



DREAMWORKS

the **BAD**
GUYS
A VERY BAD HOLIDAY

By Kate Howard

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CHAPTER ONE



The city was bursting with Christmas spirit. Festive garlands hung merrily from all the buildings, and cheerful green wreaths dotted the space between each sturdy lamppost that lined the downtown streets. Hot, hazy sun shone down on the holiday decorations, baking the greenery until the air was rich with the scent of pine. It reeked of Christmas—in the best possible way.

People were smiling, and the air was filled with good cheer. The holidays made *everyone* happy.

But there was no one more excited about the scents and sights of the holiday season than the notorious Bad Guys. Because Christmas was the time of year when they had executed some of their very best heists of all time.

For many, Christmas is known as a time of giving. For the Bad Guys, it's the best possible time for them to *take*.

"Alright, guys," Wolf howled joyfully from the driver's seat of their snazzy getaway car. He glanced into the passenger and back seats, flashing a toothy smile at the pals riding in the car with him: Snake, Piranha, Webs, and Shark. The five of them were known far and wide as the Bad Guys, and this bunch loved nothing more than to live up to that name. Wolf adjusted his paws on the wheel and whipped the car around a corner. "What's tomorrow?"

Wolf's pals all shouted, "The Bad Guys Holiday Heist-tacular!"

"And what does that mean?" Wolf asked them with a killer grin. He swerved to avoid some of the people who were lining up along the edge of the street for the holiday parade. The crowds stuffed into town added some extra excitement to that day's drive.



Possible Names for the Bad Guys'



Ultimate Holiday Heist

Wreck the Halls

Jingle Bell Bank Heist

Makin' It Rein(deer)

Mistletoe Mayhem

Rockin' around the Banking Tree

Rudolph and the Red-Nosed Robbers

Twelve Days of Heists

I'm Dreaming of a Gold Kwanzaa

Holly Jolly Hanukkah Heist

Santa Claus Is Comin' to Get Your Stuff

Silent Night Sneak Attack

How the Bad Guys Stole Christmas

Feliz Navidad, Fools!

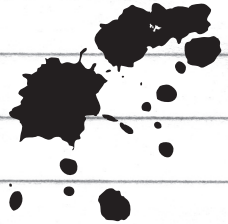
Chrome for the Holidays

Frosty the No-Man

Let It Snow... Cash, Cash, Cash

Winter Wonder-Where-It-Went?

Bad Guys Holiday Heist-tacular ★



The team's tech-wizard tarantula, Webs, glanced out at the crowds of unsuspecting ordinary people and began to explain the plan. "While all these normies stay home with their loved ones or whatever—"

Piranha cut her off to excitedly blurt out, "This place turns into a ghost town!" He wriggled with excitement. "No guards. No fuzz."

Shark giggled and said, "No late shift employees peeping for burglars." Rubbing his fins together, he cheered, "The city's our heisting stage!"

Snake hissed, "And we're gonna clean it out." He looked out of the car window at all the smiling fools. Fools who had no idea that, once again, the Bad Guys had a whole lot of surprises in store for their precious city on Christmas morning.

Wolf chuckled to himself. "It's a Bad Guys tradition," he mused. Gripping the steering wheel, he wiggled his bushy eyebrows and said, "And so is spending the day

before coming up with a list of everything we're going to steal on Christmas morning."

Piranha's eyes went wide as their car swerved past a row of shops. "Ooh!" he said, bouncing up and down in the back seat. "I wanna hit that place with all the stinky cheese." He snickered and said, "No reason! I don't even *like* it." The other guys glanced over, giving him suspicious looks. His pals were all pretty good at being able to tell when Piranha was telling a lie (in fact, thanks to his nervous farting, the gang could usually *smell* when he was telling a lie, too). Piranha blurted out, "Okay, I like it a *little!*"

Nodding, Wolf said, "Cheesy Dan's is on the list."

There weren't many places in the city that *weren't* on the hit list. While everyone else was tucked into their houses, celebrating Christmas morning together, the whole town would be theirs for the taking. Today was the perfect chance to scope out the options, and

List of Targets We're Going to Hit During the BAD GUYS HOLIDAY HEIST-TACULAR



Cheesy Dan's

Ruby's Diamond Dealers

Golden Goodies

Gettin' Wiggy With It (for Shark)

The City's Largest Jewelry Store

Kitchen Goodies & More

Eli's Electronics Emporium

Vases & Lampshades R Us

Fancy Art Museum

Police Station (nab Chief's microwave)

Cash, Cash, CASH at City Corporate Bank

Bonus: Steal a giant parade balloon? (Why not?)



tomorrow they would have all day to heist in peace.

Wolf steered the car carefully through more crowds of people who were waiting for the holiday parade to start. Little kids bounced eagerly in line for shaved ice treats, clusters of friends waved and shouted greetings to each other, and still others admired the holiday greenery and twinkle lights that made the whole city feel like a magical winter wonderland—even though the weather was typically sunny and warm.

Shark pointed as they zipped past another shop. “I could use some new wigs!”

Wolf swerved, expertly guiding the car through the jam-packed city. “Wig store,” he said with a nod. “Got it!”

Suddenly, the crowds of people gathered on the sidewalks began to cheer wildly. Wolf glanced up, noticing that the huge Santa balloon was now soaring high in the sky several streets away, floating merrily along above all the people. Everyone’s attention was drawn to

the magnificent red-and-white balloon smiling down at them from the clear blue sky.

Wolf smirked as he noticed a man saluting the Santa balloon with actual *tears* in his eyes. Man, people were such *suckers* for that big guy in a red suit!

Out on a street corner, the chirpy news reporter, Tiffany Fluffit, was practically jumping up and down with excitement. “Tiffany Fluffit here!” she cried into her microphone as she smiled at the camera. “With the moment we’ve all been waiting for. Our beloved Big Nick has just made his first appearance! I think I speak for the entire city when I say . . .” She gazed lovingly up into the sky, grinning at the giant, air-filled Santa. “I love you, Big Nick!”

The Santa balloon sailed through the air, its handlers guiding it down the street toward City Corporate Bank. From the other direction, the Bad Guys were *also* heading toward the city center. Not to see the Big Nick balloon,

like everyone else, but rather to scope out their favorite heist target.

“City. Corporate. Bank,” Snake whispered, practically drooling as Wolf steered the car in the direction of their ultimate target. He slowed the car so the Bad Guys could all ogle their favorite building in the whole world. A guard—whose nametag read GARY—stood outside the main doors, carefully watching for trouble. He didn’t notice the Bad Guys as they slowly cased the joint.

Wolf sighed happily. “That’s what we’ve been waiting all year for,” he said with a smile. “It’s gonna be the cherry on top of our criminal sundae. Tomorrow morning, the bank—and everything else in this city—will be ours.”

Snake lifted his tail to give his best bud a knowing fist-tail bump. The other Bad Guys whooped, sounding like a bunch of kids who were about to unwrap the greatest gift of all time.

Wolf revved the engine and shot forward. They'd seen enough for today. He felt ready for the next day's adventure. Now it was time to get home and rest up for the heist of the century first thing in the morning.

They were ready. Nothing could possibly go wrong.