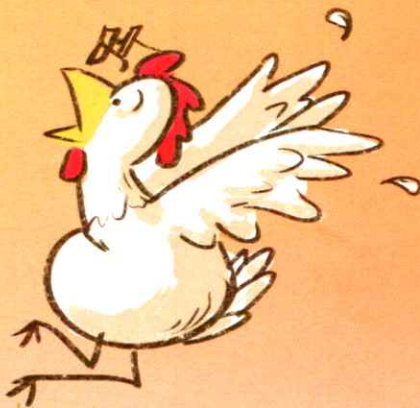


GRRRRRRR KKGKGG!

came the scary sound, even closer, louder,
a scratchy crowd of kacky consonants,
scrabbling toward the page,
about to break through.
Sentences were starting to crack and break.
The growl was getting into the page!

Done, thought the author.
I'm getting you out of there—to anywhere,
quick!—and the author, who had been reading
Treasure Island, wrote:

Pffft! Pop!





There was bright white lightning,
and Poodle and What? popped up—*phfft!*—
on the rising deck of a great pirate ship,
and the Jolly Roger flapped *flapflapflap*,
and the storm blew up and down,
and the main mast cracked, like *KACK!*,
and the bow of the ship rose up, up, up,
and a black wave towered before them,
and a storm cloud poured down,
and seven stinky pirates cried,
“Long John Silver, save us!”
and the terrible pirate
Captain Long John Silver,
with one wooden leg
and a cruel, stampy crutch,
stomped toward Poodle and What?,
and the crutch went
stompstampstomp
on the wet wooden deck,
and the rain bounced all over,
and Silver glared and glowered
with lying pirate eyes, growling.

