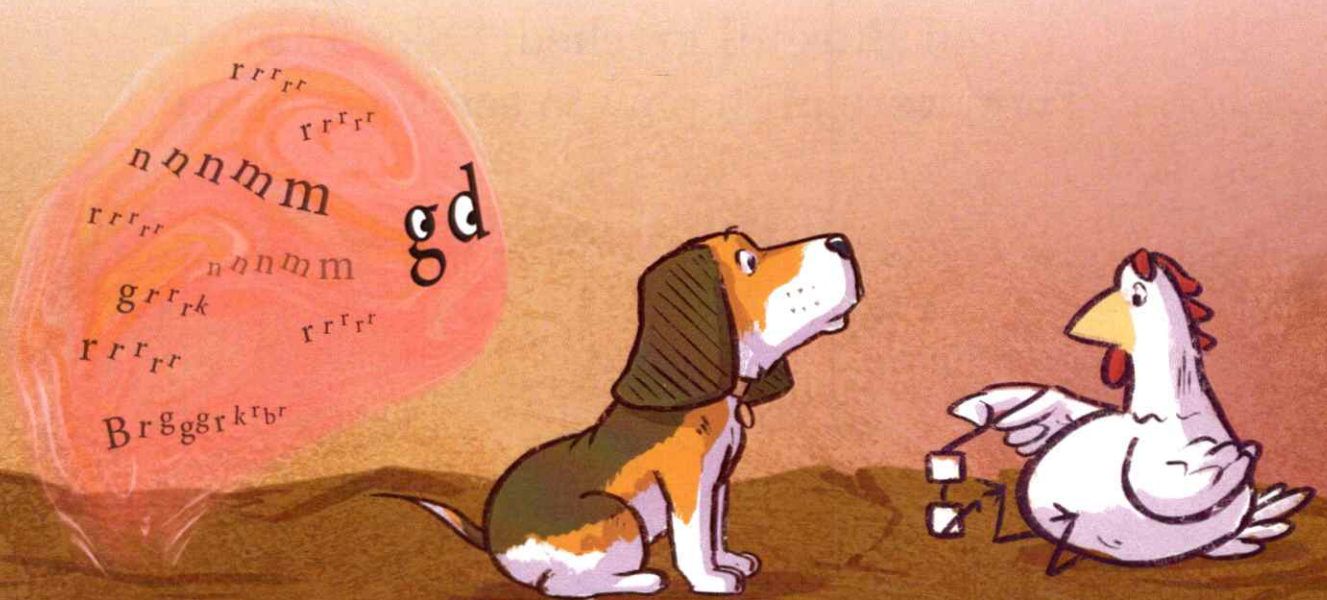




Act Six: The Indignant Desert Bird

As Poodle woke from his nap,
with What?'s grffy help,
he blinked and looked
at What? and Burgull.

He had seen Sidney in his dream,
and she had seemed so real!
He had missed Sidney.





Suddenly, there was a *HISSST!*,
and *BAM!!!*, Sidney dropped
onto the cave stage from the page above!
She stuck the landing.

“Sidney!” cried Poodle.
“I dreamed of you!”

“Dream on,” she said, “because I’m here!
I’m an action verb!”
And she zipped in snailly circles
around Poodle.

“What-what!” barked What?,
and Burgull grrched, “Bkgrrrk!”
They were all happy to see their friend.

It was a good day.



As they sat in the cave,
laughing about prepositions and
squinting into the light, a loooong
shadow—longer than this sentence—
loomed past the entrance, from left to right,
and there was a great gawking cry,
a GAWK, CAW, GAWK!,
and a scratching *skrch*, and gruffs of air
that made dust clouds like gnats,
and then *BAM!*, a terrible bird landed
at the front of the cave!
A monster bird!

(Monster bird? Yes,
you see those in books.)

This was not good.

