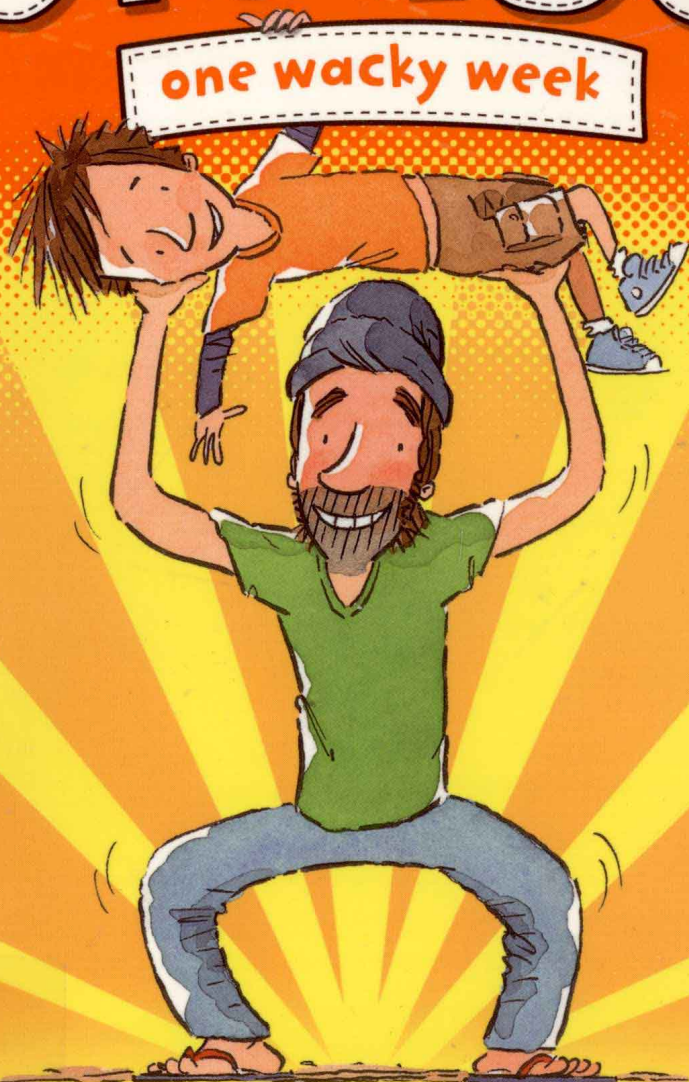


the Ndys

one wacky week



MICHAEL WAGNER
ILLUSTRATED BY GUS GORDON



the **Undys**

one wacky week



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Puffin Books

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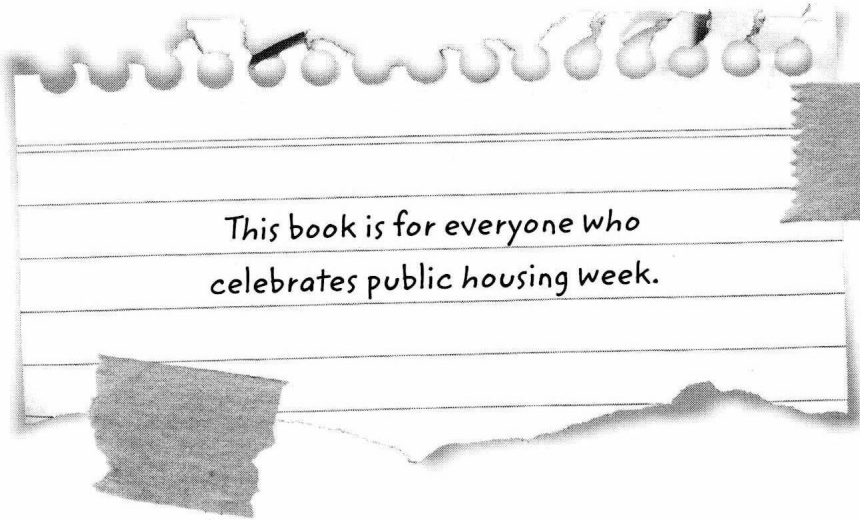
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*This book is for everyone who
celebrates public housing week.*

Dear Awesome Person and Reader (that is you),

Yes, the rumours are true. I have written a whole new book and you are holding it! This one is so full of action, fun and awesomeness that it was really hard to jam into one book, but somehow I have done it. Phew!

All you need to know to have the best fun reading this story is ...

- 1) The Undys are Dad and me. I am Josh Undy and Dad is Fillmore Undy, only everyone calls him Phil – except for Aunty Faber. She still calls him Fillmore.
- 2) Dad is the best dad in the history of the universe – even though I am a tiny, weeny bit rude to him sometimes.
- 3) Dad's girlfriend is called Amy. She is his first ever girlfriend since mum died. They have been together for three months, so I am used to her now.
- 4) This book has an End of Chapter Reward Scheme. But you do not have to write in the book to do each reward. My friend, Michael Wagner, has put them on his website:
www.michaelwagner.com.au

Now it is time to start reading. Go for it! I hope you have the best fun you have ever had with a book in your hands!

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

contents

Game 1 – Mass Tackle-Mania	1
Reward 1 – The TM Puzzle	28
Game 2 – The Strongest Strongman	31
Reward 2 – How to Draw an Excellent Face	71
Game 3 – Grab that Tail Feather	74
Reward 3 – Dot-to-Dot with Josh	97
Game 4 – The Wife-Carrying Race	99
Reward 4 – Picture Puzzle	123

Game 1

mass tackle-mania

'Have you ever heard anything so amazing, Butthead?' I ask Dad.

Dad shakes his head in wonder. 'Not in all my living days,' he says.

'He's a genius,' I say, staring at the giant man on the stage.

'He'd give Einstein a run for his money,' agrees Dad.

The man we are talking about is Oscar Cramp. He has just given a talk to all the people in our flats. His talk was awesome. But what else would you expect from the World's Seventh Strongest Man?





'What a marvellous start to Public Housing Week!' announces Duncan through the microphone on stage at the Town Hall.

Duncan is our Scottish friend from the third floor. He may be old, but he is still excellent at talking to crowds of people through a microphone. It was Duncan's idea for Oscar to come and talk to us tonight.

'Please put your hands together one more time for Oscar Cramp!' shouts Duncan.

Dad and I jump to our feet and clap so hard our palms start to hurt. Beside us, our friends Summer and Daniel jump up as well. Then everyone gives Oscar Cramp a standing ovation.

Up on the stage, Oscar Cramp lifts his massive arms and waves to the crowd. He beams. So do we. It is a thrill to be here. And it is an awesome start to Public Housing Week, just like Duncan said.

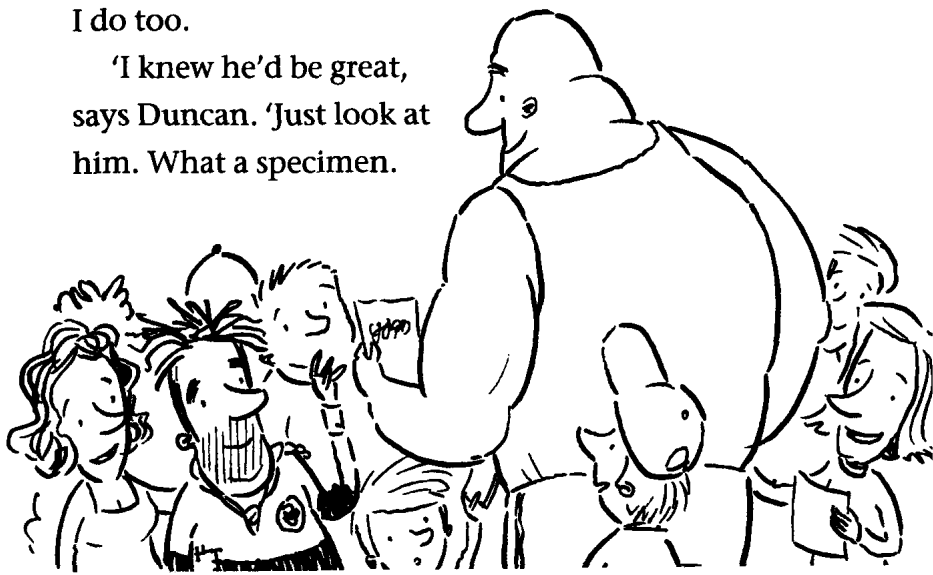
Public Housing Week is a special time for all of us who live in public housing. Every year it starts with a talk by someone famous like Oscar Cramp. Then it ends on Sunday with a Family Fun Day.

The clapping is dying down, so Duncan and Oscar step off the stage. Oscar instantly gets mobbed by everyone asking for his autograph. They shove all sorts of things in front of him to sign: scraps of paper, notepads, a T-shirt (with someone still in it), a person's left cheek.

Duncan squeezes through the crowd and comes over to us.

Dad shakes his hand and says, 'He was excellent, Duncan. Just brilliant.' He pats Duncan on the back. I do too.

'I knew he'd be great, says Duncan. 'Just look at him. What a specimen.



He's a giant. A powerhouse!' Duncan suddenly looks all dreamy. 'I was like Oscar once,' he says. 'I was a powerhouse too, when I was young. I could carry half a cow up two flights of stairs in thirty seconds. Thirty! Twenty-eight with the wind behind me. If only I could be like that again.

If only we could turn back the clock, hey Phil.' He nudges Dad. 'Wouldn't it be nice to be in your thirties again, like Oscar Cramp?'



Dad nods in agreement, which is a bit odd because Dad *is* in his thirties. I guess he is just being polite to his old friend.

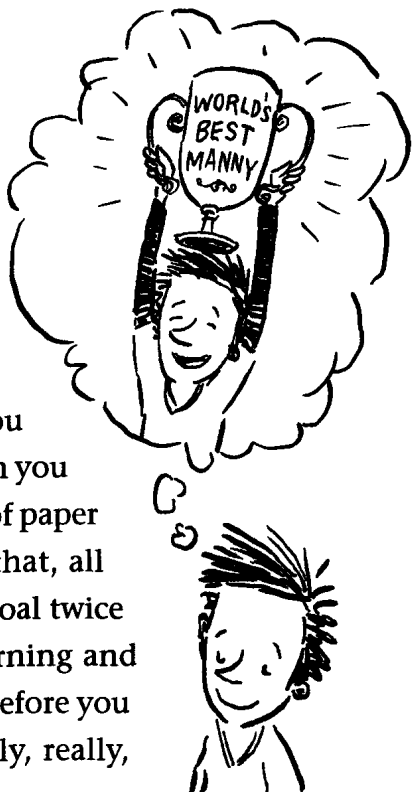
We both love Duncan. He has taught us so much: how to gut barge, and toe wrestle, and even mud snorkel. We owe Duncan everything.

And now we owe Oscar Cramp everything, too, because in the last hour he has taught us how to get all the things you



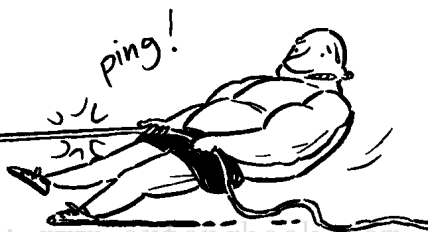
ever want in life. He has explained all about setting goals and reaching them and then having the best life ever.

He said all you have to do is imagine something you really, really, *really* want. Then you just write it down on a piece of paper and call it 'My Goal'. After that, all you have to do is read your goal twice a day – first thing every morning and last thing every night – and before you know it, that thing you really, really, *really* want will be yours!



It worked for Oscar Cramp. He wanted to be the world's strongest man, so he wrote that down on a piece of paper and read it twice every day. Then, one day, he *was* the world's strongest man! Well, the seventh strongest – but that is pretty close. And he would have won the finals of the World's Strongest Man Competition if his leg had not cramped up when he was pulling a bus along a street!

Anyway, I believe in Oscar Cramp and I am going to set my own goal. All I have to do is think of something I really, really, *really* want,





and then I will be ready to start. I try to think of something, but it is not easy. I already have most of the things I want.

Or maybe I am just not able to concentrate because Lam, who is only four and lives on the third floor, is trying to push Oscar Cramp over. She is trying from every angle. I do not know why Lam thinks a tiny little four-year-old could shove over the World's Seventh Strongest Man. Silly Lam. You would have to be much bigger to push Oscar over. And much stronger. And more clever . . .

Hang on a minute! That is it. That is what I really, really, REALLY want to do!

I turn to Dad and say, 'I want to tackle him.'

'Who?' asks Dad.

'Oscar Cramp.'

'Good one, Joshy-boy,' laughs Dad. 'You want to tackle the World's Seventh Strongest Man?'

I nod.

Dad stops laughing. 'You want to tackle a man who pulls buses along streets?'

'Yes.'

'You want to tackle a man who can lift

a whole car onto his shoulders then walk along a race track?' asks Dad.

'Yes.'

'You want to tackle a man who -'

'YES!' I say, interrupting Dad. He knows exactly what I want to do.

Dad looks at Oscar. He looks at me. He looks at Oscar again. He thinks for a moment. Then he shakes his head and says, 'Yeah, me too.'



'Excuse me, Mr Cramp,' I call out.

Dad and I are weaving through the crowd so we can speak to the giant man. He looks up. His face is amazing up close. He looks a bit like a troll, but with kind blue eyes.

'Yes, young man,' he booms. His voice is half gentle and half scary, sort of like a teddy bear with fangs.



'Well,' I say, 'I was thinking . . .'

I stop talking. I am too nervous to speak. It is not every day you get to talk to the World's Seventh Strongest Man. I gulp and try again. 'It's just that . . . I was wondering . . . um . . .'

'Did you have a question, tiger?' asks Oscar, softly. 'You don't have to be nervous around me. I'm just like everyone else – only stronger.'

Oscar's voice is so friendly, my nerves melt away.

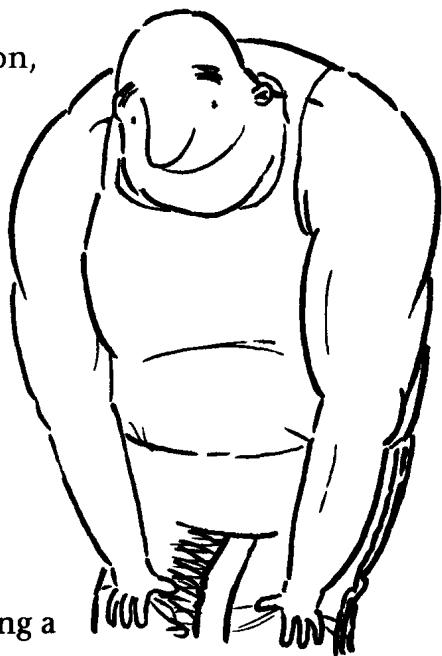
'I would like to tackle you,' I say. 'And so would my Dad.'

Oscar stops signing a

girl's arm. A big smile crawls across his face. 'That's interesting,' he says. 'No one's been brave enough to tackle me in years. But it might be a little dangerous with all these people around.'

I hold up my hand. 'I'll sort that out, Mr Cramp.' Then I yell, '*Everyone, listen up!*' Everyone goes quiet. 'Make a circle! We're having a tackling game!'

There is a lot of excited chattering and shuffling, and soon Dad, Oscar Cramp and I are standing inside





a big, empty circle surrounded by our friends. Oscar smiles from ear to ear. Even his smile is muscly. And his ears.

'There's enough room now, Mr Cramp,' I say.

'So there is, sport,' says Oscar, looking impressed. Then he points his thumb at Dad and asks, 'Is this your old man?'

'That's him,' I reply.

'He wants to tackle me too, does he?'

'Yep,' I answer. 'And he's very good at it.'

Oscar looks Dad up and down, then grins and says, 'Okay. Why not?'

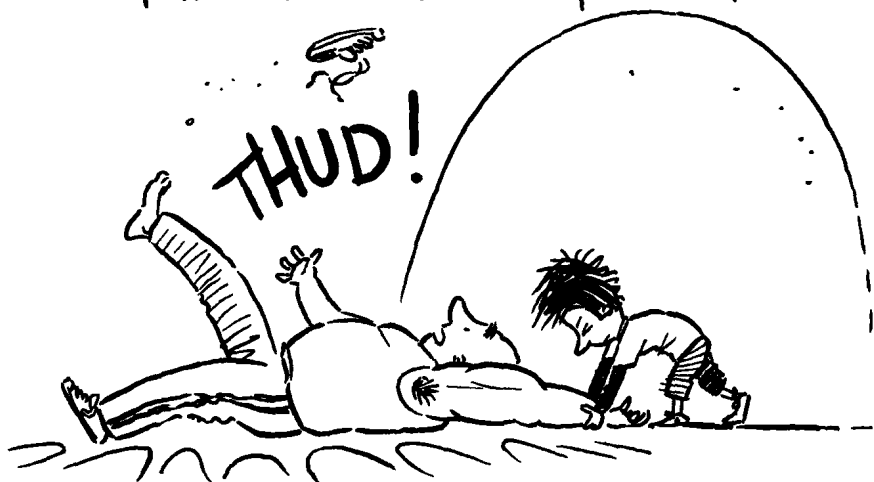
Dad gulps. I rub my hands together.



I cannot believe it. I am about to tackle the World's Seventh Strongest Man.

I am going to flip him over and wrestle him to the floor. And I am going to win. That is my first ever

This is what I hope to do .



real goal – to beat Oscar Cramp in a tackling game. It is not a proper, written-down goal, and I have not said it every morning and every night, but it is still a goal.

I have even planned it out. When we are about to start, I will pretend there is something amazing happening behind Oscar Cramp, and then when he is looking the wrong way I will grab him around the tummy, twist him off-balance, flip him onto his back and win. Yes! What a plan!

Everyone around us starts chanting, 'Josh! Josh! Josh!'

Oscar Cramp and I size each other up. We are leaning forward with our arms out in front of us. Oscar's huge sausage fingers are stretching and curling, stretching and curling. It looks like he is squeezing an imaginary lemon.

I hope I am not going to be that lemon.

The crowd starts counting us in.

Three! they yell.

I crouch lower.

Two!

Oscar cracks his

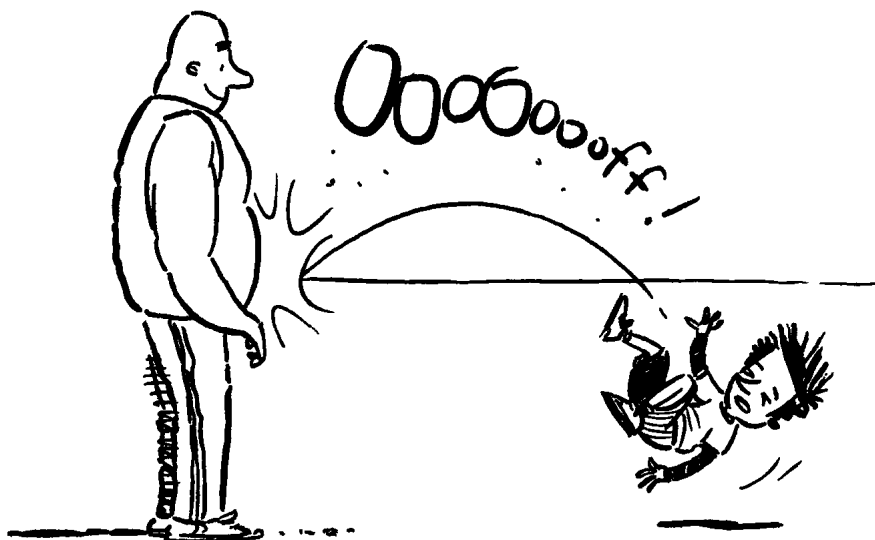
knuckles and grins.

One! It is time for my plan!

'What the flip is that?' I yell, pointing over Oscar's shoulder.

He looks around. My plan is working. I run at him.

I open my arms wide. I charge his tummy . . .



I bounce straight off him.

I rebound so hard, I fall flat on my back.

I feel like I have body-slammed a fridge.

The crowd gasps. They move closer. Their faces look down at me. Dad and Oscar are there too.