

the Undys

on the move



MICHAEL WAGNER

ILLUSTRATED BY GUS GORDON



the NdyS

on the move



MICHAEL WAGNER

ILLUSTRATED BY GUS GORDON

Puffin Books

江苏工业学院图书馆
藏书章

PUFFIN BOOKS

Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Group (Australia)
250 Camberwell Road
Camberwell, Victoria 3124, Australia
(a division of Pearson Australia Group Pty Ltd)
Penguin Group (USA) Inc.
375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Group (Canada)
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700,
Toronto, ON M4P 2Y3 Canada
(a division of Pearson Penguin Canada Inc.)
Penguin Books Ltd
80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England
Penguin Ireland
25 St Stephen's Green, Dublin 2, Ireland
(a division of Penguin Books Ltd)
Penguin Books India Pvt Ltd
11, Community Centre, Panchsheel Park, New Delhi -110 017, India
Penguin Group (NZ)
67 Apollo Drive, Rosedale, North Shore 0632, New Zealand
(a division of Pearson New Zealand Ltd)
Penguin Books (South Africa) (Pty) Ltd
24 Sturdee Avenue, Rosebank, Johannesburg 2196, South Africa

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

First published by Penguin Group (Australia), 2009

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Text copyright © Michael Wagner, 2009

Illustrations copyright © Gus Gordon, 2009

The moral right of the author and illustrator has been asserted.

All rights reserved. Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of both the copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

Text and cover design by Adam Laszczuk © Penguin Group (Australia)

Cover illustration by Gus Gordon

Typeset in 11/17 pt Stone Serif

Printed in Australia by McPherson's Printing Group, Maryborough, Victoria

National Library of Australia
Cataloguing-in-Publication data:

Wagner, Michael, 1964- .

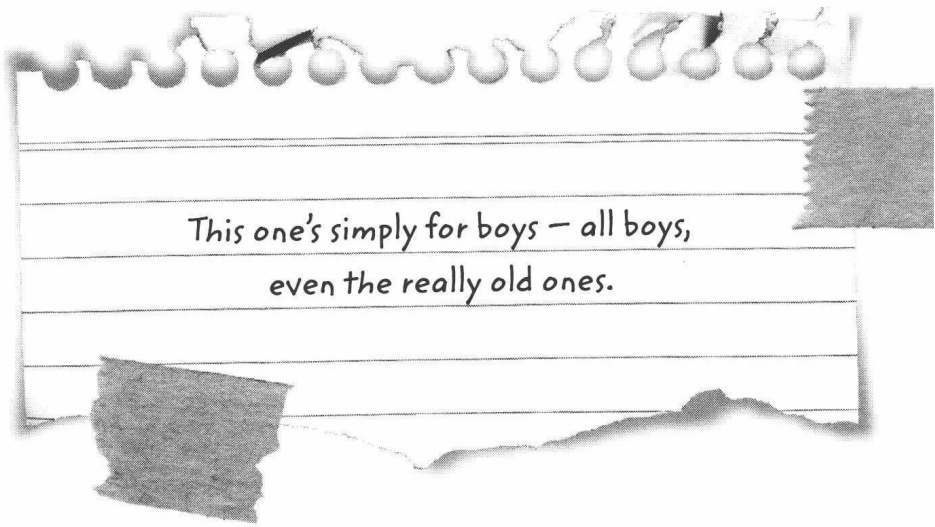
The Undys: on the move / Michael Wagner;
illustrator, Gus Gordon.

ISBN 978 0 14 330413 5

Gordon, Gus

A823.4

puffin.com.au



*This one's simply for boys – all boys,
even the really old ones.*

Dear Awesome Person and Reader (that is you),

It looks like you have found my latest book. That is awesome. But before you start, you really need to know a few things.

1) The Undys are me and Dad. I am Josh Undy and Dad is Fillmore Undy. Only, everyone calls him Phil – except for Auntie Faber, she still calls him Fillmore.

2) I am a tiny, weeny bit rude to Dad sometimes, but he understands because he is the best dad in the world.

3) Dad's girlfriend is Amy. They have been together for ages now – so I am used to her.

4) Auntie Faber has a boyfriend called Oscar Cramp. He is the seventh strongest man in the world!

5) This book has an End of Chapter Reward Scheme.

You do not have to write in the book to do the rewards.

My friend, Michael Wagner, has put them all on

his website: **www.michaelwagner.com.au**.

And they are free!

Okay, my book cannot wait any longer. So, please start reading now!

From your true friend, **Josh Undy** (that is me)



contents



Game 1 – Crab Racing	1
Reward 1 – The Undys Maze	24
Game 2 – Trampoline Dodge-Ball	26
Reward 2 – Letter Swap	48
Game 3 – The Left-Over	
Taste Challenge	51
Reward 3 – The Undys Finger Puppets	87
Game 4 – The Shopping Trolley	
Marathon	91
Reward 4 – The Undys Memory Test	127



Game 1

Crab racing!

‘What does it say, Butthead?’ I ask Dad. I am trying to be my usual cheeky self, even though I am feeling worried.

I am worried because of Dad’s face. We are sitting on the couch in our flat and Dad is frowning at a letter he has just opened. His eyes are staring. His face is white.

DING! goes the microwave in the kitchen. Our dinner



is ready. It is microwaved tinned spaghetti. Yum.
But Dad does not move.

‘What does it say?’ I ask again.

He reads the letter aloud.

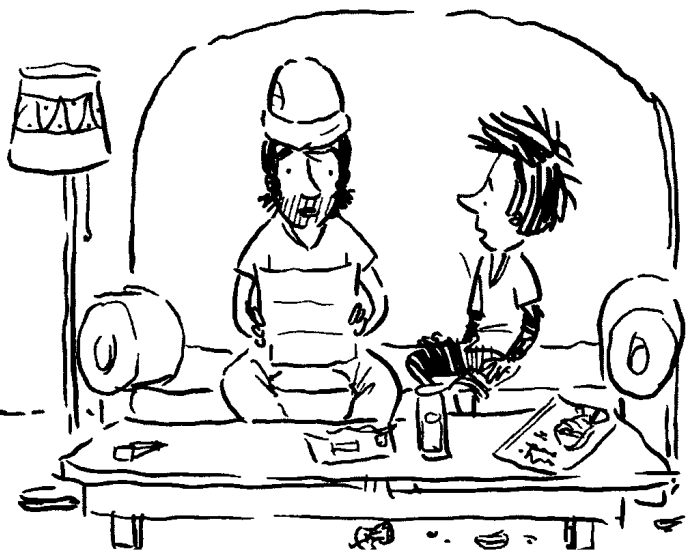
‘We regret to inform you that due to your significantly improved financial status, you are no longer eligible to live in public housing.’

I look at Dad. I have no idea what he just said. I understood some of the words, but the way they were all jumbled up in that sentence made no sense at all. Dad can tell I am confused.

‘It’s a notice to vacate, Joshy-boy,’ he explains.
‘A notice to vacate!’

‘A notice to vay-what?’ I ask.

‘Joshy,’ says Dad, looking down at the letter.
‘We’re being kicked out of our flat. We’ve got a month to find a new place to live. After all these years, we’ve only got four weeks to get out!’



I stare at Dad. I am too stunned to speak. I cannot understand what is going on.

‘Have we done something wrong?’ I ask.

DING! The microwave is reminding us that our delicious dinner is ready. It wants us to grab our food and eat it. But we are not hungry right now.

‘We make too much money,’ explains Dad. ‘It’s all our manny work.’



Ever since Dad and I were on the most popular morning show on TV, *Daybreak with Kelsey and Dan*, we have had all the mannying work we could wish for. So many people saw us and called the TV station that we now have work after school every day, and on the weekends too. It has been amazing. We have made so much money that we are not even poor anymore.

But I still do not get why we are being kicked out.

'We're good at mannying, Dad,' I say. 'What's so bad about that?'

'It's not that, Joshy,' explains Dad. 'It's because flats like this are specially set aside for people who don't make much money. There are lots of people

with hardly anything who really need to live in an extra cheap flat like ours.'

I cross my arms and sink lower in the couch. I sort of understand now, but I am still not happy about it. This flat is our home. I do not want it taken away from us. They cannot do that. We will not let them.

'We won't let them kick us out,' I mutter. 'Will we, Pops?'

Dad puts the letter down on the coffee table and scratches his head through his beanie.

'It wouldn't be fair if we stayed, Joshy,' he says. 'Not when others need it more than us. They're right to kick us out.'

'Dad!' I say, pleading with him. 'We've got to talk them out of it!'

Dad shakes his head. 'We have to find a new place



to live, Joshy-boy. And we have to find it in the next four weeks . . . somehow.'

'What if we can't?' I ask. 'Then we'll *have* to stay here.'

'Hmm?' says Dad. 'I guess we'd have to move in with Aunty Faber or something.'

I stare at Dad but he doesn't smile. And his eyebrows do not go up and down. He is not joking. I shudder. Moving in with Aunty Faber would not be a good idea. That is not because we hate Aunty Faber. She is easily the best aunty in the whole wide world. But if we moved in with her, we would drive her crazy.



I start wondering if there is somewhere else we could move to, when Dad quietly says, 'Maybe we could move in with Amy . . . I mean, if she'd have us . . . But that's probably a bad idea. What do you reckon, Joshy-boy?'

I sit and think for a moment. I guess we could move in with Dad's girlfriend. We have known

her for a while now and she is a very nice person. So maybe it would be a good idea.

Then again, it has always been just me and Dad. We know how to live together. We do not even annoy each other – very much. Amy might get fed up with our games, like Auntie Faber does. She might get so sick of us that she stops liking us.

Or she and Dad might kiss all the time. Auntie



Faber and I are able to stop most of their kissing now, but if they were in the same house all the time, there might be a kissing frenzy! I do not want to get stuck in the middle of a kissing frenzy. Ugh!

Or Dad might want to talk to Amy all the time rather than play games with me.

Thinking about all of these things has made my tummy do strange flip-flops. I do not want to move in with Amy, but I get the feeling Dad does. Luckily, he suddenly pats my knee and says, 'It's okay, Joshy-boy. It wouldn't be right to move in with Amy yet. It's enough to have to move into a whole new place.

We'll find a place of our own, Joshy-boy, just you and me, like it's always been.'

Phew.

'Thanks, Pops,' I mutter.

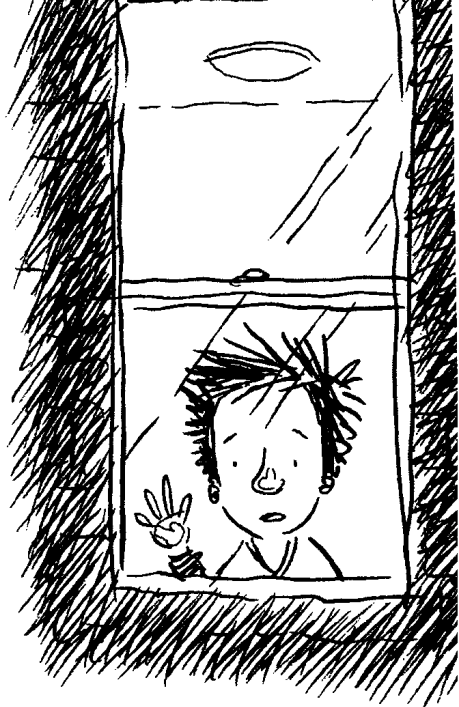
Dad sinks lower into the couch beside me. I jump up and wander over to our little window. I stand on my toes and rub the dirt off the glass. It is dark outside so I cannot see much, mainly just my own face looking back.

I press my nose against the glass. The city looks like rows of twinkling lights. It is beautiful.

'People would pay millions for a view like this, wouldn't they, Pops?' I say.

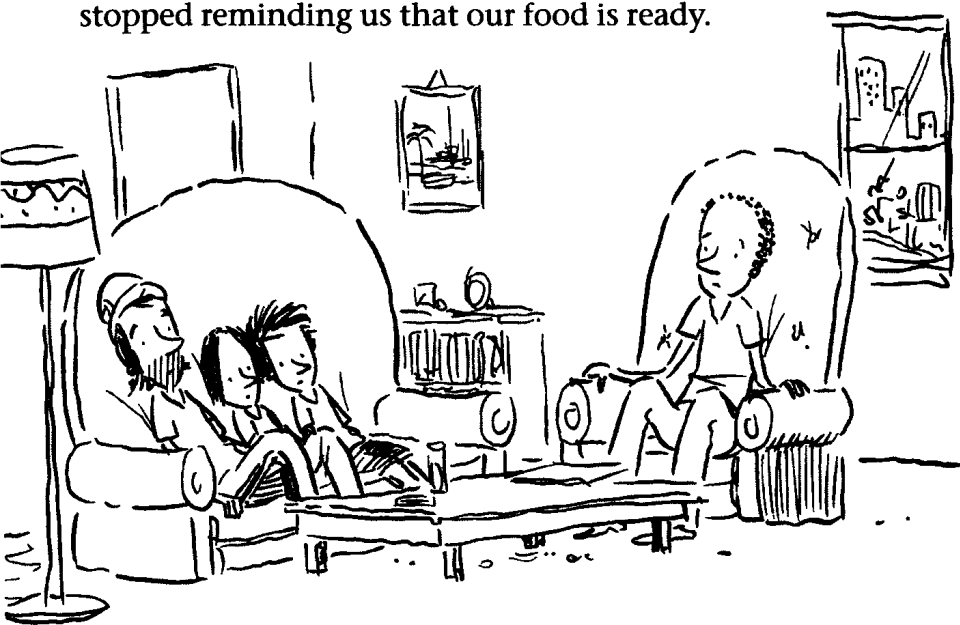
'They would, Josh,' says Dad, quietly.

DING! That microwave really wants us to eat our dinner, but I keep staring out the window. My eyes are totally used to the dark now, so I can see buildings as well as lights. I wonder if one of those buildings has a nice flat in it. Maybe I am looking at our new home right now.



'I have a new game!' announces Summer with a big smile. 'I made it up.'

Summer is sitting on the couch between me and Dad. Her dad, Daniel, is beside us in the comfy chair. They are having an after-dinner visit. It is not the best after-dinner visit we have ever had with them because Dad and I have just been slumped on the couch the whole time. Even the microwave has stopped reminding us that our food is ready.



As soon as Summer and Daniel came in, we told them that we were being kicked out. Summer understood straightaway, then she explained it to Daniel in their Sudanese language, Dinka. They looked sad, so all four of us just plonked down in the living room and stared into space.

Now, I think Summer wants to cheer us up.

'You've made up a game?' I mumble.

Summer nods and says proudly, 'Just like you and Phil. My own game.'

Wow. Summer has copied me and Dad. That is so cool. Dad and I sit up straight.

'How do we play?' asks Dad.

'Well. My game . . . it is called . . . ' Summer tries to find the right words. 'Crab . . . um . . . Racing.'

I chuckle to myself. I am not sure what Summer was trying to say, but I am sure it was not Crab Racing. Maybe she meant Cab Racing, or something like that. 'Crab racing?' I ask.

'Yes,' she says. 'Crab Racing. That is what it is called.'

Oh, she really did mean crab racing.

'We don't have any crabs,' I say, sinking back into the couch.

'Sorry, Summer.'

'We are the crabs,' explains Summer. 'We race, like crabs.'

Dad and I look at each other. Little smiles appear on our faces. Summer's plan to cheer us up is working already.



'Look,' she says, sliding off the couch onto the carpet. She sits with her palms flat on the floor behind her. She lifts her bum and holds herself up with just her hands and feet.



'I'm a crab,' she says, moving around the floor on her hands and feet. We chuckle.

Summer looks hilarious.

'We race like this. See?' she says. We all nod.

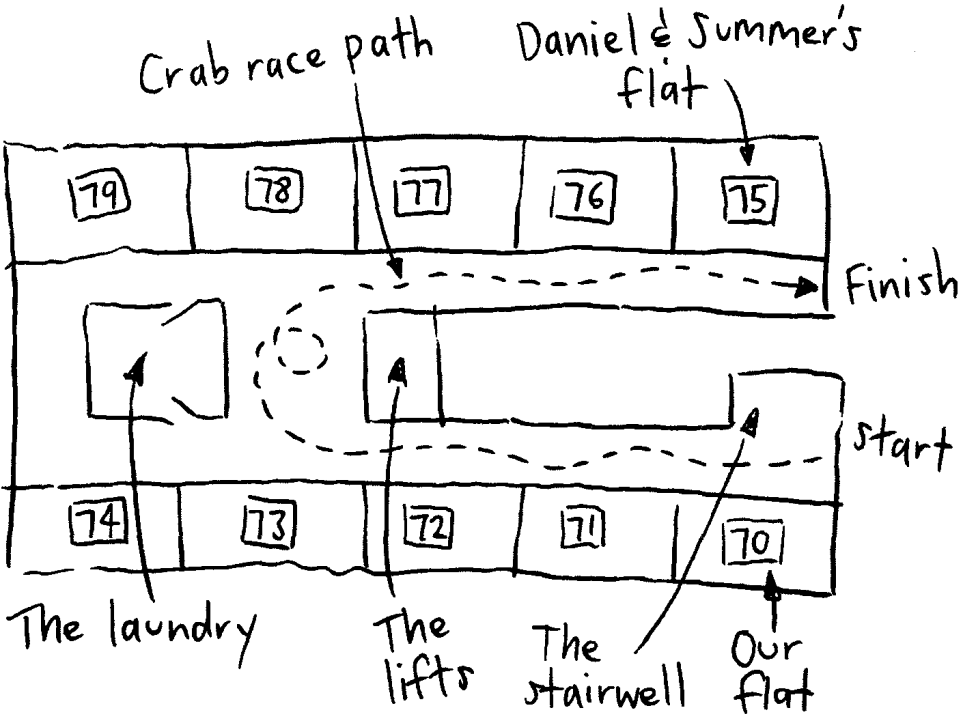
I want to have a go at being a crab, so I slide off the couch and try it for myself. So do Dad and Daniel. All four of us scuttle around the floor on our hands and feet. We crash into each other and collapse onto the carpet, laughing. Being a crab is awesome. It is much better than slumping on the couch.

'Follow me,' says Summer. She leads us all on a crabwalk to the front door. Then she holds the door open, so we can scuttle through.



'We start here,' says Summer, sitting against the wall just outside our flat. She says something to Daniel in Dinka. He nods.

'I say go,' continues Summer. 'We race up that way.' She points down the corridor. 'Around the



corner. Down the other side. We finish outside my flat. First to touch the wall wins.'

'Down the corridor, past the lifts, up the other corridor to the end wall,' says Dad, making sure he knows exactly what to do before we start.

'What if we bump into each other?' I ask Summer. 'Is that allowed?'

'You mean like this?' Summer bumps me with her shoulder, which makes me bump into Dad, which makes him bump into Daniel, which makes all of us fall down, except for Summer.

'That's a bump all right,' I say when I am sitting up again.