

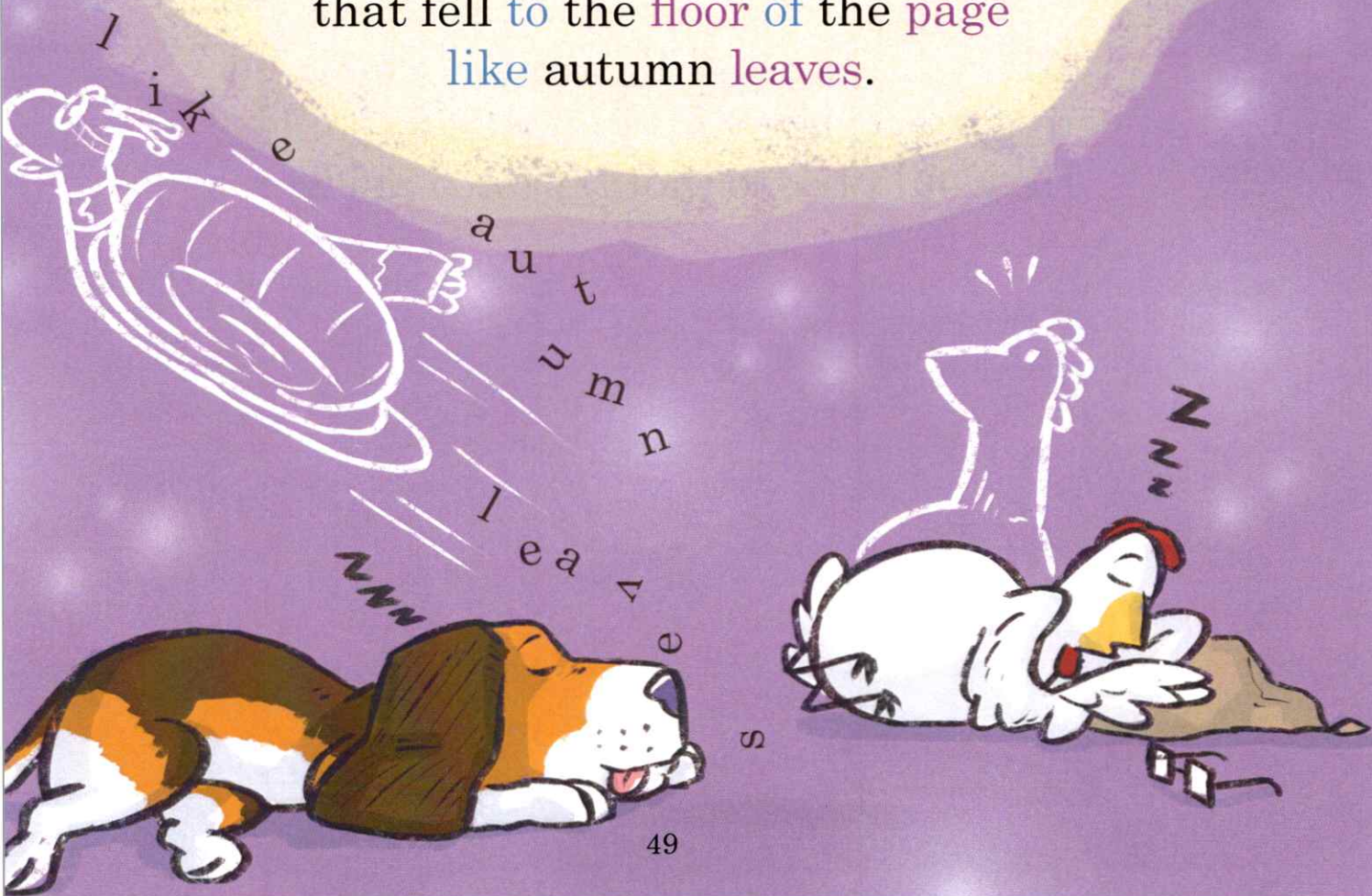


Act Five: Poodle's Dream

During the nice nap in the cool cave,
Poodle dreamed that he woke up.

As he opened his dream eyes,
he saw Sidney, the world's fastest snail,
looking at him.

"I'm an action verb!" Sidney cried,
and she zoomed off the page, zooffff!,
leaving a cluttery cloud of letters
that fell to the floor of the page
like autumn leaves.





Poodle looked where Sidney had vanished.
Where had she gone?

“Back here,” she said. “I’m **behind** **you**.”

Poodle spun around, and there she was.
He was so confused.

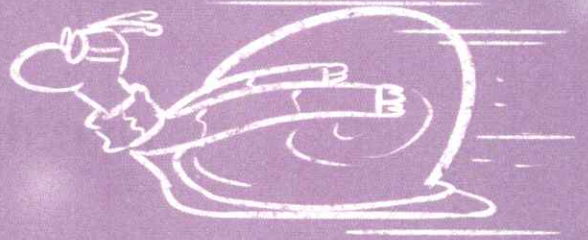
“Ready **for** your **quiz**?” asked Sidney.

“Quiz?” said Poodle. “What quiz?”

“I’ll give you a sentence,” Sidney said,
“and you tell me what it’s about.”

“All right,” agreed Poodle, and he tried
to get his sleepy dream-beak to smile.
He would try to (not *try and*) answer.





“Right,” said Sidney.
“Here’s your first sentence:

The dog **with** the **feathers** ate pudding.

What is that sentence about?”

Poodle thought and then said,
“The feathers ate pudding.”

“Do feathers eat pudding?” Sidney asked.

“Oh, no, uh, but the sentence says
‘feathers ate pudding.’ I’m confused.”
Poodle was not amused; he felt bruised.
He tried to imagine feathers eating pudding.

