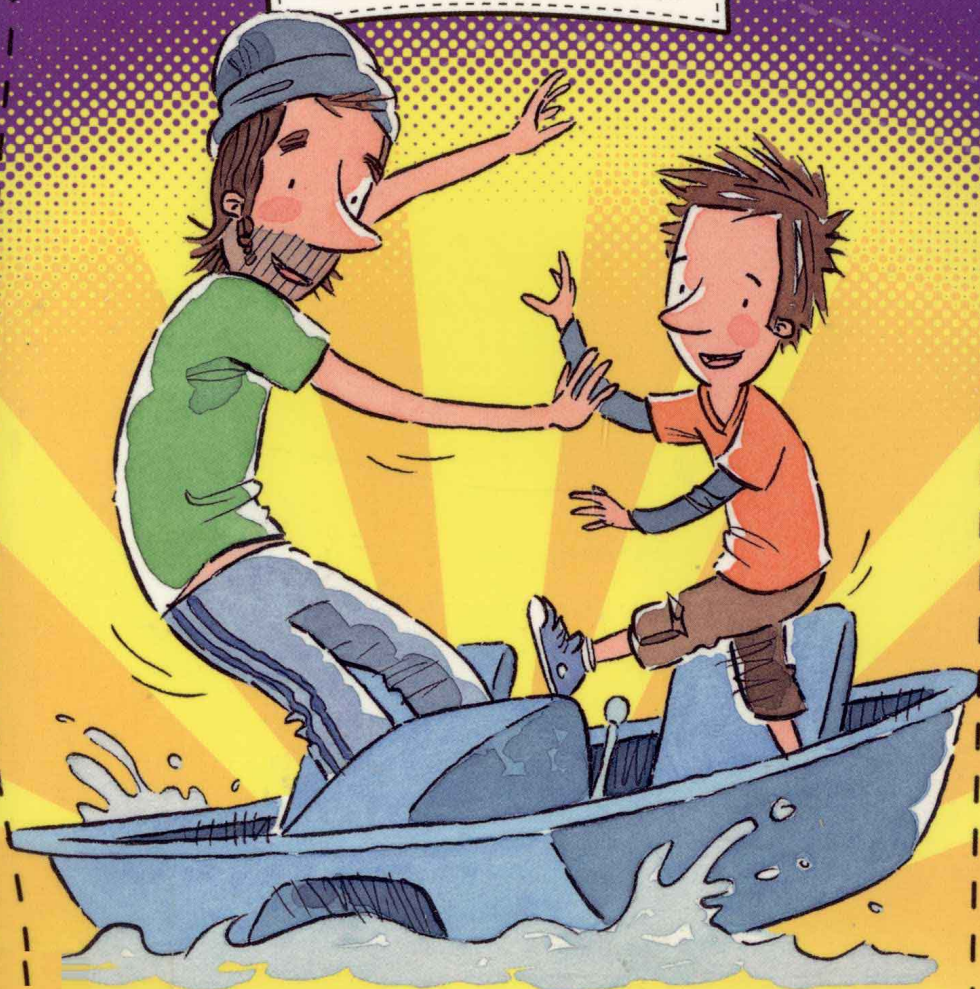


the Ndys

wet and wild



MICHAEL WAGNER

ILLUSTRATED BY GUS GORDON



the NdyS

wet and wild



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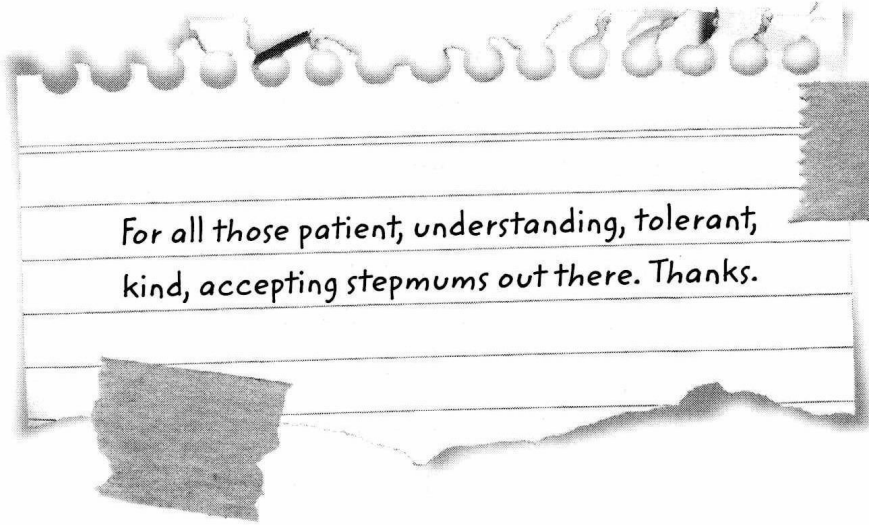
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For all those patient, understanding, tolerant,
kind, accepting stepmums out there. Thanks.

Dear Excellent Person (that is you),

Can you believe it? I have written another book. And it is the most exciting and fun one yet – but I always think that, so maybe it is just as awesome as all the others. Anyway, here is what you need to know to make reading this book as excellent as possible.

- 1) The Undys are me and Dad. I am Josh Undy and Dad is Fillmore Undy – but everyone calls him Phil. Except for Auntie Faber. She still calls him Fillmore.
- 2) Auntie Faber is Dad's big sister. She is the best aunty in the world, most of the time.
- 3) Dad has a girlfriend called Amy. They have been together for two whole months now.
- 4) This book has an End of Chapter Reward Scheme. When you reach the end of each chapter, you get a reward. But you do not have to write in the book. My friend, Michael Wagner, has put the rewards on his website: **www.michaelwagner.com.au**.

That is all you need to know. Now it is time to start reading and puzzling and having a flipping great time! Go for it!

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

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Game 1

paddleboat races

'On your mark, Butthead!' I say to Dad.

That gets his attention. He lets go of Amy's hand and grabs the steering handle instead. Now we are all ready for our first paddleboat race ever. I cannot wait.

It is Saturday morning and we have hired three paddleboats.

Dad and Amy are in one.

Aunty Faber and Daniel,

the nice Sudanese man

from our flats, are

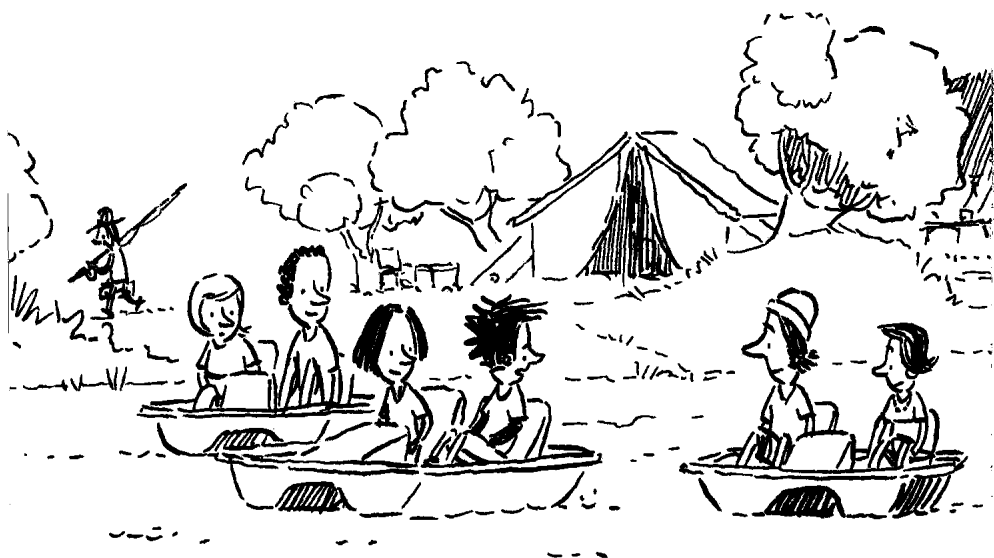
in another. And

I am in the third

boat with Daniel's daughter, Summer.

On your
mark,
Butthead!





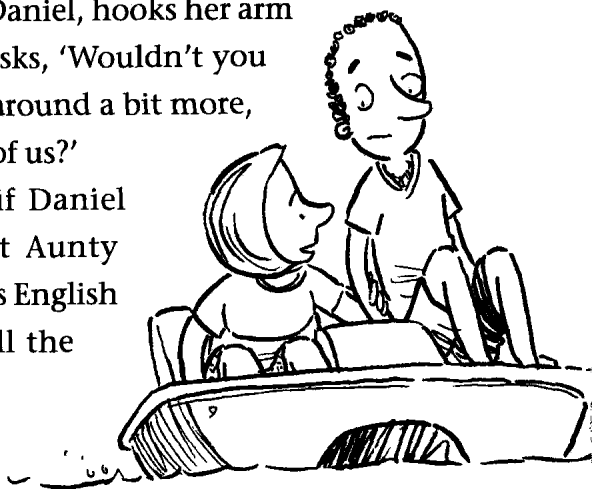
'Set!' I yell. I go to grab the steering handle, but Summer snatches it first. I guess she will do the steering for now.


We have all spent half an hour quietly paddling around the river near our campsite. That is more than enough quiet paddling for me. Now it is time for some serious action. That is why I told everyone to get ready for a race.

Aunty Faber is not happy with my idea.

'I was enjoying just paddling around,' she moans. Then she turns to Daniel, hooks her arm through his, and asks, 'Wouldn't you rather just paddle around a bit more, Dan? Just the two of us?'

I am not sure if Daniel understands what Aunty Faber is saying – his English is getting better all the





time, but it is still not that good. I think he knows Auntie Faber is being extra friendly towards him, and that is making him nervous. His eyes search around for Summer. He wants her to help him escape from Auntie Faber's grip. But Summer thinks it is funny to watch her dad squirm, so she does not say anything. If anyone is going to help Daniel, it will have to be me.

'I said, "Set!"' I repeat.

That does the trick. Auntie Faber unhooks Daniel's arm and mumbles, 'If we have to.' Then she sighs. 'Honestly!'

Daniel nods at me with relief and grabs the steering handle. He is ready to race.

I am about to shout 'Go!' when Amy holds up her hand.

'Actually, Josh,' she says. 'Just to get this clear, it's to the shadow under the swing bridge, right?'

'Yep,' I reply. 'First paddleboat to touch that shadow is the winner.'

'Okay,' says Amy, putting her hand over Dad's on the steering handle. 'We can steer together, can't we, Phil?'

Dad nods cheerfully.



I am starting to get used to Dad having a girlfriend, and I like Amy, but I do not like it when he and Amy kiss and cuddle. It is really boring. And you do not know where to look.



My standard
reaction when
Dad and Amy
kiss and cuddle!

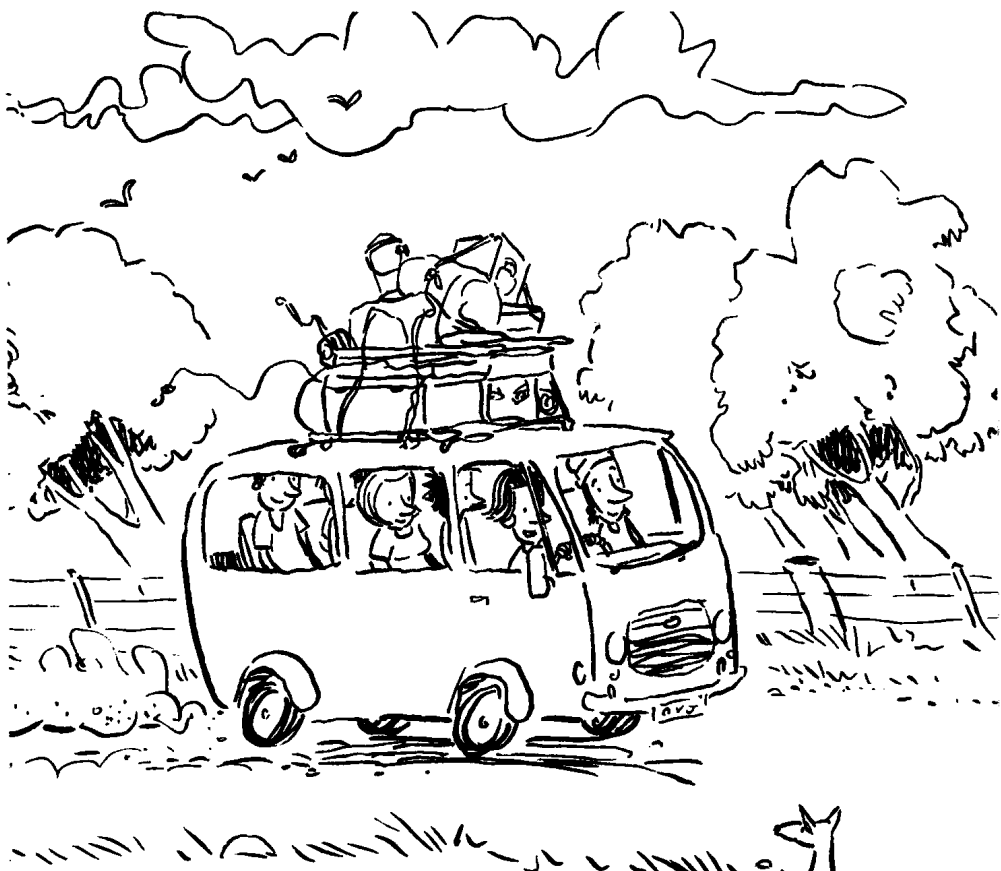
Luckily, Auntie Faber thinks it is boring too. That is why I wanted her to come on our camping long weekend as well – to help me keep an eye on Dad and Amy.

This whole camping weekend was Amy's idea. She asked Dad to come. Then Dad asked me. Then I asked Auntie Faber. And Summer. And Daniel. And now we are all here – which is awesome.

'I'll start again,' I say to everyone. 'On your marks! Get set!'

This is the first time Dad and I have ever been camping. Amy borrowed all the equipment for us: three tents, a camp stove and six folding chairs. She even borrowed the big van we drove down in this morning. She got it from her boss at the restaurant.

As soon as we arrived at the campsite, we set up

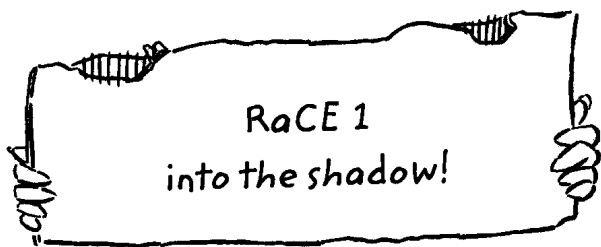


our tents between a pop-top caravan and a giant family tent. Then we shoved our clothes and sleeping bags and things into our tents and raced to the river that runs through the campsite.

That is when we discovered you could hire paddleboats. And because there were hardly any other paddleboats on this great big river, I decided it was safe to have a race.

'GO!' I yell.

Finally, our race begins.



Summer and I are pedalling like crazy. We are shooting through the water. Water is spraying up all around us. It splashes onto Summer's face. She giggles. I chuckle. Then we remember we are racing and get straight back to pedalling.



I glance around to see how close the others are. Auntie Faber and Daniel are way behind us. They have a big problem with their boat. It is called Auntie Faber. She is not trying at all.

Daniel is pedalling his heart out, but Auntie Faber is just touching his shoulder and calling him a 'silly billy'. Daniel is trying to steer properly, but because he is the only one pedalling, his boat is zigzagging towards the riverbank.

They are not going to be a problem for Summer and me, but Dad and Amy might be. We are halfway to the swing bridge and they are right behind us.

'Quick, Summer!' I shout. 'We've got to get away from Dad and Amy!'

'Faster, faster!' yells Summer back to me. She is sounding quite bossy, but I do not mind because it means she is getting right into this race. And that is good for our chances of winning.

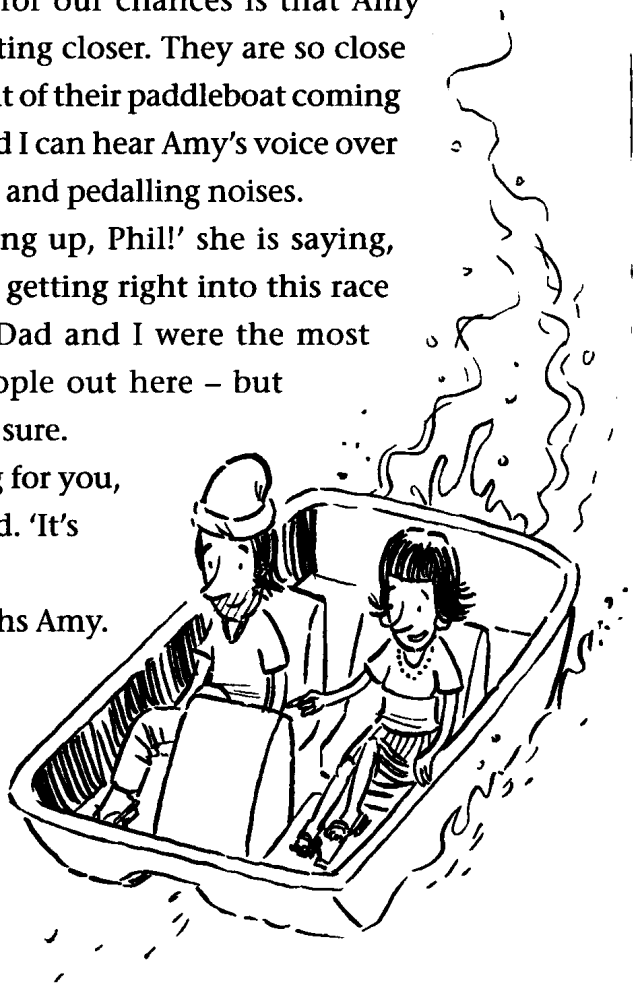
What is bad for our chances is that Amy and Dad are getting closer. They are so close I can see the front of their paddleboat coming up beside us. And I can hear Amy's voice over all the splashing and pedalling noises.

'We're catching up, Phil!' she is saying, excitedly. She is getting right into this race too. I thought Dad and I were the most competitive people out here – but now I am not so sure.

'I'm pedalling for you, Amy,' grunts Dad. 'It's all for you!'

'Oh, Phil,' sighs Amy. 'That's so sweet.'

Out of the corner of my eye, I see them



lean towards each other. I look around just as they kiss. Not again! Their kissing slows them down. We race ahead.

'See what happens when you do that!' I yell over my shoulder. Summer smiles. Amy and Dad realise that we have shot ahead. They quickly get back to pedalling.

**Watch
out !!**

yells a kid in front of me. I turn around. Uh oh! We are veering



straight towards a yellow blow-up boat with four kids in it. We are about to slam into them!

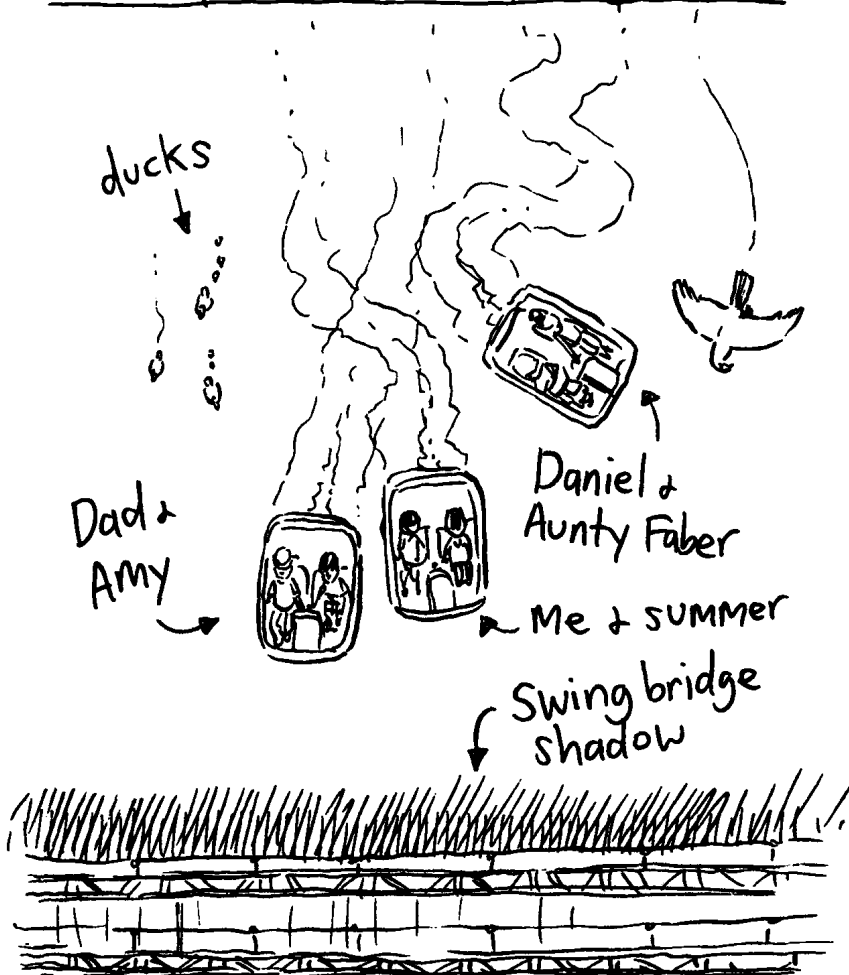
Summer shoves the steering handle towards me. We veer sideways. We just miss them.

'Sorry,' I call out.

'No worries!' yells one of the kids in the boat. The other three laugh excitedly.

Summer and I have to get back on track. Our sudden turn has slowed us down and Dad and Amy have caught up again.

Helicopter view of the big race



'This time,' yells Dad, 'we're gonna get you!'

Summer and I pedal harder, but we cannot stop Dad and Amy from overtaking us.

'Faster, Josh!' yells Summer.

I work harder. We edge closer to Dad and Amy. We inch past them. We are in front again. Yes!

We have almost reached the swing bridge. All we have to do is concentrate on winning and everything will be fine. We have to think of nothing but reaching that shadow first.

I concentrate hard. I think like crazy. But my thinking is interrupted by a sudden, loud noise.

'Aaaaarrrrrggggghhh!' cries the noise.



What on earth is it? Where is it coming from?
Why is it getting louder?

'Eeeeeeeeeeeek!' yells another noise.

I look around.

Daniel and Auntie Faber are zigzagging towards us!

They are out of control! Daniel is yelling,
'Aaaaarrrrrgggghhhh!'

Aunty Faber is screaming, 'Eeeeeeeeeeeek!'

We are right in their path!

Summer and I have to pedal even faster. We have no choice. It is the only way we can avoid being hit. But that is okay because it will also help us get to the shadow first. Unless something terrible happens.

'Aaaaarrrrrgggghhhh!' yells Daniel again.

'Eeeeeeeeeeeek!' cries Aunty Faber.

They are getting closer and closer! Now I am yelling too. 'Aaaaarrrrrgggghhhh!'

And so is Summer. 'Nooooooooooooooooo!'

We are almost
into the shadow.
We are almost
there.

So close. Nearly.
Yes . . . Yes . . .
Yeeeeeeeeeeee . . .

CRASH!

Daniel and
Aunty Faber have
rammed into the
back of our boat.
We spin around
in the water.



Moment of impact
expression *

* Not my best look !