



The author was putting
a final period on this chapter when suddenly....

“CUT!” cried Maybe.
She stormed in from the curtain yelling “LIGHTS!”
and the lights in the theater
snapped on and crackled and popped,
and Joe turned off the wind machine,
and the forest floor became a wooden stage,
and Susie stopped waving the blue river silk,
and people sat in the audience,
but you could not see their faces,
and children giggled
up high somewhere.

“Poodle!” cried Maybe. “You forgot to talk
about **assonance** and **consonance**
and **rhyme**! Don’t forget your lines!
It’s a rehearsal, not a reversal.
You can’t mention **vowels** and **consonants**
without explaining assonance and consonance!
Rhyme, too. You know it!
Remember, you’re a poet,
not just an actor-chicken.”



When Maybe said “actor-chicken,”
Poodle’s countenance froze,
even his chicken nose.

“I’m no actor,” Poodle said, miffed.
“I’m a poet. I have a gift.
I’ll explain rhyme and
assonance and consonance.”

“YES!” cried Maybe. “ACTION!
Take it from ‘vowels and consonants!’”

What? said, “What-what-what-what-what?”

And Maybe whirled and vanished
behind the curtain, stage right.
What? peeked there, but he could not see her.

Off popped the lights—*snap! crackle!*—
and Joe started the fan,
and the stage became a forest,
and Susie waved Worsh,
and little birdies went
sweet sweet sweet.





“**Rhymes**,” Poodle said, “are words
that sound the same at the ends,
such as *Poodle* and *strudel*,
kit-and-kaboodle, and *noodle* and *feudal*,
or *Yankee doodle*.

You can rhyme *stricken* and *chicken*,
quicken and *sicken*, or *thicken* and *kick in*.

“There are **perfect rhymes**,
such as *rose* and *pose*
and *glows* and *snows*,
and there are **near rhymes**,
such as *grabs* and *grubs*, *sleet* and *slit*,
break and *brick*, or *hat* and *hit*.

“There are even **eye rhymes**,
which look the same but do not sound
the same, so they only rhyme to the eye,
such as *there* and *here*, *alone* and *gone*,
brood and *stood*, and *find* and *wind*.

“**End rhymes** are at the ends of lines,
but **internal rhymes** are in the middles of lines,
so here we see both:

The frog’s big **eyes** are no **surprise**,
and seldom are frogs **wise**.