



Time **for shelter**. Hurry!

But where?

“Over there!” said the author.

“Get **in** that **cave**!”

“Stop it!” said Poodle.

“You’re not supposed to speak....

Wait, what? Where?”

“**Over there**,” said the author.

“I just wrote you a cave. Hurry!
See that cave **under** the long **rock**?”



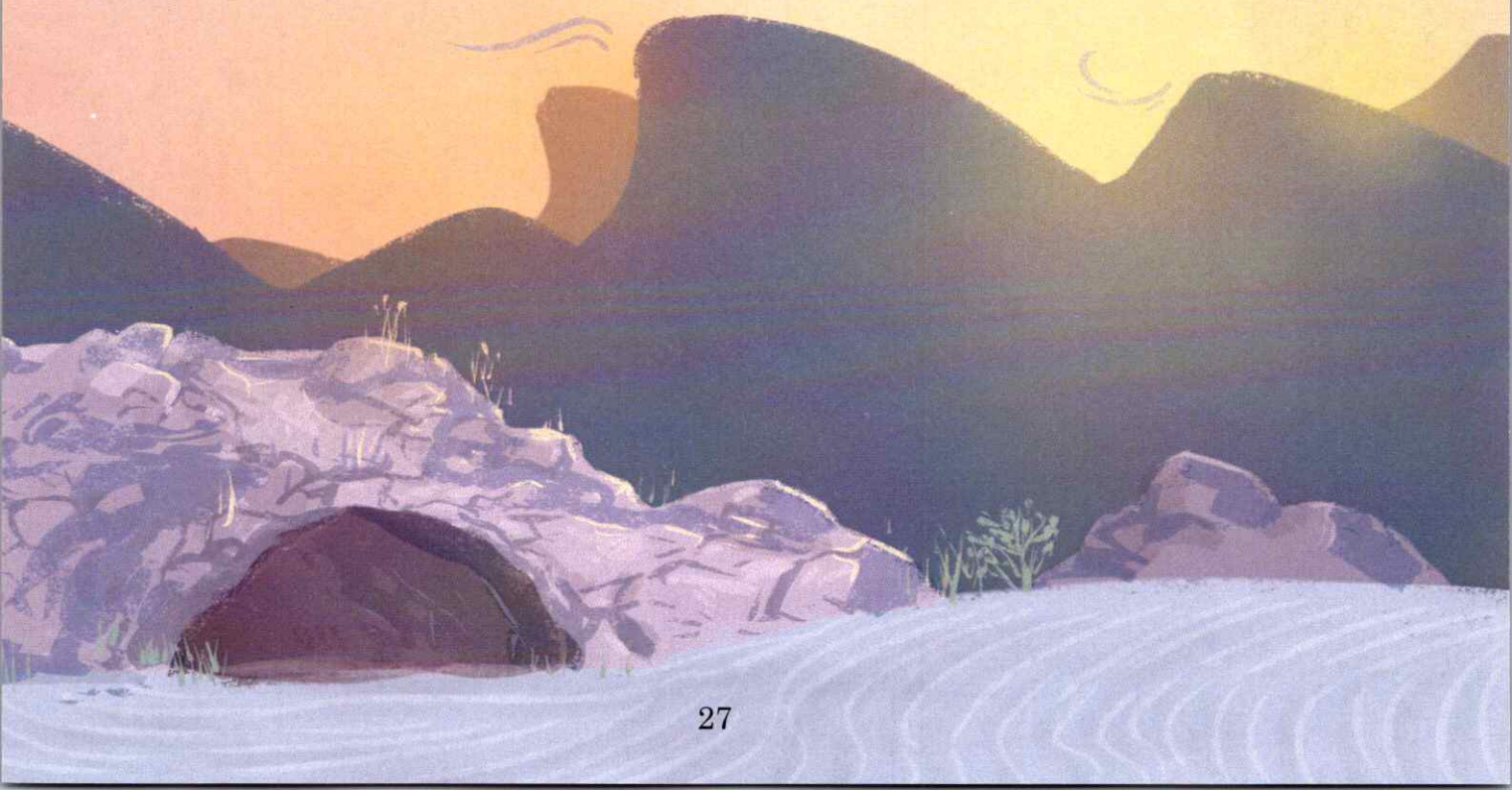


Sure enough, there *was* a cave,
and *without* a *thanks*,
Poodle and What? hopped and bounced
over the *sand* that was already
too hot *for* their *feet*,
and *in* a *dash* they dove
into the *cool* of the *cave*
on the left *side* of the *page*
and, *zoop!*, *into* the *dark*.

They just made it.

“Whoa,” said What?.

“That was close.”





From the safety of their cave,
they saw the sand sizzle,
and the zzzz began to zzzz,
and Dawn went crazy
with her flashing fingers
(you know her),
and streams of steams
simmered from the sand,
warping the fiery horizon.

They inched back farther
into the shade of the cave...

