



“And guess what?” Poodle asked.
“Each two-part measure is called a **foot**.
The beats are the feet.

1 2 3
to **hide** / the **woods** / all **night**

“Iambic tetrameter is four feet.
Iambic trimeter is three feet.

“So this is the iambic pattern of a **ballad**:”

1 2 3 4
1 2 3
1 2 3 4
1 2 3

four feet
three feet
four feet
three feet



one **two**, one **two**, one **two**, one **two**
one **two**, one **two**, one **two**
one **two**, one **two**, one **two**, one **two**
one **two**, one **two**, one **two**

iambic tetrameter
iambic trimeter
iambic tetrameter
iambic trimeter

The author was impressed.
Maybe Poodle really did know about poems.

Poodle, the author wrote,
let me try one.

Poodle looked dubious.
“You? Write a ballad?” he asked.

Let me try, the author wrote.

“All right,” Poodle said. “Try.”





The author wrote:

The chickens wiggle all their toes
and wriggle up their nose,
and when they wiggle toes, it shows,
so let this ballad close.

There was a deafening silence.
Poodle glared up at the author.
“Not funny,” he said. “Leave my toes alone.”

All right, the author thought,
and Poodle heard him.

The author wanted to know more, and
Poodle was about to explain the chime of **rhyme**
when he heard a yappy sound,
like a bark: *What-what-what!*

“What?!” Poodle cried. It was What?!

But somewhere, far to the west, louder now,
a *rumble-grumble-dum-dum* shook the mountains.
Poodle did not notice it.

