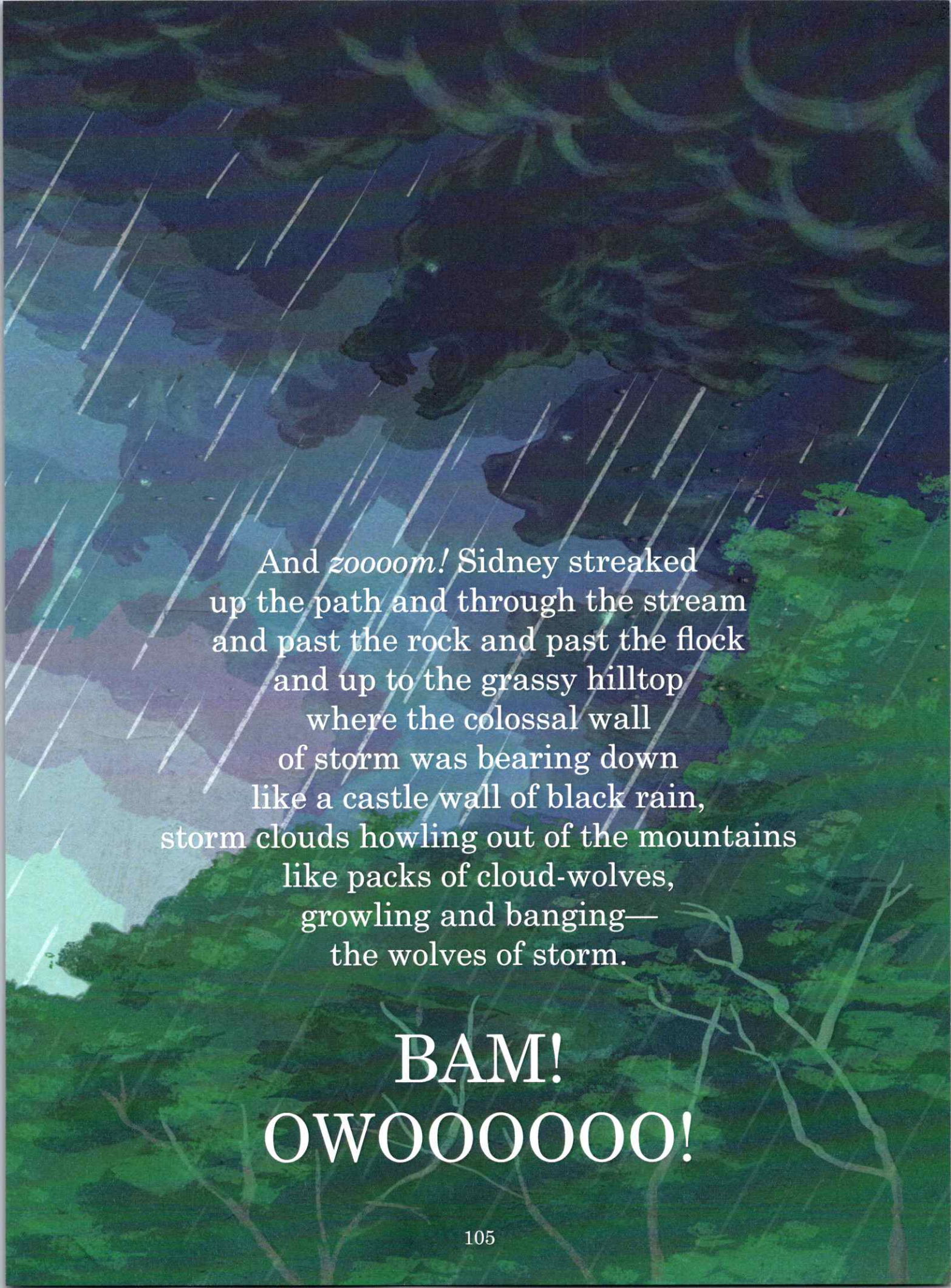




And *zooooom!* Sidney streaked
up the path and through the stream
and past the rock and past the flock
and up to the grassy hilltop
where the colossal wall
of storm was bearing down
like a castle wall of black rain,
storm clouds howling out of the mountains
like packs of cloud-wolves,
growling and banging—
the wolves of storm.

BAM!
OWOOOOOOO!



All around them
the forest was shaking and hiding
and trembling and soaked
and cold with rain,
and a branch flew from here to there,
and Worsh was trying so hard
not to overflow,
and the streams were going bananas,
and shocked frogs were being
rushed downstream in the roar.

Poodle was soaked.
What? was soaked.
Sidney was soaked.
Somethings were soaked.
Worsh was soaked.
Burgull was soaked;
rain dripped off of his *k*'s.

The wind was throwing leaves
and branches and lizards
and everything everywhere.

The storm howled
down every inch of the chapter,
drenching the sentences, the paper,
washing and rushing and crushing,
and it had its own huge howl
that Poodle had never heard before.

But as he listened to the storm wolves,
Poodle recognized something—something poetic.
He noticed the *patterns* of the howls
that came from the clouds.

**BaGRUM aBOMda POWda DROB ma CRAK,
maKONGba DRUPPa TURPLE aSACK.**

**Ah BOM aDOM aPOW baWHOM baGOG,
daGEEG daDUPra BUP baGLUM paCROG.**

**GahGRUG daBLUP maBOW daPOW kaGURG,
ahDURBik CURGit BLAP aPLAP maKERG.**