



WOOOOOhooooooooooo! With a yell,
laughing all the way, down they fell,
the chicken and beagle—a long dive,
hoping to land in Chapter Five.

Long they fell—long, giggling and wriggling.

Whrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr went the air
as they fell through it like a fluid, the pair.

Finally the bottom appeared,
and the air cleared, and Chapter Five
came rushing up beneath them,
and *boom!*, they stuck the landing
through the gloom and landed standing.
It was commanding. They laughed!

They looked around.

Poodle frowned.

“Where is Sidney?” he tried.

“Do you see her, our guide?”

What? mumbled, “What-what-what-what-what?”

He always said that.



Then, from somewhere faaaar over there,
they heard Sidney's voice,
with a roar like a bear,
getting louder and LOUDER,
and suddenly, *ZOOM!*, she dashed by
again with a bright flash and cry,
yelling, "I'm an action verb!
See? I'm *dash!*"

Poof! Dash was gone again,
left to right, when,

"Sidney," Poodle called,
"come back! You're not a verb;
you're a snail!"

