

MUFFIN MAN

By

M.C. WOBBLE

WOBBLE BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1

THE NOTE, THE NOSE, AND THE SMELL OF TROUBLE

It had been exactly forty-seven days since Dr. Dipple was last seen screaming upward through the stratosphere, trailing a ribbon of caramel glaze and what appeared to be a very confused seagull.

Jellybean Junction had mostly recovered.

The diner had been repainted. The streets had been un-stickied. Old Mr Pringle had finally stopped weeping every time he saw a doughnut. And Sammy Sprocket — eleven years old, owner of a Chaos Diary (Vol. 48), and the only person in town who refused to eat anything with sprinkles — had almost convinced himself that the villain business was over.

Almost.

The note arrived on a Tuesday.

Not slipped under the door. Not left on the doorstep. It arrived inside a muffin — specifically, the muffin that the Sarcastic Scone's new delivery service dropped off every morning, still warm, smelling of blueberries and impending catastrophe.

Penny Puddle found it first, because Penny Puddle found everything first. She was ten, wore a magnifying glass on a chain round her neck, and had once identified the perpetrator of a biscuit theft purely from the crumb pattern on the carpet.

"There's something in your muffin," she told Sammy, not looking up from her notebook.

"Is it more muffin?" Sammy asked hopefully.

"It's paper."

Sammy extracted the note. It was rolled into a tiny scroll, sealed with a wax stamp in the shape of a muffin tin. The

handwriting inside was neat, looping, and disturbingly cheerful:

Dear Jellybean Junction. You are cordially invited to witness the GLORIOUS RISING of the MUFFIN MAN. Your crumbles are numbered. Your scones are doomed. Your waffles will weep. See you at the BAKE-OFF. Warmly, M.M.

"Warmly," Sammy repeated. "He signed it warmly."

"That's because muffins are served warm," said Penny. "It's a threat AND a baked-goods pun. He's been planning this."

Sammy stared at the note. Outside, the sun was shining cheerfully over Jellybean Junction's freshly cleaned streets. A pigeon ate a chip. A child laughed at a balloon.

Everything looked perfectly normal.

Which, Sammy had learned, was exactly when you needed to start worrying.



CHAPTER 2

MAYOR BISCUIT AND THE EMERGENCY BISCUIT

Mayor Cornelius Biscuit — who had been named after a biscuit, was shaped like a biscuit, and whose primary policy platform was More Biscuits For Everyone — was not having a good morning.

He read the note three times. Then he ate a biscuit. Then he read the note again.

"The Muffin Man," he said slowly. "THE Muffin Man."

"Do you know him?" Sammy asked.

The Mayor went a colour that Penny later described in her

notebook as "undercooked shortbread."

"We used to be friends," the Mayor said. "Business partners, in fact. Before the Great Bake-Off Incident of 2019."

"What happened?" said Penny, pencil ready.

The Mayor was quiet for a very long time. A biscuit sat untouched on his desk. This, Sammy thought, was truly alarming.

"He entered a muffin," the Mayor said at last. "At the Annual Jellybean Junction Bake-Off. Category: Extraordinary Baked Goods. The judges took one bite." He paused. "They cried."

"From happiness?" Sammy guessed.

"From confusion. It tasted like a symphony. Like a Tuesday afternoon. Like the specific feeling of finding a five-pound note in your old coat pocket." The Mayor shuddered. "We disqualified him for Emotional Manipulation of Judges. He's never forgiven us."

Penny wrote: Muffin Man = wronged genius. Dangerous.

Sammy wrote in his Chaos Diary: The villain origin story is almost always someone else's fault.

"He said 'see you at the Bake-Off,'" Sammy said. "When is the next Bake-Off?"

The Mayor looked at his calendar. He went a colour Penny later called "over-baked digestive."

"Saturday," he whispered. "It's Saturday."



CHAPTER 3

THE MUFFIN MAN'S MAGNIFICENT LAIR

Nobody knew where the Muffin Man lived. This was partly because he was mysterious, and partly because his address was 14 Drury Lane, which everyone agreed was far too obvious and therefore assumed must be wrong.

It was, in fact, correct.

14 Drury Lane was a tall, thin house that smelled permanently of warm batter and vanilla extract. The windows were round and golden, like muffin tops. The door was painted a deep blueberry blue. A small brass sign read: M.M. — Purveyor of Perfection. No Scones. No Exceptions.

Sammy and Penny stood outside it on Wednesday morning, because when you received a villain's note inside a muffin, you went to the villain's house. This was simply what you did.

"Ring the bell," said Penny.

"You ring it," said Sammy.

"You're the one with the Chaos Diary."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"Heroes ring doorbells. Documentarians observe from a safe distance."

The bell played a five-note melody that Sammy recognised, with dawning horror, as the opening bars of Happy Birthday.

The door opened.

The Muffin Man was tall. He wore a white apron that reached his shoes, a tall baker's hat, and round spectacles that sat on a nose shaped, Penny noted, precisely like a muffin top — wide

at the base, domed at the peak, slightly golden. He smiled warmly.

"Ah," said the Muffin Man. "Children. How delightful. Come in. Don't touch the proving trays."

His name, they would learn, was Mortimer Marvell. He was sixty-one, had seventeen baking awards (none from Jellybean Junction), and had spent the last seven years perfecting what he called his Masterwork Muffin — a recipe so extraordinary, so emotionally devastating in its deliciousness, that it would win the Bake-Off, humiliate the Mayor, and prove to the world that muffins were the pinnacle of human achievement.

"That's it?" Sammy said. "That's the plan? Win a baking competition?"

"Not just win," said Mortimer, eyes gleaming behind his round spectacles. "Destroy. Humiliate. Transcend."

Penny was writing very fast.

"And the note?" said Sammy. "Threatening the whole town?"

"I'm competitive," Mortimer said mildly. "Biscuit?"

"You said No Scones, No Exceptions on your sign," Sammy said.

"Biscuits are different. I'm not unreasonable."



CHAPTER 4

THE SECRET INGREDIENT (AND WHY IT'S ILLEGAL)

Mortimer Marvell's kitchen was a cathedral of flour.

Shelves of spices reached the ceiling. Copper bowls hung in rows like sleeping moons. Six ovens lined one wall, each labelled with a sticky note in careful handwriting: Oven 1: Reliable. Oven 2: Temperamental. Oven 3: Don't.

In the centre of it all, on a marble pedestal under a glass dome, sat a single muffin.

It was small. It was golden. It looked, Sammy thought, almost disappointingly normal.

Then the smell hit him.

It was the smell of every good thing simultaneously. Hot chocolate in winter. Grass after rain. The specific warmth of a cat sitting on your feet. A library on a Sunday. Toast. It was the smell of fine, actually — of all those moments when you realised, with a small surprised jolt, that everything was going to be all right.

Sammy sat down on the floor. He wasn't sure when he'd decided to do that.

"The secret ingredient," Mortimer said, lifting the dome reverently, "is happiness."

"You can't bake happiness," Penny said, though she'd stopped writing and was staring at the muffin with an expression Sammy had never seen on her face before.

"You can if you know how. Seven years of research. Twelve thousand test batches. Thirty-four assistants who all quit because they kept crying." Mortimer sighed. "Getting happy-criers to be productive is harder than it sounds."

"What exactly IS the secret ingredient?" Sammy pressed.

Mortimer hesitated. His cheerful expression flickered, like a pilot light caught in a draught.

"It's a spice," he said carefully. "Very rare. Found only in a specific region of the— well. The point is, it's mine, I grew it, and technically the Jellybean Junction Bake-Off rules state that entrants must not use 'ingredients of supernatural or otherwise unlicensed emotional manipulation.'" He adjusted his spectacles. "I consider the rule poorly written."

"So it is illegal," Penny said.

"It's complicated," Mortimer said.

Sammy looked at the muffin. The muffin, in some indefinable way, looked back.

"If you win using an illegal ingredient," Sammy said slowly, "they'll disqualify you again."

Mortimer's smile did not reach his eyes. "Only if they find out."

CHAPTER 5

OPERATION: COUNTER-MUFFIN

Sammy's bedroom looked like the planning room of a very small, very disorganised military operation.

String connected index cards on the wall. A whiteboard read: The Problem: Muffin Man wins Bake-Off with illegal ingredient. Town forced to accept muffin supremacy. Mayor humiliated. Biscuit hegemony collapses.

Penny sat cross-legged on the floor, surrounded by the Jellybean Junction Bake-Off rulebook (all forty-three pages), a printout of the entry list, and her notebook, which now had an entire section labelled M.M. Threat Assessment.

"Option one," said Sammy. "We tell Mayor Biscuit about the illegal ingredient."

"He'll ban Mortimer from entering. Mortimer will feel wronged again. Cycle continues."

"Option two. We steal the muffin."

Penny gave him the look she reserved for suggestions that were both stupid and interesting.

"Option three," she said. "We enter the Bake-Off ourselves."

Silence.

"We can't bake," Sammy said.

"You can't bake. I can bake extremely well. I just don't usually mention it because people make assumptions."

"What kind of assumptions?"

"The kind that mean they stop taking you seriously as a

forensic investigator."

Sammy added to his Chaos Diary: Penny Puddle: full of surprises. Not all of them useful.

"If we enter," Penny continued, "we're inside the competition. We can watch Mortimer's process, document the illegal ingredient, and present evidence to the judges at the exact moment it will cause maximum disruption."

"That's," Sammy said slowly, "actually a very good plan."

"I know," said Penny.

They also, for reasons Penny refused to explain, recruited three additional members of the operation:

First: Noodle. A golden retriever belonging to nobody in particular who lived in the town square and had an extraordinary sense of smell. Noodle had once correctly identified a gas leak, a stolen sandwich, and the specific moment the postman was about to arrive, in that order.

Second: Old Mr Pringle, who hadn't fully recovered from the doughnut incident but was, apparently, a semi-retired competitive baker who'd won the Bake-Off four times in the nineties.

Third: Milo Crumbs, age nine, who had no relevant skills but who Penny said had 'useful energy.' Milo's useful energy primarily manifested as running very fast and asking questions nobody had thought of yet.

CHAPTER 6

TRAINING MONTAGE (WITH BISCUITS)

They had three days.

Day one was a disaster.

Sammy burned two batches of scones, under-proved a loaf of bread, and accidentally created something that looked like a muffin but tasted, as Mr Pringle put it, 'like ambition and sadness.' Milo ate it anyway and said it was fine, which was, everyone agreed, very kind.

Noodle ate a tea towel. This was not part of the plan.

Day two was better.

Penny took over. She moved through Mr Pringle's kitchen with the focused calm of someone performing surgery, measuring by weight rather than volume, explaining everything in the same precise tone she used when describing crime scenes. Mr Pringle watched with an expression of deep professional respect.

"You've done this before," he said.

"My grandmother was a pastry chef," Penny said. "She believed baking was applied chemistry with better smells."

"Your grandmother was correct," said Mr Pringle, and for the first time in forty-seven days he almost smiled.

They decided on their entry: a Classic Victoria Sponge with Precisely Calibrated Jam Ratio. Penny explained that it was not about winning — it was about being legitimate, credible entrants with enough access to conduct surveillance.

Sammy wrote in his Chaos Diary: We are baking as a cover. This is the most sophisticated operation I have ever been involved in. It also smells very good.

Day three: Milo asked the question nobody had thought of.

"What if the muffin isn't the plan?" he said, face dusted with icing sugar. "What if the muffin is just part of the plan?"

Everyone stopped.

"What do you mean?" said Sammy.

"The note said 'your crumbles are numbered, your scones are doomed, your waffles will weep.' That's three things. A muffin is one thing. What's he doing to the waffles and scones?"

Penny wrote: Milo — useful energy CONFIRMED.

They looked at each other over a tray of cooling Victoria sponge.

Somewhere across Jellybean Junction, thirteen ovens were running at once.



CHAPTER 7

THE GREAT BAKE-OFF (PHASE ONE: SETUP)

The Jellybean Junction Annual Bake-Off was held every year in the Town Hall, a building that smelled permanently of furniture polish and mild regret. For three days in March, it smelled of something considerably better.

Twenty-seven contestants arrived on Saturday morning with their entries, their equipment, and — in the case of Mrs. Florentine Crump — a portable cooling fan, a laminated scorecard for self-evaluation, and a small personal flag.

Sammy, Penny, Mr Pringle, and Milo set up at Station 12.

Mortimer Marvell arrived at Station 1 — prime position,

closest to the judges' table. He wheeled in his equipment on a gleaming trolley. His oven, custom-built and temperature-perfect, arrived separately, carried by two assistants who moved with the silent efficiency of people who had signed very specific non-disclosure agreements.

He caught Sammy's eye across the hall and raised one hand in a small, cheerful wave.

Sammy did not wave back.

"Welcome," said Mayor Biscuit, sweating slightly, "to the Forty-Seventh Jellybean Junction Annual Bake-Off. The rules are simple. You have six hours. The judges' decision is final. No—" he glanced at Mortimer— "emotional manipulation of any kind."

Mortimer smiled serenely.

The timer started.

For the first two hours, everything was normal.

Normal, except that Noodle — smuggled in inside Milo's oversized rucksack, which is not as difficult as it sounds when the dog is cooperative — had begun circling Station 1 with increasing agitation.

"He smells something," Penny said, not looking up from her sponge layers.

"The illegal ingredient?" Sammy asked.

"Or Mortimer's packed lunch. Hard to say."

Milo, whose job was to look busy and absorb information, was looking busy and absorbing information. He reported back at the ninety-minute mark:

"He's not just making one muffin," Milo said breathlessly.

"He's making hundreds. Little ones. Bite-sized. And I think—" he lowered his voice— "I think the bake-off entry muffin is going in last, after everything else is already judged."

"Why?" said Sammy.

"Because once everyone's eaten the little ones, they'll be— I don't know. Different. Receptive?"

Penny's pencil stopped moving.

"He's not trying to win the Bake-Off," she said quietly. "He's using the Bake-Off as a distribution mechanism."

CHAPTER 8

THE GREAT BAKE-OFF (PHASE TWO: CHAOS)

Mortimer's little muffins came out at the three-hour mark.

They were the size of a fifty-pence piece. Perfect golden domes with a dusting of something that might have been icing sugar but caught the light in a slightly unusual way — a faint shimmer, like sunlight on water, or the moment just before you realise something wonderful is about to happen.

They were labelled Complimentary Taster Samples — From a Friend.

And they were everywhere.

Mortimer's two assistants — still silent, still extremely non-disclosed — circulated through the hall, offering them on white napkins to contestants, judges, spectators, and the photographer from the Jellybean Junction Gazette.

Most people took one. Most people ate it.

The effect was immediate and peculiar.

Mrs. Florentine Crump put down her laminated self-evaluation scorecard and sat very still for thirty seconds, then burst into quiet, happy tears and hugged her portable cooling fan.

The three judges began smiling in a vague, contented way and writing suspiciously positive notes on their clipboards.

Mayor Biscuit ate two mini-muffins (he had initially declined, then immediately changed his mind), and was observed telling his own biscuit tin that it was the most important thing in his life.

"It's working," Penny said tightly. "The ingredient. It's making them— compliant. Happy. Susceptible."

"So when the big muffin goes in front of the judges—"

"They'll be primed. Emotionally compromised. They'll vote for anything he puts in front of them."

That was Noodle, who had eaten three mini-muffins off the floor and was now vibrating with happiness and running in small, joyful circles under Table 7.

Milo appeared at Sammy's elbow. "I found the spice," he said, slightly out of breath. He held up his phone. On the screen was a photograph of a small glass jar, its label reading: *Euphorinella Radix* — Handle With Care — For Research Purposes Only.

"How did you—"

"His apron pocket. He left it on the stool when he went to check Oven 3." Milo paused. "He had a sticky note on it saying Don't. I checked. It just means the temperature's unreliable. The pocket was fine."

Penny took the phone, photographed the photograph, and wrote the name in her notebook three times, underlined.

"Euphorinella Radix," she said. "That's a Schedule 4 flavouring agent under the Food Standards Act. Restricted for commercial use because it causes 'temporary emotional suggestibility.'" She looked up. "He's been growing it in his garden for seven years."

"So what do we do?" Sammy said.

"We need evidence at the moment of judging. The mini-muffins are hearsay — they'll say they were just nice muffins. We need him presenting the Masterwork Muffin with the restricted ingredient in front of the judges, documented, before they taste it."

"And we have—" Sammy checked the competition clock—"forty minutes."

Penny's plan was elegant in the way that only plans formed in forty-minute windows tend to be: incomplete, bold, and dependent on two dogs, a retired baker, and a child with useful energy.

Mr Pringle's job was to alert the head judge — his former Bake-Off rival and, apparently, old friend — privately, without

triggering the general euphoric crowd.

Milo's job was to be conspicuously innocent near Station 1, asking Mortimer chatty, time-consuming questions about muffin domes.

Noodle's job was to sit very still and not eat anything else. Noodle's success rate: approximately forty percent.

Sammy's job was to be ready.

"Ready for what?" he asked.

"Whatever happens next," said Penny. "In my experience, plans at this stage produce unanticipated elements."

Sammy wrote in his Chaos Diary: Unanticipated elements incoming. This is fine.

Oven 3 — the one that said Don't — had decided that now was the time.



CHAPTER 9

WHAT OVEN 3 HAD TO SAY

Oven 3 did not explode.

This was, in hindsight, a relief. What it did instead was considerably more disruptive.

It issued a sound — a deep, structural, BRAAAAAP — and then expelled from its interior a twelve-inch cloud of steam that smelled, with extraordinary specificity, of burnt caramel, ambition, and very old regret.

The steam dispersed across the centre of the hall, catching the light and creating, for approximately four seconds, the effect of a very small, indoor cloud.

This caused the photographer to take seventeen photographs in rapid succession.

This caused Mrs. Florentine Crump to stand up, forget she was holding her cooling fan, and knock into the nearest table, which cascaded into the next table, which sent Mrs. Crump's entry — a three-tiered lemon drizzle — sliding at speed across the judging table.

The lemon drizzle landed upside-down on top of Mortimer's Masterwork Muffin.

There was a silence of approximately three full seconds, which in a crisis is a very long time.

Mortimer stood very still. He looked at his Masterwork Muffin, which now wore a lemon drizzle hat. He looked at Mrs. Crump, who was apologising profusely. He looked at his assistants, who had both quietly stepped back in the way that people do when they have signed non-disclosure agreements but not loyalty oaths.

Then he looked at Sammy.

Sammy looked back.

In this moment — three seconds of lemon-drizzle-covered stillness — something unexpected happened: Mortimer Marvell began, very quietly, to laugh.

It started as a small sound, barely audible. Then it got bigger. Then it got considerably bigger. It was a real laugh — surprised, unguarded, the kind that comes from somewhere below all your plans and preparations and seven years of controlled research.

"It's fine," he said, when he could speak. "It's fine. Look at it. It's absolutely ridiculous." He gestured at the muffin-drizzle hybrid. "This is what I've been building to for seven years. A lemon drizzle hat."

Mr Pringle, who had been quietly positioned near the head judge, let out a long breath.

Penny stopped writing and watched.

Milo said: "I think it actually looks kind of cool."

Noodle ate a piece of lemon drizzle off the floor.

The head judge — a tall woman called Mrs. Partridge, who had the bearing of someone who had judged many things and been surprised by very few of them — walked over, looked at Mortimer's station, and then looked at Mr Pringle.

"He told you?" she said.

"Enough," said Mr Pringle.

Mrs. Partridge picked up the small glass jar of *Euphorinella Radix* from beside Mortimer's mixing bowl, where it had been sitting, helpfully, in plain sight all along.

"Mr Marvell," she said. "I think we should have a conversation."

Mortimer looked at the jar. He looked at the muffin in its lemon hat. He took off his spectacles, polished them on his apron, and put them back on.

"Yes," he said. "I rather think we should."



CHAPTER 10

THE VERDICT (AND WHAT CAME AFTER)

The Jellybean Junction Bake-Off results were announced at five o'clock, as scheduled, because Mrs. Partridge believed that chaos was not an excuse for poor timekeeping.

First place: Penny Puddle, age ten, for her Victoria Sponge with Precisely Calibrated Jam Ratio. The judges described it as 'technically flawless and emotionally honest,' which was, everyone agreed, the most Penny possible thing a sponge could be.

Second place: Old Mr Pringle, for a Victoria sponge he'd baked in 1994 and recreated from memory, which the head judge called 'an act of pure stubbornness and therefore deeply

impressive.'

Third place: Milo Crumbs, for a batch of biscuits he'd baked during 'free time' that he later admitted he'd mostly eaten and then replaced with ones from a packet. The judges, unusually, awarded this third place anyway, citing 'creative problem-solving.'

Mrs. Florentine Crump's lemon drizzle, despite its unexpected journey across the hall, received an honourable mention for 'structural resilience.'

Mortimer Marvell was disqualified. Again.

He accepted this with what appeared, to Sammy at least, to be genuine equanimity. He sat in a chair near his station and ate a plain biscuit — not one of his own — and watched Penny receive her ribbon with an expression that was almost, almost proud.

"Will you be back next year?" Sammy asked him, on the way out.

"I expect so," Mortimer said. "Without the Euphorinella. I've been growing it so long I rather forgot I didn't need it."

"Your muffin was good on its own?"

Mortimer was quiet for a moment.

"I don't know," he said honestly. "I never tasted it without the ingredient. I suppose I was too frightened to find out." He paused. "That's rather silly, isn't it?"

"A bit," said Sammy.

"Yes," said Mortimer. "A bit."

Mayor Biscuit gave a short speech about the importance of fair competition and the enduring power of the biscuit. He cried slightly. This was attributed to the residual effects of the mini-muffins, though Sammy suspected it was mostly just the Mayor.

The Euphorinella Radix was handed over to the Food Standards Agency, who were baffled but professional about it.

Mortimer Marvell returned to 14 Drury Lane, removed the No Scones sign (not, he clarified, because he liked scones, but because 'the sign was aggressive'), and spent the following week baking his muffin recipe from scratch, with no illegal ingredients, just to see.

It was, he reported to no one in particular, very good.

Not transcendent. Not emotionally devastating. Not a symphony or a five-pound note or a cat on your feet.

Just a very good muffin.

He ate it standing at his kitchen counter, looking out at Drury Lane, and thought that this was, perhaps, enough.

EPILOGUE: THE CRUMBS OF CONSEQUENCE

Six weeks after the Bake-Off, three things happened.

First: Sammy Sprocket began Chaos Diary, Vol. 49, its first entry reading: The Muffin Man was not what I expected. Most things aren't.

Second: Penny Puddle was asked, by the Jellybean Junction Gazette, to write a regular column on 'local incidents of interest.' She agreed, on the condition that she could describe crime scenes in her own words and was not required to soften the vocabulary. They agreed. She called the column Evidence. It was very popular.

Third: Milo Crumbs was banned from the Bake-Off for one year, for the packet-biscuit incident, and spent that year in Mortimer Marvell's kitchen, learning to bake properly. He was, Mortimer reported, a natural. His questions were exhausting and essential in equal measure.

Noodle got a bath, which she tolerated with the dignity of someone who has eaten an illegal spice, three mini-muffins, a tea towel, and a piece of lemon drizzle and emerged fundamentally unchanged.

And on a Wednesday in April — unremarkable, pleasant, smelling of nothing in particular — a card arrived at the Sarcastic Scone, addressed in a handwriting that Sammy and Penny both recognised immediately.

It read:

Dear Junction. Apologies for the muffins. (Not the recipe — only the ingredient.) Competition is healthy. Grudges are not. I will be back. I will bring better biscuits this time. Warmly,
M.M.

P.S. The Lemon Drizzle Incident will be in the memoir.

Sammy pinned it to the wall of his bedroom, next to Vol. 48.

Below it, he wrote:

Next villain: TBD. Current status: fine, actually.

Outside, Jellybean Junction went about its business — sweetly, crookedly, scrappily, and smelling, always, of something warm just out of the oven.

MEET THE CHARACTERS

SAMMY SPROCKET



*Sceptical 11-year-old investigator with Chaos Diary Vol.47
and soda bottle goggles*

PENNY PUDDLE



Razor-sharp 10-year-old detective partner with magnifying glass and precise notebook

THE MUFFIN MAN



Tall dignified baker with muffin-top nose, white apron to shoes, and round spectacles

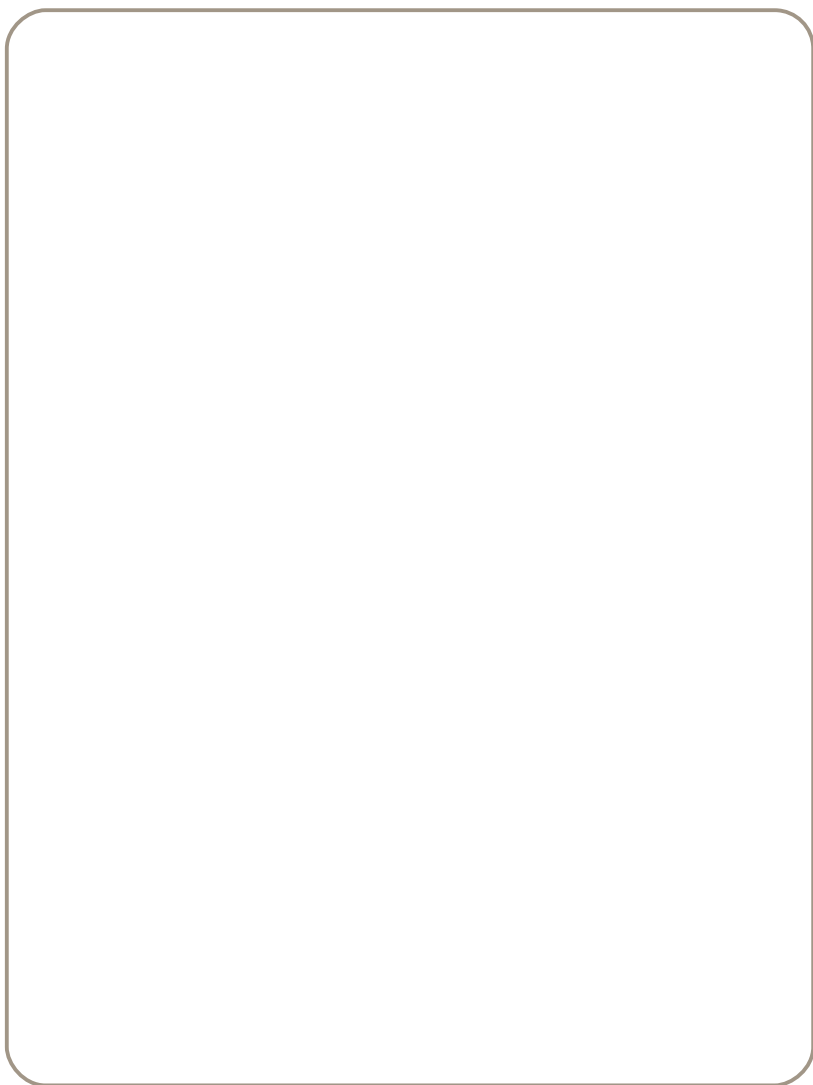
MAYOR CORNELIUS BISCUIT



*Biscuit-shaped, biscuit-named, biscuit-loving mayor who
governs by snacking*

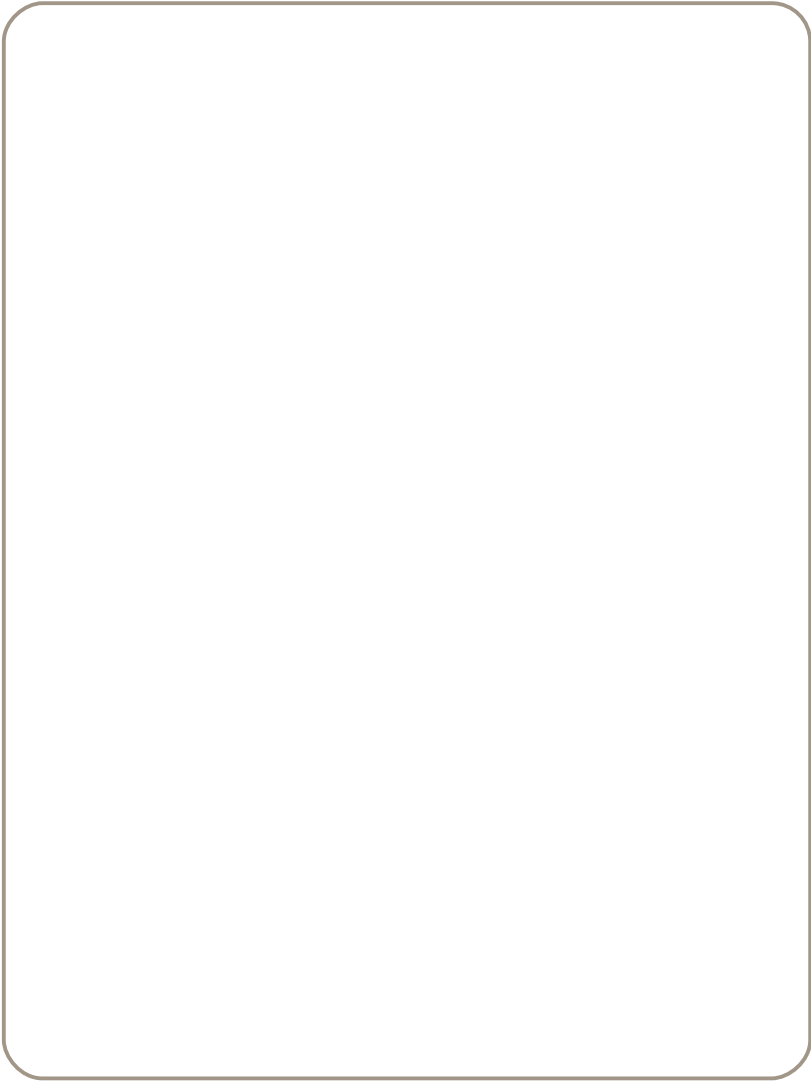
YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE

Draw Sammy Sprocket!



YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE

Draw your favourite moment from the story!

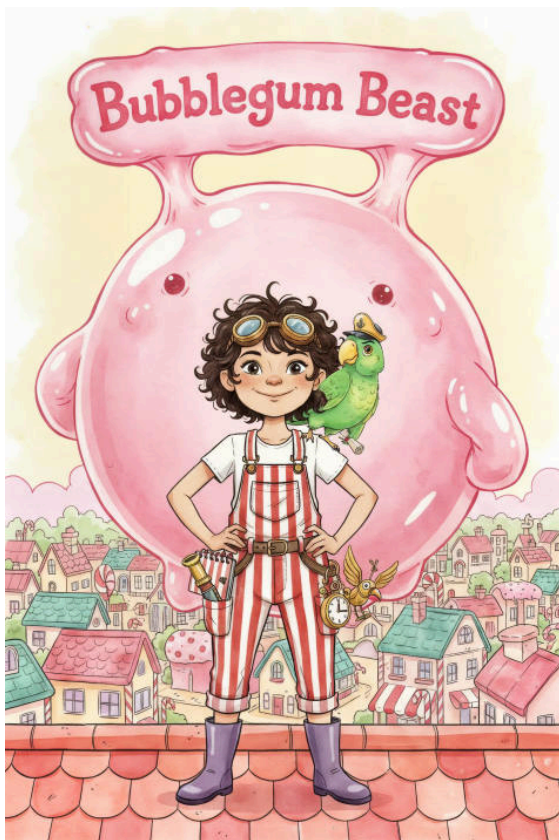


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The Baffling Bubblegum Beast

Giant pink blobs are oozing through Sweetwhistle, and the grown-ups are blaming children (as usual). But twelve-year-old Mia Muddlepuck has spotted something the adults haven't — the blobs grow bigger every time someone grumbles, and one of them just squeaked at her. Can Mia crack the gloopy mystery before the whole town gets stuck for good?

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



The Bothersome Bubbles

When the Pufferton Floaty Factory starts belching out bubbles that shimmer in colours nobody's ever seen before, Blunderburg-Upon-Fizz wakes up to floating cats, bobbing lampposts, and a mystery that smells of lemonade and pencil shavings. Twelve-year-old Clementine Snodgrass has her notebook ready and her best yellow wellies on — because somebody needs to find out what's inside those bubbles before the whole town drifts

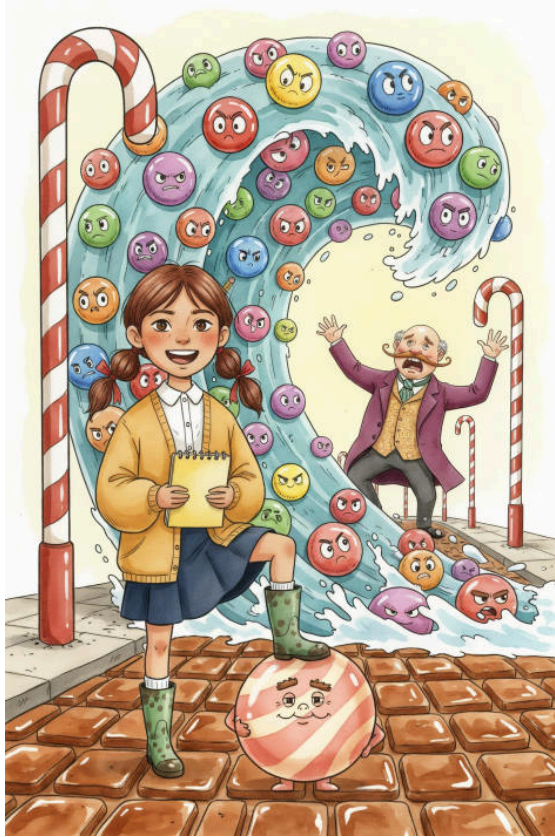
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The Dastardly Doughnuts

Gigglefest is ruined, the whoopee cushions are flat, and every grown-up in Jellybean Junction is queuing for doughnuts with a glazed look in their eyes. Sammy Sprocket knows something is horribly, stickily wrong — especially when his best friend Penny, who once called doughnuts 'sugar-coated tyranny,' tells him to try one. Behind the counter, the dastardly Dr. Dipple is cooking up something far worse than pastry.

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



The Grumbling Gobstoppers

Sweetwhistle-on-Toffee makes the finest gobstoppers in the world — until the gobstoppers start grumbling back. Eleven-year-old Pippa Muddlepudd, armed with her yellow notebook and far too much cleverness for the grown-ups' liking, is the only one who notices that something in this sticky little town doesn't add up. When sweets start telling the truth, some very important people have a lot to worry about.

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



The Marvellous Misbehaving Clocks

Every clock in Cogglesworth Hollow has gone barmy — ticking backwards, hiccupping, and making Tuesday feel suspiciously like last Thursday. Eleven-year-old Wendell Sprocket, keeper of the Book of Suspicious Things, is on the case. But when time itself starts misbehaving, how do you solve a mystery before it's already un-happened?

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



The Peculiar Pickles

Gherkinford-by-the-Sea is a town drowning in vinegar, pickle parades, and not a single sensible adult. So when a jar of pickles whispers 'PSSST' at eleven-year-old Wendell Snodgrass, he does what any too-clever-for-his-own-good boy would do — he listens. What the pickles have to say is going to turn this briny little kingdom upside down.

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



The Tremendous Wobble of the Wibble-Blob

In Clockwork Crumble, feelings are strictly timetabled, fun is practically illegal, and Comptroller Starch hasn't cracked a smile since 1987. Eleven-year-old Ned Noodlewick and his heroic hamster Admiral Crouton are the only ones who think this is completely bonkers. Then something wobbly, blobby, and magnificently chaotic arrives — and Clockwork Crumble will never tick the same way again.

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



The Whispering Wallpaper

When a wheezing lorry delivers rolls of ancient wallpaper to Blunderburg's Museum of Curiosities, twelve-year-old Clementine Muddlepuck smells trouble (and possibly a very small ghost). She's got her notebook, her chipped front tooth, and a firm suspicion that whispery things are almost never good things. Whatever's hidden in those dusty old rolls, it's about to peel itself right off the walls.

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



The Whispering Wellies

Sprinkleton-on-Sea is a town absolutely stuffed with secrets — the mayor's wig looks like a startled badger, and the postman reads everyone's postcards. But when a mysterious crate marked 'HANDLE WITH HONESTY' washes up on the beach, ten-year-old Barnaby Whifflepuff discovers that some secrets are far stranger than dodgy scones and pretend extra legs. Something in that crate is whispering, and it wants the truth.

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE

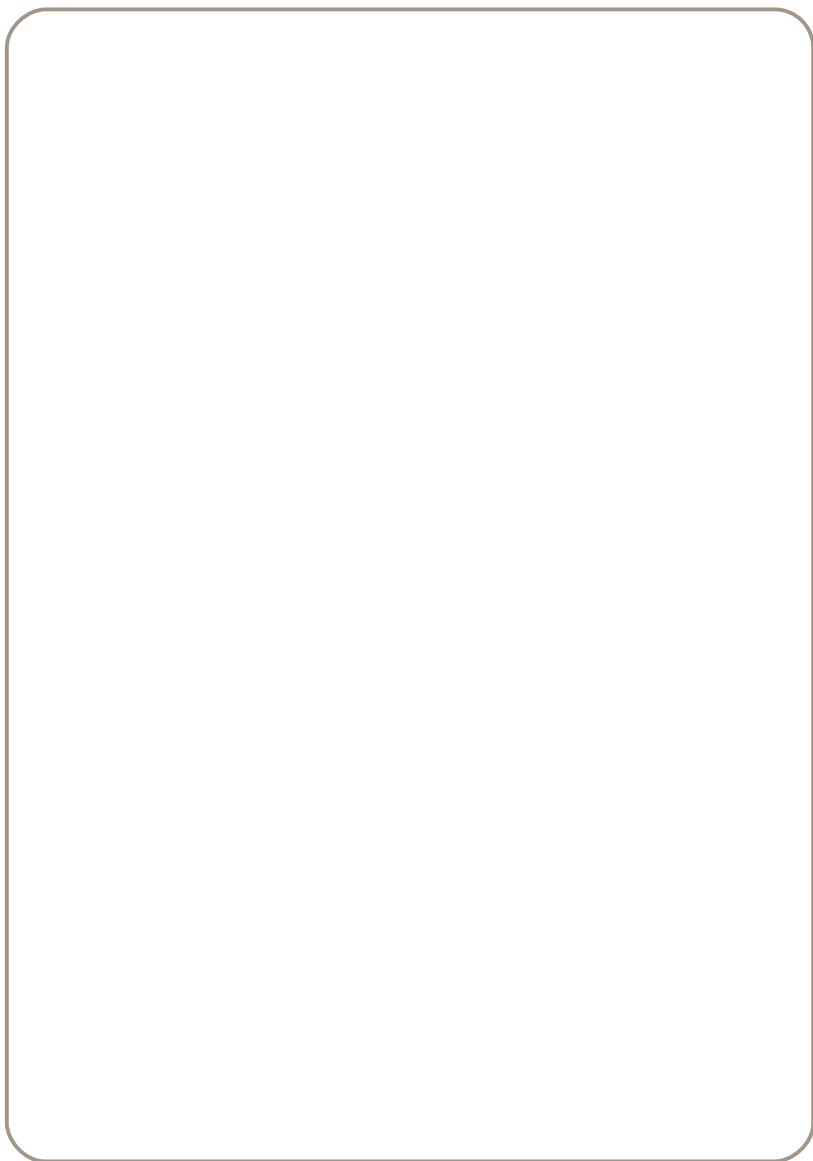


Wally Whifflepuff

Wally Whifflepuff is a walking disaster — his knees wobble like jellyfish, his elbows wave at strangers, and his house is padded with sofa cushions for everyone's safety. But when a simple turnip delivery goes spectacularly wrong and a bronze statue goes flying, Wally stumbles into the biggest, crashiest, most accidentally heroic adventure Blunderburg has ever seen.

Hold on to your turnips.

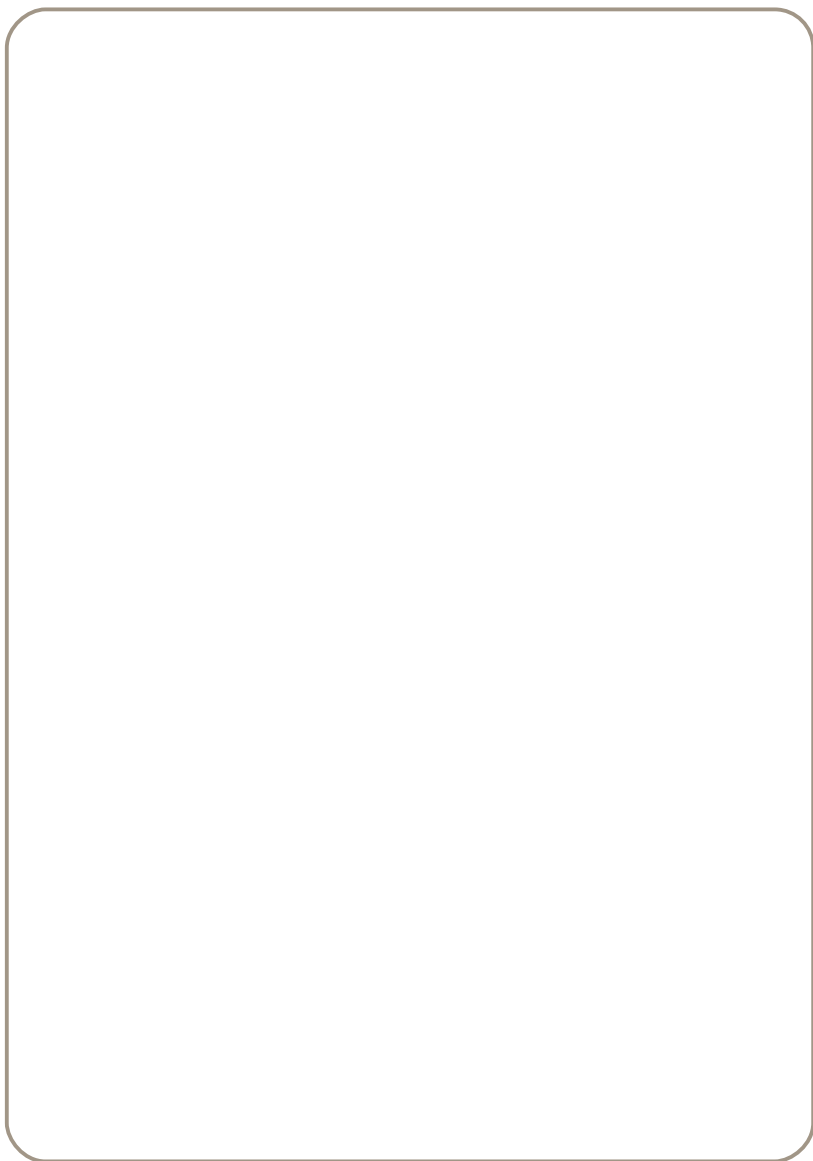
YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE



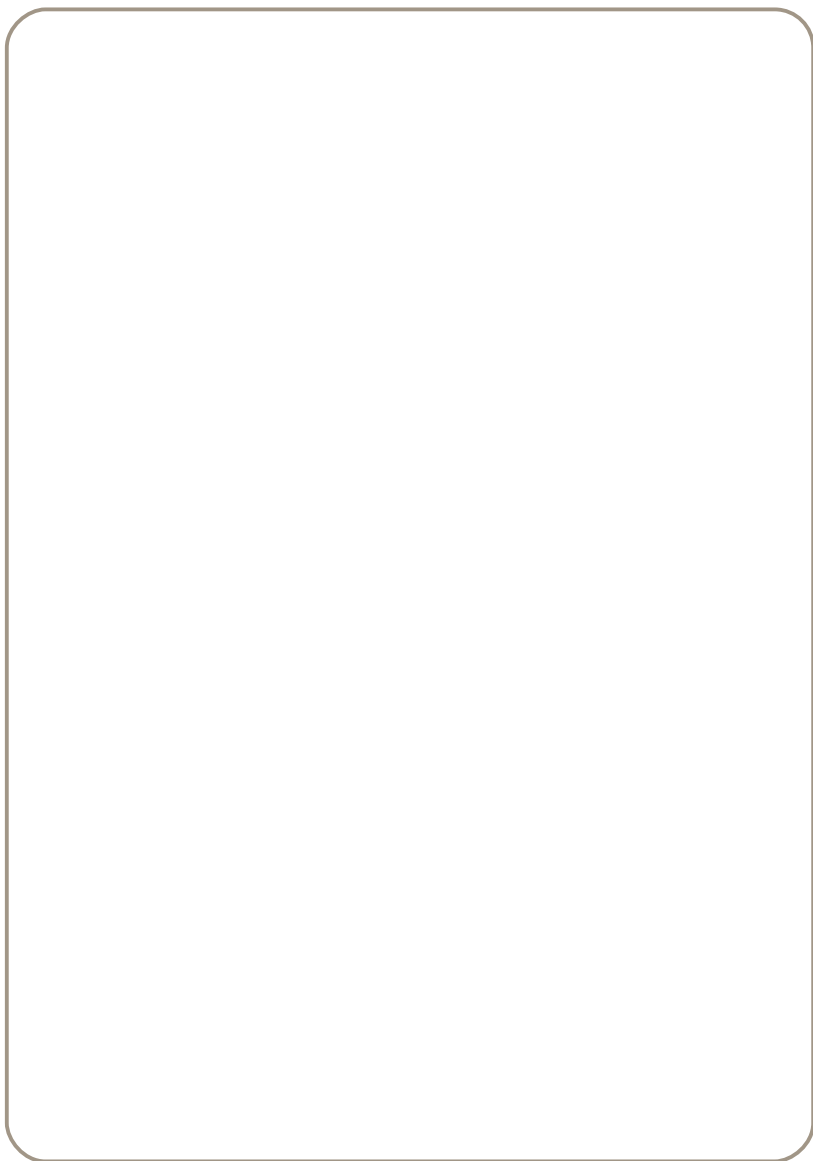
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ABOUT M.C. WOBBLE

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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