

**FULL COLOR**  
**CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS**  
And The **TYRANNICAL RETALIATION**  
OF THE **TURBO TOILET 2000**



THE ELEVENTH EPIC NOVEL BY

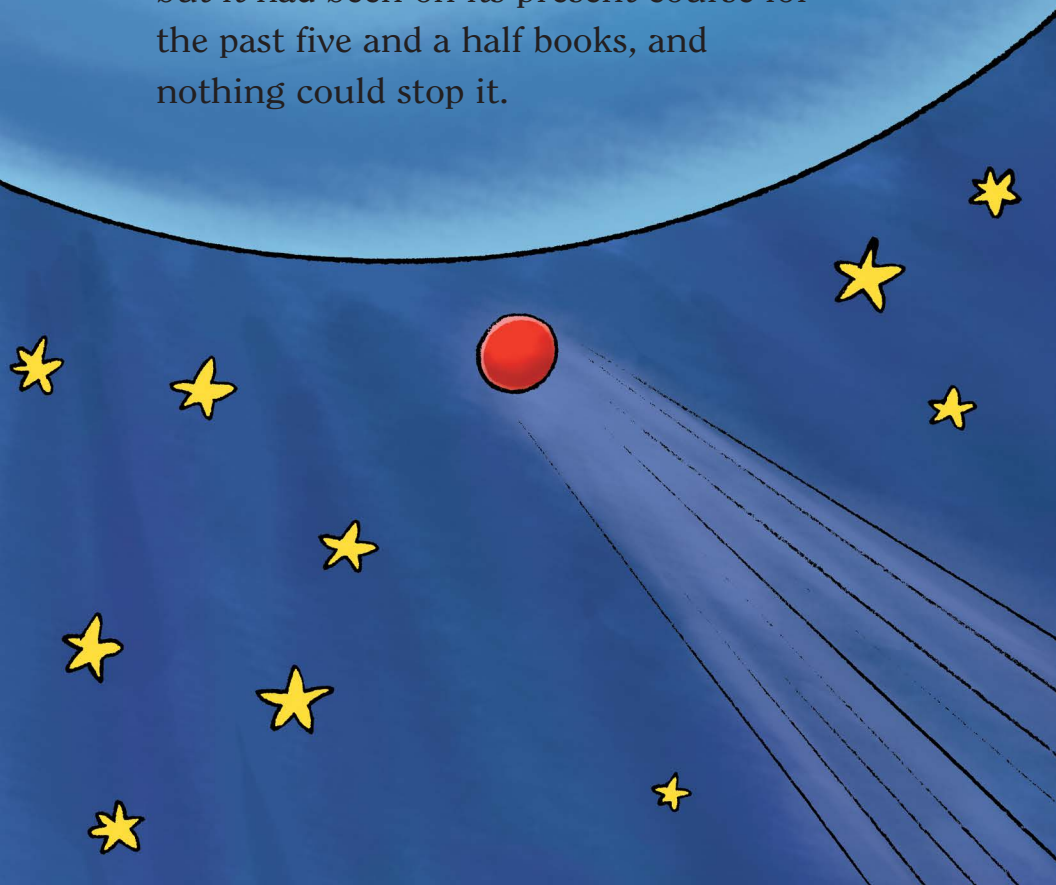
**DAV PILKEY**

**CALDECOTT HONOR ARTIST**

## **CHAPTER 2**

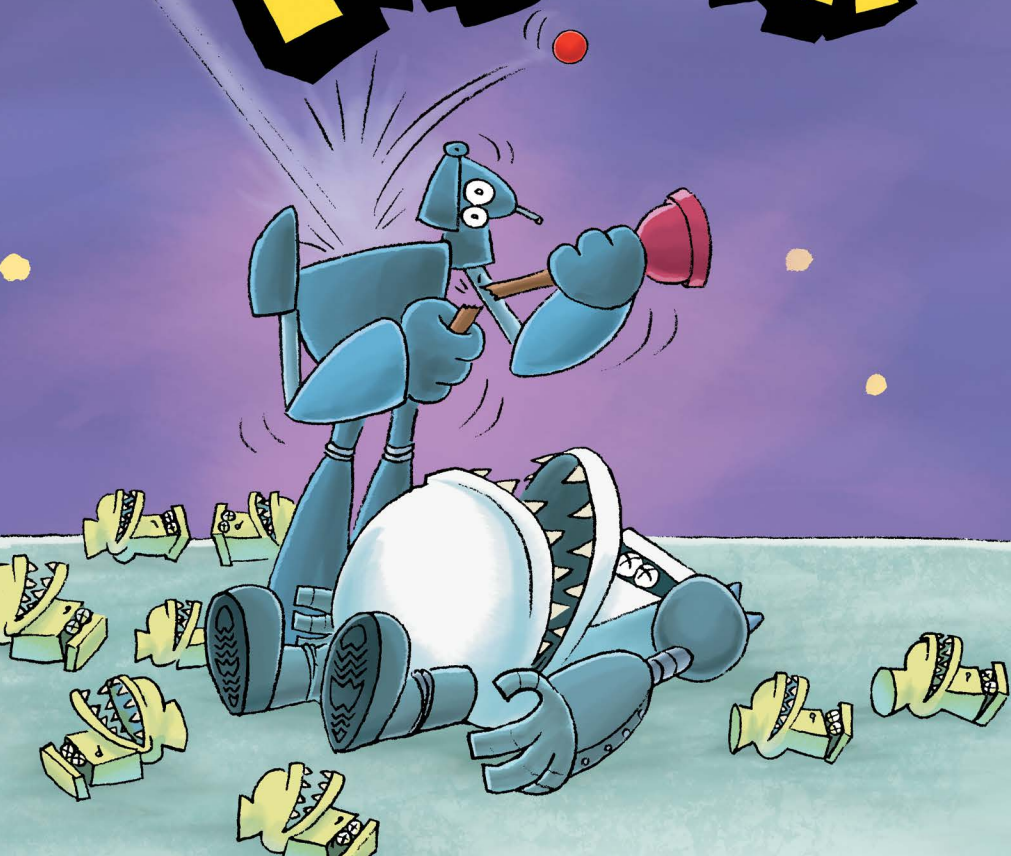
# **DON'T YOU HATE IT WHEN A KICKBALL HITS URANUS?**

Somewhere in the deepest, darkest reaches of our solar system, a red rubber kickball was zooming through space. None of Earth's top scientists could explain where it had come from, or why it was racing toward Uranus, but it had been on its present course for the past five and a half books, and nothing could stop it.

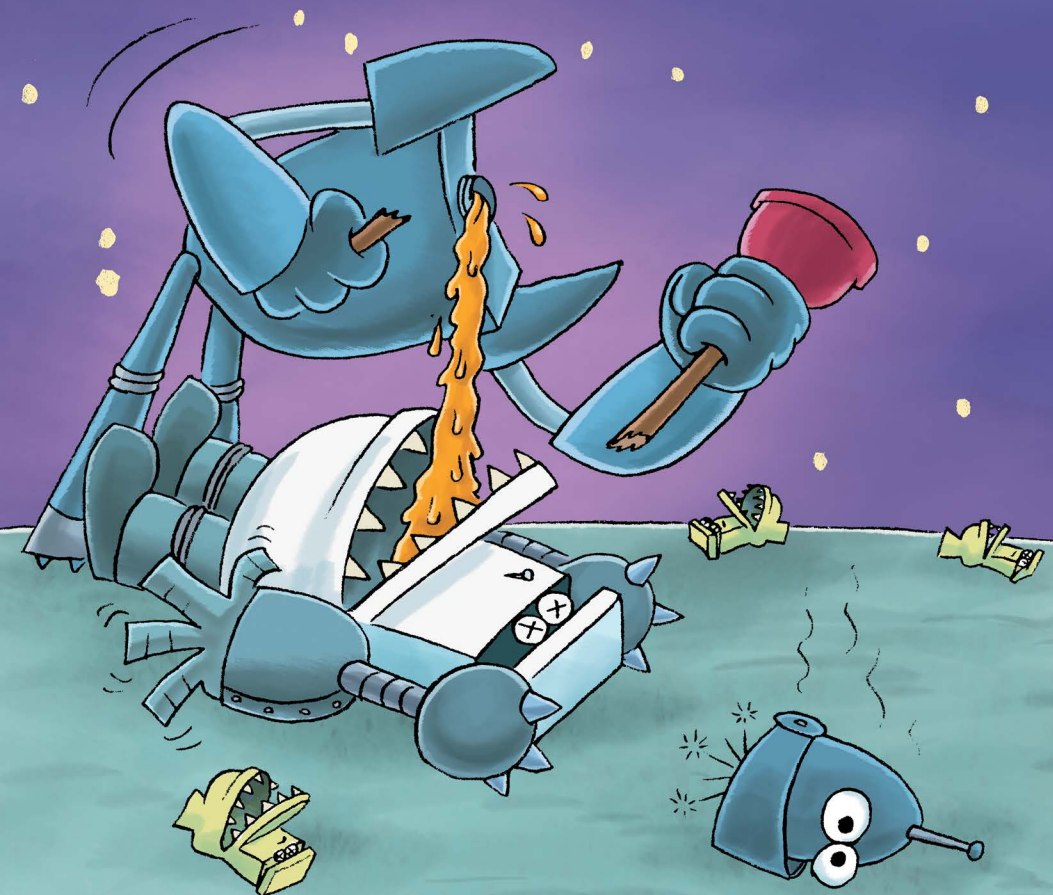


The kickball sped closer and closer to a small cluster of porcelain monstrosities that lay together in a heap on the surface of the icy, ridiculously named planet. Behind them, guarding them all with a keen, observant eye, was a robotic sentinel known as the Incredible Robo-Plunger. Faster and faster the kickball whizzed toward them, until finally . . .

# KA-BLOINK



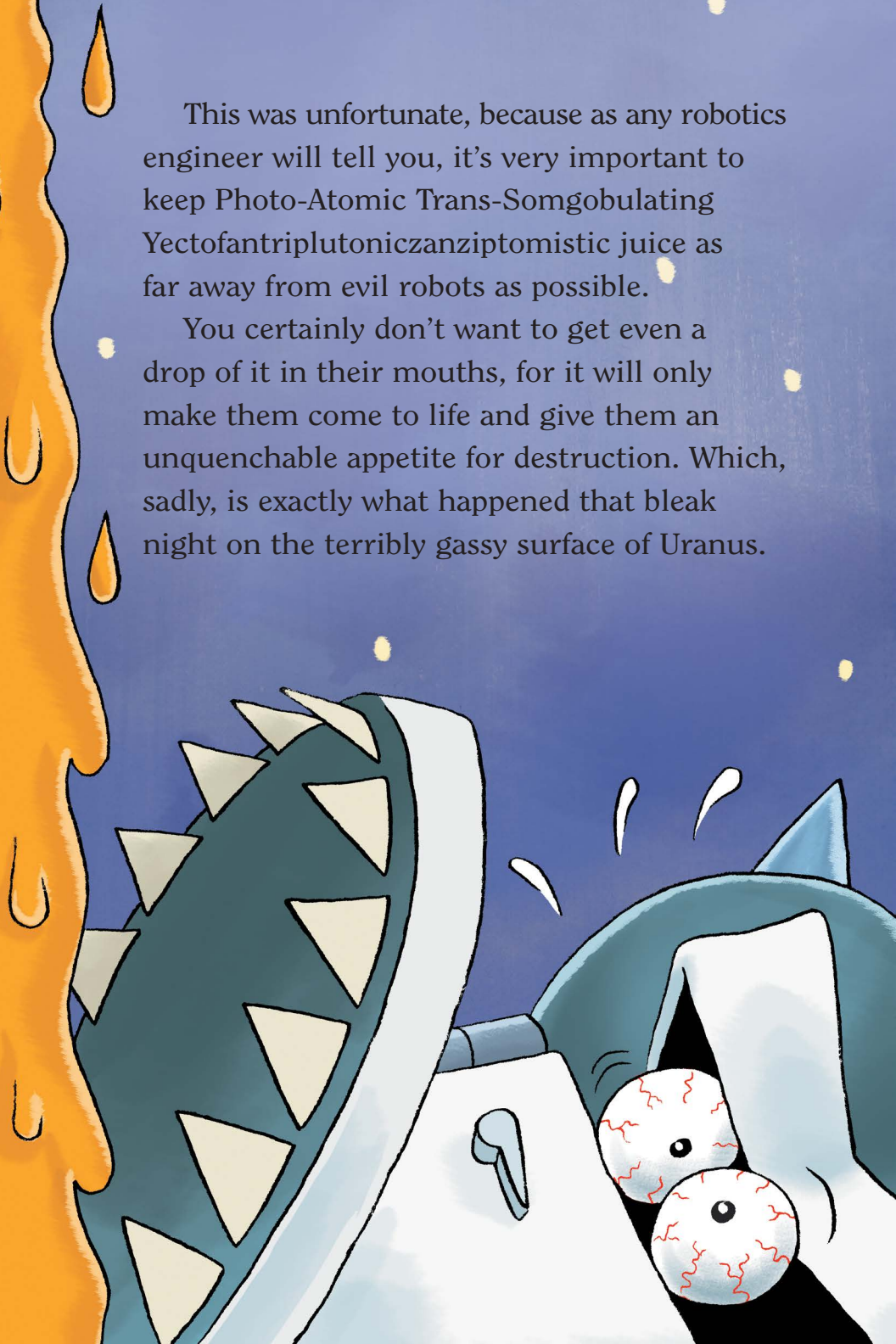


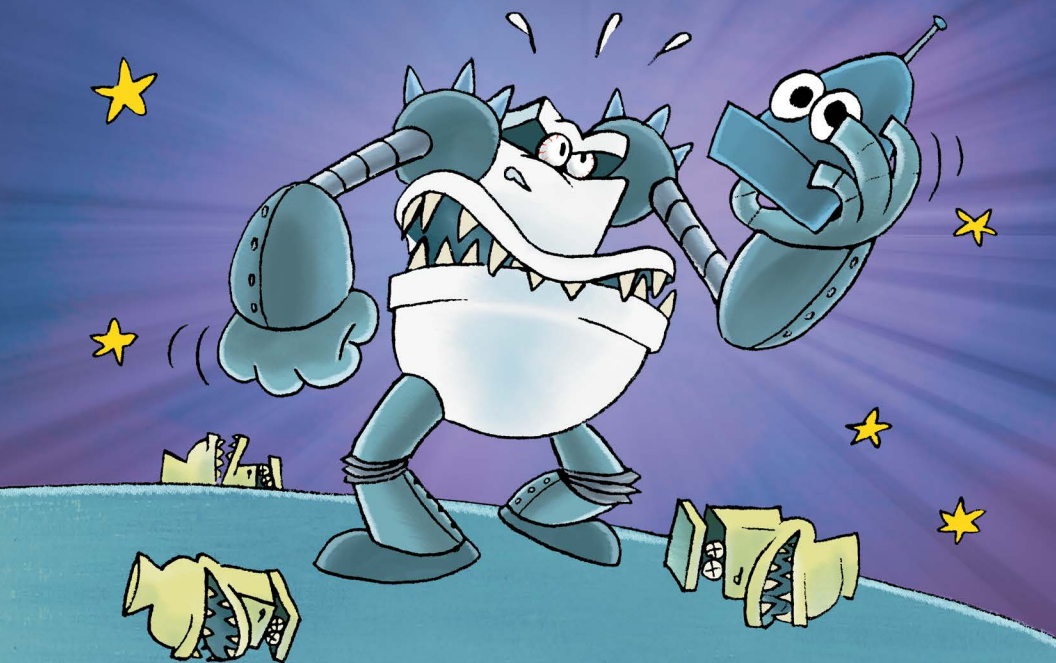


The force of the red rubber ball knocked the head right off of the Incredible Robo-Plunger. The decapitated defender juttet forward slightly, as Photo-Atomic Trans-Somgobulating Yectofantriplutoniczanziptomistic juice drizzled out from its mangled neck hole and oozed slowly downward into the gaping mouth 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.

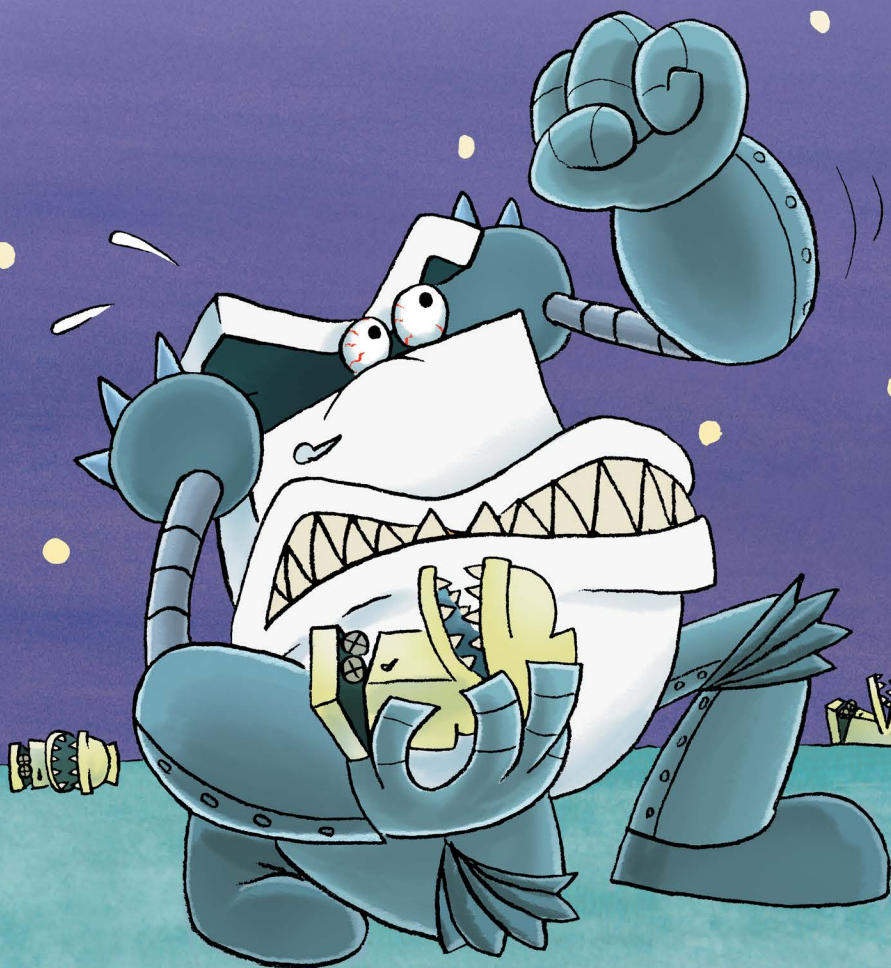
"Where the heck am I?" he said, looking around at his fallen allies. Clumsily, he squeaked to his feet, dusted himself off, and beheld the headless mess that once was the Incredible Robo-Plunger. Then it all came back to him. The battle. The defeat. The humiliation.

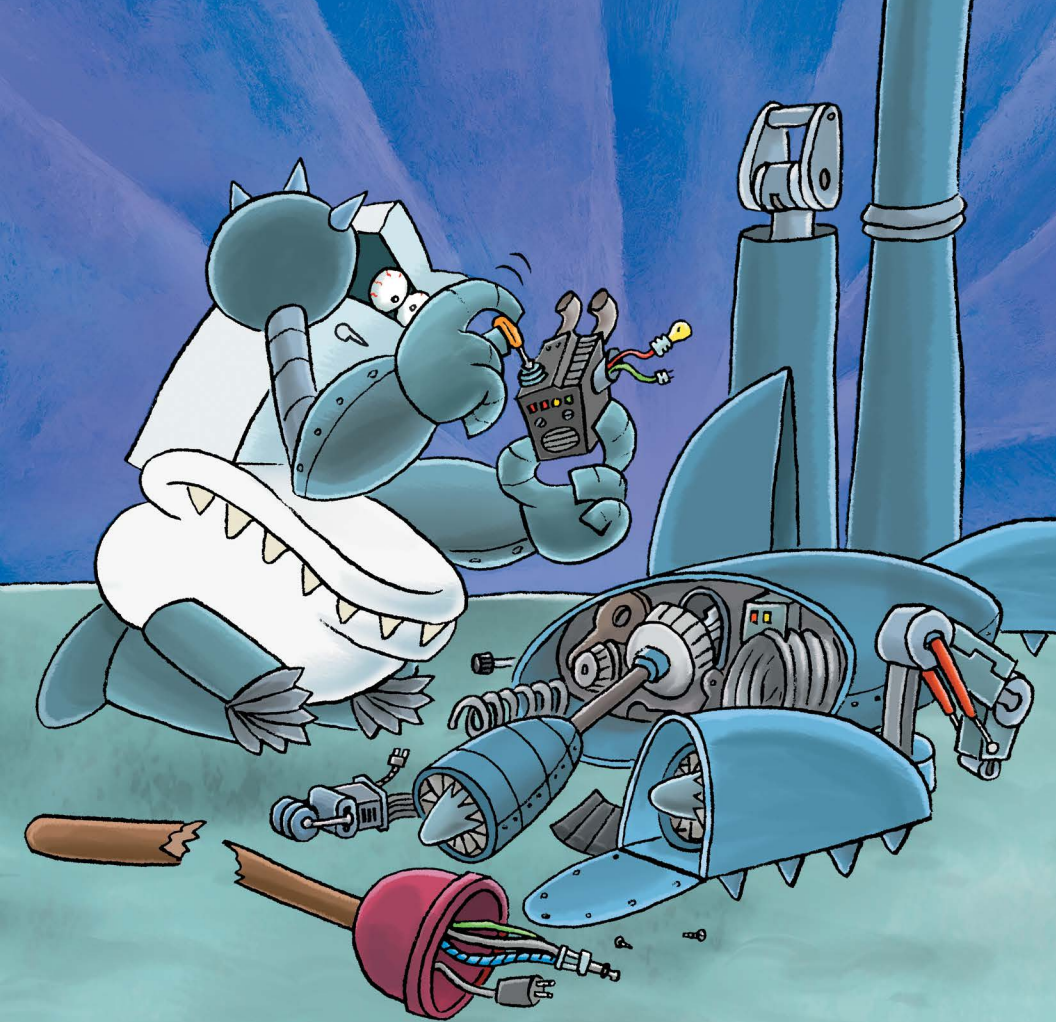


It wasn't long before the Turbo Toilet 2000 had pieced together every single event that had brought him and his army of Talking Toilets to this frozen, frustrating fate.

"I must retaliate," he said, clenching his razor-sharp porcelain teeth together tightly.

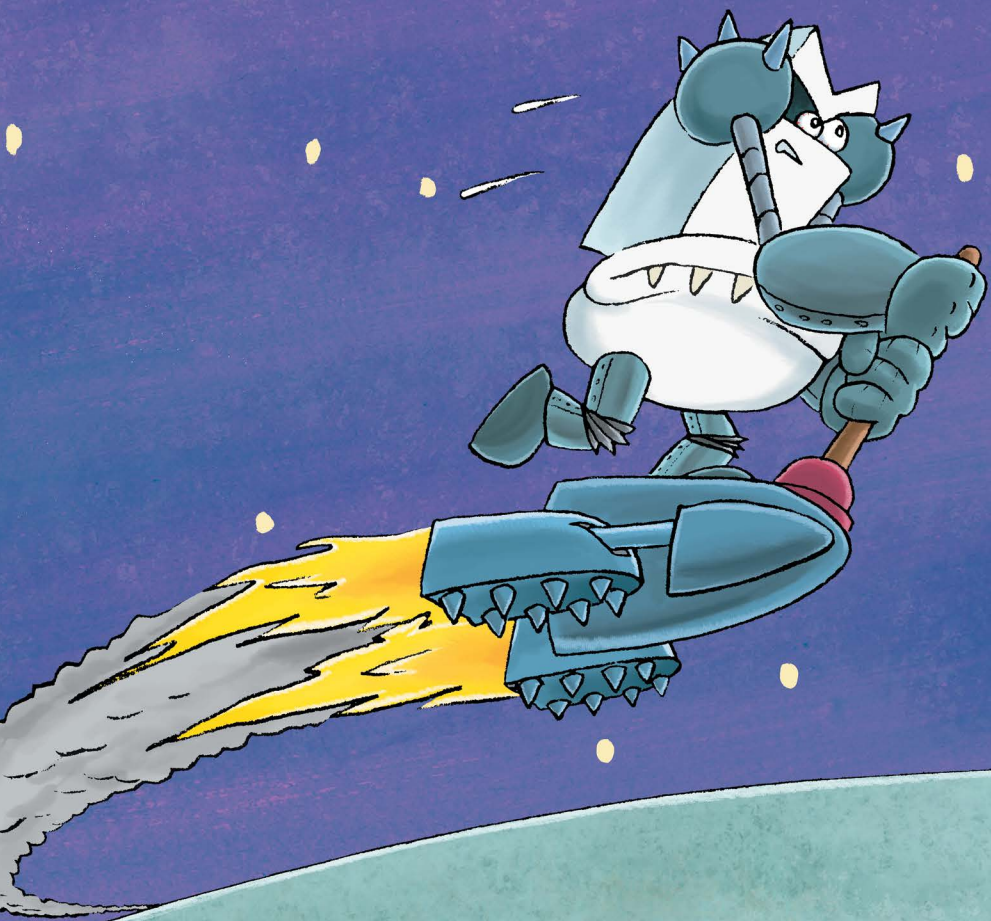
"I must avenge my fallen allies!"





Luckily for him, he was a robot, which meant that he knew a thing or two about mechanical engineering. It didn't take long for him to disassemble the Robo-Plunger, rearrange the pieces, and create a flying rocket scooter from the recycled parts of his arch-enemy.





The only thing left to do was to travel the long journey from Uranus to Earth. It was a voyage that would take him nearly three whole pages to complete. And when he arrived, he would wage a war against the good people of Earth. A war that would threaten the very foundation of our planet. But before I can tell you that story, I have to tell you *this* story . . .