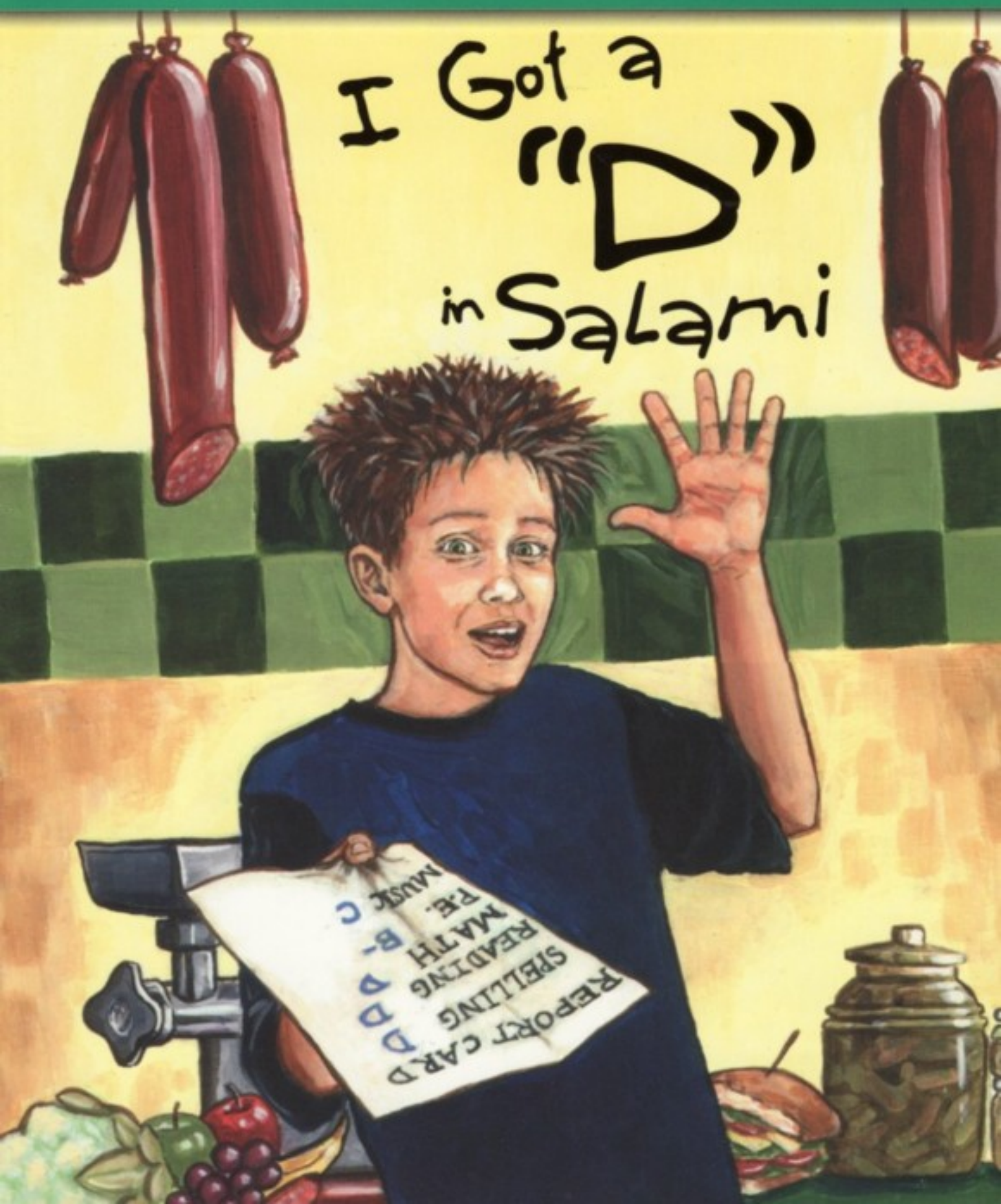


by Henry Winkler and Lin Oliver

HANK ZIPZER

The World's Greatest Underachiever

I Got a
"D"
in Salami





CHAPTER 1



“HANK, WILL YOU please stop bouncing around like a jumping bean and concentrate?” my mom asked.

“This is what I do when I concentrate,” I answered.

I was hopping over to a sock that was lying on the floor of my room. When I reached the sock, I picked it up with my toes. That’s a trick I learned from one of my best friends, Ashley Wong. Ashley can pick up almost anything with her toes, including marbles. She can also tie a cherry stem into a knot using only her tongue. Those are qualities you want in a best friend.

I curled my toes around the sock until I had it in my grasp. Then I swung my leg around to the side so it was sticking straight out from my body. That’s a trick I learned from my other

best friend, Frankie Townsend. His mom is a yoga teacher, and she taught him how to twist his legs around like a pretzel. Frankie has gotten so good at it that he can bring his big toe all the way up to his nose, which is also an excellent way to see if your feet smell. I never thought about this before, but my friends and I all have very talented toes. Maybe that's why we're friends.

When my leg was in the right position, I released the sock from my toe grasp and flicked it into the air toward my dirty laundry hamper. It was an excellent flick, if I do say so myself. The sock sailed into the hamper and landed dead center on my boxers.

"He shoots, he scores!" I yelled, doing my wiggly victory dance.

My mom shook her head. "I came in here to help you study your spelling words," she said with a sigh. "But frankly, Hank, I have better things to do with my time than watch you play toe basketball."

We had been studying for a while, and my Mom sounded like she was getting a little crabby. I sat down at my desk chair and got serious.

“Hit me with the next word,” I said to her. “I’m ready for it.”

“Receive,” said my mom. “Think before you answer, Hank. It’s a tricky one.”

I looked across the room, trying to see the word in my head. But instead, all I saw was my other sock, lying on the floor next to the hamper. I tried not to go for it, but I couldn’t resist. I scooted across the room on my chair, doing a three-sixty spin at the halfway point. I don’t know who invented chairs with wheels, but whoever the guy was, he was a genius.

“I thought you were going to focus, Hank,” my mom said, grabbing onto the back of my chair and bringing me to a screeching stop.

“Believe it or not, I’m trying to.”

She didn’t like that answer. She shot me one of those Mom looks that says *Don’t try to fool me, young man; I see what you’re up to*. I’ll bet you’ve probably gotten that look before.

“I’m serious,” I tried to explain to her. “I have this theory that if I keep moving, then my brain won’t stop and I won’t forget my spelling words. I’ll bet it works. *Receive* is the word, right?”

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It's report card day—the most dreaded day of Hank Zipzer's school year. And when Hank gets his grades, they're his worst nightmare come true: a D in spelling, a D in reading, a D in math. This is not going to make his parents happy. This will certainly get him grounded for life. Hank needs help. And he needs it fast!

HENRY WINKLER
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Hank Zipzer is the kid next door. Humor, magic, a school bully, a pet dachshund named Cheerio, and a pet iguana that slurps soup at dinner add up to a fun novel with something for everyone.

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