

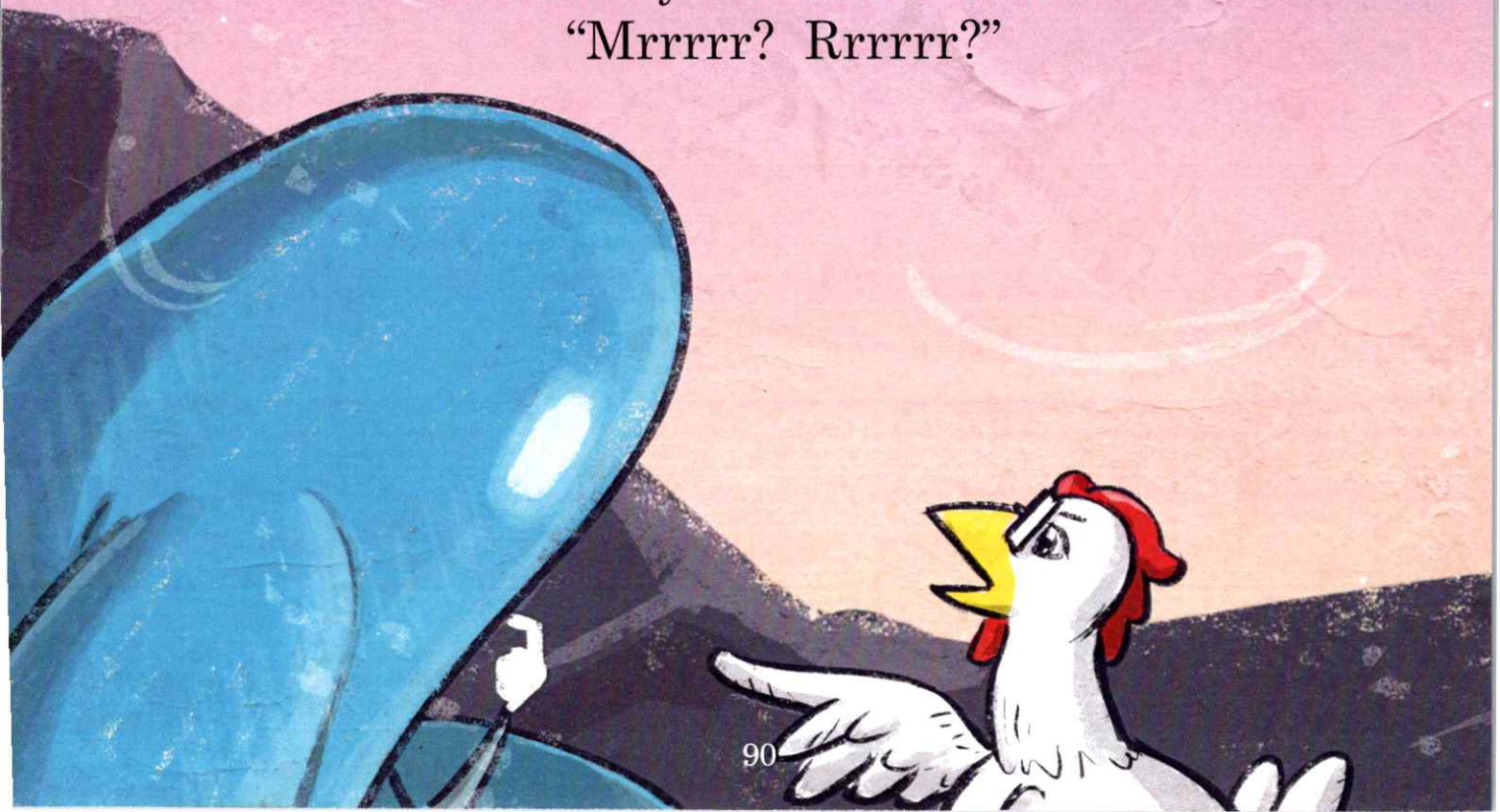


“STOP THAT!” Poodle screamed.
“STOP IT!!!”

“Uhrrrr?” said Dickinson,
abashed and suddenly silent.
He slowed to a stop,
hovering over the boulder beside them.
His eyes glowed big
as he studied them.
He bowed forward.

“I said STOP, and I mean it,” said Poodle,
staring straight into D’s dawny eyes.

“Bhrhrrr?” said Dickinson
with a little questiony *murr*.
Dickinson had not expected this.
Were they not afraid of him?
“Mrrrrrr? Rrrrrrr?”



“Look, Dickinson,” said Poodle,
“we know who you are. Gramlet told us.
We’re not afraid of you, not scared.
You’re full of air.
Stop all this hurlybury at once.
It’s impressive, but
we have work to do.”

Slowly, rolling the word in his mouth—
hurlyburly—

Dickinson repeated the word.
“Hurlyburly?” he said, but it sounded
like *urhrleeuhrlee*—nice,
like a fair wind, for the first time.

“Yes,” said Poodle in a surly tone.
“*Hurlyburly*. A commotion.
You’re making too much hurlyburly.”

Somehow, *hurlyburly* sounded familiar,
as though he had read it somewhere.
Some book....



“Mrrrrr, I like *hurlyburly*,” murmured Dickinson, and a kind of blue smile folded into his windface.

That was the best he could do.

His mouth was just a foldy place in his blueness.

You could see stars twinkle through him.

“Dickinson,” Poodle said, “we won’t hurt you. We’re climbing to learn about **subject complements**, and we think we can see them better from up here.”

Dickinson’s blue face folded again, and now he was smiling.

“Wooooooo, **subject complements!**” said Dickinson. “Why didn’t you say so?

Don’t be afraid so!

I LOVE subject complements!”

“What-what-what-what!” cried What?.

Sidney was not sure, and she stayed quiet.