

# CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS

## AND THE ATTACK OF THE TALKING TOILETS

**MORE  
ACTION**

**MORE  
LAFFS**

**MORE  
FLIP-E-  
RAMA**



The Second EPIC Novel By  
**DAV PILKEY**



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SCHOLASTIC INC.



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**FOR ALAN BOYKO**



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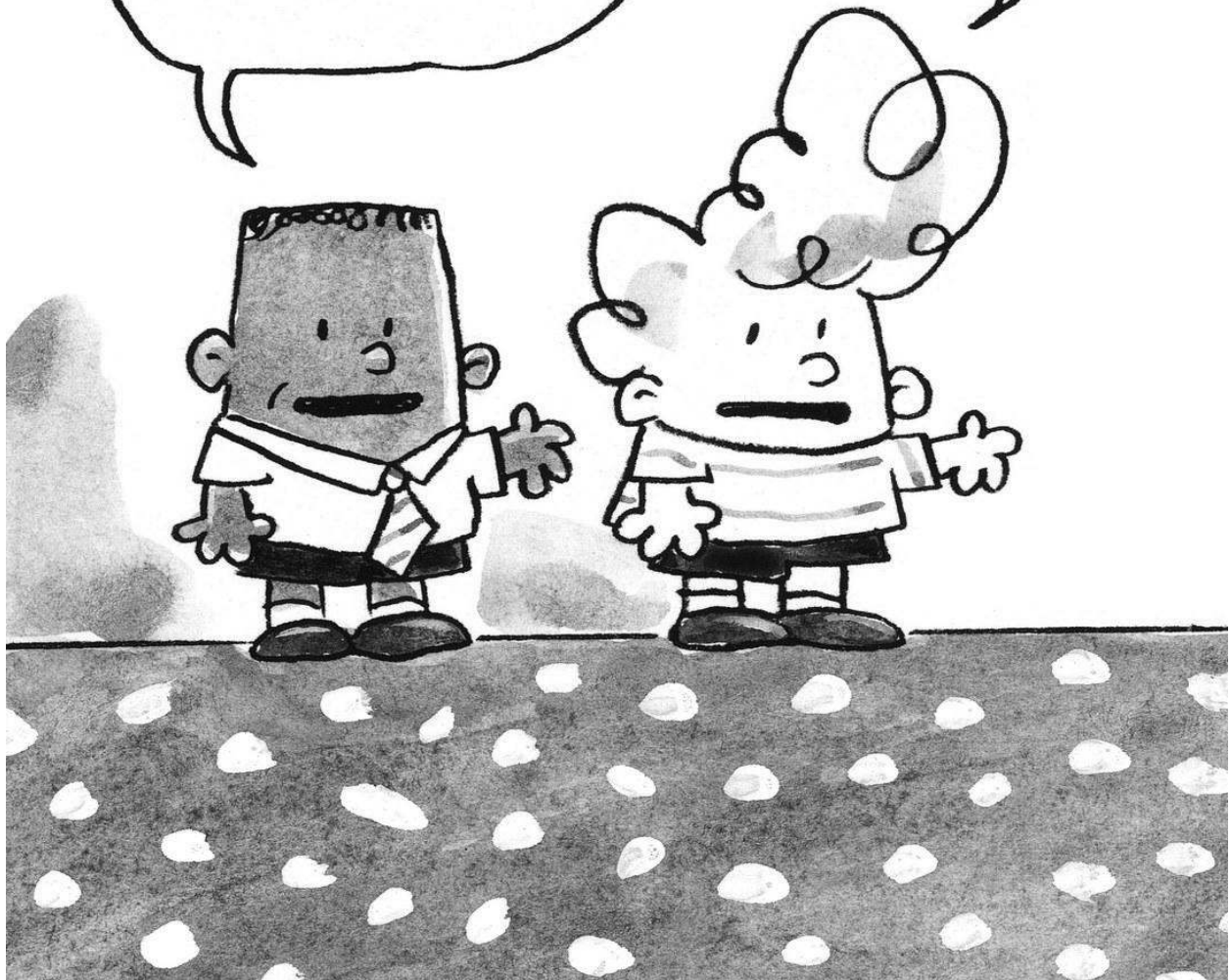


Um...hello.

Before you read this  
book, there's some things  
you should know....

So Harold and I have  
created this informative  
pamphlet to fill you  
in on the details.

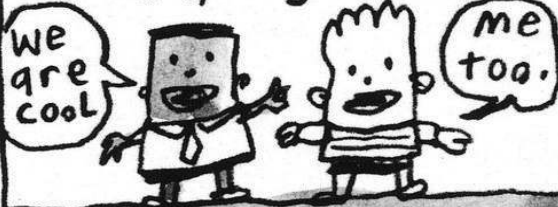
Please don't  
let this comic  
fall into the  
wrong hands.



# THE TOP-SECRET TRUTH ABOUT CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS

By George Beard and Harold Hutchins  
(who deny everything)

Once upon A Time There  
were two cool kids  
named George and Harold



They made their  
OWN COMICS  
ABOUT A SUPER  
HERO named  
CAPTAIN  
UNDERPANTS



Everybody thought their  
comics were funny

HA-HA-HA-HA HA

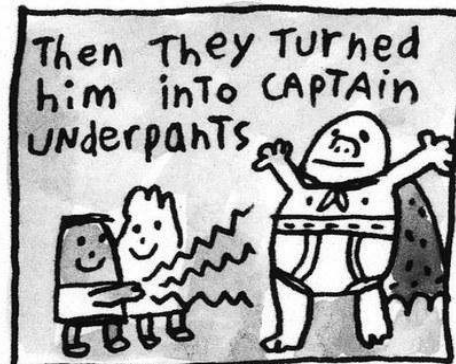


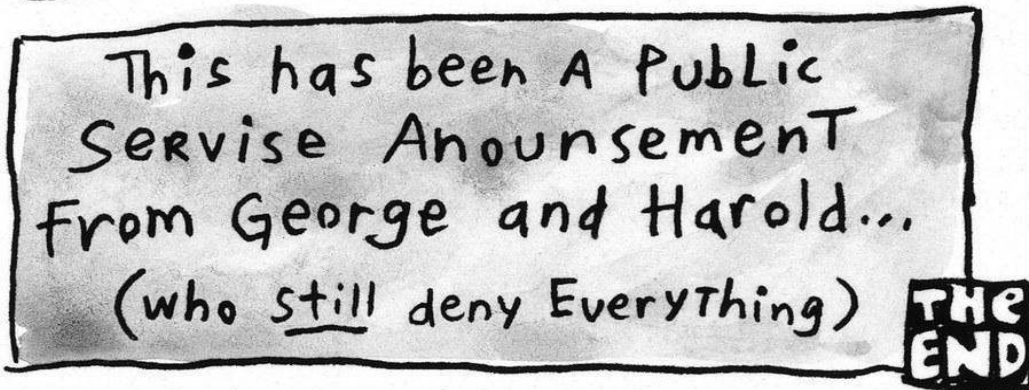
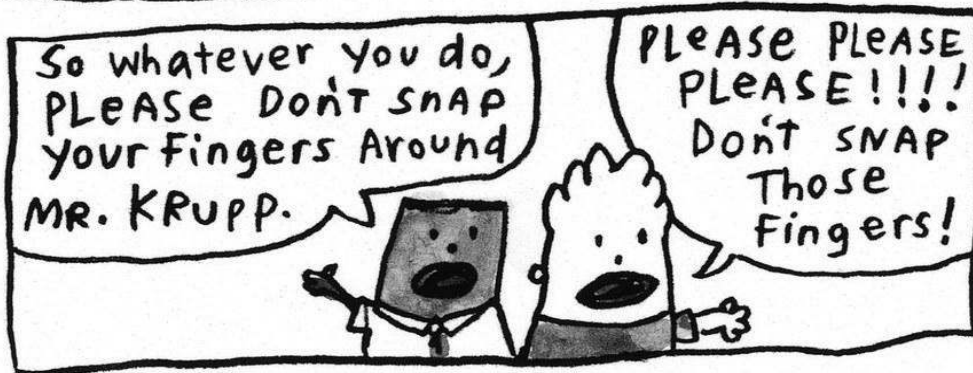
EXCEPT FOR  
their mean  
old Principal,  
MR. KRUPP.

Blah  
Blah  
Blah













## **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.



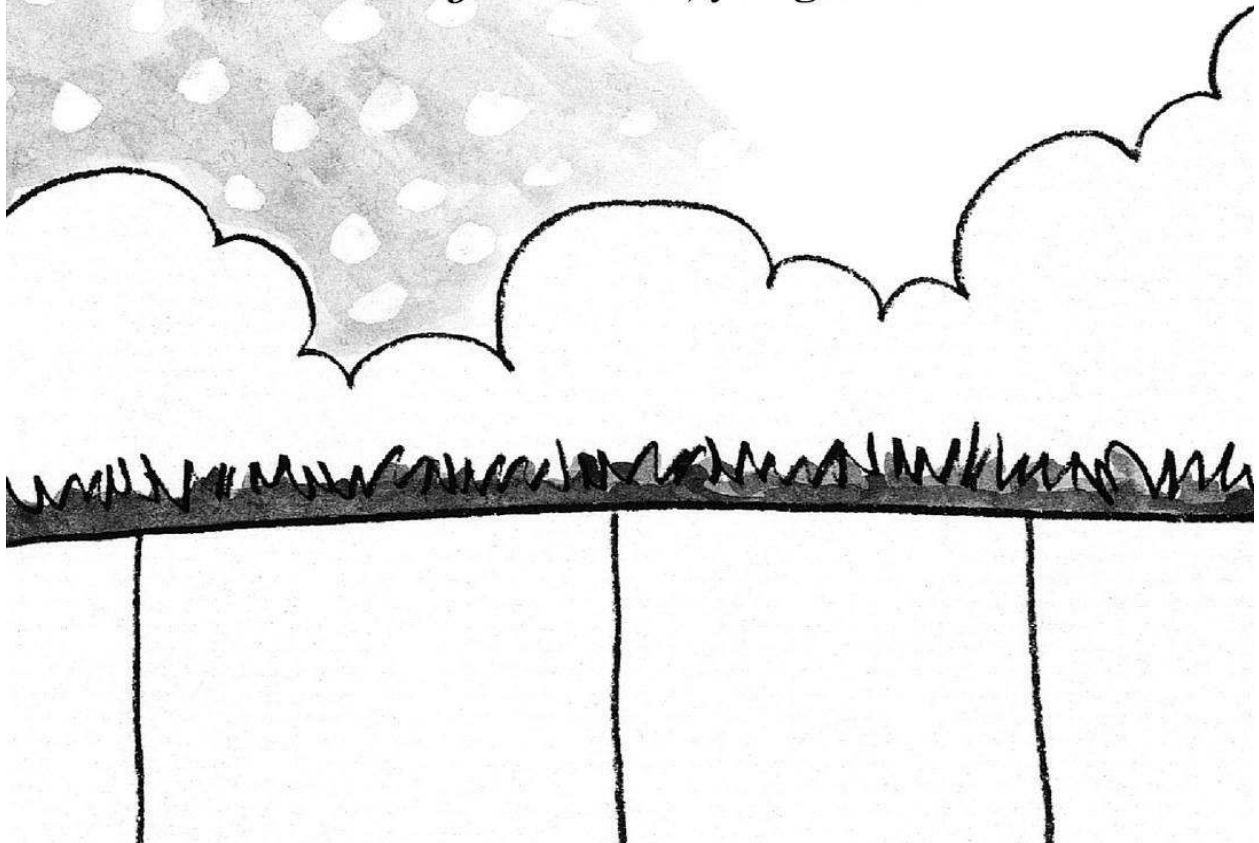


Depending on who you asked, you'd probably hear a lot of different things about George and Harold.

Their teacher, Ms. Ribble, might say that George and Harold were *disruptive* and *behaviorally challenged*.

Their gym teacher, Mr. Meaner, might add that they were in serious need of a major *attitude adjustment*.

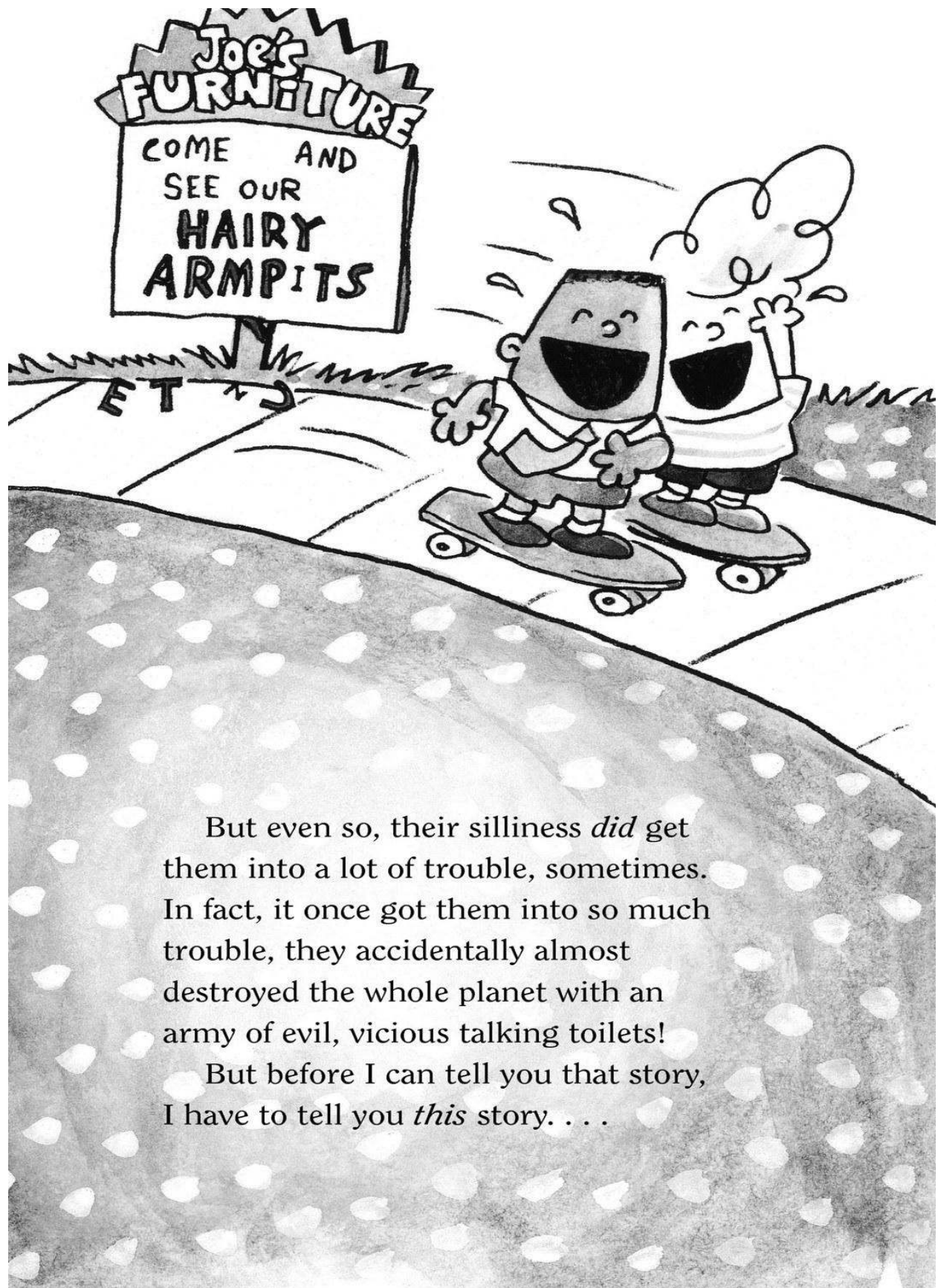
Their principal, Mr. Krupp, would probably have a few more choice words to include, like *sneaky*, and *criminally mischievous*, and "*I'll get those boys if it's the last thing I. . .*" Well, you get the idea.



But if you asked their parents, they'd probably tell you that George and Harold were smart and sweet, and very good-hearted. . . even if they were a bit silly at times.

I'd have to agree with their parents.





But even so, their silliness *did* get them into a lot of trouble, sometimes. In fact, it once got them into so much trouble, they accidentally almost destroyed the whole planet with an army of evil, vicious talking toilets!

But before I can tell you that story, I have to tell you *this* story. . . .



## CHAPTER 2

# THIS STORY

One fine morning at Jerome Horwitz Elementary School, George and Harold had just gotten out of their fourth-grade remedial gym class when they saw a big sign in the hallway.

It was an announcement for the Second Annual *Invention Convention*.



George and Harold had fond memories of last year's Invention Convention, but this year's convention was a bit different. The first-prize winner got to be "Principal for the Day."

"Wow," said George. "Whoever gets to be principal gets to make up all the rules for the whole day, and everybody in school has to follow those rules!"

"We have *got* to win first prize this year!" exclaimed Harold.



Just then, George and Harold's principal, Mr. Krupp, showed up.

"A-HA!" he shouted. "I'll bet you two are up to no good!"

"Not really," said George. "We were just reading about this year's contest."

"Yeah," said Harold. "We're going to win first prize in the contest and be *Principals for the Day!*"





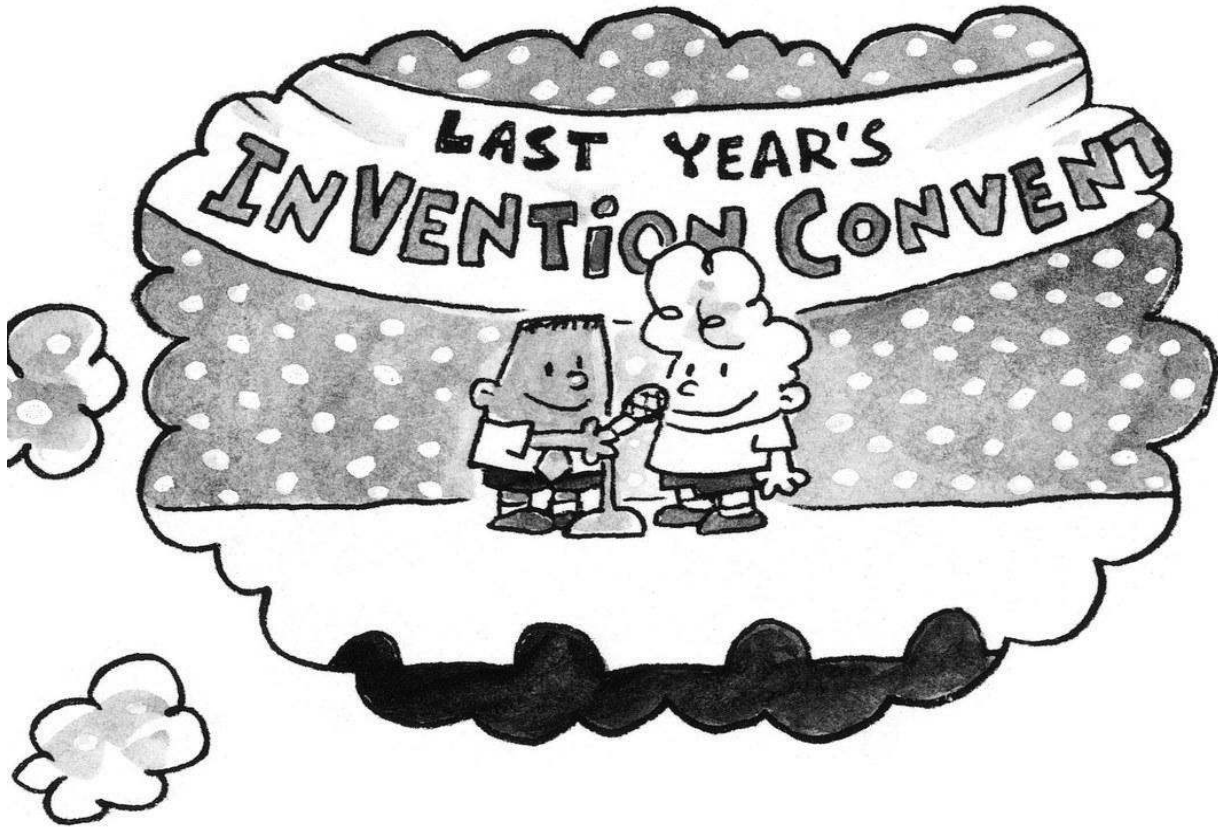
“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!” laughed Mr. Krupp.  
“Do you *honestly* think I’d let you two  
enter this year’s contest after that stunt  
you pulled at *last* year’s Invention  
Convention?!!?”

George and Harold smiled and thought  
back to the First Annual Invention  
Convention. . . .



## **CHAPTER 3**

# **THE FLASHBACK**



It was about one year earlier, and all of the faculty and students of Jerome Horwitz Elementary School had gathered in the gymnasium for what would later be known as the “Sticky Chair Incident.” George and Harold stepped up to the microphone.



“Ladies and gentlemen,” said George, “Harold and I have invented something that is guaranteed to keep you all *glued to your seats!*”

“Yes,” said Harold. “We call it *glue.*”

Mr. Krupp became very angry. “You two did not invent *glue!*” he shouted. He stood up to take the microphone away from Harold, and his chair stood up with him. Everyone in the gymnasium laughed.

The school secretary, Miss Anthrope, stood up to help remove Mr. Krupp’s chair from his pants. Her chair stood up with her, too. Everyone in the gymnasium laughed harder.



The other teachers stood up, and—  
you guessed it—they were stuck to their  
chairs as well. Everyone in the audience  
howled with laughter.

One kid stood up to go to the bath-  
room, and his chair came up with him,  
also. The audience stopped laughing so  
hard. They all quickly checked their  
chairs, and suddenly, the laughter stopped  
completely. Everyone in the whole school  
was glued to their seats.





You see, while it was true that George and Harold had not invented glue, they *had* invented a new *kind* of glue. By simply mixing rubber cement with concentrated orange juice mix, they had created a quick-drying, body-heat-activated glue. Then they applied this special glue to every seat in the gymnasium (except theirs) early that morning.

Everybody in the gymnasium was glaring at George and Harold and *seething* with anger.

“I’ve got a good idea,” said George.

“What?” asked Harold.

“RUN!!!” cried George.

George and Harold were grinning from ear to ear, remembering their silly invention and the chaos that followed.

“That was hilarious,” laughed Harold.

“Yeah,” chuckled George. “It’ll be hard to top that *this* year!”

“Well, you won’t get a chance this year,” said Mr. Krupp. He took out a magnifying glass and held it up to the fine print on the sign.

“This contest is open to all students in the third and fourth grades EXCEPT George Beard and Harold Hutchins.”



"You mean, we can't enter the contest?" asked Harold.

"It's worse than that," laughed Mr. Krupp. "You boys can't even *attend* this year's convention. I'm putting you two in study hall that whole day!" Mr. Krupp turned and walked away, laughing victoriously.

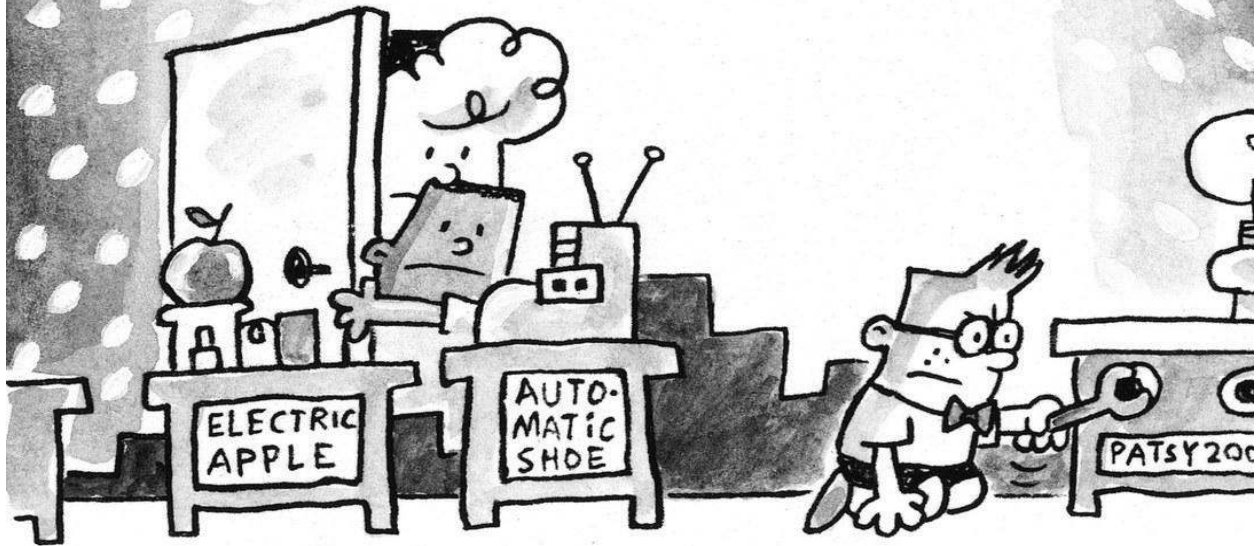
"Rats!" said Harold. "What are we going to do now?"

"Well," said George, "you know the old saying: If you can't join 'em, *beat 'em!*"



## CHAPTER 4

# THE INVENTION



Early that evening, George and Harold sneaked back to school with their supplies. They crept into the gymnasium and peeked around.

“I think somebody’s still in here,” whispered Harold.

“Oh, it’s just Melvin Sneedly,” said George.

Melvin was the school brainiac. He was busy putting some last-minute touches on his new invention for the contest.



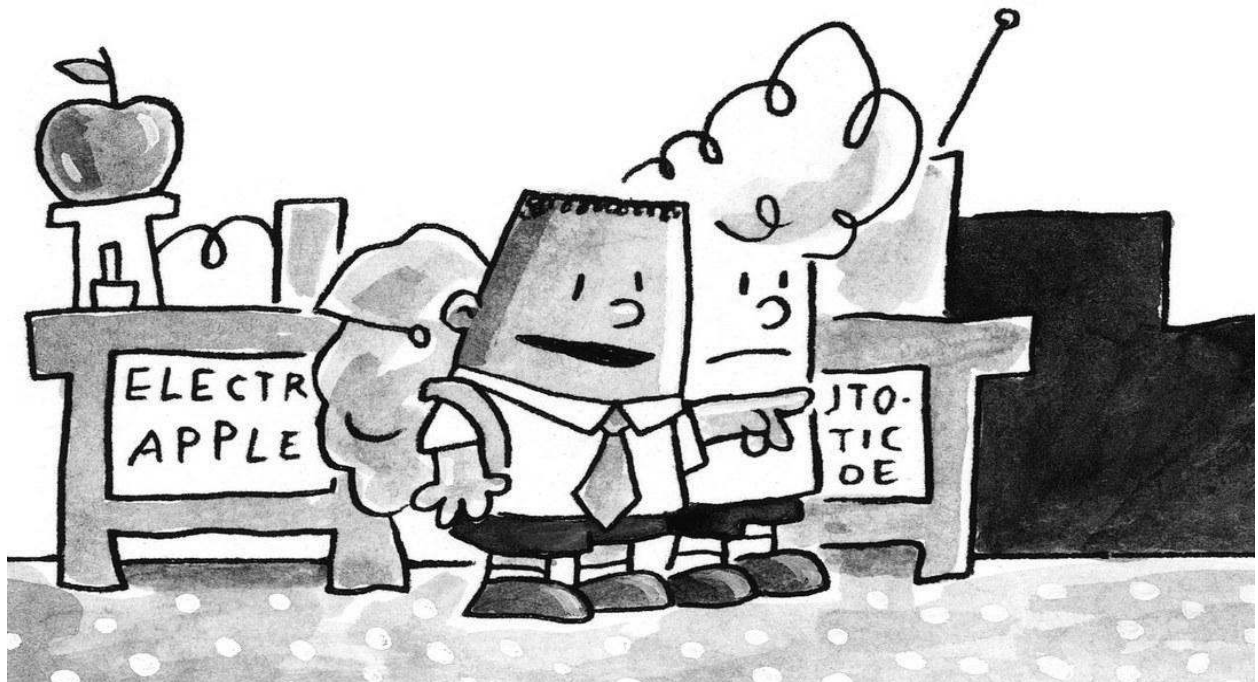
"We should wait here until he leaves," whispered Harold.

"No way," said George. "He could be here all night! Let's just go over and talk to him."

When Melvin saw George and Harold approaching, he was not happy. "Oh, *no!*" he said. "I'll bet you guys are here to mess with everybody's inventions."

"Nice guess," said George. "Listen, we promise not to mess with *your* invention, if you promise not to tell anybody that you saw *us* here tonight."

Melvin looked lovingly at his invention, and reluctantly agreed. "I promise," he said.



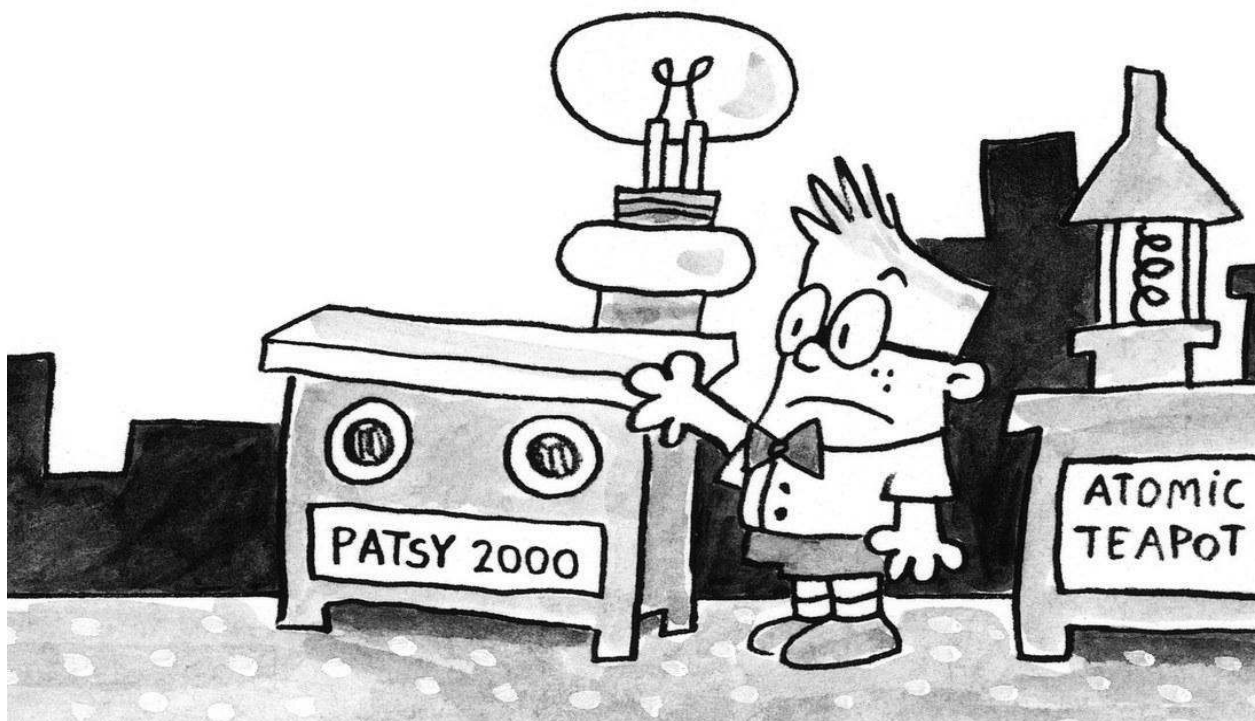
“Great,” said George. “Say, what is that invention of yours, anyway? It just looks like a photocopy machine.”

“Well, it *used* to be a photocopy machine,” said Melvin, “but I’ve made some major adjustments to it. Now it is an invention that will revolutionize the world. I call it the PATSY 2000.”

“It’ll revolutionize the world, and you named it *PATSY*???” asked Harold.

“Yes,” said Melvin. “PATSY is an acronym for Photo-Atomic Trans-Somgobulating Yectofantriplutonic-zanziptomiser.”

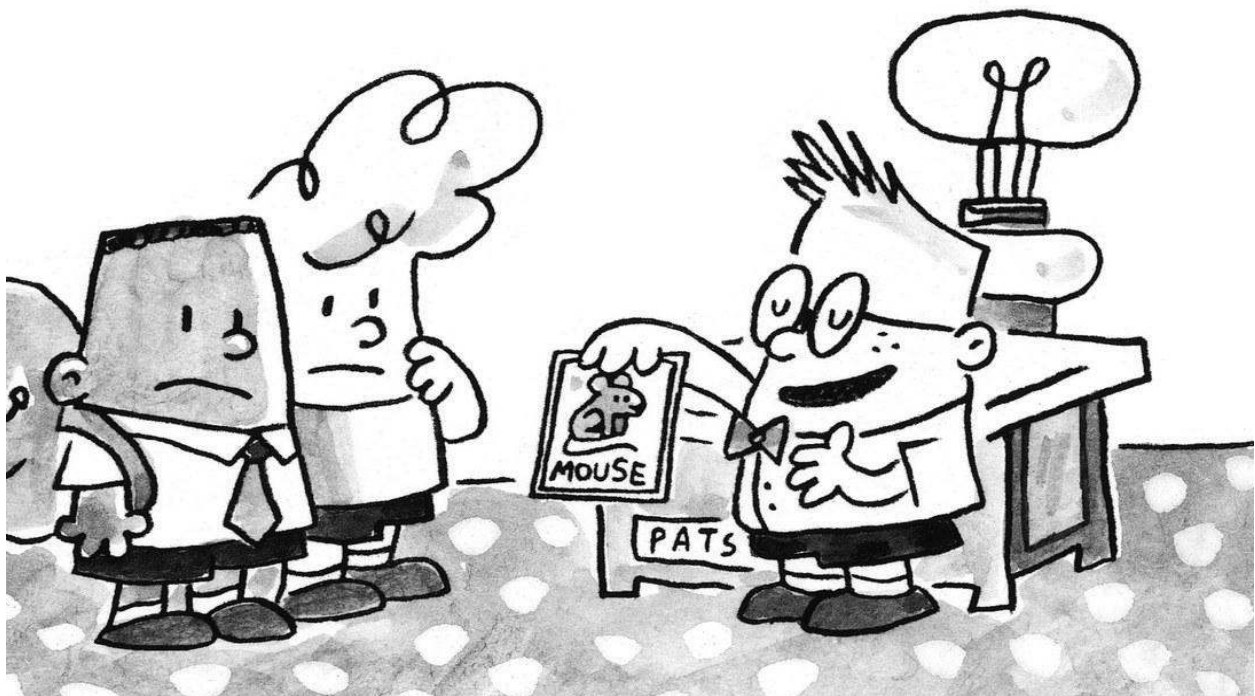
“I’m sorry I asked,” said Harold.

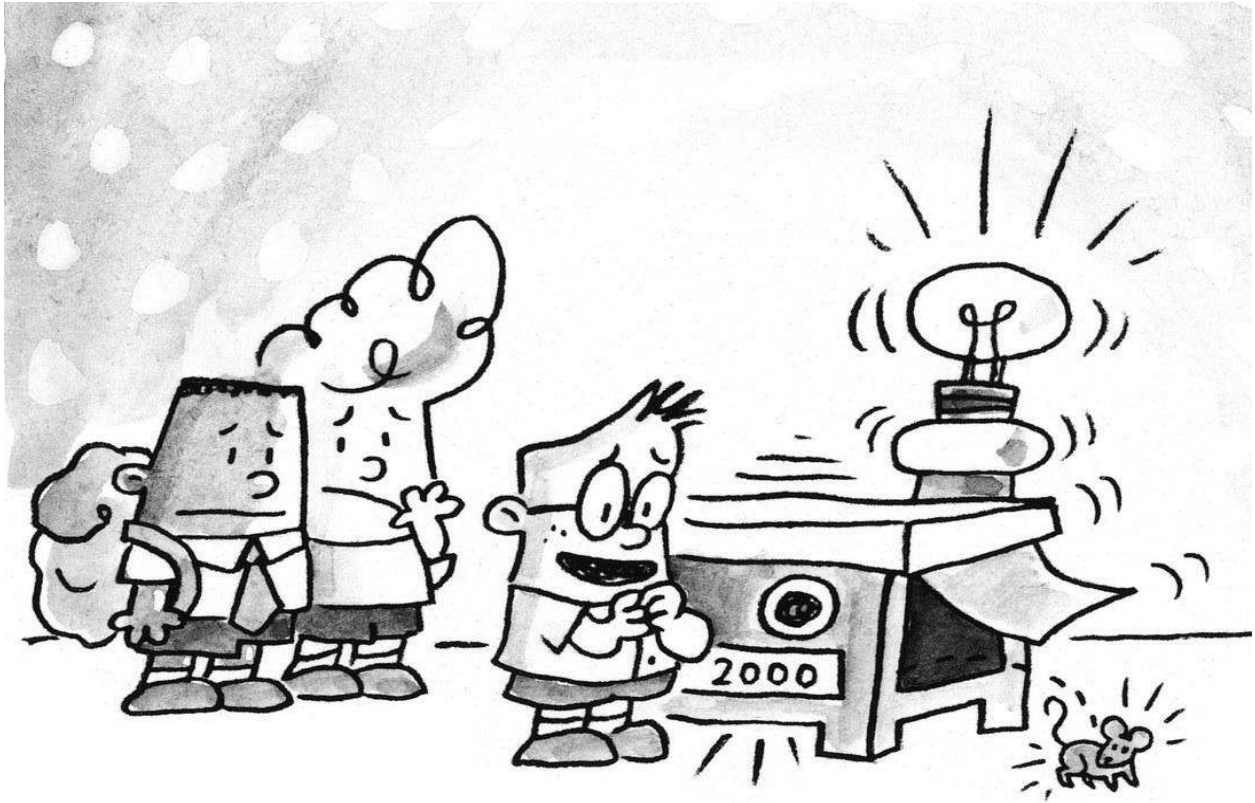


“Allow me to demonstrate,” said Melvin. “The PATSY 2000 can take any one-dimensional image and create a living, breathing, three-dimensional copy of that image. For example, take this ordinary photograph of a mouse.”

Melvin placed the photo of the mouse onto the glass screen of the PATSY 2000 and pressed “start.”

The lights in the gymnasium dimmed as all the power in the entire school seemed to get sucked into the PATSY 2000. Soon the machine began to vibrate and hum loudly, and tiny bolts of static electricity snapped out from underneath.





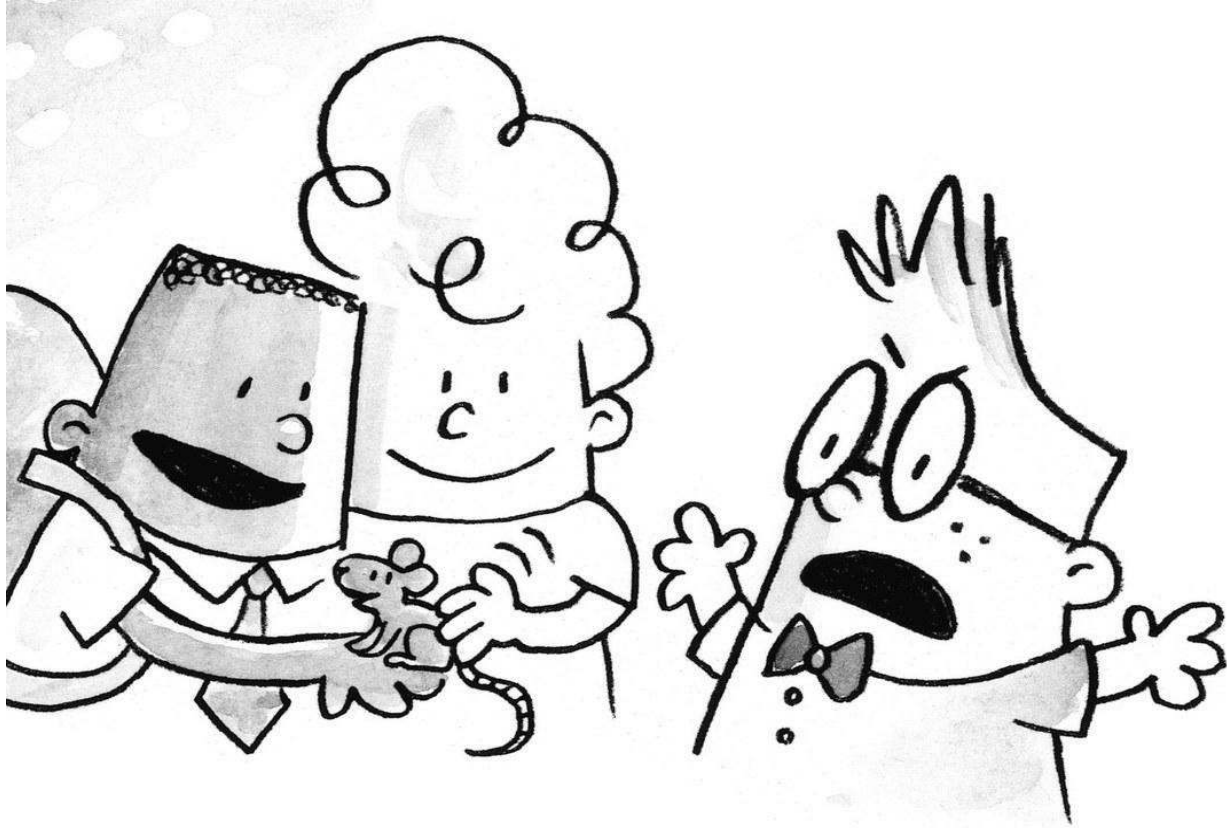
“I hope that thing doesn’t explode,”  
said Harold.

“Oh, this is *nothing*,” said Melvin. “You  
should have seen how the PATSY 2000  
reacted when I copied a *poodle*!”

Finally, after a series of flashes and loud  
zaps, everything stopped. A small *ding*  
was heard, then a tiny mouse crawled out  
the side door of the PATSY 2000 and onto  
the floor.

“Isn’t it wonderful?” exclaimed Melvin.





George inspected the mouse closely.

"That's a great trick," George laughed.

"You really had me goin' for a while!"

"It's *not* a trick," cried Melvin. "The PATSY 2000 really *does* bring photos to life! I've even created living creatures from *paintings and drawings*!"

"Yeah, *right*!" laughed Harold. "And I thought *we* were con artists!"

George and Harold walked away chuckling. It was time to move on to bigger and better things.

## CHAPTER 5

# BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS

George and Harold went to the other end of the gymnasium, opened their backpacks, and began to work.

George busied himself by turning all the spray nozzles on the Automatic Dog-Washer around, while Harold filled up the soap tank with India ink.





Then they moved on to the Volcano Detector. "Will you please pass me the big bag of butterscotch pudding and a Phillips-head screwdriver?" asked Harold.

"Sure," said George, as he carefully inserted eggs into the Electric Ping-Pong Ball Server.

## CHAPTER 6

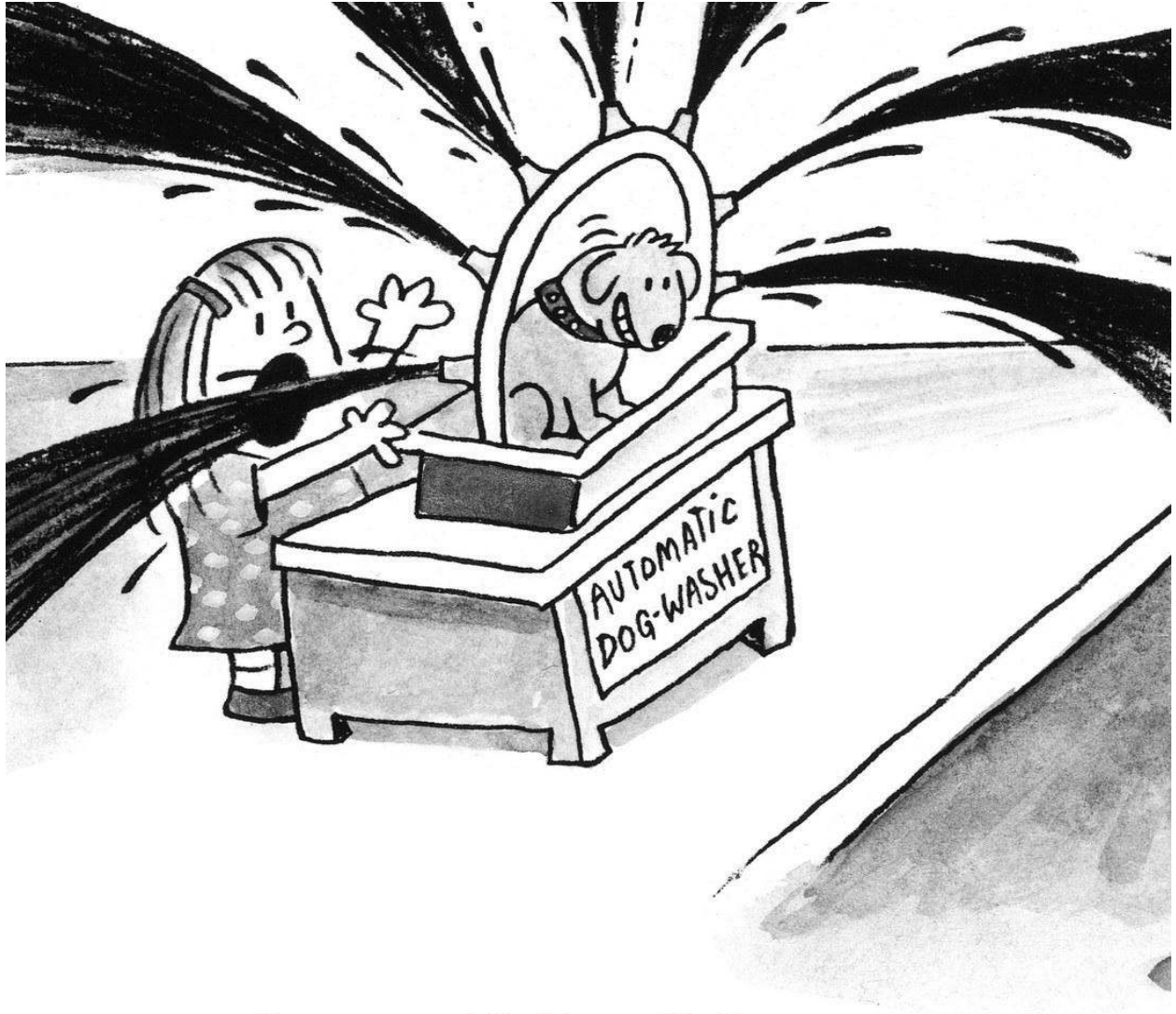
# THE INVENTION CONVENTION

The following day started out sunny and cheerful. The students and faculty filed into the gymnasium and checked the seats *very* carefully before sitting down.

“Greetings,” said Mr. Krupp, who was standing up at the microphone. “You don’t need to worry about sticky seats today,” he said. “I’ve taken measures to ensure that *this* Invention Convention won’t be a disaster like *last* year’s.”







Everyone settled in as Madison Mancini, a third grader, stepped onstage to demonstrate her Automatic Dog-Washer.

“First,” said Madison, “you put your dog in the tub. Then you press this button.”

Madison pressed the “start” button. At first, nothing happened. Then suddenly, a spurt of inky black water sprayed up



and out over the crowd. Everyone (except the dog) got soaked, as Madison tried desperately to turn off the sprayers.

“I can’t stop it!” she cried. “Someone turned all the nozzles around!”

“Now *who* could’ve done that?” asked Mr. Krupp.

Next up was Donny Shoemyer, with his Electric Ping-Pong Ball Server. He turned the machine on, and immediately it began hurling extra-large grade-A eggs into the crowd.

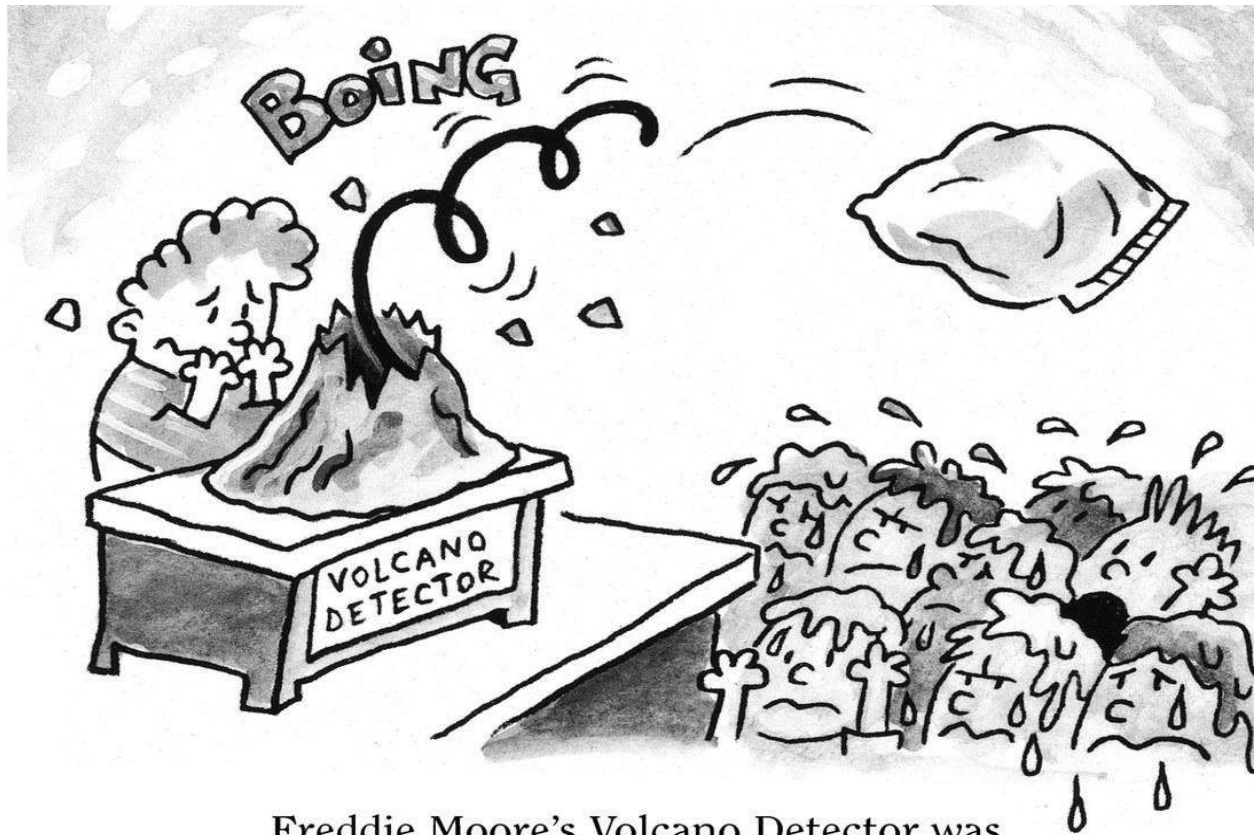
*Phoop!-Phoop!-Phoop!-Phoop!-Phoop!* went the machine.

*Splat!-Splat!-Splat!-Splat!-Splat!* went the eggs.

"I can't turn the machine off!" cried Donny. "Somebody jammed a paper clip into the controller!"

"Now *who* could've done that?" asked Ms. Ribble.





Freddie Moore's Volcano Detector was also a big flop. When Freddie connected the circuits to the nine-volt battery, a large spring (which had been crammed into the center of his miniature volcano) launched a giant plastic bag of butterscotch pudding high into the crowd.

It landed somewhere between the third and fourth rows. *Splat!*

"Hey!" whined Freddie. "Somebody put pudding in my volcano!"

"Now *who* could've done that?" asked Mr. Meaner.



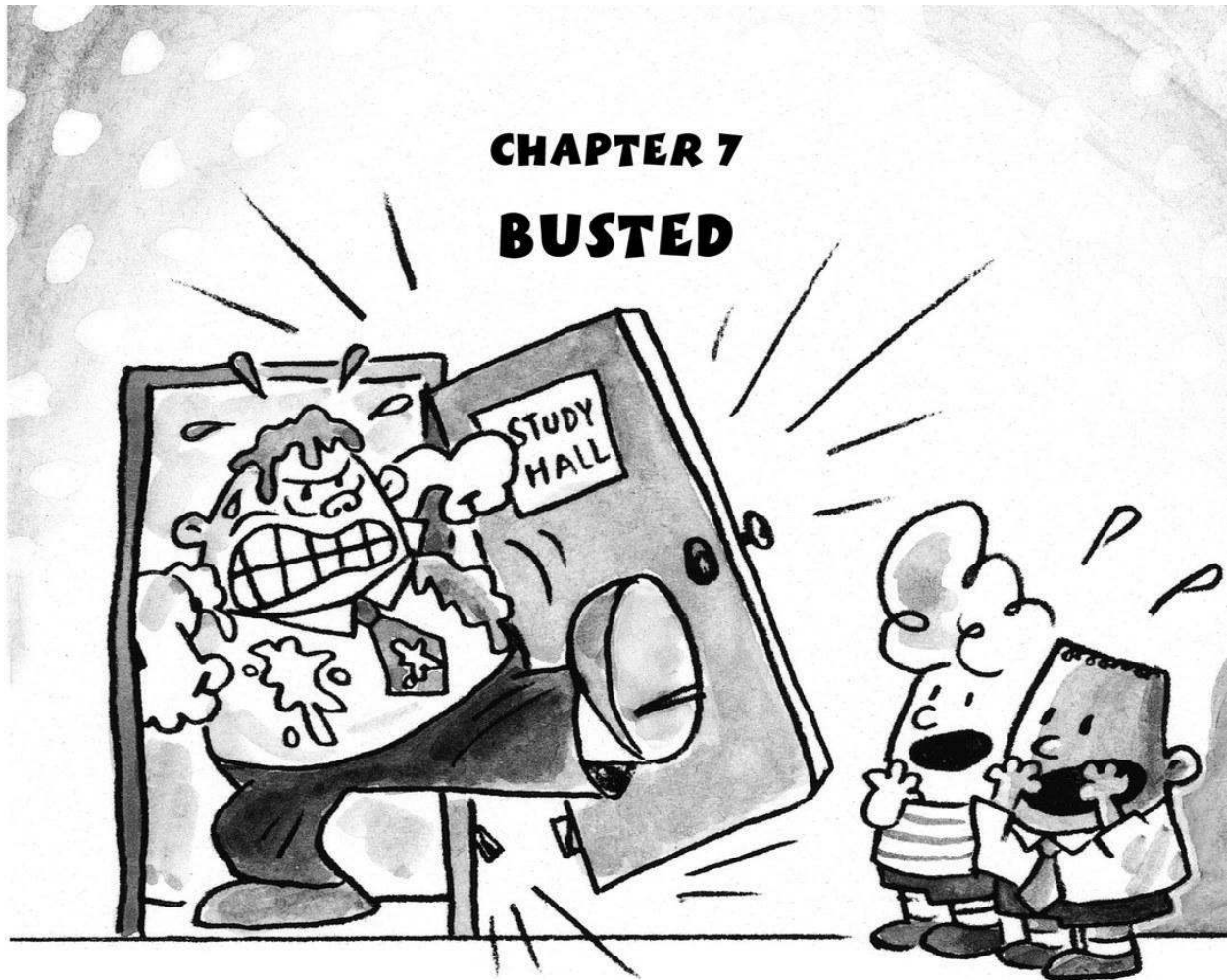
The rest of the day went on much the same way, with people shouting everything from “Hey! Who put oatmeal in my solar-powered leaf blower?” to “Hey, who let all the mice out of my treadmill dune buggy?”

It wasn’t long before everyone fled the gymnasium, and the Second Annual Invention Convention had to be called off.

“*How could this have happened?!?!?*” cried Mr. Krupp as he wiped chocolate syrup, pencil shavings, and cream-of-mushroom soup off his face and shirt. “George and Harold have been in study hall all day long! I put them there *myself!*”

“Um, excuse me, Mr. Krupp,” said Melvin Sneedly. “I think I have an answer to your question.”





**CRASH!** went the door to the study hall room. Mr. Krupp stomped in like a crazy person. George and Harold had *never* seen him this upset before.

“You boys are in **SO MUCH TROUBLE!**” Mr. Krupp shouted. “I’m putting you two on **PERMANENT DETENTION** for the **REST OF THE SCHOOL YEAR!**”

“Wait a second,” cried George. “You can’t prove anything!”

“Yeah,” said Harold. “We’ve been here all day!”

Mr. Krupp smiled devilishly, and looked toward the door. “Oh, *Melvin*,” he called.

Melvin Sneedly stepped into the room, covered in mustard, eggshells, and shredded coconut.

“They did it,” Melvin said, pointing at George and Harold. “I saw ’em last night in the gym!”

“*Melvin!*” cried George, horrified. “You *promised!*”

“I changed my mind,” Melvin said, grinning smugly. “Have fun in detention!”



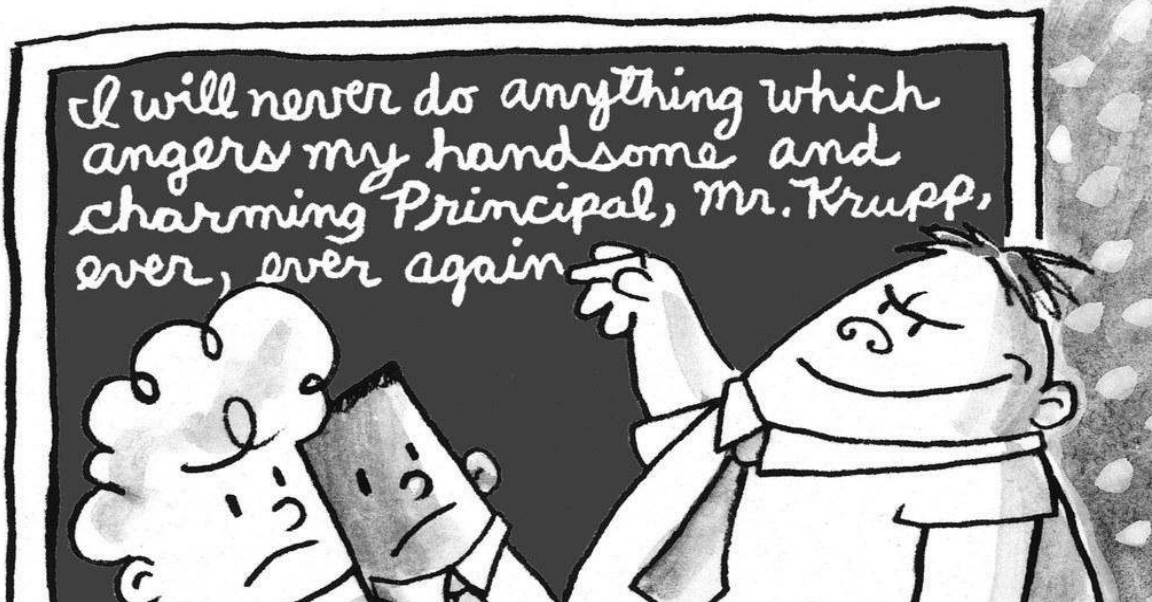
## CHAPTER 8

# THE INVENTION CONVENTION DETENTION

After school, Mr. Krupp ushered George and Harold into the detention room and wrote a long sentence on the chalkboard.

“From now on,” growled Mr. Krupp, “you boys will spend *two hours a day* after school copying this sentence over and over. I want every chalkboard in this room filled *completely!*”

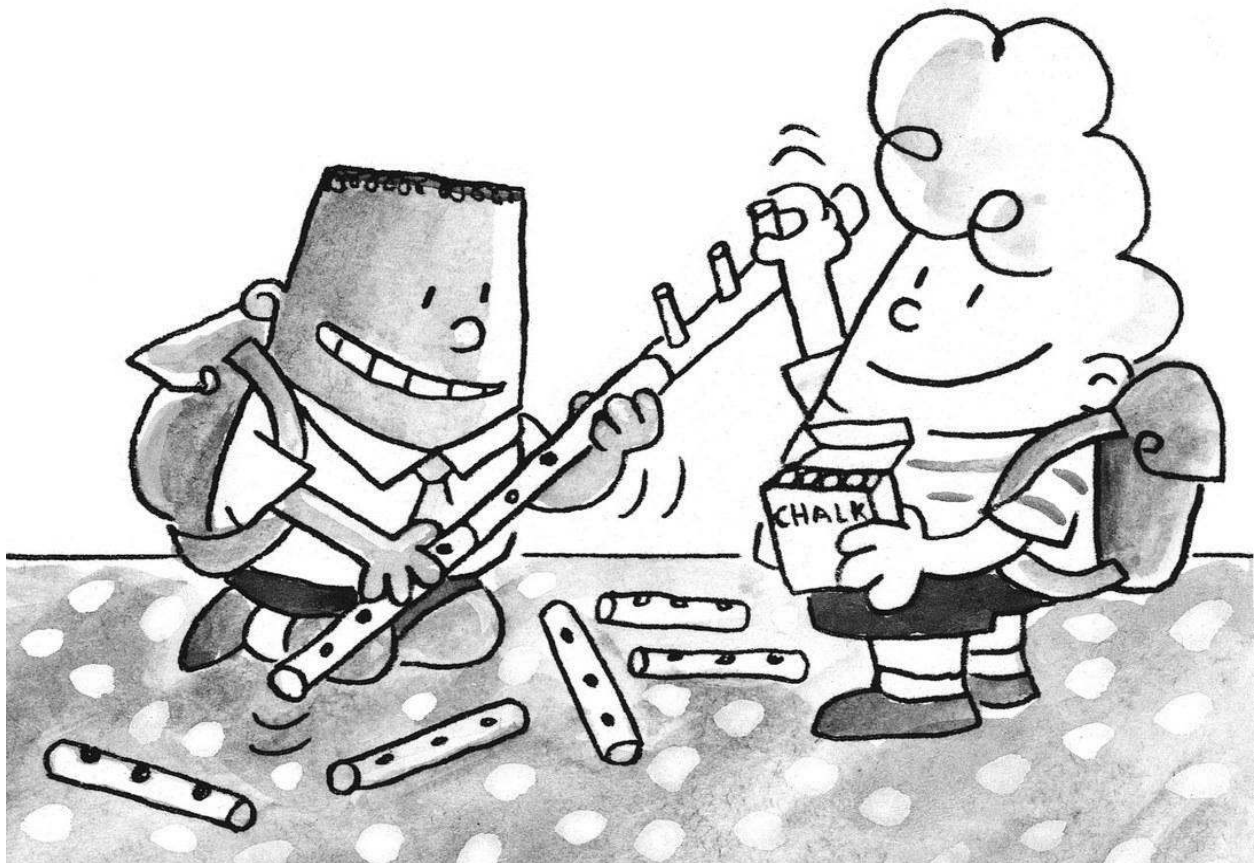
On his way out the door, Mr. Krupp turned and said with an evil grin, “And if either of you leaves this room for *any* reason, I’m going to *suspend* you both!”





Now, as you might have guessed, writing sentences was nothing new to George and Harold. The two boys waited until Mr. Krupp left the room, then they each took four homemade wooden rods out of their backpacks. The rods had holes in them that George and Harold had drilled in George's dad's woodshop.

George screwed the rods together, while Harold inserted a piece of chalk into each hole.





Then they each took a pole and began copying Mr. Krupp's sentence. Every time they wrote one sentence, the wooden poles made twelve!

After about three and a half minutes, every chalkboard in the room was completely filled.

George and Harold sat down and admired their work.

“We’ve got a lot of time on our hands now,” said George. “Got any ideas?”

“Let’s make a new comic book!” said Harold.

So the two boys took out some paper and pens and created an all-new adventure about their favorite superhero. It was called *Captain Underpants and the Attack of the Talking Toilets*.



**CHAPTER 9**

**CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS  
AND THE ATTACK  
OF THE TALKING TOILETS**

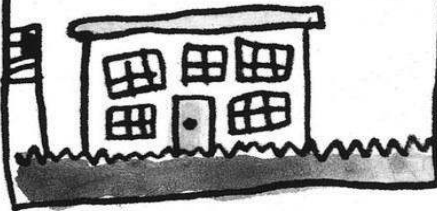


By George Beard  
And  
Harold Hutchins

# CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS AND The ATTACK of the TALKING TOILETS

Story By George Beard  
Pictures By Harold Hutchins

One day at School,  
everything was  
Pretty Normel...



The Lunch Ladys were  
serving TOASTED RAT  
Sanwiches...



The Principel  
was Yelling...

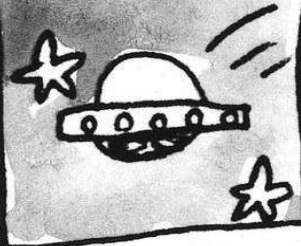


And The gym Teacher was  
Being mean To everybody.





Then a U.F.O.  
Apeared.



It Zapped The  
School with a evil  
Ray.



The ray made all of The ToileTs come  
To Life. It made Them evil, Too.



The ToileTs were  
Hungry.

Yum Yum eat 'em up!



So They ate The gym  
Teacher.



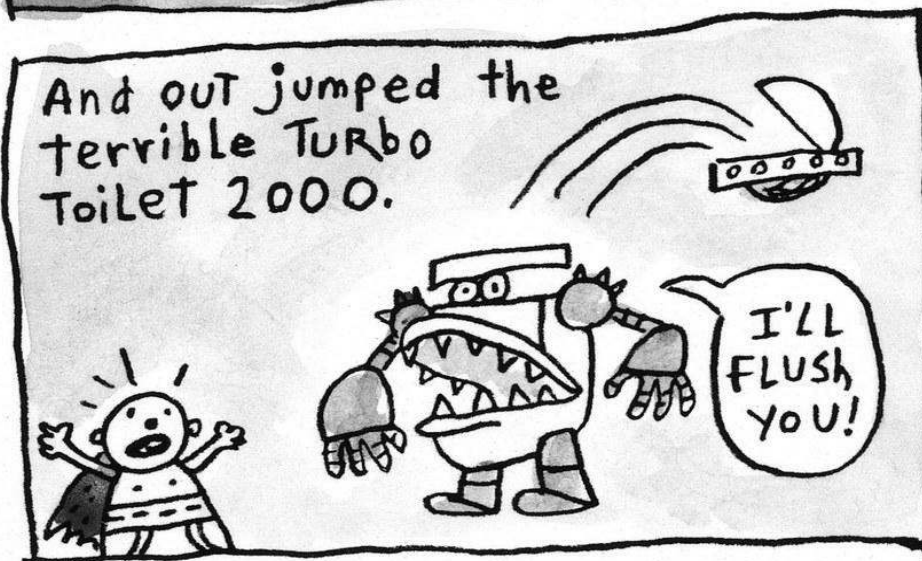
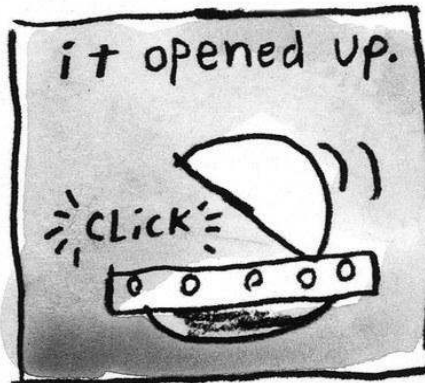
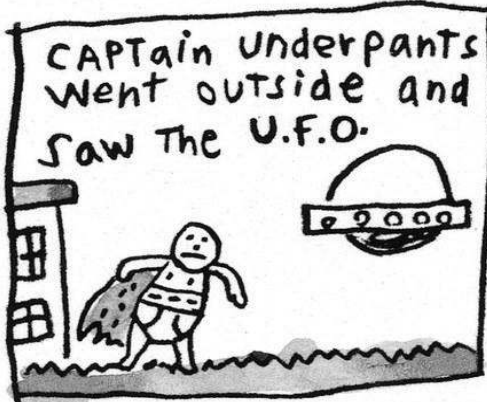
Help! The ToileTs  
Just scratched  
Somebodys CAR  
and ate up  
The Gym  
Teacher!



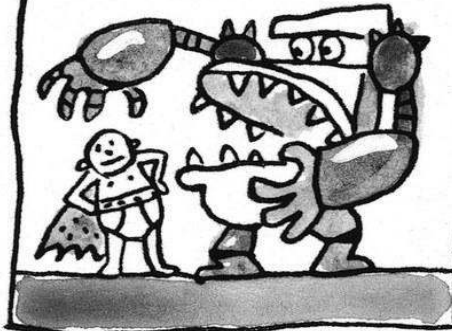
Lord have Mercy!  
WAS it my  
CAR?







They had A big Fight.



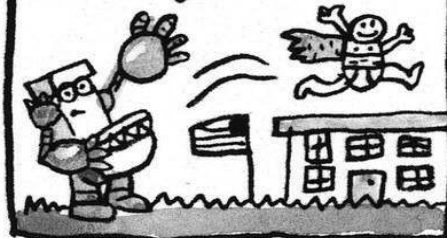
CAPTain Underpants  
was faster than  
A Speeding  
WAISTBAND...



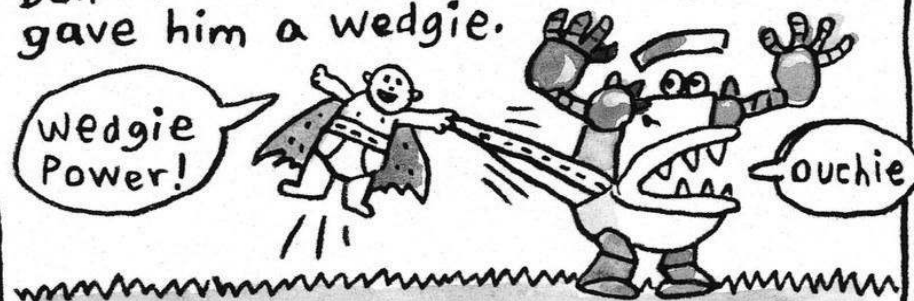
More Powerful  
than Boxer Shorts...



And abel To Leap  
Tall Buildings  
Without Getting  
A Wedgie.



CAPTain Underpants Snuck up  
Behind The Turbo Toilet 2000, And  
gave him a wedgie.

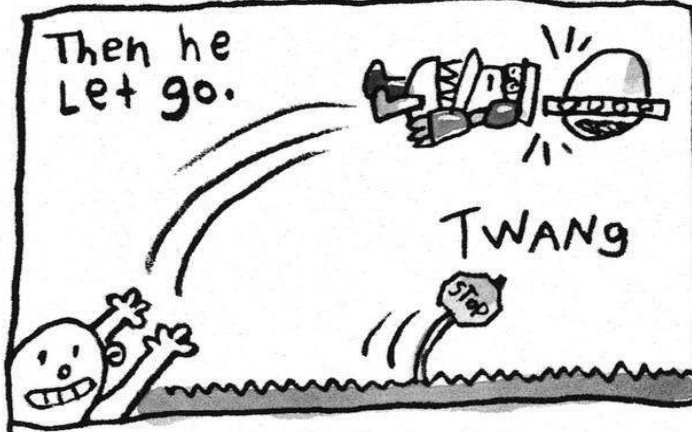




Then He hung the TT2000 on A stop sign, and pulled back hard.



Then he  
Let go.



**Ka-Boom**

The Spaceship  
Blew up, And  
ALL the Toilets  
returned to  
normal.

**HOORAY!**



Even the Gym  
Teacher escaped!

aw, man



**THE  
END**





## CHAPTER 10

# A BIG MISTAKE

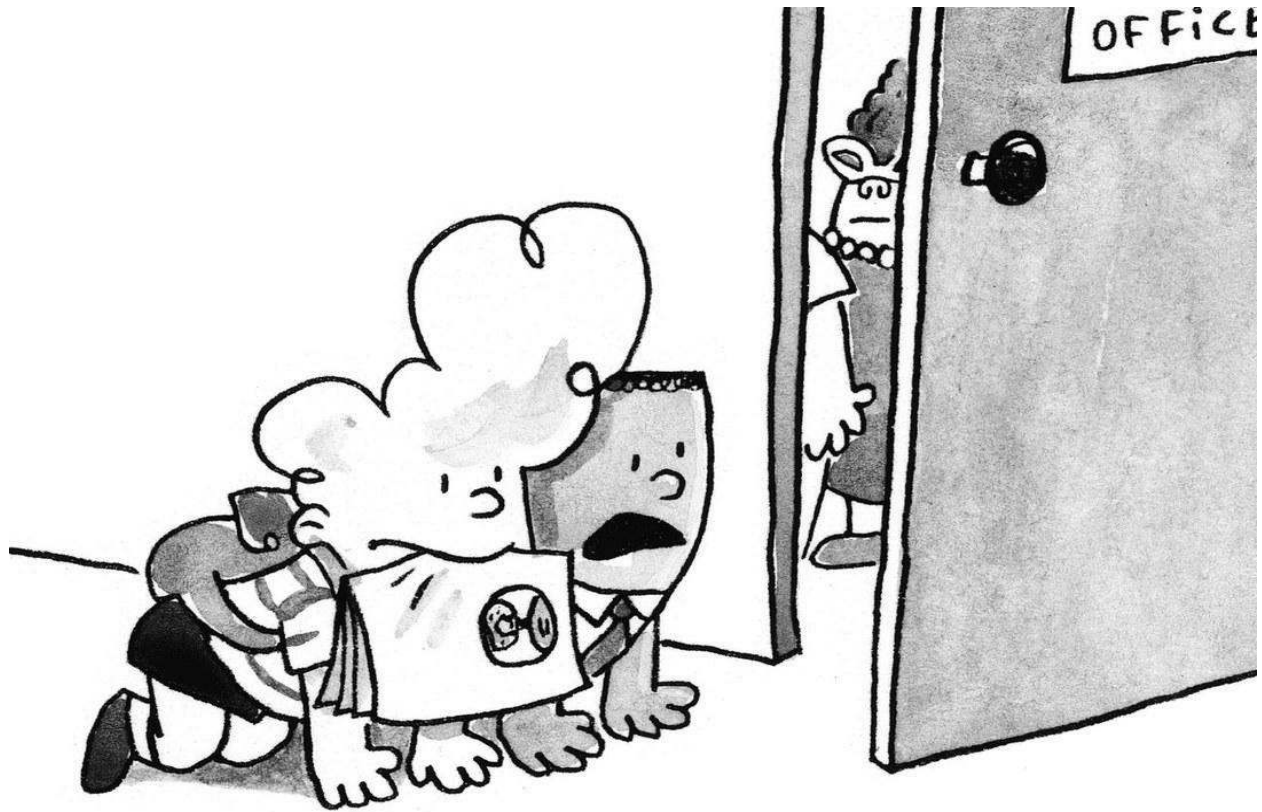
George and Harold sat together in the detention room, reading through their newest comic book and beaming proudly.

“We’ve got to go to the office and make copies of this,” said George, “so we can sell them on the playground tomorrow.”

“We can’t,” said Harold. “Don’t you remember? Mr. Krupp said he’d *suspend* us if he caught us leaving this room!”

“Then we won’t let him catch us,” said George.





George and Harold sneaked out of the room quietly and crawled down the hall to the office.

“Uh-oh,” said Harold. “There’s a bunch of teachers in there. We’ll never get to use the copy machine.”

“Hmmm,” said George. “Are there any other copy machines in this school?”

“How about the one that Melvin had in the gym?” asked Harold.

“Oh, yeah,” said George.

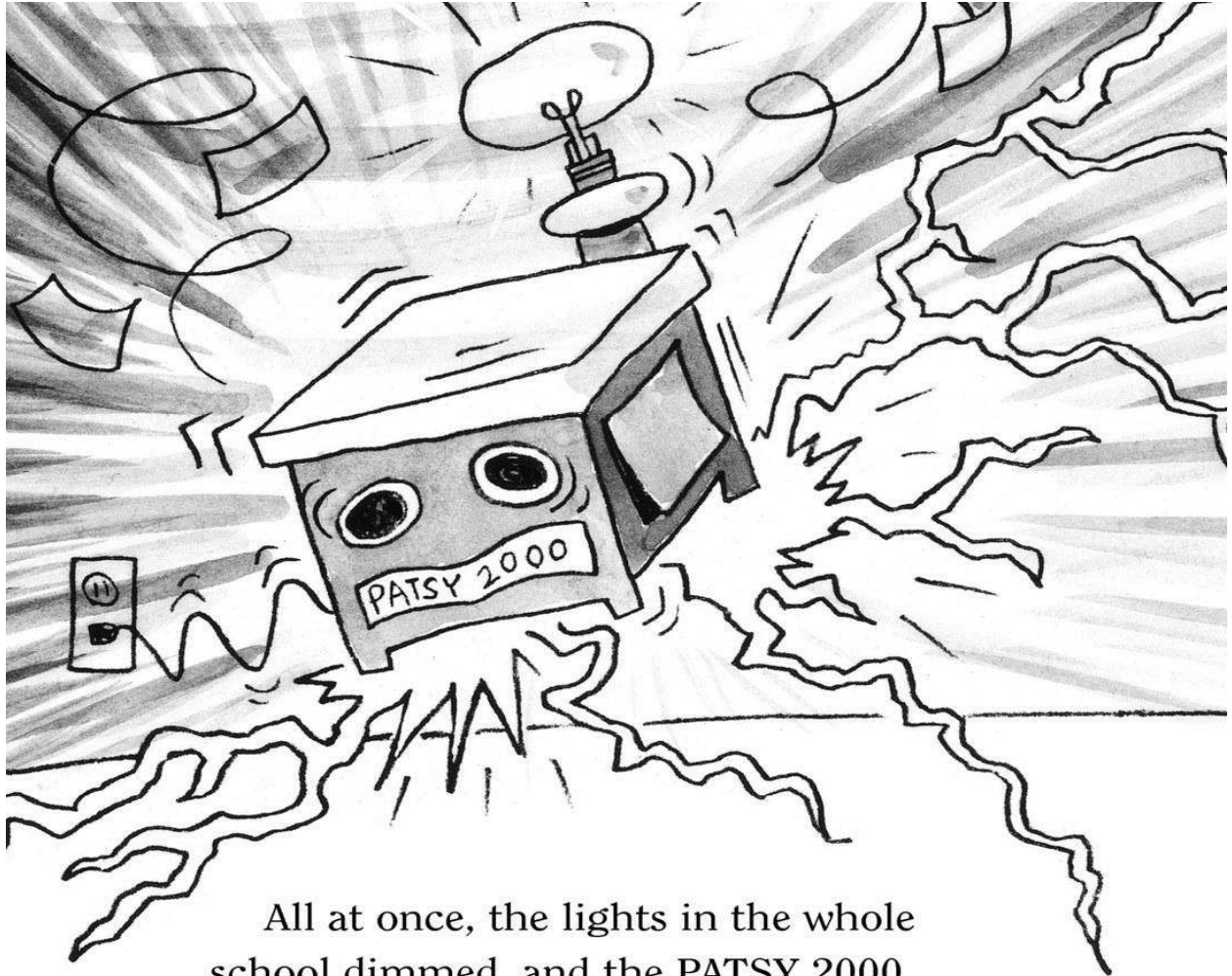
George and Harold crept over to the gym and found the PATSY 2000.

"I wonder if this machine still makes copies," said Harold. "Melvin *did* say that he had made some adjustments to it."

"Oh, he probably just crammed a mouse in there to fool us," said George. "It's the oldest trick in the book. I'm sure the machine still makes regular copies."

George placed the cover of their new comic book facedown on the glass screen and pressed "start."





All at once, the lights in the whole school dimmed, and the PATSY 2000 began to shake and clunk around wildly. Giant volts of static electricity zapped out the bottom of the machine as a great whirlwind rose from the top. Loose papers and other small objects in the room were sucked into the wind, and they spun above the machine like a raging cyclone.

“I don’t think it’s supposed to do this!” shouted George over the horrible noise.

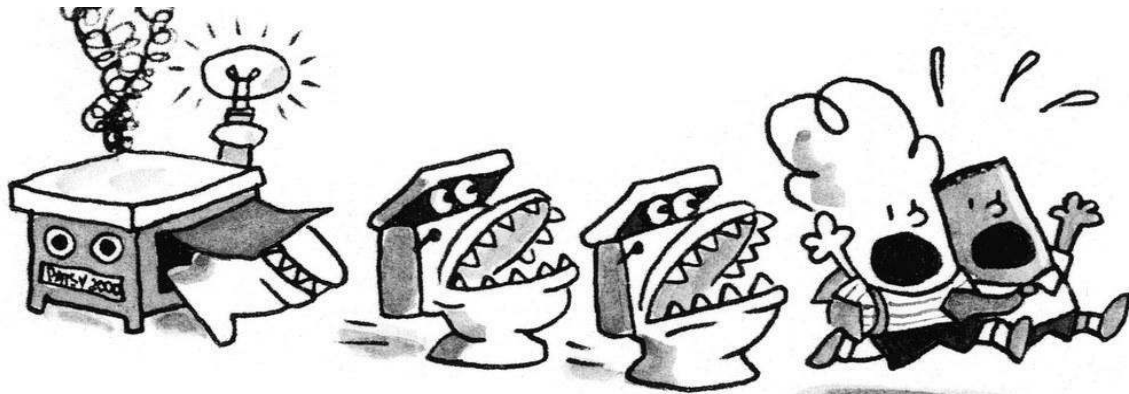




Finally, after a series of flashes and loud zaps, the noise, wind, and sparks stopped altogether. The only sound that could be heard was of something groaning and clawing about inside the bloated, battered frame of the PATSY 2000.

“It sounds like something’s *alive* inside there,” said Harold.

George snatched the comic book from the top of the machine. “Let’s get out of here!” he cried.



Just then, a small *ding* was heard, and a full-sized, shiny white toilet emerged from the side of the PATSY 2000. Its teeth were sharp and jagged, and its angry eyeballs glowed with red, swelling veins. “YUM, YUM, EAT ’EM UP!” cried the evil toilet.

Almost immediately, another talking toilet emerged, followed by another, and another, and *another*. “YUM, YUM, EAT ’EM UP!” they cried.

“Oh, *NO!* Melvin was *RIGHT!!!* The Photo-Atomic Trans-Somgobulating Yectofantriplutoniczanziptomiser really *DOES* create living, breathing, three-dimensional copies of one-dimensional images!” Harold cried convolutedly.

“I’ve got an idea,” said George.

“What?” asked Harold.

“*RUN!*” cried George.

## CHAPTER 11

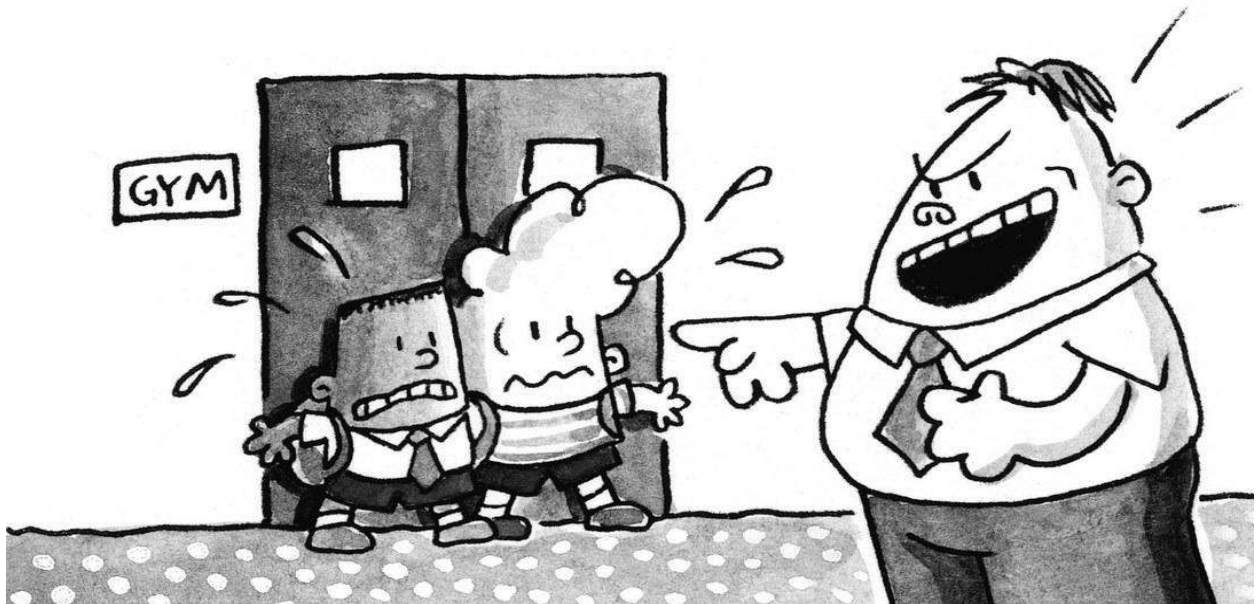
# THE INVENTION CONVENTION DETENTION SUSPENSION

George and Harold screamed and ran out the gym door, closing it tightly behind them.

“A-HA!!!” yelled Mr. Krupp, who was just coming down the hall. “You boys left the detention room! You know what that means, don’t you?!?”

*“It wasn’t our fault!”* cried Harold.

“Too bad!” Mr. Krupp shouted with delight. “You boys are officially *SUSPENDED!!!*”



“*Wait,*” cried George. “You’ve got to listen! Behind this door is an army of evil, vicious talk—”

“I don’t have to listen to you boys *ever again,*” laughed Mr. Krupp. “Now get your stuff and get out of this school!”

“But . . . but . . .” Harold stammered, “you don’t understa—”

“*GET OUT!!!*” Mr. Krupp screamed.

George and Harold groaned and walked to their lockers to collect their stuff.

“Gosh,” said Harold. “In one day we’ve gotten a detention, a suspension, *and* we’ve created an army of evil talking toilets who want to take over the world.”

“That’s a pretty bad day, even by *our* standards,” said George.

“Oh, well,” said Harold. “I just hope things don’t get any worse.”



## CHAPTER 12

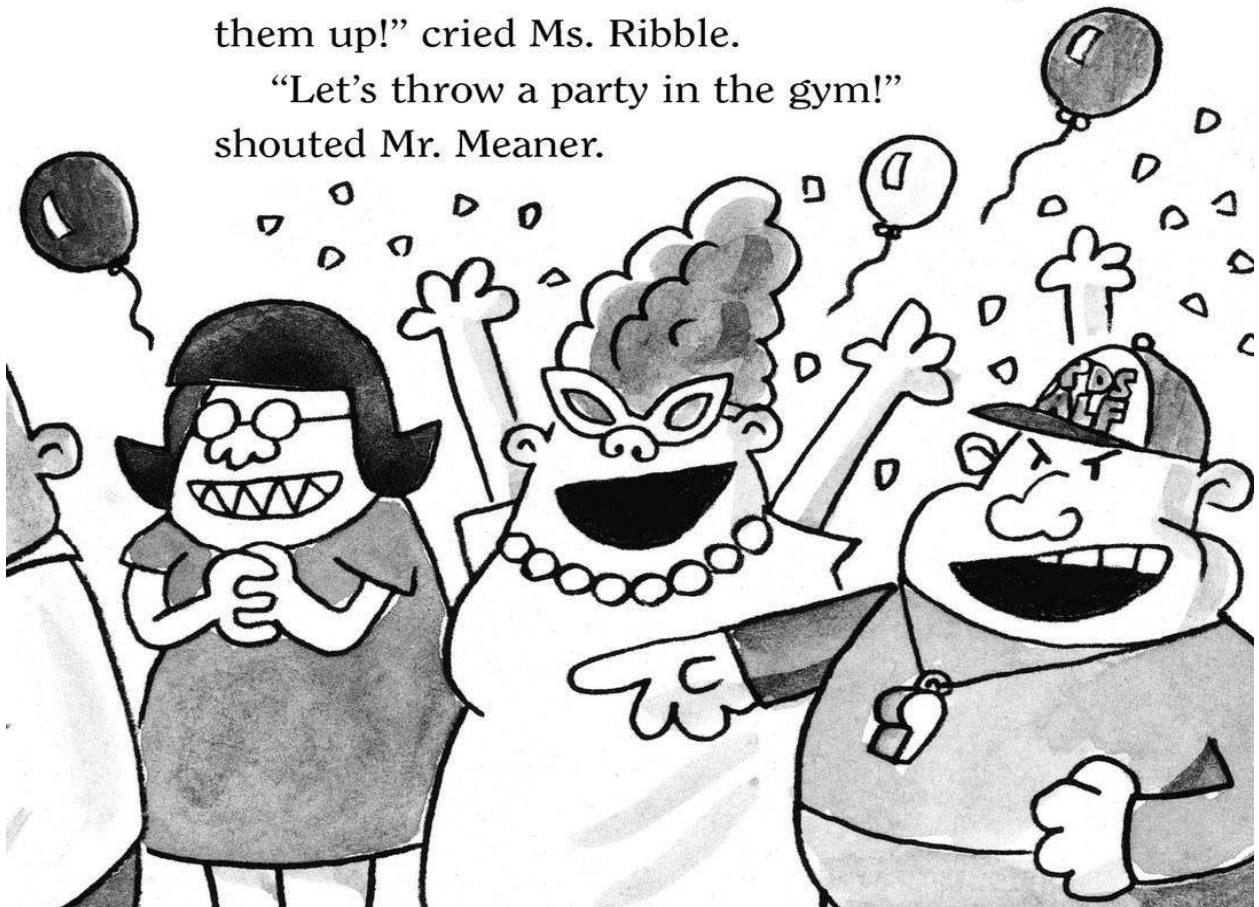
# THINGS GET WORSE

Word spread quickly throughout the office that George and Harold had been suspended. The teachers rushed out to cheer and laugh at the two boys.

“You’re in big trouble now,” chuckled Miss Anthrope. “I can’t wait to call your parents and tell them the news!”

“Let’s take their desks outside and chop them up!” cried Ms. Ribble.

“Let’s throw a party in the gym!” shouted Mr. Meaner.







“NOOO!” cried George. “Whatever you do, *DON’T* open the door to the gym!”

“We can do whatever we like,” snarled Mr. Meaner as he dashed over to the gymnasium door. “Look, I’m opening the door!” He quickly opened the gym door. “Now I’m closing the door,” he said.

“Now I’m opening the door again, and now I’m—AAAAAAAHH *mmbble* gluh!”

An evil toilet had stuck its mouth through the door, snapped Mr. Meaner up, and swallowed him whole! “*Flussssh!*”

The Talking Toilets then pushed their way through the open gymnasium doors and spilled out into the hallway.

“YUM, YUM, EAT ’EM UP!” the toilets bellowed. “YUM, YUM, EAT ’EM UP!”





The teachers couldn't believe their eyes. They screamed and ran for their lives. Only Mr. Krupp, Ms. Ribble, and George and Harold remained, frozen in fear. They watched, paralyzed, as the Talking Toilets came nearer and nearer. Finally, Ms. Ribble pointed at the toilets and snapped her fingers.

*SNAP!*

"Go away," she cried. "Go away this minute!" But the toilets didn't listen. They moved closer and closer.

Finally, Ms. Ribble turned and ran. Mr. Krupp, however, just stood there in a daze. George and Harold looked up at him.

“Uh-oh,” said Harold. “Did she just *snap her fingers?!?!?*”

“Yep,” said George. “Now we’re *really* in trouble.”

And George was right, for at that moment, Mr. Krupp had begun to change. A silly, heroic smile came over his face as he stood defiantly before his foes.

“I’ll put a stop to you vile villains,” he said fearlessly. “But first, I need some *supplies!!!*”





Mr. Krupp turned and dashed to his office. George and Harold ran after him.

“Why did Ms. Ribble have to snap her fingers?!?” cried Harold. “*Why?!?!?*”

“Never mind that,” cried George. “Mr. Krupp is turning into Captain Underpants! We’ve got to pour water over his head before it’s too late!”



## CHAPTER 13

# IT'S TOO LATE!

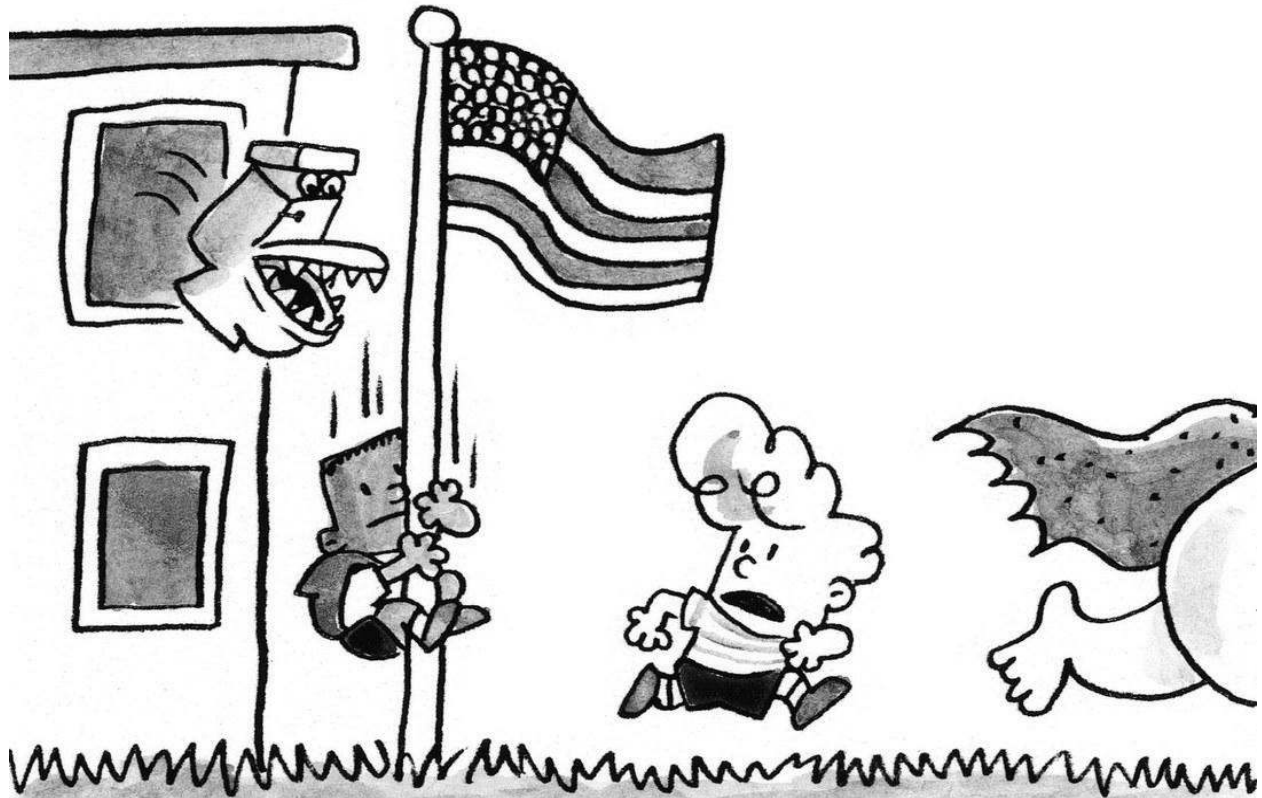
When George and Harold reached Mr. Krupp's office, they found only his clothes, shoes, and toupee on the floor.

"Look," said Harold. "The window is open, and one of the red curtains is missing."

"What do we do now?" asked George. "Do we save Captain Underpants, or do we stay here and get eaten by a bunch of toilets?"

"Hmmm. . . . Let me think about that one!" said Harold as he climbed out the window.





George quickly collected Mr. Krupp's things and shoved them into his backpack. Then he jumped out the window after Harold. The two boys slid down the flagpole and ran off after Captain Underpants.

"Where does he think he's going?" asked George.

"I have *no* idea," said Harold. "But we'd better run fast because I think we're being *followed!*"

Captain Underpants dashed through the backyards of some nearby houses and collected pairs of underwear from the clotheslines.

“Mommy,” said a little boy looking out his window, “a man in a red cape just stole our underwear.”





“And now two boys are being chased by a ferocious-looking toilet with sharp, pointy teeth, screaming, ‘Yum, yum, eat ’em up!’”

“Yeah, *right!*” laughed his mother.  
“Just how *gullible* do you think I am?!?”

## CHAPTER 14

# THE TALKING TOILET TAKEOVER

When Captain Underpants was finished commandeering the underwear of local civilians, he dashed back to Jerome Horwitz Elementary to save the day.

The school was now overrun with chaos. Ms. Ribble came tearing out the door, followed by several evil toilets.

“Help me!” she cried. “They’ve swallowed every teacher in the whole building except me!”

“Don’t worry, ma’am, I won’t let them eat you up,” Captain Underpants said, as





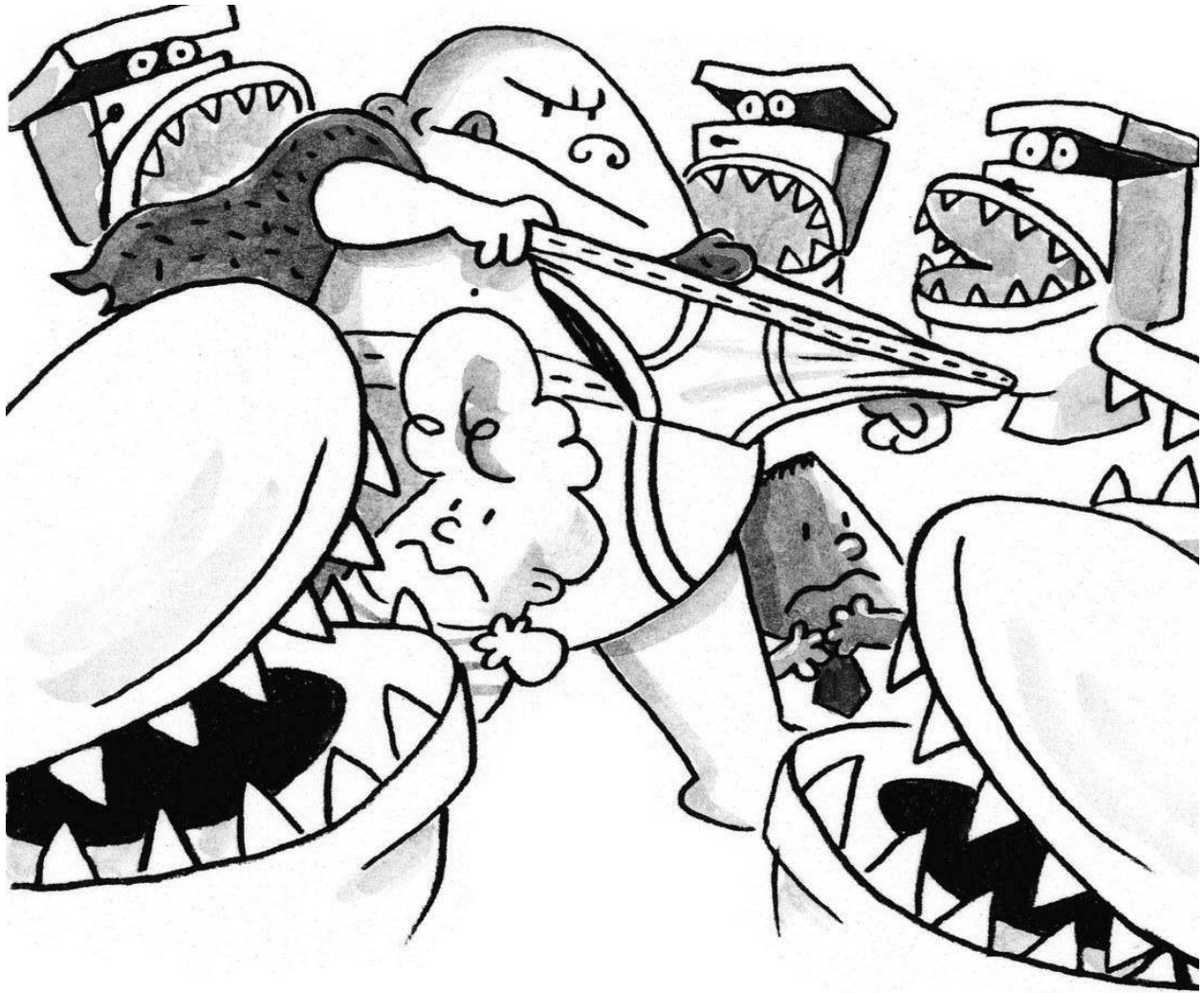
a toilet ate her up.

“Oops!” said Captain Underpants.

Now, only George, Harold, and Captain Underpants were left. They stood on the front lawn of the school, completely surrounded by hungry, drooling toilets.

“YUM, YUM, EAT 'EM UP!” the Talking Toilets chanted. “YUM, YUM, EAT 'EM UP! YUM, YUM, EAT 'EM UP! YUM, YUM, EAT 'EM UP!”





*"We're doomed!"* cried Harold.

*"Never* underestimate the power of underwear!" cried Captain Underpants, as he stretched and shot underwear into the waiting mouths of the Talking Toilets.

Unfortunately, the toilets just swallowed the underwear whole. It only seemed to make them hungrier and hungrier.



“If only we could think of something that would make them really *sick*,” said George.

“Yeah,” Harold continued. “Something so vile and disgusting, it would make them all *blow their cookies* and writhe in agony!”

Suddenly, George and Harold’s faces lit up. “CAFETERIA FOOD!” they shouted. And faster than a speeding waistband, our three heroes dashed into the school.

## CHAPTER 15

# CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF TO THE RESCUE!

George, Harold, and Captain Underpants got inside the school safely and closed the front door behind them. “I think the toilets are all outside,” said George.

“But not for long,” said Harold.

Quickly they ran to the school’s kitchen and discovered a cart holding a large vat of something green and sludgy.

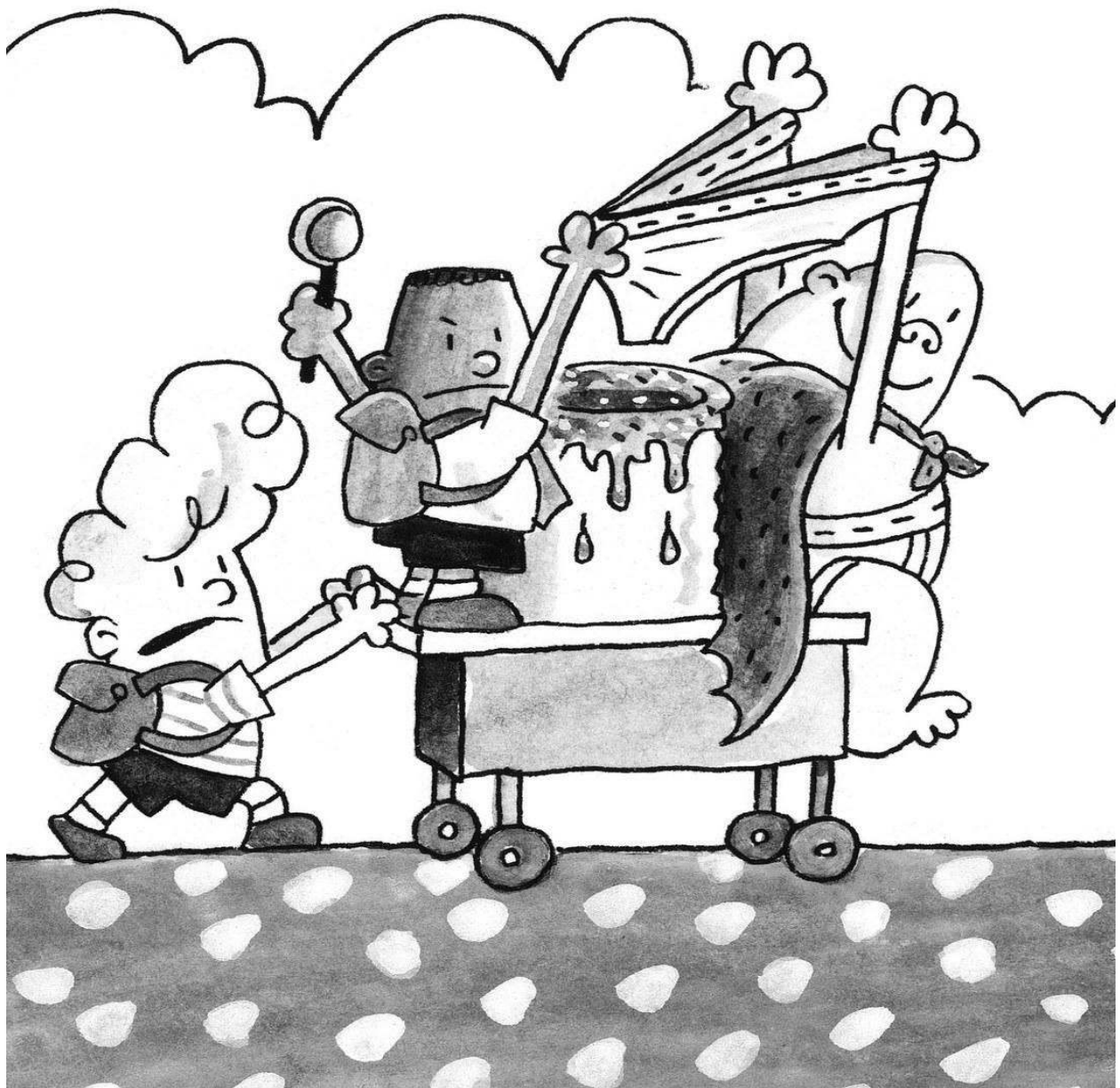
“Yuck,” said George, holding his nose. “What *is* that stuff?”

“I think it’s tomorrow’s lunch,” said Harold.

“Perfect!” said George. “I never thought I’d be *glad* to see creamed chipped beef!”



Together, they wheeled the tub of stinky green glop down the hallway and out the side door of the school. Captain Underpants sat on the cart and stretched a pair of underwear over his head like a slingshot.

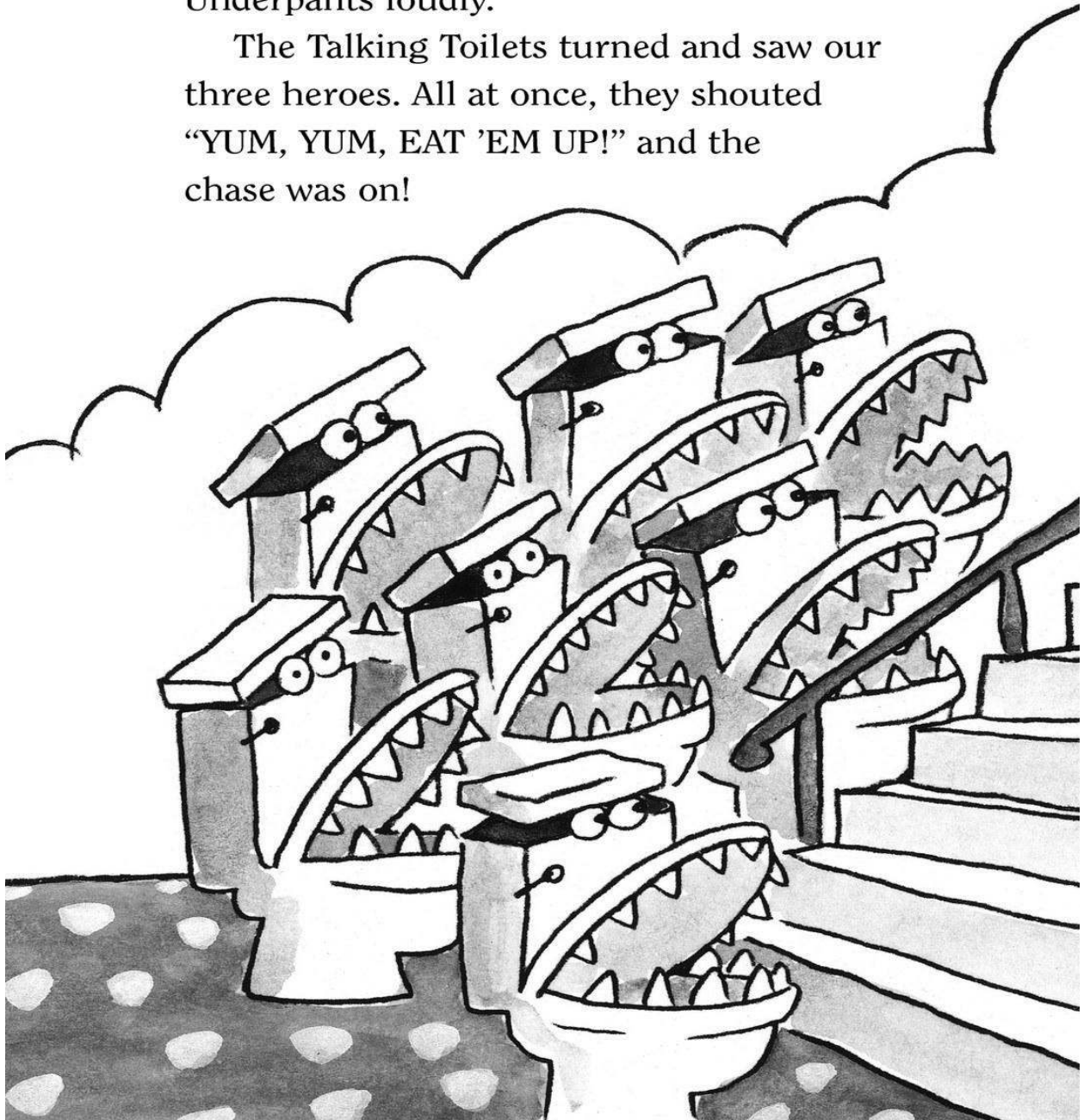




George stood over him, scooped some cafeteria food into the underwear, and stretched it back. Harold wheeled the cart toward the Talking Toilets.

“Tra-La-Laaaaa!!!!” shouted Captain Underpants loudly.

The Talking Toilets turned and saw our three heroes. All at once, they shouted “YUM, YUM, EAT 'EM UP!” and the chase was on!





Harold pulled the cart across the playground as the toilets zipped after them.

“Fire One!” cried Captain Underpants.

George shot a glob of creamed chipped beef into the first toilet’s mouth. The toilet swallowed it whole.

Harold kept pulling, as George scooped another serving into the underwear and pulled it back.

“Fire Two!” cried Captain Underpants.

*Zip!* went the cafeteria food, right into the *second* toilet’s mouth.

The whole process repeated itself until every last toilet had swallowed at least two servings of creamed chipped beef.

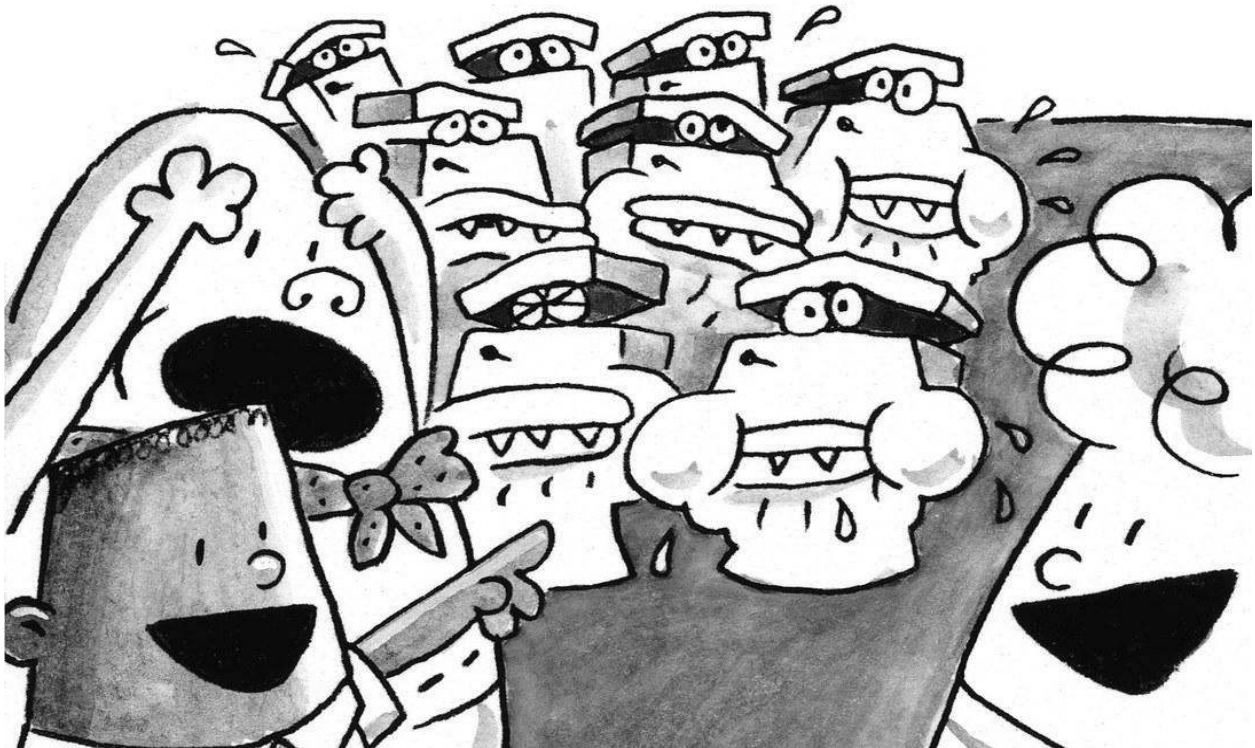
"We're almost out of ammo!" Captain Underpants shouted.

"And I don't think I can run anymore," said Harold, huffing and puffing.

"Don't worry . . . *look!*" said George, pointing at the toilets.

They had all slowed down and were beginning to groan and wobble around. Their eyes crossed, and they turned an odd shade of green.

"Look out," cried Harold. "I think they're gonna *hurl!*"



And that's just what they did!  
George, Harold, and Captain  
Underpants watched as the toilets  
upchucked everything they had eaten  
during the day. The creamed chipped  
beef, the underwear, even the teachers  
all came out without a scratch.



Then the toilets spun around in small circles and fell to the ground, dead.

George checked the teachers. "They're *alive*," he said. "*Unconscious*, but alive!"

"Wow," said Harold. "That was *easy*!"

"*Too easy*," said George.







“What do you mean?” asked Harold.

George pulled their comic book out of his backpack and showed it to Harold.

“Remember how the PATSY 2000 turned everything on the front cover of our comic book to life?” he asked.

“Yeah, so?” said Harold.

“Well,” said George, as he pointed to the Turbo Toilet 2000 on the front cover of the comic. “We haven’t seen *him* yet!”

## CHAPTER 16

# THE TURBO TOILET 2000

Suddenly, the Turbo Toilet 2000 came charging out the front door of the school with a terrible *CRASH!* The earth rumbled beneath its mighty footsteps as nearly a ton of twisting steel and raging porcelain descended upon our heroes.



“You three meddling fools *may* have destroyed my army of Talking Toilets. . .” screamed the Turbo Toilet 2000, “but you’re *all out* of cafeteria food! How are you gonna stop *ME*?!!?”



"I'll tell you how," Captain Underpants said boldly. "With *Wedgie Power!*"

"*Wait*, Captain Underpants!" cried George. "You can't fight that thing! He'll rip you to pieces!"

"Boys," said Captain Underpants nobly, "I *must* fight valiantly for Truth, Justice, and *all* that is Pre-Shrunk and Cottony!"



Captain Underpants leaped onto the Turbo Toilet 2000, and the battle began.

"I sure hope this doesn't lead to extremely graphic violence," said Harold.

"Me, too," said George.





**CHAPTER 17**  
**THE EXTREMELY**  
**GRAPHIC VIOLENCE**  
**CHAPTER, PART 1**  
**(IN FLIP-E-RAMA™)**

***WARNING:***

The following chapter contains  
intense scenes showing a man  
in his underwear battling  
a giant toilet.

Please do not try this at home.

# INTRODUCING FLiP-E-RAMA

PILKEY® BRAND

In the past,  
literally dozens of  
epic novels have been  
written that have  
changed the course of  
history: *Moby Dick*,  
*Gone with the Wind*,  
and of course,  
*Captain Underpants*  
and *the Attack of the*  
*Talking Toilets!*

The only difference  
between our novel and  
those other, "brand X"  
novels is that ours is  
the only one that  
cares enough to bring  
you the latest in  
"Cheesy Animation  
Technology!"



# HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!

## Option 1:

If your device uses **FORWARD** and **BACKWARD** buttons to turn the page, place one finger on each button. Then quickly click forward and back between the two Flip-E-Rama pages, and repeat several times until the pictures appear to be poorly animated.

## Option 2:

If your device lets you **SWIPE** to turn the page, use your finger to swipe once to the left, then swipe once to the right. Then keep swiping back and forth between the two Flip-E-Rama pages until the picture appears to be poorly animated.

Flip-E-Rama works best if your device is turned vertically and you can only see one page at a time. Don't forget to add your own sound-effects!

# **FLIP-E-RAMA 1**



**WEDGIE POWER  
VS.  
POTTY POWER**

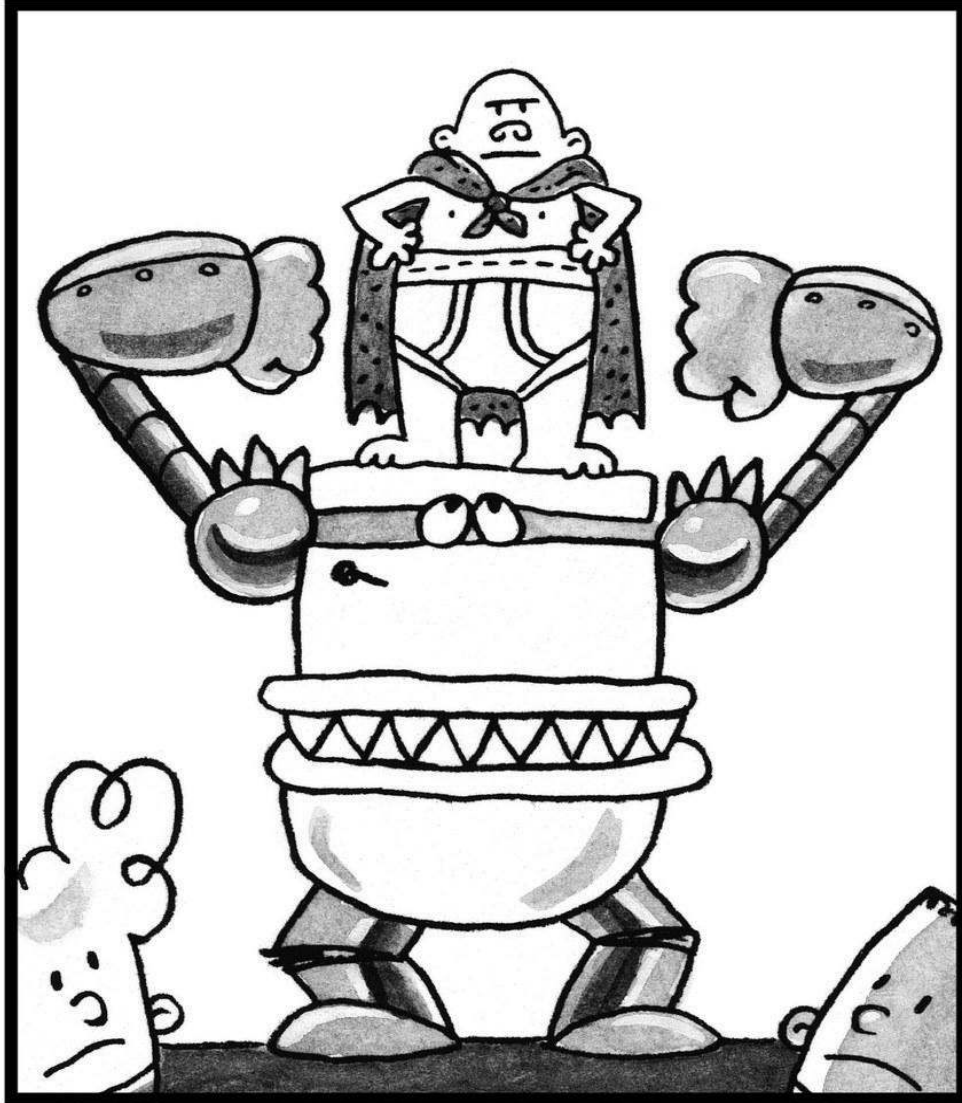
# **FLIP-E-RAMA 1**



**WEDGIE POWER  
VS.  
POTTY POWER**

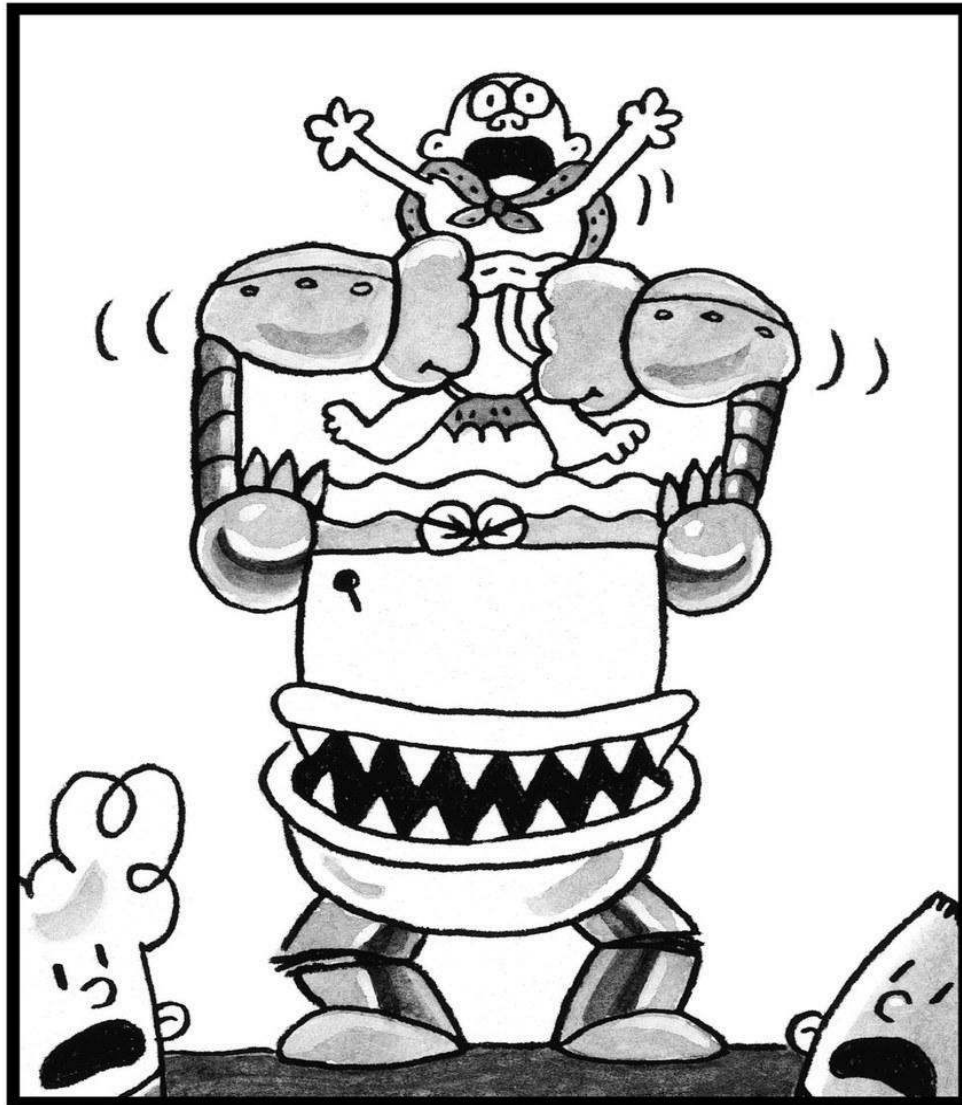


## **FLIP-E-RAMA 2**



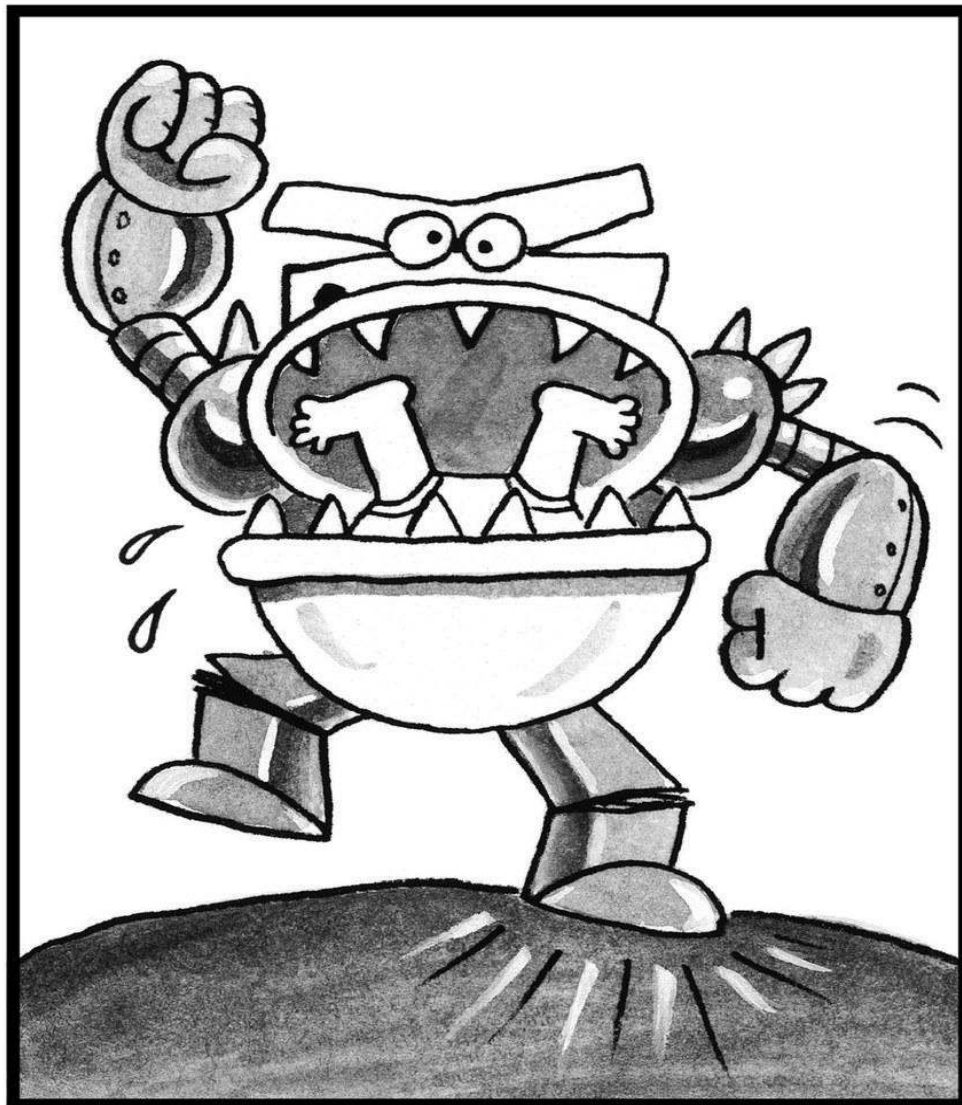
**OH, NO!!!  
THE POTTY POWER  
PUNCH PREVAILS!**

## **FLIP-E-RAMA 2**



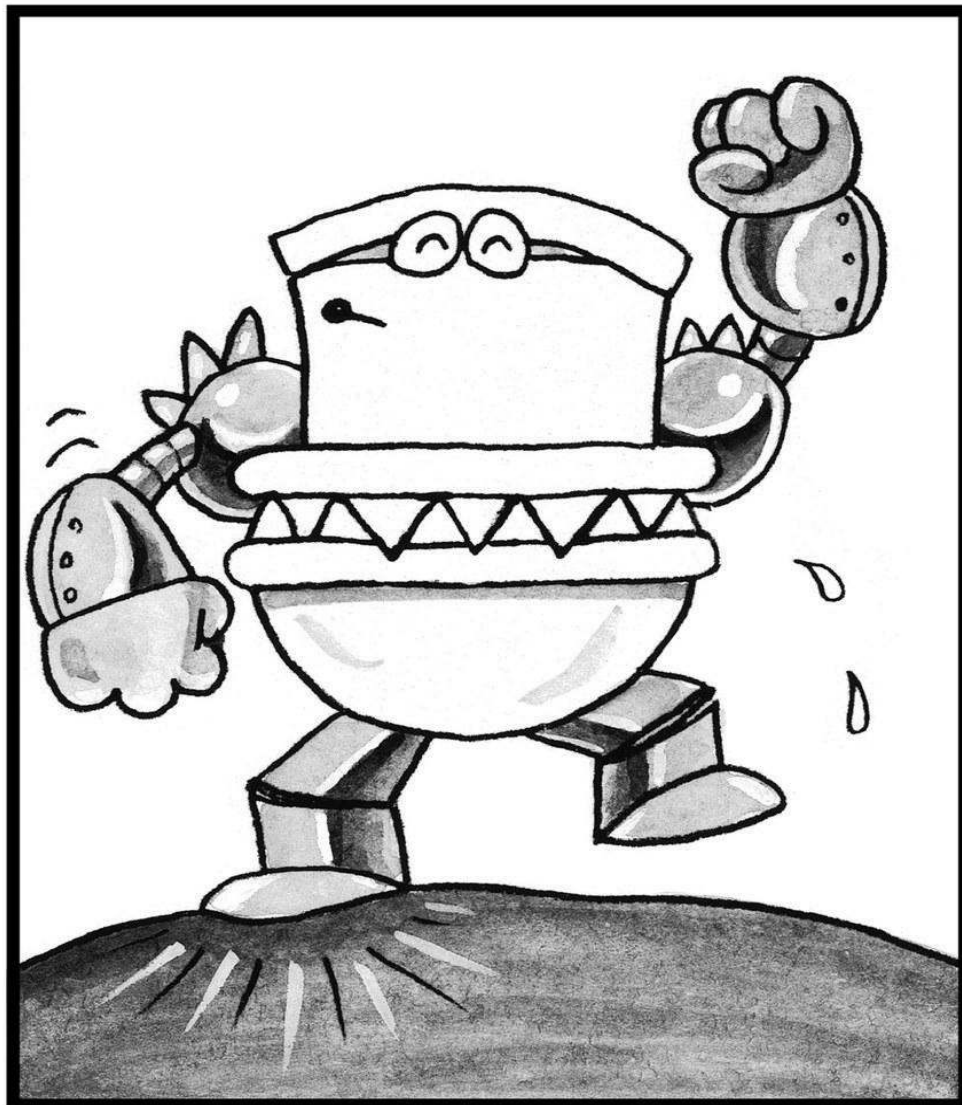
**OH, NO!!!  
THE POTTY POWER  
PUNCH PREVAILS!**

## **FLIP-E-RAMA 3**



**THE CARNIVOROUS  
COMMODORE CAPTURES  
THE CAPTAIN!**

## **FLIP-E-RAMA 3**



**THE CARNIVOROUS  
COMMODORE CAPTURES  
THE CAPTAIN!**





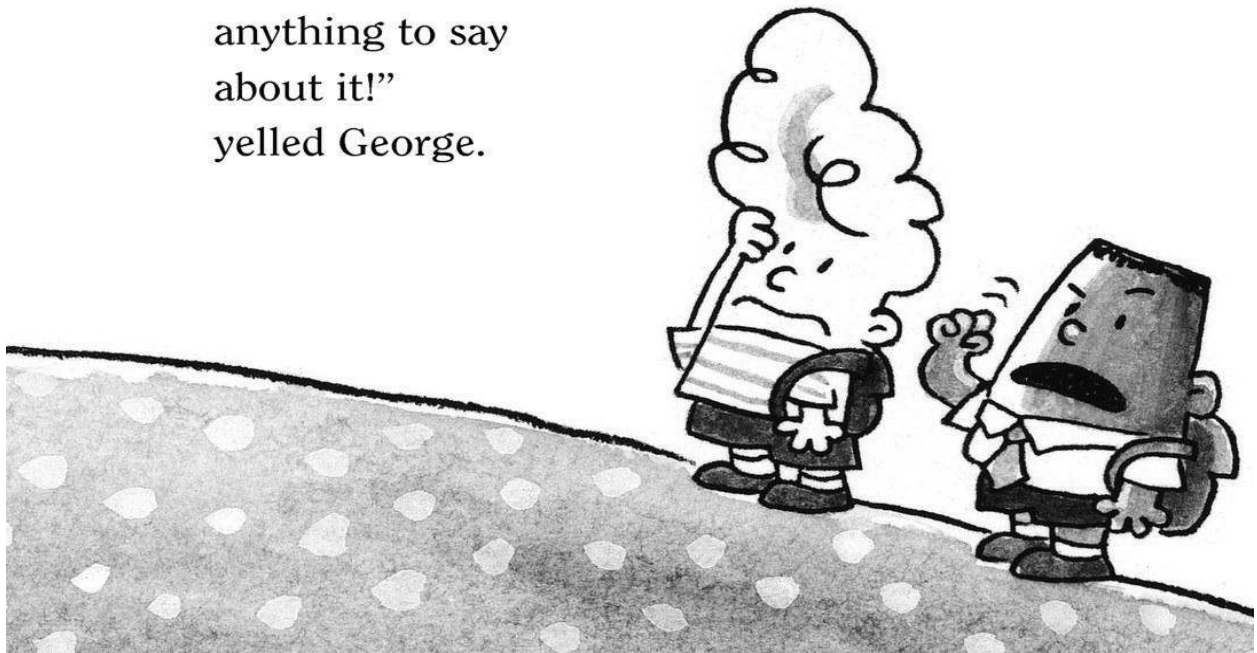
## CHAPTER 18

# HAROLD AND THE PURPLE BALLPOINT PEN

Everything seemed hopeless. Captain Underpants had slipped and fallen into the mouth of the Turbo Toilet 2000, and now the giant toilet was coming after George and Harold!

“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!” laughed the powerful porcelain predator. “Once I have eaten you two kids up, I will *take over the world!*”

“Not if *we* have anything to say about it!” yelled George.



George and Harold ran into the school and locked the door behind them. The Turbo Toilet 2000 banged against the door with its fists, shouting, “You boys can’t hide in there forever!”

George and Harold ran to the gym.

“I’ve got a plan,” said George. “We need to invent a character who can defeat a giant robot toilet.”

“How about a giant robot urinal?” asked Harold. “We can call it *The Urinator!*”

“No way!” said George. “They’ll never let us get away with that in a children’s book. We’re skating on *thin ice* as it is!”



“All right,” said Harold, “how about a giant plunger robot? He can carry a really big plunger, and—”

“*That’s it!*” cried George.

So Harold took out his purple ballpoint pen and began to draw.

“Give him *laser* eyes,” said George.

“All right,” said Harold.

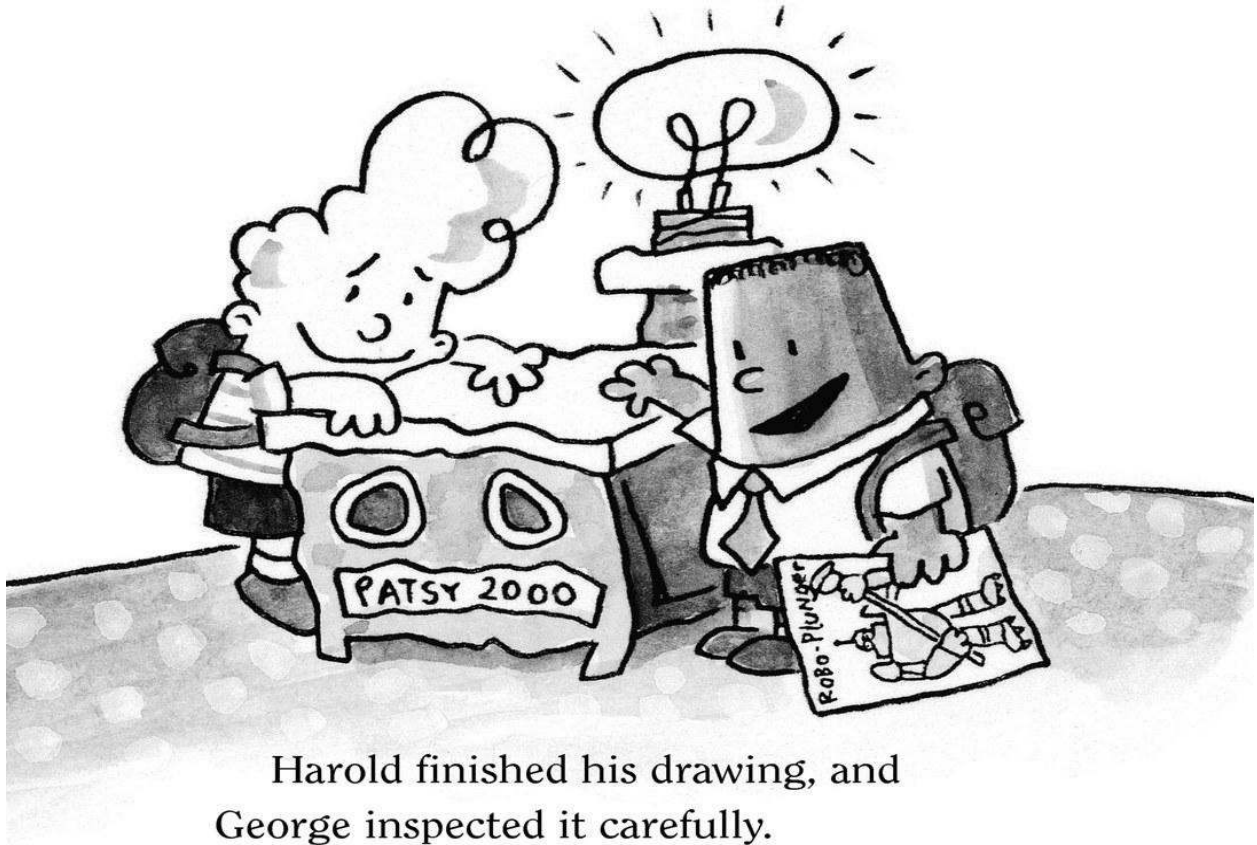
“And give him turbo-atomic rocket boosters,” said George.

“Got it,” said Harold.

“And make him obey our every command,” said George.

“I’m *way* ahead of you,” said Harold.





Harold finished his drawing, and George inspected it carefully.

"This just *might* work," said George.

"Yeah," said Harold. "If the PATSY 2000 can hold out."

The boys turned and looked at the dented, cracked, and beaten-up machine laying on its side in the corner. George and Harold pushed the PATSY 2000 upright and dusted it off.

"Come on, PATSY, old girl," said George. "We really need you now!"

"Yeah," said Harold. "The fate of the entire planet is in our hands!"

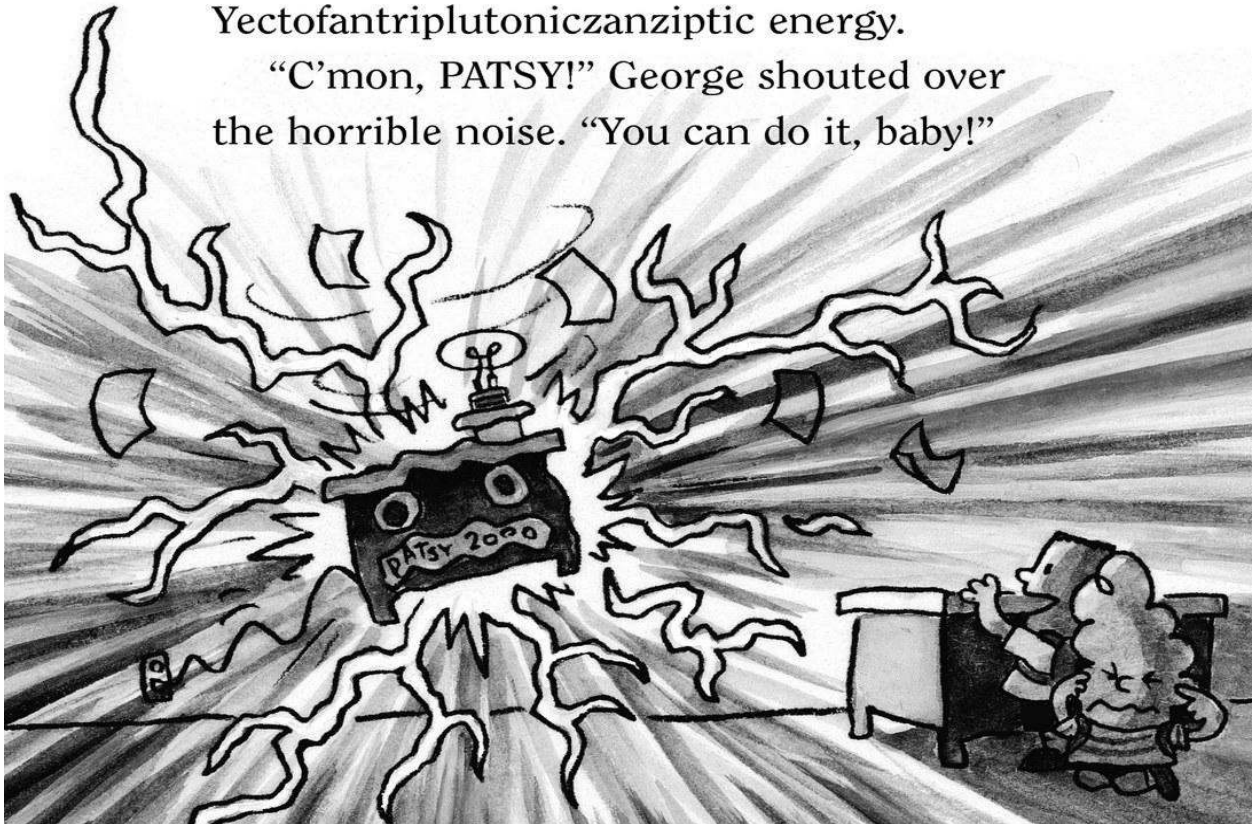
## CHAPTER 19

# THE INCREDIBLE ROBO-PLUNGER

George took Harold's picture and placed it on the screen of the PATSY 2000 and pressed "start."

The lights around them dimmed as the weary machine began to shake and smoke. Lightning bolts zapped, thunder clapped, and the whole gymnasium shook with Photo-Atomic Trans-Somgobulatory Yectofantriplutoniczanziptic energy.

"C'mon, PATSY!" George shouted over the horrible noise. "You can do it, baby!"





Finally a small *ding* was heard, and the PATSY 2000 coughed up a huge, metallic behemoth. It rose up and stood valiantly before George and Harold. It was the Incredible Robo-Plunger.

“Hooray!” cried George. “It *worked!*”

“Way to go, PATSY!” Harold cheered.

“Now let’s get outside and kick some Turbo Toilet Tushy!”



**CHAPTER 20**

**THE EXTREMELY  
GRAPHIC VIOLENCE  
CHAPTER, PART 2  
(IN FLIP-E-RAMA™)**

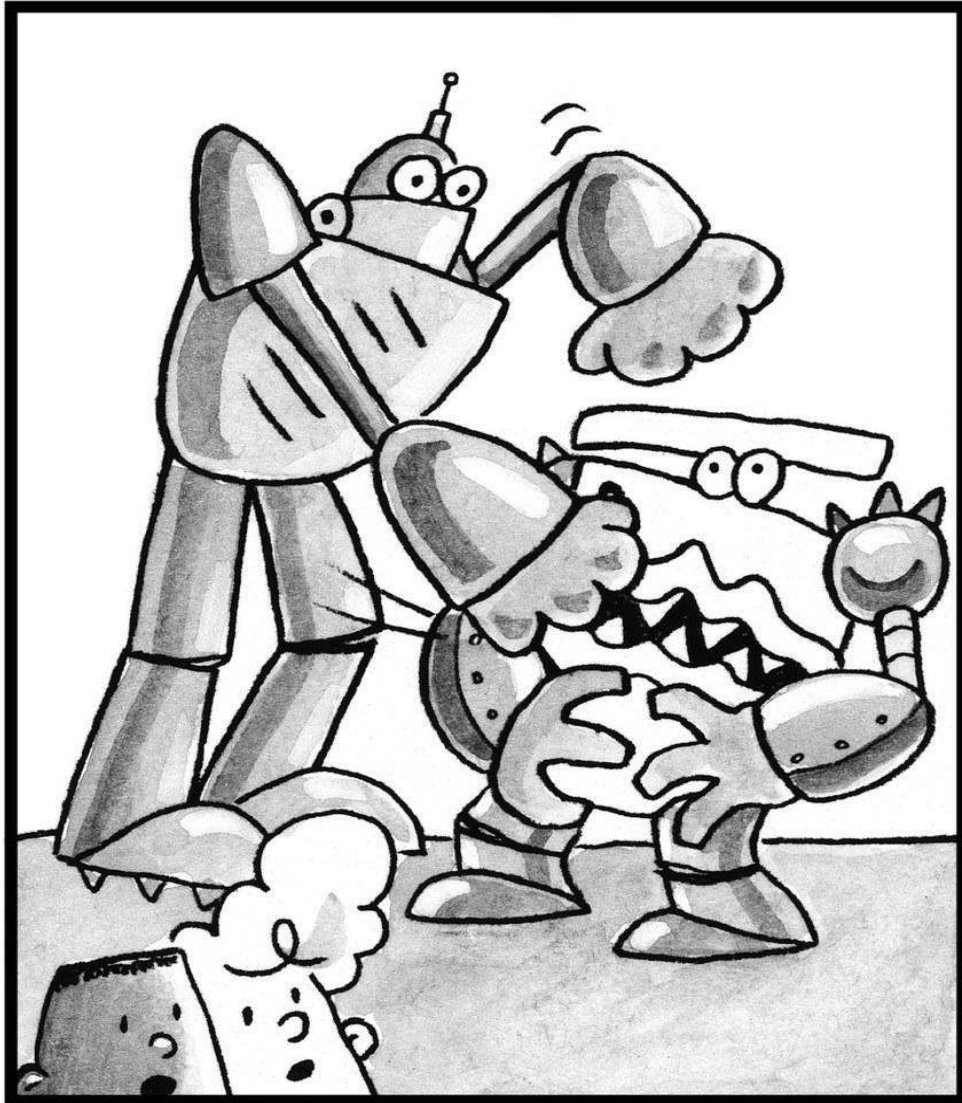
***NOTICE:***

The following chapter contains terribly naughty scenes depicting a giant toilet getting its shiny hiney kicked.

All toilet violence was carefully monitored by P.E.T.T. (People for the Ethical Treatment of Toilets).

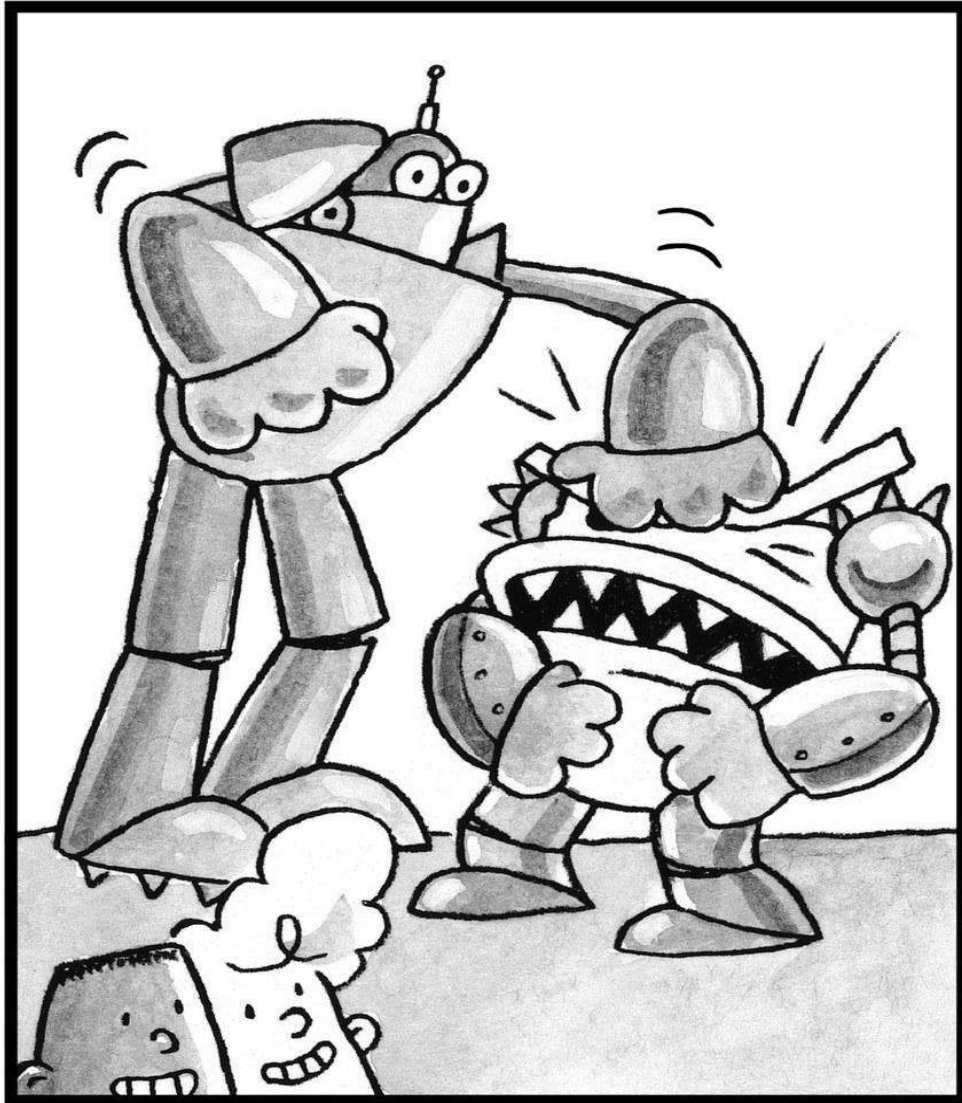
No actual toilets were harmed during the making of this chapter.

## **FLIP-E-RAMA 4**



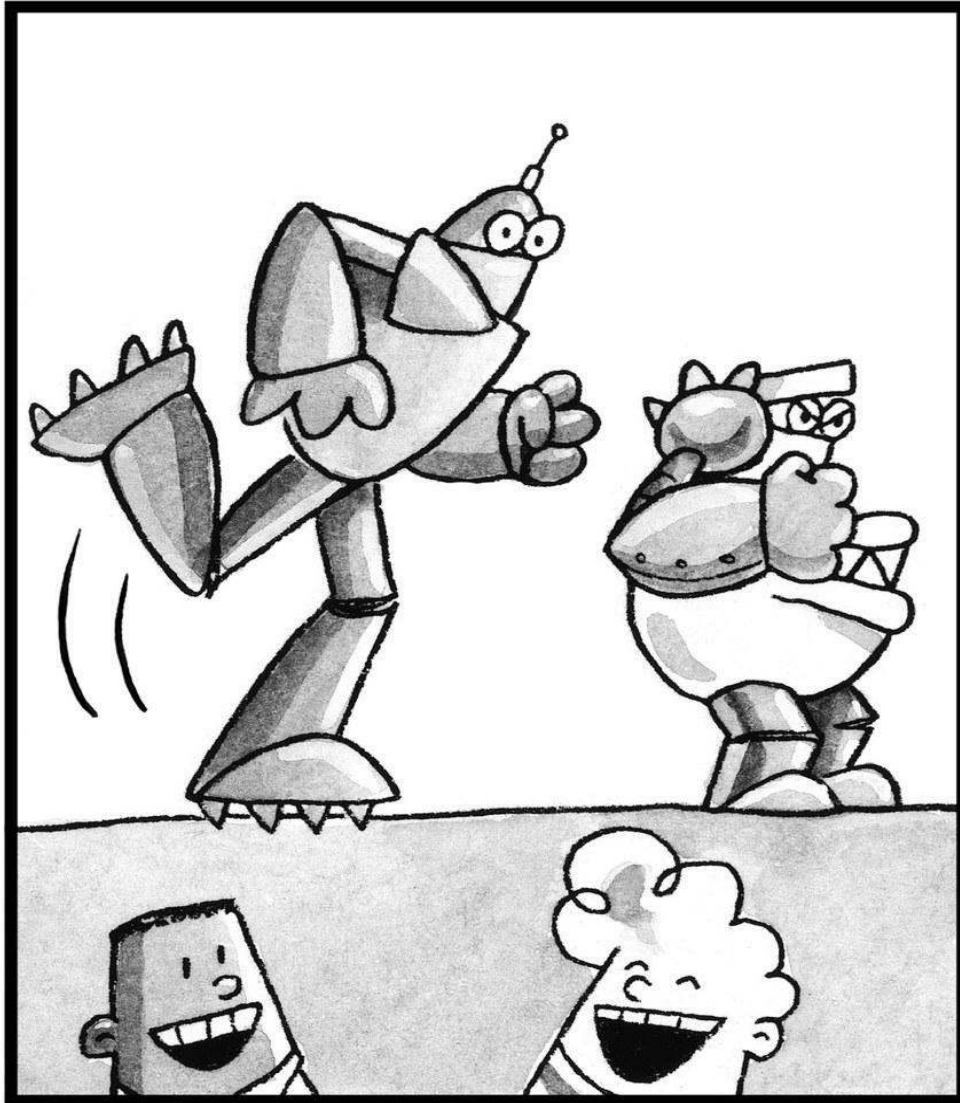
**THE INCREDIBLE  
ROBO-PLUNGER  
TO THE RESCUE!**

## **FLIP-E-RAMA 4**



**THE INCREDIBLE  
ROBO-PLUNGER  
TO THE RESCUE!**

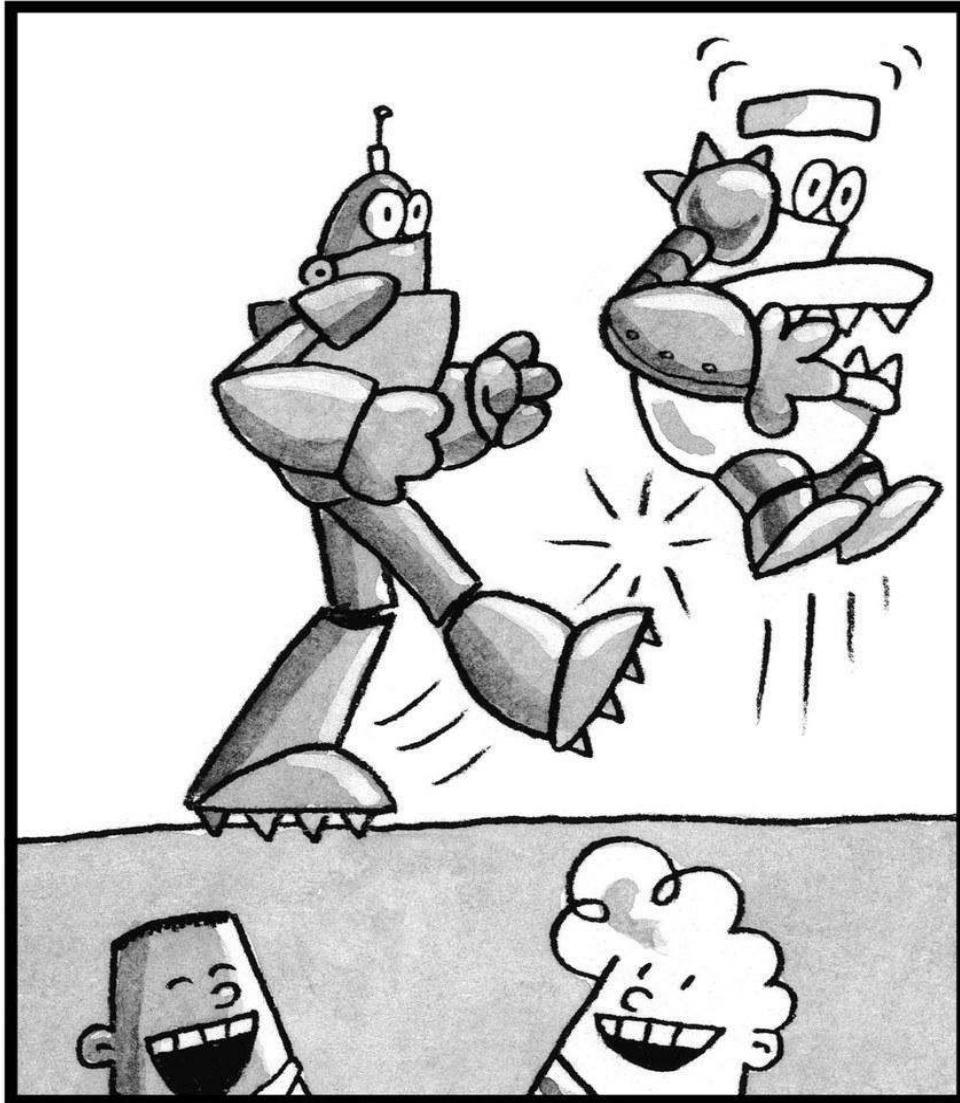
## **FLIP-E-RAMA 5**



**THE INCREDIBLE  
ROBO-PLUNGER KICKS  
THE TT 2000'S TUSHY!**

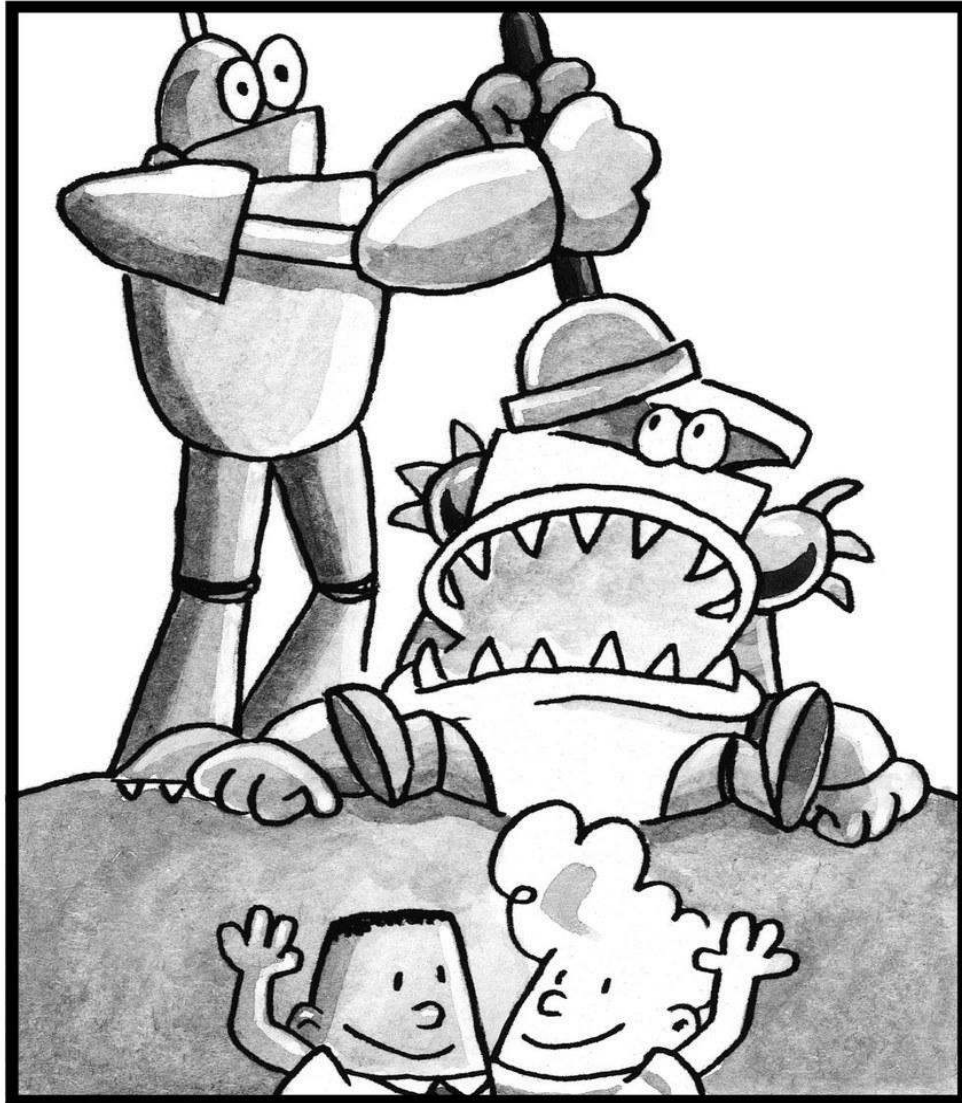


## **FLIP-E-RAMA 5**



**THE INCREDIBLE  
ROBO-PLUNGER KICKS  
THE TT 2000'S TUSHY!**

# **FLIP-E-RAMA 6**



**THE TT 2000  
TAKES  
THE PLUNGE!**

## **FLIP-E-RAMA 6**



**THE TT 2000  
TAKES  
THE PLUNGE!**

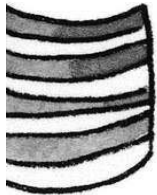


## CHAPTER 21

# THE AFTERMATH

The Incredible Robo-Plunger had defeated the evil Turbo Toilet 2000, but George and Harold's problems weren't over yet. They reached into the crumpled mouth of the TT 2000 and pulled out their principal.

"*What happened here?*" cried Mr. Krupp. "The school has been *destroyed*, the teachers are all *unconscious*, and I'm standing here in my *underwear!*"





“Uh-oh!” Harold whispered. “Captain Underpants must have gotten toilet water on his head. He’s turned back into Principal Krupp!”

George took Mr. Krupp’s clothes and hair out of his backpack and handed them to him.

“I’m ruined!” Principal Krupp whined as he dressed himself. “I’m going to be held responsible for this mess! I’m going to lose my job!”



"Maybe not," said George. "We can fix everything, and clean up this whole mess."

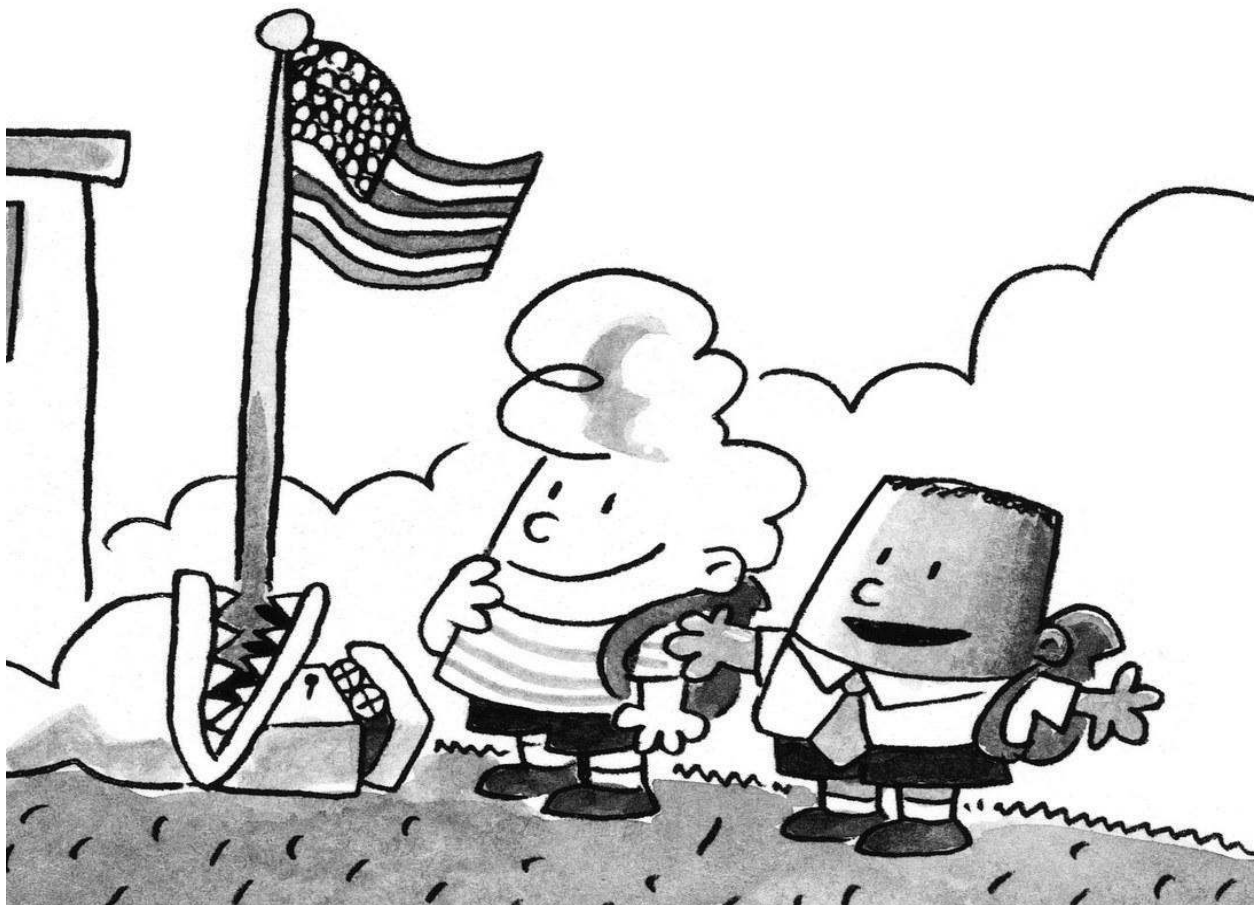
"Yeah," said Harold, "but it'll cost you!"

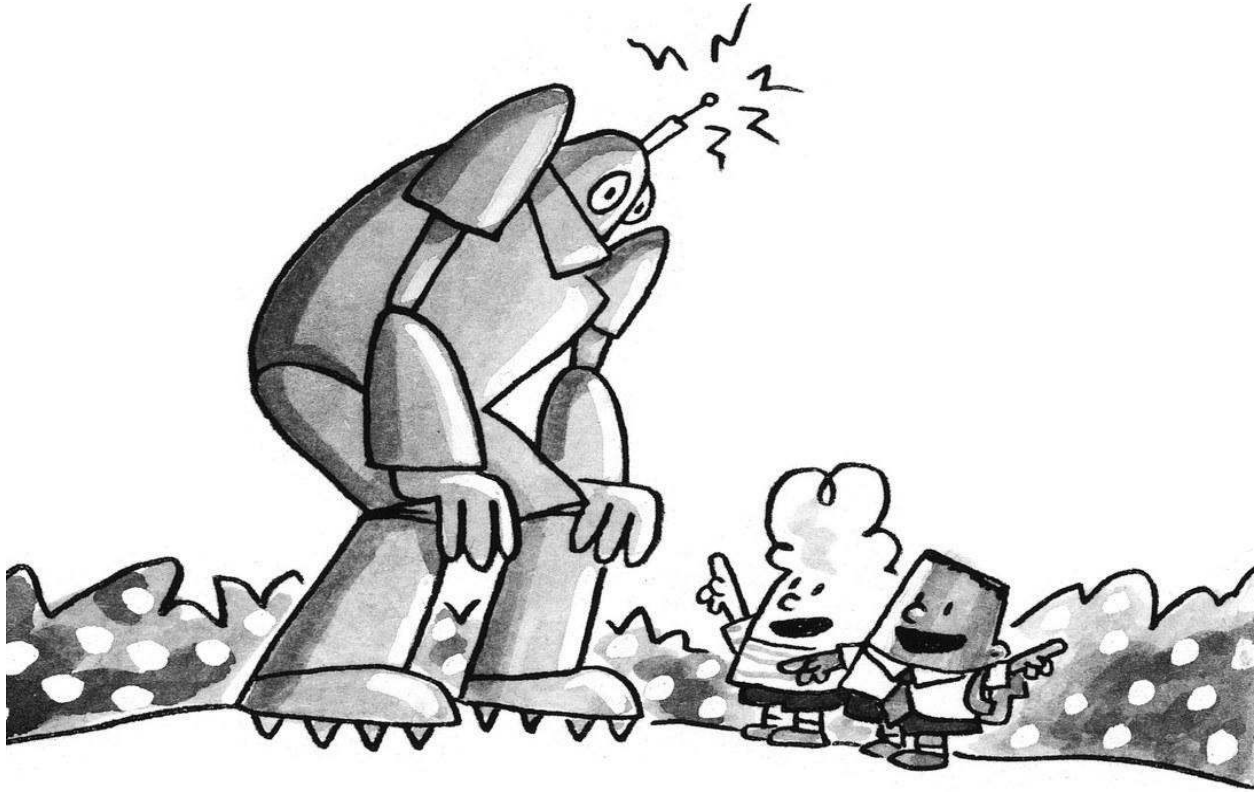
"Cost me *what?*" asked Mr. Krupp.

"Well," said George, "we'd like you to cancel our detention *and* our suspension!"

"And we'd also like to be *Principals for the Day!*" said Harold.

"All right," said Mr. Krupp. "If you can really fix *everything*, you've got a deal!"





George and Harold turned and spoke to the Incredible Robo-Plunger.

“All right, robot guy,” said George, “make yourself useful and pick up all this mess!”

“Yeah, and fix up the school, too,” said Harold. “Use your laser eyes to repair all the broken windows and stuff!”

“And when you’re done,” said George, “take all the evidence, and fly it up to Uranus.”

“And don’t come back!” said Harold.

**CHAPTER 22**

**TO MAKE A LONG  
STORY SHORT**

The robot obeyed.





## CHAPTER 23

# AFTER THE AFTERMATH

The Incredible Robo-Plunger soared off into space just as the teachers began to regain consciousness.

"I just had the strangest dream," said Ms. Ribble. "It was all about these evil toilets who wanted to take over the world."

"We had the same dream, too," said the other teachers.

"Well," said Mr. Krupp, "things turned out all right after all!"

"Not quite," said George. "It's *payback* time!"

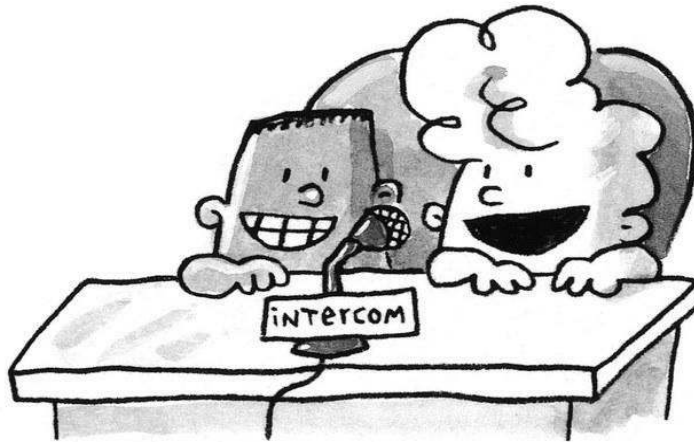




**CHAPTER 24**

**PRINCIPALS FOR THE DAY**

**(OR, THE INVENTION CONVENTION  
DETENTION SUSPENSION PREVENTION)**



“Attention, students,” said George over the intercom the following day. “This is Principal George. You are all excused from classes today. There will be no homework or tests, and everybody gets an A+ for the day.”

“That’s right,” said Principal Harold. “Also, we are hosting an all-day recess outside, complete with free pizza, French fries, cotton candy, and a live DJ. Now go outside and play.”

Principal George and Principal Harold strolled out to the playground to behold their glorious domain. George got a slice of pepperoni pizza, while Harold made himself a banana split at the all-you-can-eat ice-cream sundae bar.



"It's *good* to be the principal!" said George.

"Yep," said Harold. "I wish we could be principals every day!"



Later, George and Harold paid a visit to the unfortunate folks who were spending the day writing sentences in the detention room. All the teachers were there, along with Mr. Krupp and Melvin Sneedly.

Mr. Krupp looked out the window at the all-day recess celebration going on outside.

“How are you boys going to *pay* for all that ice cream and pizza?” he asked.



*"What did you sell?"* asked Mr. Krupp.

*“WHAT?!!?”* screamed Mr. Krupp.





George and Harold left the detention room in a hurry. Miss Anthrope snapped her fingers at them.

*SNAP!*

*“Come back here right now!”* she yelled.

“Uh-oh,” said George. “Did Miss Anthrope just *snap her fingers?*”

Within seconds, Mr. Krupp dashed out of the detention room and ran down the hallway toward his office. He had a goofy, heroic, *all-too-familiar-looking* smile on his face.

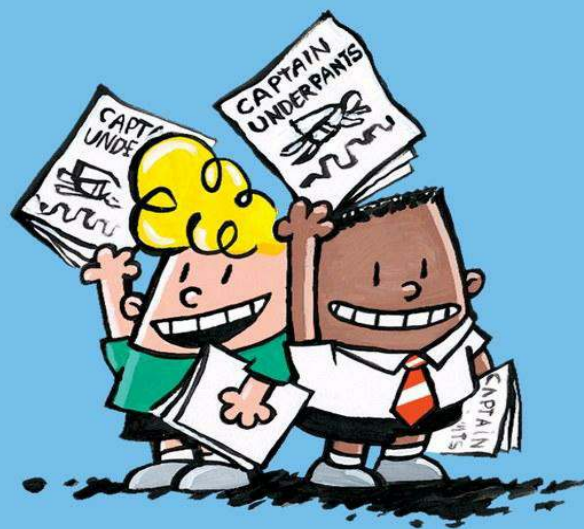


“Oh, no!” cried Harold.

“Here we go *again*!” said George.

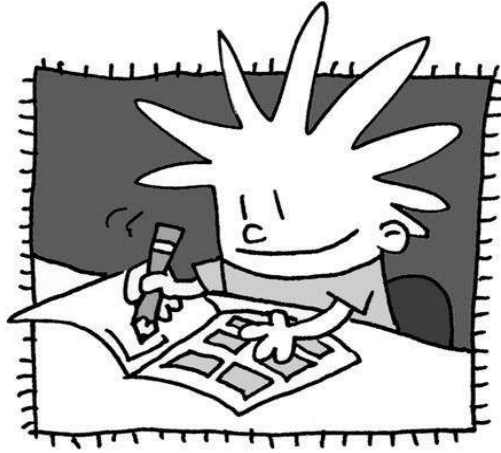








## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**



When Dav Pilkey was in elementary school, he was always getting into trouble for pulling pranks, cracking jokes, and making silly comic books. In second grade, he invented his most famous (or infamous) character,  
**CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS!**

Dav's teacher told him, "You'd better straighten up, young man, because you can't spend the rest of your life making silly books."

Dav was not a very good listener!

# TRA-LA-LAAA!

## MEET THE CHARACTERS!



### CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS

**Special skill:**  
Faster than a speeding waistband

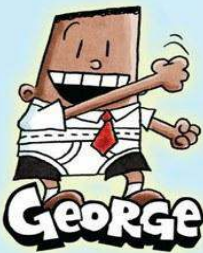
**Secret weapon:**  
Wedgie Power



### NAUGHTY CAFETERIA LADIES

**Specialty:**  
Boston baked boogers

**Secret weapon:**  
Super Evil Rapid-Growth Juice



### GEORGE BEARD

**Favorite food:**  
Chocolate chip cookies

**Pets:** A pterodactyl and a bionic hamster



### WICKED WEDGIE WOMAN

**Favorite color:**  
Purple

**Secret weapon:**  
Super-powered hairstyle



### HAROLD HUTCHINS

**Favorite food:** Gum

**Hobbies:** Drawing and reading comics



### PROFESSOR POOPYPANTS

**Middle name:**  
Pee-Pee

**Graduated from:**  
Chunky Q. Boogernose University



### THE TALKING TOILETS

**Favorite saying:**  
Yum, yum, eat 'em up!

**Mortal enemy:**  
Creamed chipped beef

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# TRA-LA-LAAA!

## MEET THE CHARACTERS!



### BIONIC BOOGER BOY

#### Mortal enemy:

Sulu the Bionic Hamster

#### Claim to fame:

Swallowed Mr. Krupp whole



### OOK

#### Favorite word:

Suckaaa!

#### Best friends:

Gluk, Lily, and Lan



### SULU

#### Best friends:

George, Harold, and Crackers

#### Previous owner:

Melvin Sneedly



### GLUK

#### Favorite word:

Sik-em!

#### Worst enemy:

Chief Goppennopper

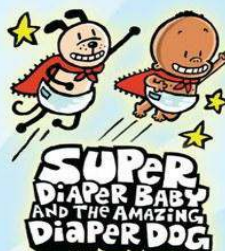


### CRACKERS

**Species:** Pterodactyl  
(a Quetzalcoatlus to be exact)

#### Claim to fame:

Rescued George and Harold from Evil Sulu



### SUPER DIAPER BABY

#### Best friend:

Diaper Dog

#### Claim to fame:

Defeated Deputy Doo-Doo and Rip Van Tinkle



### ROBO-BOXERS

#### Operated by:

Slightly Younger  
Tiny Tippy

#### Special feature:

The "Away We Go!" button

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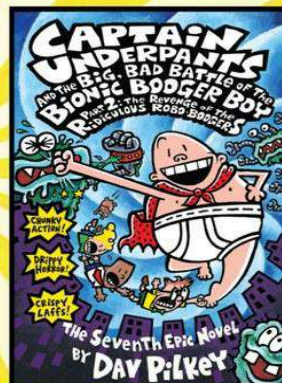
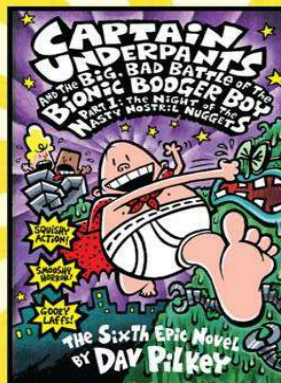
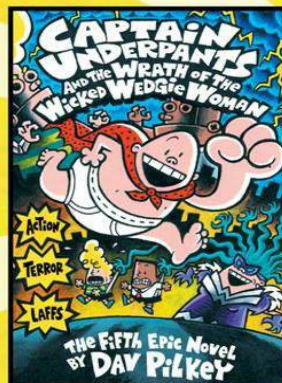
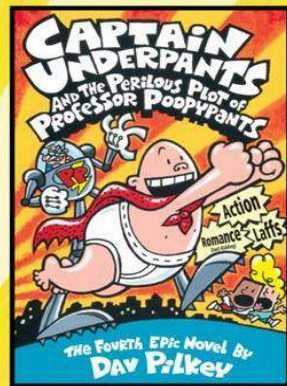
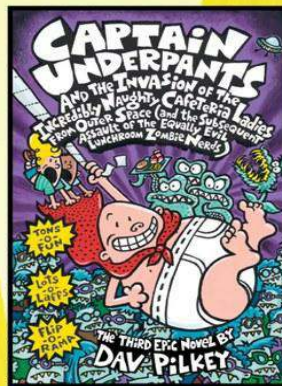
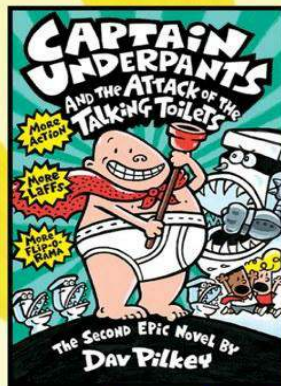
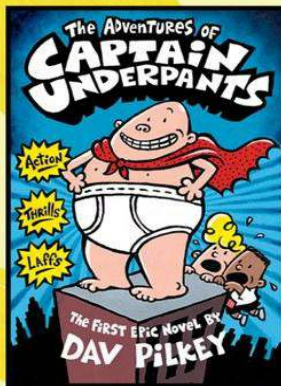
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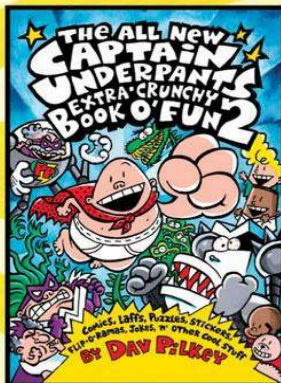
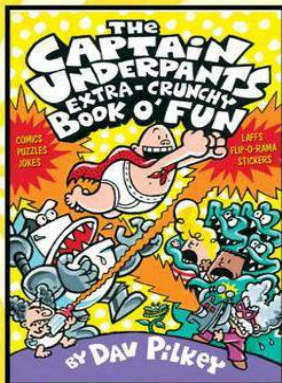
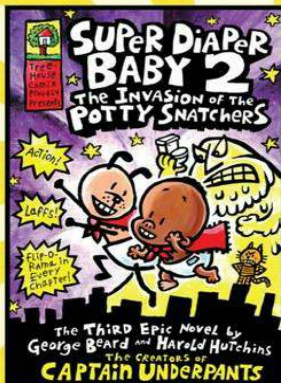
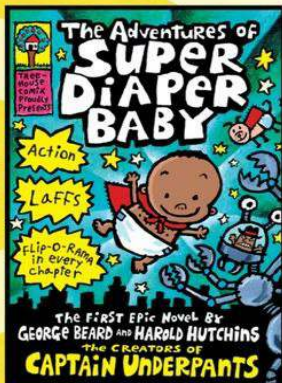
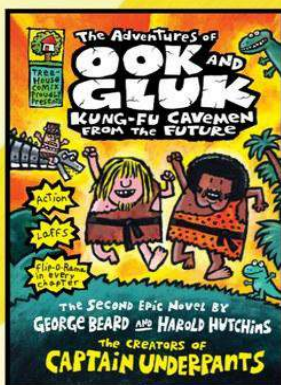
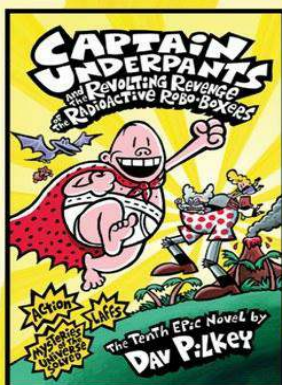
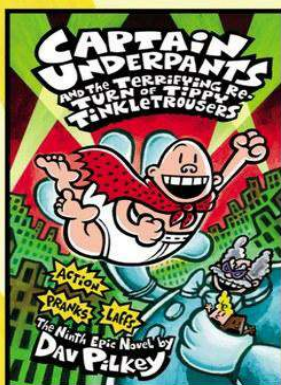
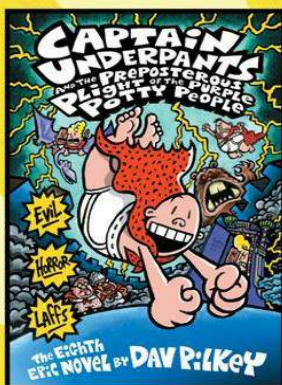
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THE ADVENTURES OF  
CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS APP!**



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