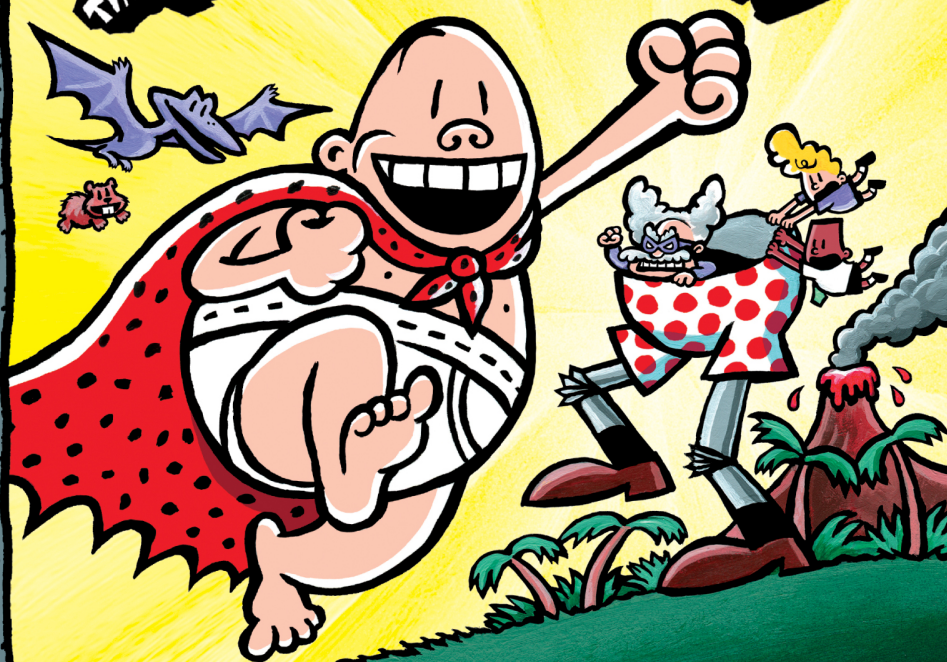


**FULL COLOR**  
**CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS**  
And The Revolting Revenge  
Of The Radioactive Robo-Boxers



THE TENTH EPIC NOVEL BY  
**DAV PILKEY**  
CALDECOTT HONOR ARTIST

## CHAPTER 4

### FIXING THE FUTURE

Big Tippy had set his Tinkle-Time Travelometer for a sunny afternoon in October, four years in the future. He arrived, as usual, in a giant ball of blue lightning that grew bigger and bigger, until it exploded in a blinding flash.

“What’s going on out there?” cried Tiny Tippy. “I can’t see a thing!”

“SSSHHHH!!!” shushed Big Tippy, as he shoved Tiny Tippy down into the deep, darkened depths of his jacket pocket. Big Tippy listened carefully. He heard the voice of a child muttering, “This can’t be good.”





Tippy unzipped the zipper of his Robo-Pants and peeked out. To his delight, the world looked like it usually did. No destruction, no giant zombie nerds, no moon rocks. Everything seemed pretty normal.

“Hey! It’s Professor Poopypants!” shouted a small boy, whom Tippy recognized immediately.

Suddenly, two cops standing nearby started to laugh, which angered Tippy.

“Stop LAUGHING!” shouted Tippy. “My name is no longer Professor Poopypants. I changed it to Tippy Tinkletrousers!”

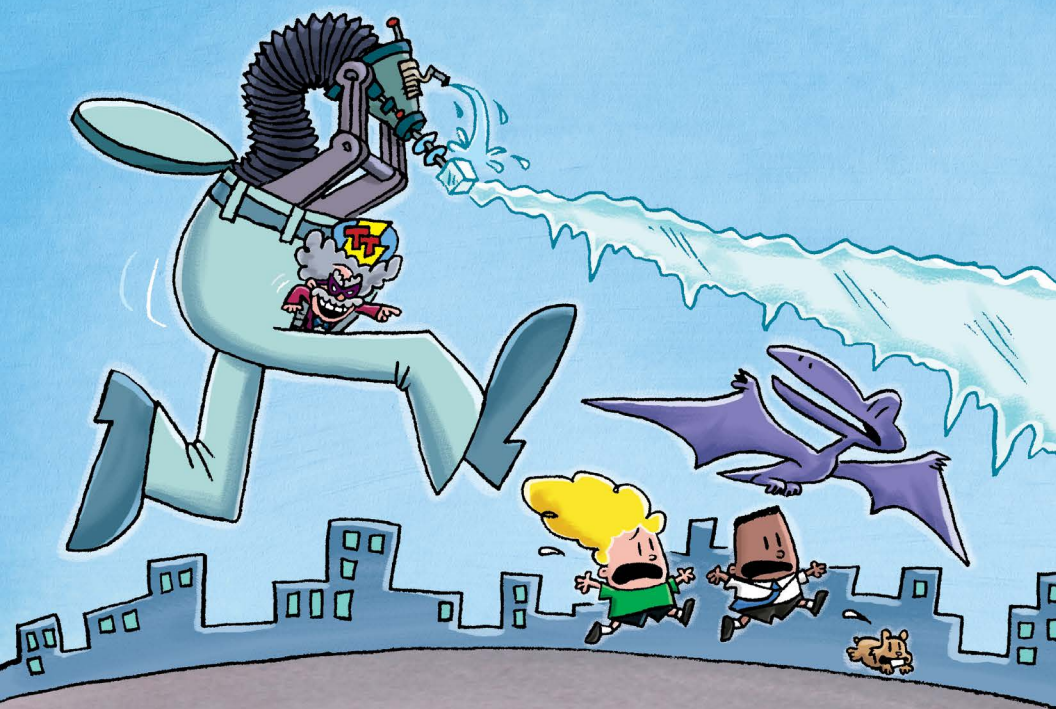
The two cops laughed even harder.

“And I’ve got a *special surprise* for anybody who thinks my NEW name is funny!” said the furious professor.

Tippy pressed the button on his Freezy-Beam 4000, causing it to rise from the depths of his Robo-Pants. He set the freeze ray for twenty minutes and zapped the cops, transforming them into frozen statues.

“My Freezy-Beam 4000 will take care of anybody who stands in my way!” said Tippy. “And now,” he said with a wicked smile, “it’s time for my *revenge*!”

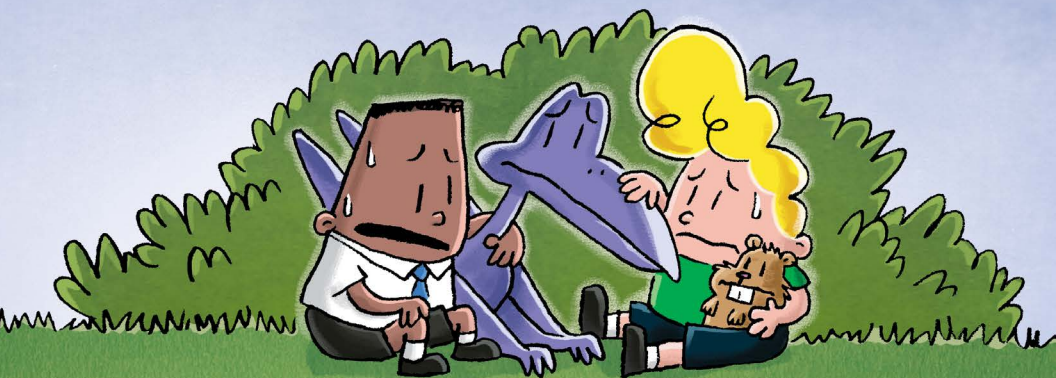




“OH, NO!” screamed George.

“HERE WE GO AGAIN!” screamed Harold.

Tippy chased George and Harold and their two pets, Sulu and Crackers, through town, zapping his Freezy-Beam 4000 at them and laughing maniacally. The chase lasted all afternoon and into the night. The four friends hid behind buildings, inside trash bins, under bridges, and even down in the sewer. But it didn't matter where they sought refuge because Tippy Tinkletrousers always found them.



By the morning of the next day, our heroes had found a hiding place behind some bushes near the park.

“What are we going to do?” whispered George. “There’s nowhere else to hide!”

“I don’t know,” whispered Harold.

George and Harold looked at their two pets, shivering with them in the morning mist.

“We’re not going to make it,” whispered George. “But there’s no reason that Sulu and Crackers should have to suffer.”

Harold’s eyes began to water. “You’re right,” he whispered.

George and Harold petted their two friends sadly as they devised a plan to return to the dinosaur age. “We could use the Purple Potty to take Crackers back home where we found him,” said George.

“Yeah,” said Harold. “And Sulu could stay there with him. They’ll both be safe there!”

As soon as it was clear, the four friends sneaked away from the bushes and headed for Jerome Horwitz Elementary School, carefully avoiding major streets and intersections. It was almost noon by the time George and Harold and their two pets reached the school. Cautiously, they sneaked through the front door and dashed up the stairs to the library.

“*HEY, BUBS!*” shouted Mr. Krupp angrily. “WHERE HAVE YOU KIDS BEEN?”

George and Harold looked down and saw Mr. Krupp carrying a large cardboard box. “*WELL?*” Mr. Krupp shouted. “GET DOWN HERE AND EXPLAIN YOURSELVES!”

George and Harold looked at their two pets and continued running up the stairs.





Mr. Krupp was FURIOUS. His day hadn't started out very well. For some strange reason, all the red curtains in his office had been disappearing, and he wasn't happy about it. So Mr. Krupp had driven angrily to the store, bought a replacement box of curtains, started a big fight with the cashier, got a flat tire on the way home, and now his *truant* students were bringing *animals* into the school, *ignoring* his commands, and *running* up the stairs.

"YOU KIDS GET BACK HERE!" shouted Mr. Krupp, as he chased after the four frightened friends. George and Harold and Crackers and Sulu raced to the top of the stairs, dashed into the library, and locked the door behind them.

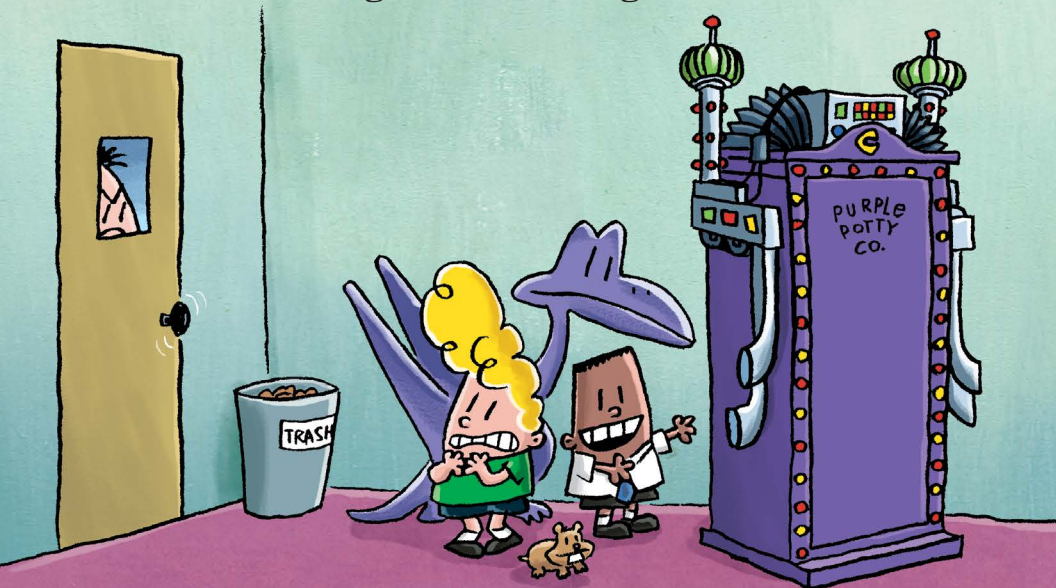
There they beheld their old, troublesome nemesis, the Purple Potty. It was a homemade time machine that had a few quirks, to say the least, and our heroes approached it cautiously.

“Do you still remember how to use this thing?” asked Harold.

“Of course,” said George. “We just used it yesterday morning! All I have to do is set the controller for sixty-five million years ago, then pull down on the chain. Easy, squeezey, mac-n-cheezy!”

Suddenly, Mr. Krupp reached the library door and struggled with the locked doorknob. The boys heard a shuffling sound, followed by the jingling of keys.

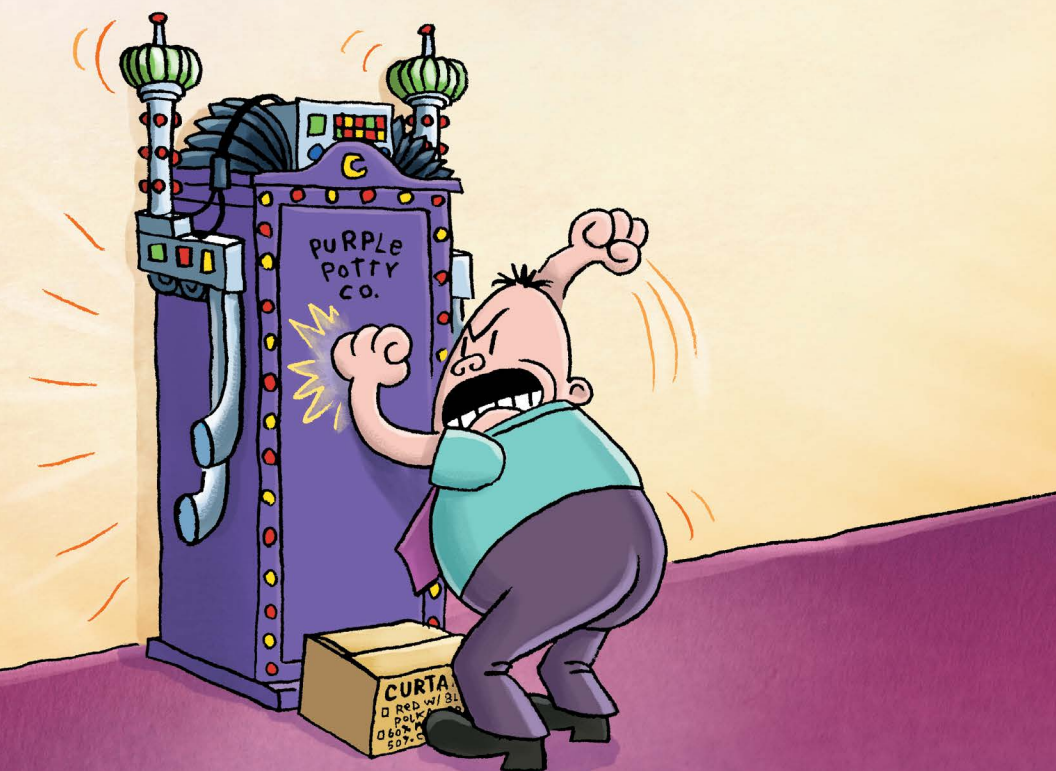
“Let’s boogie!” cried George.

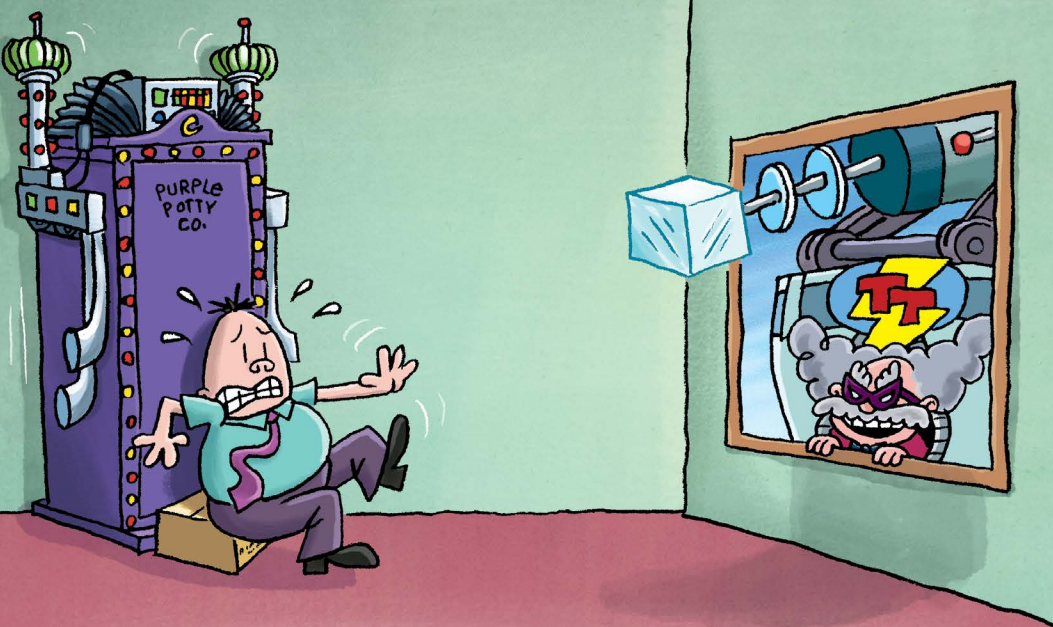


The four friends climbed into the Purple Potty, and George closed the door. At that very moment, Mr. Krupp came crashing through the library door with his box of red curtains. He ran to the Purple Potty and banged on the door. "I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE," he screamed. "YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME FOREVER!"

"Hurry!" cried Harold, as George fiddled with the controller. "We've got to get out of here!"

"I'm working as fast as I can!" cried George.





Suddenly, a gigantic dark shadow filled the library. Mr. Krupp turned to see a huge, robotic pair of trousers at the window. The zipper unzipped, and Tippy Tinkletrousers peeked through the cavernous opening. "I'VE GOT YOU NOW!" he shouted. "HAW! HAW! HAW!"

Tippy reached for the button on his Freezy-Beam 4000 as Mr. Krupp cowered in terror.

At that very moment, George finished setting the controller for sixty-five million years ago. Then he pulled down on the chain.

All at once, there was a brilliant flash of green light, and the Purple Potty (along with Mr. Krupp and his cardboard box) disappeared into a whirlwind of electrified ozone.

