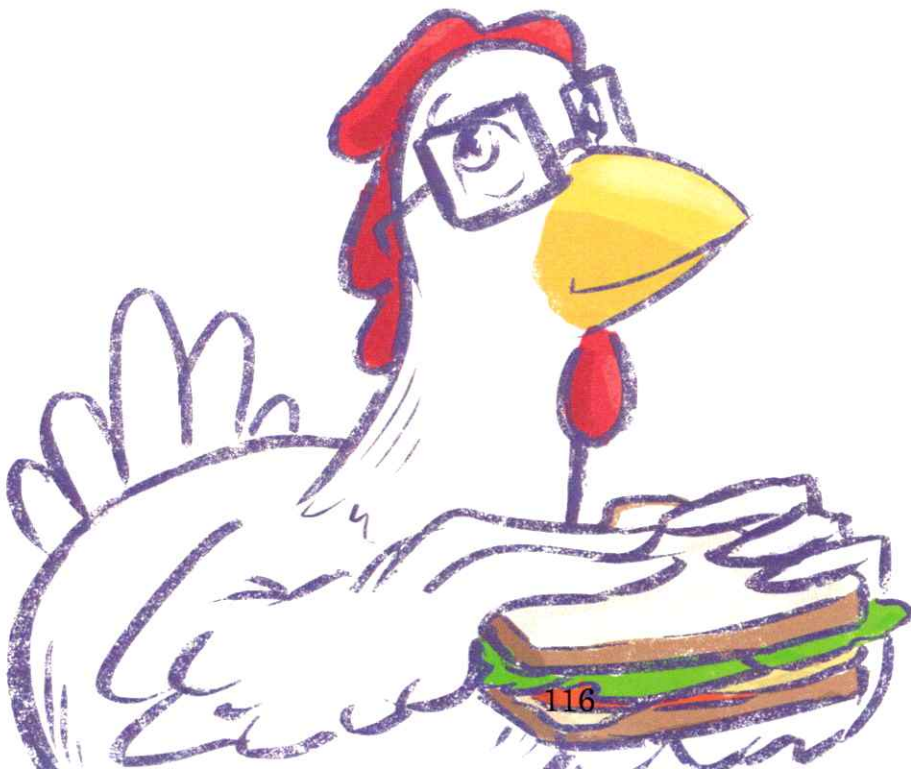




As he munched his sandwich
and dangled his legs,
Poodle began speaking,
as if in a deep dream, as if to himself,
in ballad stanzas, with iambic tetrameter
followed by beautiful iambic trimeter:

**The sandwich is the perfect lunch
to crunch after a storm.
It has ingredients to munch;
it has the perfect form.**

**Between two slices of my bread,
a little meat, some cheese,
my sandwich has some lettuce shreds,
and then I munch with ease.**



Sidney suddenly spoke then,
adding her voice to the poem:

The race to find my sandwich leads
to crazy sandwich tales,
and only sandwich pockets feed
the needs of sandwich snails.

Poodle stared at Sidney
as they dangled their legs from the stage.
“That’s a ballad stanza,” he said.

“Yes!” cried Sidney.
“And I’m an action verb!”
And *zoooooom!* she fled the page.

