



“All right,” said Poodle, “as I was saying:
Guess what, What?? I’m a poet!”

What? said, “What?”
All he knew is that *what* rhymes with *what*.

“Yep,” said Poodle. “A poet.
I showed you **rhyme**
and **assonance** and **consonance**.
Now let us look at a different idea.
Let me show you **alliteration**.”

I never heard of alliteration, wrote the author,
and What? said, “What-what-what?”

“Alliteration is when you repeat
a vowel or consonant sound
at the *beginnings* of words,” Poodle said.

“*Fruit* and *boot* is rhyme,
but *fruit* and *fibble* is **alliteration**.”



Fibble is not a word, wrote the author.
You made that up.

“I can make words up,” said Poodle.

The author wrote:
Poodle wiggled his toes.

“Stop that!” cried Poodle. “Please!
Do NOT wiggle my toes!”

Maybe I *fibbled* them, wrote the author.

“Stop it,” said Poodle. “You are not funny.
Stop it, and I will
show you more **alliteration**.”

So he did.



Poodle showed What? and the author
some examples of alliteration:

grip **g**ood **g**impy **g**oo
marsh **m**e **m**oon **m**oo
open **o**ak **o**dor **O**moo
free **f**ind **f**lorid **f**oo

Foo is not a word, wrote the author.

“Maybe not, but it rhymes
with *goo* and *moo*,” said Poodle.

What? said, “What-what-what?”

A gruff cough suddenly scuffed the air,
right beside them. They heard breathing.
They felt something scratch the air,
like teeth made of *k*’s.

