



# BOOT & SHOE



Marla Frazee  
Two-time Caldecott Honor medalist



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Marla Frazee



SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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To Steve Malk, who likes cats more

SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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Boot and Shoe were born into the same litter,  
and now they live in the same house.





But Boot spends his days on the back porch,  
because he's a back porch kind of dog.



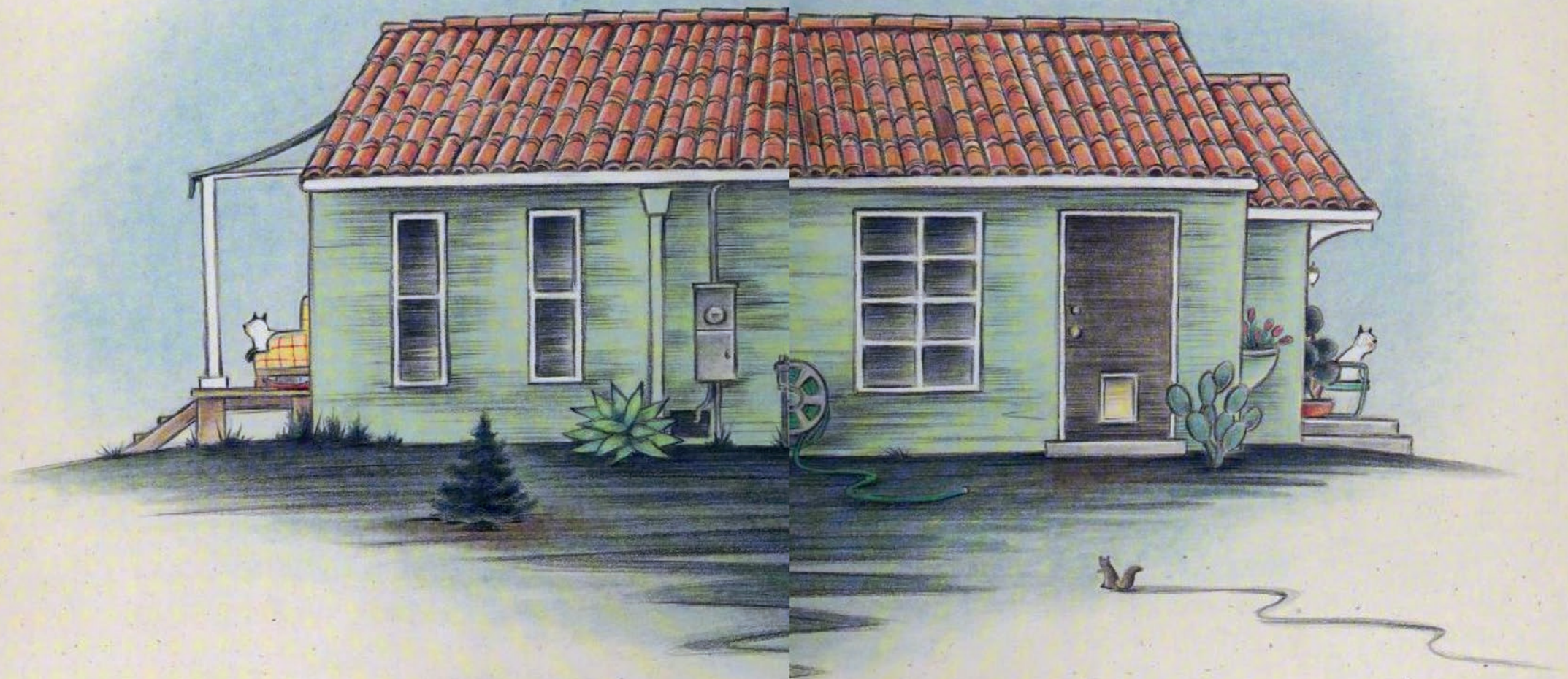
And Shoe spends his days on the front porch,  
because he's a front porch kind of dog.

This is exactly  
perfect for  
both of them.



Then one day,  
for no apparent reason,

a squirrel started  
some  
trouble.







It chattered  
at Boot.



It chattered  
at Shoe.



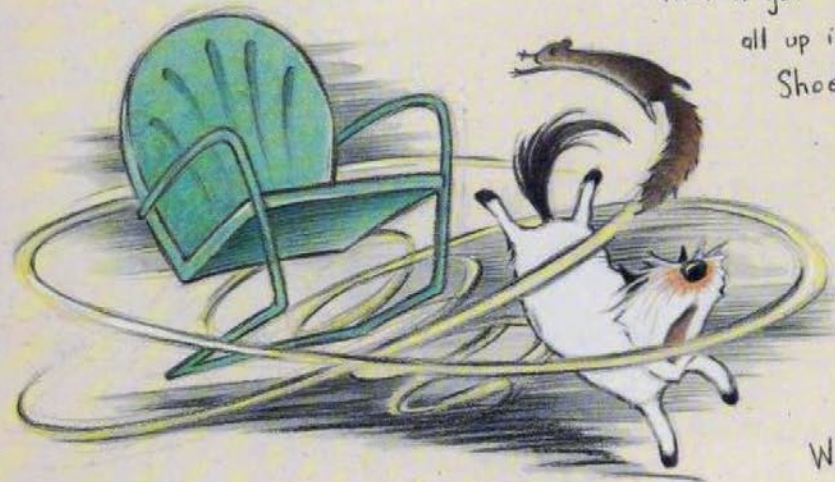
It threw stuff  
at Boot.



It threw stuff  
at Shoe.



And then  
it got all up  
in Boot's business.



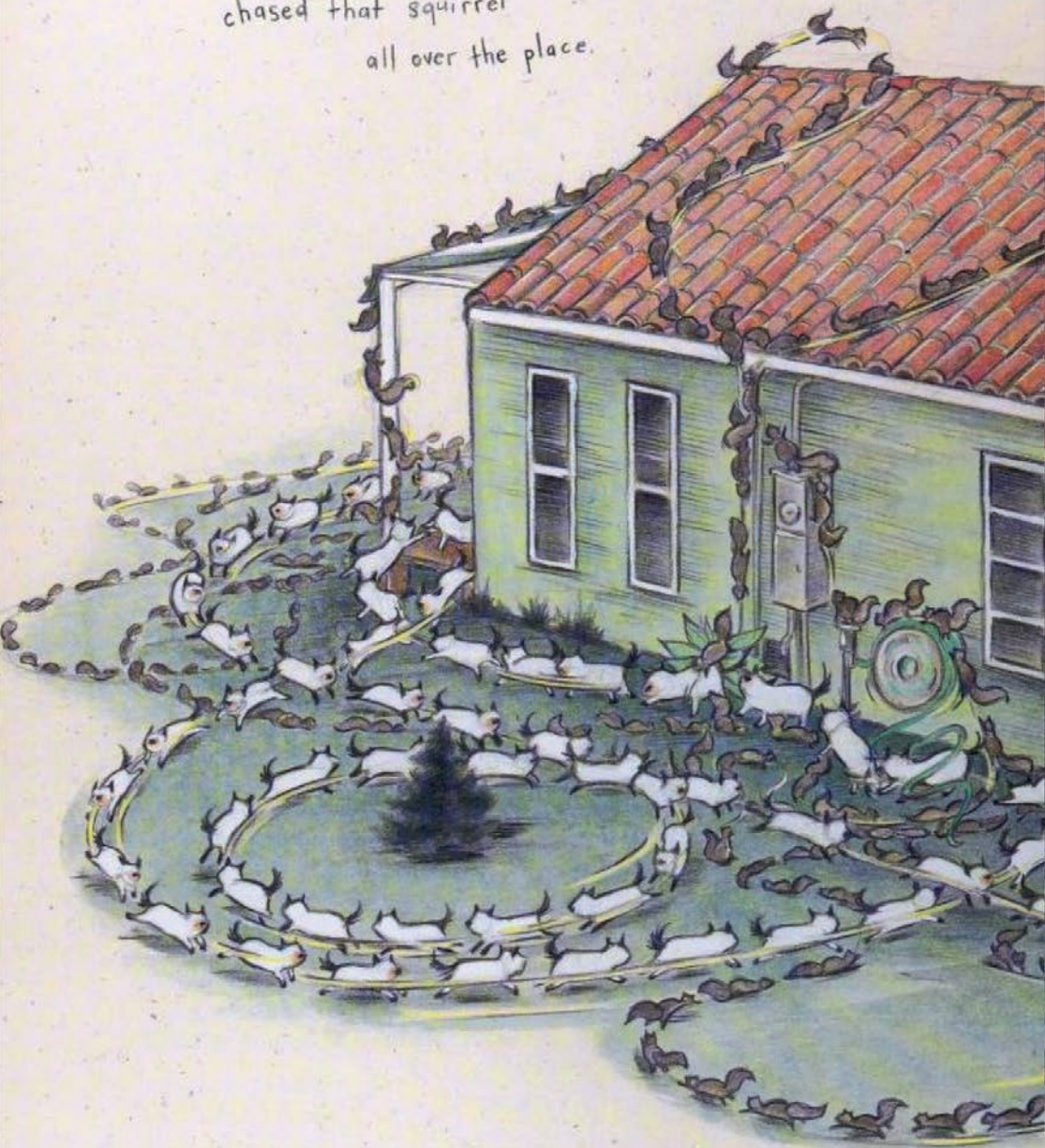
And it got  
all up in  
Shoe's business,  
too.

Whoa.

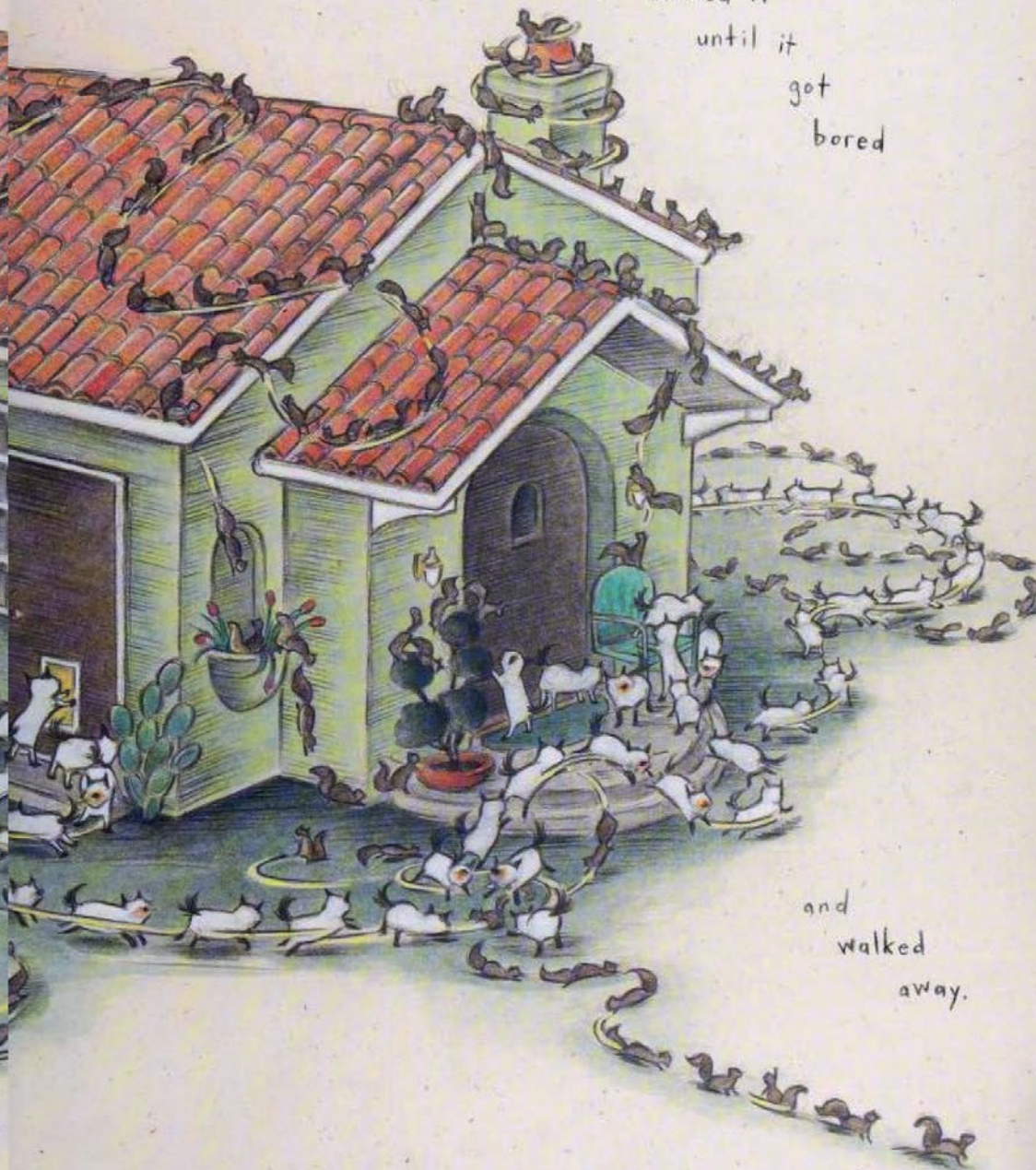
Something had  
to be done.



So Boot and Shoe  
chased that squirrel  
all over the place.



They chased it and  
chased it and  
chased it  
until it  
got  
bored



and  
walked  
away.





Boot collapsed.



Shoe collapsed, too.



When Boot  
opened his eyes,  
he saw that he was on the front porch.  
He looked around for Shoe.

Shoe should be here.  
But he wasn't.

Oh, no.



When  
Shoe  
opened his  
eyes, he saw that he was on the back porch.  
He looked around for Boot.

Boot should be here.  
But he wasn't.

Oh, no.





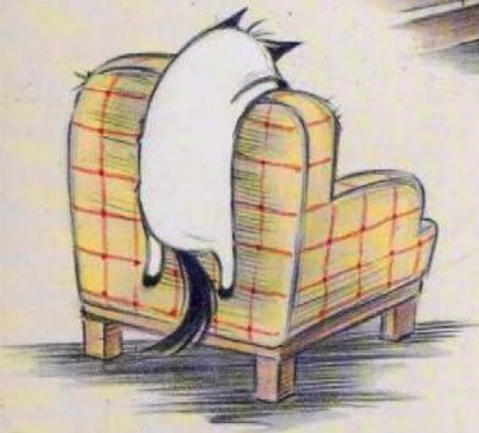
Boot searched  
the front porch for Shoe.  
He looked under things,  
over things,  
around things,  
and between  
things.



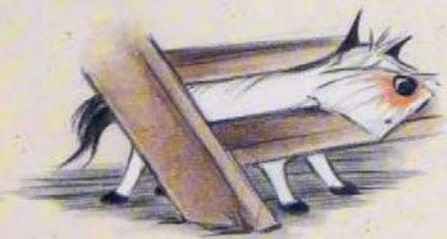
No luck.



Shoe searched  
the back porch for Boot.  
He looked under things,  
over things,  
around things,  
and between  
things.



No luck  
for him  
either.

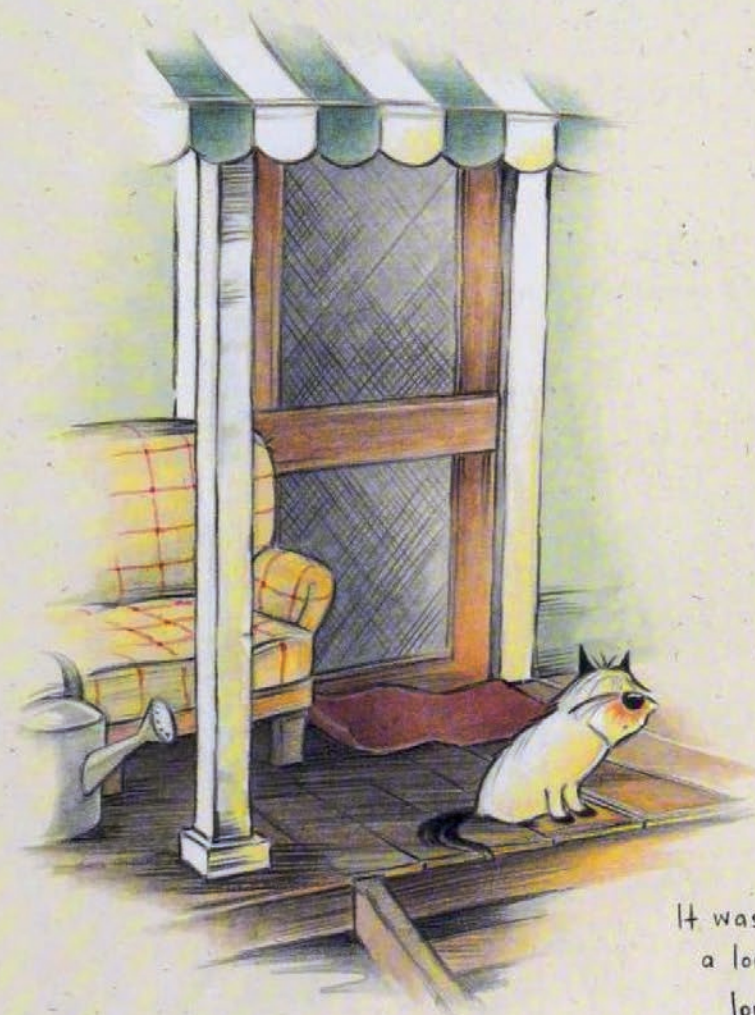




Boot decided to station himself on the front porch  
and wait there until Shoe found his way back.

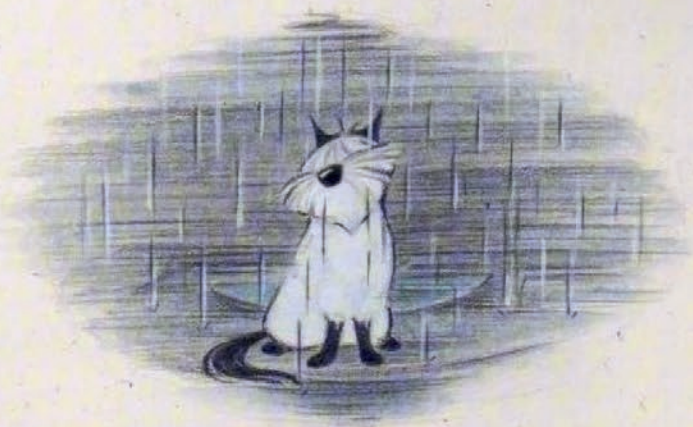


And Shoe decided to station himself on the back porch  
and wait there until Boot found his way back.



It was  
a long,  
lonely  
afternoon.





When it was dinnertime, Boot's stomach rumbled.  
But he didn't want to eat dinner without Shoe.



Shoe's stomach rumbled, too.  
But he didn't want to eat dinner without Boot.  
It was a long,  
hungry evening.



At bedtime, Boot was shivering.  
But he didn't want to get in bed without Shoe.



Shoe was shivering, too.  
But he didn't want to get in bed  
without  
Boot.



Once during the night,  
Boot walked slowly around  
to the back porch  
to see if Shoe  
was  
there,



and Shoe  
walked slowly  
around to the front porch  
to see if Boot was there.

But no luck again.



So Boot ended up back on the front porch waiting for Shoe,

and Shoe ended up back on the back porch waiting for Boot.



It was  
a long,  
sleepless  
night.



The sun came up.



On the  
front porch,  
there was still no sign of Shoe.  
Boot began to cry.



On the  
back porch,  
there was still no sign of Boot.  
Shoe began to cry, too.

But, even in  
the worst of times,  
a dog still needs  
to pee.



Boot dragged  
himself over  
to the tree.

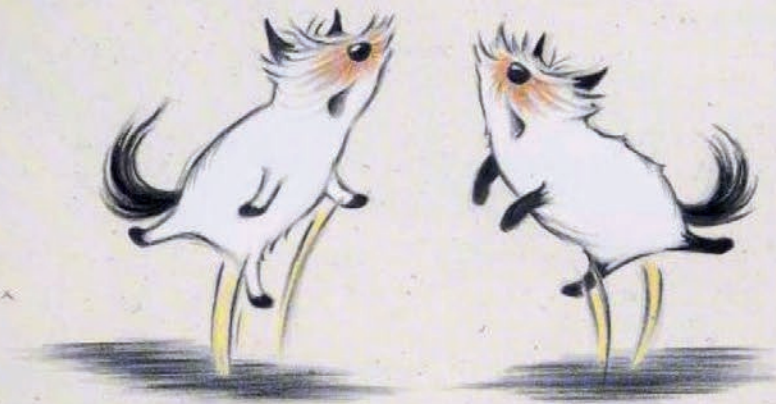


Shoe dragged  
himself over  
to the tree,  
too.





And suddenly, lo and behold, there they were again!



Overjoyed to see each other!



Overtired, too.



So even though the day was just beginning, Boot and Shoe decided

that the exact perfect thing for both of them to do was go right to bed.

