



“Couplets!” Poodle cried. “They’re howling couplets! Listen, everyone!

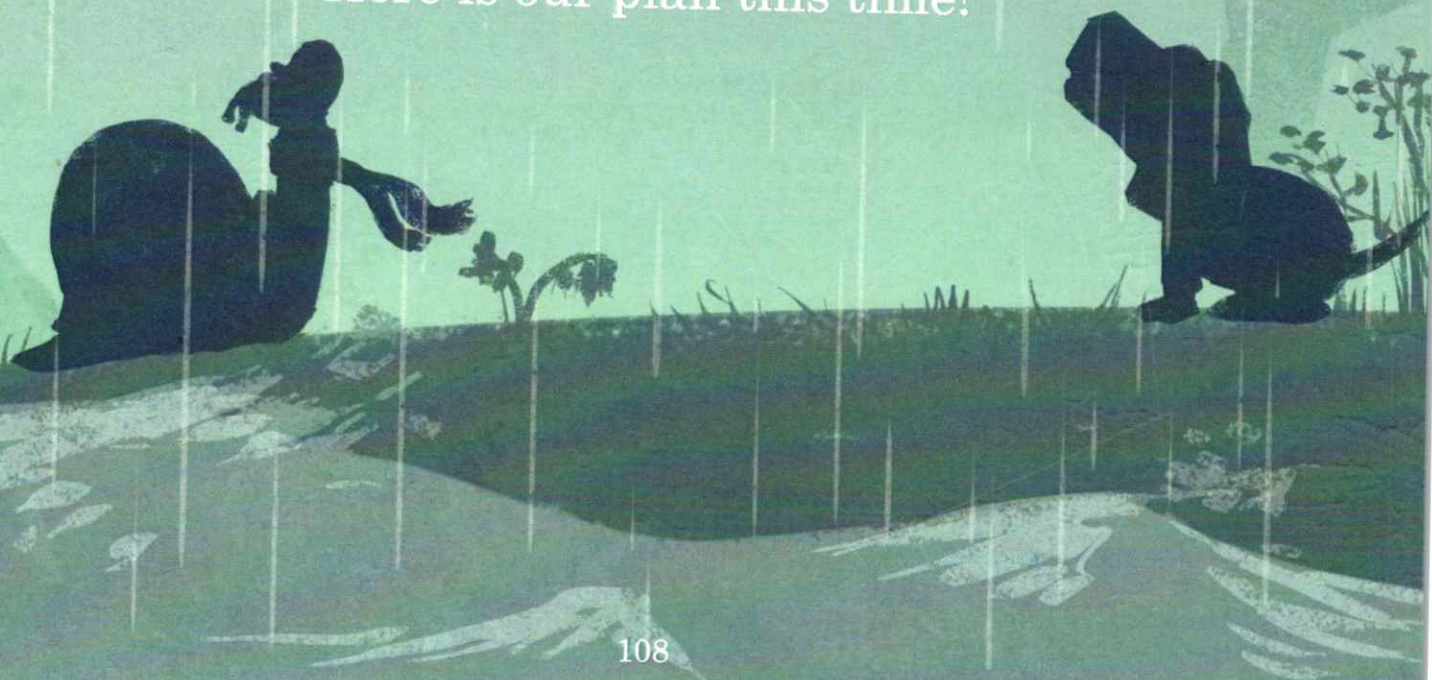
Their howls and calls are all iambic pentameter! Five iambs per line! And the rhymes go two lines at a time: *crak asack, bagog pacrog, kagurg makerg.* This is the scariest sound yet!”

As if to confirm Poodle’s fears, the storm wolves sent out another roar of iambic *gorgs* and *kruks*, and the whole forest ducked under the terrible ruckus.

“Quick!” Poodle cried.

“If they boom poetry, we can use poetry to stop them! We need a chorus of vowels! We’ve done it before, and we can do it again, but we need to be *much louder!*

Here is our plan this time!”



BAM! STRIKE! went the storm.
Bumble rumble dumble boom!

“Here are your parts, everyone!” said Poodle.

“What?, you sing oooooooooo, as in *blue*.

I will sing ohhhhhh, as in *low*.

Sidney, you sing eeeeeeee, as in *free*.

Burgull, you sing uhhhhhhh, as in *flood*.

Worsh, you sing owwww, as in *owl*.

Author, you sing ayyyyyy, as in *way*.”

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

“Please do it!” said Poodle.

“And children up there, please help us.

Sing iiiiiiii, as in *fly*.

All together now!”

BOOOOOM! went the storm.

And Poodle cried, “ONE, TWO, THREE!”

