

6. A white chicken never eats beets.

7. The blue river flowed through the green valley.

8. Every good chicken is a carpenter.

9. With a sudden shift, the wind said *wh.*

10. The chicken gave Maybe a quick look.





Chapter Two: The Forest

Once he had written the forest,
and leaves began slinking over the page,
and a vine
curled up
over here
and grew this way,
the author wrote:

Then there was flash and a *piff*,
and a puff of dusty stuff,
and a lovely tough of gruffy-rough
(just enough to snuff),
and Poodle popped up
on the forest path, *pop!*

Standing on his feet
(he had stuck the landing—quite a feat),
he dusted himself with a flip.
“Wow,” he thought, “quick trip!”