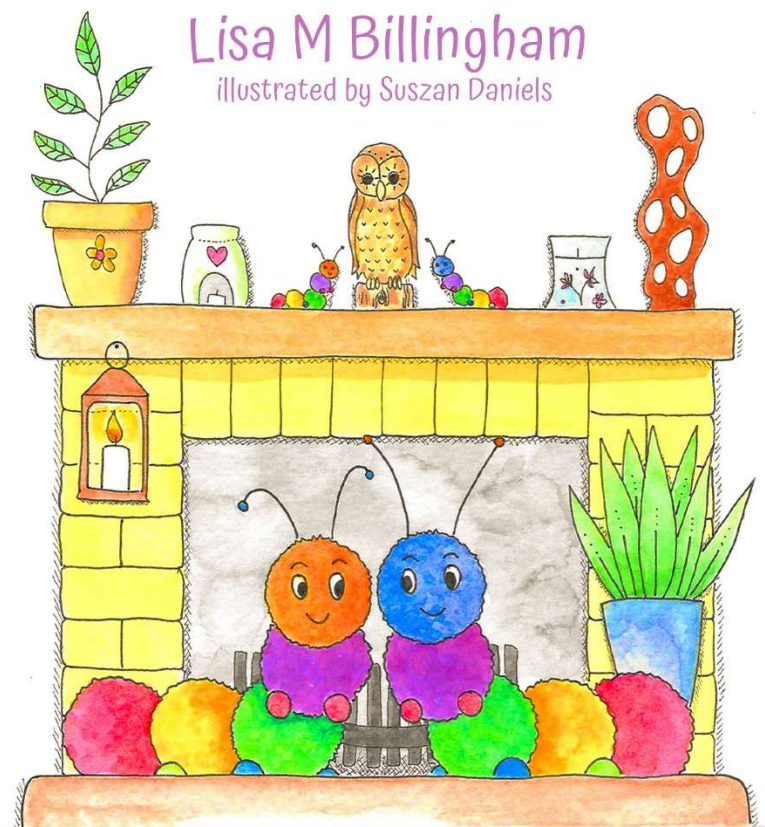


Lisa M Billingham
illustrated by Suszan Daniels



The adventures of

WIGGLE AND WAGGLE

The Adventures of Wiggle and Waggle

Lisa M Billingham

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Lisa M Billingham is an author, inspirational speaker and workshop facilitator. She discovered her passion for writing in 2020 and wrote her first novel, *Katie, A New Chapter*, based on her life experiences. The book ended up saving someone's life.

Lisa has continued writing ever since, both for adults and younger audiences. Her first children's book, *Sedrick's Adventures in Hopeland*, was published in 2024.

She lives in the West Midlands and looks to bring love, light and inspiration to those around her.

www.lisambillingham.com

For children, by the same author

Sedrick's Adventures in Hopeland

A magical story about Sedrick, a bored seven-year-old who unexpectedly gets swallowed up by his mug of hot chocolate and transported to a faraway land where he embarks on an adventure to find the end of the rainbow.

What will Sedrick learn that he can take home to help him, his family and his friends?

An enchanting fantasy full of fun and learning.

Charlie Gold

Meet Charlie Gold, a cute mongrel whose story begins at a rescue centre. He's busy trying to recover from being mistreated by his previous owners.

When Charlie finds a loving new home with a soldier called Tom and his grandfather Maurice, he embarks on a new journey. Tom goes off to war, leaving Charlie and Maurice to bond. But when Tom comes home injured and Maurice passes away, everything changes again.

Charlie begins seeing himself as a therapy dog. His goal is to help Tom recover and find love. They meet Katie while out walking and Charlie instantly knows she's the one — even if Tom doesn't. Will Charlie's attempts at matchmaking succeed?

A heart-warming, inspirational story suitable for younger readers (10+). *Charlie Gold* tells the story of my two grown-up novels, *Katie: A New Chapter* and *Tom: The Next Chapter*, as seen through the eyes of their canine companion.

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All characters in this publication are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Warning: May cause fun, laughter and kindness.

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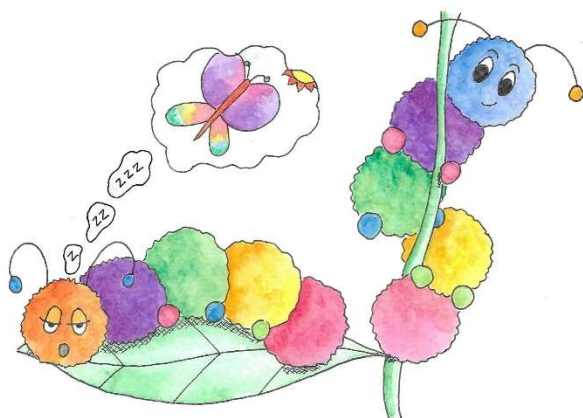
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To young readers everywhere. Never stop being curious.

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Introducing Wiggle and Waggle

Wiggle was big for a caterpillar. He had an orange head and a rainbow-coloured body. The gentle snores that escaped his mouth showed he was dreaming of his new, wonderful life. Asleep on his favourite leaf of the large pot plant on top of the fireplace, he wondered when his change would take place. Not long now, surely. He knew he would be going to sleep cocooned inside himself until it happened.

Waggle, though, had other ideas. Waggle was Wiggle's twin. The only way you could tell them apart was that Waggle's head was blue, not orange.

Waggle was wide awake and in a mischievous mood. He'd been looking for Wiggle, but he couldn't find him. He knew he was around here somewhere.

"Wiggle, where are you?" he called out as he continued to climb the stem of the plant. He stopped to rest. Closing his eyes, he heard the soft snoring of his twin. "Ah, found you!" he giggled to himself.

Waggle followed the snore and found Wiggle looking peaceful on his favourite leaf. He had a big smile on his face. "I wonder what he's dreaming about?" Waggle thought before sliding up to him and prodding him

with his antennae.

Wiggle stretched out. “Mmm,” he yawned, “Why are you waking me up? I was having a lovely dream.”

“It’s party time, Wiggle. Come on!”

“Why?” Wiggle asked. “Is it that time already?”

“Yes, it’s adventure time,” Waggle answered.

Wiggle shook his head. “No, I meant is it THAT time?”

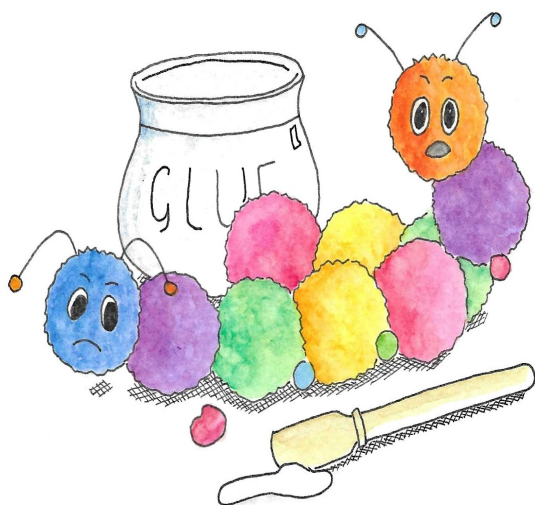
“Oh, you mean transformation time? No. We’ve got a few weeks yet. Let’s have some fun.”

“Okay then,” Wiggle agreed.

Waggle, being the more adventurous of the two pom pom caterpillars, led the way back down the stem of the plant.

“Let the fun begin!” he yelled as he sat on the leaf and slid down on his backside. His little feet kicked the air as he travelled.

They reached the bottom of the stem, climbed out of the pot, and rested on the wooden shelf on the top of the fireplace.



Waggle's Accident

Wiggle and Waggle were dozing on top of the fireplace. Wiggle heard a hissing sound and felt droplets of water land on his pom poms. He opened one eye.

“What is that?” he wondered. “It feels cold and it smells... woody.” He opened his other eye and looked around. “Ah, that explains it,” he thought. His mistress had a bright yellow duster and a can of polish in her hand. She was rubbing it up and down the fireplace, singing to herself as she polished. “I wish she’d be quiet,” Wiggle muttered under his breath. “Can’t she see I’m trying to nap?” He closed his eyes again.

Suddenly, it felt like he was moving. “What’s happening now?” he pondered. His mistress had picked him up and was carrying him to the dining room table opposite the fireplace.

Wiggle was wide awake now, and curious. He hadn’t seen the room from this angle before.

“Ah, so this is what my home looks like,” he smiled as he stared at the yellow brick fireplace. The shelves, which were snugged into each side of the fireplace,

held tiny vases of flowers. “Why can’t my brother and I live in those?” he wondered. It would be so much warmer than on top of the fireplace, which was exposed to the draft from the flue. Not to mention the dust. So much dust. Now he’d been moved, Wiggle could see his shape where the dust had settled around him. “Hmph,” he sighed as he watched his mistress wipe away any trace of his presence.

Still fascinated by the strange view, he turned his head from left to right to take in his surroundings. He could see a huge oblong box, and a flat thing that spun around and around. “I wonder what those do?” he thought.

His thoughts were interrupted a few moments later by an almighty screech. Turning back to look at the fireplace, he saw his brother being carried over to the placemat next to him.

“Waggle, why are you making that awful noise?” he asked.

“Ooh, it hurts, Wiggle. The mistress accidentally knocked my leg off. Look!” He pointed at the green pom pom halfway up his body. His little foot was hanging on by a thread.

“Oh, Waggle, you poor thing,” cried Wiggle.

Their mistress settled them on the mats and continued dusting, oblivious to their upset. Until...

“Oh my!” she exclaimed. “Look, Master, I must have knocked his foot off while I was dusting.”

“Whatever did you do that for, Mistress?” the master asked.

“Do you mean the dusting or knocking his foot off?” (The mistress was well known for not liking dusting). They both smiled as he headed off to the shed to fetch a bottle of craft glue to repair Waggle’s poorly leg with.

When he returned, the mistress took the bottle from him and dabbed a drop of it onto Waggle’s bright pink foot.

“Argh!” Waggle squealed. “What’s she doing, Wiggle?” Waggle looked petrified. His already blue head was turning even bluer, if that was at all possible.

“It’s okay, Waggle. It looks like she’s trying to fix you,” Wiggle reassured his brother.

Gently, the mistress stuck Waggle’s foot back onto the green pom pom in the middle of his body.

Waggle tensed as she prodded around, trying to secure it in place. Once she’d finished, she left him on the mat to dry.

“Ah,” Waggle exclaimed. “That feels better.” Smiling to himself, he dozed off, letting the glue work its magic and heal his poorly foot.