



“We are here to find—” said Poodle.

“ROOOOOOOWWWWWRRRRR!”
shrieked Dickinson as they climbed closer.

“We’re looking for subj—”

“RRROWWWWWWW!”



Poodle could not finish a sentence.
This shrieking blue thing blasted him
every time he tried a word.

He stared up at the madwind,
its eyes glowing like purple dawn and
its blue robes flowing straight out,
throwing blue probes into space.
Enough was enough.

