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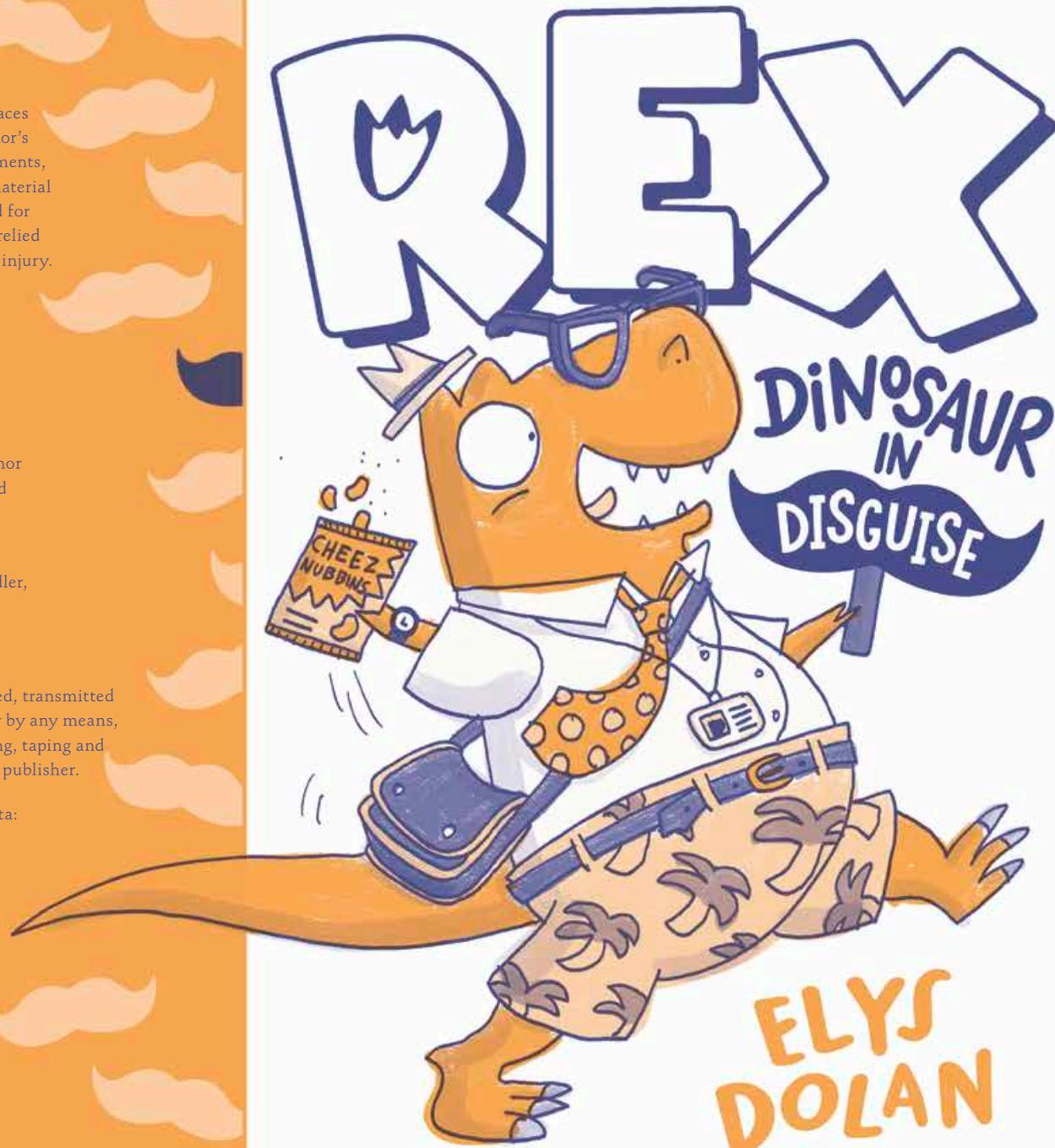
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CHAPTER 1

KING OF THE DINOSAURS

Millions of years ago, Rex was King of the Dinosaurs. He could stomp through all of the swamps he wanted, and none of the Stegosauruses could complain – unless they fancied becoming a delicious brunch. He loved the volcanoes, and the forests, and the football-sized insects... For Rex, this was home.

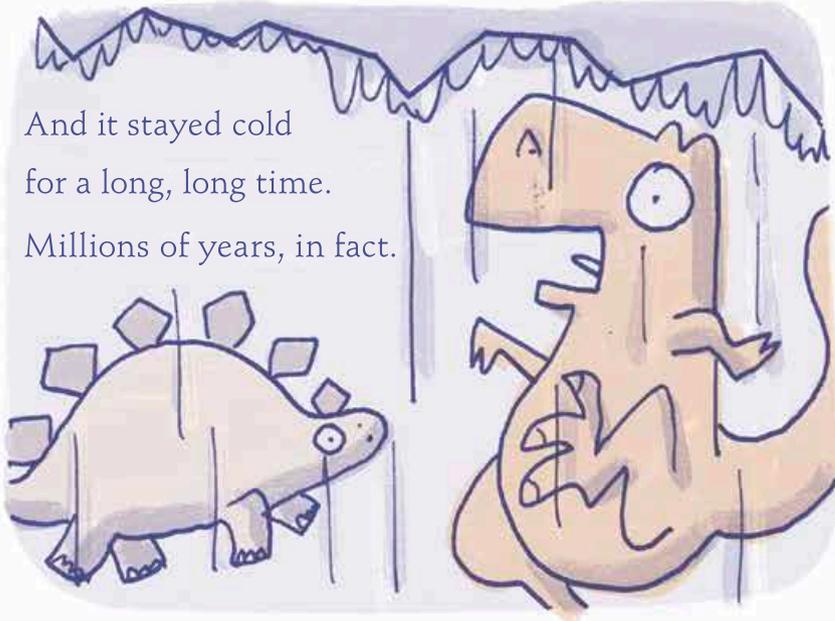
Then one day, it got cold. Not just a bit chilly: *Ice Age* cold.



Finally, things started to heat up. As the ice began to crack, one big lump dropped into the sea...

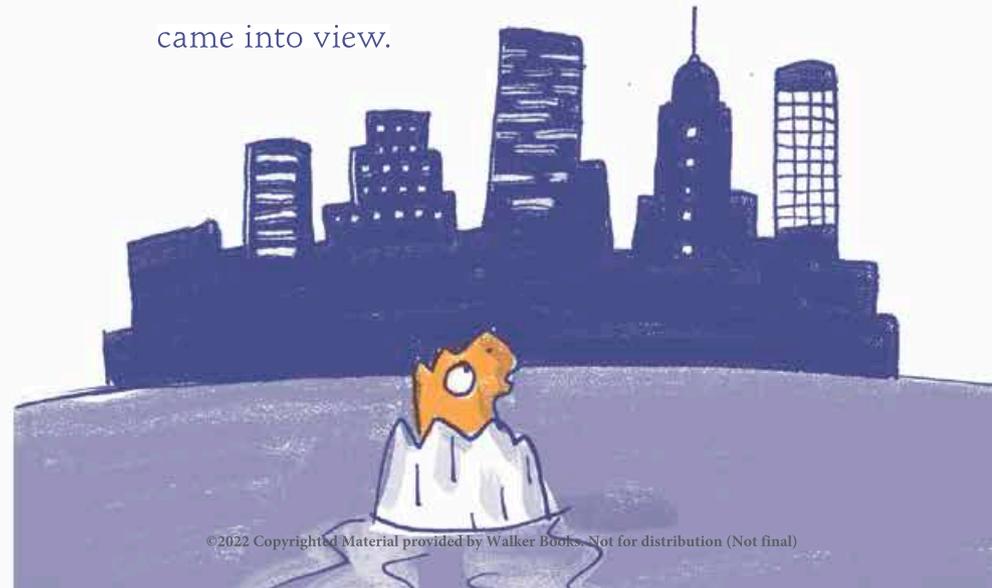


And it stayed cold for a long, long time. Millions of years, in fact.



One big lump, containing one big dinosaur.

The iceberg slowly melted as Rex floated across miles of water, until – at last! – land came into view.

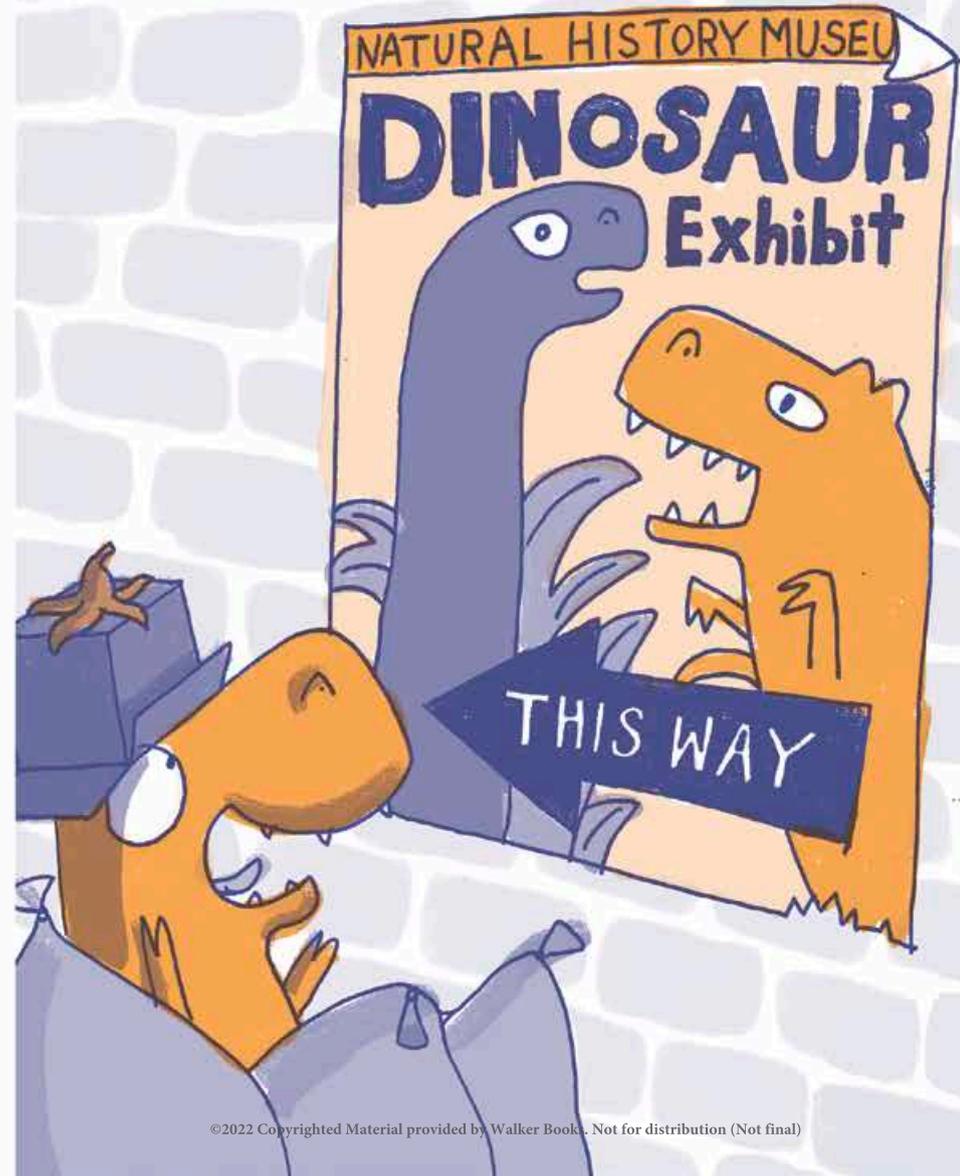


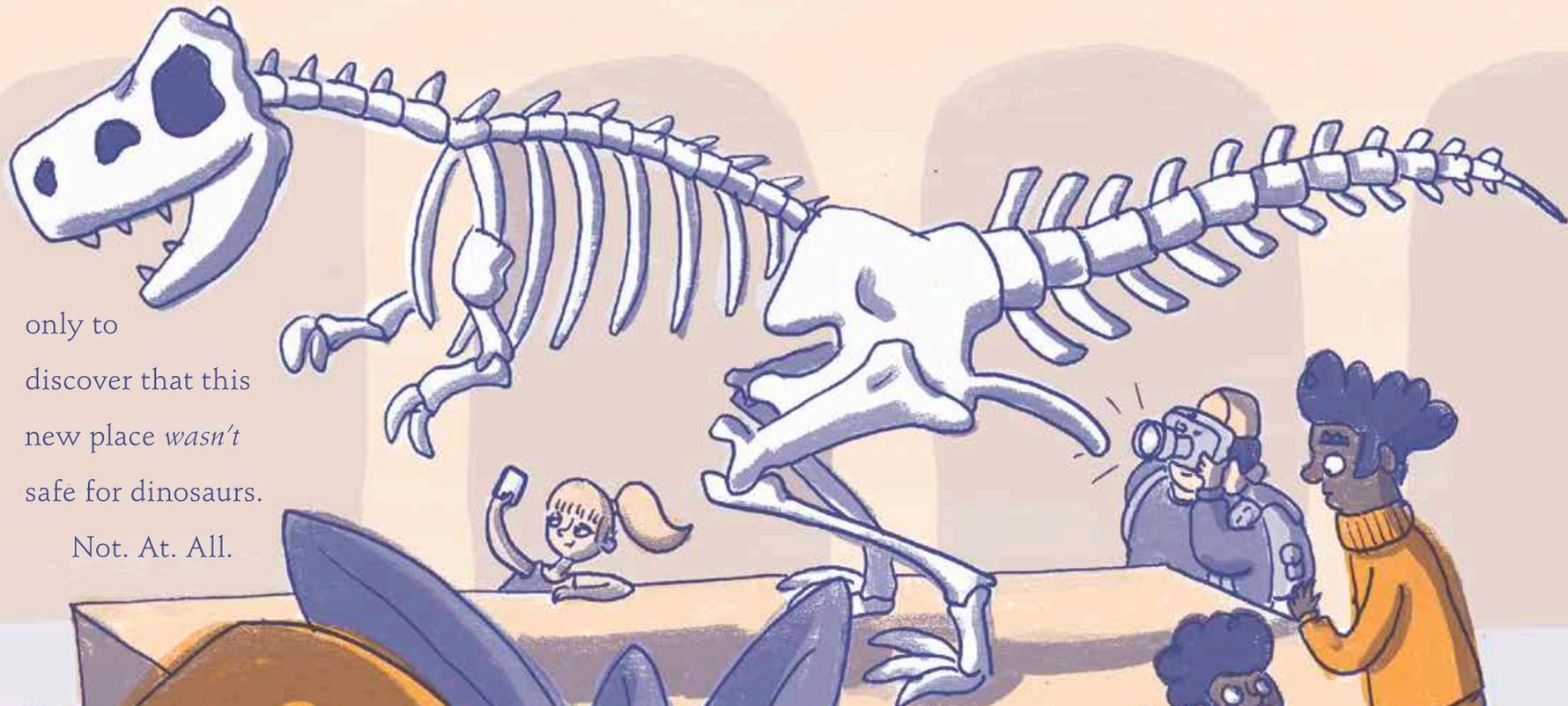
But here there were no volcanoes, no forests and not a single massive insect. It was just *scary*. Everywhere he looked, there were predators.



At first, there didn't seem to be anyone to ask for help – but then Rex spotted a couple of friendly faces...

Other dinosaurs! He hurried inside, ready to ask them what on earth was going on –

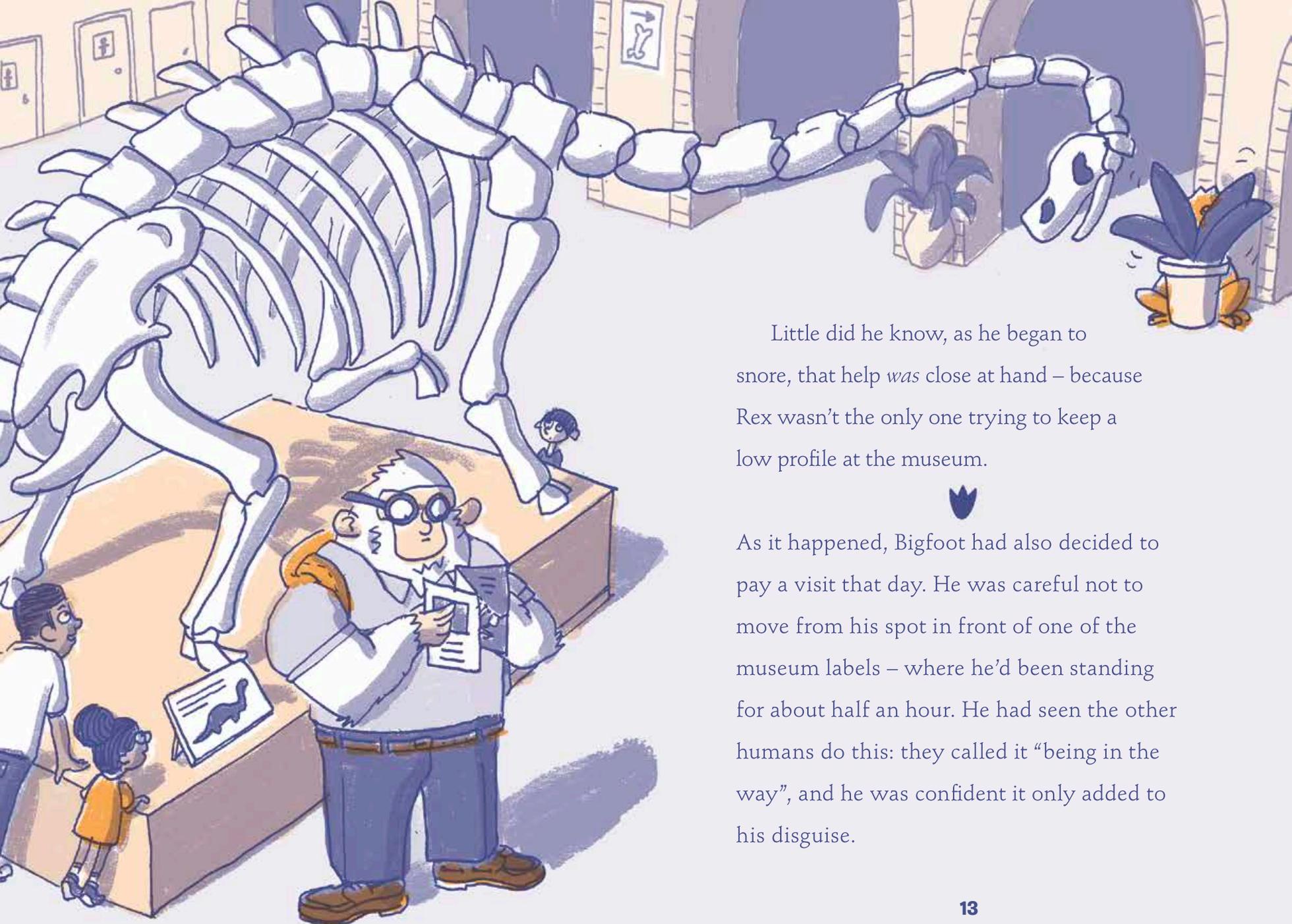




only to
discover that this
new place *wasn't*
safe for dinosaurs.
Not. At. All.



What now? There was only one thing Rex could think to do: hide. He curled up as small as he could (which wasn't really all that small) – then suddenly realized how exhausted he was... Before he knew it, Rex had fallen fast asleep.



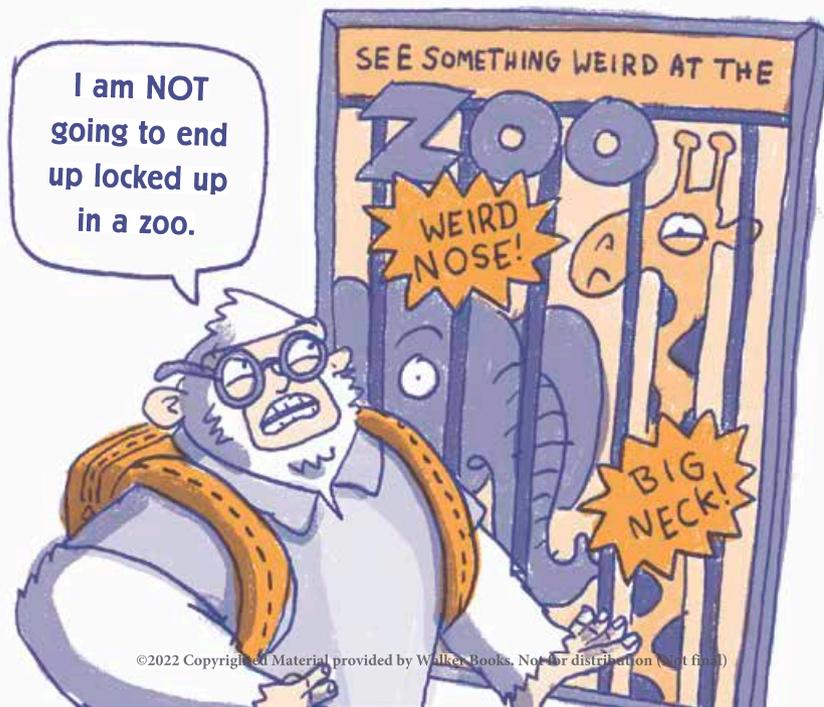
Little did he know, as he began to snore, that help *was* close at hand – because Rex wasn't the only one trying to keep a low profile at the museum.



As it happened, Bigfoot had also decided to pay a visit that day. He was careful not to move from his spot in front of one of the museum labels – where he'd been standing for about half an hour. He had seen the other humans do this: they called it “being in the way”, and he was confident it only added to his disguise.

Bigfoot had lived in the city for years, and worked hard to disguise himself as the most normal, boring human imaginable. He had built up a wardrobe of beige ties and sensible shirts, found a job in a nearby office and – most enjoyably – he would go on regular day trips to human places, to practise “being in the way”.

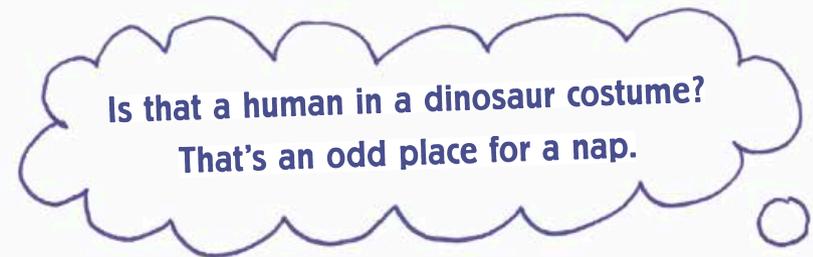
This was all because he knew exactly what would happen if the humans ever found out he wasn't one of them.



As further protection, Bigfoot had also developed a good sense for when things weren't normal or boring... A sense for when things were about to get a bit too interesting for his liking.

That's why, as he looked around the museum, Bigfoot noticed something the humans – distracted by the displays – hadn't yet noticed.

There was one dinosaur that wasn't just a bunch of bones. And it was asleep behind a pot plant.



Bigfoot thought, while pretending to be engrossed in his map.



Wait a second! Could it be... ?

At that moment, the dinosaur jolted awake and saw Bigfoot looking at him.

“Rargh?” said Rex, sounding hopeful.

Yep, thought Bigfoot. *That is definitely not a human.*

What was he going to do? He could hardly just leave the dinosaur here, waiting for the humans to ship him off to a zoo. And what if they started looking for other “dangerous creatures”?

No, Bigfoot decided. *I have to do something.*

He knelt down next to the shivering dinosaur. “It’s OK,” he said. “I’m here to help. Just stay still for a moment – I need to make you look human.” He passed Rex the museum map,

took a scarf from his backpack and wrapped it around the dinosaur’s neck, then carefully perched his spare pair of glasses onto Rex’s snout.

“Come on,” he said, straightening up. “We’d better go back to my flat – you’ll be safe there.”

He reached out a hairy hand, helping Rex to his feet.

“You’ve got a lot to learn about the human world,” Bigfoot told him. “But, lucky for you, I know a thing or two about ‘Being Human.’”

