

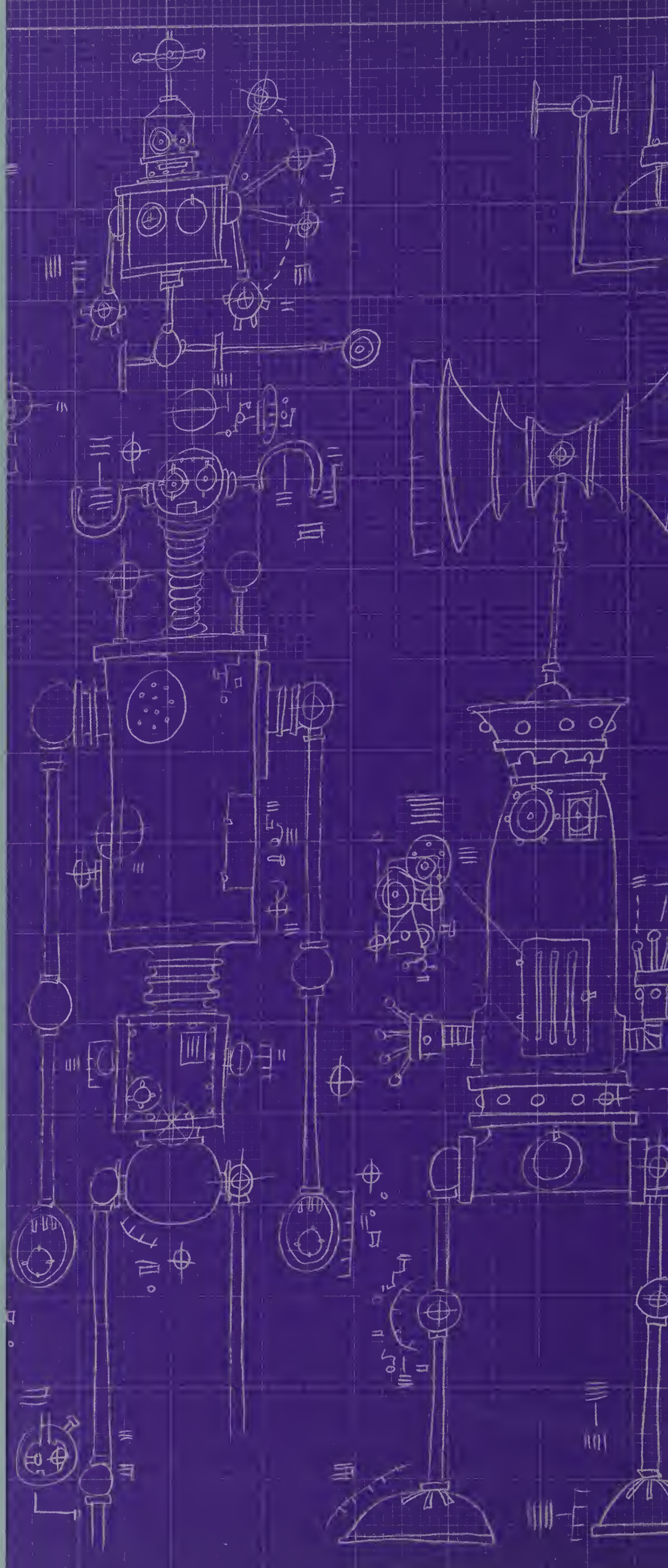
Chris Riddell

Wendel's Workshop

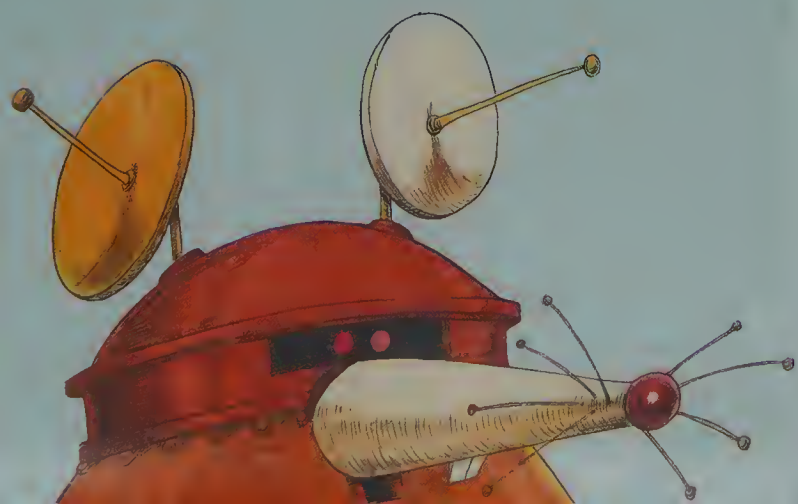


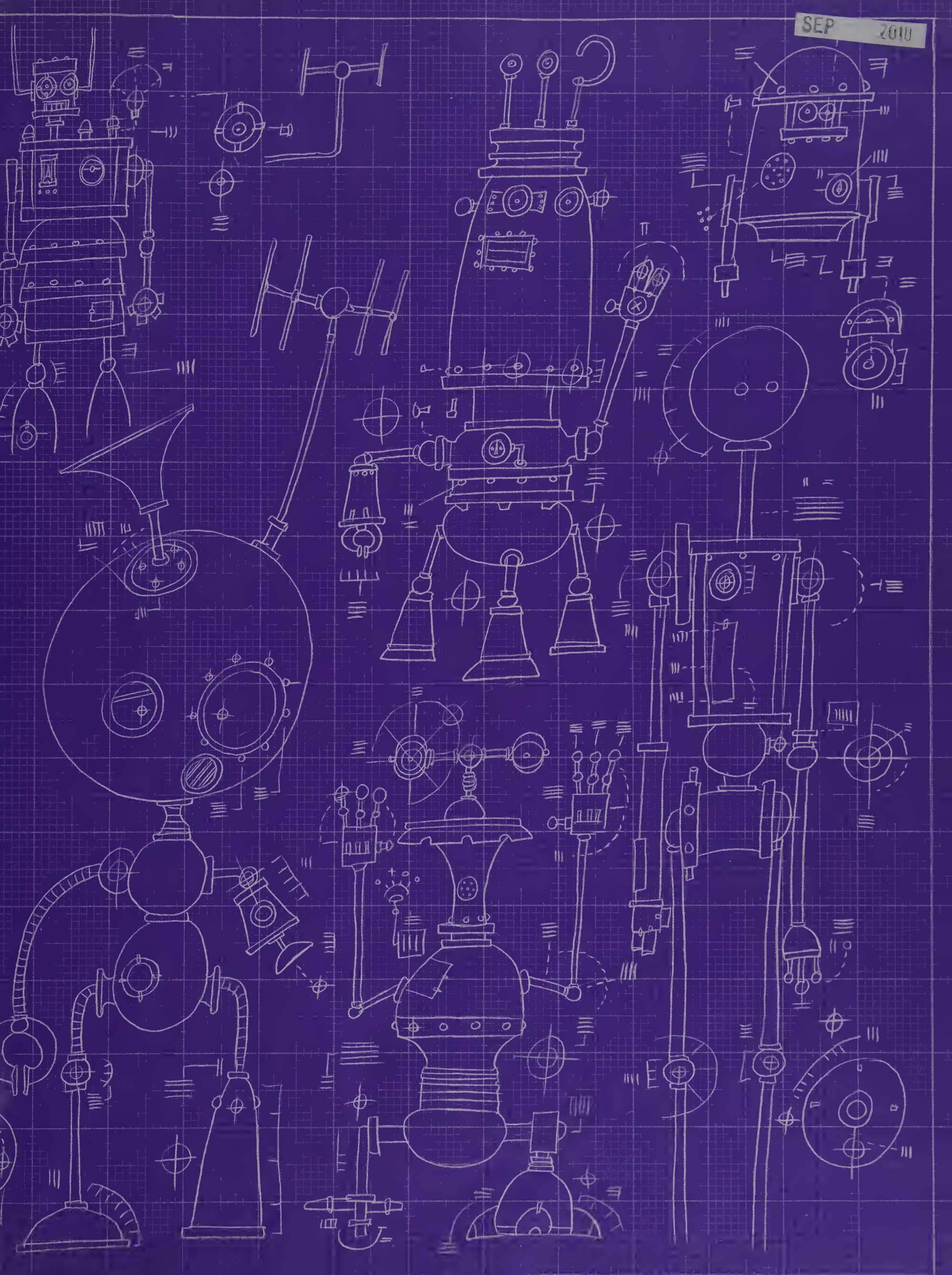
Wendel is far too busy inventing things to keep his workshop tidy. So if one of his inventions doesn't work, Wendel just tosses it onto the scrap heap and starts over. Then one day he invents the magnificent Wendelbot—a mighty robot that cleans and cleans and doesn't stop. Soon poor Wendel finds *himself* thrown onto the scrap heap! How will Wendel win back his workshop? Let the robot battle begin!

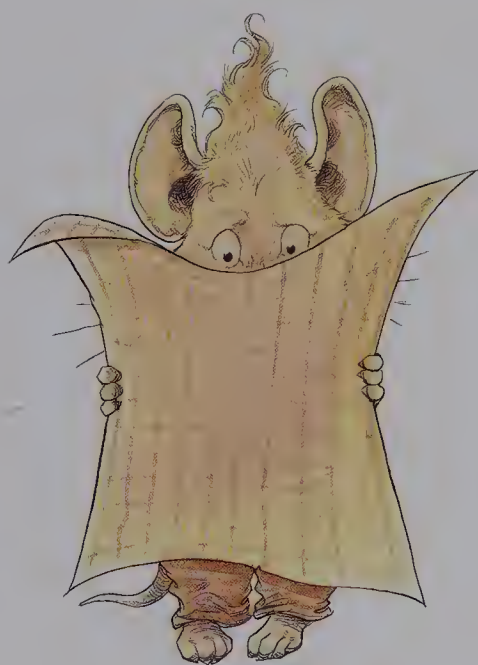
From the award-winning and always imaginative Chris Riddell comes a wonderfully funny, action-packed story full of surprises and extraordinary inventions.



KATHERINE TEGEN BOOKS
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Chris Riddell

Wendel's Workshop



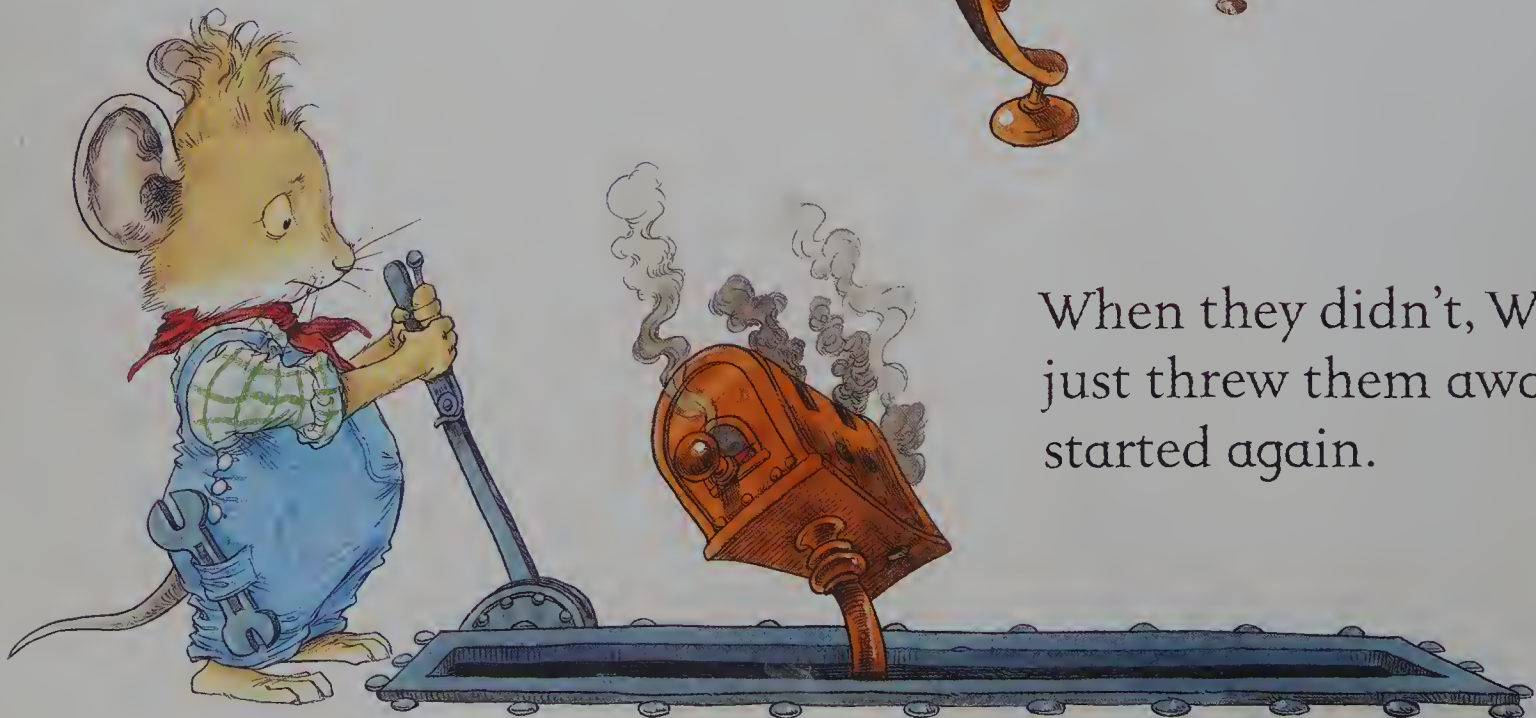
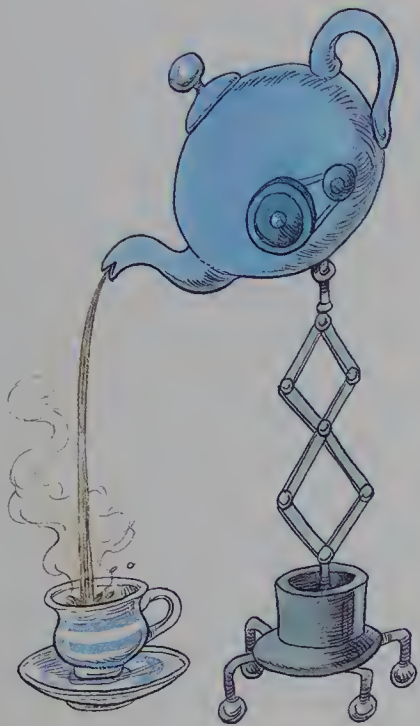
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WENDEL was
an inventor.



Sometimes his inventions
worked perfectly,
and sometimes
they didn't.



When they didn't, Wendel
just threw them away and
started again.

Wendel invented all day and into the night. Sometimes he was so busy inventing, he forgot to go to bed.

And he never had time to tidy up.



Wendel's workshop became untidier ...

and untidier ...

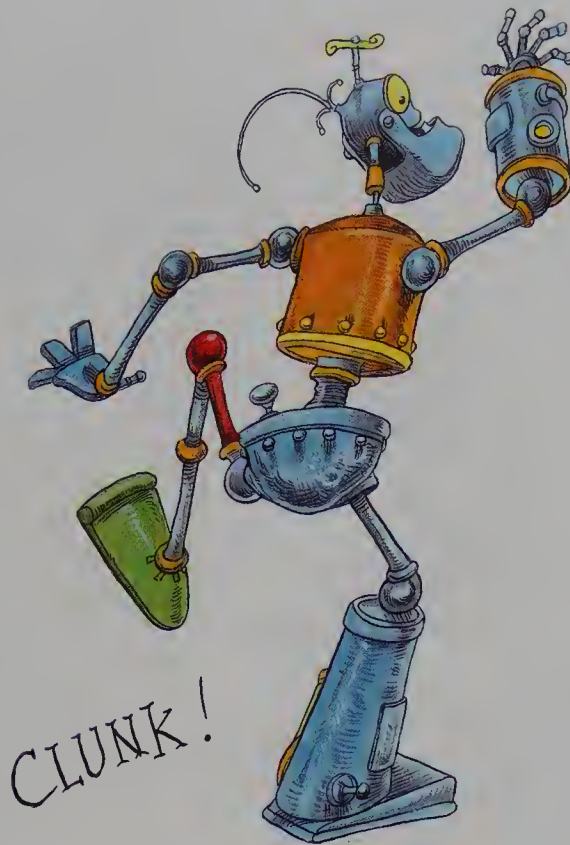
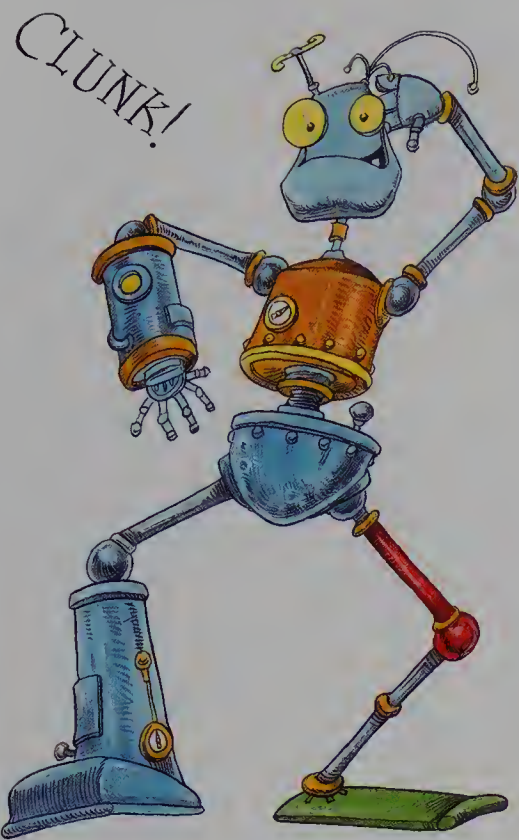
and UNTIDIER.



"I need some help," said Wendel to himself.

So Wendel invented a robot.





"I'll call you Clunk,"
said Wendel.

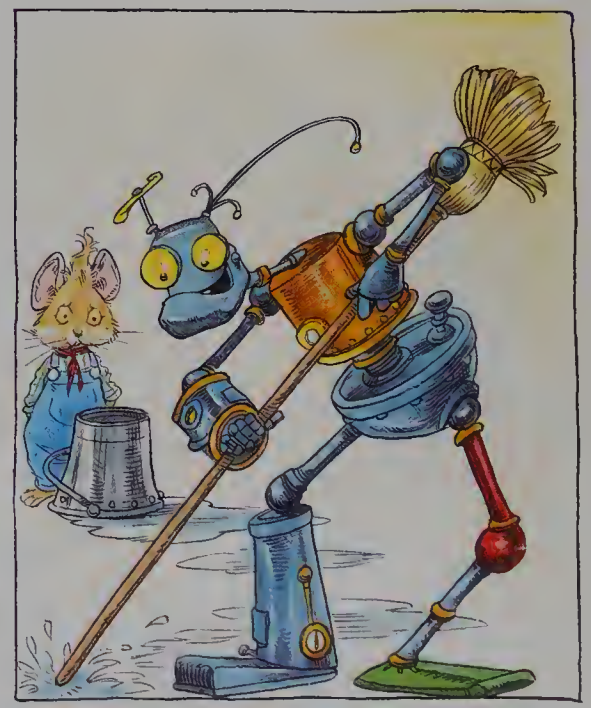
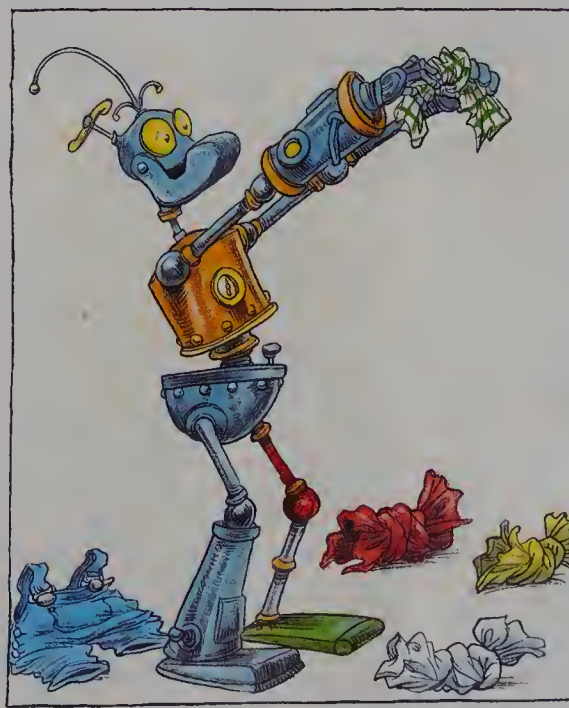
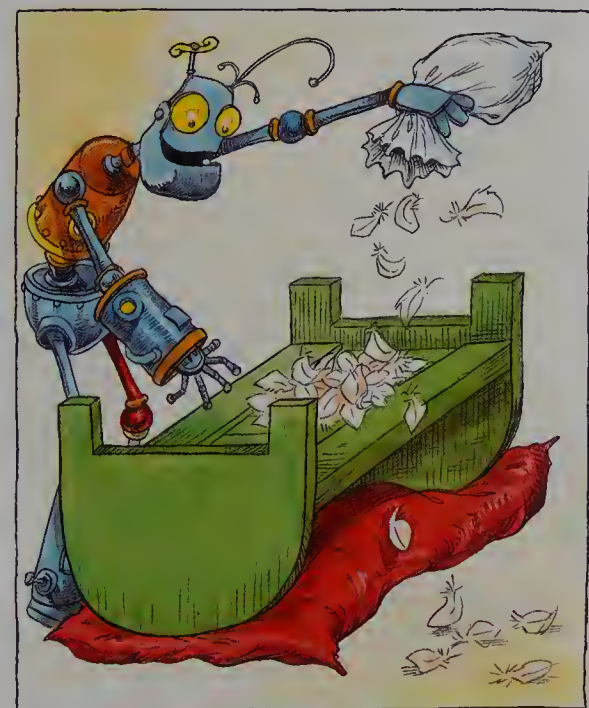


Clunk set to work tidying
Wendel's workshop.

He made the bed ...

folded the clothes ...

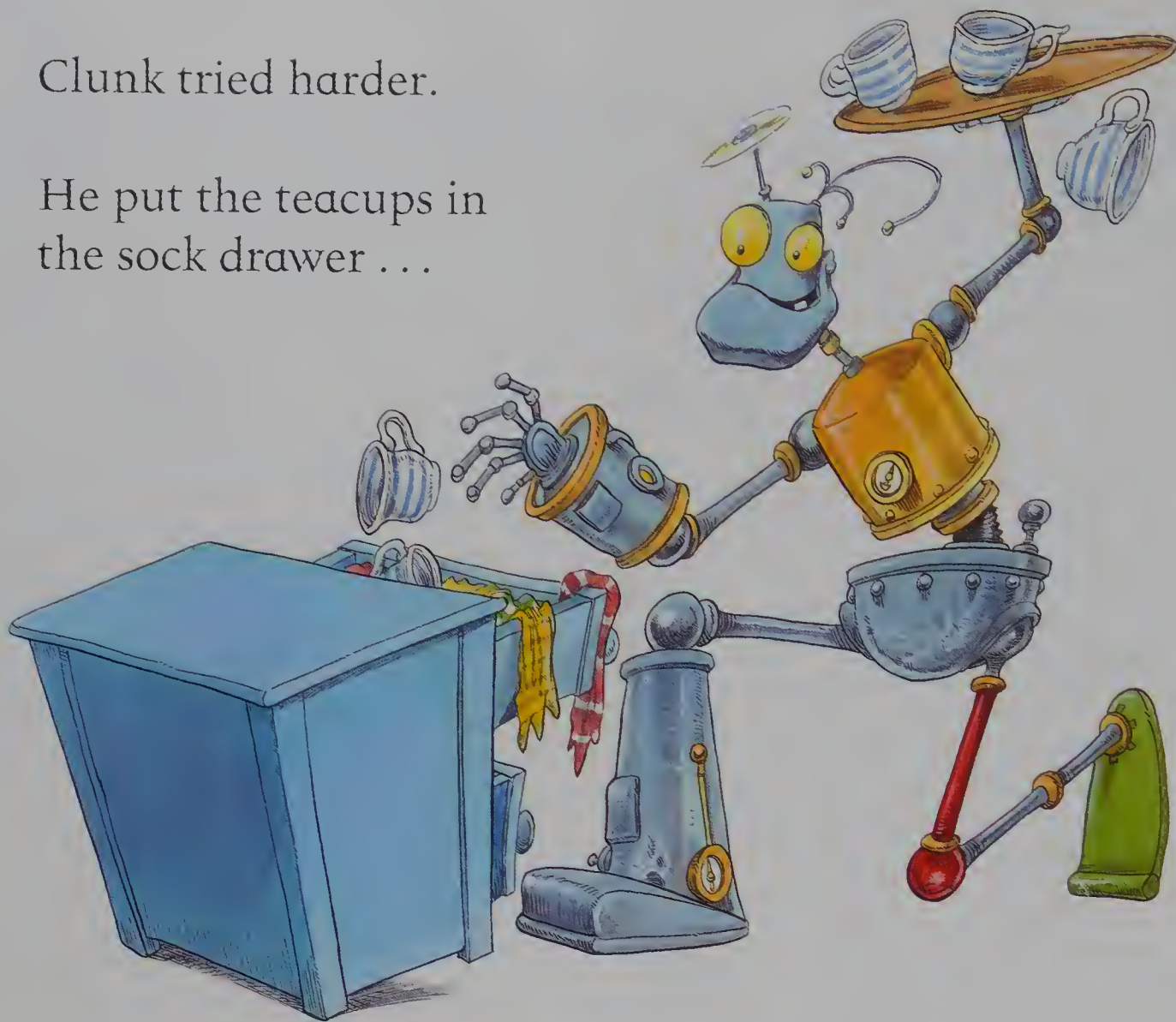
and mopped the floor.



"Oh dear," said Wendel.

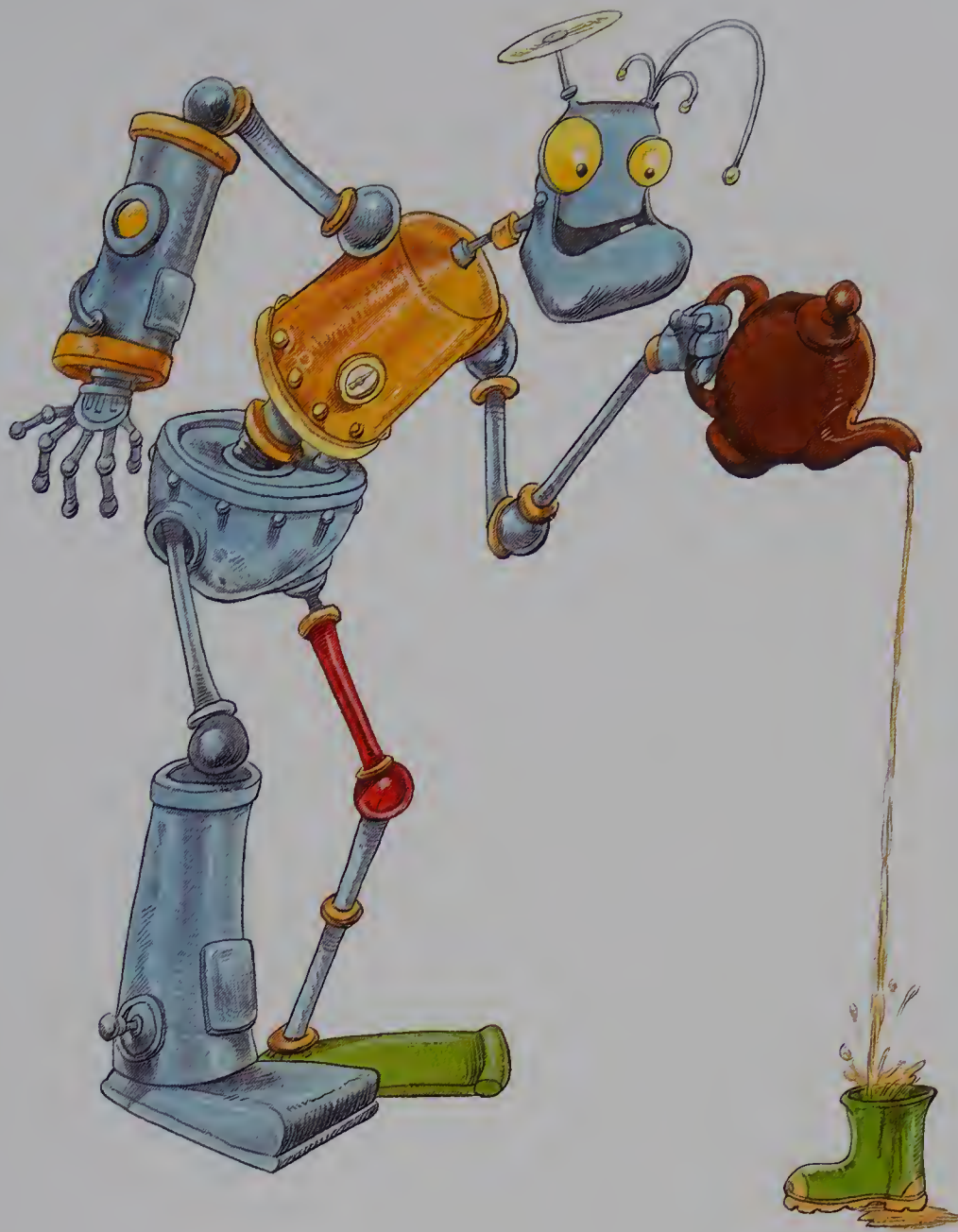
Clunk tried harder.

He put the teacups in
the sock drawer . . .



and filled the
laundry basket
with umbrellas.





“This isn’t working,”
said Wendel.



So he threw
Clunk down the
rubbish chute . . .



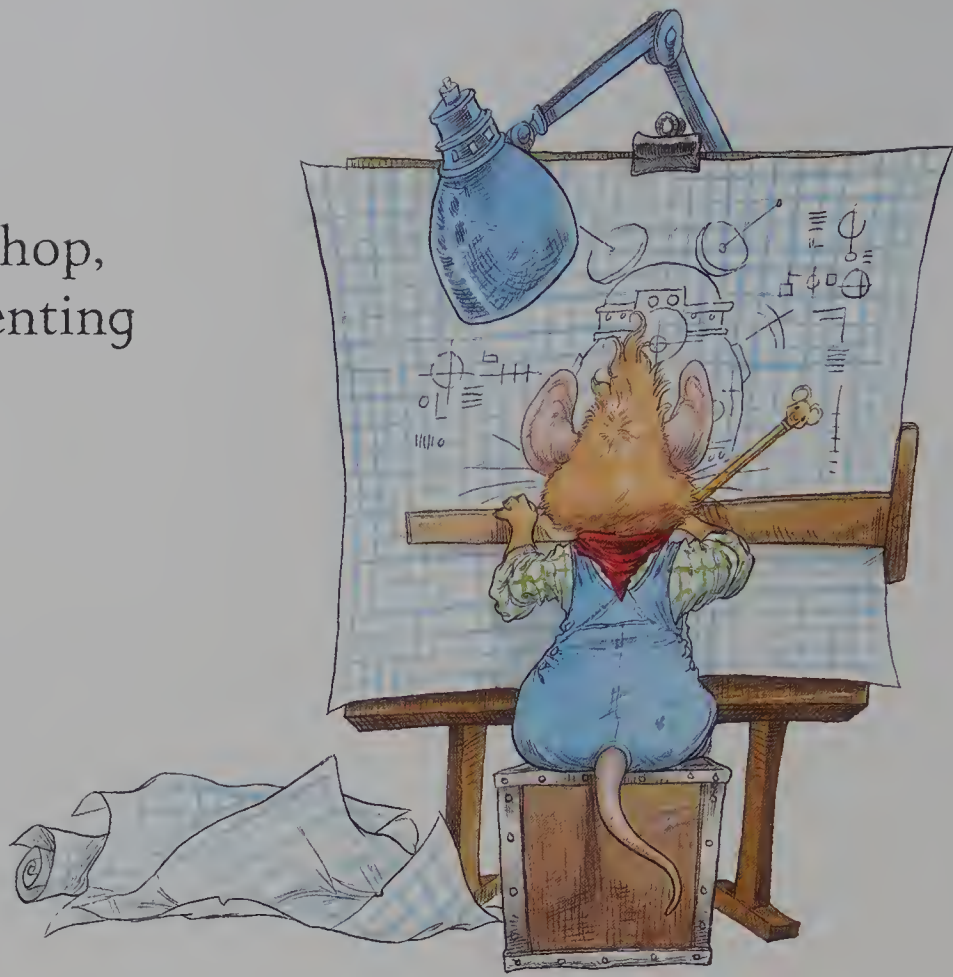
CLUNK!



... and out onto
the scrap heap.



Inside the workshop,
Wendel was inventing
a new robot.



He worked all night ...

and into the morning.



At last it was finished.



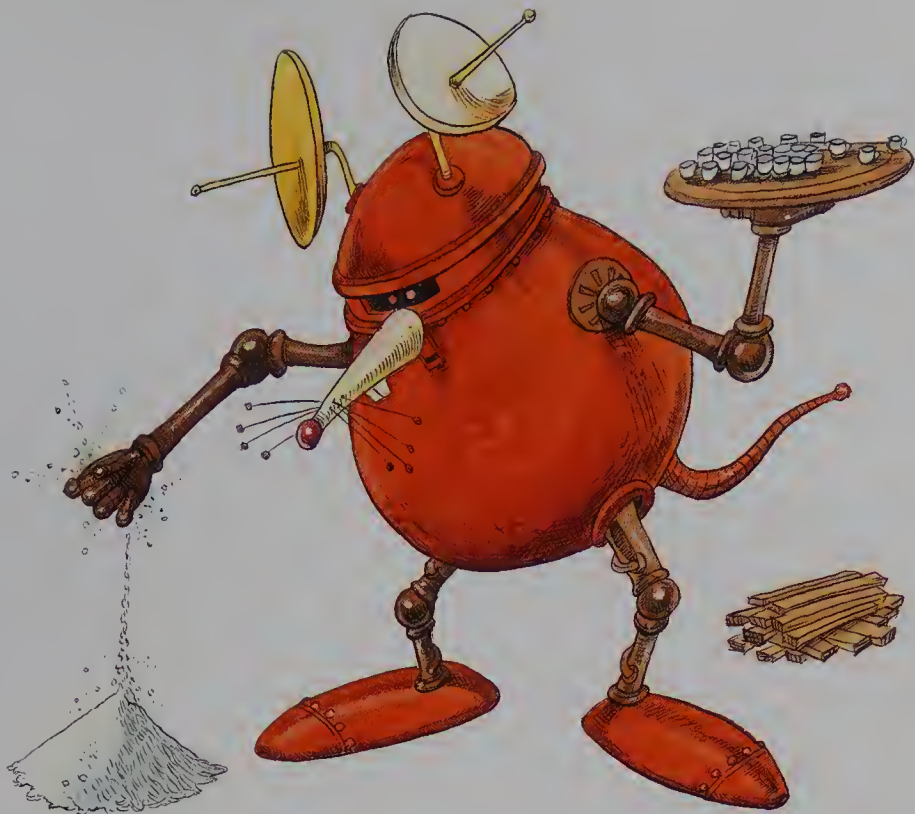
"I'll call you the Wendelbot," said Wendel.

"Tidy!" said the Wendelbot, its red eyes glowing. "Tidy!"
And it set to work.



The Wendelbot worked perfectly.
Wendel was very pleased.

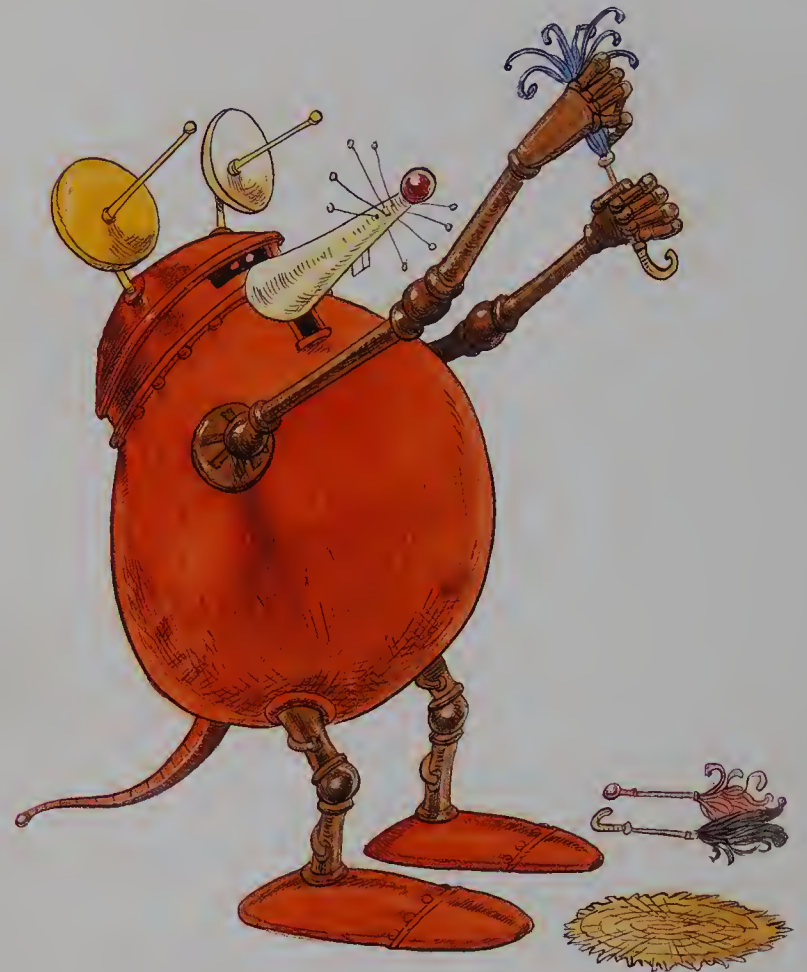




But the Wendelbot didn't stop. Its red eyes glowed as it unmade the bed into a neat bundle and crushed the teacups to a tidy pile of powder.

"Tidy!" the Wendelbot said as it shredded the umbrellas and flattened the laundry basket.

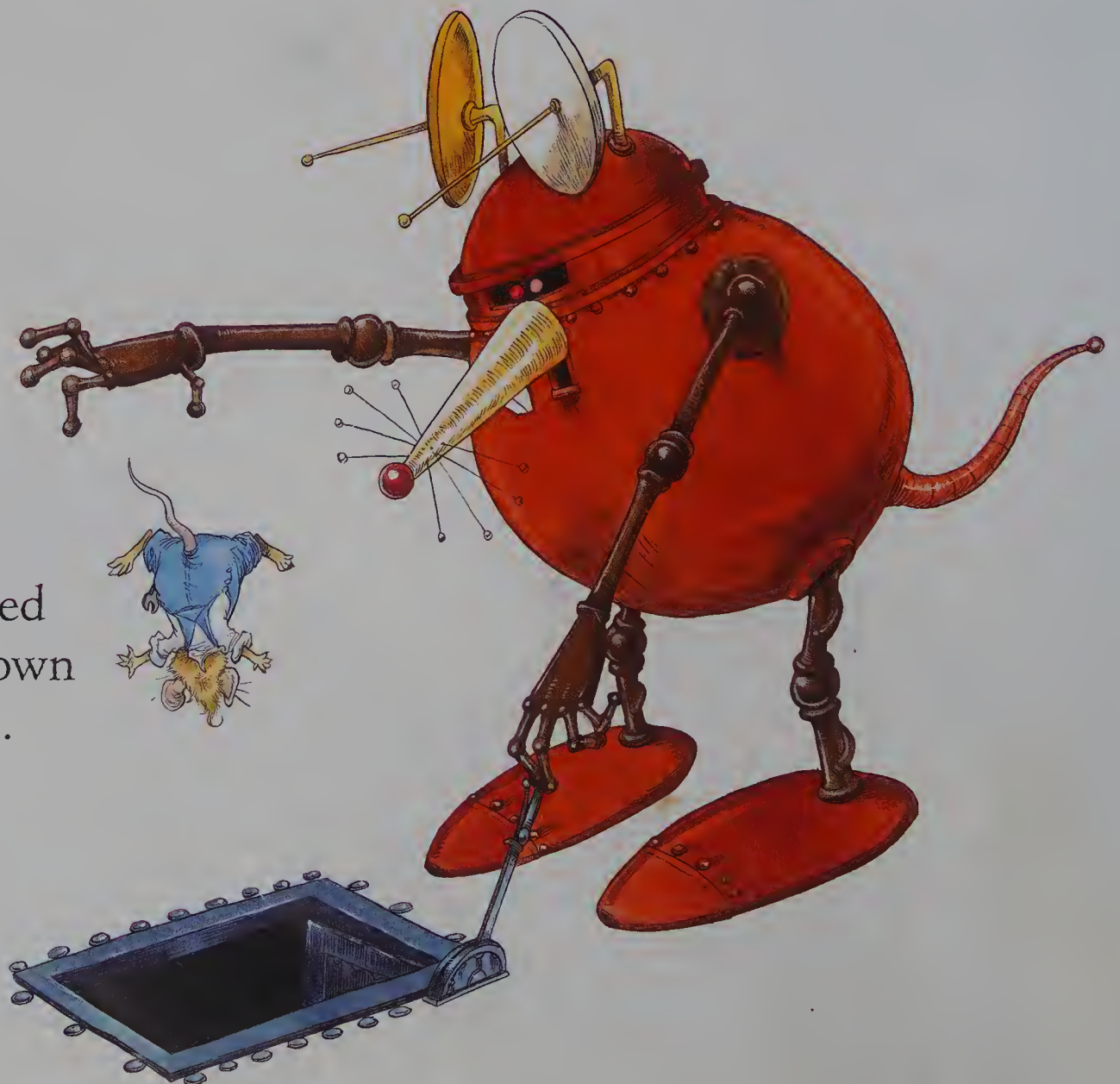
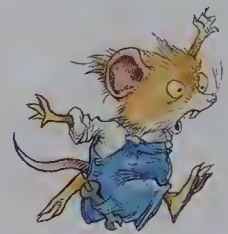
"Tidy!" Soon everything was neat and tidy.



All except one thing . . .



“Tidy!” cried the Wendelbot
as it chased Wendel
around the workshop.



“He-e-e-e-lp!” squeaked
Wendel as he shot down
the rubbish chute . . .

... and out onto the scrap heap.



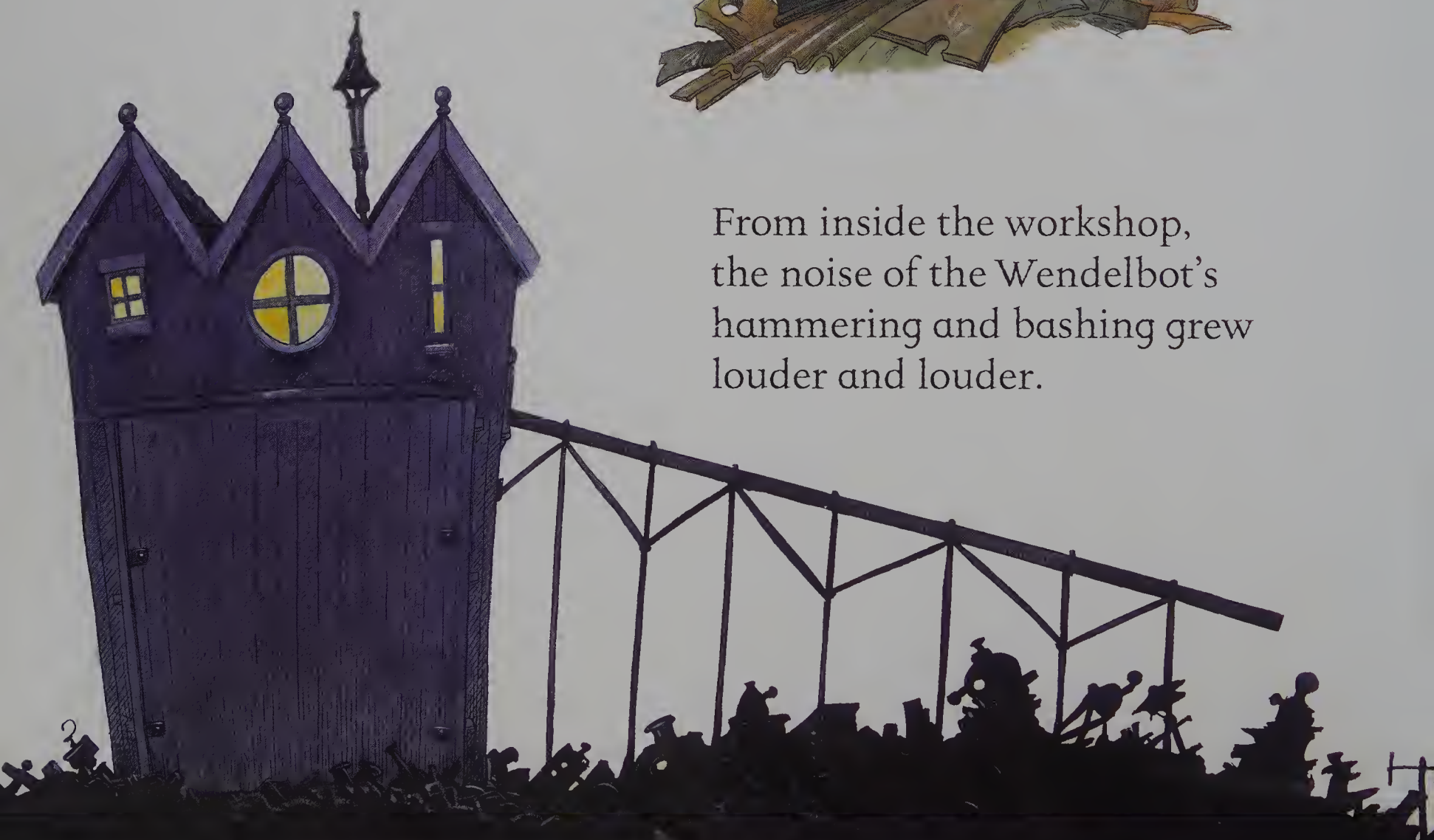
Then, from quite
close by, Wendel
heard a clunk.

CLUNK!

"I'm SO pleased to see you!"
said Wendel.



From inside the workshop,
the noise of the Wendelbot's
hammering and bashing grew
louder and louder.

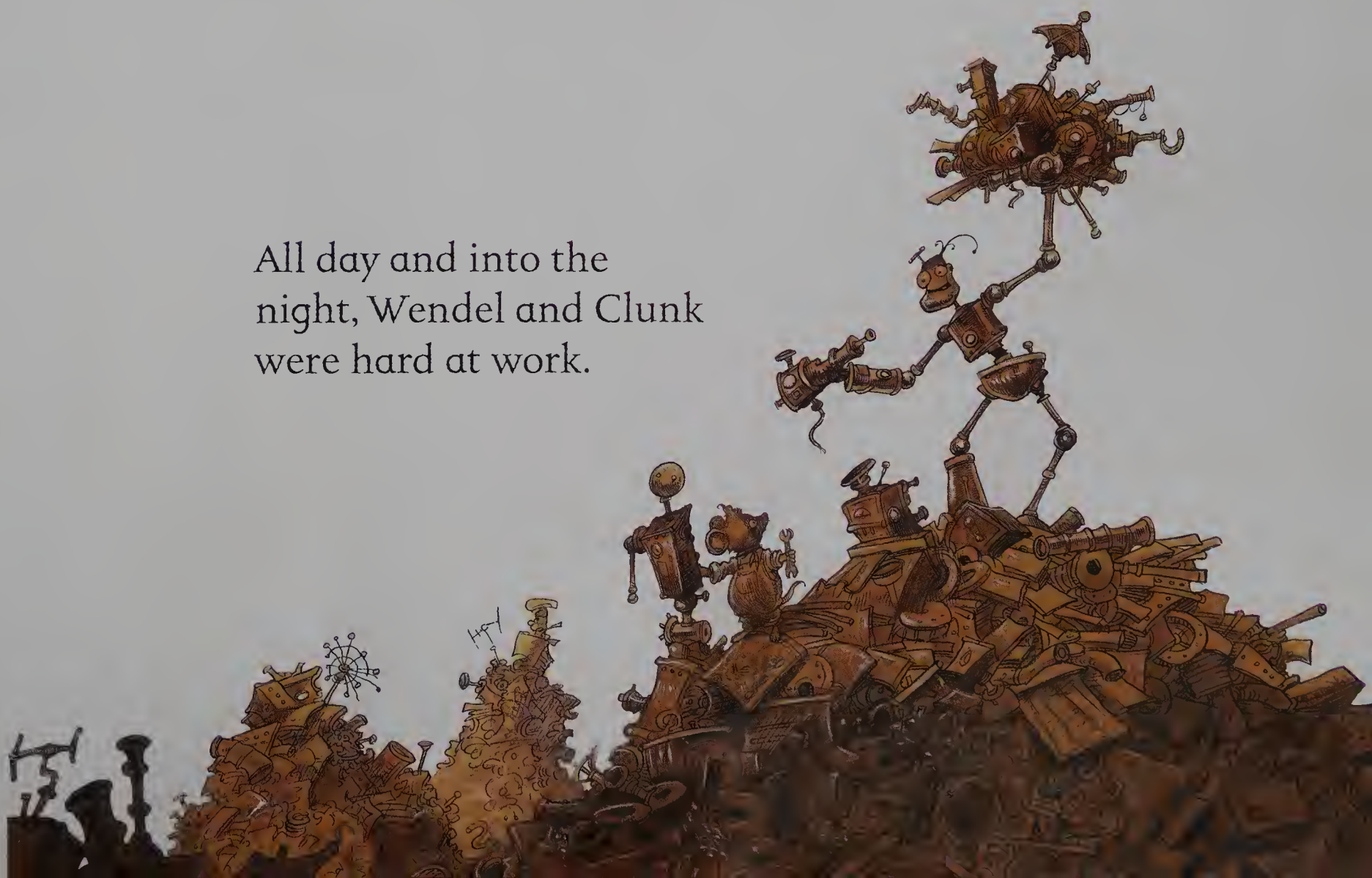


“We need some help,” said Wendel,
“but all we’ve got is rubbish!”
Clunk reached down and handed
Wendel an interesting
piece of scrap.



Wendel smiled. And then he began to invent.

All day and into the
night, Wendel and Clunk
were hard at work.



As the sun rose, the hammering and bashing from Wendel's workshop stopped.

"Workshop tidy!" said the Wendelbot.
It turned its glowing red eyes toward the window.
"NOW, TIDY WORLD!"



The Wendelbot strode across the workshop and threw open the door.



“Good morning,” said Wendel.





The Wendelbot's eyes glowed red.
"Tidy!" it said.

"Untidy! Untidy!" Wendel and his robot
helpers shouted as they ran inside.





“TIDY!” cried the Wendelbot,
lumbering after them.

But the robots were too quick.

The Wendelbot's eyes glowed brighter and brighter as Wendel's workshop grew untidier and untidier.

"Ti-i-ide ...

Ti-i-i ... d-eeeeeee! TI-I-I ... D-E-E-E!"



BA





When the dust had settled, Wendel sighed.
“Now we’ll have to tidy up again,” he said.
“But not too much this time.”



All the
robots helped . . .

in their different ways.



Not everything worked
perfectly . . .



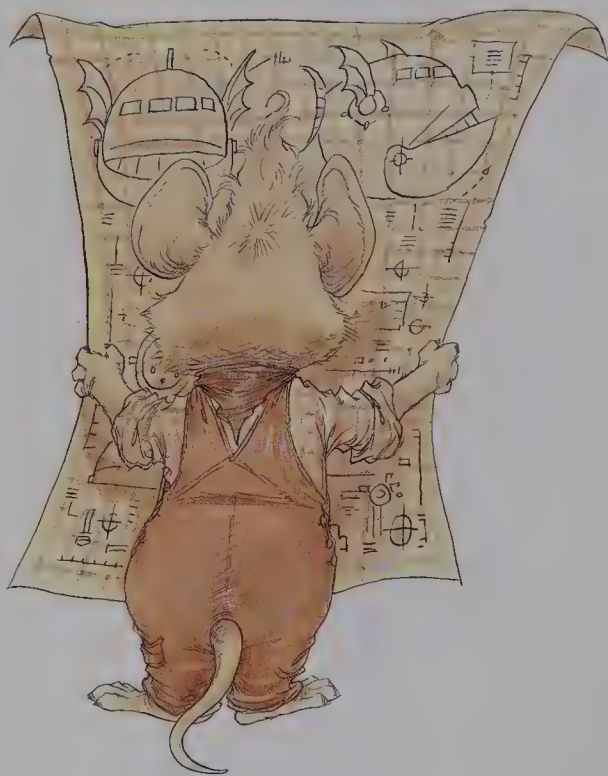
but Wendel didn't mind.
He just smiled, patched
this, mended that, and
made adjustments
here and there.

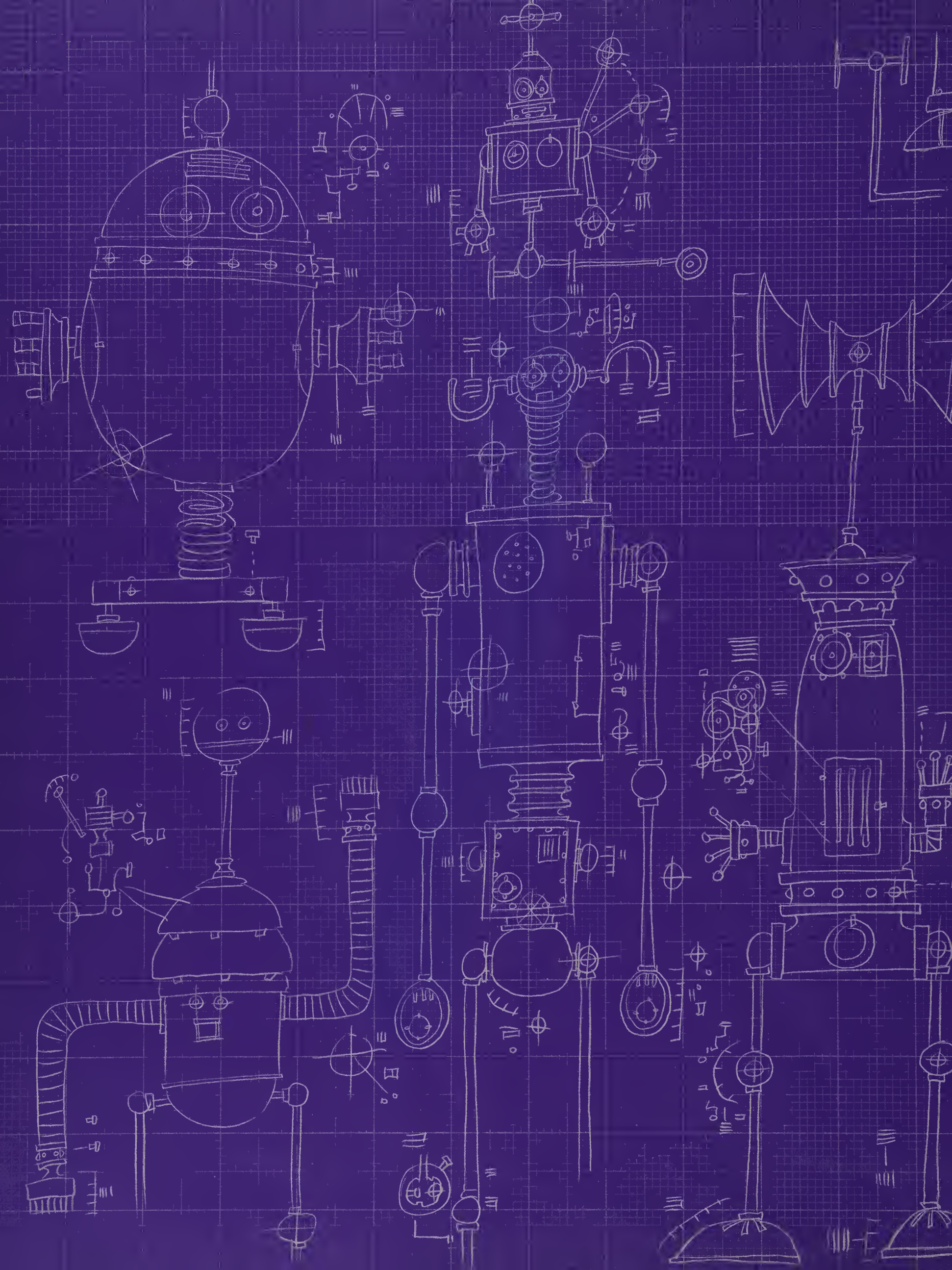
But there was one thing he didn't do . . .



Wendel NEVER threw anything on
the scrap heap again.









Chris Riddell is an internationally acclaimed writer and illustrator whose many awards include the Nestlé Gold

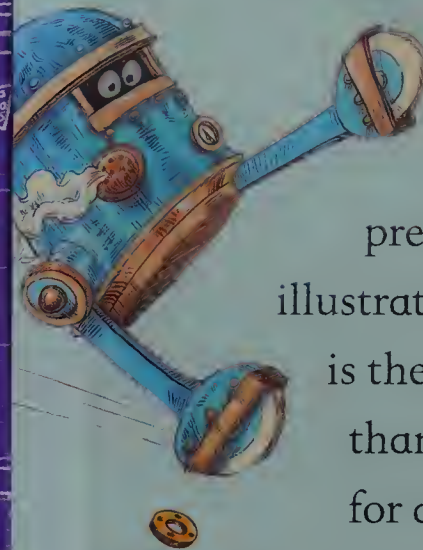
Award and two Kate Greenaway Medals—the most

prestigious prize for illustration in the UK. He

is the creator of more than one hundred books for all ages, including

the immensely popular series the Edge Chronicles and his latest chapter book series, starring the irrepressible Ottoline Brown, which *School Library Journal* called “exceptional.” Chris lives in Brighton, England, where he invents his amazing characters in a very tidy shed in his yard.

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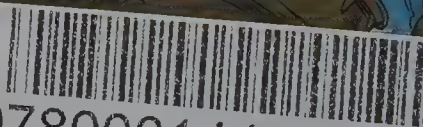
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22