



He looked under the ragged rock. Nope.

Under the fluffy fern. Nope.

Behind the author. Nope.

Under the frog. Nope.

He put the frog down.

On the grassy green. Nope.

He poked his beak into the fog
and stared in there. Nope. Foggy, though.

It was making him groggy.

“What?,” he cried, “where are you?!”

Suddenly, What?’s bark zoomed up
the left side of the page, and padded across
the top of the page, and slid down
the right side of the page. Poodle realized
with a start that What? was not in the book!

The author had not written What?
into the forest page, and time was wasting,
and What? did not like it one barky bit.

What an oversight!

What? barked, "What-what-what-what!"

"It's What?!" cried Poodle to the author.
"Write him in! Please!"

The author wrote:
Poodle wiggled his toes.

"Stop that!" Poodle cried.

All right, the author wrote.

"Thank you," said Poodle.

The author stared at the page, where Poodle
was waving his wings, and wrote:

Suddenly, What?
fell with a plop and hopped on the spot.

Plop!