

CHAPTER 6

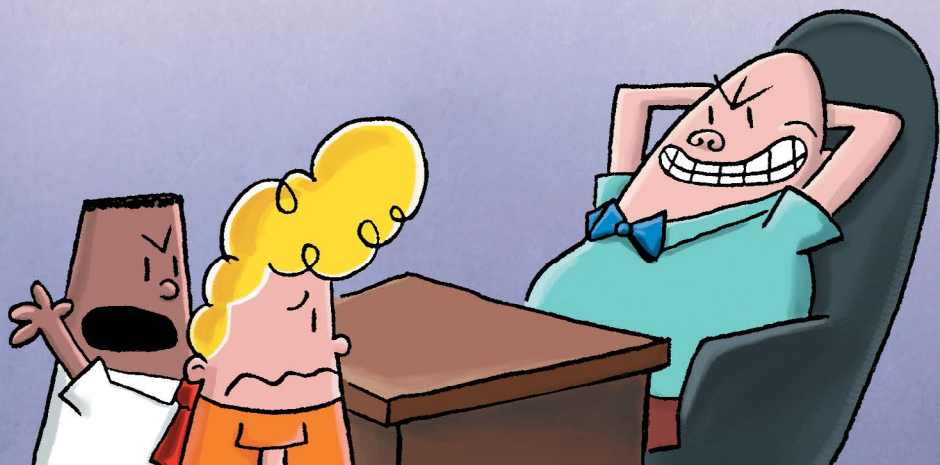
THINGS GET WORSEBEST

George and Harold had no choice but to come clean. They told Mr. Melvin the whole story of Captain Underpants: how they had hypnotized Mr. Krupp, how he drank the alien Super Power Juice, and how his super powers must have somehow gotten transferred into Melvin's body along with Mr. Krupp's brain.

While George and Harold were talking, the smile on Mr. Melvin's face grew wider and wider, and eviler and eviler.

"What're you smiling about?" said George. "This is **SERIOUS!**"

"Yeah," said Harold. "We're all in big trouble if we don't switch things back to normal!"



“Correction,” said Mr. Melvin. “*YOU* guys are in big trouble. All my troubles are OVER. I, Melvin Sneedly, am gonna get back into my old body, but KEEP those super powers for myself. I’m gonna become the world’s first super-powered kid!”

“Hey, you can’t do that,” said Harold.

“*I can do whatever I want,*” snapped Mr. Melvin. “I’m in charge now. I look just like the principal, so I’m gonna make the rules, and you guys are gonna follow them — or else!”

“Or else what?” George demanded.

“Or *else,*” snarled Mr. Melvin, “I’ll order your teachers to give you guys twelve hours of homework every night for the next eight years!”

That shut George and Harold up.

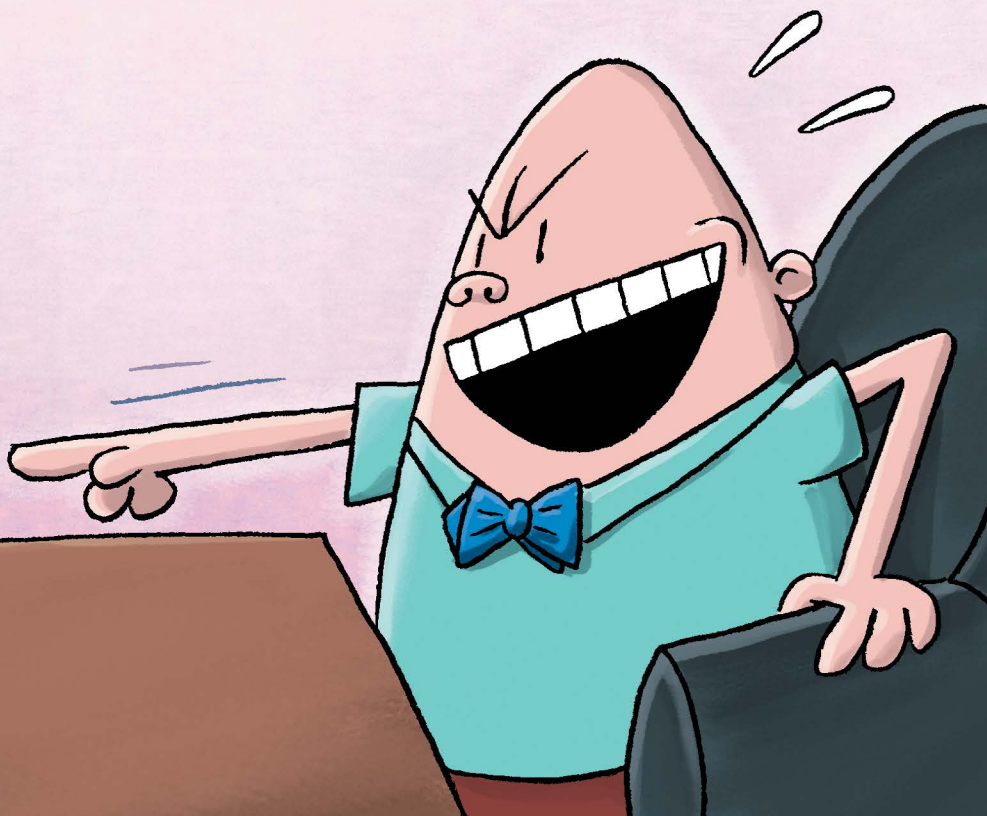


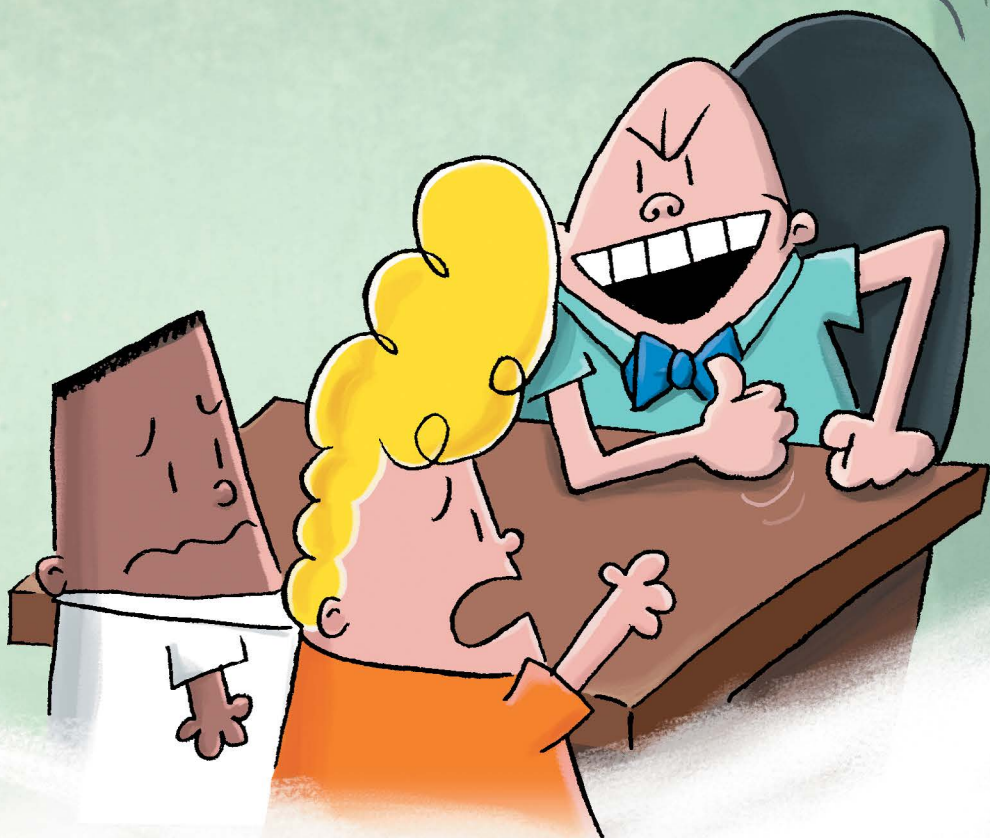
Mr. Melvin's first order of the day was for George and Harold to make a new comic book about the world's first super-powered kid, Melvin Sneedly.

"Give me a really cool name," said Mr. Melvin, "like *Big Melvin* or *Mystery Melvin* . . ."

"MYSTERY MELVIN???" said George and Harold in disbelief.

". . . and make up a story where I defeat Captain Underpants and become the world's greatest superhero. And you better not make me look stupid, either!" Mr. Melvin shouted.





“But we can’t make a comic book right now,” cried Harold. “We’ve gotta chase after Captain Kruppy the . . . uh . . . Underpants Kid.”

“You can chase after him all you want,” said Mr. Melvin, “*AFTER* you make that comic book. Now get going! I’ve got a time machine to build.”