

WALLY WHIFFLEPUFF

By

M.C. WOBBLE

WOBBLE BOOKS

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Publisher: Wobble Books

ISBN Placeholder

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CHAPTER 1

WALLY WHIFFLEPUFF AND THE ART OF TRIPPING OVER AIR

The town of Blunderburg was a place where cobblestones conspired against ankles, lampposts leaned just a little too far left, and puddles waited hungrily for untied shoelaces. But no one in Blunderburg-not even Old Mrs. Thimblewick, who once slipped on a banana peel and somersaulted into a wedding cake-was quite as skilled at catastrophe as Wally Whifflepuff. Wally's knees were like jellyfish in a hurricane. His elbows had a mind of their own, often waving hello to strangers while the rest of him was busy crashing into fire hydrants. His parents, bless their patient souls, had long ago padded the corners of their house with sofa cushions and hung a sign on the door that read: "Caution: Wally in Motion."

On this particular Tuesday, Wally was attempting to deliver a basket of turnips to Mayor Guzzlewink's mansion. The mayor, a man with a mustache so waxed it could double as a slide for beetles, had declared turnips "the future of Blunderburg's economy" (though most townsfolk suspected he just hated carrots). Wally clutched the basket tightly, muttering his daily mantra: "Left foot, right foot, don't break anything, left foot, right-" CRASH.

It wasn't his fault, really. The statue of Blunderburg's founder, Sir Thaddeus Guzzlewink III (the mayor's great-great-great-grandfather), had been polished to such a shine that Wally mistook it for a giant butter sculpture. His toe caught the edge of the pedestal, and suddenly, Sir Thaddeus was airborne—a bronze mustache soaring majestically over the town square before landing headfirst in a duck pond.

"Bravo, Wally!" crowed Mr. Puddlesworth, the butcher, clapping flour-dusted hands. "That's the third statue this month!" "He's innovating," sniffed Miss Prunella, the librarian, adjusting her spectacles. "History needs a good shaking now and then." Wally's cheeks burned hotter than a dragon's sneeze. The ducks, meanwhile, seemed delighted with their new hat.

That night, as Wally scrubbed turnip pulp off the mayor's doorstep (a punishment deemed "character- building" by the town council), he stared up at the stars and whispered: "I just want to do one thing right. One thing that doesn't end with a splat or a crunch or a duck wearing a hat." Unbeknownst to Wally, something rustled in the hayloft of the barn next door. Something old, something hiccuping, and something that would make splats and crunches look like child's play...



CHAPTER 2

THE HICCUP IN THE HAYSTACK

Wally Whifflepuff did not consider himself an expert on much-unless tripping over his own shadow counted-but he did know this: barns were excellent places to hide from mortified embarrassment. After the Great Statue Incident (now immortalized in duck folklore), Wally fled to the creaky old barn on the edge of town. It smelled of hay, rust, and secrets-three things Wally understood deeply. He flopped onto a hay bale, sending a family of mice scurrying into a nearby boot.

The teapot shuddered, belching a cloud of smoke that smelled suspiciously of burnt marshmallows. Out tumbled a lanky figure in paisley pajamas, clutching a kazoo and hiccuping

violently. "Greetingsssssss—HIC!- mortal!" the figure wheezed, his voice ricocheting between a trumpet and a deflating balloon. "I am Spindle, Genie of the—HIC! —Third-Wobbliest Wish!"

Wally blinked. "You've got the hiccups." "Astute observation!" Spindle snapped, his turban slipping over one eye. "Centuries trapped in a teapot with nothing to drink but stale ssssss-HIC!- starlight does wonders for the diaphragm!" Wally inched backward, tripping over Geraldine's teacup egg. "Can I... help?" "Help? HIC! You can wish!" Spindle thrust the kazoo at him. "Three wishes! But fair warning: My hiccups make things... unpredictable. Yesterday, I turned a knight's request for 'a steed of fire' into a flamingo in a— HIC!-sweater."

Wally's heart galloped. A genie! He'd read about this in 101 Tales of Mayhem and Muffins. But what to wish for? Something safe. Something simple. "I want a pet dragon!" he blurted. HIC-POP-FIZZLE! The air crackled. A tiny, scaly creature materialized mid-sneeze, setting Geraldine's hay bale ablaze. "Um," said Wally, staring at the guinea pig-sized dragon now perched on his knee. It had wings like crumpled napkins and a sneeze that shot sparks.

"But... I asked for a dragon!" "And I hiccuped!" Spindle retorted. "You're lucky he's not a sentient sock. Now, two wishes left. Proceed with-HIC!-caution." Wally opened his mouth, then froze. Outside, the barn door creaked. "Oi! Someone in there?" growled a voice like gravel in a blender. The Bumbling Belcher Brothers-Mayor Guzzlewink's henchmen-lurked outside, their shadows stretching across the hay like greedy fingers.

"Quick!" Spindle hissed. "Wish us out of-" HIC-BLURGLE! The teapot vanished. So did Spindle. In his place stood a very confused llama wearing a fez. Wally facepalmed. "Oh, turnip cakes."



CHAPTER 3

THE MAYHEM OF MISMATCHED MITTENS

Wally Whifflepuff had survived many things: a pumpkin catapult incident, a runaway wheelbarrow named Terrence, and even the time he accidentally glued his hair to a porcupine (don't ask). But nothing prepared him for the chaos of a hiccuping genie, a llama in a fez, and the Bumbling Belcher Brothers sniffing around the barn like bloodhounds with a cheese addiction. "Psst! Llama... Spindle?" Wally whispered, tugging the fez off the bewildered creature. "Change back! And take Sir Snortgurgle with you!"

The llama blinked, spat a clump of hay at Geraldine, and vanished in a puff of lavender smoke-along with the guinea dragon, who left a scorch mark shaped like a grumpy face on

the barn wall. "There he is!" roared Boris Belcher, his beard bristling with crumbs from yesterday's lunch. "The turnip-tosser who flattened Sir Thaddeus!" Wally did what he did best: He tripped. His elbow knocked over a bucket of molasses, which splattered across the barn floor just as the Belcher Brothers lunged. They slid past him like walruses on a waterslide, crashing into a tower of empty pickle jars.

"Quick thinking, lad!" cackled Old Mrs. Thimblewick, who'd been hiding in the rafters to "supervise the mice." She tossed Wally a jar of peppermints and a woolly hat with earflaps.

"Now run!" Wally ran. By dawn, he'd holed up in Blunderburg's abandoned igloo (donated by a confused explorer in 1923). His toes were numb, his nose was a popsicle, and his only company was Sir Snortgurgle, who'd reappeared with a new hobby: melting snowflakes midair.

"I need mittens," Wally muttered, blowing on his fingers. "The coziest mittens ever. No hiccups, no llamas-just warm, boring mittens." He rubbed Spindle's teapot (now inexplicably tucked in his pocket) and wished. HIC-SPLORCH! The igloo shook. Sir Snortgurgle sneezed a hole in the ceiling. And suddenly, Blunderburg was buried under a blizzard of... wool. Giant

mittens-striped, polka-dotted, and one knitted to look like a screaming turnip-rained from the sky. Every citizen's hands were instantly yanked into a pair, fingers trapped in fuzzy fist-bumps.

"My hands!" wailed Miss Prunella, trying to shelve books with oven-mitt paws. "I can't shush anyone like this!" The butcher's sausages rolled into the streets. The town's dogs, now walked by feet, dragged their owners through puddles. And Mayor Guzzlewink, attempting to count his gold-plated paperclips, accidentally stapled his mustache to a tax form.

"This is your fault, Whifflepuff!" the mayor bellowed, his voice muffled by a mitten shaped like a duck. Wally cringed. Sir Snortgurgle, however, was thriving. The guinea dragon perched on a lamppost, roasting marshmallows over a streetlamp and snickering smoke rings. "How do I fix this?" Wally begged Spindle, who'd reappeared mid-hiccup, tangled in a scarf.

"You sssssee-HIC!—the problem," the genie wheezed, "is specificity. Wishing for mittens? Too vague! Should've said, 'Mittens that only I can wear, made of spider silk, starlight, and... hic... bubblegum!'" "Bubblegum?" "It's stretchy!" Wally

groaned. "Can't you undo it?" "Not without another wish. And you've only got one left." Spindle eyed the mayor, who was now stuck to a mailbox by his mittens. "Choose wisely, kid."

As Blunderburg descended into knitted anarchy, Wally realized two things: Genies are terrible at interior design. Fixing a wish requires more than luck-it takes a plan. A hiccup-proof plan.



CHAPTER 4

MAYOR GUZZLEWINK'S GLINTY GAMBIT

The town of Blunderburg resembled a yarn explosion. Mittens dangled from rooftops, strangled lampposts, and even clung to pigeons, turning them into woolly missiles. Mayor Guzzlewink, his hands trapped inside duck-shaped mittens (quacking ominously with every gesture), stormed through the streets, his waxed mustache quivering like an angry caterpillar.

"WHIFFLEPUFF!" he roared, kicking a mitten off his shoe.

"This is vandalism! Anarchy! Unmitigated knit-astrophe!"

"We've got to fix this," Wally whispered. "But how?" "Simple!" Spindle said. "Use your last wish. Just say, 'I wish everyone's mittens would-HIC! -vanish into the void!'" "And if you hiccup again? What if everyone's hands vanish into the void?"

"...Minor details," Spindle mumbled, suddenly fascinated by a passing snowflake.

Before Wally could argue, a smell wafted through the air—a smell that made Sir Snortgurgle's nostrils flare and Wally's stomach gurgle: buttered waffles. CRASH! A waffle cart careened around the corner, pulled by a goat wearing a top hat. Its driver, a frazzled woman in a syrup-stained apron, screamed, "THEY'RE AFTER ME! THE BELCHERS ARE AFTER THE SECRET SAUCE!"

Right on cue, Boris and Bert Belcher thundered into view, their bellies sloshing like soup cauldrons. Boris wielded a spaghetti ladle; Bert brandished a cheese grater. "Distraction time!" Wally yelped, diving into a hedge. But the Belchers weren't after waffles. They lunged for Spindle's teapot, which Wally had foolishly left balancing on the igloo's doorstep.

"Grab the glowy kettle!" Boris belched. "The mayor wants it for his colleckshun!" Bert added, snatching the teapot with a grin that revealed three teeth (and a pea). Sir Snortgurgle shot a warning flame, but Bert deflected it with the cheese grater, scattering toasted sparks. "No!" Wally cried, tripping over his

own mittens. "Give it back!"

"Too late, Turnip-breath!" Boris sneered. "The mayor's gonna wish himself a golden castle! A golden hat! A golden-" HONK! The waffle goat rammed Boris, sending the teapot flying. Spindle dove to catch it- HIC-POP! -and turned into a potted fern.

The mayor's mansion was already obnoxious: marble floors, chandeliers made of tax coins, and a portrait gallery of his ancestors (all frowning). But now, Mayor Guzzlewink aimed for gaudy. "Genie!" he barked, shaking the teapot (which now held the fern-Spindle). "I wish my mansion was SOLID GOLD!"

Spindle, back in genie form but hiccuping violently from inside the fern pot, groaned. "Y-you might want to specify solid-" HIC-SPLURGE! The mansion glistened. Then it groaned. Then it melted. Gold oozed down walls like radioactive honey. The mayor's prized portrait of Sir Thaddeus dribbled into his boots. The Belcher Brothers, mid-cackle, found themselves waist-deep in molten luxury.

"You blithering barnacle!" the mayor shrieked, paddling with a candlestick. "Fix it!" "Can't!" Spindle hiccuped, bobbing on a golden wave. "Next wish is Wally's!"

Wally stared at the horizon, where the mayor's mansion slumped into a glowing puddle. Sir Snortgurgle burped a smoke ring shaped like a thumbs-up. "Alright," Wally said, pulling his mitten-hat low. "Time to un-wobble this wish." He patted the guinea dragon's head and whispered, "Let's go steal back a genie."



CHAPTER 5

THE PERILOUS PUDDING SWAMP

The road to Mayor Guzzlewink's melted mansion was blocked by two things: A moat of molten gold (now cooling into a suspiciously glittery Jell-O). A vast, quivering swamp that burped bubbles the size of sheep. Wally peered at the swamp. It wasn't water. It wasn't mud. It was... tapioca.

"Sentient pudding," Spindle groaned, materializing briefly (perhaps as a flamingo lawn ornament stuck in the Jell-O) before hiccuping into a puff of smoke. "The mayor's security system. One wrong step and- HIC!glorp." Sir Snortgurgle sniffed the air, sneezed a tiny flame, and promptly lit a tapioca bubble on fire. It screamed. "Right," Wally said, tightening his mitten-hat. "No sneezing."

The swamp gurgled menacingly. Wally's first step sank him knee-deep into vanilla-scented goo. His second step triggered a tapioca tentacle that latched onto his ankle. "Bad pudding! Bad!" he yelped, shaking his leg. The tentacle slurped louder. Sir Snortgurgle chomped it off, spat it out, and burped a smoke ring that read: YUM? "Don't eat the security system!" Wally hissed. But the guinea dragon was already pawing at a caramel whirlpool, his tail flicking with curiosity.

The swamp erupted. Tapioca tidal waves loomed, studded with gummy fish that gnashed licorice teeth. Wally lunged for Sir Snortgurgle, tripped over a rogue marshmallow, and accidentally stomped a rhythm into the muck:

SQUELCH-SPLAT-GLURP! SQUELCH- SPLAT-GLURP!

The swamp paused. A bubble burst in time with Wally's stomps. Then, slowly, the tapioca began to... shimmy. "It's dancing!" Wally gasped.

He stomped again, elbows flailing, knees wobbling, turning his signature clumsiness into a jig that would make a tornado jealous. The swamp's waves melted into ripples, parting to form a bouncy path straight ahead. Even the gummy fish bobbed along, humming through their licorice lips.

Sir Snortgurgle, impressed, toasted a tapioca bubble into a crème brûlée and trotted after Wally. "See?" Wally panted, dodging a rogue sprinkle geyser. "I'm not just a disaster!" BLORP. The swamp spat them out at the foot of the mayor's mansion-or what was left of it. The golden ooze had hardened into a lumpy monument to greed, with Guzzlewink's face frozen mid-scream in the front door.

"Now what?" Wally muttered. CLUNK. A gargantuan gumball machine rolled into view, its glass belly filled with rainbow orbs the size of boulders. A sign on its side read: GUZZLEWINKS'S GUARDIAN – INSERT COIN TO DEFEAT INTRUDERS. Sir Snortgurgle sneezed a question mark-shaped flame. "No coins," Wally said. "But maybe..." He pulled a half-melted peppermint from his pocket (courtesy of Mrs. Thimblewick) and lobbed it into the coin slot. The machine growled. "Or... maybe not." KER-CHUNK!



CHAPTER 6

THE GREAT GUMBALL GUARDIAN'S STICKY SITUATION

The gumball guardian wasn't just big. It was obnoxiously big—a kaleidoscopic contraption that clattered and hissed like a steam engine with a sugar addiction. Its glass belly glowed with orbs in every color, each labeled with ominous slogans: Cherry Red: Sticky Situation! Lemon Yellow: Sour Surprise! Midnight Blue: Stuck in Time (For a While)!

"This," Wally said, ducking as a lime-green orb exploded into slime beside him, "is the worst pinball game ever." Sir Snortgurgle, ever the optimist, belched a flame at the machine. The fire ricocheted off its glass belly, igniting a nearby topiary shaped like the mayor's ego (which, coincidentally, was also on fire). KER-CHUNK! The guardian fired a midnight-blue orb.

Wally tripped over his own feet, accidentally body-slamming Sir Snortgurgle into a hedge. The orb missed them but struck the mayor's frozen golden face, freezing it even midder-scream.

"Genius!" Wally cried. "If we can lure it to shoot the mayor's statue, maybe it'll—" HONK! A familiar waffle goat galloped into the fray, the Belcher Brothers clinging to its back. Boris hurled a sausage at Wally. "Hand over the genie, Turnip-breath!" "He's not a genie right now!" Wally shouted back, pointing at Spindle-who had hiccuped into a potted cactus and was busy arguing with a ladybug. KER-CHUNK! The guardian fired a cherry-red orb directly at the goat. It hit Bert Belcher's backside, gluing him to the waffle cart. "I'M AWAFFLIFIED!" he wailed.

Seizing the chaos, Wally scrambled up the guardian's side, using Sir Snortgurgle's flames to melt handholds into the glass. The machine shuddered, firing rainbow orbs wildly. One hit Boris, turning his beard into taffy. Another struck the waffle goat, transforming its top hat into a toucan.

"Almost... there..." Wally reached the coin slot-now oozing peppermint goo-and shoved Spindle's teapot (containing the

cactus-Spindle) inside. "Eat this, you overgrown jawbreaker!" GRIND-GURGLE-CRUNCH! The guardian wheezed. Smoke billowed from its seams. Then, with a sound like a thousand soda cans being crushed, it exploded, raining gumdrops and gears.

Sir Snortgurgle swooped in, catching Wally mid-fall and skidding to a stop in a mountain of rainbow gum. The Belcher Brothers? Entombed in a caramel cocoon, snoring. "Nice work, partner," Wally said, plucking a gumball from his hair. Sir Snortgurgle sneezed-a tiny flame that toasted the gum into a glittery bridge over the moat. Beyond it, the mayor's molten mansion awaited, its golden doors creaking open to reveal... "A library?" Wally blinked.

The once-gilded halls were now shelves upon shelves of books, ladders, and a suspiciously familiar llama wearing a fez. Spindle, back in genie form (no longer a cactus), waved from a pile of encyclopedias. "Turns out," the genie hiccuped, "the mansion's true treasure was knowledge. Also, there's a first edition 101 Tales of Mayhem and Muffins in the bathroom." Mayor Guzzlewink, still half-frozen in the doorway, groaned from his golden prison. "I HATE BOOKS!" "Noted," Wally

said, grinning. "Now, about that last wish..."

CHAPTER 7

THE WISDOM IN THE WALLS

Wally stepped inside. The air, once thick with the smell of molten gold and Mayor Guzzlewink's outrage, now hummed with the quiet scent of old paper and possibility. Bookshelves lined every wall, stretching up to ceilings that no longer dripped but soared, painted with constellations that twinkled with genuine starlight (a lingering touch of Spindle's magic, no doubt). Sir Snortgurgle sniffed a copy of *Dragons for Dummies* and let out a contended puff of lavender smoke. The llama in the fez—who Wally now realized must be a permanent, albeit confused, fixture —was attempting to nibble on a thesaurus.

"So," Wally began, looking at Spindle, who was now attempting to balance a kazoo on his nose, "my last wish

made... all this?" Spindle hiccuped, a small, almost polite hic! "Sort of! You wished for the mansion's true treasure. Turns out, old Guzzlewink the First, the really, really ancient one, was a secret bookworm! He built this place as a hidden library. His descendants just... gilded over it. Your wish just peeled back the gaudy layers, and my hiccups... well, they added the llama. And the self-rearranging encyclopedias." Indeed, a set of encyclopedias was slowly waltzing across a nearby table.

Mayor Guzzlewink, still encased in hardened gold from the chest down, managed a splutter. "My ancestor... a... a reader? Preposterous! This is all your fault, Whifflepuff!" Wally ignored him. "So, the Belcher Brothers are stuck in caramel, and the Mayor is a garden gnome. What now?" "Now," Spindle said, his turban finally sitting straight, "we explore! And maybe find a cure for these lingering HIC!-cups. They're less... world-altering, but still annoying." He pointed to a particularly dusty section. "Legend says Guzzlewink the First hid his most prized possession here – something called the Golden Dandelion, said to grant... well, something good. Probably not eternal youth, that's usually more trouble than it's worth." Unseen by them, Mayor Guzzlewink's eyes, the only part of him not covered in gold that could still move with any real

vigor, widened. The Golden Dandelion! That sounded much better than turnips!

News of the new Blunderburg Community Library spread faster than Mrs. Thimblewick's elderflower jam. Townsfolk, still wearing their mismatched giant mittens (as no one had wished them away specifically), cautiously approached. Miss Prunella was ecstatic, her oven-mitt paws practically vibrating with joy as she discovered a rare first edition of *Advanced Shushing Techniques*. Even Mr. Puddlesworth found a book on artisanal sausage-making that didn't involve turnips. Blunderburg, for the first time in a long time, was... quiet. And then, it was filled with the gentle rustle of turning pages. Wally felt a warmth spread through him that had nothing to do with Sir Snortgurgle attempting to toast a marshmallow on his shoulder. Maybe, just maybe, this was his "one thing right."

CHAPTER 8

THE GREAT GOLDEN ESCAPE (AND A STICKY PLAN)

While Blunderburg discovered the joys of reading (even if it was through giant, unwieldy mittens), Mayor Guzzlewink was having a terrible time. Being a half- golden statue in one's own doorway was undignified. Worse, he could hear the happy murmurs from inside his former mansion. And worst of all, he had an itch on his nose he couldn't scratch. "This Golden Dandelion," he muttered, the words clinking slightly. "It must be mine. It'll fix everything! I'll wish for my mansion back, for these infernal mittens to vanish, and for Whifflepuff to be mayor of... of a turnip patch in the arctic!"

Meanwhile, the Belcher Brothers, still cocooned in caramel near the exploded Gumball Guardian, were also having a

moment. The sun had been beating down on their sweet prison, making it soft and gooey. Boris, driven by a sudden craving for pickled onions, managed to get an arm free. Then Bert, remembering there might be a half-eaten sandwich in his pocket, wriggled his way out too. "Freedom!" Boris declared, sticky but triumphant. "And I'm starving!" "Look!" Bert pointed a syrupy finger. "It's the Mayor! And he's... less shiny than before!" Indeed, Mayor Guzzlewink had managed to shed most of his golden shell, emerging like a rather grumpy, disheveled butterfly. He was covered in gold flakes and very cross.

"Belchers!" he hissed. "Just the dimwits I need! There's a treasure in that... that book-infested hovel! The Golden Dandelion! We're going to steal it!" Boris scratched his head, leaving a streak of caramel. "Steal a flower, boss? What's it do? Make you sneeze gold?" "It's powerful, you oafs!" Guzzlewink snapped. "It'll restore me to my rightful glory! Now, here's the plan..." The plan, as it turned out, involved a lot of tiptoeing (which the Belchers were terrible at), disguises (a single, oversized trench coat for all three of them), and waiting for Wally and Spindle to be distracted trying to cure Spindle's now rather gentle, but persistent, hiccups.

CHAPTER 9

A HICCUP CURE, A LIBRARY HEIST, AND A GUINEA DRAGON'S SIZZLING ENCORE

The Blunderburg Community Library (formerly Mayor Guzzlewink's mansion) was a place of polished oak, whispering pages, and a lingering smell of molten gold. Its grandest treasure? The Golden Dandelion, a shimmering flower hidden in a dusty encyclopedia titled "How to Not Be a Greedy Goose"-donated by Spindle, who'd taken up gardening in the fiction aisle. "The Elixir of Elegance," Wally muttered, squinting at Spindle's recipe scribbled on a napkin. "Ginger tea? That's it?"

"And a dash of self-sssss-HIC! -acceptance," Spindle said, flopping onto a beanbag made of old tax forms. "But who has time for that?" Wally's heart sank. After all the chaos-the

mittens, the pudding, the llama incidents-the cure for Spindle's hiccups was... feelings? CRASH! A shadowy figure in earmuffs (Mayor Guzzlewink, trying to muffle his own heavy breathing) tiptoed through the cookbook section, stuffing the Golden Dandelion into a sack labeled SWAG. Behind him, the Belcher Brothers pilfered rare first editions, using Boris' now slightly less taffy-like but still sticky beard as a grappling hook to reach high shelves.

"They're stealing the flower!" Wally hissed. "And my first edition Mayhem and Muffins!" Spindle gasped, hiccuping into a potted fern so violently that the fern shot three feet into the air. Sir Snortgurgle, napping atop "Advanced Calculus for Toads", woke with a snort. His scales flared-a dragon-sized uh-oh.

Guzzlewink's plan was simple: Steal the Golden Dandelion (eternal youth beats being a library janitor). Sell it. Buy a new mansion shaped like his face. But the mayor hadn't accounted for two things: The library's Self-Updating Dewey Decimal System, which, sensing an unauthorized withdrawal, began to hurl books like paper missiles. Sir Snortgurgle's newfound love of librarianship.

"Stop them!" Wally yelled as "101 Uses for Turnips" torpedoed Bert Belcher into the gardening section. Sir Snortgurgle dive-bombed, melting Boris' beard- taffy (what was left of it) into caramel sauce that dripped all over a display of How to Bake Bread Without Burning Down the Town. The mayor, meanwhile, clambered up a rolling ladder, the Golden Dandelion clutched in his mittened fist (he'd found his old duck-mitten and couldn't resist putting it on). "You'll never take me alive, Whifflepuff!" he crowed.

"I don't want you alive!" Wally protested. "I just want the flower!" HIC-BOING! Spindle, mid-rescue attempt, hiccuped into a stack of cookbooks. The cookbooks flew open, recipes for soufflé and self-doubt swirling in the air. The ladder wobbled. The mayor squealed. And Wally, in a move that defied physics (and several bylaws of the library), tripped over his own shoelaces, slid across a polished floor, and karate-chopped the ladder's wheels clean off. The mayor slid backward, crash-landing in the "Self-Help" section-specifically, atop a large, plushy copy of "Embracing Your Inner Potato" .

"Give it up, Guzzlewink!" Wally said, snatching the Golden Dandelion. "You're literally surrounded by books about not

being terrible." The mayor growled. Spindle hiccuped. Sir Snortgurgle belched a smoke ring that read: BORING. CAN I TOAST HIM? Then Wally remembered the napkin. Self-acceptance.

He turned to Spindle. "You don't need the Elixir. You're already a great genie-hiccups and all. You gave us Sir Snortgurgle, this amazing library, and even that confused llama. You're perfect just the way you HIC!-are!" Oh dear, now Wally had a sympathetic hiccup. Spindle blinked. "But I'm sssss—HIC! sssss-" "You're Spindle. Kazoo maestro. Fern enthusiast. My friend." Wally patted the genie's shoulder, trying to ignore his own new, annoying HIC! . HIC... (from Spindle) HIC! (from Wally) ...silence. (from Spindle) HIC! (still Wally)

Spindle's hiccups vanished. He stared at his hands, then at Wally. "Did you just... hug the hiccups out of me? And catch them yourself?" "I prefer to call it strategic affection," Wally said, dodging a flying meatloaf recipe book and trying to suppress another HIC!. "Now, how do I get rid of them?"

With a flick of his now hiccup-free wrist, Spindle restored order. First, he gently took Wally's shoulders. "Just accept the

wobble, Wally. You're great because you're clumsy, not despite it." Wally took a deep breath, thought about all the good things his trips had caused, and his own HIC! vanished. Then, Spindle turned to the rest: The Golden Dandelion floated back to its encyclopedia. The Belcher Brothers were wrapped in "Knitting for Prisoners" yarn, looking surprisingly content. The mayor? Trapped in the children's section, forced to read "The Very Hungry (But Ethically Responsible) Caterpillar" on loop, with Miss Prunella supervising sternly.

To celebrate, Sir Snortgurge unleashed his pièce de résistance: a fiery sneeze that spelled THE END... OF TROUBLE (FOR NOW) in smoke above the library. "Bravo!" cheered Mrs. Thimblewick, popping popcorn with a candle she'd lit with a stray spark from Snortgurge. "Encore!" The guinea dragon obliged, roasting marshmallows over the mayor's fuming (but still mittened) head.

CHAPTER 10

THE WORKSHOP OF WOBBLY WISHES

A week later, the Blunderburg Community Library was the heart of the town. The yarn from the Belcher Brothers' predicament had been repurposed by Mrs. Thimblewick into cozy book covers and surprisingly fashionable scarves for the statues (the few that remained upright). Mayor Guzzlewink, having read "The Very Hungry (But Ethically Responsible) Caterpillar" seventy- three times, was actually starting to quote it. "I'm still hungry... for justice!" he'd mumble, though Miss Prunella suspected he was mostly hungry for non-caterpillar-themed food.

Wally, for the first time, didn't feel like a walking catastrophe. He felt... useful. He'd even started a "Clumsy Corner" in the

library, where children could learn to fall safely and laugh about it. It was surprisingly popular. Spindle, now gloriously hiccup-free, had set up a small booth near the entrance under a sign that read: "SPINDLE'S WISH WORKSHOP: REFINING YOUR DESIRES, NO REFUNDS, MINOR MAGICAL MISAPS STILL POSSIBLE."

His first customer was Mr. Puddlesworth. "I wish," the butcher declared, "for sausages that never go bad!" Spindle tapped his chin. "Hmm, 'never go bad' is a bit... eternal. How about 'sausages that stay perfectly fresh for a whole Blunderburg summer festival, and also repel turnip-loving mayors'?" "Perfect!" Mr. Puddlesworth beamed. With a gentle wave of Spindle's kazoo (he still kept it for sentimental reasons), a single, perfectly plump sausage appeared, smelling faintly of rosemary and defiance.

Next was a little girl who wished her doll could talk. Spindle refined it to "a doll that can offer encouraging words and occasionally remind you to do your chores." Wally watched, fascinated. "You're really good at this, Spindle." "It's all about specificity and intention," Spindle said wisely. "And a little bit of knowing that what people think they want isn't always what

they need." He winked. "Like your dragon. You got Sir Snortgurgle, who's much more suited to Blunderburg than some fire-breathing behemoth." Sir Snortgurgle, as if on cue, sneezed a perfect smoke ring that hovered over the "Quiet Please" sign, temporarily changing it to "Quiet...ish, Please." The llama in the fez trotted by, now wearing a pair of reading glasses and carrying a copy of "Llama Linguistics." It seemed Blunderburg was truly embracing its new, wonderfully wobbly identity.

CHAPTER 11

WOBBLEBURG IS BORN!

The success of Spindle's Wish Workshop and the general air of cheerful chaos gave Old Mrs. Thimblewick an idea. "This town isn't Blunderburg anymore!" she declared at the next town meeting (held in the library's spacious "Slightly Singed Stories" wing, named after a minor incident involving Sir Snortgurgle and a poetry anthology). "We don't just blunder," she continued, her knitting needles clicking. "We wobble! We weave! We sometimes fall flat on our faces, but we do it with style! I propose we rename our town... Wobbleburg!"

The festival was a triumph of glorious imperfection. There was the "Teetering Turnip Tower" contest (won by Geraldine the chicken, who simply laid an egg on top, causing the whole

thing to lean precariously but not fall). The "Synchronized Slipping" competition on a butter-slicked dance floor (Wally was an accidental judge, having slid into the judges' table). And Sir Snortgurgle put on a "Controlled Conflagration" display, toasting marshmallows for everyone by sneezing intricate patterns of flame.

Spindle's Wish Workshop offered "Festival Finetuning": "I wish my pie would win the pie contest!" became "I wish my pie brings joy to all who taste it (and maybe gets an honorable mention for wobbliest crust!)." "I wish I wouldn't trip during the three-legged race!" became "I wish my three-legged race partner and I have the most fun, even if we end up in a delightful tangle!" Wally, leading the "Parade of Peculiar Postures," found himself tripping over an untied shoelace right in front of the reviewing stand. Instead of groans, he heard cheers. He picked himself up, took a bow, and accidentally knocked over a carafe of lemonade, which splashed artfully onto a banner, improving its design considerably.

CHAPTER 12

WALLY'S WOBBLY WISDOM AND A TOWN LEARNING TO DANCE IN THE RAIN

The town of Wobbleburg had always hated rain. Rain meant soggy socks, frizzy hair, and puddles that disguised themselves as shallow puddles but were actually bottomless portals to despair (or so claimed Old Mrs. Thimblewick). But today, the sky didn't just rain-it salsa-danced. Thunder drummed, lightning flickered like disco strobes, and the clouds spun in pirouettes, drenching Wobbleburg in a storm that smelled of lemonade and possibility.

The crowd murmured. Mayor Guzzlewink, now Wobbleburg's official Chair of Ethical Reading and Enthusiastic Page-Turning, crossed his arms. "This is undignified." "Exactly!" Wally said, kicking off his shoes. "Who needs

dignity when you've got splashes?" He leaped into the nearest puddle. SPLOSH! The puddle giggled. Then it bounced, launching Wally three feet in the air. Sir Snortgurgle flapped his crumpled wings, sneezing a spiral of sparks that turned raindrops into glitter.

"Come on!" Wally yelled, sliding through a mud slick that turned into a chocolate fondue fountain. "The wobblier, the better!" One by one, the townsfolk followed: Miss Prunella twirled, her shushes melting into jazz scats. The Belcher Brothers waltzed, still tangled in some leftover festival yarn but harmonizing surprisingly well. Even Mayor Guzzlewink, after a stern glare from "The Hugging Handbook" (which Mrs. Thimblewick was holding up), dabbed a toe in a puddle... then belly-flopped, cackling like a hyena on a trampoline.

Spindle, hiccup-free at last, waved his kazoo. "Time for my final wish! My gift to Wobbleburg!" POOF! Every raindrop became a tiny mirror, reflecting not faces, but dreams: A baker saw her future cupcake empire. A grumpy fishmonger glimpsed himself as a calypso singer. And Wally? He saw himself exactly as he was—elbows akimbo, socks mismatched, and grinning like a loon.

"The magic was in you all along," Spindle said, winking. "I just... polished it." As the storm faded, Wobbleburg gleamed-not with gold, but with mud pies, dripping hair, and the warm, sticky glow of a community that finally understood: Life isn't about avoiding stumbles. It's about styling them out.

EPILOGUE: ONE YEAR LATER

The town, officially named Wobbleburg, thrived. The statue of Sir Thaddeus was replaced with a bronze Wally mid- trip, arms flailing, face alight with joy. Annual traditions included: The Great Mitten Toss (all giant, mismatched mittens ceremonially tossed into a fondue pot of melted cheese, then eaten with long forks). Soggy Sock Day, where the squelchiest, most creatively mud-stained socks won prizes (usually more socks). Sir Snortgurgle's Sparktacular, a fireworks show fueled by the guinea dragon's perfectly timed sneezes, spelling out encouraging, wobbly words in the night sky.

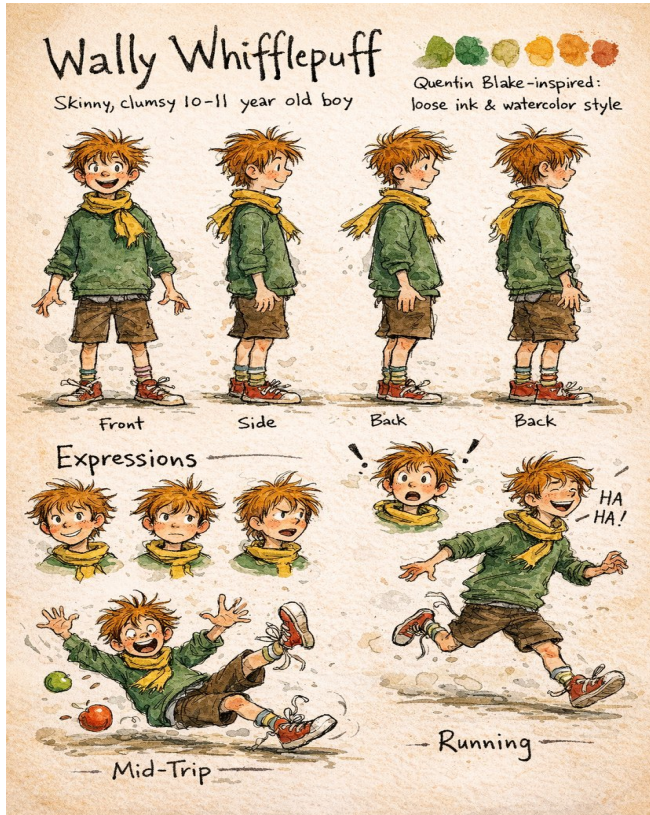
Spindle opened a permanent Wish Repair & Refinement Shoppe, fixing botched wishes from neighboring towns with a

mix of kazoo tunes, common sense, and minor enchantments. Mayor Guzzlewink, now a beloved children's storyteller (specializing in tales of grumpy giants who learn to share), penned a bestseller: "The Grump Who Learned to Gruff Less (and Love Libraries More)" . And Wally? He still tripped. He still stumbled. He still occasionally sent fruit carts flying. But now, whenever he heard the splat of a puddle or the crunch of a misstep, he'd smile, wink, and say: "Watch this-I've been practicing."

And then he'd often execute a perfectly imperfect tumble, landing with a flourish and a grin, usually righting something else that had gone awry in the process.

MEET THE CHARACTERS

WALLY WHIFFLEPUFF



Skinny, clumsy 10-11 year old boy

SPINDLE THE GENIE



Tall lanky hiccuping genie with a kazoo

SIR SNORTGURGLE



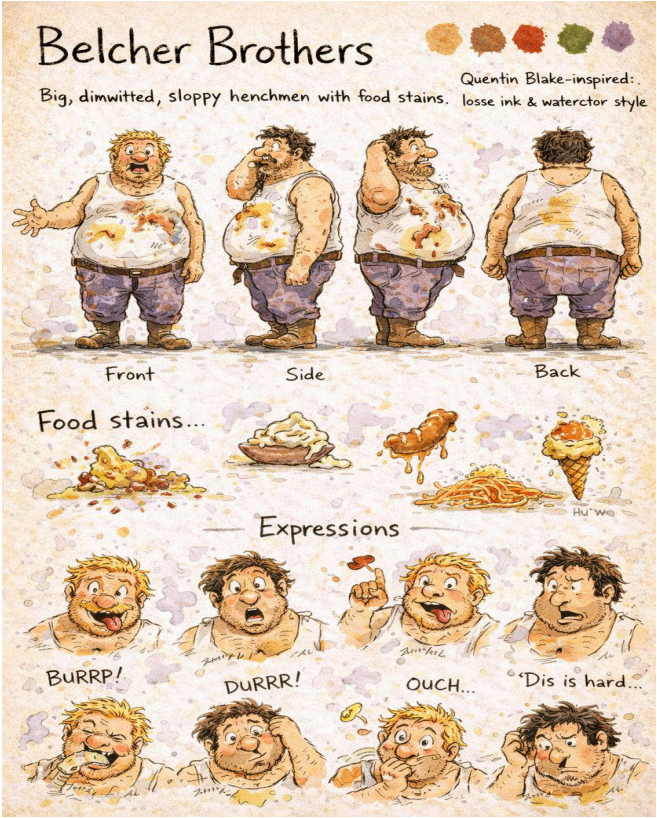
Guinea-pig-sized dragon with napkin wings

MAYOR GUZZLEWINK III



Grandiose mayor with comically waxed moustache

THE BELCHER BROTHERS



Big dimwitted henchmen with food stains

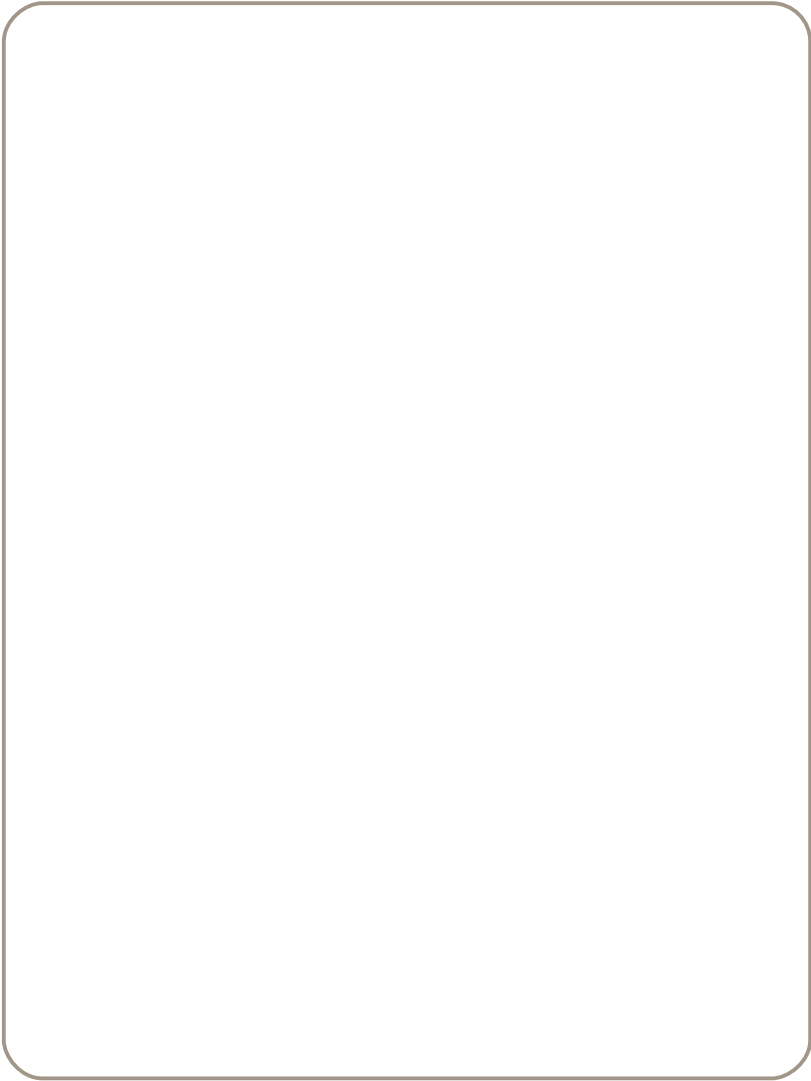
YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE

Draw Wally Whifflepuff!



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 below the instruction text.

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

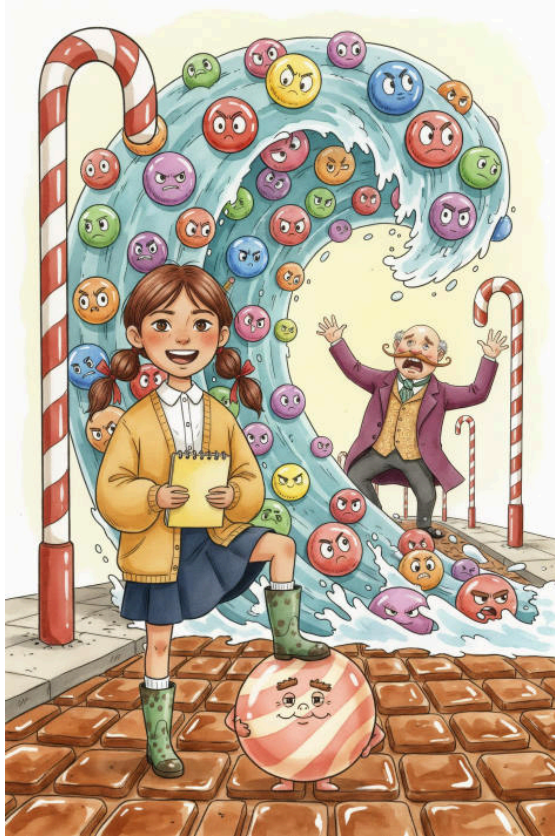
ALSO BY M.C. WOBBLE



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.

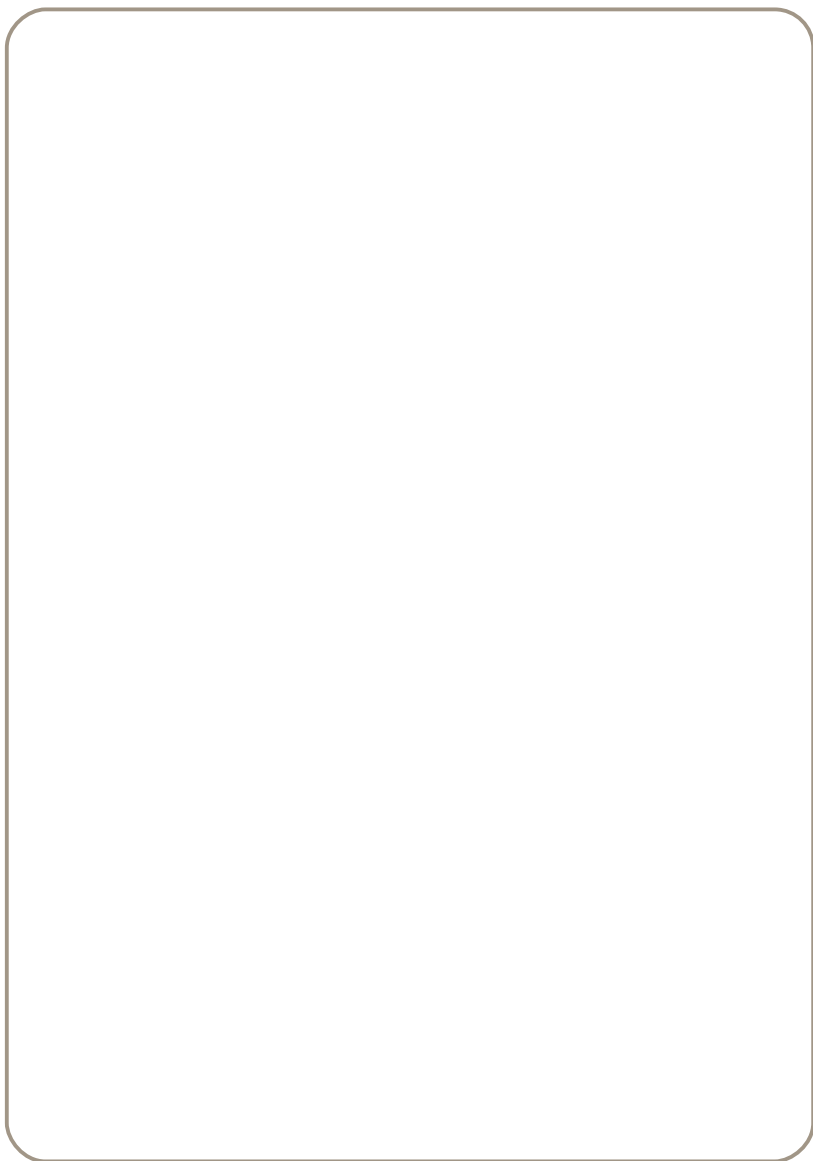
YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE



YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE



YOUR TURN TO WOBBLE



ABOUT M.C. WOBBLE

M.C. Wobble writes books about the sort of characters nobody ever puts in books — blobs, beasts, and things made entirely of baked goods. The stories are silly on the outside and surprisingly warm on the inside.

Every Wobble Book is designed with dyslexic readers in mind — not as an afterthought, but from the first word. Because every child deserves a book that feels like it was made for them.

Find the whole wobbly library at wobblebooks.com