

DUDE PERFECT + PANDA
OPERATION TRICK SHOT



DUDE PERFECT
with Allan Woodrow

Illustrations by Genevieve Kote



An Imprint of Thomas Nelson
thomasnelson.com

Operation Trick Shot

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ISBN 978-1-4002-5514-6 (audiobook)

ISBN 978-1-4002-1703-8 (eBook)

ISBN 978-1-4002-1710-6 HC

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Dude Perfect (Group) author | Woodrow, Allan author | Kote, Genevieve illustrator

Title: Operation trick shot / Dude Perfect ; with Allan Woodrow ; illustrations by Genevieve Kote.

Description: Nashville, TN : Tommy Nelson / Thomas Nelson, 2026. | Series: Dude Perfect + Panda ; 1 | Audience: Ages 8-12 | Summary: Five eighth graders and their furry friend Panda work together to save the struggling rec center by putting on a basketball trick shot fundraiser.

Identifiers: LCCN 2026006381 (print) | LCCN 2026006382 (ebook) | ISBN 9781400217106 hardcover | ISBN 9781400217038 epub

Subjects: CYAC: Basketball | Fund raising | Pandas | LCGFT: Novels | Fiction

Classification: LCC PZ7.1.D8324 Op 2026 (print) | LCC PZ7.1.D8324 (ebook)

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2026006381>

LC ebook record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2026006382>

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Printed in the United States of America

\$PrintCode

Mfr: PC/LSC / Crawfordsville, IN / April 2026 / PO #12349688





MISSION STATUS REPORT

OPERATION TRICK SHOT

SWISH! CASE FILE 12B-1567

ATTENTION: Mission Center

Our highly trained spy is in place, and our new top-secret agents are on summer vacation and will soon be assigned their first mission. Not that they know they will soon be assigned a mission . . .

or that they are agents . . .

or that our highly trained and very furry spy is in place.

In fact, the whole situation is so super top secret, it's a secret to everyone but us, and we only just found out.

Still, I am highly confident our new agents will succeed—as long as they remain completely unaware they have succeeded.

A progress report will be issued when there is progress to report.

Out.

Anya

CHAPTER 1

AW, SHOOT



Tyler Toney, age thirteen, stared at the basketball rim twenty-five feet away. He closed his eyes, spun twice, and tossed the ball over his shoulder. He waited for the satisfying whisper of the net in three . . . two . . . one . . .



“Clank?” Tyler’s eyes popped open. “Where’s the swish?” He turned and saw the ball bounce twice more on the rim before falling off and onto the gym floor.

Tyler twisted his baseball cap and wrung his hands. What had gone wrong?

Tyler didn't make every crazy basketball shot he took. That would be impossible. Even the greatest basketball players in the world missed shots, and those shots weren't nearly as complicated as the ones Tyler tried.

Tyler's shots were equal to the most difficult game shots ever taken multiplied by seven, plus a blindfold, minus the adrenaline from a roaring crowd, and divided by a factor of Tuesday. It's always windier on Tuesdays.

And even though he couldn't begin to calculate that equation, Tyler still had a pretty great success rate. Every time he shot a basketball, he felt sure it would go in.

Still overflowing with confidence, Tyler bounced the ball off the floor, did a 360-degree spin in the air, and punched the ball mid-flight toward the basket.

CLANK!

He turned his back to the basket and threw the ball up and between his legs.

CLANK!

He tossed up a left-handed jump shot.

**CLANK!
CLANK!
CLANK!**

With a frustrated sigh and his confidence vanishing, Tyler jogged toward the basket, snagged the rebound, and casually tossed up a simple, one-foot layup. He'd mastered that shot after one gym class in kindergarten. Even back then, he'd been a natural shooter. Tyler Toney, King of Kindergarten Gym Class!

CLANK!

Tyler pulled his hair. He clenched his fists. He smacked his head. Why did he keep missing?

He hurled the ball as hard and as far as he could. It sailed across the gym, nearing the basket at the opposite end of the court.

Tyler held his breath. Could it go in? Might it go in?

CLANK!



“AAARGH!”
yelled Tyler,
spinning in a circle,
his face so red that
steam could have
been hissing from his

ears. He searched for something to destroy: the sofa, a chair, his backpack, the entire gym. Nothing was within reach, so instead he pounded the ground as hard as he could.

People often told Tyler he had a rage monster inside him. Maybe they were right, but thinking about it made him angrier. “AAARGH!” he shouted again.

“Not your day, Tyler?” Garrett Hilbert asked as Tyler jumped up and down, beating his chest and growling. While Tyler wore an old white T-shirt that hadn’t been washed in a month, Garrett always dressed to impress. Sure, he wore jeans, but his jeans had creases. His lilac button-down shirt was Garrett’s favorite shade of purple, his favorite color.

Both Garrett and Tyler were members of Dude

Perfect, a group of five eighth-grade friends who filmed themselves shooting wild basketball shots and performing amazing tricks with paper airplanes, golf balls, paper cups, plastic water bottles—whatever they had on hand. Coming up with new, interesting, and astonishing tricks was half the fun.

The other half was actually making the basket, flying the plane, holing the golf shot, tossing the ball into the cup, or flipping the water bottle so it landed right side up.

Starting a trick was easy. Nailing a trick was not.



Now that summer break had begun, they had lots of time to create new, awesome videos.

“We need a new trick-shot video,” announced Garrett when Tyler stopped jumping and yelling.

The team members were always under pressure to create new and better videos.

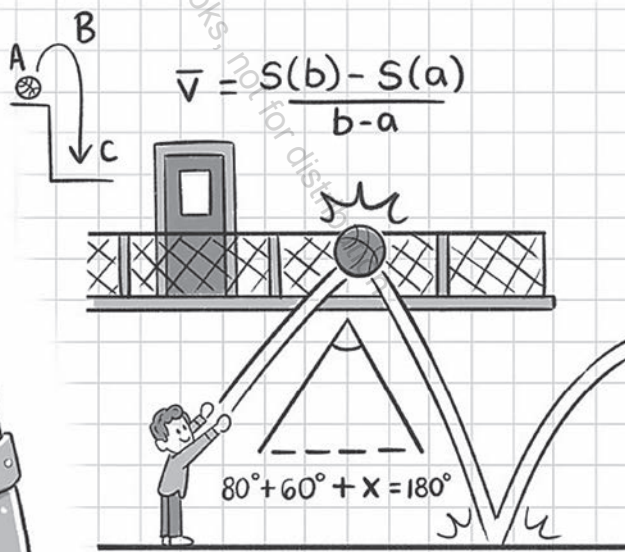
Garrett balanced the basketball in his hands. He knew every angle in the gym. He had computed

distances and air velocity with the overhead fans both on and off. He knew that if he tossed a ball against the railing on the balcony right above him at exactly the right speed, it would bounce off, land on a trampoline a few feet away, and sail right through the basket. That would be an incredible video.

“This is how you do it, Ty.” Garrett heaved the ball against the third rail of the balcony, where it deflected away and onto the trampoline, sprang up . . .

. . . and missed the basket by ten feet.

Garrett stood, hands on his hips, shaking his head, and pondered what had gone wrong. “The railing must be loose,” he concluded. That was the problem with using a huge, run-down warehouse as your basketball court-cafeteria-gym-workout-lounge-headquarters—the place needed a lot of upkeep. The floorboards squeaked,



the plumbing leaked, and the railings were loose. It was hard to plan the perfect shot off a loose railing.

And their trick-shot plans had to be perfect.

It was even in their name: Dude Perfect.

“Got any other video ideas?” Garrett asked.

Tyler shook his head. The Dudes always looked to Tyler for ideas. He usually had lots of them.

But today, Tyler had none.

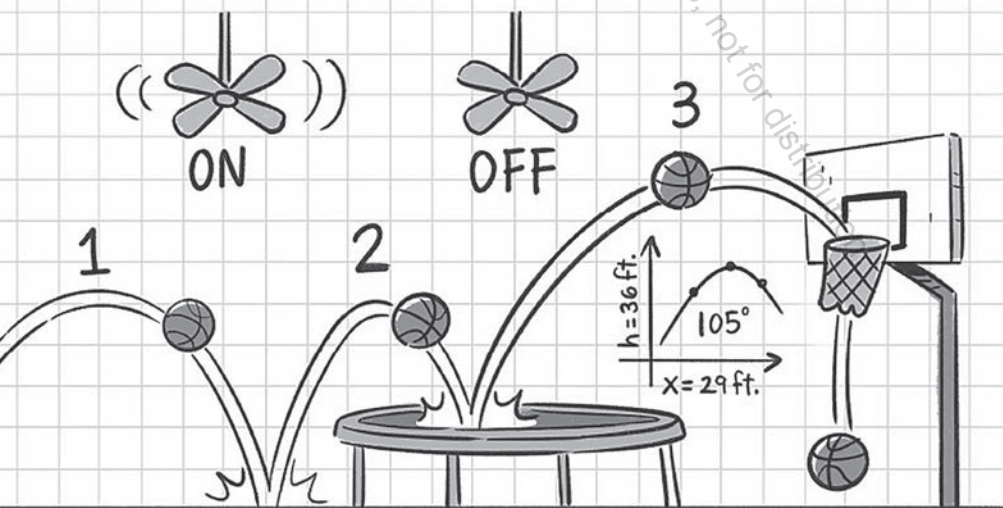
After a minute of thinking, he snapped his fingers.

“Hey, I know! What if we made a series of stereotype videos? Like a video about beach stereotypes, and swimming pool stereotypes, and restaurant stereotypes.”

Tyler tapped his head, thinking. “Instead of trick shots?”

Garrett nodded.

“We would create comedy videos about all the silly



things people do on the beach and stuff?”

asked Tyler.

“Right,” said Garrett, nodding.

“Like showing someone putting on waaaaaaaay too much sunscreen?”

“Exactly,” said Garrett, still nodding.

“Or making fun of surfer dudes?”

“You got it,” said Garrett, getting a headache from continuing to nod.

“You know what?”

“What?”

“That idea?”

“Yeah?”

“It . . .”

“Yeah?”

“It . . .”

“YEAHHHHH?”

“It’s not a good idea.” Tyler shook his head. Garrett stopped nodding.

“Yeah, same here. Never mind.”

But what would their newest video be? They needed an idea, and they needed it soon. Their fans expected it. And they needed something way better than the recent cantaloupe launcher idea. Who knew pigs could smell melon from miles away?