

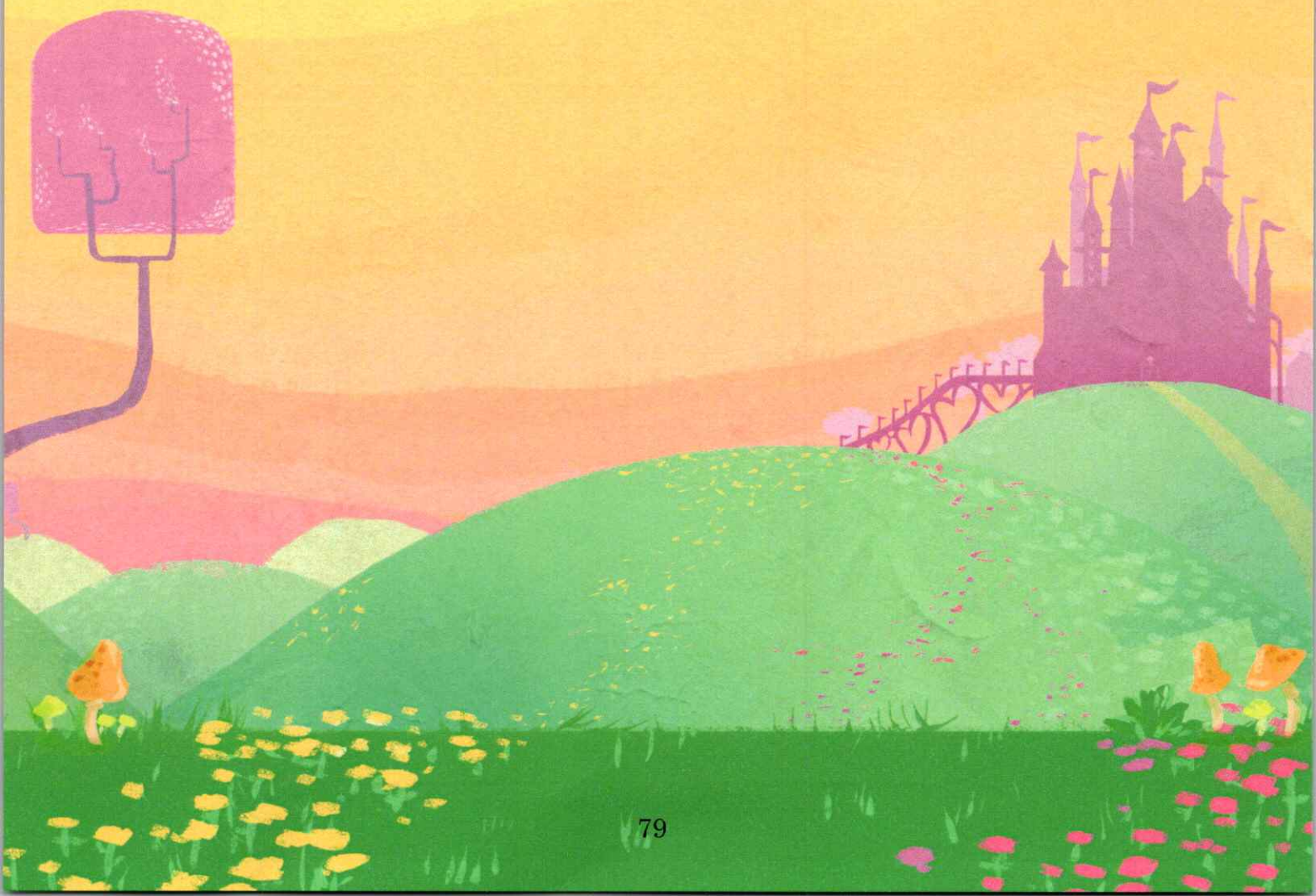
Then *poof pffft pop!*,
they landed in, *poof!*, a crazy place
where everything was wrong,
and some lunatic queen was yelling,
“Off with their heads!”
but there were no heads (we looked),
and guards made of playing cards
wondered what to say.
What a crazy place!



Don't blame me, the author thought.
You wanted out of there.

Well, that was true. They did.
The consonant monster was scary—
the stopped consonant monster.

“That was scary,” Poodle said.
“That growly thing was
full of grouchy *grrr*'s and *kkdd*'s.
Those consonants are so harsh;
we had to march.
My feathers stood right on end.”





From somewhere off stage, there was another shriek of “Off with their heads!” and Poodle looked at What?, and the falling rabbit and girl landed, *poom!*, on their feet, and Poodle was about to say, “This place is too crazy for me,” and What? was about to reply, “What?” but there was a sudden growl.

Yes. Growl.
I am not kidding you.

Grrrg! Grrggg!

Oh, no!

The growl was coming from somewhere off the page. Had the monster jumped after them?

