



Up they fell,
higher and higher,
up with a *zwoooooop*,
landing with a *floop*!
back at the x in the forest,
but this time Sidney was with them!

They were back in Chapter Two.

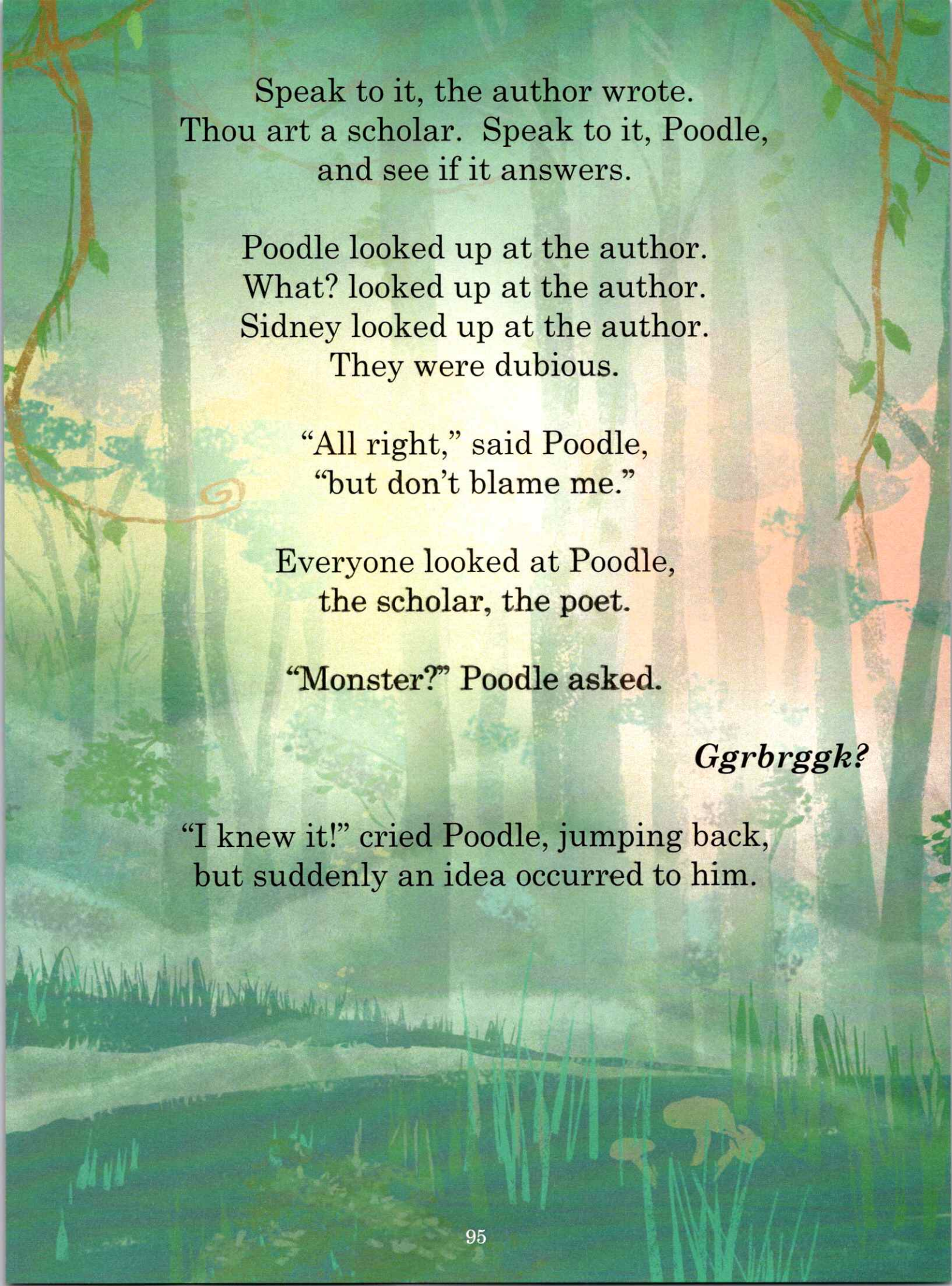
“Sidney!” cried Poodle.
“It is so good to see you!
Thanks for the rescue!”

And What? said, “What-what-what!”

“Whew,” whispered Poodle,
“that was close, but
did that consonant monster
follow us back up here?”

Who knew? You can’t see the guy.





Speak to it, the author wrote.
Thou art a scholar. Speak to it, Poodle,
and see if it answers.

Poodle looked up at the author.
What? looked up at the author.
Sidney looked up at the author.
They were dubious.

“All right,” said Poodle,
“but don’t blame me.”

Everyone looked at Poodle,
the scholar, the poet.

“Monster?” Poodle asked.

Ggrbrggk?

“I knew it!” cried Poodle, jumping back,
but suddenly an idea occurred to him.



“What?! Sidney! Let’s answer back with VOWELS!”
cried Poodle. “Here’s the plan:
What?, you say *oooooooooo*, as in *blue*.
Sidney, you say *eeeeeeee*, as in *free*.
Worsh, you say *owwww*, as in *owl*.
Author, you say *ayyyyyyy*, as in *way*.”

I’m not in the scene, wrote the author.

“Just do it,” said Poodle.
“And children up there, help us.
Say *iiiiiii*, as in *fly*.
Ready, everyone?”

There was a sudden hush.
Then on came the monster’s rush,
like a fury of stopped consonants!

