

by Henry Winkler and Lin Oliver

HANK ZIPZER

The World's Greatest Underachiever

Niagara Falls, OR Does It?



The New York Times best-selling series!

CHAPTER 1



IT STARTED TO BUZZ. I looked up. The loud speaker above the door crackled and buzzed again. Then it started to shake. It was coming alive!

“Hank Zipzer!” the loudspeaker said. “Report to Principal Love’s office at once.”

I put my hands over my ears and slid down in my chair.

How did it know my name? It was only the first hour of the first day of school, and already my name was coming out of that box on the wall.

Everyone in class stared at me. Some kids giggled. A few of them whispered. But not Nick McKelty. Nope—he cupped his hands over his big mouth and shouted, “Way to go, Zipper Boy.”

My teacher, Ms. Adolf, shot me a really nasty look.

Show no fear, I thought. Walk the walk.

I stood up and strutted to the door like Shaquille O'Neal taking center court. Okay, so I wear a size-four shoe and he wears a twenty-three—it's the attitude that counts. I'm long on attitude. Short on shoe but long on attitude.

When I reached the door, I turned to my best friend, Frankie Townsend. "If I don't come back," I told him, "you can have my protractor."

"Don't forget to breathe in there," Frankie whispered. "Remember, Zip, oxygen is power."

Frankie is very big on oxygen. Whenever I'm nervous, he always tells me to take some deep breaths. He learned that from his mom, who is a yoga teacher. She's really good at yoga. In fact, she's not good, she's great. She is so flexible, she can lift up her leg and put her foot in her pocket!

Even though I was going to the principal's office, I was determined to leave with style, my head held high. I flashed the class my best smile, the one where I show both my top and

bottom teeth. Then, in the middle of maybe the greatest exit ever, the loudspeaker buzzed again.

“And don’t you dare stop in the bathroom, young man,” it said.

Now how did it know I was going to do that?

Everyone laughed as I left.

“No laughing in class!” Ms. Adolf shouted, banging on her desk with this pointer stick she has.

That’s one of her rules. Ms. Adolf doesn’t believe in laughing. She thinks fourth-graders laugh way too much.

There are two fourth-grade teachers in my school. One is named Mr. Sicilian, and he’s really nice. He plays soccer with everyone at recess and never gives homework on the weekends. The other is Ms. Adolf. She doesn’t play any games and gives two tons of homework even on weekends. My luck, I got Ms. Adolf.

I could practically hear my heart pounding as I walked down the hall. Principal Love has a way of making you nervous, especially when you don’t know what you’ve done wrong.

I was trying not to think about him, so I

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Hank Zipzer: He's smart. He's creative.
He's funny. His pencils are sharpened.
His binders are bound. He wants to
do well in school—he really does.
He tries not to be lazy, like his
parents claim he is. So why is he
always getting into trouble?

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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Cover illustration by Jesse Joshua Watson