



“That’s more like it,” Poodle mentioned.

“You have to pay attention.

You can’t just pop me on a mountain.

You have to be nice
to your characters, please.”

Right, the author wrote.

He made a note: *nice*.

Sorry about the sunset thing.

Wait, where are you going?

“Down. Where do you think?” Poodle said.

“I’m going down,” he frowned.

“I have work to do.

Please write me down from here.”

The author wrote:

Poodle wiggled his toes.

“Why did you do that?!” Poodle asked.

What? wrote the author.

“Why did you wiggle my toes?

Stop that. Write that back. Please!”





I can't, the author wrote.
The sentence is already written.
Wiggled is a past tense verb, superb,
and you can't change the past.

Poodle was not amused.
His feelings were bruised. He felt used.
"No toe-wiggles," he asserted, disconcerted.
He was no toe-wiggler, and he
wanted off Blue Mountain. Now.
"Leave my toes alone. Please
write me down from here.
I have work to do."
And he bounded down from the view,
hopping from rock to rock.

Wait for me! the author wrote.
Work? What work?

"I have decided," said Poodle.
"I'm going to write **poems**."