

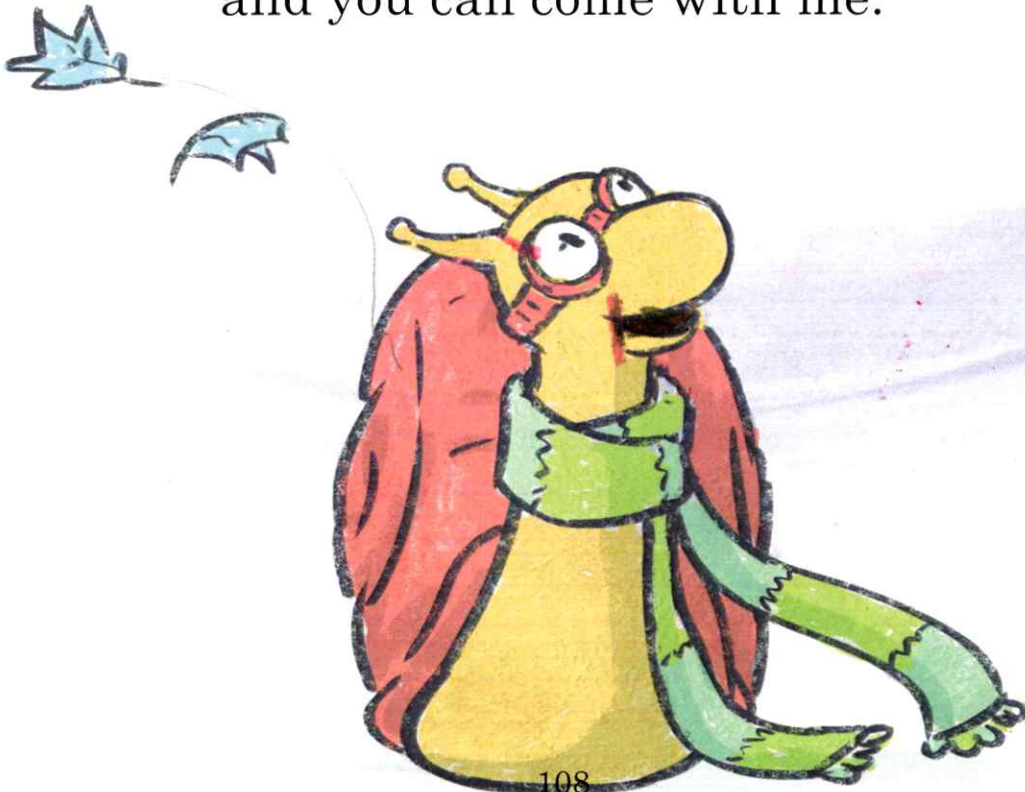


Suddenly the friends
stopped and looked at the end.
They'd discussed all of the eight
kinds of words. It was great.

Somewhere above them,
a child blinked.
Sidney noticed that blink
out of the corner of her eye.

"Sidney," Poodle said,
"make a sentence that has
all eight kinds of words."

Sidney thought and said,
"Well, I will now leave
for the blue land of words,
and you can come with me."



“What?” asked Poodle. “Please make a sentence that has all eight kinds of words.”

Sidney said,
“Oh, I like good words,
and I see them blow in the wind
like blue leaves.”

“Please, Sidney,” Poodle begged,
“just make up a sentence
that has all eight kinds of words!”

“Think,” said What?.

“Ah,” Poodle said. “I think I see what you mean. These sentences do have all eight kinds of words, yes?”

“Yes,” said Sidney.

“Yep,” said What?.





Then Poodle paused and tried
a sentence himself:

“Gee, the little beagle and I
are old friends, and we think
carefully about good words.”

He did it!

The friends laughed.
The child blinked and whispered.
The author put this sentence here.

It was a very good day.

