



Everyone looked at Sidney's dust cloud
and then at the three ballad stanzas
that Poodle and Sidney had written.

This was getting interesting.

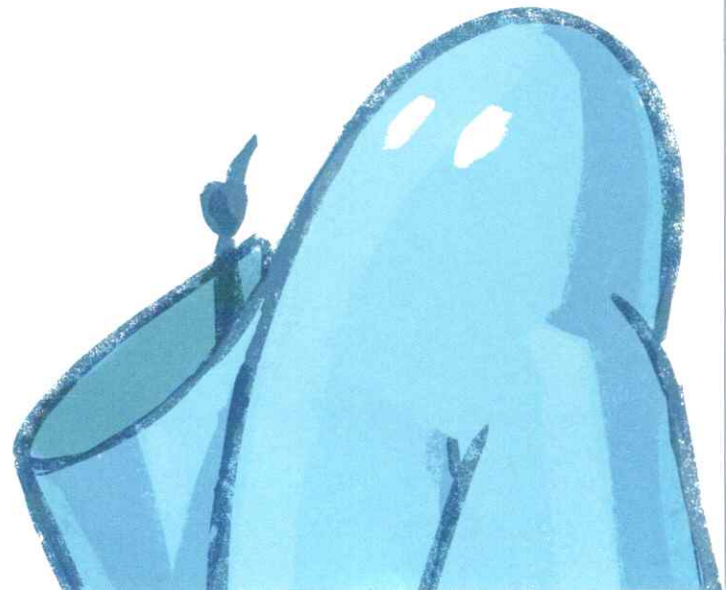
Suddenly, Worsh and Dickinson
joined in, continuing the poem
with couplets of iambic pentameter!

Worsh said:

**A flowing river wants a sandwich too,
but sandwich pockets are a problem, whew!**

Dickinson added:

**No sandwich pockets fill the blue, you see,
but sandwiches can solve all problems, whee!**



Everyone thought this was
the final sentence of the book,
and Maybe was about to say, “The End,”
but suddenly Burgull stirred
a vibration in the air,
humming like a beehive,
and out of his consonant cloud
came a gurpy couplet!

**Me Burgull brub to gurk a samwich grk,
grchomp grchomp a grrunchy samich brk.**

“Nice, monster,” said Poodle. “Thank you.”
(No one actually understood the words.)

“Gurch,” said Burgull, and
a sensation of shifting consonants
delighted the air.

“Here is the whole poem,” said Poodle.





Our Sandwich Poem

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.

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

A flowing river wants a sandwich too,
but sandwich pockets are a problem, whew!

No sandwich pockets fill the blue, you see,
but sandwiches can solve all problems, whee!

Me Burgull brub to gurk a samwich grk,
grchomp grchomp a grrunchy samich brk.