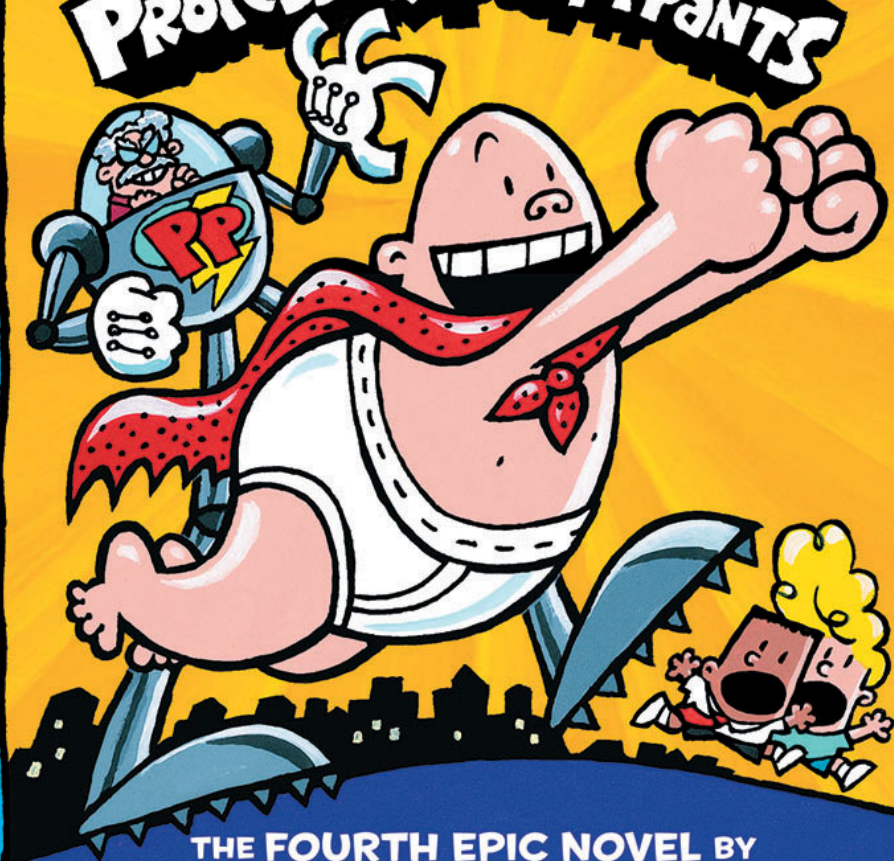


NOW IN **FULL COLOR**

# CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS

AND THE PERILOUS PLOT OF  
PROFESSOR POOPYPANTS



THE FOURTH EPIC NOVEL BY

**DAV PILKEY**

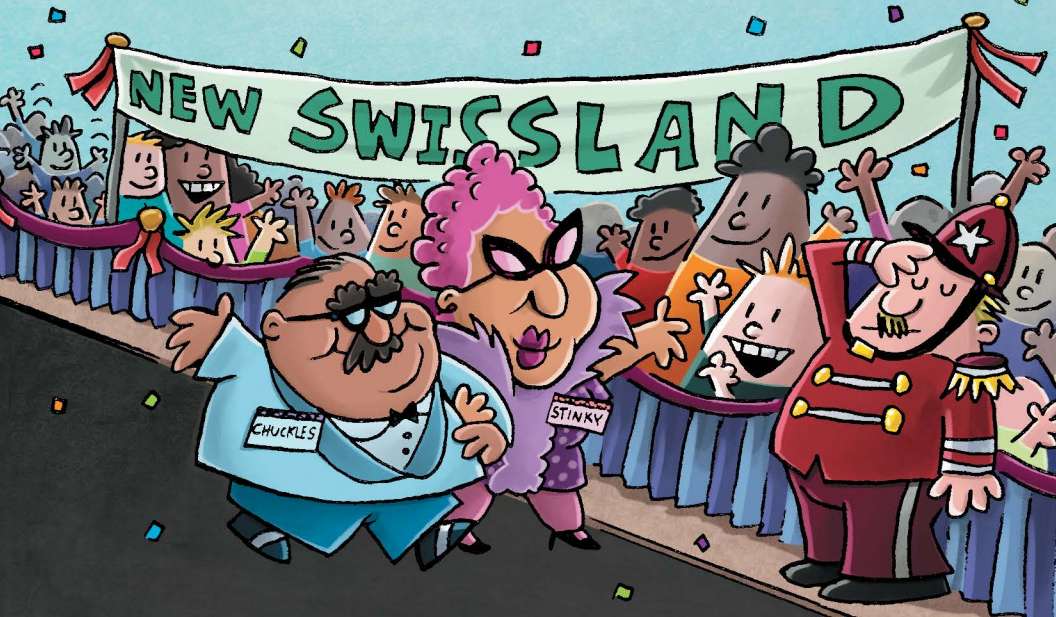
CALDECOTT HONOR ARTIST

## CHAPTER 2

### ALL HAIL NEW SWISSLAND

As everybody knows, New Swissland is a small country just southeast of Greenland. You probably know all about New Swissland's natural resources and systems of government. But here's something about New Swissland that I'll bet you didn't know: Everybody in New Swissland has a silly name.

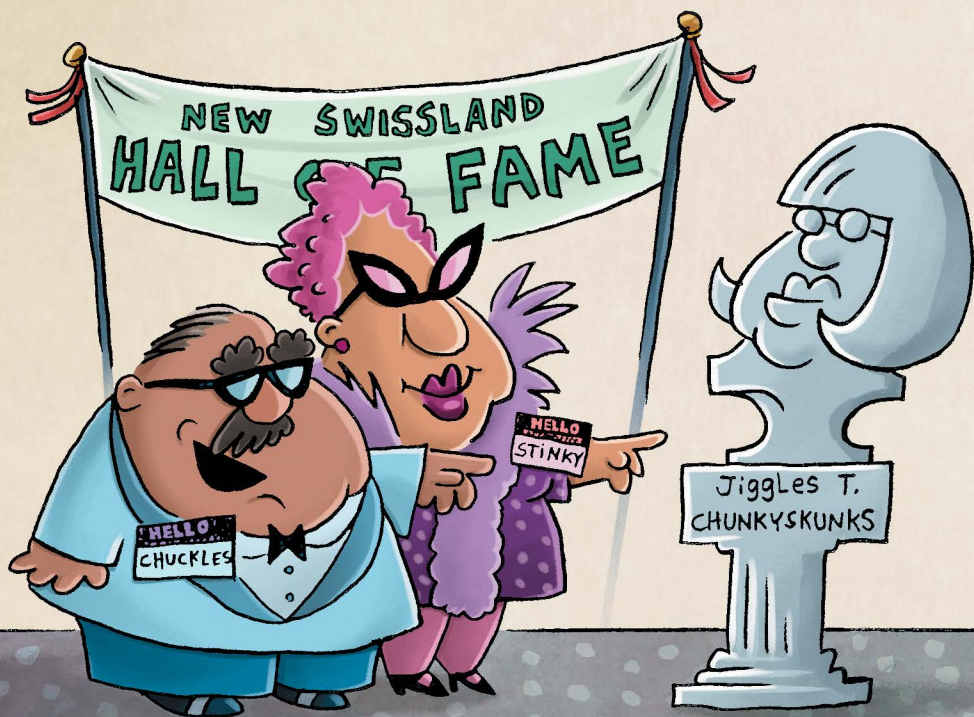
Just ask their president, the Honorable Chuckles Jingleberry McMonkeyburger Jr. or his lovely wife, Stinky.





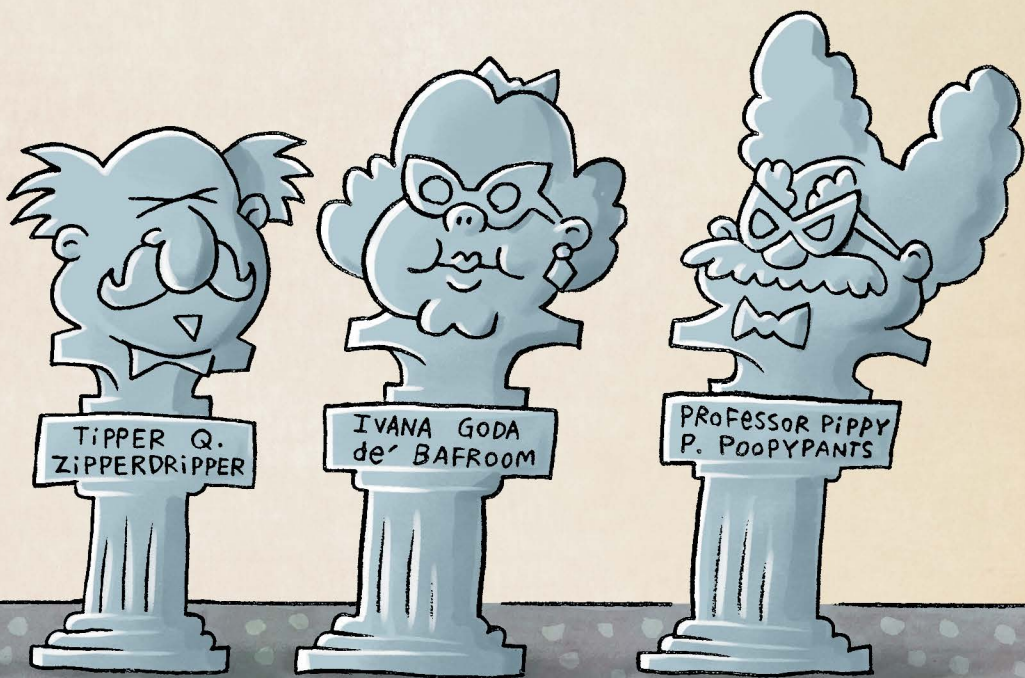
They'll tell you all about New Swissland's proud "silly name" heritage. They'll tell you about the cultural significance of silly names. And then they'll probably tell you a really, really long, boring story of how this stupid tradition got started. We'll skip that part, OK?

Just remember that everybody in New Swissland has a silly name. From the richest to the poorest, from the dumbest to the smartest.

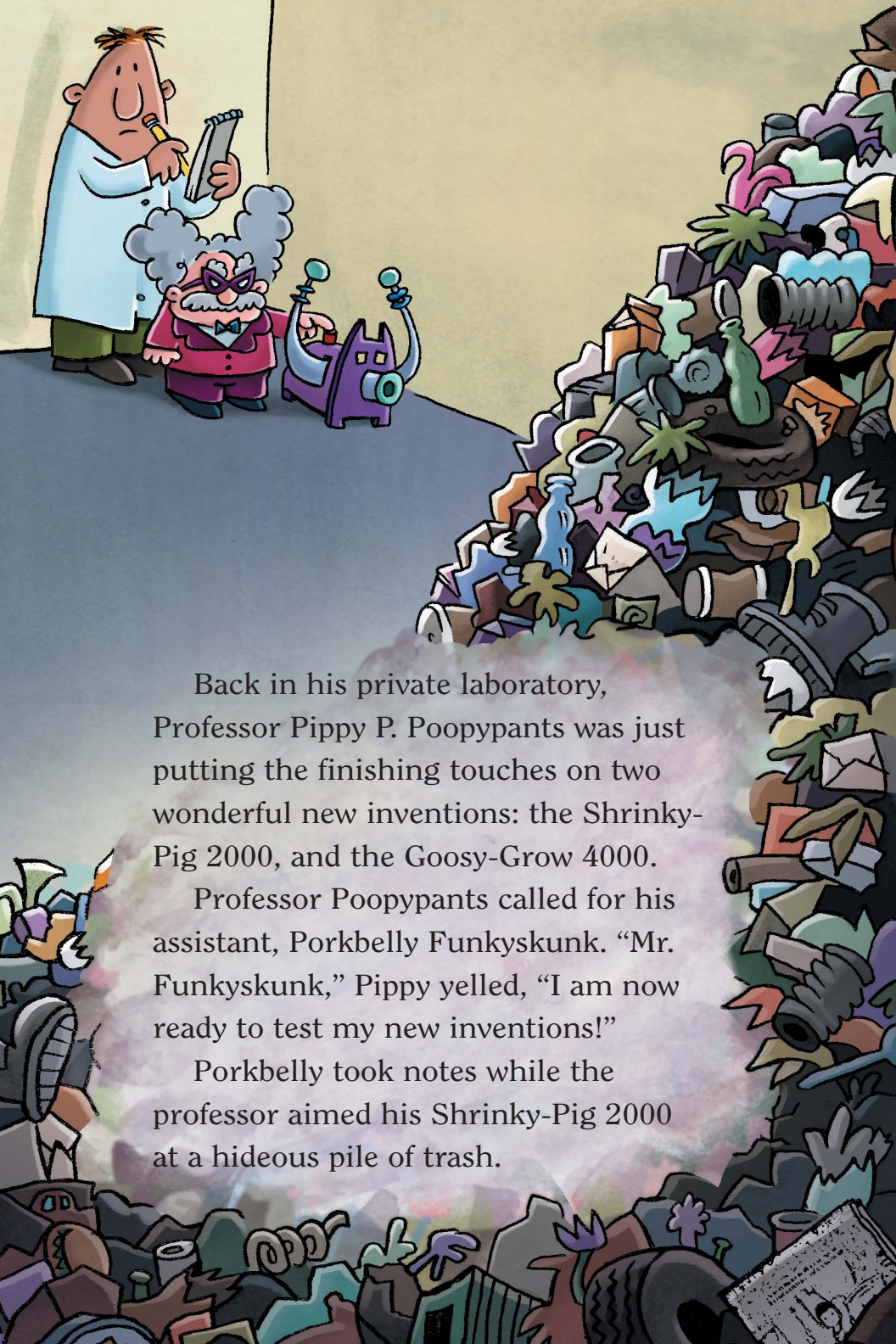


And speaking of the *smartest*, let me introduce you to Professor Pippy P. Poopypants. That's a statue of him down there in the bottom right-hand corner of the page. Now, Pippy P. Poopypants was probably the smartest person in all of New Swissland. He graduated at the head of his class at Chunky Q. Boogernose University, and afterward spent all of his time creating wild and fantastic inventions.

Let's look in on him, shall we?







Back in his private laboratory, Professor Pippy P. Poopypants was just putting the finishing touches on two wonderful new inventions: the Shrinky-Pig 2000, and the Goosy-Grow 4000.

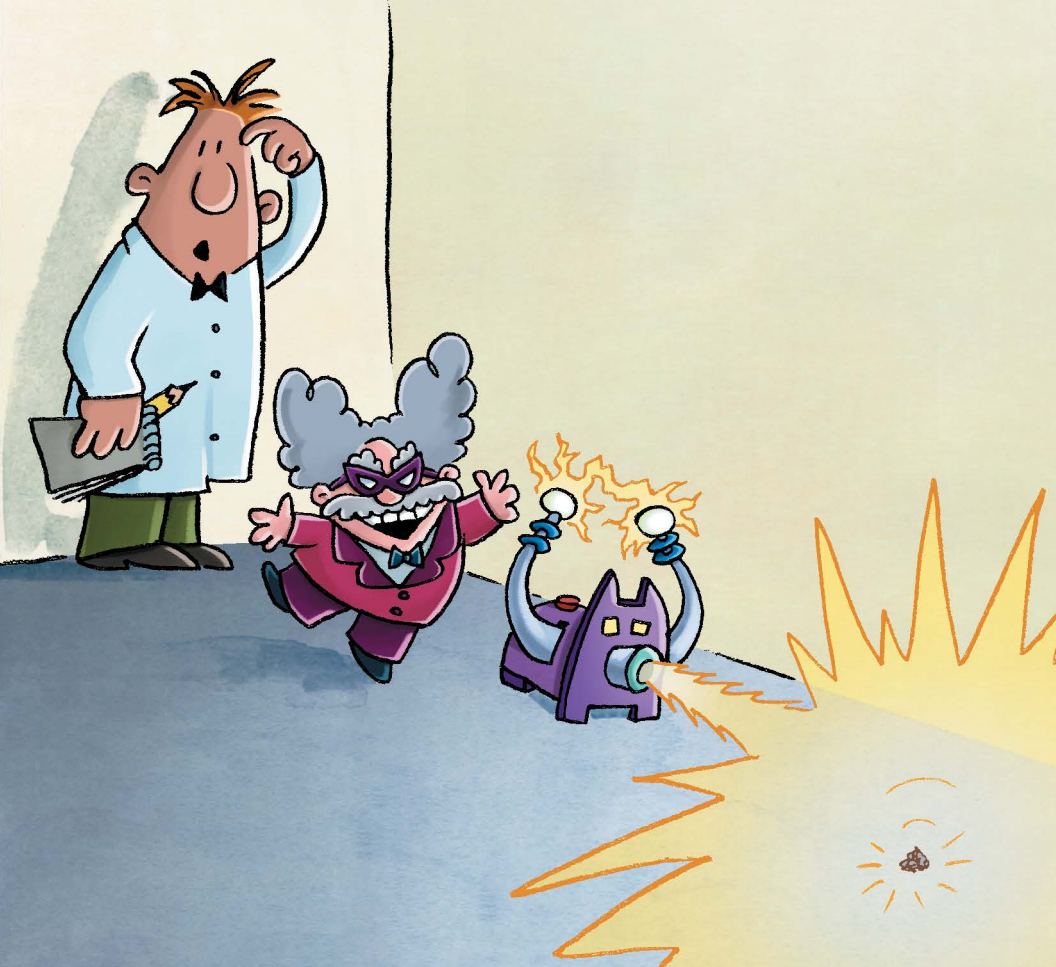
Professor Poopypants called for his assistant, Porkbelly Funkyskunk. “Mr. Funkyskunk,” Pippy yelled, “I am now ready to test my new inventions!”

Porkbelly took notes while the professor aimed his Shrinky-Pig 2000 at a hideous pile of trash.

*BLLLLLLZZZZRRRRK!*

A powerful beam of energy blasted the garbage heap. Suddenly, the large pile of trash shrank to the size of a gumball.

“Hooray! It works!” cried Professor Poopypants. “Now I must try the Goosy-Grow 4000.”







Pippy and Porkbelly aimed the Goosy-Grow 4000 at an ordinary hot dog with mustard.

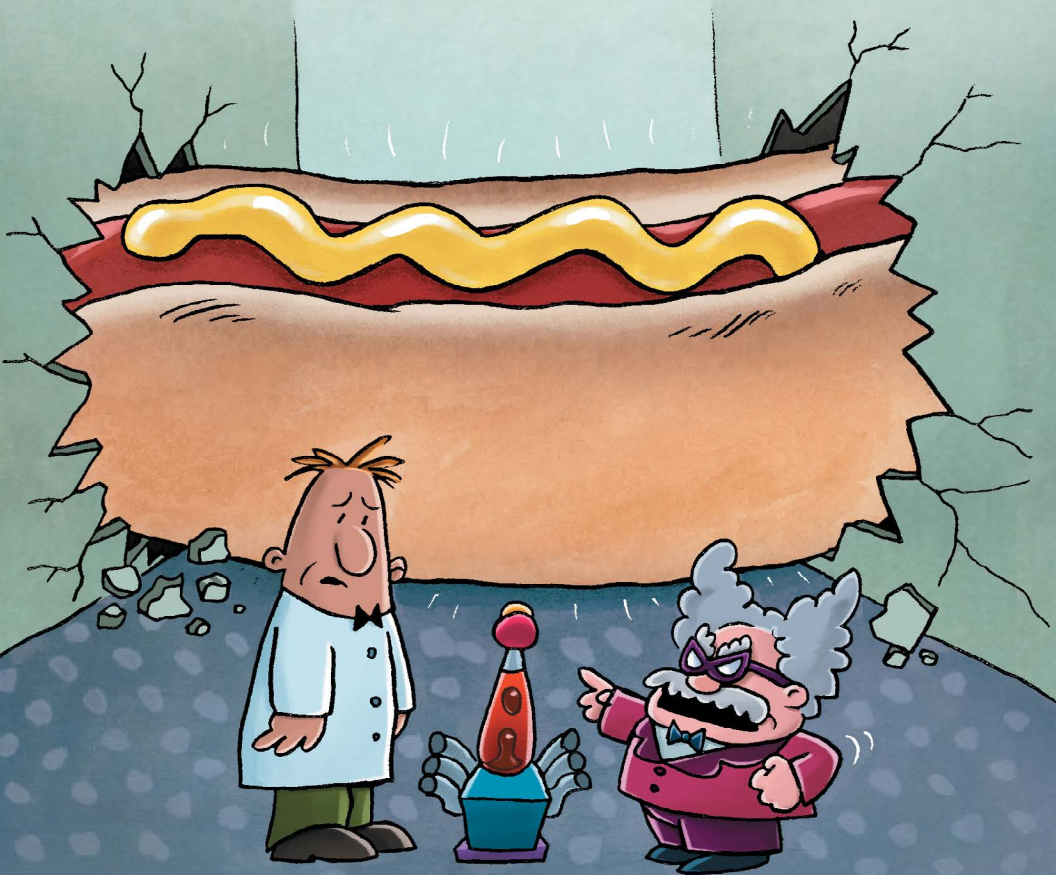
*GGGGLLUZZZZZZZZRRRRRT!* went another bright beam of energy.

Suddenly, the hot dog grew and grew until it crashed through the walls of the laboratory.

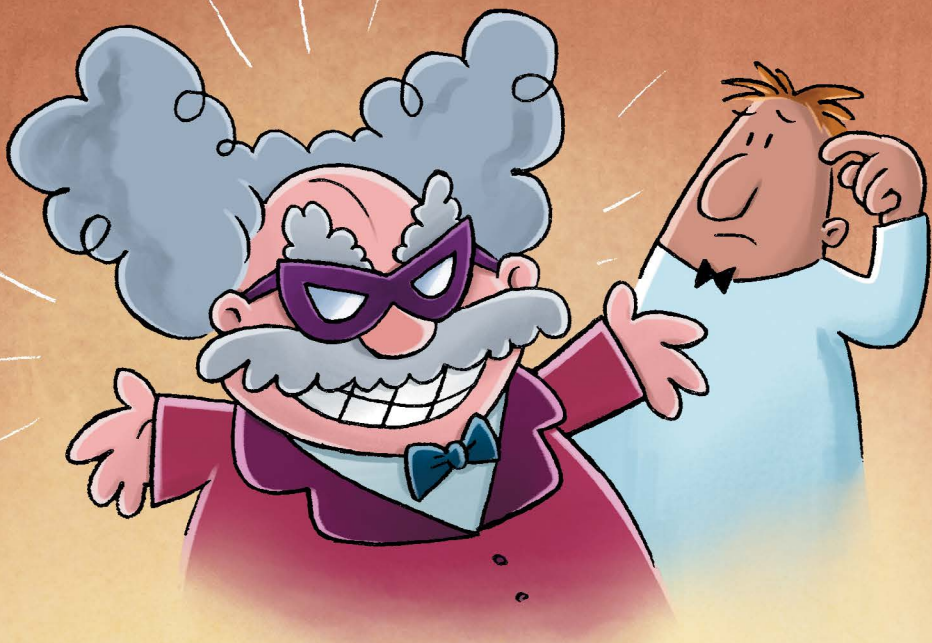
“We did it!” exclaimed Porkbelly.

“What do you mean, *WE*?!!?” yelled Professor Poopypants. “*I* did it! *I*’m the GENIUS! You’re just a lowly assistant—and don’t you forget it!”

“Sorry, boss,” said Porkbelly.







“With these two inventions,” exclaimed Professor Poopypants, “I will be able to solve the world’s garbage problem AND create enough food for everyone on the entire planet!”

Finally, it looked as if all of the Earth’s dilemmas would be fixed forever. But who would have believed that in just a few short weeks, Professor Poopypants would be trying to take over the planet in a fit of frenzied rage?

Well, dear readers, the tragic tale is about to unfold. But before I can tell you that story, I have to tell you *this* story . . .