

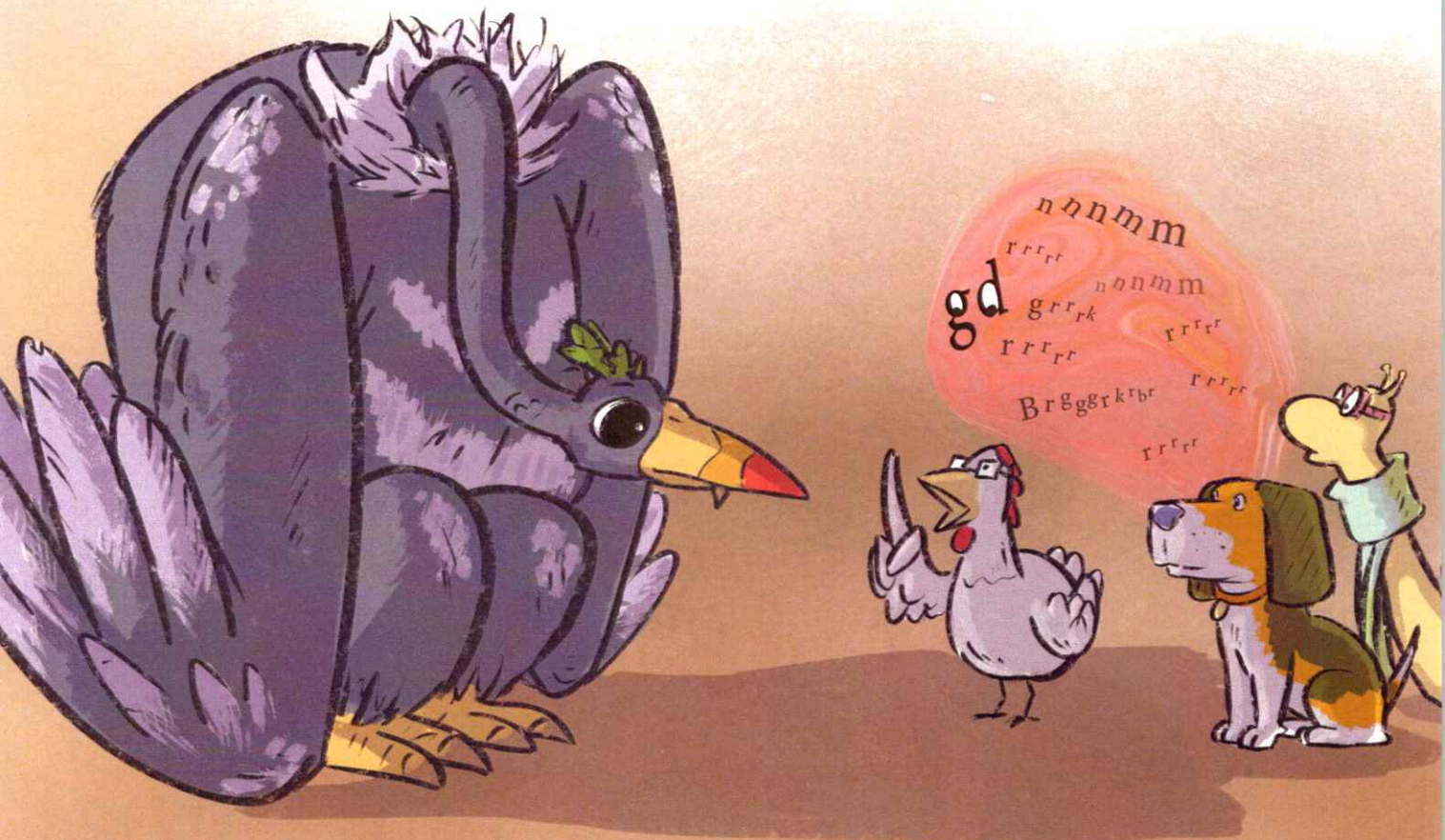


“Right, everyone,” announced Poodle.

“We’ll cross the desert tonight.
What’s **at** the **end**? We’ll find out.
We’re searching **for prepositions**,
but so far we’ve only seen
dusty desert dunes.”

“Oh,” everyone thought. “Huh.”

Poodle continued, “We have to be careful
because we’re facing the unknown.
It might be dangerous.
Who knows what evil
crawls **in** the desert **night**.
I wish Dickinson were here.”



There was a sudden *poof!* and a *flash!*,
and Dickinson, the Blue Mountain monster,
crashed **onto** the **stage**, almost landing
on Sidney, who dashed back.

“I’m here!” said Dickinson. “Don’t fear!”

“How’d you do that?” asked Gawk.

“Who are you?” He was new.

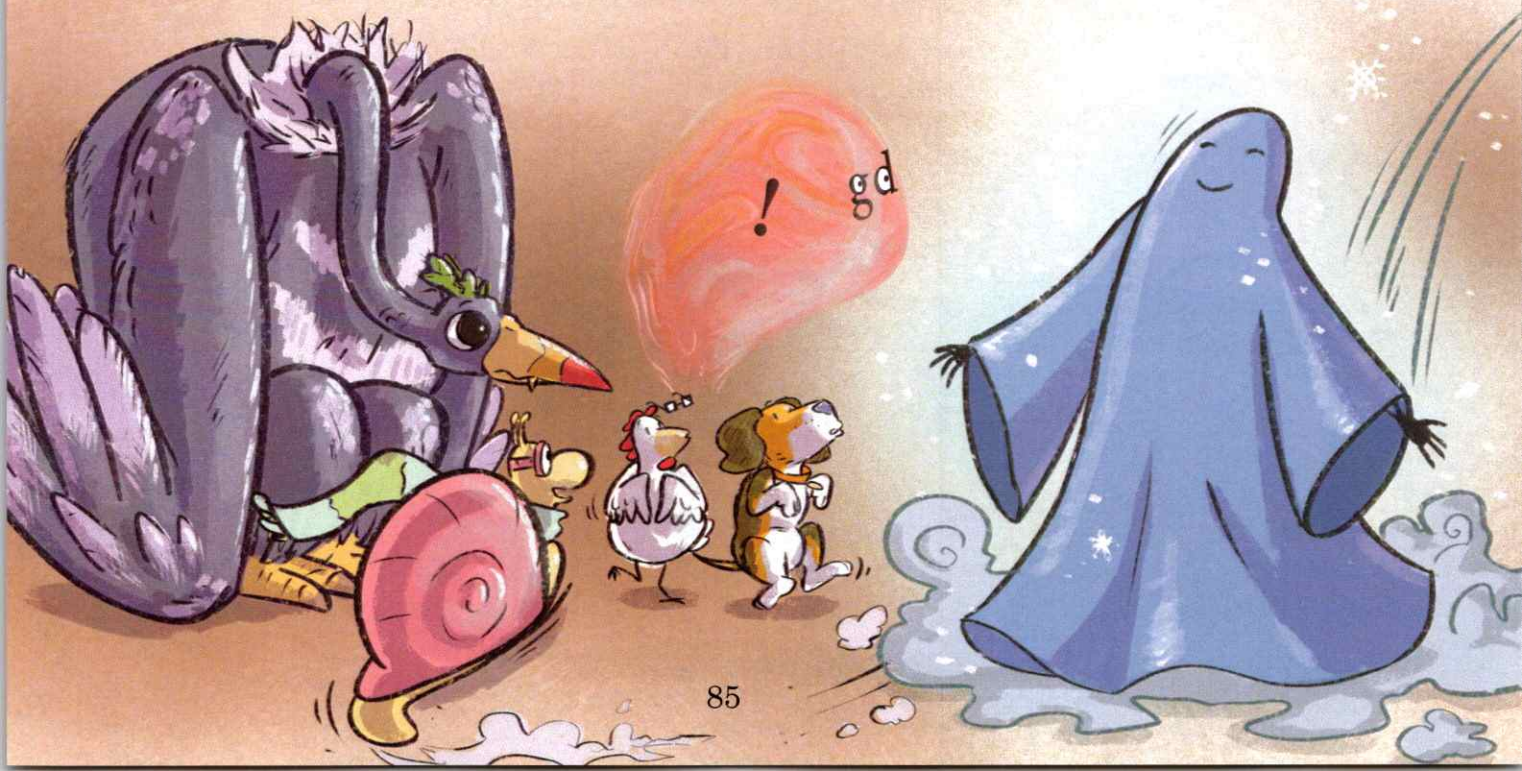
“I’m always here, wherever you are,”
said Dickinson. “I’m **in** the **book**, too.”

“Book?” asked Gawk. “Book?”

“It’s true,” said the author.

“Don’t talk,” said Poodle.

“You’re not allowed to talk.”





“CUT! LIGHTS!” cried Maybe
as she stormed **onto** the **stage**,
Bizzie rushing **behind** **her**.

“This can’t be! We can’t have
three monsters **in** one **scene**!
It will not be allowed!”

Burgull and Gawk and Dickinson
looked **at** **her** **in** **dismay**.

This hurt their monster feelings.
(Monsters are so sensitive.)

Bizzie rushed over and flipped the lights on.

“I’ve got the lights, boss!” she cried.

“What’s your name?” Poodle whispered **to** **her**.

“I’m Bizzie,” she answered.

“Yes, but...,” he began, but she was gone again.

