

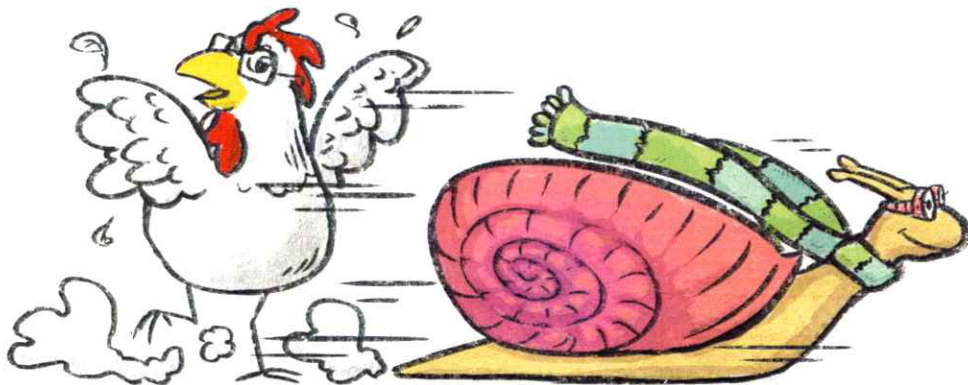


As Poodle and What? reached
the chapter they sought, they heard
a whoosh and a screech,
and then something zipped by
like a shot, like a bird,
like a swat,
like a thought.

Zooooooooom! It went, heard
like a blurred word,
from left to right! *Zoom!*

What? said, "What?
What-what-what-what-what?"
and Poodle looked shocked.
No one talked.

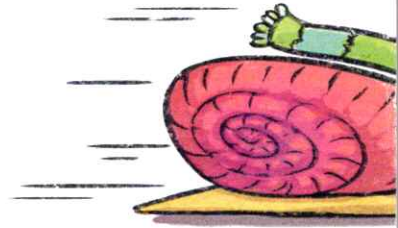
Zooooooooom! Something passed
like the sweep of a hawk,
and Poodle stepped fast
right out of the blast. *Zoom!*



Then, *zoom!*, it came back
from the other direction
and screeched with a smack
up to them in their section.

It was a snail—fast, not frail—
on a whole other scale!

“I’m Sidney,” the snail said,
and she laughed.
“I’m fast like a blast!”



Poodle blinked.
There could be little doubt
that Sidney was fast,
not slow, like a drought.

“I’m Sidney,” she greeted,
and What? just said, “What?”
and Poodle retreated.

