



Stunned and confused, the three
glanced at each other, bruised,
faced the star over there,
and started walking once more.

The blue plain still stretched
far before them. They walked
through the spot
where the white wall had been.

Poodle made a small,
uncertain, chickenly sound.

He didn't mean to.

It just came out.

(Face it. He was rattled.)

And he began:

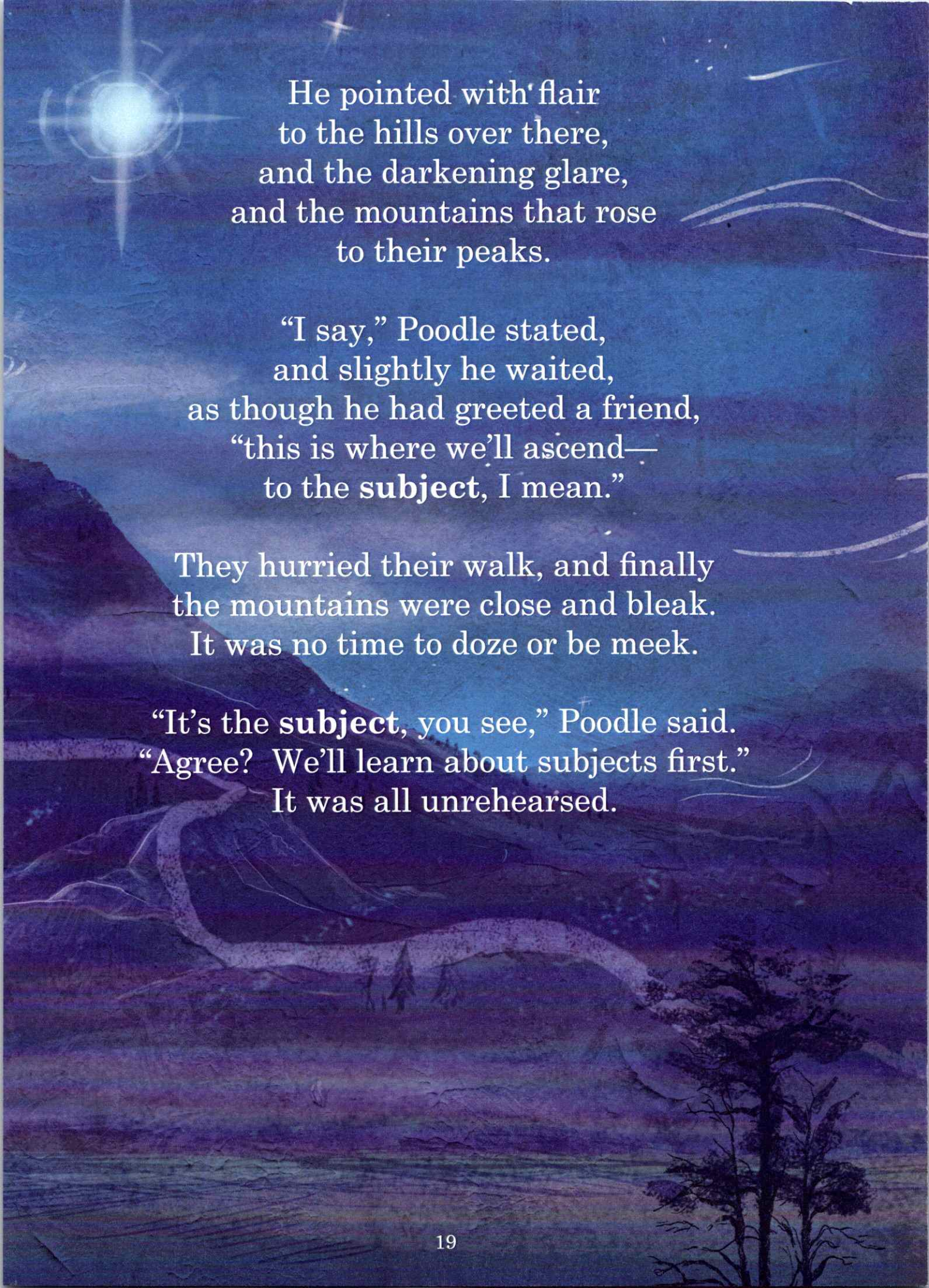
"Ahem. The next spot, I say,"

said Poodle that way,

"we'll find the next spot over there.

We will find the SUBJECT!"





He pointed with' flair
to the hills over there,
and the darkening glare,
and the mountains that rose
to their peaks.

"I say," Poodle stated,
and slightly he waited,
as though he had greeted a friend,
"this is where we'll ascend—
to the **subject**, I mean."

They hurried their walk, and finally
the mountains were close and bleak.
It was no time to doze or be meek.

"It's the **subject**, you see," Poodle said.
"Agree? We'll learn about subjects first."
It was all unrehearsed.