

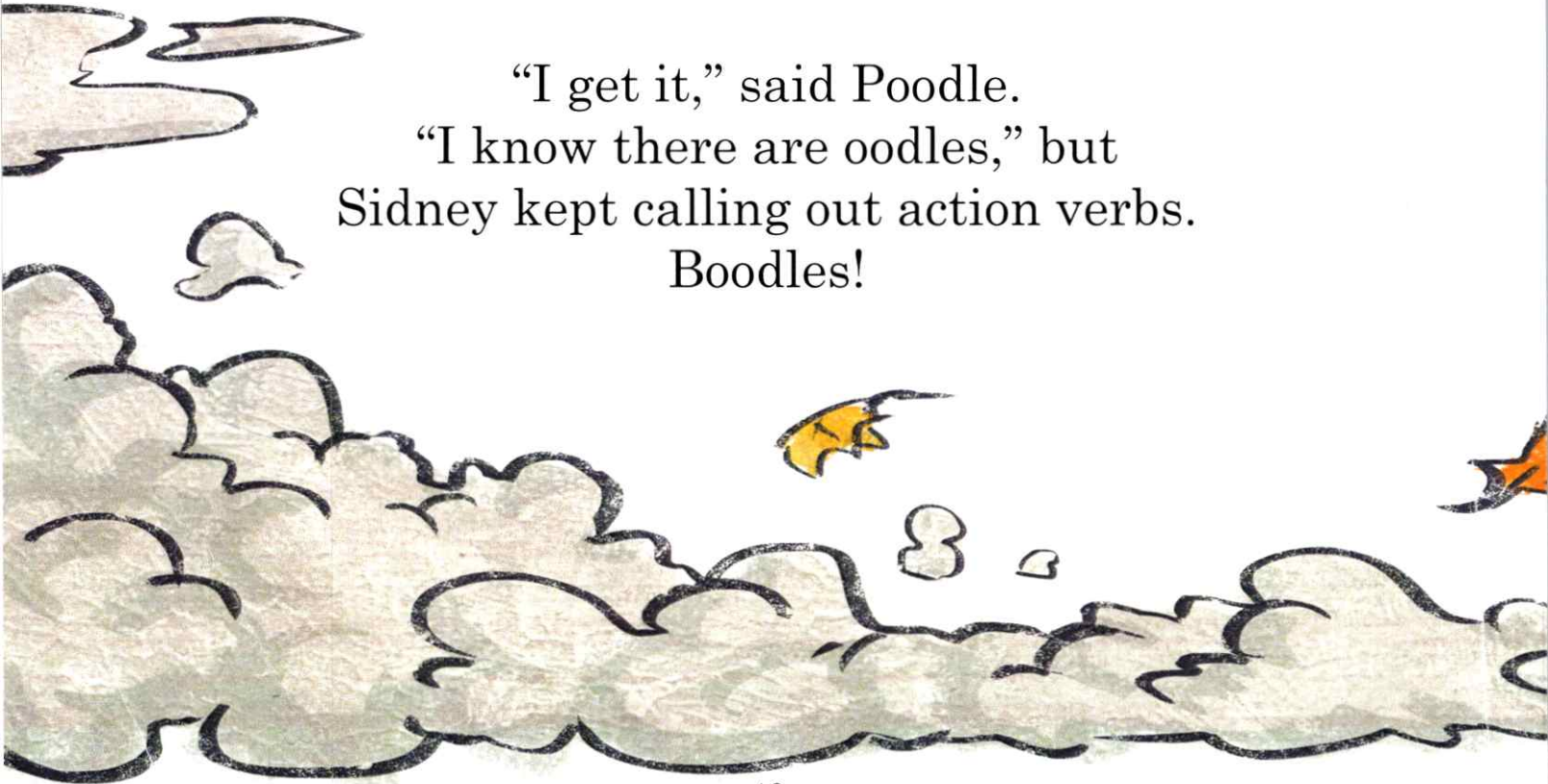


“Look at me!” she cried,
and *zoom!*, off she glided.
“I’m an action verb, yay!”
With that, the world’s fastest
snail blasted away,
leaving small poofs of dust
in lines down the day, just
calling out verbs as she passed,
and it seemed like a scheme,
like a dream.

“*Say! Make! Think! Take!*
Look! Ask! Give! Wake!”
she cried. Poodle quaked.

“*Know! Move! Write! Sit!*
Play! Put! Leave! Get!” Zoom!

“I get it,” said Poodle.
“I know there are oodles,” but
Sidney kept calling out action verbs.
Boodles!



“*Grow!*” she cried suddenly.
“*Lose! Open! Choose!*
Watch! Change! Snooze!” And zoom!,
like a fuse on a cruise,
she flew by.

Sidney called out again,
but then with a spin, like a chime,
she called out true time,
showing *when*:

“I **fly**—it’s right now.
I **flew**—it was then.
I **will fly**—it’s coming so soon,
like the moon!

Go—went—will go!”
the quick Sidney crooned.

