

DUDE PERFECT + PANDA

MATCH DAY MAYHEM



DUDE PERFECT
with Allan Woodrow

Illustrations by Genevieve Kote



An Imprint of Thomas Nelson
thomasnelson.com



Match Day Mayhem

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Authors are represented by the literary agency of The Fedd Agency, Inc., P.O. Box 341973, Austin, Texas 78734.

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ISBN 978-1-4002-5503-0 (audiobook)

ISBN 978-1-4002-1713-7 (eBook)

ISBN 978-1-4002-1712-0 (hardcover)

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HarperCollins Publishers, Macken House, 39/40 Mayor Street Upper, Dublin 1, D01 C9W8, Ireland (<https://www.harpercollins.com>)

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Dude Perfect (Group) author | Woodrow, Allan author | Kote, Genevieve illustrator
Title: Match day mayhem / Dude Perfect with Allan Woodrow; illustrations by Genevieve Kote.
Description: Nashville, TN: Thomas Nelson, 2026. | Series: Dude Perfect + Panda; 2 | Audience term: Preteens | Audience: Ages 8-12 | Summary: The Dudes head to London to perform at a major soccer match, but when a priceless trophy is stolen, they set off to both find the thief and win their international debut.

Identifiers: LCCN 2026024934 (print) | LCCN 2026024935 (ebook) | ISBN 9781400217120 hardcover | ISBN 9781400217137 epub

Subjects: CYAC: Soccer | Mystery and detective stories | Humorous stories | LCGFT: Detective and mystery fiction | Humorous fiction | Novels

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

LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2026024934>

LC ebook record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2026024935>

Written by Allan Woodrow

Illustrated by Genevieve Kote

Printed in the United States of America

26 27 28 29 30 PC/LSC 5 4 3 2 1

Mfr: PC/LSC / Crawfordsville, IN / April 2026 / PO # 12083247



FROM THE SECRET FILES OF SWISH!
THE DUDE PERFECT
SECRET AGENT TEAM



Agent Tyler Toney,
a.k.a. "The Beard"

Super Gadget: Baseball Hat
Superpower: With a backward turn of his cap, Tyler is infused with amazing throwing skills, including super strength and the ability to make seemingly impossible basketball shots.



Agent Coby Cotton,
a.k.a. "Twin 1"



Agent Cory Cotton,
a.k.a. "Twin 2"

Super Gadget: Wristbands
Superpower: By twisting their wristbands, Coby and Cory form an unbreakable link. They can read each other's thoughts and actions, making them a formidable team.



Agent Garrett Hilbert,
a.k.a. "The Purple Hoser"

Super Gadget: Sneakers
Superpower: When Garrett tightens his laces, he obtains incredible, almost superhuman kicking power.



Agent Cody Jones,
a.k.a. "The Tall Guy"

Super Gadget: Sunglasses
Superpower: When wearing his black sunglasses, Cody can convince anyone of nearly anything. He also knows if people are lying.



Panda

Super Gadget: None
Superpower: Panda has no superpower, other than being very large (for a panda), extra smart, and a super-secret spy.



MISSION STATUS REPORT

SWISH! CASE FILE 15C-2223

Attention: Mission Center

Two exciting things have happened since my last report.

We've set things in motion. Our new team of secret agents is ready for its next adventure.

I thought I had ruined a new sweater, but the stain came out.

Number two has nothing to do with number one. I just thought I'd share.

I'm confident in our newest agents' talents, even though they have no formal training and are unaware that they are our secret agents. But honestly, that makes their talents even more impressive.

Our furriest spy will be with them, in case we need him.

I will check in with a new report once I have something new to report.

This report is out.

Anya

CHAPTER 1

THE RETURN OF THE SWISH



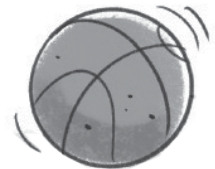
Tyler Toney, thirteen years old and clad in basketball shorts plus an old Mavericks T-shirt, dribbled a basketball once.

Twice.

Three times.

Tyler felt three was the ideal number of dribbles before taking one of his elaborate trick shots. He also felt that trick shots were best when he was blindfolded and eating a grilled cheese sandwich. Unfortunately, he didn't have a blindfold or a sandwich with him.

He stood at center court inside the Dude Perfect basketball court-cafeteria-gym-workout-lounge-headquarters. The video camera, which he had propped up on a stack of comic books and a cement block and



steadied in place with used bubble gum, was aimed just right.

Another member of the Dude Perfect quintet, Garrett Hilbert, stood off to the side, watching. He looked at the bubble gum and shivered. Garrett hated messes, and dirt, and most of all, already-chewed bubble gum.

As members of Dude Perfect, Tyler and his friends consistently uploaded videos of themselves nailing an awesome basketball shot, or an amazing golf-ball putt, or a can-you-believe-that bowling-ball roll.

They had once made the perfect popcorn ball toss but had accidentally erased the footage.

The other Dudes were each only fourteen years old, and Tyler was confident they would have millions of followers by the time they were older, like when they were fifteen.

Maybe they'd have trillions of fans then! Or septillions (that's a one followed by twenty-four zeros)!

Okay. Probably not septillions.

They had started making videos for fun but soon attracted online followers. The more videos they made, the more new followers they had!

But it had been almost a week since their last video, and a week was forever online. Without new content,

fans could lose interest. That would make reaching a million, or a trillion (or a septillion) fans even harder.

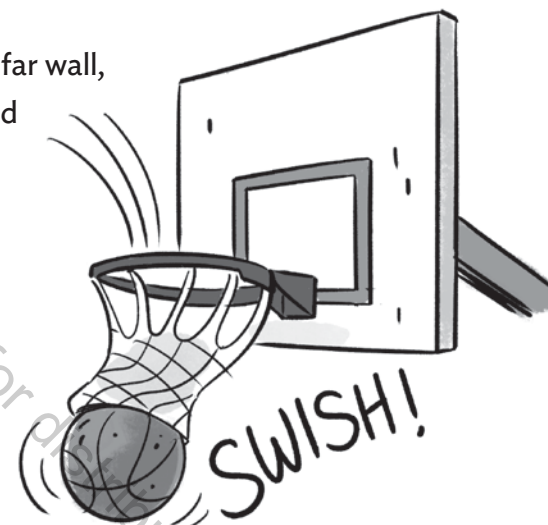
Hopefully, this video would be a great one. That was, if he made the basket. No one wanted to watch videos of Tyler missing baskets. Tyler had taken many, many videos of himself missing baskets. Especially recently. He'd been in a major shooting slump at the beginning of the summer. It had taken an impossible shot from a blimp one thousand feet in the air, and possibly his new super-special baseball cap, to break that streak of infuriating misses. But he was back! Wasn't he?

Tyler took a deep breath, looked at the camera, smiled, winked, blinked and winked again, and then tossed the basketball over his shoulder as hard as he could.

The ball hit off the far wall, thirty-two feet high and twenty-five degrees to his right.

Thirty-one feet would be too low. Twenty-six degrees would be too far right.

The ball arced



toward the hard wall, bounced off, and headed straight to the basket.

Tyler turned in time to see . . .

Nothing but net.

Yes! Tyler pumped his fist. The video would be amazing.

Garrett approached Tyler, clapping. Like Tyler, he wore shorts and a T-shirt. But unlike Tyler, his shorts had creases, and his purple T-shirt had been ironed.

“Great basket, Ty. But next time, you should turn the camera on.”

Tyler looked down at the camera, noticing the red “on” light was off. His basket had been perfect. In fact, it hadn’t only been perfect—it had been *Dude Perfect*.

≡ **“AAARGH!”** ≡

Most of the time, Tyler was very gentle. But he sometimes had an angry streak. And when that anger bubbled over too fast, he turned into an out-of-control rage monster. He took a deep breath. “If I can make that shot once, I can make it again,” he said confidently, successfully tamping the monster down.

As Tyler stepped toward the camera to turn it on, he sniffed.

Garrett sniffed too.

“Do I smell . . . ?” Tyler began.

“Your socks?” asked Garrett, wincing.

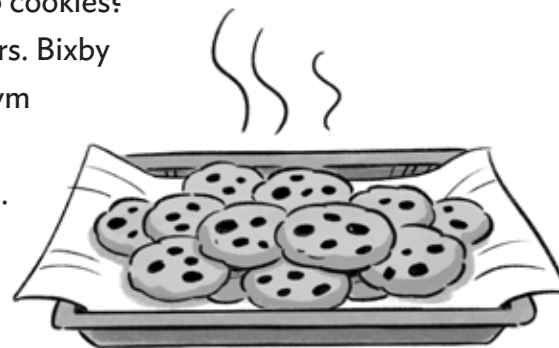
“Yes, but also . . .”

“Chocolate chip cookies?”

Sure enough, Mrs. Bixby strode across the gym carrying a basket of freshly baked treats.

As the Dude Perfect manager, Mrs. Bixby handled all the group’s accounting, marketing, talent booking, press releases, travel arrangements, business affairs, and most importantly—at least as far as Tyler was concerned—cookie baking.

Everyone loved Mrs. Bixby’s mouthwatering, tongue-dancing oatmeal-raisin cookies, snickerdoodles, sugar cookies, peanut butter cookies, and gingersnaps. She also made ill-tasting, tongue-spitting horseradish cookies, but (fortunately) not very often. Her specialty, however, was chocolate chip cookies with three kinds of chips (dark chocolate, milk chocolate, and white chocolate).





“I’ll shoot baskets later,” Tyler said, following Mrs. Bixby into their small kitchen. Garrett also followed her. Three other members of Dude Perfect joined them, following their noses—Cody Jones and the twins, Coby and Cory Cotton.

“Now that we’re all gathered together, I’d like to read an email we just received,” said Mrs. Bixby. With one hand, she smoothed the salt-and-pepper hair that sat atop her dark-brown face. She held up her phone with her other hand.

The guys were too busy jostling for cookies to listen. Cory nudged Cody to grab a cookie, who nudged Garrett to grab one, who nudged Coby, who nudged Tyler, who sidestepped everyone else, snagged two cookies, and crammed them into his mouth.

Mrs. Bixby stepped aside and waited until everyone finished nudging each other before she cleared her throat. “Boys, settle down, please. I’d like to read this email.” The Dudes turned to listen. “It says, ‘We would like Dude Perfect to perform during halftime of our upcoming football match in London. We expect more than thirty thousand fans in attendance. All expenses will be paid, of course.’ The email is signed by Ebenezer Cobb, head of events.”

The Dudes sat there, eyes wide with excitement.

“We’re invited to go to London?” asked Tyler, spraying a few cookie bits in the air as he spoke.

Mrs. Bixby nodded.

“In front of thirty thousand people?” asked Cory, also spraying cookie crumbs.

Mrs. Bixby nodded again.

“That’s even more awesome than these cookies,” said Garrett (who had already eaten his cookies, so had nothing to say and spray). The other guys glowered at him. “Fine. Nothing is as good as these cookies. But it’s still awesome.”