

# THAT'S WHAT DINOSAURS DO



written by Jory John • illustrations by Pete Oswald

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**HARPER**

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William had a really great weekend.  
But now his throat hurt from way too much roaring.



William went to  
the doctor.



"No more roaring for a week!"  
the doctor proclaimed. "And  
I mean it."



"ROAR?" asked William.  
"Exactly," said the doctor.  
"Don't do that."



"But how can I not roar?"  
thought William.

"That's what dinosaurs do."

William was sad.

Down.

Distraught.

Depressed.

Drained.

Roaring was his life!



Now what?

He *did* want to get better,  
though, so William completely  
stopped his roaring.

It was not easy.





There were just so many great opportunities to roar.







As embarrassing as it was, poor William decided that he must live a life of silence. He sat in his chair and stared at the wall and drank cup after cup of chamomile tea with honey.



"Not roaring is so boring," thought William.



It's no fun when a dinosaur loses his roar. Even for a week!

On Tuesday,



William moped around  
his garden.

On Wednesday,



William remained inside  
his house.

On Thursday,




William stayed under  
the covers . . . all day.

On Friday,



William could barely stand it.  
He had to roar again.



William went back to  
the doctor.



**"ROAR?"**

asked William.



"You may roar," said the doctor.  
"But if you roar too much, your  
throat will surely hurt again."





Outside the doctor's office,  
William spotted the mailman,  
who smiled and waved.  
William waved back.



William knew he shouldn't  
roar at the nice mailman.



Then he felt something  
bubbling up inside of him.



But he did it anyway.

**“ROAARRRRRRR!”**



Because that's what dinosaurs do.

William spotted some kids at the playground.



They were having a lot of fun. William liked fun. So he joined them on the swings. And on the slide.

While he played, William knew he shouldn't roar at all the kids.

But then he felt a new roar bubbling up ...

until ...



he just couldn't help himself.

**“ROAARRRRRRR!”**



Because that's what dinosaurs do.



William spotted some people waiting for the bus. He waited.



FACT: DINOSAURS DON'T LIKE WAITING.

And waited.



FACT: THEY LIKE ROARING.

# “ROAAR RRRRR!”



Yes, that's what dinosaurs do!

William rode the bus all the way home.

At his stop, the driver said, "Have a nice weekend, William."



William turned and smiled his nicest, toothiest smile.

Then he roared in the driver's face.

**"ROAARRRRRR!"**



"Geez!  
What was  
that for?"  
asked the driver.

There was only one answer to his question:

**"That's what dinosaurs do."**



William had another great weekend . . .



**“ROAR!”**



The townspeople gathered in front of William's house and demanded an apology. Even his doctor was there.



But William wasn't sorry for roaring.  
Not one bit.  
You want to know why?



BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT DINOSAURS DO.



To Patrick, Julie, and Clementine: Roar!

—J.J.

For William

—P.O.

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