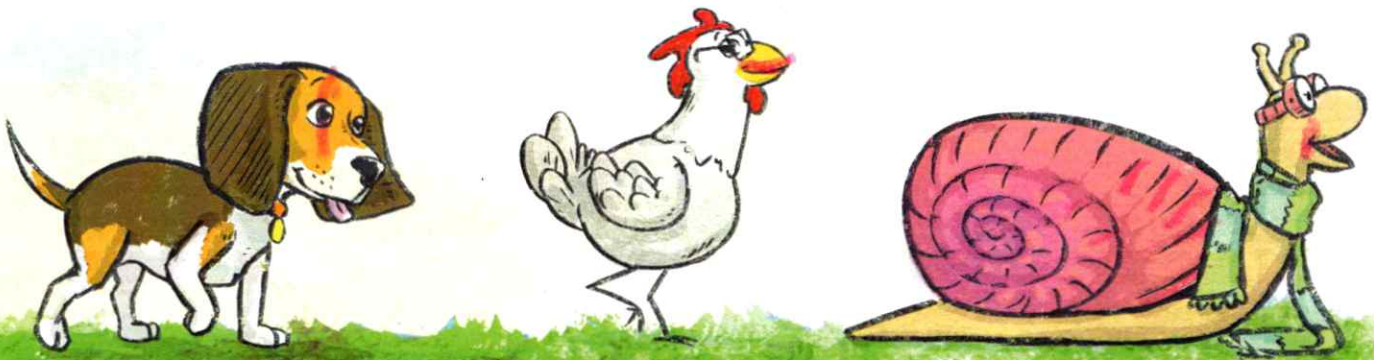




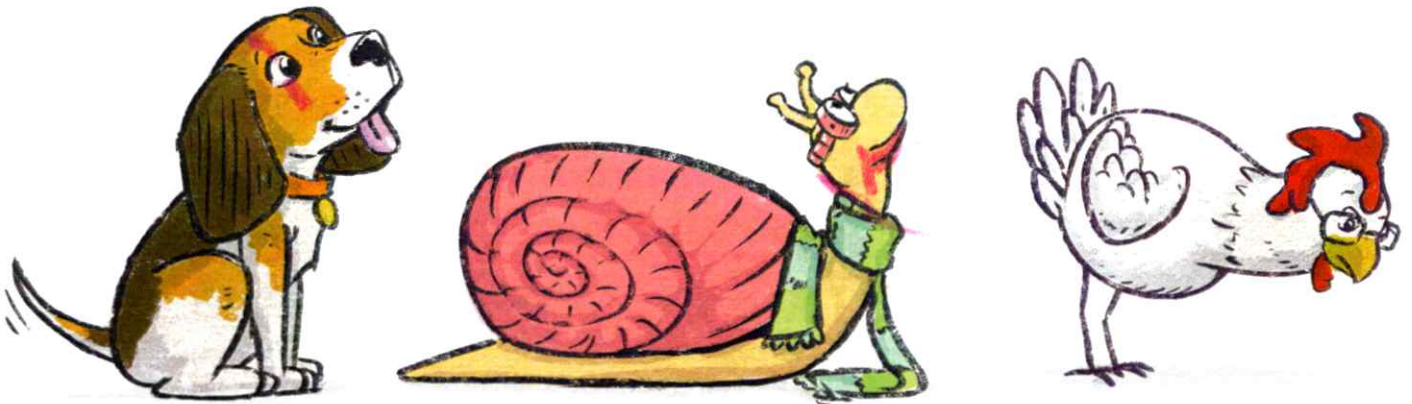
It was quite a long day,
and the friends practiced playing
with prepositions every way,
putting things in places,
in strange new locations
and strange combinations.
It was fun.

Poodle said to Sidney the fast snail,
“You are **on the ground**
of a land that is **in a book**.”

Sidney replied,
“You fell **down the sky**,
landing **with a sigh**. Look!”



Suddenly there was a blink
high above the page.
“What was that?” Poodle whispered.
“Shhhh,” said Sidney. “I think
they can see us.”



They made their way quietly to the edge
of the page and looked down the ledge,
and around the paragraph,
and up into the air above.

From somewhere,
they heard a muffled laugh.

What was so funny?
“Are you laughing at me?”
Poodle wondered.