffed out his chest.

QUACK!

Lady Lavender smiled.

"And you've even made a portrait of your little friend!"

Wobble bowed.

"Indeed, madam!"

Lady Lavender clasped her hands.

"Wonderful!"

Then she looked towards the fountain.

It sparkled in the sunshine.

The water danced.

The marble fish gleamed.

And the cherubs looked magnificent.

Lady Lavender smiled.

"Perfect!"

Magoo sighed with relief.

Wobble grinned.

And for one glorious moment, everything was wonderful.

Then the garden gate opened.

And the guests began arriving.



CHAPTER 7

EVERYBODY COMES BACK

First came Mr Percival Pumbleton.

He arrived in his beautiful little green motor car.

The one Wobble and Magoo had repaired.

It was now covered in racing stickers.

And its horn still sounded rather strange.

PARP-PARP!

Wobble waved.

"AFTERNOON!"

Mr Pumbleton smiled.

"MY FAVOURITE MECHANICS!"

Magoo sighed.

"Good afternoon."

Next came Miss Puddington.

She wore a magnificent blue hat.

Beside her trotted Wellington, her little dog.

She spotted Wobble and Magoo.

Her eyes widened.

"YOU TWO!"

Wobble smiled.

"Good afternoon!"

Miss Puddington stared.

Then laughed.

"Still cleaning windows?"

Magoo shook his head.

"Never again."

Next came the stationmaster.

He wore his blue uniform.

His shiny black hat.

And his magnificent moustache.

He shook Wobble's hand.

"MARVELLOUS TO SEE YOU!"

Wobble grinned.

"Likewise!"

Then came Monsieur Bonbon.

He carried a beautiful tray of little cakes.

"BONJOUR, MESSIEURS!"

Wobble bowed.

"BONJOUR!"

Magoo smiled.

"Good afternoon."

Behind him came Penelope and Herbert Honeywell.

The happy newlyweds.

Penelope laughed when she saw them.

"Our favourite wedding entertainers!"

Wobble grinned.

"Thank you!"

Magoo blushed.

Then came Mr Whippington.

The seaside ice-cream seller.

He carried a magnificent little ice-cream cart.

And behind him came the mayor of
Bumblewick-on-Sea.

He wore his white suit.

His gold chain.

And his enormous straw hat.

"AH! THE SEASIDE HEROES!"

Wobble waved.

"GOOD AFTERNOON!"

Admiral Quackers bowed.

QUACK!

Finally, a familiar voice called:

"EXCUSE ME!"

Magoo froze.

Wobble froze.

Admiral Quackers froze.

Mrs Crumpet stood at the garden gate.

She wore a beautiful pink dress.

A white hat.

And an expression of considerable suspicion.

She stared at Wobble.

Then Magoo.

Then the duck.

And slowly folded her arms.

"YOU."

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Good afternoon, Mrs Crumpet!"

Magoo bowed.

"Good afternoon."

Mrs Crumpet examined the garden.

Then the fountain.

Then the enormous duck-shaped hedge.

She blinked.

"Did you two do all this?"

Wobble smiled.

"Certainly!"

Mrs Crumpet looked surprised.

"Really?"

Magoo nodded.

"Indeed."

Mrs Crumpet walked towards the fountain.

She examined the flowers.

The lawn.

The hedges.

Then slowly smiled.

"Well."

Wobble grinned.

"Well what?"

Mrs Crumpet nodded.

"It's actually rather lovely."

Magoo blinked.

Wobble blinked.

Mrs Crumpet smiled.

"Perhaps I misjudged you."

There was a long silence.

Then Wobble grinned.

"THANK YOU!"

Magoo smiled.

And for the first time in their entire working lives, Mrs Crumpet shook both their hands.



CHAPTER 8

THE GRAND GARDEN DANCE

At three o'clock, the brass band began playing.

The guests gathered on the lawn.

The tables were covered in sandwiches.

There were cakes.

Scones.

Strawberries.

Tea.

Lemonade.

And enormous bowls of trifle.

Lady Lavender stood beside the fountain.

She raised her glass.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"

The guests applauded.

"I SHOULD LIKE TO THANK TWO VERY SPECIAL
GENTLEMEN!"

Wobble blinked.

Magoo blinked.

Lady Lavender smiled.

"MR M.C. WOBBLE!"

The guests cheered.

"AND MR MAGOO McGHEE!"

The guests cheered louder.

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

Magoo bowed.

Lady Lavender continued.

"THESE TWO GENTLEMEN HAVE TRANSFORMED
MY GARDEN!"

The guests applauded.

"AND I THINK THEY DESERVE A LITTLE
RECOGNITION!"

She produced a magnificent silver trophy.

It was shaped like a watering can.

On the front were engraved the words:

PRIMROSE VILLAGE

GENTLEMEN OF THE YEAR

M.C. WOBBLE & MR MAGOO MCGHEE

Wobble stared.

Magoo stared.

Then both gentlemen smiled.

Lady Lavender handed them the trophy.

"CONGRATULATIONS!"

Wobble beamed.

"THANK YOU!"

Magoo bowed.

"Most kind, madam."

The brass band struck up a cheerful tune.

BOOM-BOOM!

TAP-TAP!

BOOM-BOOM!

TAP!

Wobble looked at Magoo.

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Wobble grinned.

"Shall we?"

Magoo smiled.

"Oh, why not?"

They began dancing.

Wobble stamped his enormous boots.

BOOM-BOOM!

Magoo tapped his polished shoes.

TAP-TAP!

Wobble spun.

Magoo bowed.

Wobble stamped.

BOOM-BOOM!

Magoo finished with a flourish.

TAP!

The guests erupted.

"BRAVO!"

"MARVELLOUS!"

"ENCORE!"

Wobble laughed.

Magoo laughed.

And Admiral Quackers waddled into the middle of the lawn.

He flapped his wings.

QUACK-QUACK!

The guests cheered.

The brass band played louder.

And soon the entire garden was dancing.

Mrs Crumpet danced with the stationmaster.

Miss Puddington danced with Mr Pumbleton.

Penelope danced with Herbert.

Monsieur Bonbon danced with Lady Lavender.

And Admiral Quackers danced with Wellington
the dog.

For one glorious moment, everything was
perfect.

Then Wobble noticed something.

The garden hose.

It was lying beside the fountain.

Still connected to the high-pressure tap.

Wobble frowned.

"Magoo."

Magoo turned.

"Yes?"

"Did we turn that off?"

Magoo looked towards the hosepipe.

His eyes widened.

"Oh, no."

The hosepipe trembled.

HISSSSSS!

Wobble stared.

Magoo stared.

The hosepipe moved.

Just a little.

Then—

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

An enormous jet of water shot into the air.

It struck the fountain.

The fountain overflowed.

The water sprayed across the lawn.

The guests screamed.

The brass band stopped.

And Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO!"

Magoo shouted:

"WOBBLE!"

The hosepipe whipped around.

WHIP!

It sprayed Mrs Crumpet.

SPLOOOOSH!

It sprayed the stationmaster.

SPLOOOOSH!

It sprayed Monsieur Bonbon.

SPLOOOOSH!

And it sprayed the mayor.

SPLOOOOOOSH!

The entire garden became a magnificent fountain.

The guests ran.

The tables shook.

The cakes slid.

The sandwiches flew.

And Admiral Quackers flapped his wings.

QUACK-QUACK-QUACK!

Wobble grabbed the hosepipe.

Magoo grabbed Wobble.

Mrs Crumpet grabbed Magoo.

The stationmaster grabbed Mrs Crumpet.

Monsieur Bonbon grabbed the stationmaster.

And soon an enormous chain of respectable people was being dragged across the lawn.

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!

Wobble shouted:

"HOLD ON!"

Magoo shouted:

"TO WHAT?"

The hosepipe swung.

The people swung.

The cakes flew.

The duck quacked.

**And the entire chain of guests slid directly
towards the fountain.**

BOOM-BOOM!

TAP-TAP!

BOOM-BOOM!

TAP!

Then—

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!

Everybody landed in the fountain.

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Silence.

Absolute silence.

The water settled.

The brass band stopped.

The birds stopped singing.

Even Admiral Quackers stopped quacking.

Then Wobble's head appeared.

He blinked.

Magoo's head appeared beside him.

He blinked.

Mrs Crumpet emerged.

The stationmaster emerged.

Monsieur Bonbon emerged.

And finally Lady Lavender stood up.

Her magnificent purple hat floated past her.

She looked around.

At the soaked guests.

The ruined cakes.

The floating sandwiches.

The duck sitting proudly on the marble fish.

And the two gentlemen standing in the middle
of her fountain.

There was a terrible silence.

Magoo swallowed.

Wobble swallowed.

Then Lady Lavender began laughing.

Not a little laugh.

Not a polite laugh.

But an enormous, magnificent, unstoppable

laugh.

"HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!"

Mrs Crumpet stared.

Then began laughing too.

The stationmaster laughed.

Monsieur Bonbon laughed.

Penelope laughed.

Herbert laughed.

And soon the entire garden was roaring with laughter.

Wobble looked at Magoo.

Magoo looked at Wobble.

Then both gentlemen smiled.

And laughed.

And laughed.

Until tears rolled down their faces.

CHAPTER 9

THE FINEST GENTLEMEN IN PRIMROSE VILLAGE

As the sun began setting, the garden party came to an end.

The guests departed.

The tables were cleared.

The fountain was emptied.

And the enormous duck-shaped hedge stood proudly against the golden evening sky.

Lady Lavender approached Wobble and Magoo.

She smiled.

"Gentlemen."

Wobble lifted his bowler hat.

"Yes, madam?"

Magoo bowed.

"Lady Lavender."

She looked at them warmly.

"Today has been the most wonderful garden party I have ever hosted."

Magoo blinked.

"Really?"

"Absolutely!"

Wobble smiled.

"MARVELLOUS!"

Lady Lavender continued.

"Not because everything went perfectly."

Magoo nodded.

"Indeed."

"But because everybody laughed."

Wobble smiled.

"That's true."

"And because everybody was happy."

Magoo looked towards the garden.

Then at Wobble.

Then slowly smiled.

"Yes."

Lady Lavender reached into her handbag.

She produced a little velvet purse.

Inside were two magnificent gold coins.

She handed one to Wobble.

And one to Magoo.

"For your hard work."

Wobble stared.

Magoo stared.

"Gold?" whispered Magoo.

Lady Lavender smiled.

"Gold."

Wobble blinked.

"Real gold?"

"Real gold."

Magoo slowly looked at Wobble.

Wobble slowly looked at Magoo.

Then both gentlemen grinned.

"THANK YOU!"

Lady Lavender laughed.

"You're very welcome."

She looked towards the enormous duck-shaped hedge.

Then at Admiral Quackers.

"And I do hope you'll visit again."

Wobble smiled.

"Of course!"

Magoo nodded.

"With pleasure."

Lady Lavender waved goodbye.

And the two gentlemen set off towards home.

CHAPTER 10

THE VERY LAST ADVERTISEMENT

That evening, Wobble and Magoo sat outside their little workshop.

The sun was setting.

The birds were singing.

And the village church bells rang softly in the distance.

Their suits were damp.

Their shoes were muddy.

Their hats were battered.

But their pockets contained two magnificent gold coins.

And on the table between them stood the silver watering-can trophy.

Admiral Quackers slept peacefully in a little wicker basket.

His sailor's hat rested beside him.

Magoo sipped his tea.

Wobble ate a chocolate digestive.

For once, everything was peaceful.

Magoo smiled.

"Well, Wobble."

Wobble looked up.

"Yes, Magoo?"

"We've had quite an adventure."

Wobble nodded.

"Indeed!"

"We've moved a piano."

"Yep!"

"Decorated a sitting room."

"Yep!"

"Cleaned windows."

"Sort of!"

"Driven a steam locomotive."

"Rather quickly!"

"Repaired a motor car."

"Won a race!"

"Been to the seaside."

"Lovely!"

"Cleaned a chimney."

"Very thoroughly!"

"Served at a wedding."

"Delicious cake!"

"And finally..."

Magoo looked at the silver trophy.

"...we've become gentlemen of the year."

Wobble smiled.

"Not bad!"

Magoo nodded.

"Not bad at all."

There was a long silence.

Then Magoo spoke.

"Wobble?"

"Yes?"

"I think it's time we retired."

Wobble looked surprised.

"Retired?"

"Yes."

"No more jobs?"

"No more jobs."

"No more advertisements?"

"No more advertisements."

"No more accidents?"

Magoo smiled.

"Hopefully."

Wobble thought for a moment.

Then nodded.

"Right you are, Magoo."

Magoo sighed happily.

"Wonderful."

Wobble reached into his jacket.

Magoo froze.

His eyes widened.

"Wobble."

Wobble smiled.

"Yes?"

"What are you doing?"

Wobble produced a folded advertisement.

Magoo stared.

His mouth fell open.

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble grinned.

"Just one last one!"

Magoo slowly took the paper.

He unfolded it.

He read the words.

Then stopped.

His expression changed.

The advertisement read:

TWO GENTLEMEN REQUIRED.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

NO HARD WORK.

NO HEAVY LIFTING.

NO LADDERS.

NO MACHINERY.

NO DANGEROUS ANIMALS.

NO CHIMNEYS.

NO WEDDING CAKES.

NO PIANOS.

JUST TWO GOOD FRIENDS.

TO SIT IN THE SUNSHINE.

DRINK TEA.

EAT BISCUITS.

AND ENJOY LIFE.

Magoo stared.

He looked at Wobble.

Wobble smiled.

Magoo read the advertisement again.

Then slowly smiled.

"Wobble."

"Yes, Magoo?"

"Who placed this advertisement?"

Wobble grinned.

"I did."

Magoo blinked.

"You?"

Wobble nodded.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Wobble looked towards the sunset.

Then at Admiral Quackers.

Then at his old friend.

And smiled.

"Because I thought we deserved a job we were actually good at."

Magoo stared.

Then laughed.

A proper laugh.

A warm, wonderful laugh.

He laughed until his spectacles slipped down his nose.

Wobble laughed too.

And together they sat beneath the golden evening sky.

Two gentlemen.

Two friends.

One very sleepy duck.

And a lifetime of ridiculous adventures.

Magoo raised his teacup.

"To friendship."

Wobble raised his.

"To brilliant ideas!"

Magoo smiled.

"Perhaps not too many."

Wobble laughed.

"Right you are!"

Their cups touched.

CLINK!

Admiral Quackers opened one eye.

QUACK!

The church bells rang.

The birds sang.

And everything was peaceful.

For once.

Perfectly peaceful.

Then—

A little voice came from the workshop doorway.

"EXCUSE ME!"

Wobble turned.

Magoo turned.

Standing before them was Poppy.

The little girl from the seaside.

She held a small wooden toy aeroplane.

Its wing was broken.

She looked at Wobble.

Then Magoo.

And smiled.

"Are you the gentlemen who fix things?"

Magoo froze.

Wobble slowly smiled.

He looked at the aeroplane.

Then at Poppy.

Then at Magoo.

And his eyes began sparkling.

Magoo saw the expression.

His smile disappeared.

"Wobble."

"Yes, Magoo?"

"Don't."

Wobble grinned.

"I'VE GOT A BRILLIANT IDEA!"

Magoo closed his eyes.

"Oh, no."

Wobble jumped to his feet.

"COME ALONG, MAGOO!"

Magoo sighed.

He stood.

He straightened his waistcoat.

He adjusted his spectacles.

Then looked at his old friend.

And smiled.

"Oh, very well."

The two gentlemen walked into the workshop.

Poppy followed.

Admiral Quackers waddled behind them.

QUACK!

The workshop door closed.

A moment passed.

Then came a familiar sound.

CLINK!

CLANK!

RATTLE!

BANG!

Magoo's voice shouted:

"WOBBLE!"

Wobble shouted:

"MAGOO!"

A spring flew through the workshop window.

BOING!

The little aeroplane shot into the air.

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!

It circled the garden.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then flew directly into the enormous silver watering-can trophy.

CLANG!

The trophy tipped.

The table shook.

The teacups rattled.

And—

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!

Silence.

Then Wobble's cheerful voice:

"Well!"

Magoo's exhausted voice:

"Don't."

And Wobble's final words:

"At least it flies!"

Somewhere in the distance, a piano played one last note.

PLONK!

THE END

Of the first great adventures of Wobble &

Magoo

Two Gentlemen. One Disaster.

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

And the greatest thing about Wobble and Magoo?

No matter how many things went wrong, no matter how many disasters they caused, and no matter how many times Magoo said "Oh, no"...

They always went home together.

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*

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