



“Be careful on these rocks!” cried Poodle.
“They are sleek. Eek!”

“You sound like Gramlet,” said Sidney.

“Just climb,” said Poodle.

But What?’s countenance was
disturbed. He was shrinking back.

He was thinking,
and he was blinking
and clinging to the rocks.
He was thinking about *linking*—
about Poodle’s sentence:
They are sleek.

“Poodle,” he said, “what if I said,

‘Poodle is a chicken.’

Is *chicken* a direct object?”



Poodle thought. "Hmm," he said,
"direct objects go with action verbs.

Is *IS* an action verb?

Can I *IS* something?

Is that an action?

Can I *IS* you?"

"*IS* me?" asked What?.

"You can't *IS* me.

Don't even try it.

Don't quiz me.

You can't *IS* something.

I think *IS* might not be
an action verb."

"Careful," said Poodle,

"or I will *IS* you."

He thought he was funny.

A funny chicken.





“Look,” said What?, “what’s
the difference between

Ed saw a turtle and Ed is a turtle?”

Poodle thought.

“If Ed saw a turtle,
they are two different things,
but if Ed is a turtle, they are the same.”

“That’s it!” said What?.

“If Ed **IS** a turtle,
they are **LINKED**!

It’s like numbers!

Two and two are equal to four!

They are the same thing!

If Ed is a turtle, they are the same thing!

IS is a linking verb because it **LINKS**!”

Their eyes opened with understanding.

As they climbed, nearing the summit,

they grew thoughtful,

thinking of the difference

between **DOING** something

and **BEING** something.