



Pittsburgh Dog & Frog

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Just look—I can see everything from here!

My name is Heinz and I am the luckiest dog in the world. I don't know how I got so lucky. But one of my earliest memories as a puppy was hearing a voice coming from above my basket saying, "You are one lucky dog!" And whoever that was, was absolutely right.

My life is great! I have an amazing family of humans who love me and we live high above the great city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Our neighborhood is called Mount Washington. And almost every day, after my morning walk, I sit on my favorite rock and look down at the big city below.

Tourists come from all over the world to take pictures. But, for me, well, I just like to sit here and watch the sun each morning rising slowly behind the tall buildings. What a GRAND view it is!





“Well, thank you so much, Heinz. It was lovely to meet you but I think that I should get back to my job of making people happy. I’m guessing I’ve been gone for quite a long while.”

“Oh no, Hot Metal, can’t you stay just a little longer so that I can take you up to Mount Washington to show you where I live?”

“I would like that, but Heinz—don’t you know?—I can never ever leave the water! I have no way to get around on land.”

“You can ride on my back. I’m very strong.”

“Oh, catfish and dragonflies, Heinz! I’m way too big for that! It takes a crew of big, strong humans to move me. Look at me!”

“I’d love to know what it’s like to be on the land and to see your home. But even if I wasn’t so big, your plan won’t work because the truth is, even though it looks like it, I don’t have actual working feet and legs. And I didn’t really want to tell you this, but the terrible truth is I’m stuck to this lily pad. *STUCK*, I tell you!” Hot Metal says, as big froggie teardrops splash down into the river.



"Maybe we should think about leaving," Heinz tells Hot Metal, hoping the marshmallow won't be too hard to clean up. But Hot Metal has hopped off to the back of the bakery and is staring up with wide eyes. "Holy cannoli! What is this giant table of cookies doing here? And what is a cannoli?"

Heinz tells Hot Metal that he is standing in front of a Pittsburgh Cookie Table—a famous Pittsburgh wedding tradition.

Finally, when neither one can eat another cookie crumb, Hot Metal turns to Heinz and says, "Hanging-out with you has been one of the greatest days of my life. But now I really, truly, sadly must go."

"But, Hot Metal, there is so much more to do. I haven't taken you to visit George Washington and Guyasuta where you can see the whole city from Grandview Avenue. There's no place like Mount Washington anywhere in the whole world. And there might be fireworks tonight!"

"Don't worry, maybe I'll be back some day and we can do all that then."



Heinz is a Pittsburgh dog. What does that mean? What does it mean to be a Pittsburgh dog?



It means he's friendly, generous, caring, daring and head-over-heels in love with this great city. In our story, Heinz decides that a certain, sort of famous visitor—who happens to be a big, yellow, rubber, floating frog—needs to break free and have some fun, Pittsburgh style. And if you know anything about the "Burgh," that can mean a lot of different things.

We meet Heinz in his favorite spot, not too far away from the house where he lives in the neighborhood of Mount Washington, high above Pittsburgh's famous three rivers.

Heinz is watching and waiting for this big—and I mean BIG—frog to arrive. He is planning a truly fun day for frog but he has noooooooo idea how utterly difficult, impossible, challenging, wet, scary, magical, messy and delicious this day is going to be.

READ THIS BOOK AND LEARN...

- How Pittsburghers know when they can go swimming.
- How the Hot Metal Bridge got its name.
- Who the great Gyasuta was.



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