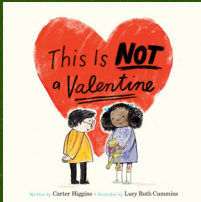


Carter Higgins is an elementary school librarian and the author of *Everything You Need for a Treehouse* and *This Is Not a Valentine*. She lives in Los Angeles, California.

Zachariah OHora is the illustrator of the *New York Times* bestseller *Wolfie the Bunny*, among many other beloved books for kids. He lives and works in Narberth, Pennsylvania, with his wife, two sons, and two cats.

Also available:

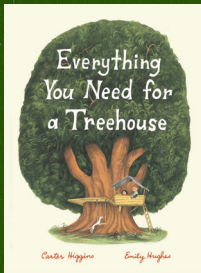


This Is Not a Valentine
By Carter Higgins
Illustrated by Lucy Ruth Cummins

A Kids' Indie Next List selection

"Refreshingly, this is more about deep friendship than romantic love. . . . A sort of anti-valentine for those who want to show the ones they love they care without being all mushy." —*Kirkus Reviews*

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Everything You Need for a Treehouse
By Carter Higgins
Illustrated by Emily Hughes

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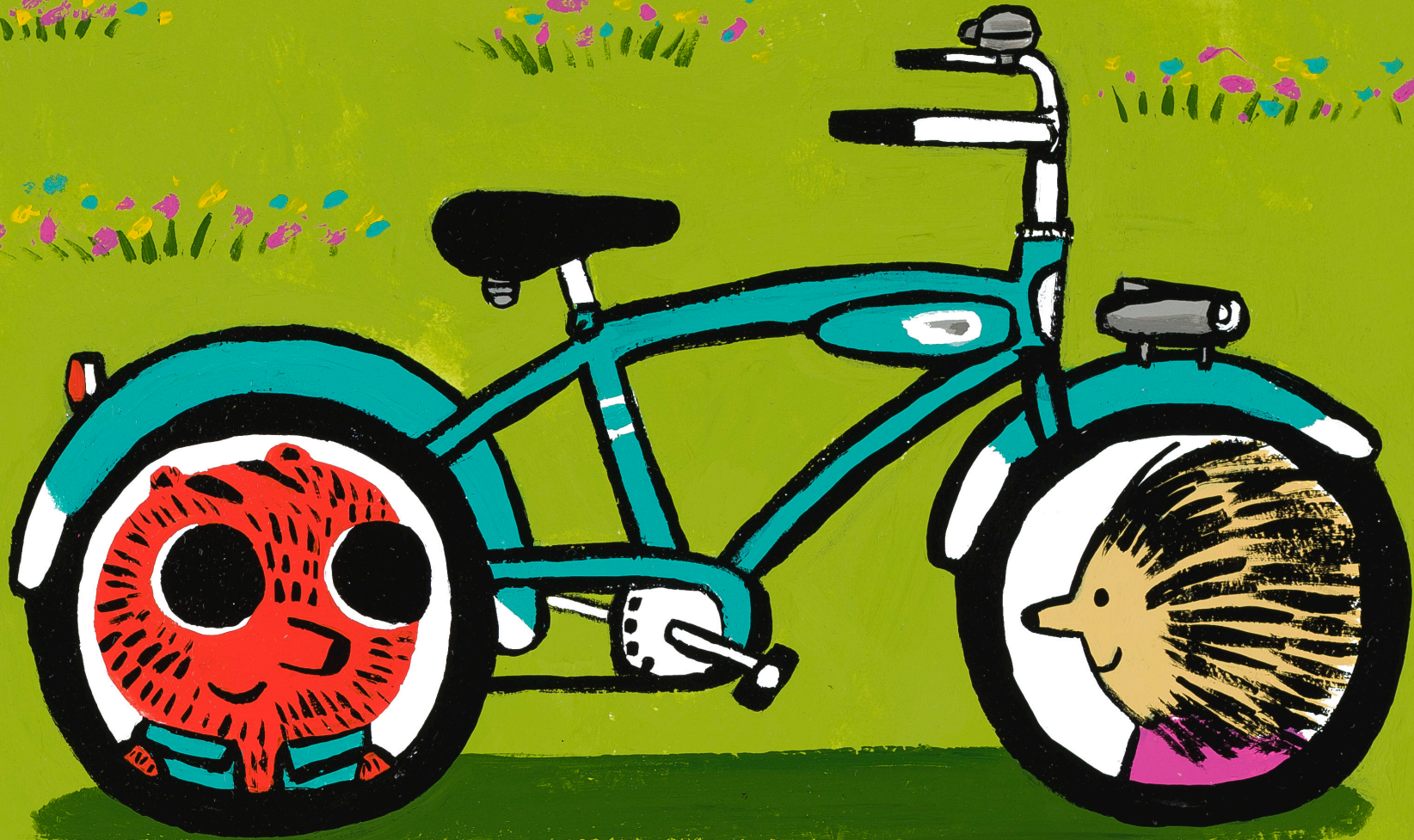
Higgins/OHora

BIKES FOR SALE

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WRITTEN BY
Carter Higgins

ILLUSTRATED BY
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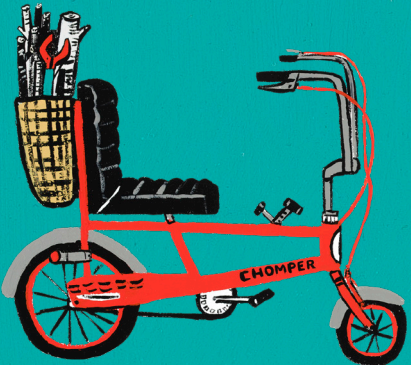
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Maurice rides this one.

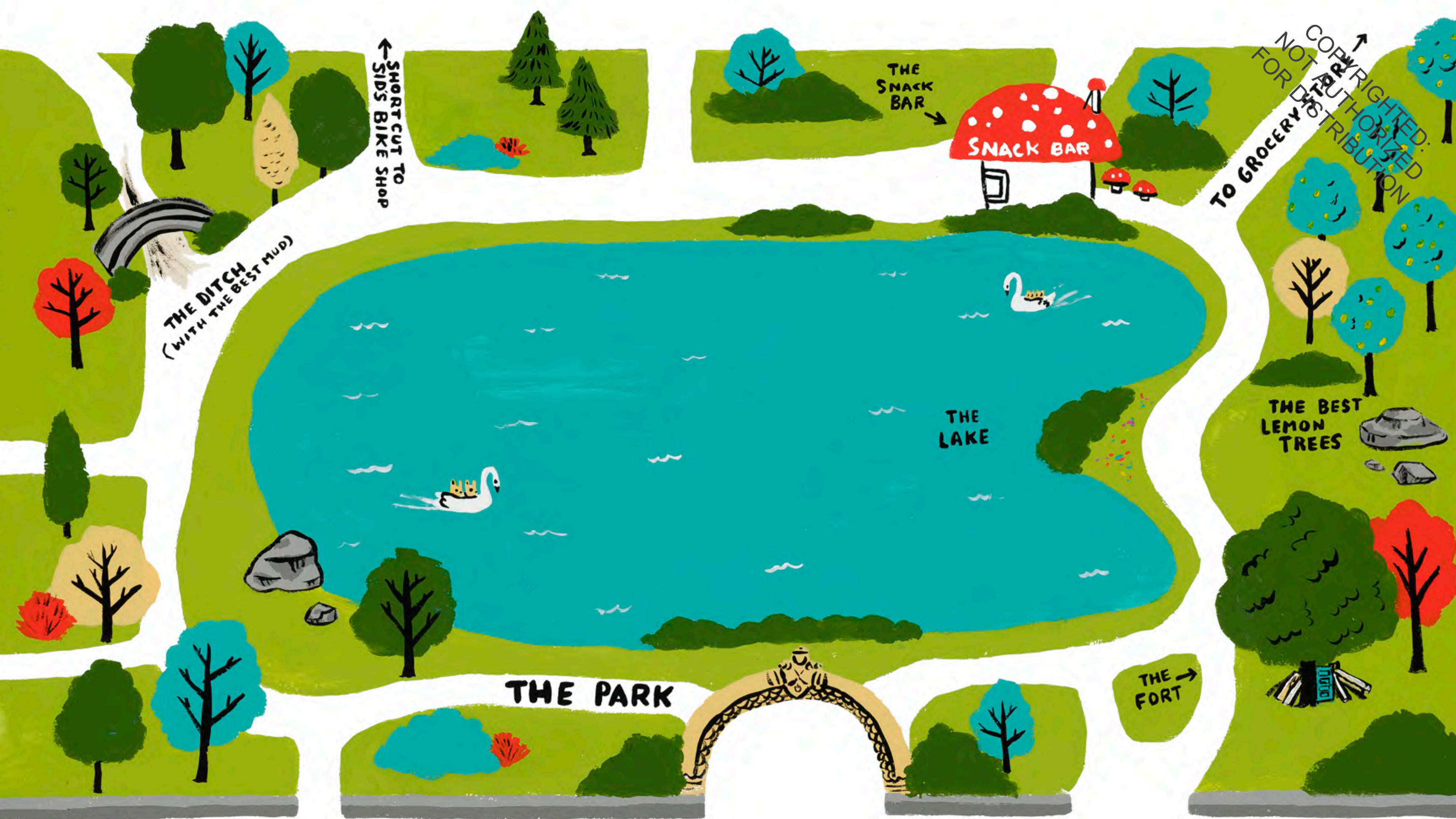


Lotta rides this one.



What happens when they meet?

This delightful friendship rom-com from acclaimed picture book creators Carter Higgins and Zachariah OHora celebrates the power of coincidence to lead us to the friends we're meant to meet all along.



← SHORTCUT TO
SIDS BIKE SHOP

THE DITCH
(WITH THE BEST MUD)

THE
SNACK
BAR →

SNACK BAR

TO GROCERY STORE
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THE
LAKE

THE BEST
LEMON
TREES

THE PARK

THE FORT →

For the bike riders in my neighborhood:

Sallie, Beverly, Wendy, Kate, and Brooke.—C. H.

For Teddy and Oskar.—Z. O.

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Illustrations copyright © 2019 by Zachariah OHora.

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Description: San Francisco, California : Chronicle Books LLC, [2019] | Summary: Maurice rides his bike all over selling lemonade, while Lotta rides her bike collecting sticks as she goes; they ride different routes and are completely unaware of each other—until their bikes are wrecked and they meet at Sid's who has turned their damaged bikes into one tandem bike, and a friendship is born.

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WRITTEN BY **Carter Higgins**

ILLUSTRATED BY **Zachariah OHora**


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They were new once.

And then, they weren't.



This one belonged to Maurice.



He rode it to the grocery store,



through the park on 3rd Street that
had the best lemon trees,
and to the shop.



No matter where he rode, he always had customers.

He was far enough from the grocery store
and just beyond the snack bar in the park.



"Everyone loves lemonade," he thought.

Twenty-five cents wasn't all that much for some squeezey
drops of sunshine.

Besides, they'd get to keep the cup.

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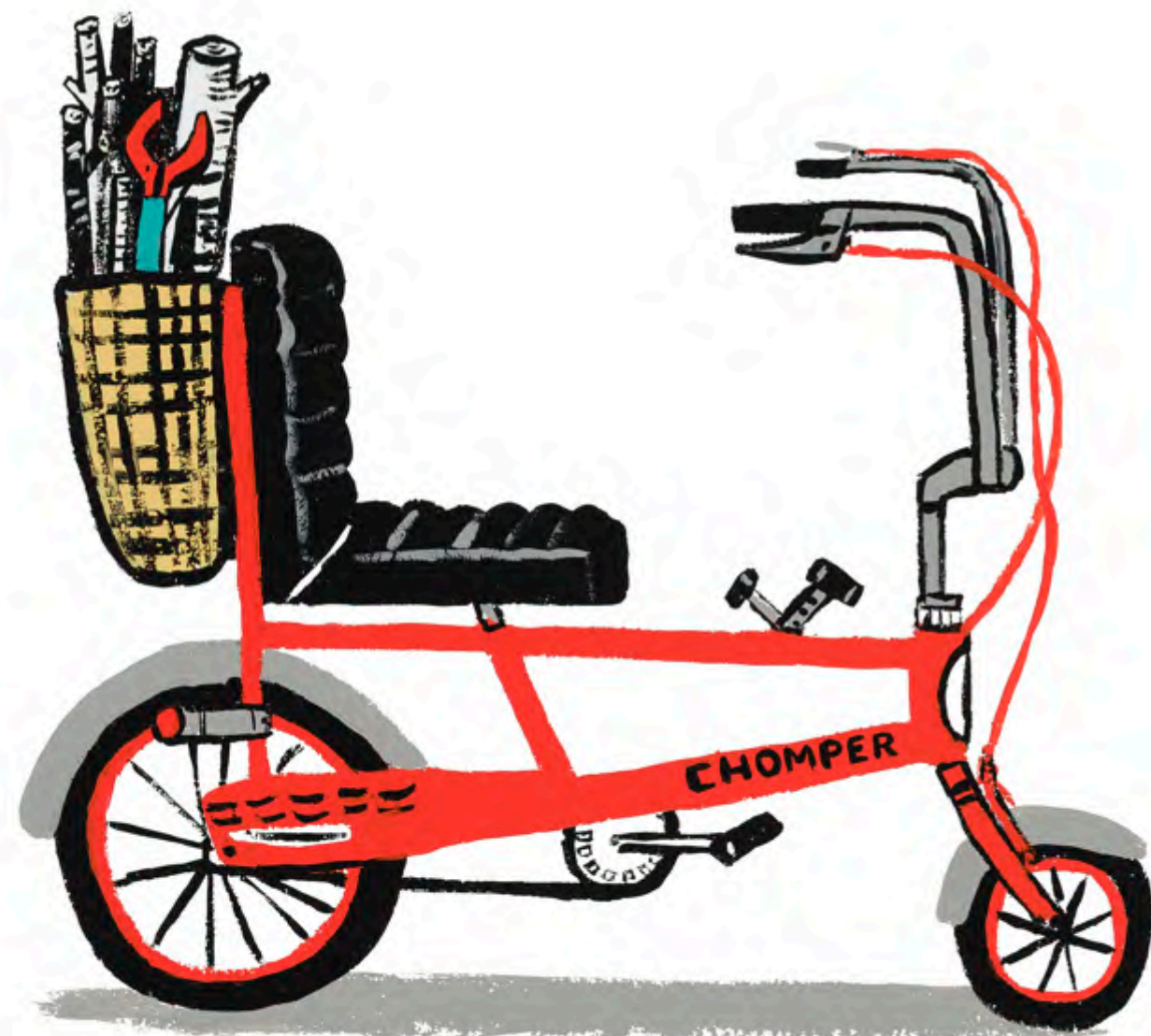
After a while, it was time to ride on.

"STAY HERE!" said the construction site man,
thirsty from all that hammering.

"DON'T GO!" said the dog walker
with lots and lots of leashes.

But Maurice had more corners to try.





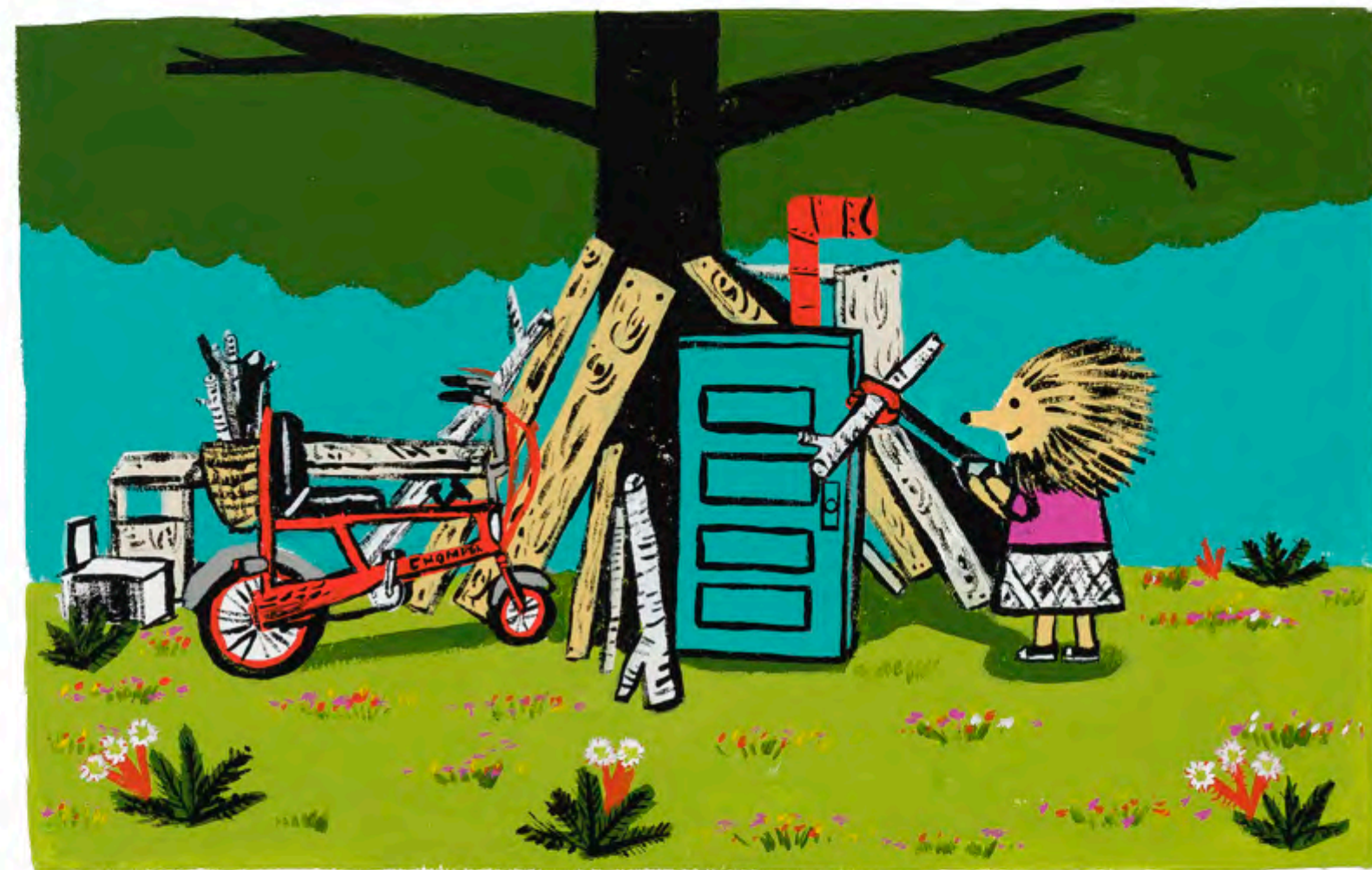
That one belonged to Lotta.



She rode it to the woods,



through the ditch on 5th Street that
had the best mud, and to the fort.



No matter where she rode, she always had room for one more.



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WANT
ONE?

YES
PLEASE!

"Everyone loves sticks," she thought.
"They're the best thing to collect."

She rode deep into the woods where the sun couldn't reach,
and far out to the lake where the beavers
kept their leftovers.

Besides, they were free.

After a while, it was time to ride on.

"STAY HERE!" said the bunch of boys who couldn't pick a favorite.

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"DON'T GO!" said the dog walker with lots and lots of leashes.

But Lotta had more thickets to try.

After a while, it was time to ride on.

"STAY HERE!" said the bunch of boys who couldn't pick a favorite.

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"DON'T GO!" said the dog walker with lots and lots of leashes.

But Lotta had more thickets to try.

[illegible]

After a while, it was time to ride on.

"STAY HERE!" said the bunch of boys who couldn't pick a favorite.

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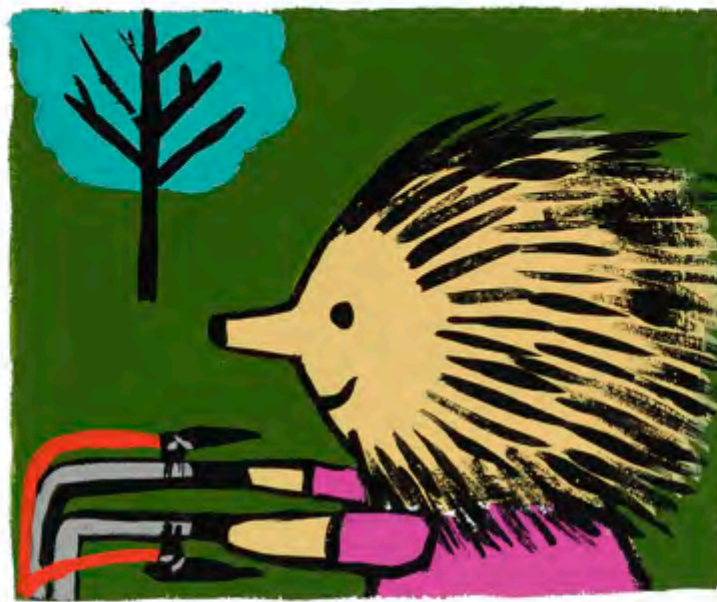
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"DON'T GO!" said the dog walker with lots and lots of leashes.

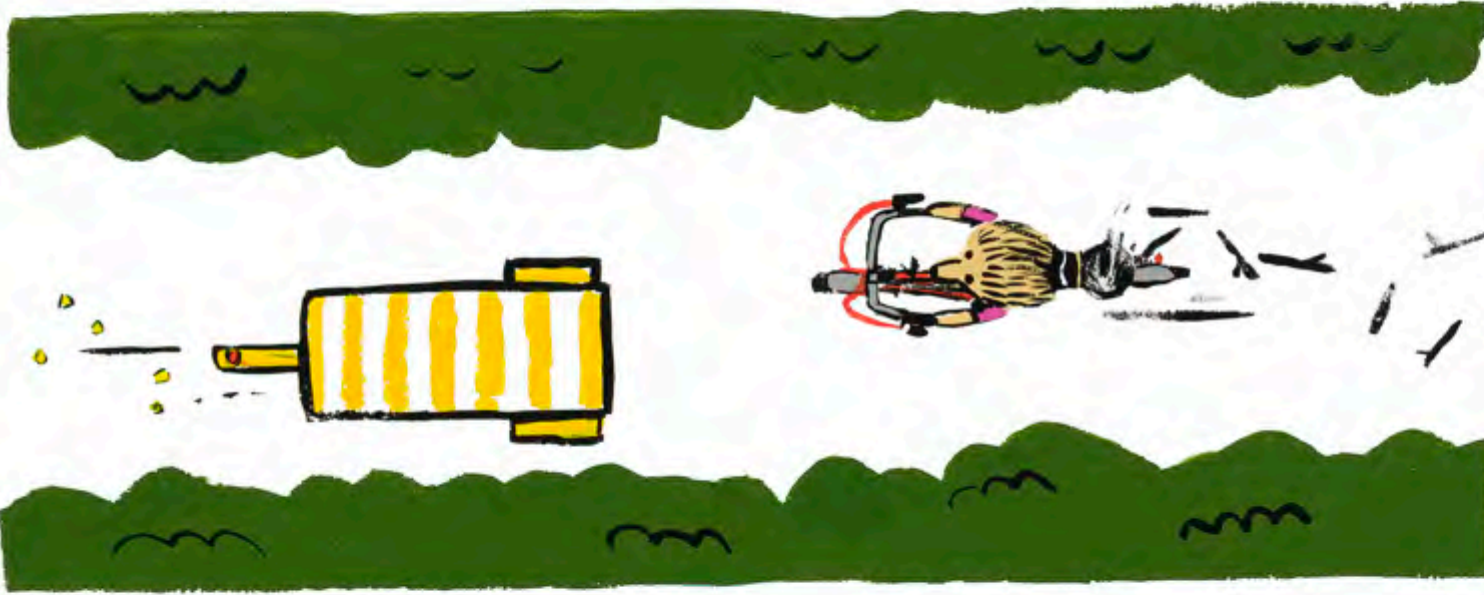
But Lotta had more thickets to try.



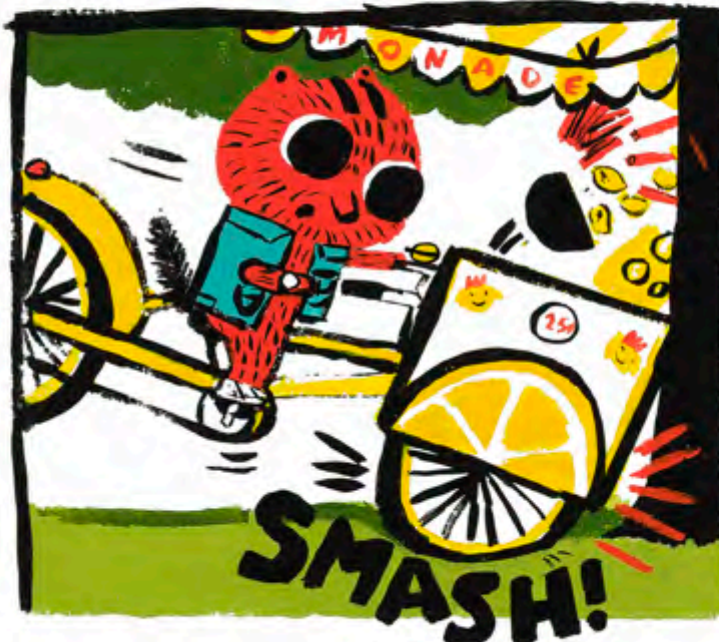
He rode



and she rode



and they rode all over.

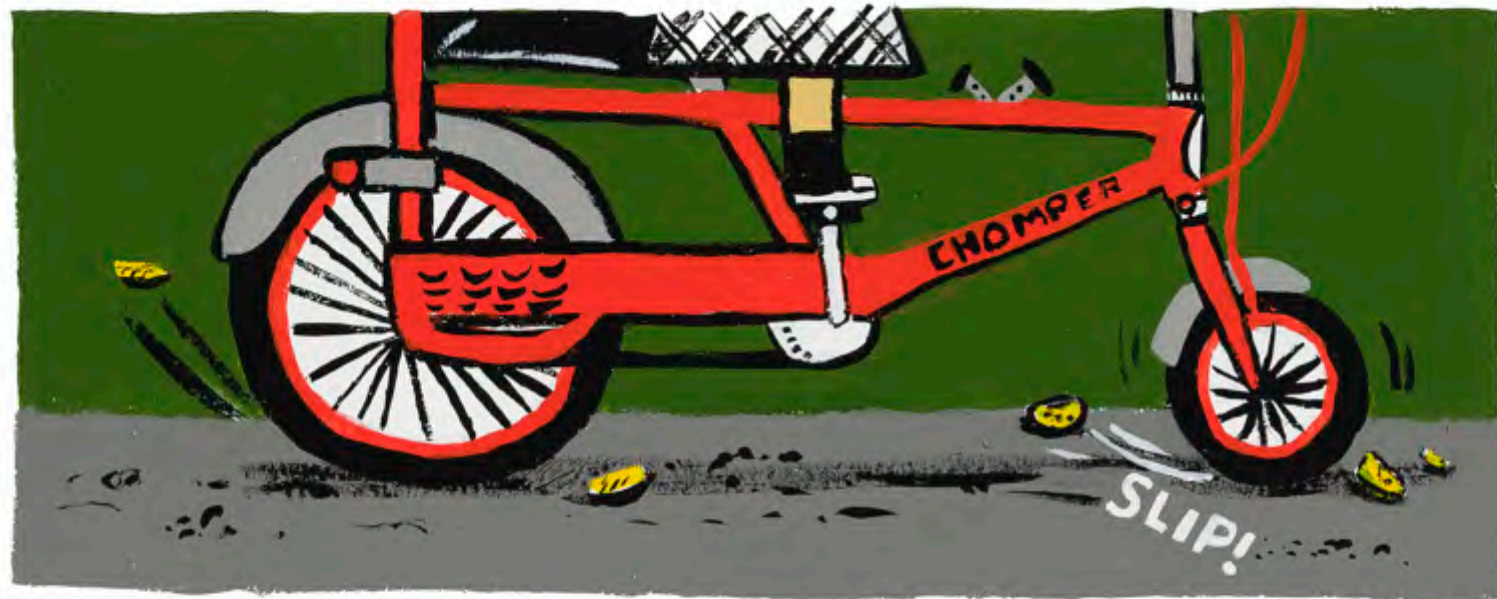


But what looked like a small stick was really a smashup,



and that was the end of this one.

Maurice walked home instead.



And what looked like some petals was really some peels,



and that was the end of that one.



Lotta walked too.

They were new once.
And then, they weren't.



Maurice found some okay sneakers.



Lotta got galoshes.



They tried to forget where their wheels had gone.



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But sneakers weren't as fast as rubber tires. And galoshes weren't good for climbing.

So the people were thirsty for sunshine.
And the sticks stayed stuck on their trees.

MEANWHILE . . .

To someone new, the rust sparkled.
The deflated tires still held hope.



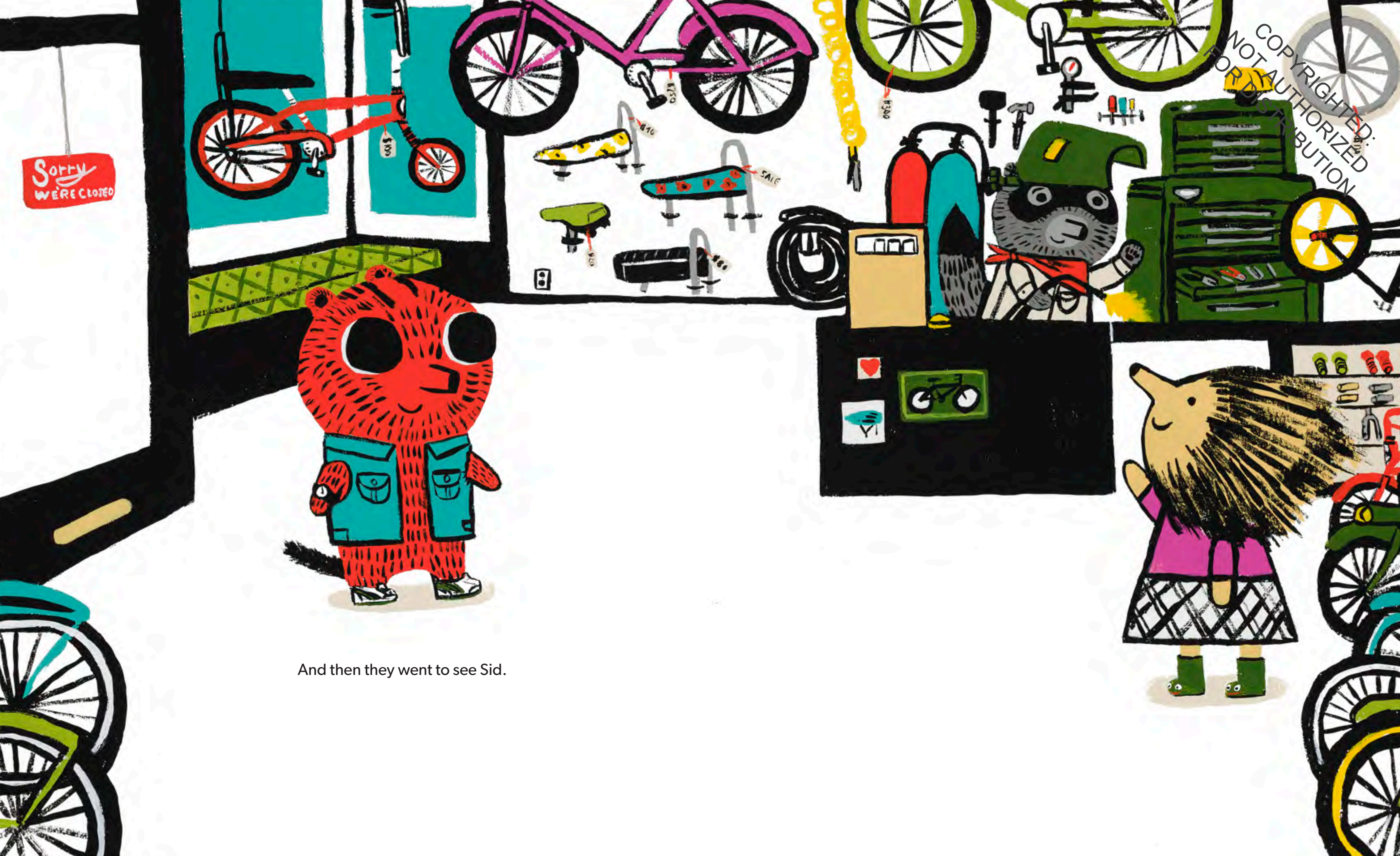
Sid knew all about the bikes.
The satchel told stories of sugar.
The bell ding-a-linged of a ditch.

The sprockets remembered mud and lemons, twigs and mint.



On this side, Maurice wondered.

On that side, Lotta maybe'd.



And then they went to see Sid.



Lotta rode her bike to the woods,



through the park on 3rd Street that
had the best lemon trees,



Maurice rode his bike to the
grocery store,



through the park on 3rd Street that
had the best lemon trees,



and through the ditch on 5th Street that had the best mud.



to the woods, and to the shop.

They'd never ridden this way before.



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They had new adventures.



Now the lemons had more shine

and the sticks had more snap.

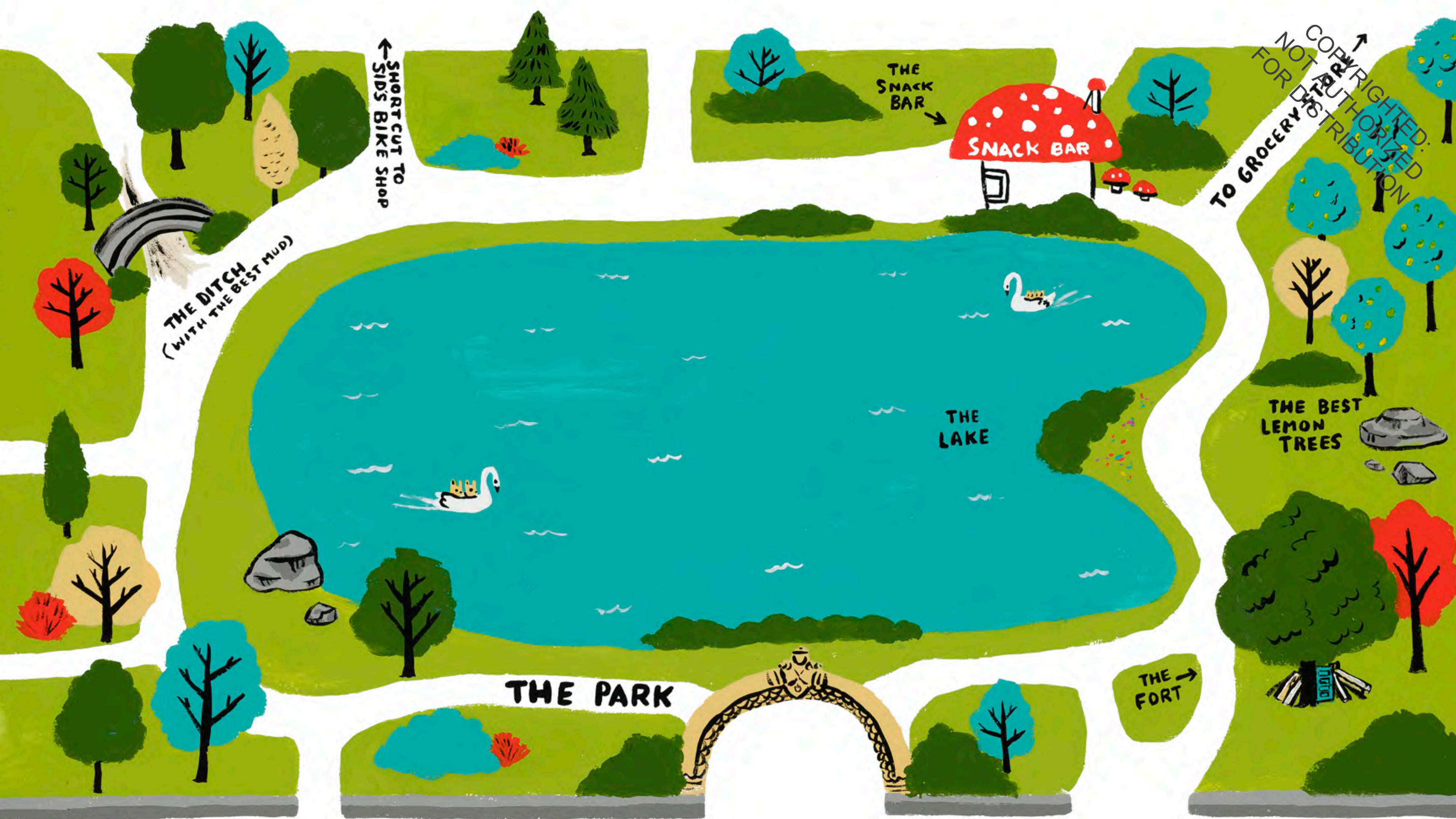
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What looked like a friend was really a friend,
and that's how friendships begin.

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They are new once.
And then, they aren't.



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SIDS BIKE SHOP

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