

**ZOMBIE  
BUTTS  
FROM  
URANUS!**

**ANDY GRIFFITHS**

**Scholastic Inc.**

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## CHAPTER ONE

# Crapalanche!

**Z**ack Freeman skied down a steep snow-covered slope on a crisp sunny winter morning, completely unaware that he was about to be engulfed by a deadly crapalanche.

Crapalanche!

The very word struck fear into the hearts of even the bravest and most experienced skiers, but not Zack Freeman.

This was not, however, because Zack Freeman was especially brave or experienced.

Far from it.

No, Zack Freeman was unafraid of crapalanches because Zack Freeman had no idea what a crapalanche was.

There was an earsplitting crack.

An advance wave of nauseating stench.

But, incredibly, Zack Freeman was completely oblivious to even these telltale warning signs.

He was too busy arguing with his butt.\*

"Can't we go home?" whined his butt. "I'm cold!"

"But this is fun," said Zack.

"Fun for you, maybe," said his butt. "You're not the one who has to put up with all the bruises. You're not the one who's wet and cold and freezing."

"Stop complaining!" Zack said. "I'm wearing thermal underwear and ski pants."

"I hate them," said his butt. "They make me look fat. Take them off!"

"Don't be stupid," said Zack.

"I'm not being stupid," said Zack's butt. "You are! Skiing is stupid. This mountain is stupid. I want to go home right now!"

"Well, I don't," said Zack.

"Well, I DO," said his butt. "And I say we go. Now!"

"You can't tell me what to do," Zack said. "You're not the boss of me."

"Oh yeah?" said his butt. "Well, you're not the boss of me, either."

Zack sighed.

Despite everything he and his butt had been through, they still had a lot of arguments.

The slope was gradually becoming steeper. As Zack picked up speed, he heard his butt cry out in alarm.

"Phwoar!" said Zack. "Cut it out. I'm trying to concentrate!"

\*For those of you who are not familiar with the troubled history of Zack and his butt, check the glossary at the end of the book under the relevant entry, i.e., "Zack's butt."

"But, Zack," said his butt. "You don't understand!"

"Ha!" said Zack. "I understand all right. I understand that every time we do something I want to do, you try to wreck it. Well, it's really selfish and it's got to —"

"Shut up, Zack!" interrupted his butt. "Crapalanche!"

"Crap a what?" said Zack.

"Crapalanche!"

"What's a crapalanche?" said Zack.

But his butt didn't reply.

It didn't need to.

The snow underneath Zack was no longer white. It had turned an ominous shade of brown.

Zack's first thought was that his butt must be more scared than he realized. He turned around to reassure it, but what he saw almost made his heart stop.

It wasn't just the snow around him that had turned brown.

*All* of the snow on the mountain had turned brown. And bearing down on him was the biggest, ugliest, and brownest crapalanche in the history of big, ugly, brown crapalanches.

Suddenly Zack realized he had made a mistake. A big mistake. He wasn't skiing down a mountain — he was skiing down a buttcano! And nobody, not even the bravest and most experienced skiers in the world would have been stupid enough to attempt to ski down a buttcano! Nobody, that is, except Zack Freeman.

"Faster!" his butt yelled. "Go faster!"

Zack crouched low, tucked his head down, and went as fast as he dared. And then faster still.

"Not fast enough!" shouted his butt.

Zack turned his head. The thunderous brown mass was gaining on them.

"Maybe we could go faster if you would give me some help," said Zack. "I did save your life, you know — you owe me!"

Zack's butt's only response was to scream.

Zack felt the scream rip a hole through his thermal underwear and padded pants. Normally he would have been annoyed, but this time he just smiled. It was exactly what he needed. The force of the scream sent him surging forward, a long way ahead of the crapalanche.

Zack heard his butt whoop with joy.

"Good work!" yelled Zack as he dug his ski poles wildly into the brown muck in order to pick up even more speed. The more distance he could put between himself and the crapalanche the better.

But just when Zack was starting to feel safe again, he saw it.

The end of the slope!

The edge of a cliff face, dropping away into a deep, dark ravine.

Nobody could survive a fall like that.

Nobody.

"Reverse thrust!" Zack yelled. "Reverse thrust!"

"I can't do that," said his butt. "It's impossible!"

"Can't you at least try?" Zack begged his butt. "We're as good as dead. We have nothing to lose."

"Okay," said his butt. "Here goes."

It tried.

And tried.

And tried.

But it was impossible.

"I CAN'T DO IT!" yelled Zack's butt, causing him to surge forward even faster.

"Oh no," said Zack as he flew over the edge of the cliff and out into thin air.

"Oops," said Zack's butt.

As Zack fell, he noticed a wave of pink objects hurtling toward him at high speed.

UFBs — unidentified flying butts!

Zack gasped. He was helpless. One of the UFBs bore up hard into his stomach. Another smashed into his face. And yet another crashed into his butt.

"Zack!" shouted his butt. "Do something!"

Zack — dazed, bruised, and winded — began jabbing and thrusting his poles into the air. The unidentified flying butts were so numerous that even without looking, he was able to collect two poles' worth of skewered butts within moments. At this formidable display of butt-skewering, the other UFBs became frightened and shot off into the distance.

"Good going, Zack!" yelled his butt. "I thought we were dead for sure!"

"We are!" said Zack who, looking down, had noticed they were about to plunge into a raging butt-piranha-infested river. "Prepare to drown!"

They plunged into the wild brown water with an almighty splash.

The butt-piranhas set upon them before they'd even surfaced for air. Zack felt them attack his feet, legs, stomach, chest, arms, neck, and head . . . and then he had an idea.

He remembered he was still holding his poles full of skewered UFBs. He drew them together in front of him and pushed himself on top of them, taking advantage of their natural buoyancy to create a makeshift raft.

Zack smiled.

Not only were the UFBs keeping him afloat, they were giving the butt-piranhas something to chew on while he worked out what to do next.

But he had to think fast.

“What now?” said his butt.

“We need to paddle to the edge of the river,” said Zack.

“But it’s too wide!” his butt said. “The piranhas will eat the raft before we get there!”

“Then we’re doomed!” said Zack, closing his eyes and feeling an immense tiredness engulf him. He couldn’t keep fighting. It was time to admit defeat. To die with at least a little dignity.

“Why don’t we jump onto that log?” said his butt.

Zack opened his eyes.

He couldn’t believe it.

As if by magic, there was a large brown log floating beside them.

“Good idea!” said Zack, reaching across and dragging himself onto the log, just as the butt-piranhas finished off the last of the butt-raft.

Zack stood up, riding the log like a surfboard.

But the brown river was getting wilder and faster, and there was a roaring sound in the distance that chilled Zack to his butt.

They were heading toward a giant sewagefall!



Zack tried desperately to point the log toward the bank of the river, but the log seemed to have a mind of its own.

That's when Zack realized the truth.

It did have a mind of its own. Because it wasn't a log at all — it was a poopigator! A poopigator masquerading as a log in order to trap unwary butt-fighters!

Zack cursed his own stupidity.

The oldest trick in the butt-fighter's *Bumper Book of Butts* and he'd fallen for it!

The poopigator lifted its large brown head out of the water, revealing enormous jaws full of large brown teeth, and twisted its neck around to chomp at Zack's legs. Zack jumped back. The poopigator chomped again. Zack jumped back even farther. The poopigator lunged around and chomped for a third time. Zack jumped as far back on its tail as he could.

He couldn't jump back any farther without falling off completely. He looked down into the river and saw the frenzied mass of butt-piranhas following close behind.

And even if he wasn't chomped in half by the poopigator or eaten by butt-piranhas, he would be killed for sure when they went over the sewagefall in front of them.

And it was no use asking his butt to try to thrust them into the air. The sky was full of even more UFBs than before.

The situation was not good.

In fact, it stank.

It really stank.

"If only you'd listened to me, we wouldn't have gone

skiing in the first place,” said his butt. “We could have been sitting at home on a nice fluffy pink toilet seat cover.”

“Well, we’re not, are we,” said Zack. “We’re about to die! Any last words?”

“Yes,” said his butt. “How could you have been SO DUMB?”

Zack shook his head.

After everything he and his butt had been through together — after facing and defeating some of the most dangerous and terrifying butts in the world, including Stenchgantor: the Great Unwiped Butt and the Great White Butt — they had been undone by a common crapalanche.

The poopigator sailed over the edge of the sewagefall.

Zack caught a glimpse of the jagged rocks below.

There was only one thing left for him to do.

Zack sighed, reached down for the fluffy pink toilet seat cover he carried on his butt-fighting utility belt, wrapped it around his head, and closed his eyes.



“How could you have been so dumb?” yelled the Kicker, violently shaking Zack’s shoulder.

Zack blinked under the harsh fluorescent light, trying to understand what was happening to him.

Apparently he wasn’t about to be dashed on sharp rocks, drowned in a sewagefall, eaten by a poopigator, have the flesh stripped from his bones by butt-piranhas, attacked by UFBs, or even buried in a crapalanche.