

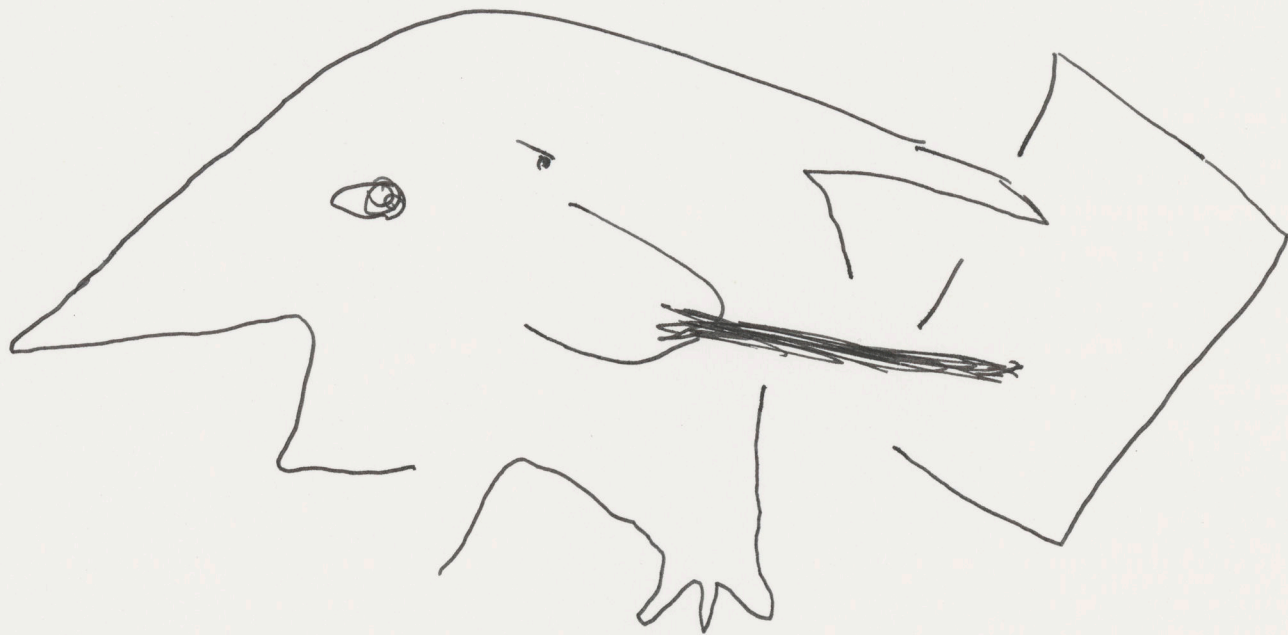


THE HUNCHBACKED  
TOADFROGCROW

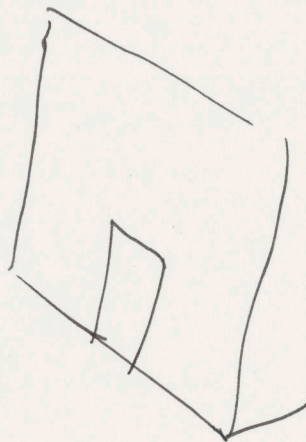
The hunchbacked toadfrogcrow was VERY HUNGRY. And VERY HUNCHBACKED.



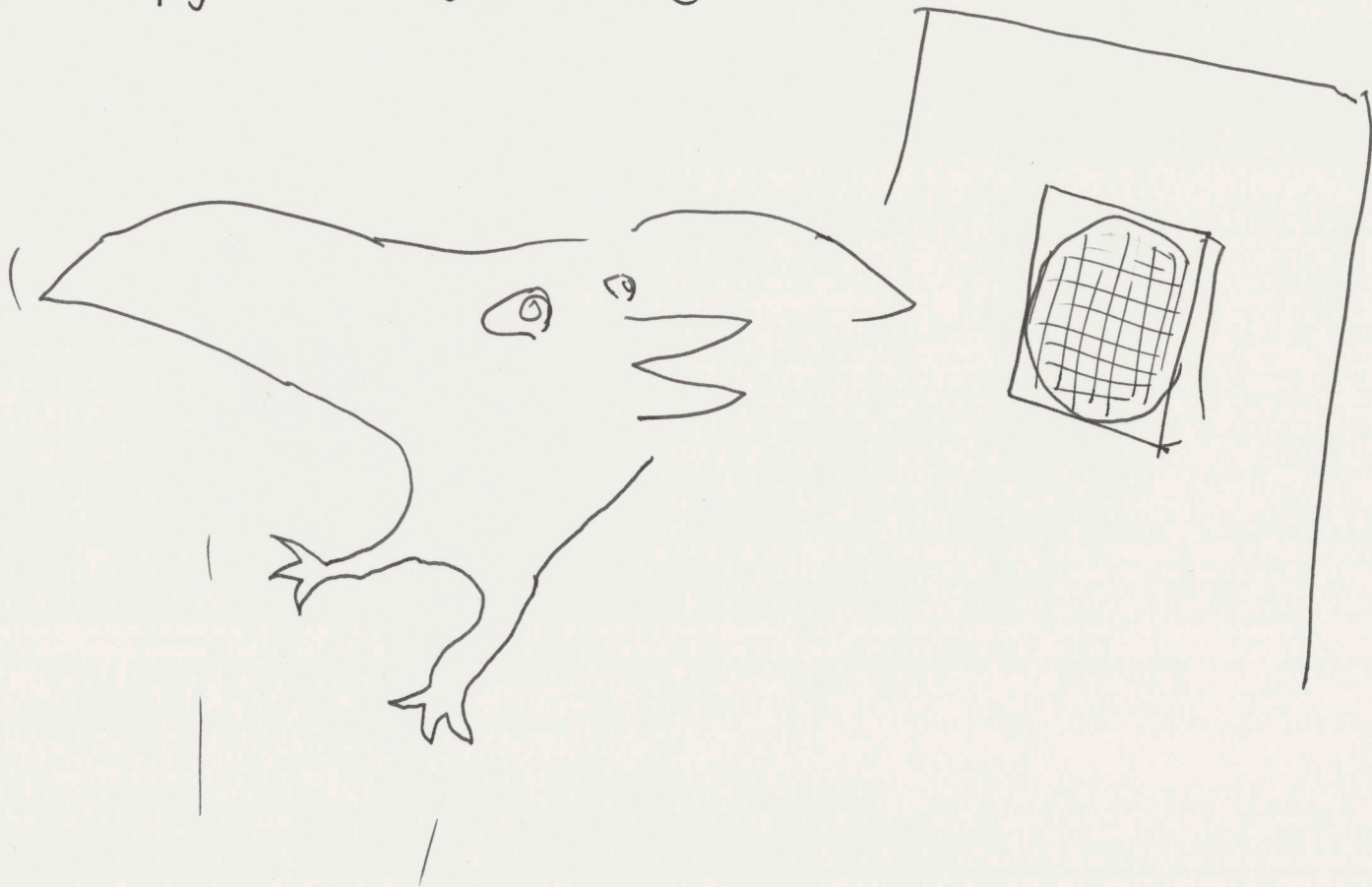
He was past due for a meal so he waddled into the neighborhood deli. As he wrote his sandwich order on the card he saw the words "WE DON'T SERVE TOADFROGCROWS."



Dejected, he found a nearby information map with plenty of promising dining options. There was a Chinese takeout restaurant across the way. The Hunchbacked Toadfrogcrow called in his order and then waddled up to the restaurant.



Because he couldn't grab the doorknob, the toadfrogcrow jumped and flapped himself above the ground and pecked at the buzzer. The speaker hummed to life and he said into it, "Hello. I am the toadfrogcrow. I just ordered a tub of Sizzling Rice Soup. I can pay forthwith if you will kindly let me in."





Through a doggie door a doggie bag appeared. In the bag was a fortune cookie. The fortune read, "YOU WILL WANT FOR NOTHING, UNLESS YOU ARE A TOADFROGCROW." Then a gust of wind blew the crumbs skyward, leaving not a morsel.



The toadfrogcrow grew so frustrated that he walked to the curb, where a dead squirrel lay sprawled. The toadfrogcrow licked his beak and prepared to chow down.

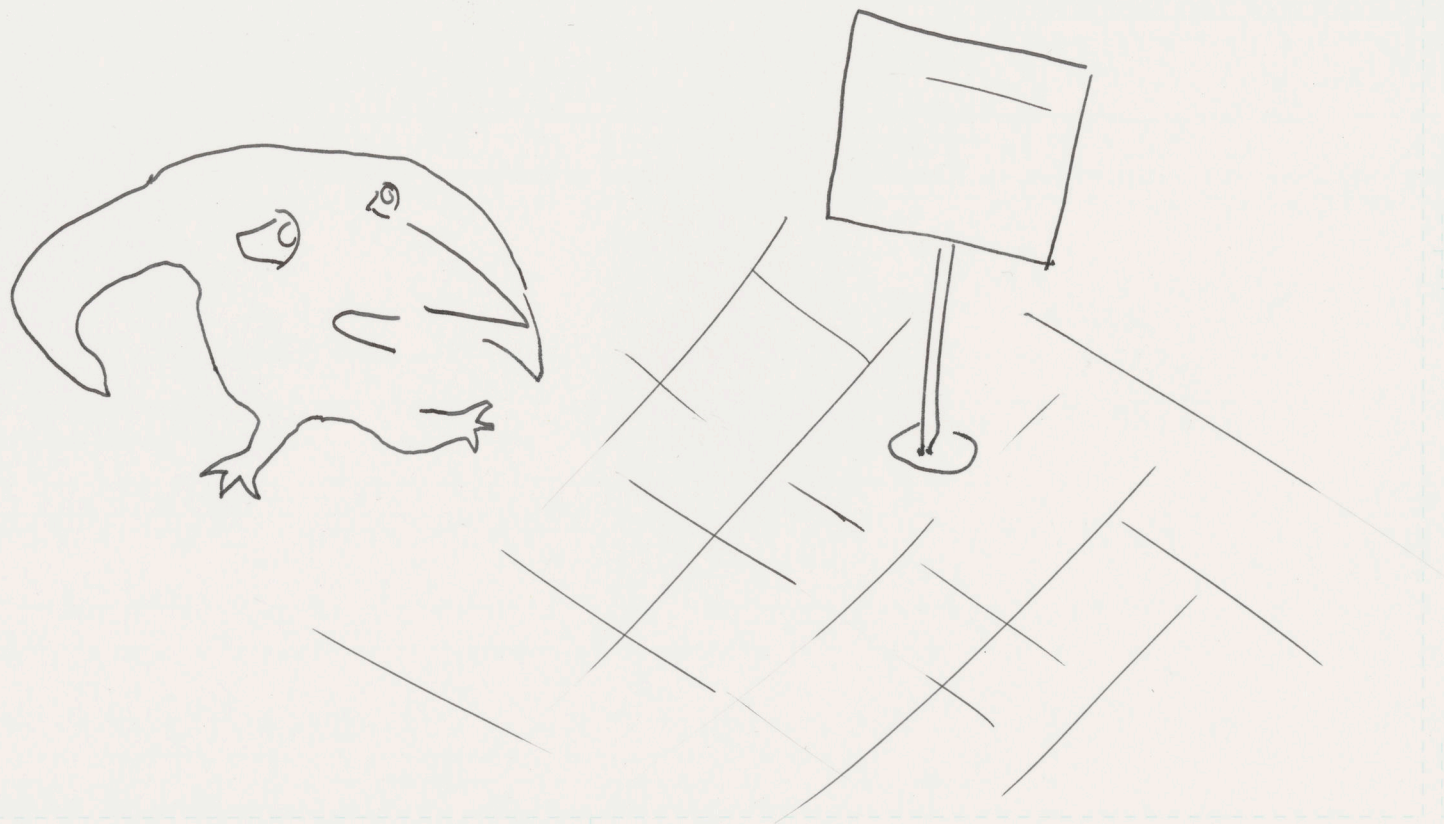


The dead squirrel got up, shook its tail and limped out of sight.

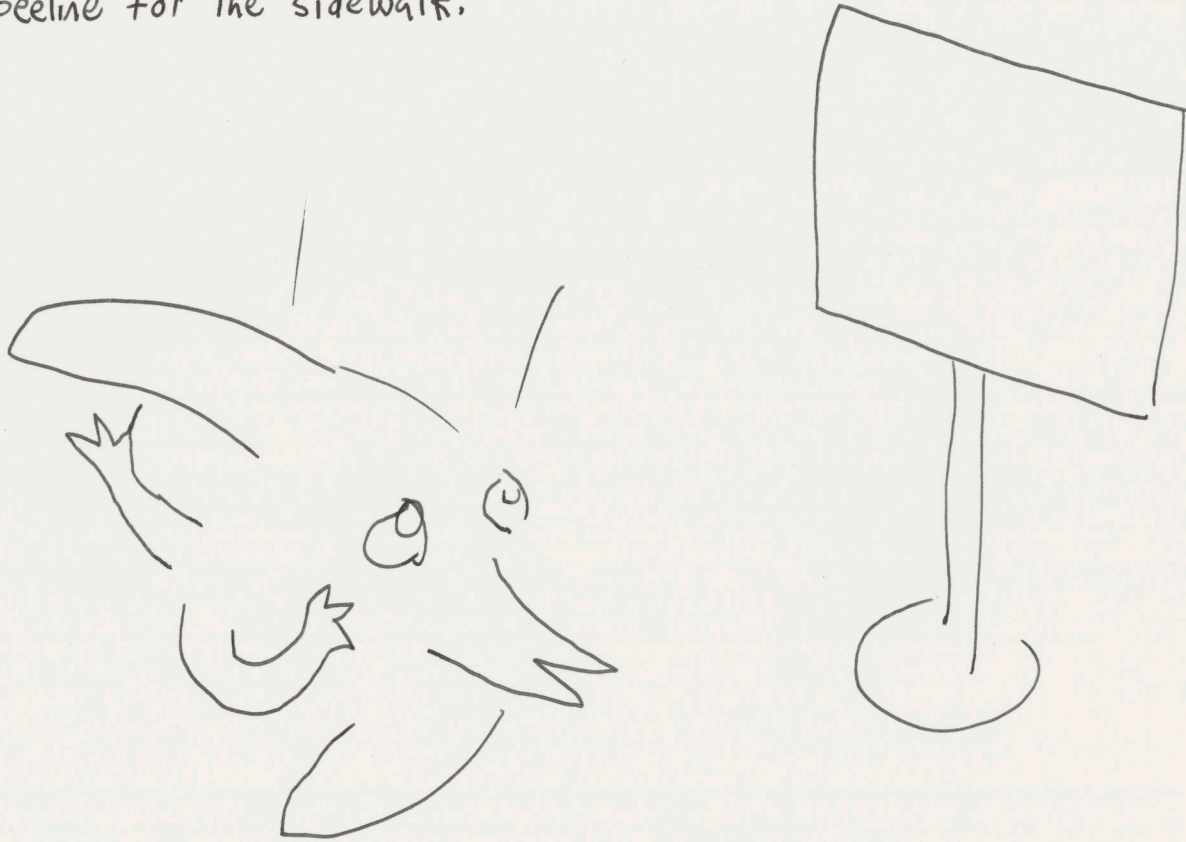




Hungrier than ever, the Hunchbacked Toadfrogcrow found a café. He was encouraged by the "TOADFROGCROWS WELCOME" sign displayed prominently at the front. As he waddled over to read the menu he saw another sign that said, "YOU MUST BE THIS TALL TO EAT HERE."



His height was greater than the minimum indicated, but not visibly so because he was hunchbacked. He strained his whole body, hoping that the top of his head would reach the horizontal line. He fell into a spectacular, hunchbacked mess and, embarrassed, made a beeline for the sidewalk.



After he was far enough from the café that he would not be a nuisance, the Hunch-backed Toadfrogcrow began eating his own feathers. Apparently this would be his only meal today.



A half-dead squirrel, the same one from earlier, limped up to him and began munching on his feathers as well until they both passed out, he from feather loss and it from a food coma.



THE END

