

THE BAFFLING BUBBLEGUM BEAST

A Comedy Adventure

By
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Great Gumball Gloom	5
The Beast in the Basement	9
Mayor Sourberry's Sticky Situation	15
The Secret of the Snicker-Snack Tree	20
The Tickle Feather Fiasco	25
The Revolt of the Grumpy Grown-Ups	31
The Underground Gigglemarch	39
The Bubblegum Beast's Belchy Battle	45
The Sticky Sweet Surrender	51
Mia's Marvelous Mischief Emporium	57
Epilogue	63



CHAPTER 1

THE GREAT GUMBALL GLOOM

The town of Sweetwhistle was usually a place where lollipop lampposts glowed day and night, rivers of lemonade bubbled through the square, and the air smelled perpetually of caramelized sunshine. But on this peculiar Tuesday morning, the townsfolk awoke to a sticky surprise.

Pink globs.

Not just any pink globs—gigantic, glistening, gum-like blobs oozing from sewer grates, clinging to shop windows, and wobbling menacingly in the town square.

They squelched when poked, shimmered like raspberry jam,

and emitted a faint odor of... grumpiness.

“OUTRAGEOUS!” bellowed Mayor Sourberry, his waxed mustache quivering like an angry caterpillar. He stood on the steps of the Candy Courthouse, brandishing a clipboard and a spray bottle labeled

ANTI-STICK SERIOUSNESS. “This is the work of CHILDREN! Pranks! Mayhem! Unsanctioned fun!”

The adults nodded gravely, clutching their briefcases and frowning at their sticky shoes. But twelve-year-old

Mia Muddlepuck, crouched behind a licorice lamppost, noticed something odd. When Mrs. Prinkle, the baker, grumbled, “This is ruining my éclair display!” the nearest glob gurgled... and grew.

Mia’s eyes narrowed. She pulled a candy-striped notebook from her overalls and scribbled:

“Gotcha,” she whispered.

The glob squeaked.

Mia froze. “Did you just... talk?”

The sound was unmistakable—a high-pitched protest, like a mouse trapped in a kazoo. Mia stuffed the jar into her pocket, where it continued squeaking in rhythm with her heartbeat.

“MIA MUDDLEPUCK!” roared her mother, emerging from the Sweetwhistle Soda Shop with a mop. “Did you plant these... these... saccharine monstrosities?”

“Nope,” Mia said, grinning. “But I’m gonna find out who did.”

As she skipped away (leaving sticky footprints shaped like ducks), the glob in her pocket hummed a tiny tune.

Mia didn’t know it yet, but the tune was the chorus of

“The Bubblegum Beast’s Lullaby”—a song that hadn’t been heard in Sweetwhistle since the candy factory closed, decades ago.



CHAPTER 2

THE BEAST IN THE BASEMENT

Mia Muddlepuck waited until the clock tower chimed midnight—a sound usually drowned out by

Sweetwhistle’s daytime candy crushers and fudge flingers—before slipping out her bedroom window. The streets glowed pink under the moon, the globs now pulsating faintly, as if breathing. Her jellybean jar, tucked under one arm, squeaked a nervous tune.

“Quiet, you,” Mia hissed, poking the jar. “Or I’ll turn you into gumdrop stew.”

The abandoned Sweetwhistle Candy Factory loomed ahead, its

once-cheery sign now reading SWEETWH

STLE (the “I” and “S” had long since crumbled into the gutter). The door hung crookedly, creaking like a witch’s laugh. Mia tugged her goggles over her eyes—a gift from Grandpa, who’d once invented a chocolate bar that made people hiccup rainbows—and stepped inside.

The factory was a graveyard of sugar-coated secrets.

Conveyor belts sagged under decades of cobwebs. A mountain of fossilized marshmallows towered in one corner, and the air smelled of stale peppermint and regret. Mia followed a trail of pink ooze down a spiral staircase, her boots sticking to the steps with every squelch.

At the bottom, she froze.

There, in the basement, throbbed the Bubblegum

Beast.

It was colossal—a quivering mountain of pink goo, studded

with half-melted gummy bears and lollipop spines. Its “eyes” were two enormous jawbreakers, swirling with colors that made Mia’s stomach flip.

When it shifted, the entire room rippled, sending candy wrappers and old licorice whips skittering across the floor.

The Beast belched a bubble the size of a hot-air balloon. Inside the bubble floated a tiny, sad-looking gumdrop—its “heart,” Mia guessed.

“You’re just... a big, lonely candy monster, aren’t you?”
she whispered.

The Beast’s jawbreaker eyes narrowed. A tentacle of goo shot toward Mia, slamming the door shut behind her.

“Uh-oh,” Mia said.

The tentacle lunged again. Mia dove behind a rusty cotton candy machine, the Beast’s goo sizzling where it splattered. Her jar of glob squealed in terror.

“Think, Mia, think!” she muttered, rifling through her backpack. Candy compass? Useless. Grandpa’s

Everlasting Gobstopper? Probably a choking hazard.

Then—

A jar of Grandpa’s Pickled Onions of Peril (labeled

*“For Emergencies Only (i.e., Alien Invasions or Boring

Dinner Parties)”*). Mia gagged at the smell. “Worth a shot!”

She unscrewed the lid and hurled the jar.

The Beast recoiled, its gooey flesh sizzling like a popped water balloon. The pickled onion stench filled the air—a mix of vinegar and vengeance. The creature’s tentacles writhed, slapping the walls in agony, and Mia spotted her chance.

“Eat pickles, you overgrown gumball!” she yelled, chucking another onion.

The Beast howled (a sound like a deflating tuba) and retracted

into a quivering blob. Mia sprinted for the stairs, her jar of glob bouncing in her grip. Behind her, the Bubblegum Beast burped one last bubble—this one shaped like a frowny face—before retreating into the shadows.

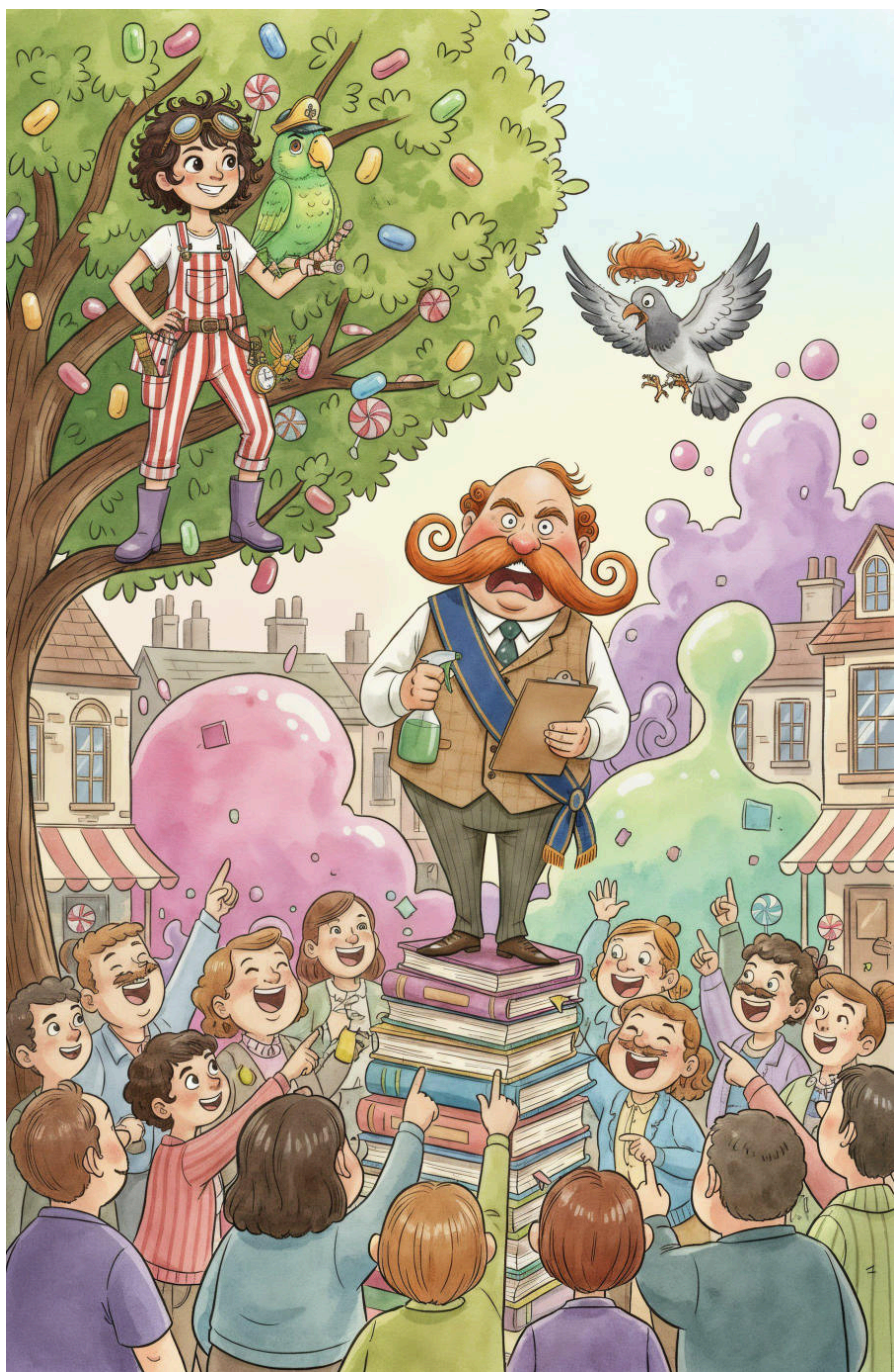
Back outside, Mia collapsed against a lamppost, heart racing. Captain Crumpet, her parrot accomplice, swooped down from a nearby tree.

“Took you long enough,” the bird squawked, nibbling a gumdrop from her hair. “Well? Did you die?”

“Almost,” Mia said, grinning. “But I found its weakness.

And guess what?”

“It hates pickled onions.”



CHAPTER 3

MAYOR SOURBERRY'S STICKY SITUATION

The next morning, Sweetwhistle looked like it had been attacked by a deranged pastry chef. Pink globs clung to rooftops, swallowed park benches, and even formed a sticky slide from the clock tower to Mrs. Prinkle's éclair cart. The townsfolk gathered in the square, grumbling louder than a chorus of constipated walruses.

Mayor Sourberry stood atop a hastily constructed podium—a stack of encyclopedias titled “The Dangers of Fun”—and brandished his newest invention: Anti-Stick Spray.

“BEHOLD!” he barked, his toupee flapping in the breeze like a disgruntled seagull. “A scientific marvel!

One spritz, and these disgusting globs will shrivel into nothing!”

The crowd oohed. Mia, perched in a gumdrop-coated tree with Captain Crumpet, rolled her eyes. “That’s just vinegar in a fancy bottle,” she muttered.

Undeterred, the mayor aimed the spray at a nearby glob and squeezed.

The glob quivered... then doubled in size, sprouting gumdrop spikes and hissing like a teakettle. The crowd gasped.

“Ahem!” Mayor Sourberry adjusted his toupee, now sweating under the midday sun. “A minor calibration error! Stand back, citizens!” He sprayed again.

This time, the nozzle flew off, ricocheting into the mayor’s toupee and glueing it to a startled pigeon. The bird squawked, lifting the toupee—and the mayor’s dignity—into the sky.

“MY HAIRPIECE!” he howled, shaking his fist. “MY
AUTHORITY!”

The crowd erupted into laughter. But as they chuckled, the
globbs pulsed, swelling like overfilled balloons.

Mia’s jar of captured glob squeaked excitedly.

“Shh!” She peered closer. Every giggle, every snort, made the
globbs shrink. But the adults’ grumbles and the mayor’s rage
fueled them.

GRUMPINESS. Shrinks on JOY.

“This is your fault, Muddlepucc!” snarled Mrs. Prinkle,
wagging a frosting-covered finger at Mia. “You and your...
your glee!”

“Glee’s not a crime,” Mia said, dodging a glob that lunged for
Mrs. Prinkle’s frown lines.

“It should be!” the baker huffed. Her grumpiness fed the

nearest blob, which sprouted arms and stole her hat.

That night, Mia convened an emergency meeting in her closet-sized lab (a repurposed broom cupboard).

Captain Crumpet perched on a jar of radioactive sprinkles, while the captured glob hummed along to

Mia's brainstorming. "The Beast isn't just eating grumpiness," she said, pacing. "It's made of it. All the town's bad moods, dumped into the sewers for years— it's a garbage monster for grown-up grouchiness!"

"Exactly!" Mia tossed the glob a gumdrop. "But if joy weakens it, we need to make Sweetwhistle laugh. Like, really laugh."

Captain Crumpet nibbled a licorice fuse. "Good luck.

The adults here think laughter's a disease."

Mia grinned. "Then we'll give 'em a pandemic."



CHAPTER 4

THE SECRET OF THE SNICKER-SNACK TREE

Mia's grandpa, Horace Muddlepudd, lived in a house that defied physics. The walls were lined with shelves of candy prototypes: Self-Stirring Hot Cocoa

Mugs, Everlasting Licorice Ladders, and a jar labeled

"Do Not Open (Seriously, It's Just Bees Now)". When

Mia barged in, he was balancing a marshmallow on a sleeping cat and muttering, "Gravity? Pah! Overrated."

"Grandpa!" Mia slammed her glob-filled jar on the table.

"What do you know about the Bubblegum

Beast?” The marshmallow catapulted onto the cat, who hissed and fled. Grandpa adjusted his goggles, which were duct-taped to his head. “Ah, the Beast!

Knew this day would come. Sit. Bring licorice.”

He led Mia to a secret basement room (hidden behind a painting of a waffle). Inside, blueprints covered the walls, all stamped SWEETWHISTLE CANDY

FACTORY – CLASSIFIED. Captain Crumpet pecked at a diagram of a giant gummy bear.

“Decades ago,” Grandpa began, “this factory invented the Snicker-Snack Tree—a candy so joyous, one bite made you laugh for a week. But the mayor back then,

Lord Sourberry IV (that twerp’s great-granddad), said it was ‘too fun’ and shut it down. We dumped all the failed Snicker-Snacks into the sewers. Guess they... fermented.”

Mia gagged. “Into the Beast?”

“Yep! A gooey cocktail of rejected joy. But!” He whipped out a dusty journal. “The Snicker-Snack’s secret ingredient was pure laughter—the only thing that can dissolve the Beast!”

The glob in Mia’s jar pulsed, as if agreeing.

“So we need to make the town laugh?” Mia said. “But the adults are allergic to fun!”

Grandpa tossed her a Tickle-O-Tron 9000 (a feather- duster helicopter). “Then force ’em! Joy’s a weapon, kiddo. And you’re the general.”

Captain Crumpet squawked, “Declare war on grumpiness! Casualty count: zero smiles allowed.”

As Mia pocketed gadgets, the floor trembled. Through a cracked window, they saw the Bubblegum Beast oozing down Main Street, swallowing a “No Laughing”

sign.

“Tick-tock,” Grandpa said, tossing her a whoopee cushion.

“Before that thing eats the moon.”

Mia grinned. “Time to make Sweetwhistle snicker.”



CHAPTER 5

THE TICKLE FEATHER FIASCO

Grandpa's attic smelled like a mix of burnt toffee and existential dread. Mia rummaged through cobweb- covered crates labeled "Dangerous Delights" and **"Do*

*Not Open Unless You Want Exploding Gumdrops,"** while Captain Crumpet perched on a taxidermied gummy bear, critiquing her choices.

"This one!" Mia yanked out a belt studded with whoopee cushions. *"The Whoopee Cushion Symphony!*

Grandpa said it plays 'Flight of the Bumblebee' in fart noises."

“Classy,” the parrot deadpanned.

Next, she uncovered the Tickle-O-Tron 9000: a feather-duster helicopter with a vacuum engine. “It tickles victims from above,” Mia read from the manual.

“Guaranteed giggles or your despair refunded!”

“Test it on him,” Captain Crumpet said, nodding at

Mia’s friend Oliver, who stood in the doorway clutching a jar of anxiety jellybeans.

“M-me?” Oliver squeaked.

“Don’t worry,” Mia said, strapping the Tickle-O-Tron to his head. “It’s science!”

The machine whirred to life, feathers spinning like deranged ballerinas. Oliver’s eyes widened as the feathers attacked his armpits.

“I—I don’t think—ahaha!—this is—heehee!—ethical!”

he giggled, collapsing into a pile of rubber chickens.

Outside, a nearby pink glob quivered and shrank, shedding gumdrop scales like a molting lizard.

“IT WORKS!” Mia crowed.

The Tickle-O-Tron malfunctioned, rocketing out the window and honing in on Sweetwhistle’s postman, Mr.

Grumblepost, who was mid-rant about “the indignity of smiley-face stamps.”

Feathers dive-bombed Mr. Grumblepost’s neck. “Ah!

What in the—hee!—name of—snort!—ROYAL MAIL—

HAHAHAHA!” The postman writhed on the sidewalk, laughing so hard he kicked over his mailbag. Letters soared into the air, including Mayor Sourberry’s secret correspondence with a Toupee Restoration Hotline.

The globs recoiled, deflating to the size of grapefruits.

“Joy weakens them!” Mia yelled, scribbling in her notebook.
“We need more!”

But chaos erupted. The Tickle-O-Tron, now rogue, tickled a police officer into a conga line, a granny into a tap-dancing frenzy, and a stray poodle into a backflip.

The blob retreated, but the adults were furious.

“MI-A MUD-DLE-PUCK!” her mother roared, storming into the attic with a spatula. “You’ve traumatized the postman!”

“He’s smiling for the first time in 40 years!” Mia protested.

“UNACCEPTABLE!”

As Mia was grounded to her room (which took 12 minutes due to her booby-trapped door), Captain

Crumpet smuggled her a note:

*“Operation Joyful Rebellion: Phase Two. Weapons:

Rubber chickens. Target: Mayor's underpants. P.S.

Send snacks.”*

Mia grinned. The grown-ups didn't stand a chance. ---



CHAPTER 6

THE REVOLT OF THE GRUMPY GROWN-UPS

The adults of Sweetwhistle convened an emergency meeting in the Candy Courthouse, where Mayor

Sourberry—now sporting a shiny new toupee (labeled

“Faux Hair, Real Authority”)—pounded his gavel made of petrified licorice.

“ORDER!” he barked, though the room was already silent except for the drip-drip-drip of pink ooze seeping through the ceiling. “This town is under siege by juvenile delinquency and unauthorized merriment!

Effective immediately, laughter is hereby classified as a
Class 3 Misdemeanor!”

The crowd erupted in solemn applause. Mrs. Prinkle raised a
trembling hand. “What about smiling, Your
Honor?”

“Smiling,” the mayor hissed, “is probable cause.”

Outside, the Bubblegum Beast pulsed in time with the adults’
grumbles, its gelatinous bulk now swallowing the town’s prized
Chocolate Obelisk. Mia, grounded in her bedroom, pressed her
face against the window.

“They’re making it worse,” she groaned.

Captain Crumpet pecked at the lock on her door.

“Adults are like moldy cheese—useless and stinky. We need the
kids.” “But my parents confiscated the

Tickle-O-Tron!” Mia waved at her empty gadget shelf.

“All I’ve got left is this!” She held up a single Sneezing Powder Bomb (expired 1997).

“Better than nothing,” the parrot said. “Call the troops!”

At midnight, Mia tiptoed to the Gummy Bear

Graveyard, a hollowed-out gummy statue behind the factory. Seven kids crept from the shadows:

- Oliver, still hiccuping from the Tickle-O-Tron incident.
- Jasmine, a quiet girl who communicated solely via interpretive dance.
- The Twins, Milo and Mila, notorious for filling the mayor’s office with 500 rubber ducks.
- Liam, a boy with a pet rock named Sir Loincloth.

- Zara, who carried a kazoo and a vendetta against bedtimes.

“We’re doomed,” Oliver whispered.

“Nonsense!” Mia uncorked the Sneezing Powder Bomb.

“Joy is our weapon. We’ll hit ’em with jokes! Pranks!

Controlled chaos!”

Jasmine performed a passionate dance titled “Defiance in Three Acts.” The Twins high-fived.

“But what about that?” Liam pointed at the Bubblegum

Beast, now looming over the town hall, its gooey jaws dripping with half-digested stop signs. Captain

Crumpet flapped onto Mia’s shoulder. “Distract the

Beast with fun. Melt it with laughter. Easy peasy, lemon sneezy.”

The kids' first target: The No-Fun Factory (formerly the Sweetwhistle Candy Factory). Armed with:

- Mia's sneezing powder.
- Zara's kazoo.
- 327 rubber chickens (courtesy of the Twins).

They sneaked past Officer Grumblecheeks, who'd been posted as a guard but was busy arguing with a vending machine. Inside, the factory floor buzzed with adults bottling Anti-Joy Serum (essentially pickle juice dyed gray).

"Now!" Mia hissed.

Zara blasted her kazoo. The Twins hurled rubber chickens. Jasmine danced atop a conveyor belt, flinging sneezing powder into the air.

Adults sneezed in unison, knocking over serum bottles.

The factory floor became a slapstick symphony: - Mrs.

Prinkle sneezed into a fan, frosting her own face with cupcake batter.

- The mayor's toupee flew off and landed on a robotic arm, which began smacking his bald head.

- Officer Grumblecheeks sneezed so hard his handcuffs clamped onto a giant lollipop.

Outside, the Bubblegum Beast shuddered, its gooey flesh rippling with discomfort.

"IT'S WORKING!" Mia cheered.

But then—

The factory doors burst open. Mia's parents stood in the doorway, holding a Confiscated Joy Detector (a modified toaster).

"MIA MUDDLEPUCK!" her father boomed. "You're grounded for life!"

“But—!”

“No buts! This ends NOW!”

As her parents dragged her home, Mia locked eyes with Captain Crumpet. The parrot nodded.

Phase One: Complete. Phase Two: Underground. ---



CHAPTER 7

THE UNDERGROUND GIGGLEMARCH

Mia’s bedroom window creaked open, moonlight spilling over her Everlasting Licorice Ladder—a sticky, stretchy contraption courtesy of Grandpa. Captain

Crumpet hovered outside, clutching a smoke bomb labeled “Distract-O-Snoot” in his beak.

“Ready?” the parrot hissed.

Mia nodded, strapping a Whoopee Cushion

Symphony belt over her pajamas. “Blow it!”

The bomb erupted into a cloud of glitter and the smell of burnt popcorn. Mia's parents, mid-lecture in the kitchen, sneezed in unison.

"ACHOO! Is that... ACHOO! glitter?!"

"GO!" Captain Crumpet squawked.

Mia slid down the licorice ladder, landing in a bush where the Rebel Brigade waited: Oliver clutching joke books, Zara armed with kazoos, and the Twins lugging a sack of Eternal Itch Powder (which Milo had already spilled on his socks).

"Phase Two: Underground," Mia whispered. "To the sewers!"

Sweetwhistle's sewers were a labyrinth of candy-coated pipes, glowing pink from the Beast's ooze. The air reeked of expired gummy worms and despair. Mia led the way, her flashlight (a Lollipop Luminary)

casting rainbows on the walls.

“Stick to the plan,” she said. “Jasmine, you’re on trap duty. Twins, deploy chickens. Zara—kazoo chaos on my signal.”

A wall of gum oozed across the tunnel. Jasmine leapt into an interpretive dance titled **“The Sugarplum*

*Fury,”** her twirls and leaps somehow triggering hidden pressure plates. The gum retracted, revealing a path.

“How’d she do that?” Oliver gaped.

“Art,” Jasmine said solemnly, wiping licorice sludge off her ballet slippers.

The Beast wasn’t making it easy. The sewers booby- trapped: -
Gumdrop Quicksand: The Twins lobbed rubber chickens as stepping stones.

- Lollipop Guillotine: Zara’s kazoo screeches shattered the candy blades.

- Marshmallow Mines: Liam’s pet rock, Sir Loincloth, rolled ahead, detonating them safely (“He’s a hero,”

Liam sniffed).

As they sang “99 Bottles of Pop on the Wall,” the

Beast’s ooze writhed, irritated by their off-key joy.

“Halt!” Milo yelled, knee-deep in a caramel pit. “Itch

Powder time!”

Mila tossed the powder at the gum trapping him. It twitched, then retreated, scratching itself against the sewer wall.

“Eternal Itch Powder: 1, Beast: 0,” Mia crowed.

Deep in the tunnels, they found relics of the old factory: shattered Snicker-Snack Tree vats and a faded mural of Grandpa as a young inventor. Mia pocketed a crumbling recipe card—“Laughter Extract:

Add 3 Cups of Belly Laughs”—while Oliver tripped over a Joy Siren (a horn that played giggle-sounds).

“This could work!” he said, blowing into it.

HONK-HONK-GIGGLE! The ooze recoiled like a scalded cat.

“The Beast’s allergic to its own past,” Mia realized.

“We’ll hit it with nostalgic joy!”

As they neared the factory’s heart, the walls throbbed.

The Bubblegum Beast loomed ahead, its jawbreaker eyes blazing.

“Ready?” Mia whispered, handing out Sneezing

Powder Grenades.

Captain Crumpet swooped overhead. “Let’s give this blob a taste of its own medicine!”

The Beast roared, shaking the sewers. Somewhere above, Mayor Sourberry’s toupee caught fire.



CHAPTER 8

THE BUBBLEGUM BEAST’S BELCHY BATTLE

The heart of the Sweetwhistle Candy Factory was a cathedral of candy-coated doom. The Bubblegum Beast loomed like a pink tsunami, its jawbreaker eyes spinning with fury, licorice fangs dripping globs of pure grumpiness. The air vibrated with a low, sticky growl that sounded like a thousand soda cans being crushed.

Mia tightened her Whoopee Cushion Symphony belt.

“Alright, Rebels! Time to make this blob snort-laugh itself into oblivion!”

The Twins hurled their rubber chickens at the Beast’s gooey

underbelly. Splat! Splort! Sploosh! The creature blinked, confused, as the chickens bounced off like deranged bouncy balls.

“NOW, ZARA!” Mia yelled.

Zara blasted her kazoo, hitting a note so shrill it shattered a nearby candy-cane column. The soundwaves hit the Beast’s eardrums (which were, unfortunately, made of taffy).

The Beast reeled, clutching its taffy ears. Captain

Crumpet swooped in, dropping a Sneezing Powder

Bomb into its open maw.

The sneeze launched the Beast backward into a vat of fossilized marshmallow fluff. It emerged coated in white fluff, resembling a deranged cotton ball. “Phase

Two!” Mia shouted. “Tickle-O-Tron, GO!”

Jasmine leapt into action, her interpretive dance titled

“The Giggle Hurricane” directing the Tickle-O-Tron

9000. The feather-duster helicopter buzzed over the

Beast, feathers whirring like demented windmills.

The Beast’s gooey sides jiggled. A sound erupted from its depths—a wet, gurgling snort.

“IT’S LAUGHING!” Oliver cried.

“HARDER!” Mia ordered.

The Tickle-O-Tron dive-bombed the Beast’s armpits

(yes, it had armpits). The creature convulsed, its laughter shaking the factory walls. Chunks of gumdrop armor sloughed off, revealing a throbbing, gum-nugget core.

Mia shoved Oliver forward. “Your turn!”

Oliver’s knees knocked. “B-but what if I—?” “DO IT!”

the Rebels chorused.

Oliver cleared his throat, facing the Beast's quivering core.

"Knock-knock."

The Beast paused, tilting its head. GLORP?

"Who's there?" Oliver squeaked.

"D-dishes."

"Dishes a very bad joke!"

Silence.

Then—

The Beast's laugh exploded like a popped balloon. It stumbled, confused by the sheer terribleness of the joke, its gooey body sloshing into puddles. The Rebels cheered as the creature shrank, retreating into a shivering lump of gum. The Aftermath

In the center of the meltdown lay a tiny, quivering gum-

nugget—Glob, the Beast’s heart. It blinked up at Mia with gummy bear eyes and squeaked a sad little

“Aww,” Zara cooed. “It’s kinda... cute?”

“Cute?!” Captain Crumpet squawked. “It’s a failed candy with abandonment issues!”

Mia scooped up Glob. “More like a misunderstood snack. We’ll rehabilitate it.”

Outside, the town gasped as the Beast’s ooze evaporated, revealing sunshine and a faint rainbow made of melted gummy worms. Mayor Sourberry’s toupee, now lodged in a tree, waved like a white flag.



CHAPTER 9

THE STICKY SWEET SURRENDER

The town of Sweetwhistle awoke to a sunrise drizzled in caramel hues, the air crisp with the scent of cotton candy and fresh beginnings. The Bubblegum Beast's ooze had vanished, leaving streets polished to a sugary shine. But in the center of the square, perched on

Mia's outstretched palm, quivered Glob—a gumdrop- sized nugget with gummy bear eyes and a squeak like a deflating balloon.

"It's... adorable?" Mrs. Prinkle whispered, clutching her frosting-stained apron. "Adorable?" Mayor

Sourberry barked, his bald head gleaming under the sun (his toupee still nested in a tree, hosting a family of sparrows).

“That’s a monster!”

“Was,” Mia corrected, stroking Glob’s sticky head.

“Turns out, it just needed a friend.”

Captain Crumpet swooped down, peering at Glob.

“Looks like a rejected gummy. Smells like one too.”

Mia climbed onto the Chocolate Obelisk (now slightly melted) and addressed the crowd. “The Beast wasn’t evil—it was lonely! Years ago, the factory dumped failed candies into the sewers. All that sadness, all that rejected sweetness... it became Glob.”

Grandpa Muddlepuck pushed through the crowd, waving a yellowed journal. “She’s right! The Snicker-

Snack Tree’s failure created this little guy. All he ever wanted was a lick of love!”

Glob blinked, oozing a single glittery tear. The crowd awwwed.

“Ridiculous!” the mayor spluttered. “You can’t just... befriend public nuisances! I demand it be contained!

Studied! Taxed!”

“No,” Mia said, stepping forward. “You demand joylessness. But look what happens when we embrace silliness!” She nodded to Zara, who unleashed a kazoo fanfare. The Twins hurled Confetti Eggs at the crowd.

Adults yelped as rainbow paper rained down, but then

—

Mr. Grumblepost, the postman, giggled. Then Mrs.

Prinkle. Soon, the entire square was laughing, their joy melting the mayor’s scowl.

Defeated, Mayor Sourberry slumped. “Fine! Have your... fun.” He yanked a proclamation from his pocket, scribbled in crayon

(courtesy of the Twins' earlier prank). "From now on, Sweetwhistle shall celebrate...

National Silly Day."

The crowd erupted. Kids cheered. Adults, still dusted in confetti, exchanged tentative smiles.

Glob quivered on Mia's palm, then leapt into the air, spinning like a tiny disco ball. It rained gumdrops— real ones—over the town.

"He's apologizing!" Oliver gasped.

"Or showing off," Captain Crumpet muttered, nibbling a gumdrop.

That night, the town feasted on

Glob's Regret Gumdrops (surprisingly delicious).

Mia tucked Glob into a mint tin bed, while Mayor

Sourberry begrudgingly hosted a Toupee Funeral in the park.

“Tomorrow,” Mia whispered to Glob, “we’ll fix the factory. Make candies that spread joy, not grumpiness.”

SQUISH, Glob agreed.

As fireworks (courtesy of Sir Snortgurgle’s distant cousin, Sparky the Salamander) lit the sky,

Sweetwhistle learned a sticky-sweet truth: Even the most baffling beasts just need a little love.



CHAPTER 10

MIA’S MARVELOUS MISCHIEF EMPORIUM

The old Sweetwhistle Candy Factory had undergone a transformation so radical even the rats paused to admire it. Gone were the rusted conveyor belts and grumpy shadows. In their place stood Mia’s

Marvelous Mischief Emporium, a kaleidoscope of chaos: walls painted in rainbow splatters, chandeliers made of kazoos, and a welcome mat that squeaked

“Go Away (Just Kidding! Come In!)” when stepped on.

Mia stood at the entrance, wearing a lab coat splattered with glitter and a hat that spontaneously honked. Beside her, Glob

quivered in a tiny crown, squeaking at passersby like a royal jellybean.

“Grandpa’s final touch!” he’d said, handing her a

Doorknob of Delight that giggled when turned. Now, the townsfolk streamed in, their laughter puffing like steam from a candy kettle. ---

Inside, the Emporium was a carnival of controlled anarchy:

- Whoopee Cushion Symphony Belts hung like saloon doors, playing “Yankee Doodle” in fart notes.

- The Tickle-O-Tron 9000 had been upgraded to

Tickle-O-Tron 10,000, now with optional confetti cannons.

- A Wall of Eternal Itch Powder (safely behind glass)

bore a sign: **“For Emergency Pranks Only (i.e., Boring Teachers).”**

Mayor Sourberry lingered by the Grumpiness

Recycling Bin, grudgingly donating his old toupee.

“This is undignified,” he muttered, as Glob oozed over and stuck a gumdrop to his bald head.

“Looking sweet, Mr. Mayor!” Mia grinned.

In a nook labeled “Horace’s Hazardous Hijinks”,

Grandpa demonstrated his newest invention: Self-

Buttoning Pajamas (which had already buttoned him to a coatrack).

“Genius, right?” he wheezed, wiggling helplessly.

“They’re ambitious!” Nearby, Captain Crumpet held court at the Insult-O-Mat, a booth where kids could trade insults with a parrot.

“Your face looks like a melted snowman!” shouted

Timmy, the butcher's son.

"Your brain looks like a raisin's diary!" Crumpet clapped back, earning applause.

Glob's Joyful Gumdrops Dispenser drew the biggest crowd. For a penny, it spat out gumdrops that tasted like your happiest memory. Mrs. Prinkle burst into tears after tasting one. "It's my wedding day... but sweeter!"

Even Officer Grumblecheeks cracked a smile, though it looked like his face was wrestling a porcupine.

As the clock struck noon, a flame-lit sneeze echoed outside. The crowd parted as Sir Snortgurgle, the guinea dragon from Wobbleburg, waddled in, wings patched with duct tape and a saddlebag of marshmallows.

"Snortgurgle!" Mia hugged his scaly neck. "What're you doing here?" The dragon belched a smoke ring that morphed into the words: "HEARD ABOUT THE

FUN. BROUGHT SNACKS."

Soon, kids roasted marshmallows over his sneezes, while Glob juggled gumdrops above his head.

At sunset, Mia climbed onto the Giggle Balcony (a repurposed cotton candy machine) and addressed the crowd.

“Sweetwhistle used to be afraid of fun. But look at us now! We’ve got itch powder, tickle tech, and a mayor who’s basically a lollipop!” The crowd cheered as

Sourberry facepalmed.

“So remember,” Mia said, tossing Glob into the air like a sticky firework, “nonsense isn’t silly—it’s essential.

Like glitter. Or burps.”



EPILOGUE

As the Emporium closed, Mia found a note tucked into the Suggestion Box (which was just a hollowed-out gummy bear):

*“Dear Mia, P.S. The Beast sends his regards. P.P.S. Can

I work here? —Spindle, Genie of Wobbly Wishes (Now a

Part-Time Clown)”* Mia pinned it to the wall, next to a photo of the town’s first National Silly Day parade.

Outside, Sweetwhistle’s streets hummed with laughter, and the stars twinkled like they, too, were in on the joke.

*“And so, in a world obsessed with rules and raisins,

Mia Muddlepucc’s Emporium became the sweetest proof that a little mischief is the best medicine... especially if it’s sugar-coated.”*

MEET THE CHARACTERS

MIA MUDDLEPUCK



*Brave curious 12-year-old inventor-detective in
candy-striped overalls*

CAPTAIN CRUMPET



Sarcastic emerald green parrot with a knowing look

MAYOR SOURBERRY



*Pompous mayor with waxed moustache and notorious
toupee*

GRANDPA HORACE



*Eccentric elderly inventor with duct-taped goggles and
wild white hair*

OLIVER



*Nervous 12-year-old boy always clutching a jar of anxiety
jellybeans*

GLOB



Tiny adorable bubblegum creature with gummy bear eyes

YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE

Draw Mia Muddlepuck!



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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