



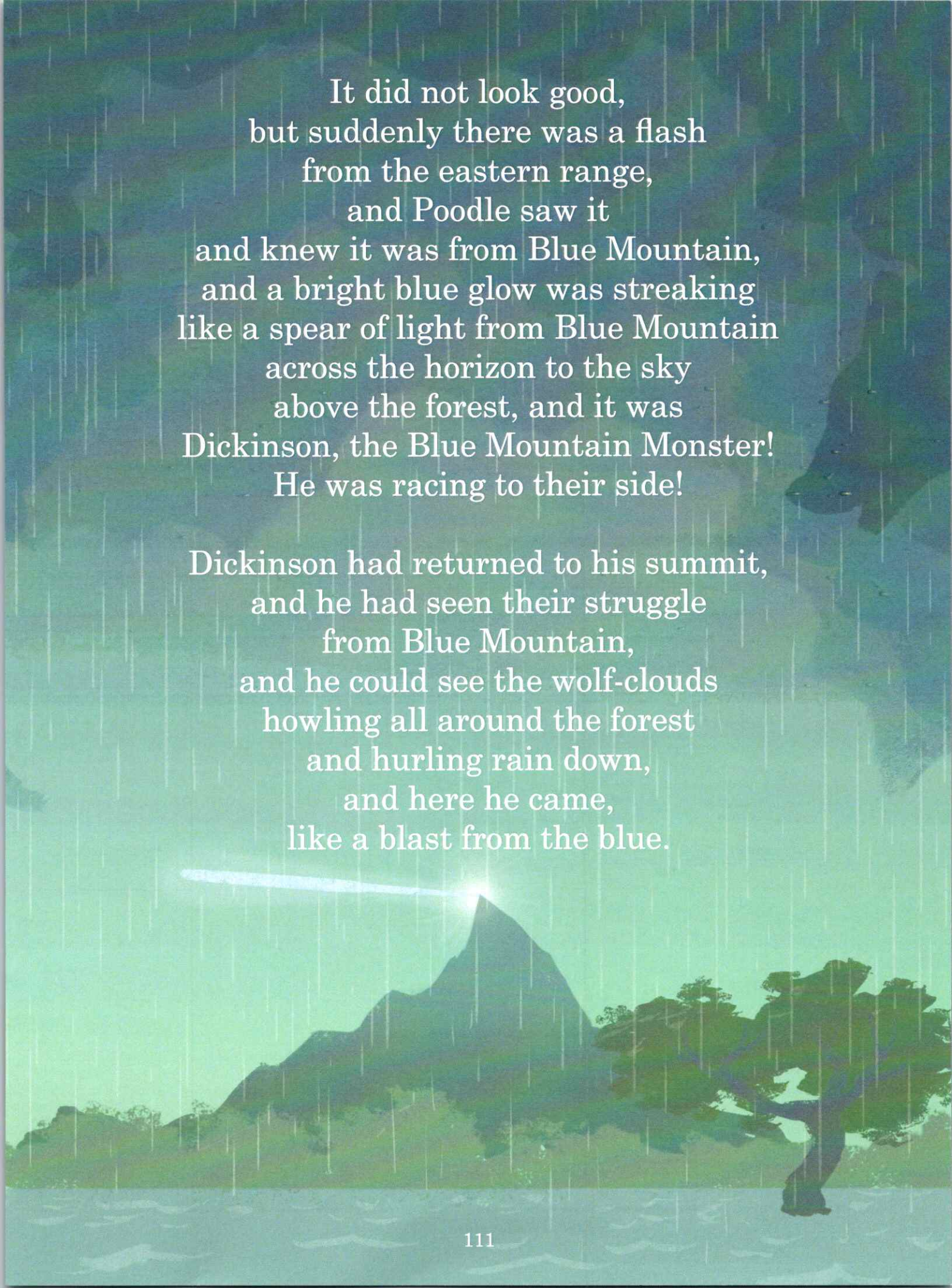
From the drenched hilltop,
their vowels began to rise into the sky.

What? cried *ooooooooo*!
Poodle cried *ohhhhhh*!
Sidney cried *eeeeeeeeeee*!

Worsh cried *owwwwwwww*!
Burgull, the consonant monster, cried *uhhhhhh*,
which was the best he could do.
The author cried *ayyyyyy*!
Children cried *iiiiiii*!
Even people in the theater
began singing vowels,
like a Greek chorus.

The great vowels rose into the storm, like a climate,
filling the sky with chords of sound,
and the storm wolves began to hesitate
but gathered themselves
for one last blast
to overcome the vowels.





It did not look good,
but suddenly there was a flash
from the eastern range,
and Poodle saw it
and knew it was from Blue Mountain,
and a bright blue glow was streaking
like a spear of light from Blue Mountain
across the horizon to the sky
above the forest, and it was
Dickinson, the Blue Mountain Monster!
He was racing to their side!

Dickinson had returned to his summit,
and he had seen their struggle
from Blue Mountain,
and he could see the wolf-clouds
howling all around the forest
and hurling rain down,
and here he came,
like a blast from the blue.



In a flash, Dickinson joined voices
with the others and plunged straight
into the storm, throwing blue vowels
into the purple, and light into the dark,
and blowing the rain away,
and drowning out the wolves' howls with
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
that filled the scene
with beautiful sound.

His *woooooo* now joined
the howls of vowels.

And one by one, the great
storm wolves blinked, and turned,
and put their tails between their legs,
and fled back into the shadows of the west.
They would go hide in some cave
and think it over.