

Zack and Toady

Story and Pictures
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Far far away in Phoenix, Arizona there is a toy frog named Toady and his boy, Zachary. Zachary is very pink and Toady is very green. One day Zachary D. and Toady were sitting on the big stuffed sofa in their living room. They had been sitting quietly for a long time, at least two minutes, when Toady suddenly looked up at Zachary and said, "Zachary, I've been thinking."



"Oh no, not again," said Zachary, "we always get in trouble when you think, Toady."

"Well, anyway, I am wondering, Zachary. Did you name me?"

"Yes, I did, Toady. I named you the very first day Grandma gave you to me."

"Well," said Toady, "do you know that I am a FROG?"

"Of course I know that," laughed Zachary.

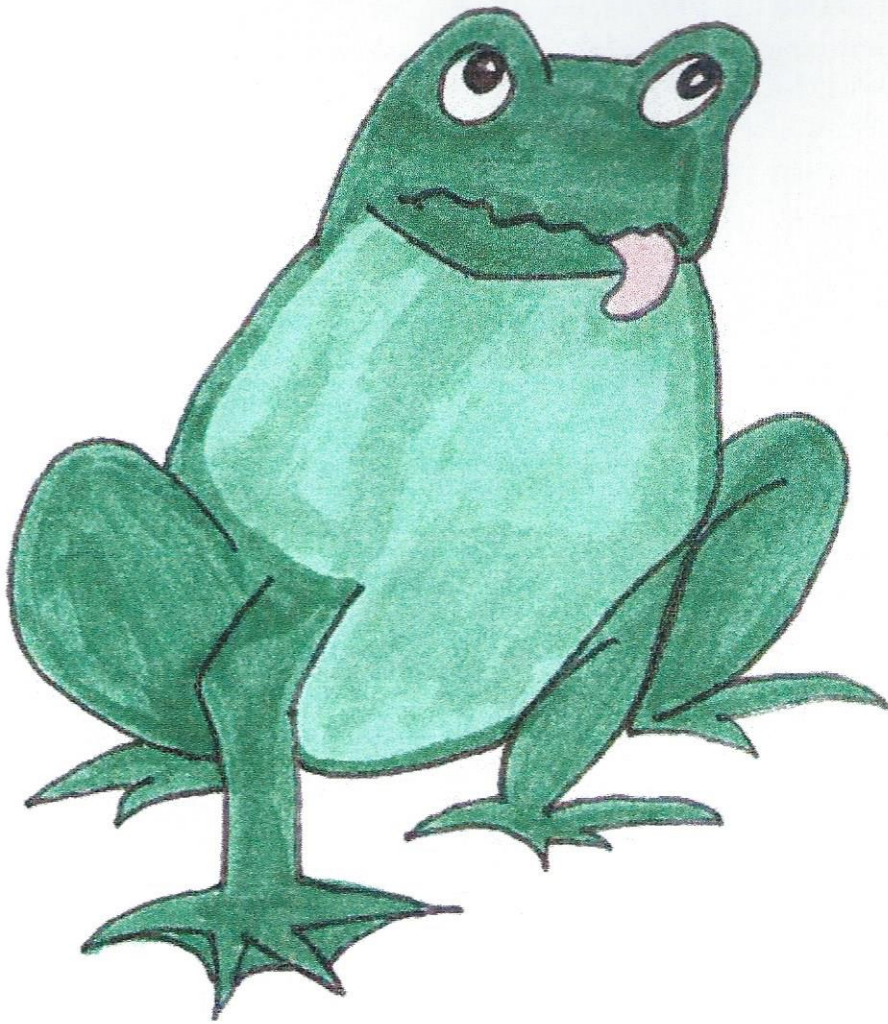
"Then why did you name me TOADY?"

"Oh, it's ok, Toady. It's only a name. I like your name, and I love you, Toady."

"It's nice to be loved," Toady said, looking very pleased. "I like my name if you do, Zach."



"What are you eating, Zach?" asked Toady.
"Chocolate chip cookies. What do frogs eat, Toady?"

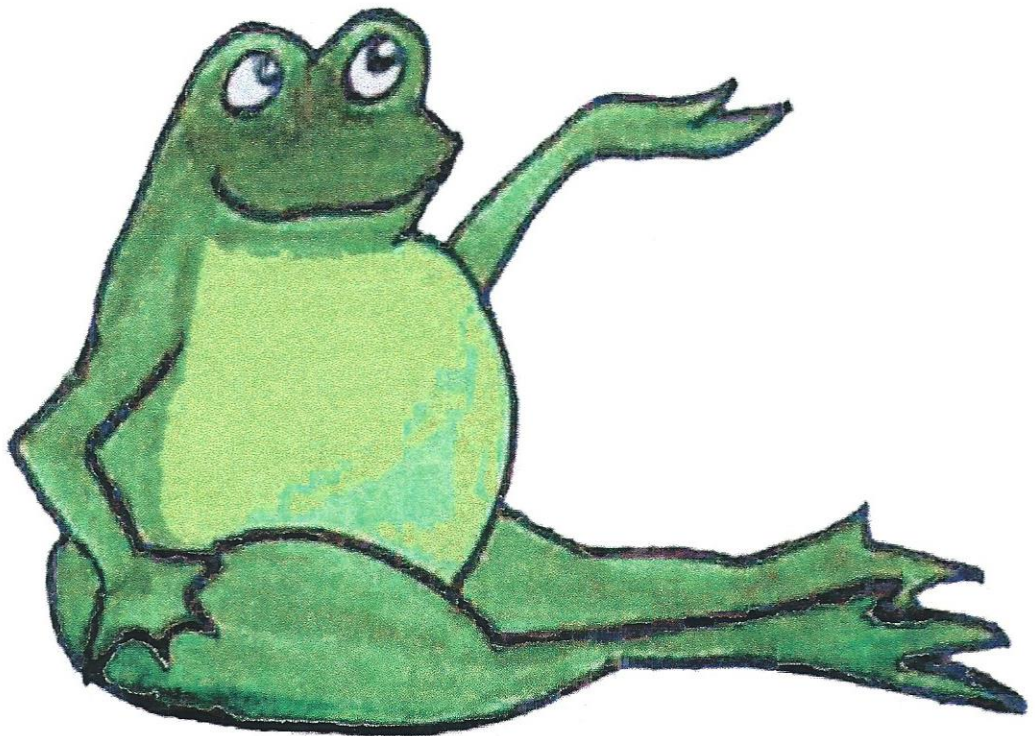


"Real frogs eat **BUGS!**" said Toady, making an awful face.
"But I don't like bugs. Zach."

"What do you like to eat, Toady?" asked Zach.

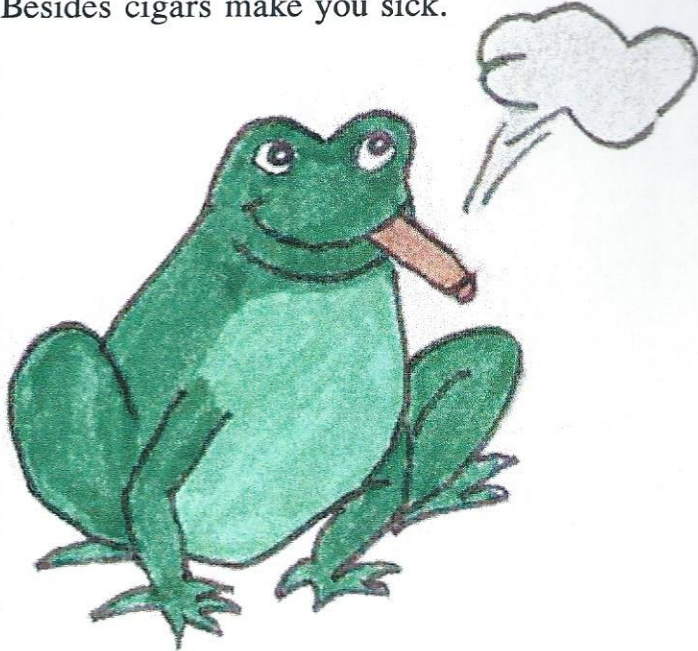
"I like chocolate chip cookies, Zach." Toady smiled sweetly, holding out his hand. Of course Zach shared his cookies. After eating several cookies, Toady spoke again, this time with a rather chocolaty voice. "I've been thinking again, Zach. I think, **SLURP!** that I need a habit, **SLURP!**"

Zach only smiled because he knew that Toady didn't understand that you are not supposed to talk when your mouth is full of chocolate chip cookies. "A habit, Toady! What kind of a habit?"



"Yes, I think I would like to take up cigar smoking!"

"Oh, no! You can't do that, Toady. It stinks! Dad wouldn't like it. Besides cigars make you sick."



"You could get cancer! You might even throw-up! Mom wouldn't like that! Cigars make your teeth turn yellow too!"

"Frogs don't have teeth!" grinned Toady, "but I don't like to throw-up! Maybe I'll take up cussing instead."

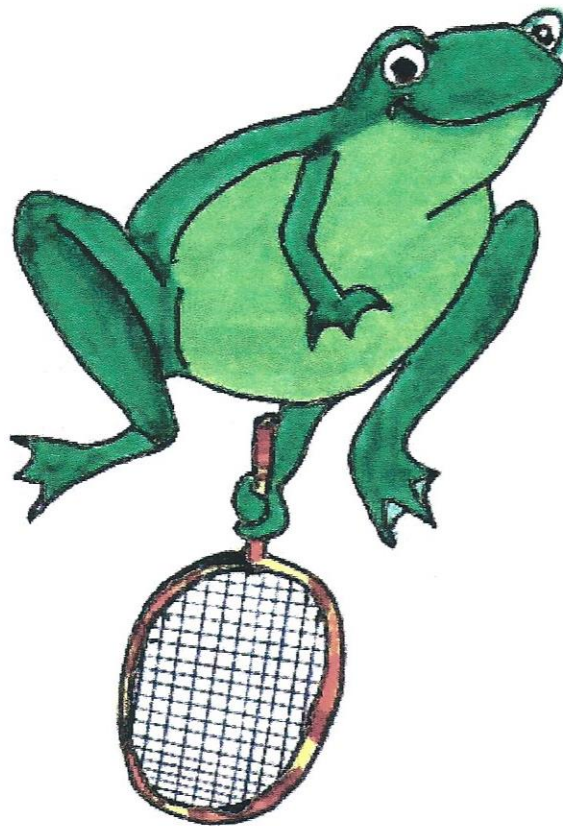
"Oh, no! You can't do that. Cussing is bad!" frowned Zach. "I know, Toady! You don't really want a bad habit. What you need is a hobby. Hobbies are things that you like to do. They are fun. We could do it together!"

"I'd like that!" smiled Toady.

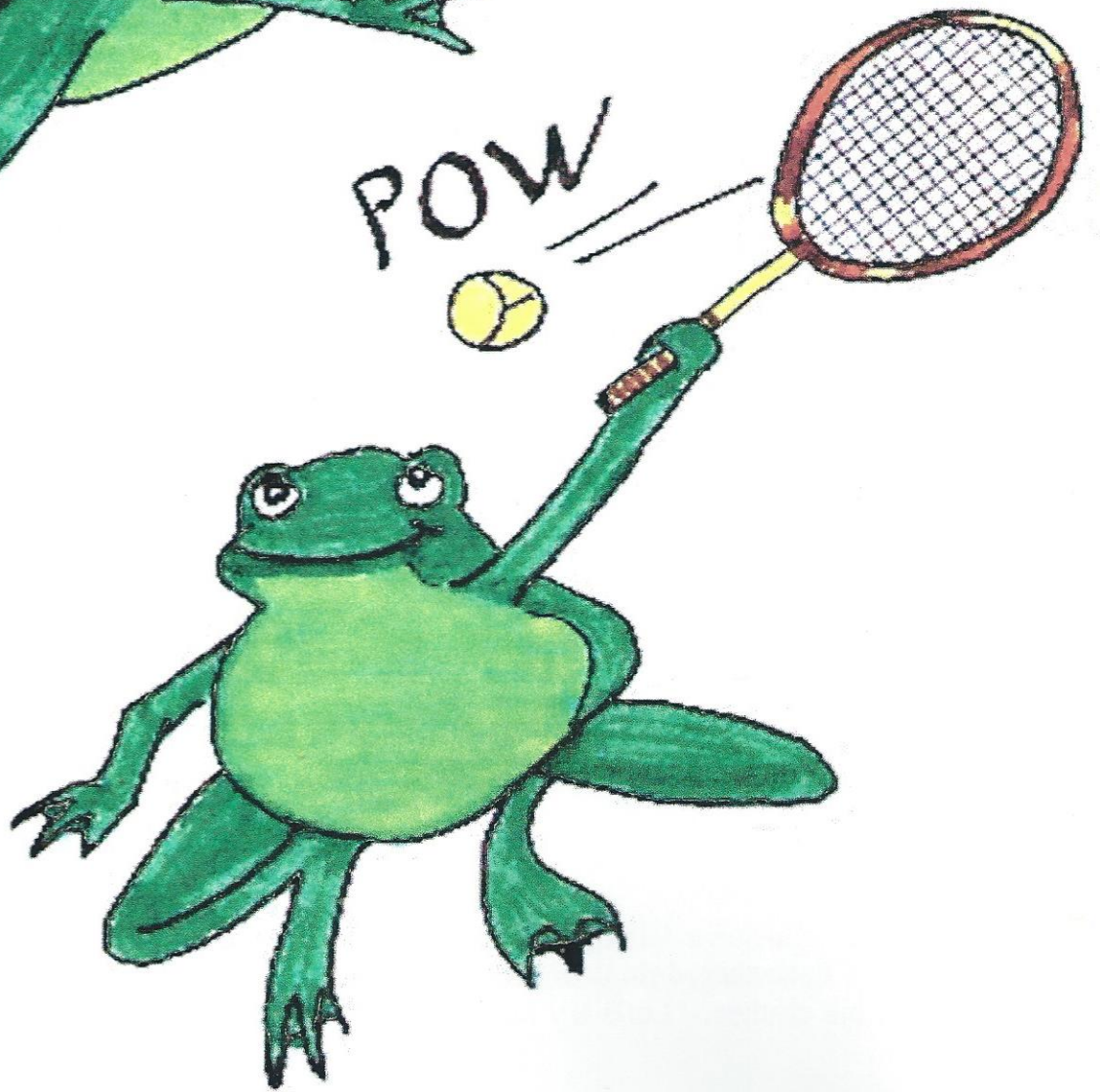
"Let's try tennis," said Zach, running to get two large tennis rackets.

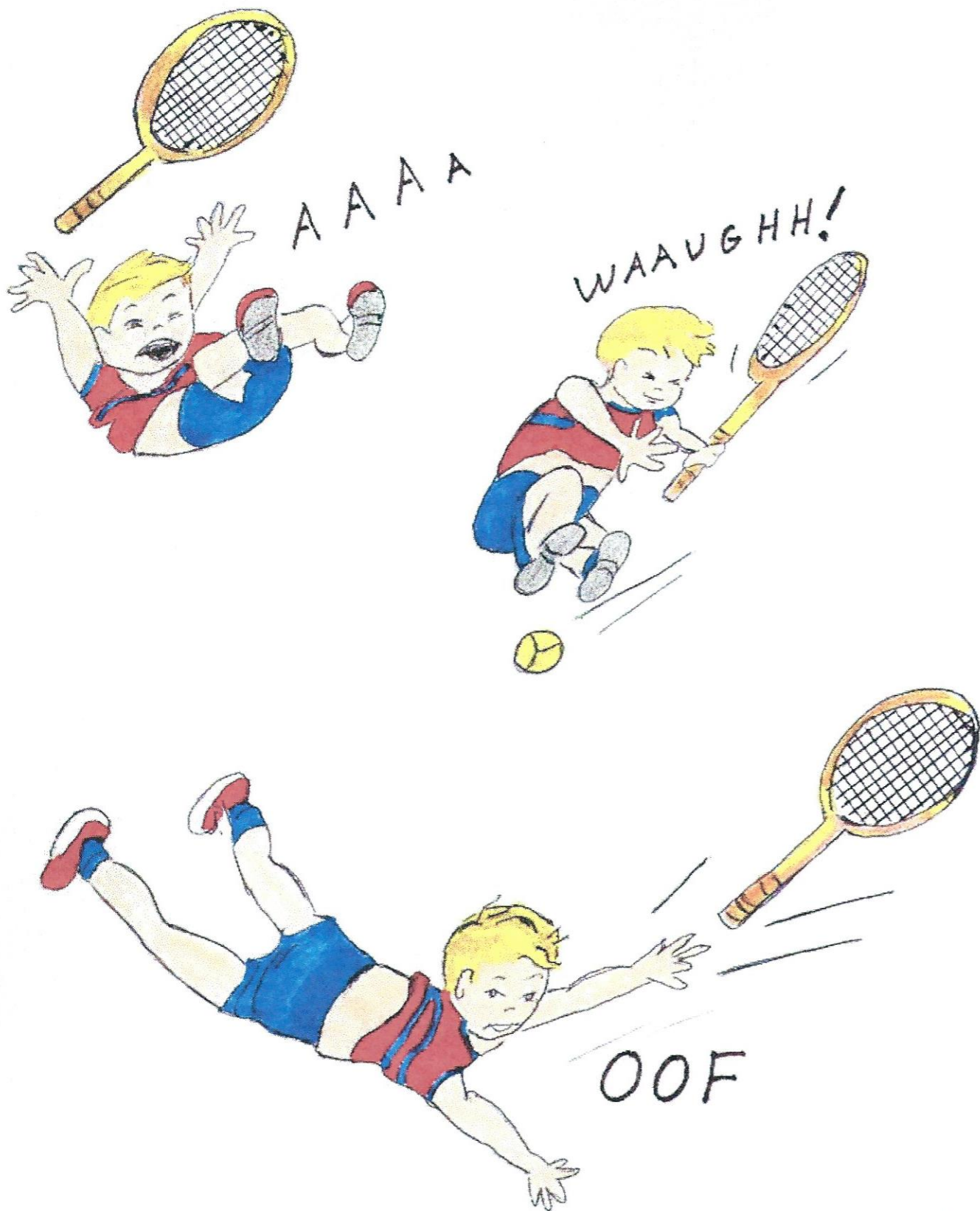


Between the legs
shot!



"I like tennis, Zach. Frogs are good at tennis!"

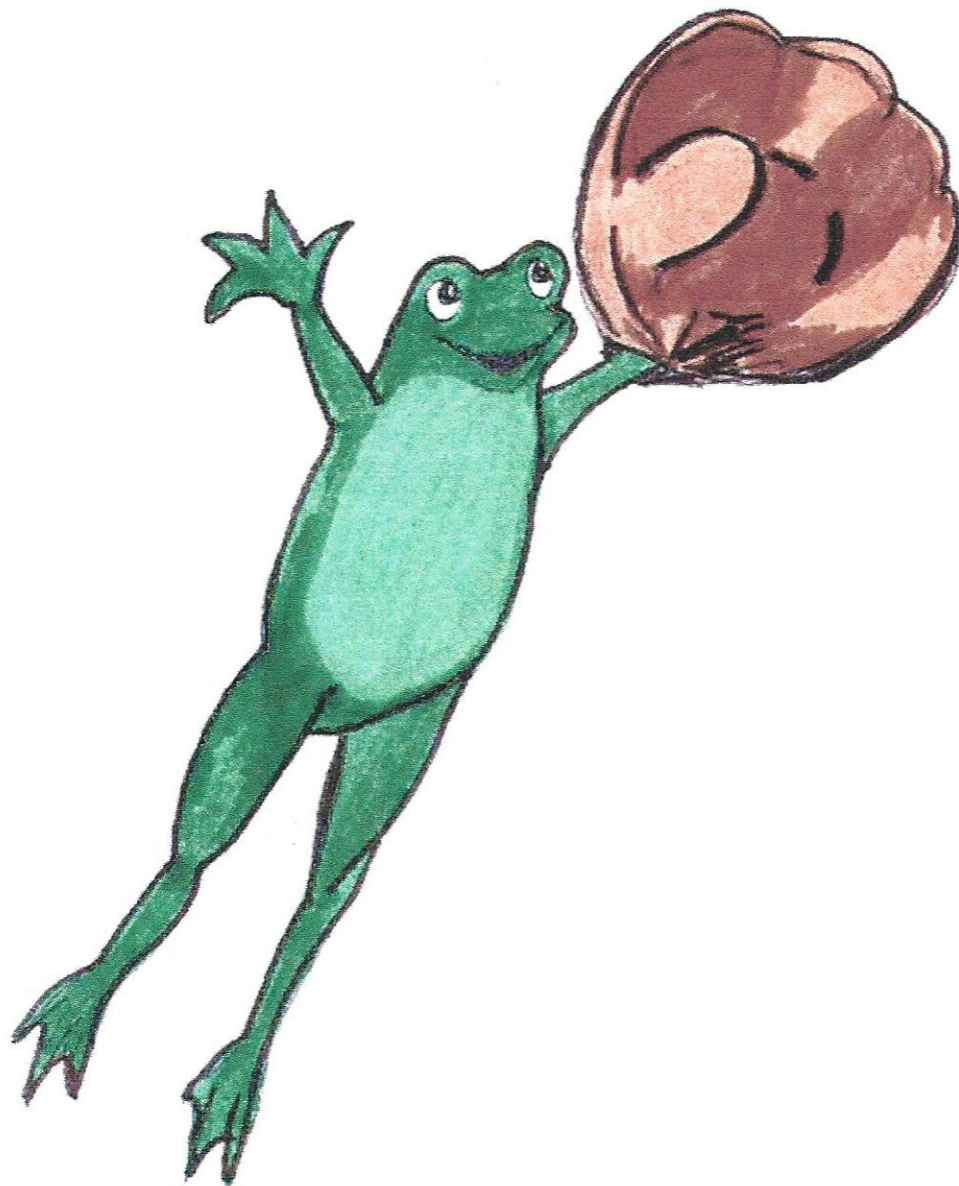




"I see that, I think we should try another sport," moaned Zach, brushing the dust from his clothes. "Let's try baseball."



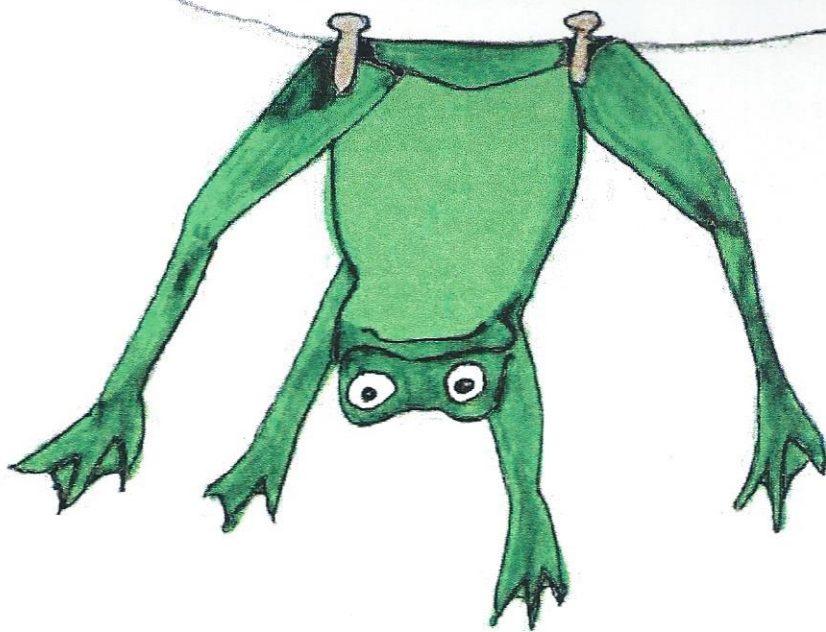
Zach brought out the bat, the ball, and a catcher's mit. They went into the back yard. "I'll bat one and you can catch it, Toady," yelled Zach, hitting the ball as hard as he could.



Toady jumped to catch it, but the ball sailed over the fence and landed in the swimming pool.

"Oh, no!" yelled Zach, "I can't go into the pool without Mom or Dad!"

"I can," grinned Toady, "frogs can swim."



"Not YOU!" Zach reminded him. "The last time I threw you in the pool you got all wet and sank to the bottom. Dad had to fish you up with the pool net and Mom hung you on the line for two days, remember?"

"I'm trying to forget!" croaked Toady. "I really don't like baseball anyway, Zach."

"OK, let's try football," said Zach happily. He was already running to exchange the baseball things for a football and helmet and his Dallas Cowboys T shirt.

"How do you play football?" asked Toady.

"I have the ball," said Zach. "You try to get it away!"

"I have it!"

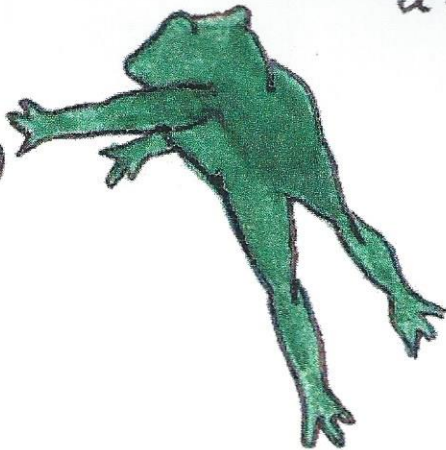
"No, you don't!"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Oof! I don't like football, Zach!" gasped Toady.

"You try to get it away!"

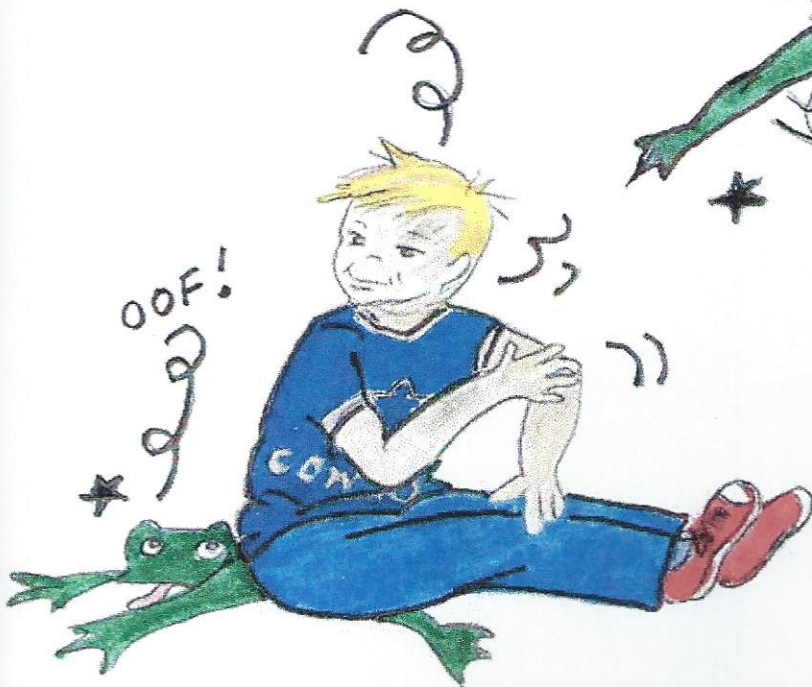


I HAVE IT!

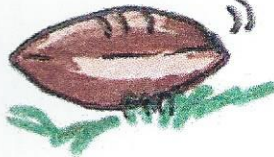


YES!

No!



OOF!





When they were all cleaned-up Zach said, "I know, Toady, I'll read you a story. Reading is a good hobby."

"I like that," smiled Toady. "Are there any more chocolate chip cookies?"