



Zoom! went she rapidly.

“Look at me now!”

Left and right and then past again,
calling to Poodle and What?,

“See how?”

“I’m a verb!” Sidney cried again.

“Look now! I’m *run!*” and *zoom!*, off she ran,
a snail with no legs,

then turned,

and *zoom!*, she returned.

“I’m *laugh!*” she said,
laughing *hahahaha* as she passed.

“I’m *flap!*” she cried
and flapped her antennae
(Did she even have any?),
and *zoom!*, she screeched
back to their spot.

“I’m a verb!” the snail said
and shook her snail head
up and down like a hound,
and her antennae wobbled
as What?’s floppy tongue bobbled.



Poodle thought with a frown
as he took a deep view,
“This is the fastest snail
I ever knew.
How can she zoom so fast?
I haven’t a clue.”

What? just cried, “What?
What-what-what-what-what?”

“You can’t be a verb,”
Poodle said, now perturbed.
His view was that snails can’t be words,
which made sense, like ten cents,
but Sidney had other ideas.
She was smart, like a tree is.

