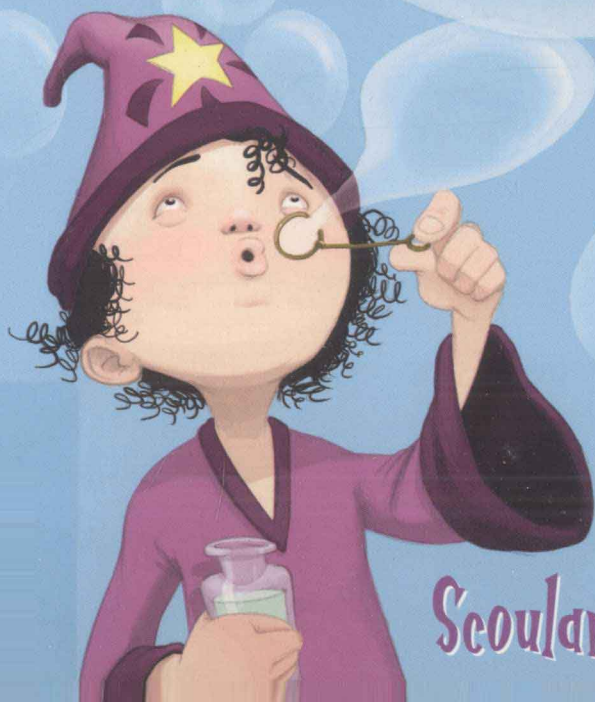
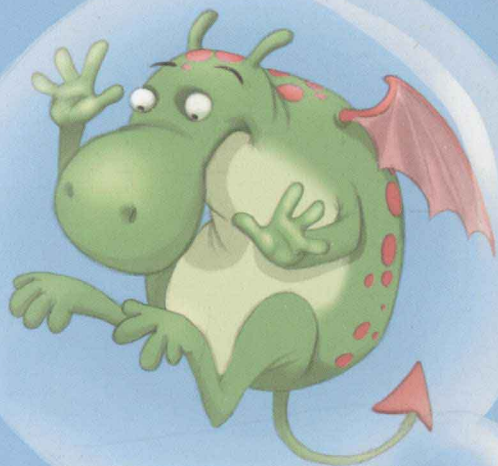


Wizzbang Wizard

Bubble
Trouble



Scoular Anderson

Wizzbang Wizard

Bubble Trouble



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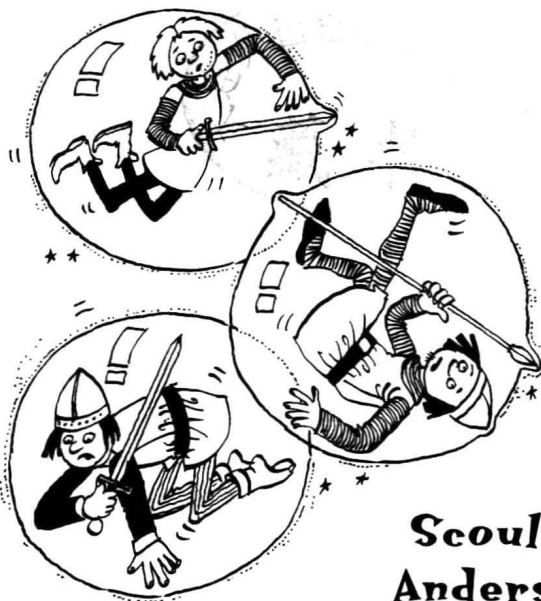
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**Scoular
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for Fergus, Ruairidh, Katie and Charlotte

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chapter one



Near the little village of Muddling, at the very end of Lumpy Lane, was a very strange house. Sometimes there were spots on the roof and sometimes there were stripes. Some days the walls were

green and sometimes they changed to blue. For this was a wizard's house and it was a magical place to live.

A young wizard called Freddy Frogpurse stayed there, but the house really belonged to his Great Uncle Sneezer Frogpurse. He had gone off on a World Wide Wizard Walk so Freddy was looking after the place for him. Freddy was also supposed to be learning about magic so he could become a great wizard, too.

Freddy was in Great Uncle Sneezer's wizard room. There were shelves stretching right to the ceiling, stacked with books about magic. The cupboards were overflowing



with bottles of magic potions.

Freddy stood at a table with his sleeves rolled up and an apron on. The table was covered with bottles and Freddy's hands were covered in soap. He carefully tipped the contents of a blue bottle into a red bottle. He gave the red bottle a

little shake. He added something from a green bottle. He gave it a stir with his magic wand. He held the bottle up and peered at the stuff inside.



“That looks about right,” he muttered.

Just then, there was a scratching noise at the door.

“Master Freddy?” said a voice. It was Odds-and-Ends, Great Uncle Sneezer’s house dragon who had been left to keep an eye on Freddy.

“Have you finished yet, Master Freddy?” Odds-and-Ends asked.

“Er... just a minute,” said Freddy. He pulled his apron off and threw it over the bottles. He wiped his hands on his tunic, leaving big soapy smears. He quickly opened a big book and propped it up in front of him. It was called the ‘Wizards’

Handbook (Volume One).

“Come in, Odds!” he said.

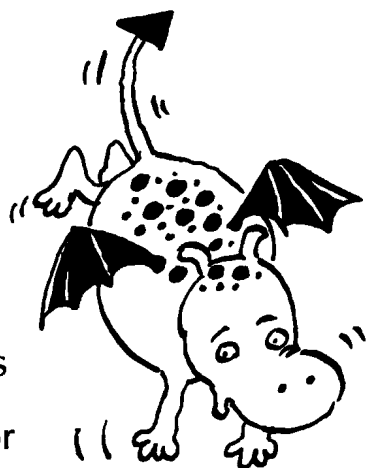
Odds-and-Ends pushed open the door and flew down to the table. He glanced round the room.

“Have you really been reading all afternoon?” he asked.

Freddy nodded.

“Oh, Master Freddy!” said Odds-and-Ends, tapping his foot on the table. “You’ve got the book upside down!”

Freddy’s face went red.



“Well...” he moaned. “It’s a very boring book, Odds.”

Odds-and-Ends shook his head.

“How do you hope to become a great wizard if you don’t work?”

“But I have been practising magic,” said Freddy eagerly. “Look what I’ve done!”

He whipped the apron from his bottles. He picked up a bit of wire which was bent in a loop and dipped it into the liquid in the red bottle. He put the wire to his mouth and blew on it gently. A big bubble slipped from the wire and floated towards the ceiling.



“Bubbles!” said Odds-and-Ends. “What’s so magic about that?”

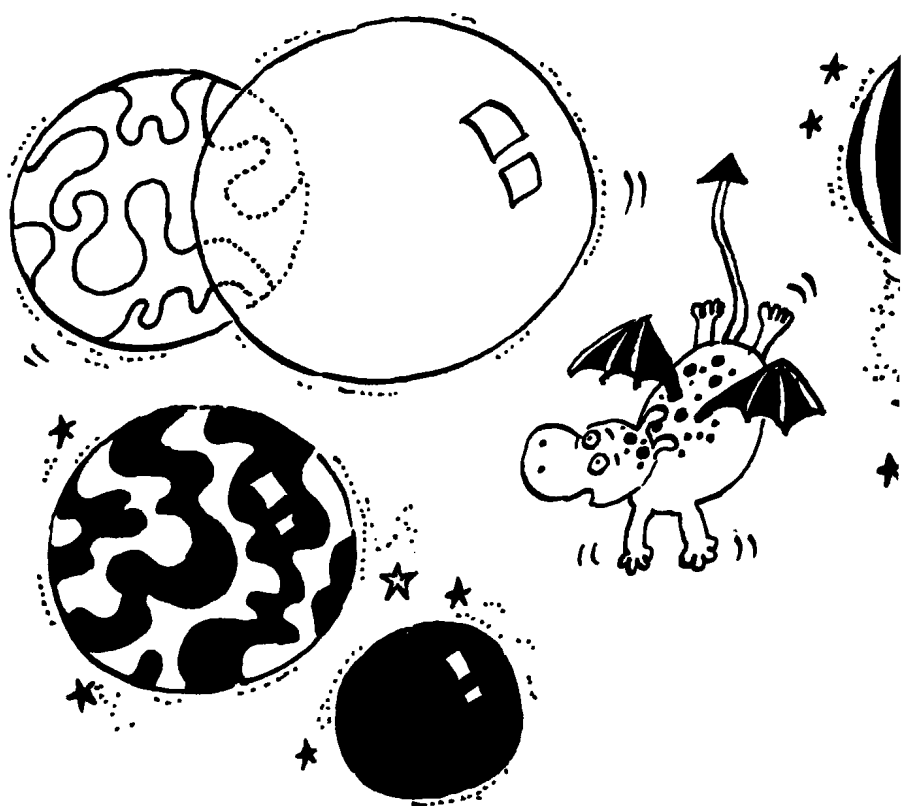
Freddy blew another two. The first one



was bright green and the second was blue and pink stripes.

“These are extra big bubbles,” said Freddy proudly.

Odds-and-Ends chased after the bubbles.
“They’re quite impressive. Your friends in
the village will love you for this. But it’s
still not proper magic!”

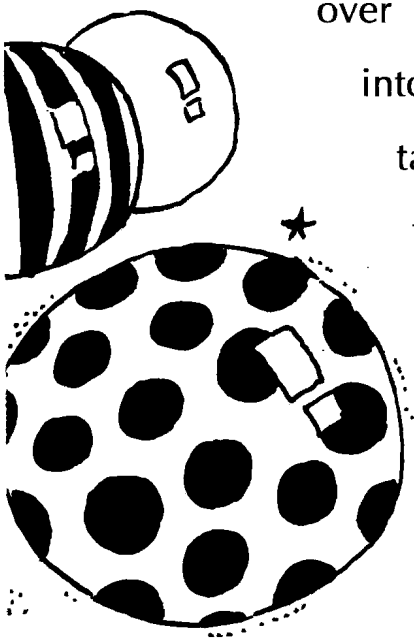


“Don’t be such a fuss pot, Odds!” said Freddy.

He blew another bubble. It was even bigger than the first ones. It floated low over the table and bumped into a jar. It rose upwards, taking the jar with it, trapped inside.

“Wow! Look at that!” Freddy squealed with excitement.

He blew yet another bubble. This time, it was enormous. It wobbled across the room



like a hippopotamus trying to dance.

Odds-and-Ends flew in reverse to get out of the way but he wasn't quick enough.

A moment later, he was swallowed up by the bubble.

He hammered on the inside with his little paws but it didn't burst.

"Help! Master Freddy! Get me out of here!" he called.

But Freddy was having a fit of the giggles.

