The Eleventh Epic Novel by
Dav Pilkey

SNEAK PREVIEW
CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS
And The Tyrannical Retaliation
Of The Turbo Toilet 2000

Scholastic
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We’re back.
And as usual,
we’re in BIG trouble again.

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The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS.

Once there was two super-awesome kids named George and Harold.

We rock Da house, son! me too!

But they had a mean principle named Mr. Krupp.

Blah-Biddy-Blah-Blah.

Mr. Krupp tried to blackmail George and Harold.

I got you now!

So George and Harold hypnotized him.

I don't think so!!!
They made him think he was Captain Underpants!

It was funny at first...

But then he took things a little too far! Tra-la-la-laaa! Hey come back!

He got into all sorts of trouble.
Then one day he drank some alien super power juice...

And he got real super powers.

Which got him into even more trouble.

Now, whenever Mr. Krupp hears somebody snap their fingers... SNAP

...He turns into Captain Underpants.

Tra-La-Laaaaa!
and whenever anybody pours water on Captain Underpantsses head...

He turns back into mean old Mr. Krupp.

Blah Blah Blah

One time the talking toilets attacked.

Yum Yum Eat Em Up!

There Leader was the Turbo Toilet 2000.

George and Harold used a weird machine to make a good robot called the Robo Plunger.
The Robo Plunger Beated up the Turbo Toilet 2000 and flew him to Uranus.

This other time, Wedgie Woman made 2 robots there they have stayed for many months.

Could these two events be connected?

One of them kicked a kickball into outer space.
Our heros are about to find out!

Because at this very moment...

They are traveling backwards in time to discover the terrible truth!

Oh no!

Here we go again!

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CHAPTER 1

GEORGE AND HAROLD

This is George Beard and Harold Hutchins. George is the kid on the left with the tie and the flat-top. Harold is the one on the right with the T-shirt and the bad haircut. Remember that now.
If you’re confused by what’s going on here, don’t worry. They’re confused, too. You see, George, Harold and Captain Underpants had just undergone an epic adventure that started out in the dinosaur age and ended at their school – forty years in the future. Now, thanks to Melvin Sneedly (the tattletale genius) and his glow-in-the-dark, time-travelling Robo-Squid suit, they were all hurtling backwards in time. Back a long, long, long time ago to that dull, old-fashioned age known as the present.
Oh, I almost forgot. Travelling with them were three purple-and-orange-speckled eggs, laid by their pet pterodactyl, Crackers, who, along with their other pet – Sulu the Bionic Hamster – had just saved the planet and created all life as we know it, simultaneously.

See? That wasn’t confusing at all, was it? Melvin’s glow-in-the-dark, time-travelling Robo-Squid suit whizzed through time in a dazzling array of electrified eye candy as forty years sped by in reverse.
Then everything stopped suddenly. George and Harold looked around.

“Hey,” said Harold. “We’re still here at school!”

“Correct,” said Melvin. “Only it’s now forty years and one day earlier.”
“Hey, look,” said George, pointing at the school. “There’s Tippy and his Robo-Pants.”

“Not again,” Harold moaned.

“Relax,” said Melvin, as a flash of green light shot out of the library window. “You’re looking at something that happened yesterday, remember?”

“Oh, yeah,” said Harold. “We were up there in the library. We just disappeared in the Purple Potty!”

“Right,” said George. “And Tippy is just about to come after us. He should be leaving any second now.”
Suddenly, a crackling blue light shot out of the Robo-Pants, and before you could say “convoluted plotline”, it disappeared into the noontime haze.

“OK,” said Melvin. “Here you are. Home again, home again, jiggity jig! Take your precious eggs and go about your business!”

“Wait a second,” said George. “Aren’t the cops still after us?”

“Yeah,” said Harold. “Don’t they still think we stole that money from the bank?”
Suddenly, a crackling blue light shot out of the Robo-Pants, and before you could say “convoluted plotline”, it disappeared into the noontime haze.

“OK,” said Melvin. “Here you are. Home again, home again, jiggity jig! Take your precious eggs and go about your business!”

“Wait a second,” said George. “Aren’t the cops still after us?”

“Yeah,” said Harold. “Don’t they still think we stole that money from the bank?”

“No big deal,” said Melvin proudly, patting himself on the back with one of his mechanical tentacles. “Luckily, I had this glow-in-the-dark, time-travelling Robo-Squid suit in my garage. I used it to go back in time and hack into the bank’s computer.”

“What for?” asked Harold.

“No big deal,” said Melvin. “I altered their surveillance images a little bit. Just don’t grow a moustache or a beard anytime soon, and you guys’ll be fine.”
“Wow,” said Harold. “Melvin Sneedly rescued us. I can’t believe it!”

“Yeah, I don’t get it, Melvin,” said George suspiciously. “You’ve always hated us. How come you’re being so nice to us all of a sudden?”

“Oh, I have my reasons,” said Melvin. “I have my reasons.”

And Melvin did indeed have reasons. One whole year’s worth of reasons. But before I can tell you that story, I have to tell you this story...
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The kickball sped closer and closer to a small cluster of porcelain monstrosities that lay together in a heap on the surface of the icy, ridiculously named planet. Behind them, guarding them all with a keen, observant eye, was a robotic sentinel known as the Incredible Robo-Plunger. Faster and faster the kickball whizzed towards them, until finally...
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The force of the red, rubber ball knocked the head right off of the Incredible Robo-Plunger. The decapitated defender jutted forward slightly, as Photo-Atomic Trans-Somgobulating Yectofantriplutoniczanziptomistic juice drizzled out from its mangled neck hole and oozed slowly downward into the gaping mouth of the Turbo Toilet 2000.
This was unfortunate, because as any robotics engineer will tell you, it’s very important to keep Photo-Atomic Trans-Somgobulating Yectofantriplutoniczanziptomistic juice as far away from evil robots as possible.

You certainly don’t want to get even a drop of it in their mouths, for it will only make them come to life and give them an unquenchable appetite for destruction. Which, sadly, is exactly what happened that bleak night on the terribly gassy surface of Uranus.
The Turbo Toilet 2000’s bulbous, bloodshot eyes smacked open and wobbled around wildly. His massive left arm creaked up and rubbed the painful, throbbing side of his porcelain lid.

“Where the heck am I?” he said, looking around at his fallen allies. Clumsily, he squeaked to his feet, dusted himself off and beheld the headless mess that once was the Incredible Robo-Plunger. Then it all came back to him. The battle. The defeat. The humiliation.
It wasn’t long before the Turbo Toilet 2000 had pieced together every single event that had brought him and his army of Talking Toilets to this frozen, frustrating fate.

“I must retaliate,” he said, clenching his razor-sharp porcelain teeth together tightly. “I must avenge my fallen allies!”
Find out what happens next in the NEW Captain Underpants

Available in Ireland from eason
and in the UK from WHSmith

Subject to availability. Most stores.
When Dav Pilkey was a kid, he suffered from ADHD, dyslexia and behavioural problems. Dav was so disruptive in class that his teachers made him sit out in the hall every day. Fortunately, Dav loved to draw and make up stories. He spent his time in the hallway creating his own original comic books.

In the second grade, Dav Pilkey created a comic book about a superhero named Captain Underpants. His teacher ripped it up and told him he couldn’t spend the rest of his life making silly books.

Fortunately, Dav was not a very good listener.