



The narrator's voice suddenly burst
from somewhere—who knew?—
and out of some speakers, there
boomed an announcement,
like words that were bouncing:

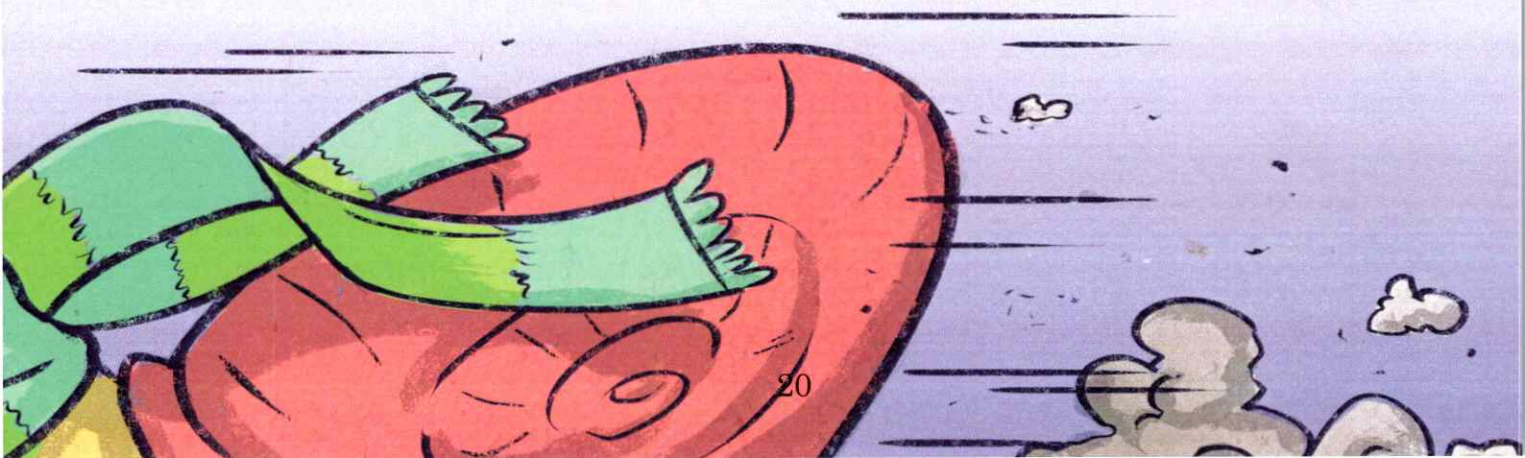
“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
THE SUBJECT IS THE NOUN
OR PRONOUN THAT
THE SENTENCE IS ABOUT!”

“Stop that!” Poodle cried.
“Where are you? Who are you?”

“What-what-what-what-what?” cried What?

Fooooooffff, went Sidney, who'd
had enough of this voice.
That was her choice.
She was an action verb, after all.

They couldn't even SEE this guy.



“Wait,” Poodle said,
and he hung his beaked head.
“Let’s think about this for a bit.
The **subject**,” he called,
“is the point of it all.
It’s why we’re enthralled.
It’s what the whole thought is about,
no doubt.”

What? and Sidney stared.

“If I say, ‘Beagles sniff,’
then *Beagles* is the subject.
A noun or a pronoun,” Poodle said,
“if we follow the thread and aren’t misled,
is the subject, the point
that the idea is about. For example....”

What? barked, “What!”

“For example, if I’m talking about mice,
then **MOUSE** is my subject
because I’m talking about that.”

