

## RYAN T. HIGGINS

(RyanTHiggins.com) is the #1 *New York Times* best-selling author and illustrator of *We Don't Eat Our Classmates*, the Mother Bruce series (the first of which received the E. B. White Read-Aloud Award and the Ezra Jack Keats New Illustrator Honor), *What About Worms?* (a Theodor Seuss Geisel Honor book), and *Norman Didn't Do It!* (Yes, He Did). Ryan is scared of worms, sorting the mail, and oatmeal. He lives in Maine with his wife and kids and lots of pets. But no goldfish.

CHECK OUT RYAN'S OTHER BOOKS!



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and Tyler Nevins

Disney • HYPERION  
Los Angeles • New York

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Praise for Penelope Rex:

## We Don't Eat Our Classmates

#1 *New York Times* Best Seller

*Kirkus Reviews* Best Book

"Higgins . . . knows how to make big, scary animals seem vulnerable, lovable and funny."  
—*The New York Times Book Review*

★ "Will have readers in stitches!"  
—*Kirkus Reviews* (starred review)

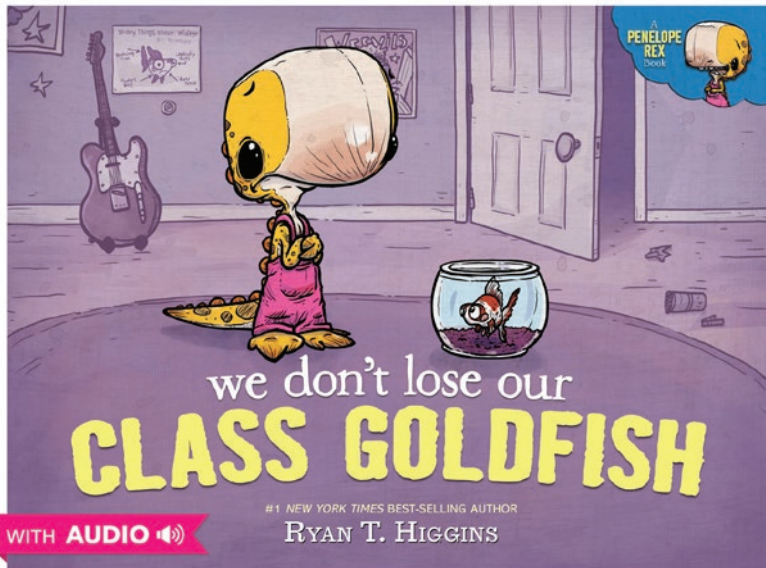
★ "Adorable."  
—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)



## We Will Rock Our Classmates

★ "A thoughtful and humorous story."  
—*School Library Journal* (starred review)

★ "Higgins perfectly captures Penelope's seesawing emotions, the highest highs and the lowest lows."  
—*Kirkus Reviews* (starred review)





we don't lose our  
**CLASS GOLDFISH**



RYAN T. HIGGINS

Disney • HYPERION  
Los Angeles New York

For Mimi Jean  
—R. T. H.

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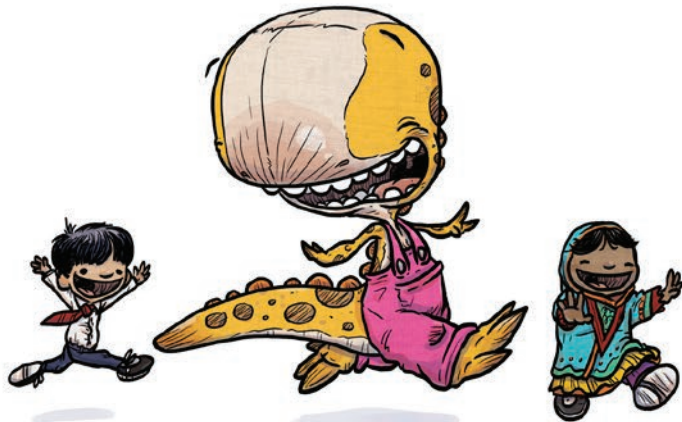
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Penelope Rex was seven feet tall and covered in scales.  
Other than that, she was just like every other kid.

And just like other kids, Penelope had lots of feelings.

Some things made her feel sad.

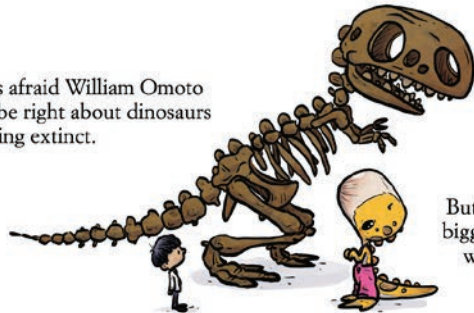
Some things made  
her feel happy.

And some things made  
her feel afraid.



For example, she was afraid of what might  
happen to her mother's back if she  
stepped on a crack.

She was afraid William Omoto  
might be right about dinosaurs  
being extinct.



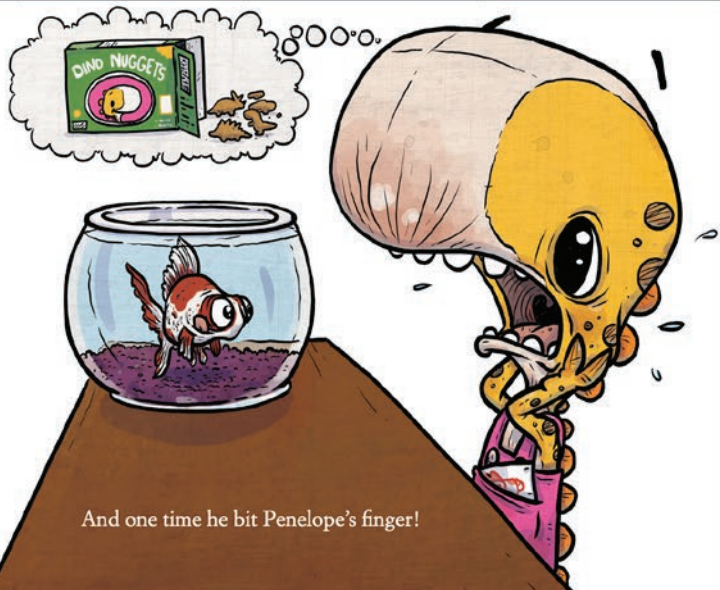
But Penelope's  
biggest fear of all  
was . . .



Walter.

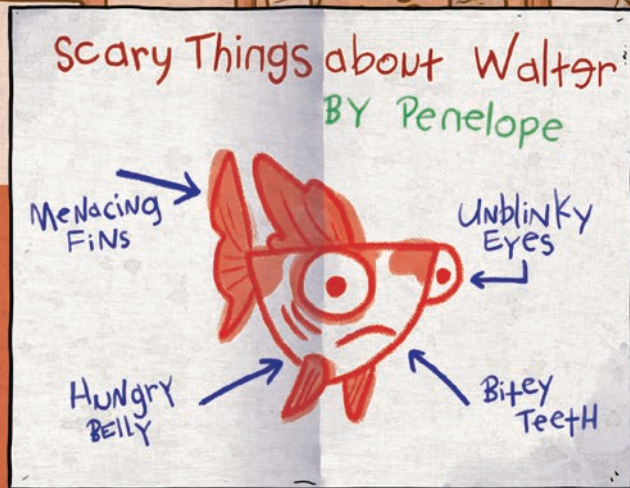


Walter never blinked.  
Walter never talked.  
(Probably because he was a goldfish.)



And one time he bit Penelope's finger!

No matter which  
classroom supply Penelope needed,  
it always seemed to be  
right next to Walter's bowl.



Then, one afternoon, Mrs. Noodleman announced,  
"We are all going to take turns bringing Walter home for the weekend.  
Mabel, you'll go first!"



Gulp!

Penelope couldn't take Walter home!  
What if he tried to nibble her again?



Or turn her into  
dino nuggets while  
she was sleeping?



The weekends swam by.



One by one, her classmates took Walter home.



I took Walter to  
Jurassic Burgers!



Walter and I  
played hide-and-seek!



I tried to pet  
Walter!

When the big day arrived, Penelope couldn't pay attention in school.

She spilled her juice. She accidentally chewed her pencil . . .  
and her notebook . . .  
and her desk.



All she could think about  
was Walter.

When the school day ended,  
there was no escaping her weekend with Walter.

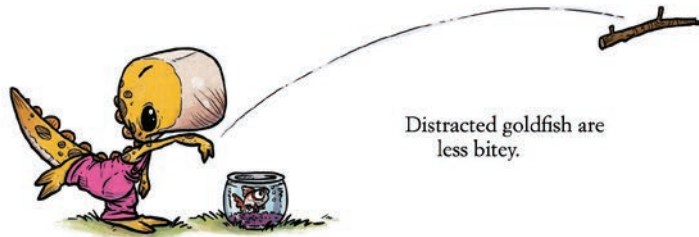


Penelope tried to do  
her usual things.





When that didn't work,  
she tried to keep Walter distracted.



Distracted goldfish are  
less bitey.

It wasn't going well.

And now for tonight's  
feature presentation,  
*Attack of the Killer Goldfish*



Then it was time for bed.

Good night, Walter.



CLICK



**SPLISH**  
**BLOOP**  
**SPLASH**

What was that?!

Walter?

**SKITTER**  
**BLOOP**  
**BLOOP**

W-W-W-Walter,  
is that you ... ?

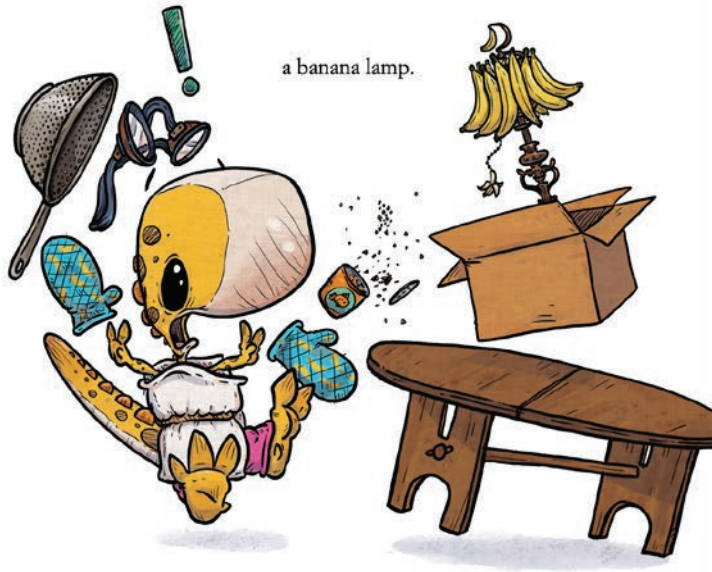
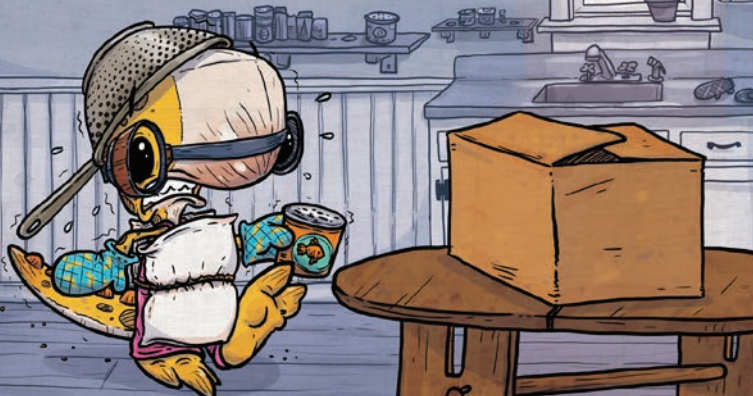
**SKITTER**





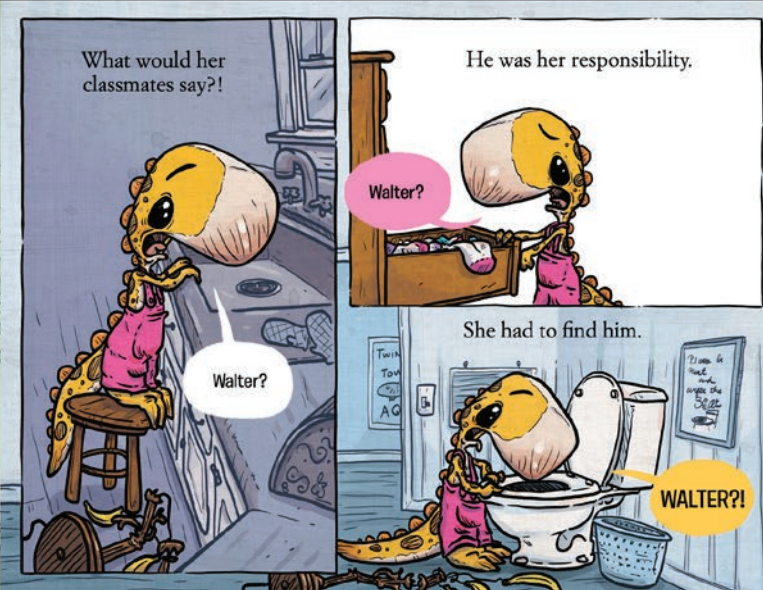
In the morning, Penelope bravely went  
to feed Walter his breakfast . . .

but all she found was . . .



a banana lamp.







She looked high.

WALTER?!

She looked low.

Walter?

She checked the neighbors' fish pond.

There you are,  
Walter!

But . . .

GASP!

You're not  
Walter!

Or you.

Or you.

You're not  
even a fish.

None of you  
are Walter.

And you're  
a hamster!



WALTER!!!

Penelope had to face the facts. Walter was gone.

Walter, with his thoughtful eyes and graceful fins. His teeth that he didn't even use for biting all *that* often. Besides, who hasn't wanted to eat a classmate every now and then?

Maybe Walter wasn't so scary.



Maybe Penelope even missed him.

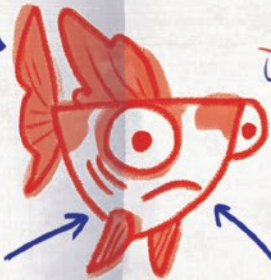




# ~~Scary~~ Things about Walter

BY Penelope

graceful  
~~Menacing~~  
Fins



thoughtful  
~~Unblinky~~  
Eyes

Jolly  
~~Hungry~~  
Belly

Bitey  
Teeth

\* that don't  
bite often \*

Then Penelope  
noticed  
something.



Something fishy.





Walter!

"Oh, there's my old banana lamp," said Daddy Rex. "I was going to bring it to the donation center, but I see you had other plans for it."



Walter said nothing.



He was a goldfish.



For the rest of the weekend,  
Penelope managed to have some  
fun taking care of Walter.



She was proud of  
herself, and ready to  
face some of her other  
fears, too.



Especially the one about  
stepping on a crack. Penelope  
tried it, and her mom was fine.

Penelope's parents were proud, too.

You did a great job  
talking care of Walter!

We've decided you are  
responsible enough to have a  
pet of your very own.





