

**THE DASTARDLY
DOUGHNUTS**
of Dr. Dipple's Diner

By
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WOBBLE BOOKS

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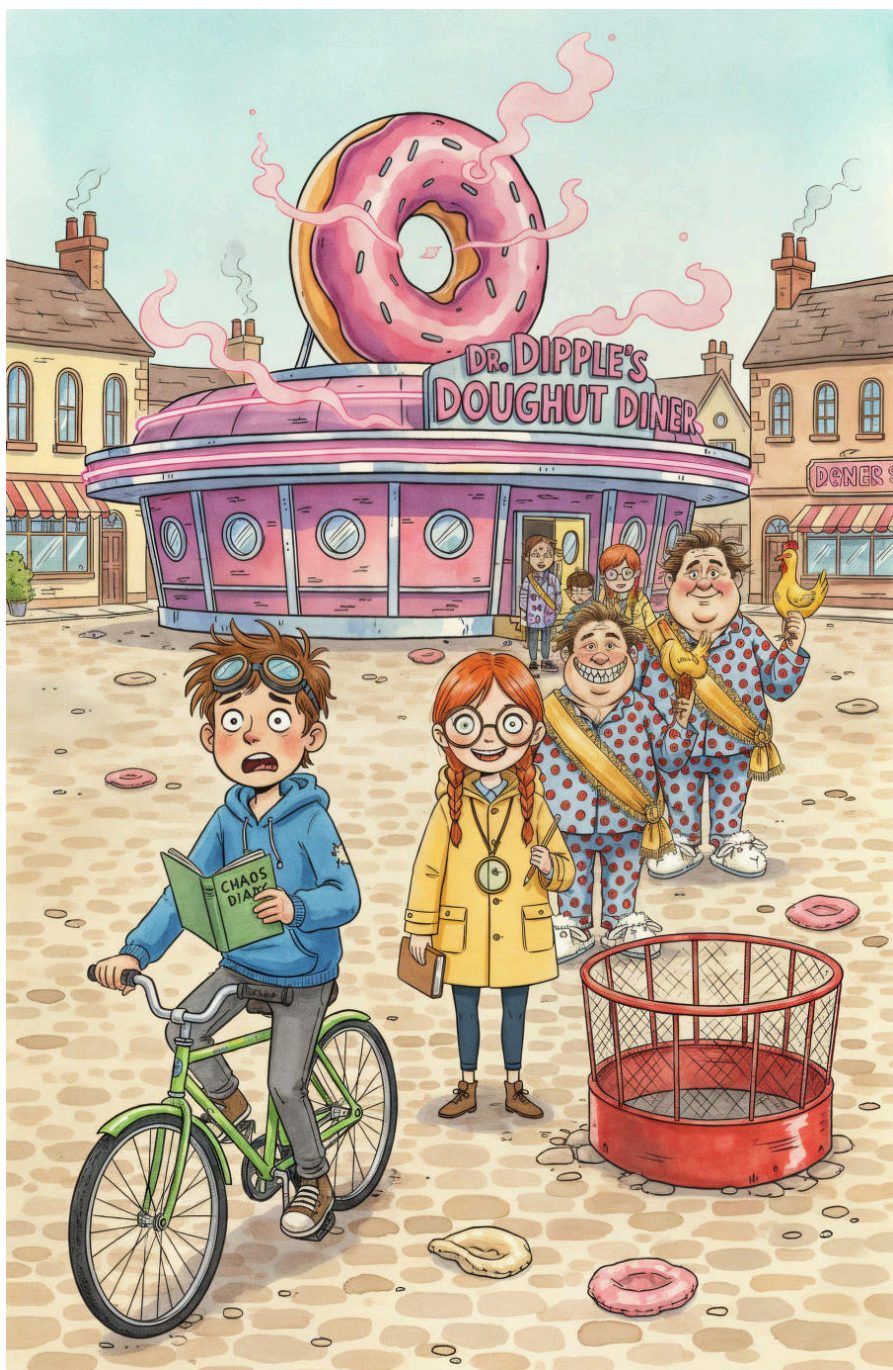
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CHAPTER 1

THE DAY THE LAUGHTER STOPPED

The town of Jellybean Junction had three unshakable truths:

For 100 years, the town had celebrated Gigglefest with whoopee cushion orchestras, tickle duels, and a ceremonial dunking of the mayor into a vat of whipped cream. But on this fateful Saturday, the streets were silent. The dunk tank sat empty. The whoopee cushions deflated. And the mayor, Mr. Chuckleberry, stood bewildered in his polka-dot pajamas, clutching a rubber chicken like a forgotten relic.

“Where is everyone?” he muttered.

Twelve-year-old Sammy Sprocket knew.

He pedaled his rickety bicycle past the abandoned Ha-Ha Hedge Maze and the Snortgiggle Fountain, its water now still and suspiciously frowning. At the edge of town, a neon-pink sign buzzed like a deranged firefly:

The line snaked around the block. Teachers, bankers, even Granny Grumpkin (who once threatened to sue a rainbow for being “too cheery”) stood rigid, their eyes glazed like...well, doughnuts.

“Penny!” Sammy yelled, spotting his best friend in the queue. “We’re missing Gigglefest! We’re supposed to TP the library!”

Penny turned slowly. Her grin stretched too wide, her cheeks dimpled like craters. “Don’t be silly, Sammy,” she chirped. “Gigglefest is old news. Try the Glazed Delight! It’s... heavenly.”

Her voice dripped with syrup. Sammy recoiled. Penny hated doughnuts—she’d once thrown a jelly-filled at a clown’s face and called it “sugar-coated tyranny.”

Inside the diner, Dr. Dipple presided over his empire like a

deranged pastry wizard. His handlebar mustache curled into perfect spirals, his lab coat smeared with frosting and secrets. Behind him, a conveyor belt churned out doughnuts that glowed, each injected with a shimmering purple goo from a nozzle labeled GIGGLE GLAZE.

“Step right up!” Dipple crooned, his voice butter-smooth. “One bite, and all your worries melt away! Guaranteed joy, or your misery refunded!”

The crowd erupted in robotic laughter. Ha. Ha. Ha. Same pitch. Same pause. Sammy’s neck prickled.

That night, he crouched behind the diner’s dumpster, scribbling in his Suspicion Journal:

Penny’s new laugh sounds like a wind-up toy. OBSERVATION #3: *Dipples’s teeth are too perfect.

Robots have worse dentistry.*

A clatter! Sammy froze. Two shadowy figures unloaded barrels from a van marked DIPPLE’S DELIGHTS. The lid of one

barrel slipped, spilling glowing purple sludge. It hissed where it touched the ground, etching the pavement with a smiley face.

“Just frosting, my frosting-covered foot,” Sammy muttered.

He reached for his walkie-talkie to alert Penny—then stopped. Her voice crackled from inside the diner, giggling. “Try the sprinkles, Sammy! They’re... magic!”

Sammy pocketed a glob of sludge in a jellybean jar. It pulsed like a tiny, sugary heart. “This isn’t doughnuts,” he whispered. “This is war.”



CHAPTER 2

THE SECRET INGREDIENT (HINT: IT'S NOT SUGAR)

Sammy Sprocket's bedroom was a shrine to skepticism. The walls were plastered with conspiracy theories ("Do Clouds Have Agendas?"), jars of "evidence" (including a toenail he swore belonged to Bigfoot), and a flowchart titled "Why Adults Are Definitely Robots." But his newest specimen—the jar of pulsating purple sludge from Dr. Dipple's dumpster—was his magnum opus.

"Let's see what you're made of," he muttered, donning goggles fashioned from soda bottles.

Using a turkey baster and a Junior Scientist Kit (a gift from his ironically optimistic Aunt Marge), Sammy dripped the sludge

onto a waffle left over from breakfast. The syrup sizzled, the waffle quivered, and then—

POOF! The waffle sprouted legs and sprinted off the plate, screeching “EAT MORE DOUGHNUTS!” before diving out the window.

“Okay,” Sammy said, staring at the empty plate. “So it’s alive.”

Dr. Dipple’s Diner was packed, the air thick with the smell of frying oil and forced euphoria. Sammy slammed the jar of sludge on the counter, next to a Glazed Delight that winked at him.

“What’s really in these doughnuts?” he demanded.

Dipple leaned in, his mustache twitching like a hypnotized caterpillar. “Why, sunshine and sprinkles, my boy! A dash of vanilla! A pinch of—”

“A pinch of lies,” Sammy snapped. He shoved the jar forward. “This isn’t frosting. It’s brainw a shing goo!”

The diner fell silent. A customer mid-bite froze, jelly filling oozing down their chin. Dipple's smile didn't waver, but his eyes glinted like broken candy canes.

"Such imagination!" he chuckled, patting Sammy's head with a hand that felt oddly...plastic. "Run along now. The grown-ups are busy enjoying themselves."

A chorus of robotic laughter erupted. Ha. Ha. Ha. Sammy fled, but not before swiping a doughnut off the conveyor belt.

That night, Sammy crouched behind a Sentient Topiary (shaped like a grumpy waffle) outside the diner. Penny had texted him 37 times: "TRY THE GLAZED DELIGHT!"

"JOY IS MANDATORY!" "SAMMY, EAT THE DOUGHNUT." He'd blocked her number.

A black van slithered into the alley, its headlights off. Two figures in glittering hazmat suits unloaded barrels stamped with a skull-and-crossed-sprinkles. Sammy's jar of sludge vibrated in his pocket, glowing brighter as the barrels passed.

A stray cat pounced on a barrel, clawing it open. Purple sludge

erupted, coating the cat in shimmering goo. The creature froze, then began tap-dancing to a silent tune, its eyes wide and unblinking.

“Oh no,” Sammy whispered.

Dr. Dipple emerged, scooping up the cat with a sigh. “Tsk. Someone skipped Quality Control.” He tossed the cat into the van, where it vanished with a meow-muffled yelp.

--- The Evidence Mounts

Back home, Sammy dissected the stolen doughnut. Beneath the glaze, he found a tiny, writhing worm made of purple light. It hissed and dissolved into smoke, leaving a note in microscopic cursive:

Sammy’s walkie-talkie crackled.

“Psst. Sprocket. You’re onto something sticky.”

A face pressed against his window—Grumbles the Glum, a clown from the derelict Quirky Quasar Circus, his frown so

deep it could hide a pencil.

“Meet me at the circus,” Grumbles said. “And bring the sludge. This is bigger than doughnuts.”



CHAPTER 3

THE MIDNIGHT MUNCHIES MYSTERY

Sammy Sprocket's Junior Scientist Kit was not designed for breaking and entering. But with a paperclip, a glowstick, and a half-eaten licorice rope (stolen from Granny Grumpkin's purse), he'd jury-rigged a "security bypasser." Penny, swaying like a wind-up doll, stood beside him, her grin flickering like a faulty lightbulb. "You sure you're okay?" Sammy whispered.

"Never better!" Penny chirped. Her left eyelid twitched. "Let's solve this mystery! For science! And fun!"

The diner's back door loomed, guarded by a Sentient Sprinkler that hissed like a cobra. Sammy lobbed a licorice rope. The sprinkler lunged, spewing rainbow water that dissolved the

candy into a puddle of regret.

“Distraction time,” Sammy said, nudging Penny.

“Right! Distracting!” She marched toward the sprinkler, humming “Yankee Doodle” off-key. The sprinkler recoiled, spraying her with water. Penny giggled—a hollow, metallic sound—and Sammy slipped inside.

The diner at night was a carnival of nightmares. Doughnuts rotated on the conveyor belt like hypnotized soldiers. The Giggle Glaze vat bubbled ominously, its purple sludge whispering, “Eat me... obey me...” Sammy gagged.

Penny dripped inside, her hair plastered to her forehead. “Found... secret door...” She pointed to a hatch under the deep fryer, stamped with KEEP OUT (OR ELSE).

Sammy pried it open. A ladder descended into darkness that smelled of burnt sugar and lies. “Stay here,” he said. “Watch for Dipple.”

“But... I want to help...” Penny’s voice cracked.

Sammy hesitated. Her eyes flickered—a flash of the real Penny—before hardening into a steady resolve.

“Just... keep guard,” he said.

Beneath the diner, Sammy’s glowstick revealed a laboratory straight out of a candy-coated nightmare. Walls pulsed with bioluminescent frosting. Robotic Sprinklers—armed with syringes of Giggle Glaze—clicked and whirled on conveyor belts. A chalkboard read:

****PHASE 1: BRAINWASH TOWN**

PHASE 2: BRAINWASH WORLD

PHASE 3: PROFIT (AND MORE BRAINWASHING)**

Sammy snapped photos with his Suspicion Camera (a disposable relic from 2003). Then he spotted it: a fridge labeled SPECIMENS. Inside, jars floated in glowing liquid:

The hatch slammed shut above him. Sammy scrambled up the ladder, but the rungs retracted, leaving him dangling over the

Giggle Glaze vat.

“Penny! HELP!”

Her face appeared in the hatch window. “Sorry, Sammy,” she said, voice dripping with fauxsweetness. “But joy is mandatory.”

Dr. Dipple’s shadow loomed behind her. “Bravo, snoop! Now, let’s see how you taste...glazed.”---



CHAPTER 4

THE REBELLION OF THE SARCASTIC CLOWNS

The last thing Sammy saw before the hatch sealed shut was Dr. Dipple's grin—a row of gleaming teeth sharp enough to slice through sarcasm. The Giggle Glaze vat bubbled below, its purple sludge stretching toward Sammy's sneakers like hungry tentacles. "Any last words, snoop?" Dipple purred through the grate.

"Yeah," Sammy spat. "Your mustache looks like two caterpillars in a wrestling match." SLURP!

A custard pie smacked Dipple square in the face.

"Sorry I'm late," drawled a voice from the shadows. "Traffic

was clowning terrible.”

Grumbles the Glum stepped into the dim light, his polka-dot suspenders sagging, his frowndeep than the Mariana Trench. Behind him lurked a troupe of clowns—not the jolly, balloon-animal kind, but the sort who’d steal your lunch money and write a nihilist haiku about it.

“Let the kid go, Dipple,” Grumbles said, tossing another pie. “Your doughnuts taste like despair with sprinkles.”

Dipple wiped frosting from his eyes. “You? The Quirky Quasar rejects? What’s next—a balloonpoodle revolt?”

A rubber chicken slapped Dipple’s cheek. The clowns erupted in dry, sarcastic applause.

“We’re immune to your joy juice,” said Sniffles, a clown with a permanent tear painted on his face. “Allergic to sugar. Thanks to you, we’re out of work. Now we’re out for revenge.” Grumbles yanked Sammy from the hatch. “Move, kid. Adults are talking.” ---

The Quirky Quasar Circus was a graveyard of dead dreams. The big top sagged like a deflated whoopee cushion. A sign for “The World’s Saddest Lion Tamer” lay trampled in the mud. Grumbles led Sammy to a caravan smelling of greasepaint and regret.

“Dipple’s not just brainwashing the town,” Grumbles said, tossing Sammy a pickle from a jar labeled EMOTIONAL SUPPORT BRINE. “He’s hoarding laughter. Bottling it. Selling it to CEOs and dictators. Real joy’s been outsourced.”

Sammy bit into the pickle, the vinegar snapping him awake. “How do we stop him?”

“With this.” Grumbles unveiled a chalkboard diagram of a doughnut, circled in red. “GiggleGlaze’s weakness: pickle juice. Neutralizes the serum. But we need to hit the source—the Sprinkler Mainframe in his lab.”

Sniffles snorted. “Oh, and your little friend? The one who sold you out? She’s key. Dipple’s using her to test Phase Two—a glaze so strong, it’ll spread through eye contact. One glance, and poof... you’re a Stepford Smiler.”

Sammy's chest tightened. "Penny..."

The Clown's Gambit The plan was simple, ridiculous, and borderline suicidal:

"And if that fails?" Sammy asked.

Grumbles handed him a squirting flower. "We die laughing."

Back at the diner, Dipple had Penny strapped to a Glaze-Injection Chair, her eyes wide and unblinking. "Phase Two begins now!" he crowed, aiming a frosting laser at her forehead.

The clowns burst in, pies flying. Sniffles juggled rubber chickens, shouting, "Hey Dipple! Your mom's so sweet, she gives dentists nightmares!"

Dipple snarled, firing frosting lasers. "You're clowns! The world's cheapest punchline!"

"And you're a doughnut dictator!" Sammy yelled, leaping from the clown car with a pickle-juice Super Soaker. SQUIRT!

The juice hit the Sprinkler Mainframe. Sparks flew. The lab's walls oozed purple sludge, screaming in a chorus of children's laughter.

Penny gasped, her forced grin cracking. "Sammy...?"

Dipple lunged, but Grumbles tripped him with a banana peel (classic but effective). "Eat floor, Fondue Face."



CHAPTER 5

THE GREAT PIE-TASTROPHE

The Quirky Quasar Circus smelled like desperation and day-old popcorn. Grumbles the Glumstood in the center ring, holding a custard pie in one hand and a pickle in the other. “Lessonone,” he droned, “aim for the ego. Dipple’s got enough of it to fill a clown car.”

Sammy gripped his pie—a lemon meringue with extra zing—and squinted at the target: a poster of Dr. Dipple’s face taped to a dunk tank. The clowns had spent the morning rigging the circus into a Pie Warfare Boot Camp. Sniffles the clown had fashioned a Cream-Cannon5000 out of a popcorn machine, and a poodle named Mr. Waffles (no relation to actual waffles) practiced fetching pies, though he mostly ate them.

“Focus, kid,” Grumbles said. “Pies aren’t food. They’re emotion with crust.”

Sammy hurled the pie. It missed the poster entirely, splattering a trapeze artist who hadn’t smiled since 1997.

“Perfect,” Grumbles said. “Now you’re ready.”

Under cover of a sprinkle storm (Tuesdays in Jellybean Junction were predictably whimsical), the clowns rolled up to Dr. Dipple’s Diner in their Clown Car of Chaos. Sammy crouched in the trunk, squeezed between a bucket of shaving cream pies and a very disgruntled Mr. Waffles. Penny sat up front, eerily quiet. Since her rescue, she’d been smiling less, but her eyes still flickered like a glitchy TV screen.

“Remember the plan,” Grumbles muttered. “Pies first. Pickles second. Sarcasm always.” HONK!

The clowns spilled out, pies at the ready. Dr. Dipple stood in the diner’s doorway, arms crossed, his mustache coiled into perfect spirals. “Back for seconds, circus rejects? My doughnuts could out-clown you in their sleep.”

SPLAT! Sniffles launched the first pie—a coconut cream aimed at Dipple’s left nostril. The doctor ducked, and the pie smacked a Gigggle Glaze dispenser, short-circuiting it into a frenzy. Purple sludge sprayed the crowd, turning a group of bankers into backup dancers for a silent disco.

“Pincer formation!” Grumbles barked.

The clowns fanned out, unleashing pies with military precision:

Dipple’s henchmen—a pair of ex-bakers in frosting-stained aprons—slipped and slid, cursing indoughnut-themed gibberish (“Glaze it all to crumb!”).

Sammy spotted the Sprinkler Mainframe in the corner. “Penny! The pickle juice!” She tossed him the Super Soaker, her smile tight. “Here you go, hero.”

Sammy doused the machine, the acidic stench of brine cutting through the sugar fog. The mainframe sparked, shuddered, and died with a whimper. “We did it!” Sammy turned, grinning—until he saw Penny standing beside Dr. Dipple, holding a Glazed Delight with a single bite missing.

“Phase Two,” she said, her voice hollow. “You didn’t think it’d be that easy, did you?” HONK!

Mr. Waffles lunged, but Penny lobbed a doughnut at him. The poodle froze mid-bark, wagging his tail robotically.

“Penny, no!” Sammy yelled.

“Yes,” Dipple purred, adjusting his toupee (now frosted with meringue). “The new serum works through eye contact. One glance, and...”

Penny locked eyes with Grumbles. The clown’s eternal frown twitched, then flipped into a grin. “Oh crud,”

Grumbles said, cheeks straining against his will. “I feel... happy? Kill me now.” ---

Dipple herded the brainwashed clowns toward the Glaze-Injection Chair, humming “The Candy Man” off-key. Sammy scrambled behind the counter, clutching the empty pickle-juice gun. “Ready to join the party, snoop?” Dipple sneered, aiming a frosting laser at Sammy’s forehead.

The diner window shattered. A pie smacked Dipple's face—this one, coal-flavored. "Party's over, Fondue Face," growled a voice from the shadows. Sammy squinted. Was that... *Granny

Grumpkin* holding a pie tin? ---

CHAPTER 6

THE DOUGHNUT DIMENSION

Sammy's world dissolved into sugar. One moment, he was ducking Dr. Dipple's frostinglaser; the next, he stood in a landscape of rolling doughnut hills under a sky of swirling sprinkles. The air smelled like a bakery's daydream, and the ground squished underfoot like unbaked dough.

Welcome to Compliance, boomed a voice that sounded like Dipple mixed with a carnival barker. Where Joy is Mandatory... or Else.

Sammy spun. The doughnut hills sprouted eyes and mouths. Glazed Delights rolled toward him, chanting, "Eat us! Obey us! Smile until your cheeks cramp!" A river of molten

frostingburbled nearby, its current dragging a sobbing gingerbread man toward a black hole labeled The Void of Vanilla.

“This isn’t real,” Sammy muttered, pinching himself.

A sentient cruller bit his ankle. “Real enough, kid!”

Sammy bolted, dodging doughnuts that lunged like sugary landmines. He skidded to a halt at the edge of a cliff overlooking a factory staffed by zombified townsfolk, their eyes glazed purple as they piped Giggle Glaze onto conveyor belts of doom.

“Sammy...” Penny’s voice echoed. He turned. There she stood—grinning, holding a doughnut the size of a steering wheel. “Join us. It’s easier here.”

“No way,” Sammy said, backing up. “Your jokes are terrible.”

Penny’s smile faltered. “What?”

“You heard me. ‘Joy is mandatory’? ‘Eat us’? Lame. Even Dr.

Dipple's puns are crusty." The doughnut dimension trembled. The cruller paused mid-chomp.

"You want me to obey?" Sammy yelled at the sky. "Try harder! Your whole evil shtick is half- baked!" CRACK!

The sky split like an overbaked pie crust. Sammy hurled a sarcastic grenade—the only weapon he had:

"Why did the doughnut go to school? To get a glazed education!"

The dimension shuddered. The Gingerbread Man paused his screaming. "What do you call a sad doughnut? A hole lotta nothing!"

The world shattered into sprinkles. Sammy woke up strapped to the Sprinkler Mainframe, Dr. Dipple looming over him with a syringe of Giggle Glaze.

"Welcome back," Dipple sneered. "Turns out, sarcasm is your strong suit. Pity I'll have to erase it."

Before Dipple could inject Sammy, Grumbles the Glum—still grinning against his will—lunged forward, tears streaming down his face. “Wait! Let me tell you... a story.”

Dipple paused. “Make it quick. I have a world to smother in sprinkles.”

Grumbles’ voice cracked. “Once, I was Grumbles the Gleeful. Greatest clown in Quirky Quasar. Kids adored me. Then... you.” He pointed at Dipple. “Your doughnuts stole my crowds. My poodles ran off. My tears... they weren’t painted anymore.”

The clowns sniffled. Even Dipple’s henchmen paused mid-doughnut-stuffing.

“You think joy’s about control?” Grumbles said, his grin trembling. “Joy’s... messy. It’s ugly laughs, bad jokes, and pickle juice aftertaste. You can’t bottle that.”

Granny Grumpkin kicked open the door, coal-dust smeared on her face, wielding a Pie Cannon made from a leaf blower. “Enough yappin’! Let’s bake this loser!”

Granny fired a salvo of coal-flavored pies. Dipple ducked, but the pies struck the Giggle Glazevat, cracking it. Purple ooze gushed, flooding the lab. Sammy wriggled free, grabbing a pickle juice fire extinguisher.

“Penny!” he yelled. She stood frozen, clutching a doughnut, her eyes flickering between purple and brown. “Fight it! Remember when we TP’d the library? Real joy’s chaotic!”

Penny’s hand trembled. She dropped the doughnut. “Sammy... I...” FWOOOOMP!

The overloaded Sprinkler Mainframe exploded, sucking Dipple into the Sprinkle Vortex 3000—a tornado of glitter and regret. “NOOOOO! MY MASTERPI—”

He vanished, leaving only his toupee, which floated down and landed on Mr. Waffles. The poodles sneezed, shaking off the brainw a shing.

The lab collapsed. The townsfolk blinked, their purple glazes fading. Penny hugged Sammy, her smile finally real. “Thanks for not giving up.”

Grumbles wiped his painted tear. “Ugh. Emotions. Someone hand me a pie.”

Granny Grumpkin stomped on Dipple’s toupee. “Phase Two’s toast. Now... who wants real coffee?”

As they left, Sammy spotted a glowing doughnut in the rubble—its Giggle Glaze now inert. He pocketed it. Evidence.

--- To Be Continued...

CHAPTER 7

THE UNDERGROUND BAKER'S BRIGADE

The secret hideout of the Underground Baker's Brigade smelled of yeast, rebellion, and a hint of burnt croissant. Sammy Sprocket crouched behind a flour-dusted table, staring at a map of Dr. Dipple's Diner pinned to the wall with butter knives. Around him, the bakers of Jellybean Junction—once proud artisans, now fugitives of flavor—huddled like sourdough spies.

Granny Grumpkin slammed her rolling pin on the table, sending a cloud of powdered sugar into the air. "Dipple ruined my strudel empire! Now we ruin him." She glared at Sammy. "This better work, kid. I've got a pie crust in the oven."

“It’ll work,” Sammy said, holding up a sourdough grenade—a lump of fermented doughstudded with pickle shrapnel. “These babies explode on impact. The yeast expands, the picklesneutralize the Glaze. Dipple’s lab won’t know what hit it.”

Pastry Pete, a burly man with a handlebar mustache spun from spun sugar, snorted. “Andthe cinnamon swirl smoke bombs? You sure they ain’t just fancy potpourri?”

“They’ll choke Dipple’s henchmen with nostalgia,” Sammy said. “Nothing messes with evil likethe scent of Grandma’s kitchen.”

--- Penny’s Redemption

Penny sat in the corner, wrapped in a flour-sack cloak, her hands still trembling. “The lab’smainvent is here,” she whispered, marking the map. “Dipple’s storing Phase Three underground. Something... bigger. But the serum’s weakness is still pickle juice. Pour it into the vents, andthe Glaze dissolves.”

The bakers eyed her suspiciously.

“How do we know she’s not still glazed?” hissed Madame Éclair, a French baker who’d sworn off joy after Dipple replaced her macarons with “Giggle Macaglobs.”

Sammy stepped between them. “She’s clean. And she’s right. We hit the vents, we cut off the Glaze at the source.”

Grumbles the Glum, still scrubbing frosting out of his polka dots, tossed a pickle jar onto the table. “Then let’s get briny.”

At midnight, the brigade slithered through the sewers (which, thanks to Dipple’s neglect, now flowed with congealed caramel). Sammy led the way, his backpack full of sourdough grenades. Pastry Pete carried a baguette bazooka, while Granny Grumpkin muttered recipes for destruction.

“Keep quiet,” Sammy whispered, as they reached a grate beneath the diner. “Dipple’s got Sprinkler Sentries on patrol.” Too late. A robotic sprinkler whirled to life, its nozzle glowing purple. “INTRUDER ALERT. PREPARE TO BE

GLAAAAZED—”

Granny smacked it with her rolling pin, reducing it to gears and glitter. “Talk too much, just like Dipple.”

The lab was a jungle of conveyor belts, bubbling vats, and Glazed Henchmen—zombified bakers with frosting-coated fists. Sammy signaled the brigade.

“Fire in the hole!”

Pastry Pete launched a sourdough grenade. It exploded against a Giggle Glaze tank, unleashing a tsunami of pickle-speckled dough that swallowed two henchmen whole. “I’m...I’m sticky!” one cried, trapped in the goo.

Madame Éclair hurled cinnamon swirl smoke bombs. The lab filled with a spicy fog, henchmen coughing and clutching their hearts. “Mon dieu... it smells like... childhood...”

Sammy and Penny sprinted to the vents, dumping pickle juice down the shafts. The Glaze vat hissed, the purple sludge curdling into harmless molasses. “Phase Three!” Penny yelled,

pointing at a sealed door marked DO NOT OPEN (SERIOUSLY, DON'T). "We have to stop it!"

As the brigade regrouped, a tremor shook the lab. The sealed door groaned open, revealing a verminous chamber. Inside pulsed a mega-doughnut the size of a school bus, its glaze throbbing with sinister light.

"Phase Three," Penny gasped. "A self-replicating doughnut. One bite, and it spreads the Glaze... forever."

The mega-doughnut sprouted tentacles, smashing through walls. Grumbles tossed Sammy a jar of **Ultra-Briny

Pickle Juice** (aged in Granny's basement since the Great Cucumber Famine of '98).

"Aim for the hole!" Granny barked.

"Which one?" Sammy yelled, dodging a frosting laser.

The mega-doughnut roared, its jelly filling bubbling with rage. Somewhere in the chaos,

Dipple'slaughter echoed.

“Tick-tock, snoop! You're out of batter ideas!”

--- To Be Continued...

CHAPTER 8

THE FINAL FROSTING FIGHT

The mega-doughnut loomed like a sugary Death Star, its jelly core pulsing with malevolent light. Tentacles of frosting lashed out, smashing conveyor belts and sending Glazed Henchmen flying into vats of their own sticky demise. Sammy Sprocket ducked as a chocolate sprinkleshrapnel whizzed past his ear.

“Aim for the hole!” Granny Grumpkin bellowed, lobbing a coal-flavored pie at the doughnut’s center. It exploded in a cloud of soot, briefly blinding the beast.

“Hole’s closed!” yelled Pastry Pete, reloading his baguette bazooka. “It’s got a defense mechanism!”

“Of course it does,” Sammy muttered. “Why wouldn’t it?”

Grumbles the Glum and his sarcastic clowns surged forward, their pickle pies at the ready. Sniffles hurled a pie that burst into briny shrapnel, dissolving a tentacle into harmless jam.

“Eat this, you overgrown cruller!” Grumbles yelled, his frown deeper than ever as he launched a Tears of a Clown pie—filled with onion juice and existential dread.

The mega-doughnut recoiled, its glaze sizzling. Mr. Waffles the poodle, toupee askew, dove into the fray, chomping a sprinkler hose. Giggle Glaze geysered upward, drenching Madame Éclair in purple goo.

“Mon dieu,” she gasped, her eyes flickering purple. “I... love Mondays now...?”

“Not you too!” Sammy groaned, tackling her into a flour bin. He fumbled for his **Ultra-Briny Pickle

Juice**, squirting it into her nostrils.

She sneezed, her pupils returning to normal. “Ugh. Remind me

to never be happy again.” ---

Dr. Dipple’s laughter echoed from atop the mega-doughnut.

“Come on up, snoop! The view’s delicious!”

Sammy scaled the doughnut’s glazed ridges, dodging frosting lasers that melted craters into the roof. Dipple waited, wielding a Fondue Fork of Doom, its prongs crackling with electric sprinkles.

“Give up, Sammy! You’re outgunned, outnumbered, and out-sugared!” “Maybe,” Sammy said, brandishing his pickle-juice Super Soaker. “But you’re out of teeth.”

Dipple’s grin faltered. “What?”

Sammy fired. The pickle juice hit Dipple’s gleaming dentures, dissolving them into a puddle of metallic goo.

“MY SMILE!” Dipple wailed, clutching his gums. “YOU MONSTER!”

Below, Penny stood frozen, a Glazed Delight trembling in her

hand. The mega-doughnut's tentacle coiled around her, lifting her toward its gaping maw.

"Sammy...!" she screamed.

"Hang on!" Sammy tossed her the last pickle-juice grenade.

"Think of something sarcastic!" Penny closed her eyes.

"What's worse than a brainwashed town? Your haircut!"

She jammed the grenade into the tentacle. It exploded, drenching her in brine. The purple leg melted off her skin, and she dropped, free-falling into a net of sourdough starter stretched by the bakers.

"Missed you," Sammy called. "Missed you more, jerk!" Penny yelled back, grinning.

The mega-doughnut, critically wounded, began to collapse. Dimple scrambled toward the Sprinkle Vortex 3000, a swirling tornado of glitter and sugar. "I'll be back, Sprocket! Sweeter! Stickier! More Dental Implants!"

"Not today," Sammy said, kicking a Self-Replicating Doughnut

Hole into the vortex. It expanded, sucking Dipple into its sugary depths.

Dipple emerged on the other side—transformed into a human-sized doughnut with his faceimprinted on the glaze. “Curses! I’m... delicious!”

The vortex spat him into the stratosphere, his screams fading into a faint “Glaze the world...!” ---

EPILOGUE: THE CRUMBS OF VICTORY

The town of Jellybean Junction threw Grumblefest, a celebration of mild complaining and unsweetened snacks. The diner, rebranded The Sarcastic Scone, served black coffee and burnt toast. Sammy sat on the roof, nibbling a plain bagel. Penny tossed him a note she'd found in Dipple's slab—a singed parchment sealed with a muffin wrapper.

“Dear Dipple, Phase Three was genius. Phase Four begins soon. The Muffin Man rises. —A Friend.”

Sammy crumpled the note. “Great. Another carb-based villain.”

Grumbles joined them, sipping pickle brine from a thermos.

“Cheer up, kid. At least we’ve got this.”

He gestured to the town below, where Granny Grumpkin pied a Giggle Glaze billboard, and Mr. Waffles chased his tail through a sprinkler puddle.

“Yeah,” Sammy said, smirking. “It’s almost... joyful.”

Penny doused him in pickle juice. “Don’t push it.”

CHAPTER 9

THE UN-GLAZED TRUTH

The town of Jellybean Junction had traded its neon-pink sugar haze for a more reasonable shade of beige. The Grumblefest banners—now sagging and splattered with eggshell paint—flapped in the wind, declaring “Complaining: It’s an Art Form!” in bold, unenthusiastic letters. The air smelled of burnt toast and liberation.

Granny Grumpkin’s Anti-Joy Serum (now repurposed as hand sanitizer) had scrubbed the last traces of Giggle Glaze from the streets. Children scowled at rainbows. Bankers sighed at spreadsheets. Even the clouds drizzled lukewarm tea instead of sprinkles.

“Finally,” muttered Mr. Grumblepost, the postman, kicking a pebble. “A world where misery isn’t a dirty word.”

Dr. Dipple, stripped of his lab coat and dignity, scrubbed gum off the sidewalk with a toothbrush taped to a broomstick. His once-gleaming teeth were now mismatched Chiclets, courtesy of Sammy’s pickle juice.

“Scrub, Dipple, scrub!” cackled a passing toddler, lobbing a licorice whip at his head. “This is

humiliating,” Dipple hissed, picking licorice out of his hair. “I was a culinary visionary!”

“You were a menace,” corrected Granny Grumpkin, tossing him a mop. “Now you’re a janitor with a bad overbite. Get to work.”

Sammy and Penny stood behind the counter of their newly renovated diner, The SarcasticScone. The menu boasted:

Coffee*: \$2.50 (Tastes like regret, kicks like a mule). - Pickle Juice Shot: \$1.00 (For emergency de-glazing).*

Their first customer, Madame Éclair, slid into a booth. “I’ll have the Existential Oatmeal.”

“Coming right up,” Penny said, slamming a lumpy gray blob onto the table. “Ingredients: ennui, raisins, and a dash of ‘why bother?’”

Madame Éclair took a bite. “Magnifique. It tastes like... Monday morning.” ---

In the town square, Grumbles stood atop a podium made of stale baguettes, his frown etched deeper than ever. Mayor Chuckleberry (now demoted to Vice President of Mild Discontent) pinned a sash reading Minister of Mischief onto his polka-dotted overalls.

“Your duties,” the mayor announced, “include organizing annual pie fights, legalizing sarcasm, and ensuring no one smiles without a permit.”

Grumbles nodded. “First order of business: Replace all lollipops with brussels sprouts. Second:

Mandatory naps. Third: More naps.”

The crowd grumbled approvingly.

Later, Sammy rummaged through Dipple’s abandoned lab, now a storage closet for TheSarcastic Scone. Behind a stack of deflated whoopee cushions, he found a singed muffintin. Inside: a charred muffin with a note baked into its core.

“Dear Dipple, Phase Four rises. The world will knead my wrath. —The Muffin Man.” Sammy crumbled the note. “Great. Another carb catastrophe.”

Penny peered over his shoulder. “At least we’ve got pickle juice.”

“And this,” Sammy said, holding up a Self-Rising Sarcasm Generator he’d found in therubble.

“Perfect,” Penny smirked. “Let’s go ruin someone’s day.” ---

And so, in a town where laughter was once law, the sound of grumbling had never sounded sweeter... or more suspiciously

like a muffin tin rattling in the distance.

The Muffin Man's Malicious Muffins – Coming soon to a bakery near you. Watch your carbs.

Dahl-isms:

CHAPTER 10

THE LAST LAUGH

A year to the day after Dr. Dipple's downfall, the town square of Jellybean Junction buzzed with the sound of grumbling. Grumblefest was in full swing:

Sammy Sprocket leaned against the Statue of Mild Discontent (a bronze figure mid-eye-roll), nibbling a doughnut so plain, it made toast look decadent. Penny sat beside him, her hair dyed stormcloud gray and her boots permanently scuffed from kicking Dipple's leftover sprinklers.

"Remember when this place smelled like sugar and lies?" Penny said, flicking a pebble at a NoJoy Allowed sign.

“Pepperidge Farm remembers,” Sammy deadlined.

Dr. Dipple shuffled past, pushing a mop bucket filled with pickle juice and regret. His once-proud mustache drooped like wilted licorice.

“Enjoying the festivities, janitor?” Sammy called.

Dipple glared. “Laugh it up, Sprocket. But mark my words—sweetness always finds a way.” “Yeah?” Penny tossed him a doughnut hole. “Then chew on this.” Dipple caught it, grimaced, and hurled it into the

Sarcasm Bin. ---

As sunset painted the sky in shades of meh, a carrier pigeon dive-bombed Sammy, dropping a scroll sealed with a wax muffin stamp.

“Fan mail?” Penny asked.

“Doubt it.” Sammy unrolled the parchment. The note inside was written in looping cursive, sprinkled with crumbs:

Penny snorted. “Rhyming? Lamé.” “Lamé but effective,” Sammy said, pocketing the note. “Dipple was small-time. This guy’s got puns.”

At dusk, the town gathered for the Candlelight Whine, a ceremony where they extinguished candles by complaining about their wicks. Sammy stood apart, staring at the horizon where Dipple’s diner once loomed.

Grumbles the Glum sidled up, sipping pickle brine from a thermos. “Heard about the MuffinMan. Need backup?”

“Always,” Sammy said.

“Good. Clowns hate muffins. Too wholesome.”

As the crowd groaned a collective “Ughhhh” to snuff the final candle, Sammy bit into his doughnut—plain, unglazed, and gloriously bitter.

Somewhere in the distance, an oven timer dinged. Sammy smirked. Let it come. ---

The Muffin Man's Malicious Muffins – Coming soon. Watch your carbs.

Dahl-isms:

MEET THE CHARACTERS

SAMMY SPROCKET



*Sceptical 12-year-old investigator with Chaos Diary and
soda bottle goggles*

PENNY PUDDLE



*Razor-sharp 10-year-old detective with magnifying glass
necklace*

DR. DIPPLE



*Sinister doughnut villain with spiral handlebar moustache
and frosted lab coat*

GRUMBLES THE GLUM



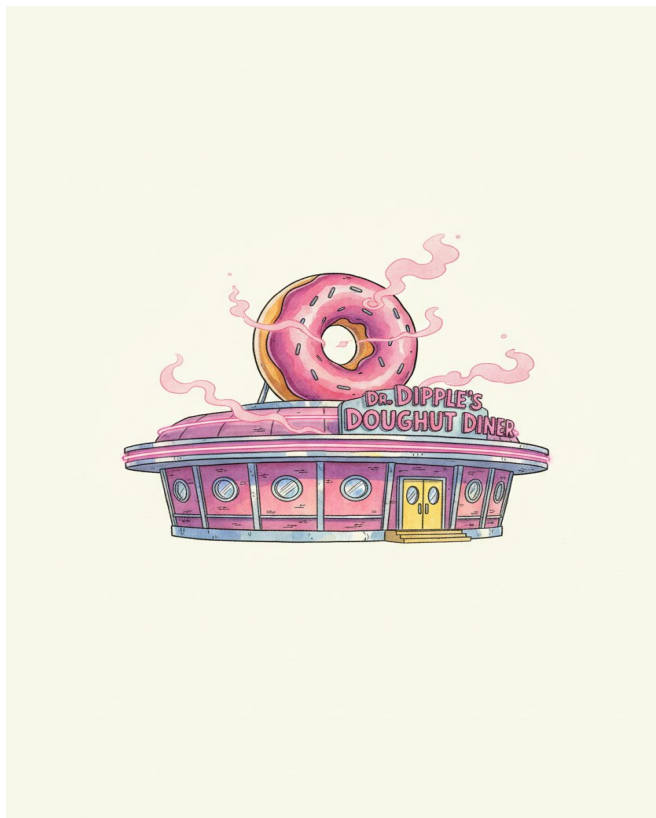
*Profoundly sad clown with polka-dot suspenders and
deepest frown in existence*

MAYOR CHUCKLEBERRY



Bewildered jolly mayor in polka-dot pyjamas clutching a rubber chicken

DR. DIPPLE'S DINER



Sinister neon-pink doughnut-shaped diner building

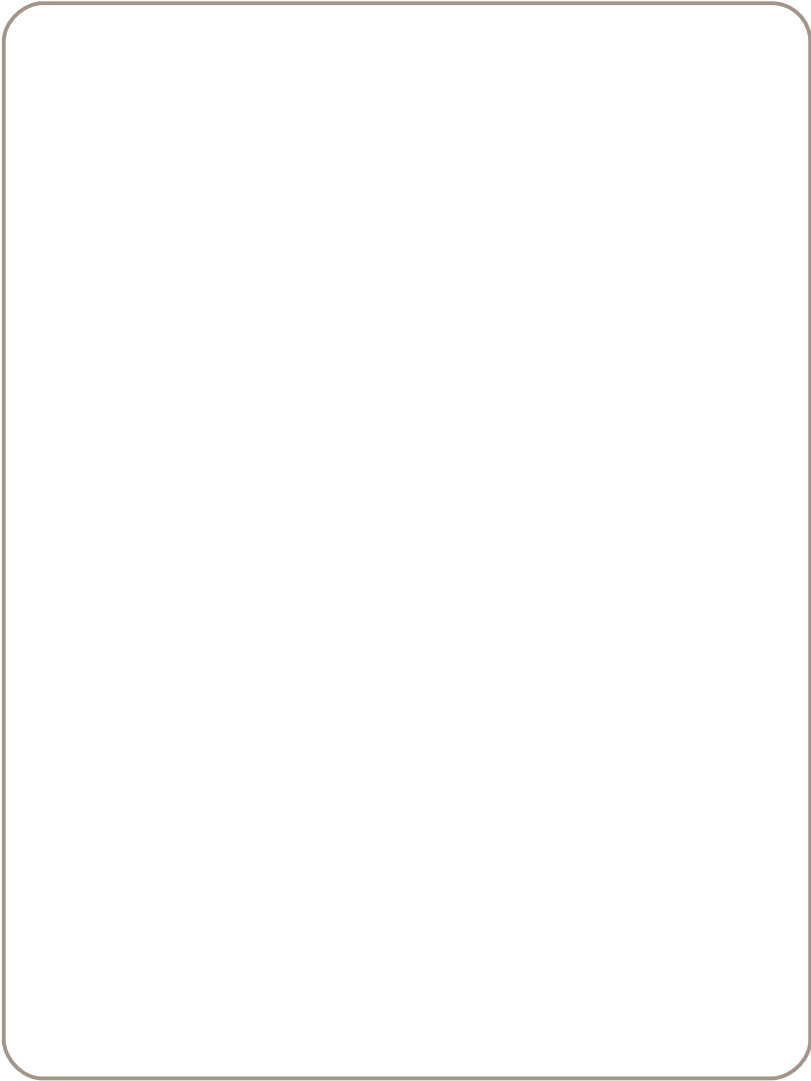
YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE

Draw Sammy Sprocket!



YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE

Draw your favourite moment from the story!

A large, empty rectangular box with rounded corners, intended for drawing. The box is outlined in a thin, dark brown line and occupies the central portion of the page, providing ample space for a child to draw their favorite moment from the story.

YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE

Design your very own Wobble character!



MORE FROM WOBBLE BOOKS



Muffin Man

Sammy Sprocket thought the villain business was over — until a secret message turned up baked inside his breakfast muffin. Now Sammy and his crumb-detecting best friend Penny must follow a trail of clues, catastrophic baking, and impending doom before Jellybean Junction gets itself into another sticky mess. Whatever you do, don't trust the muffins.

ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



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

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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