



“You know what we have to do,”
said Poodle.

What? asked, “What?”

“Prepositions,” said Poodle.
“We have to find prepositions.”

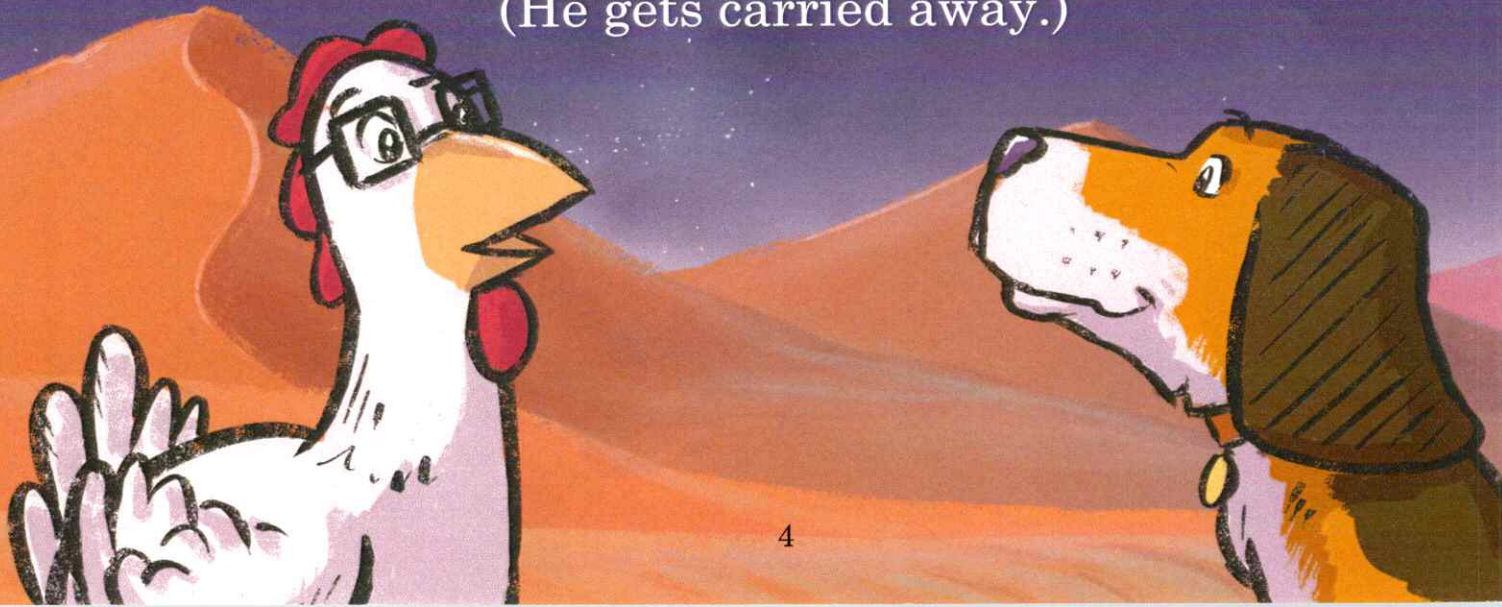
“I’ll help,” said the author **from** somewhere.
(Authors are always somewhere.)

“I can make prepositions blue
on the page. I can use a blue hew.”

“What are you doing here?” asked Poodle.
“Please don’t talk **to** us. Stay out **of** this.
You’re not a character.”

“What-what-what-what,” grffed What?.

“Oh, right,” said the author,
and the rhymes rippled as he poofed.
(He gets carried away.)



Poodle conned the cold distance.

“Prepositions are that way,
I think,” he said, pointing
to blue dunes below Polaris.

She was watching them,
guiding them north.

“Let’s go then, what.
What-what,” said What?.

“Yes,” Poodle agreed. “All right.”
And they began their trek.
(*All right* is two words;
there is no such word as *alright*.)