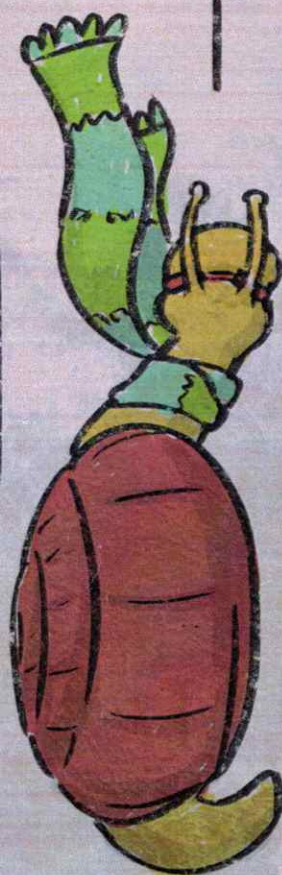




Down they fell, down,
down **toward** some dawn.
Poodle hoped to land
on his own two feet,
and What? hoped
for four feet, paws,
and both reflected, paused,
on the strange situation
they were **in**,
falling **through** words.

Sidney was strangely silent.
What was she thinking?
They soon found it out.



On the third day they fell, Sidney said,
and there was no doubt,
“Look, I can fall with my head
on the bottom or my head **on the side**
or my feet **at the top** as I dive!”

Poodle tried and dove nose-down,
his beak **on the bottom**, like a dive.

What? then attempted to copy the trick,
but he fell like a brick,
squealing, “What-what-what-what?”
as he fell double-quick.

He tried to stick paws
to the right, like a pause, but in spite
of his tries, he fell spread out wide.

