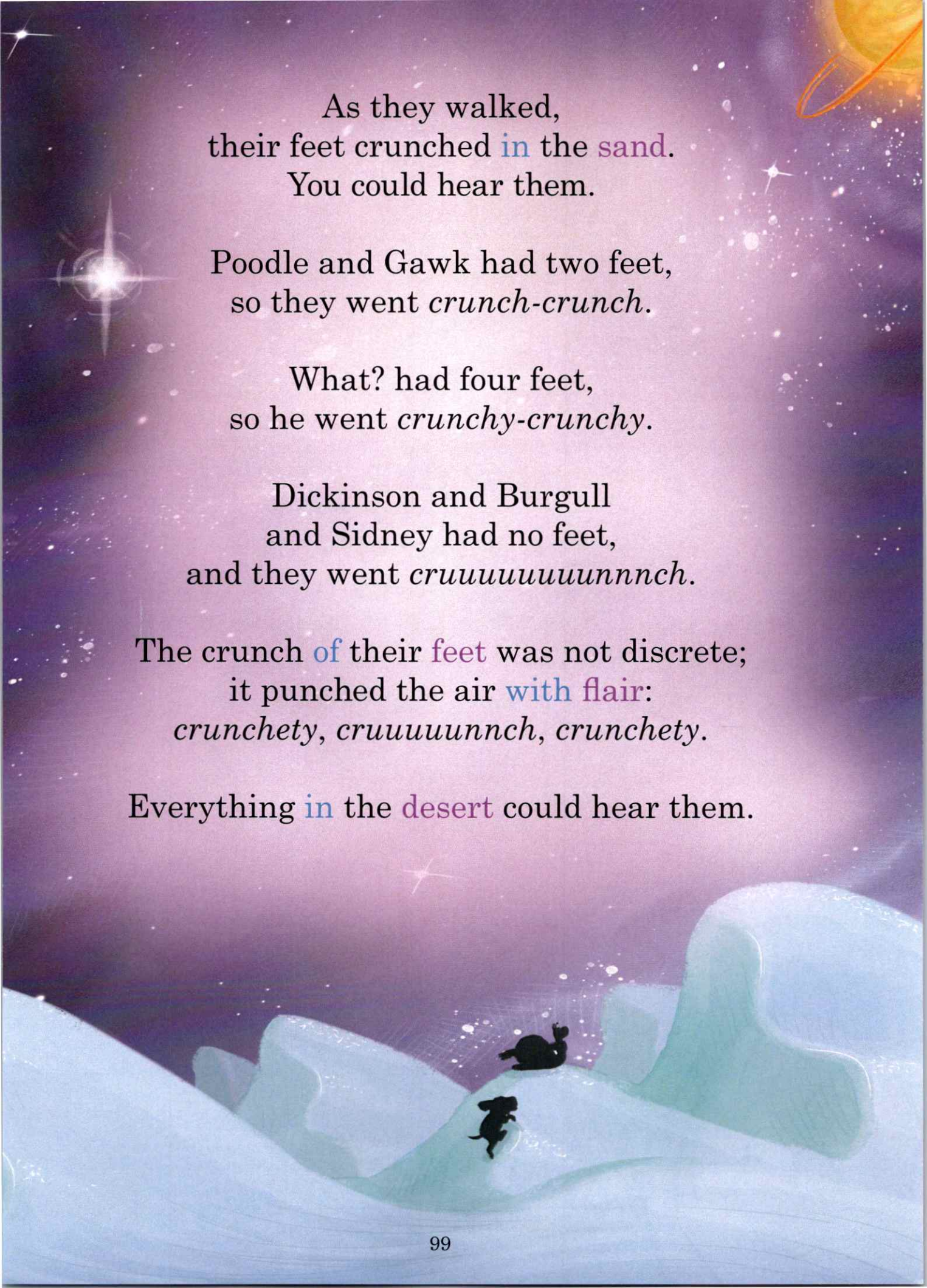




As they walked,
their feet crunched **in** the **sand**.
You could hear them.

Poodle and Gawk had two feet,
so they went *crunch-crunch*.

What? had four feet,
so he went *crunchy-crunchy*.

Dickinson and Burgull
and Sidney had no feet,
and they went *cruuuuuuuunnnch*.

The crunch **of** their **feet** was not discrete;
it punched the air **with** **flair**:
crunchety, cruuuuunnnch, crunchety.

Everything **in** the **desert** could hear them.



On they walked,
across the dark space.

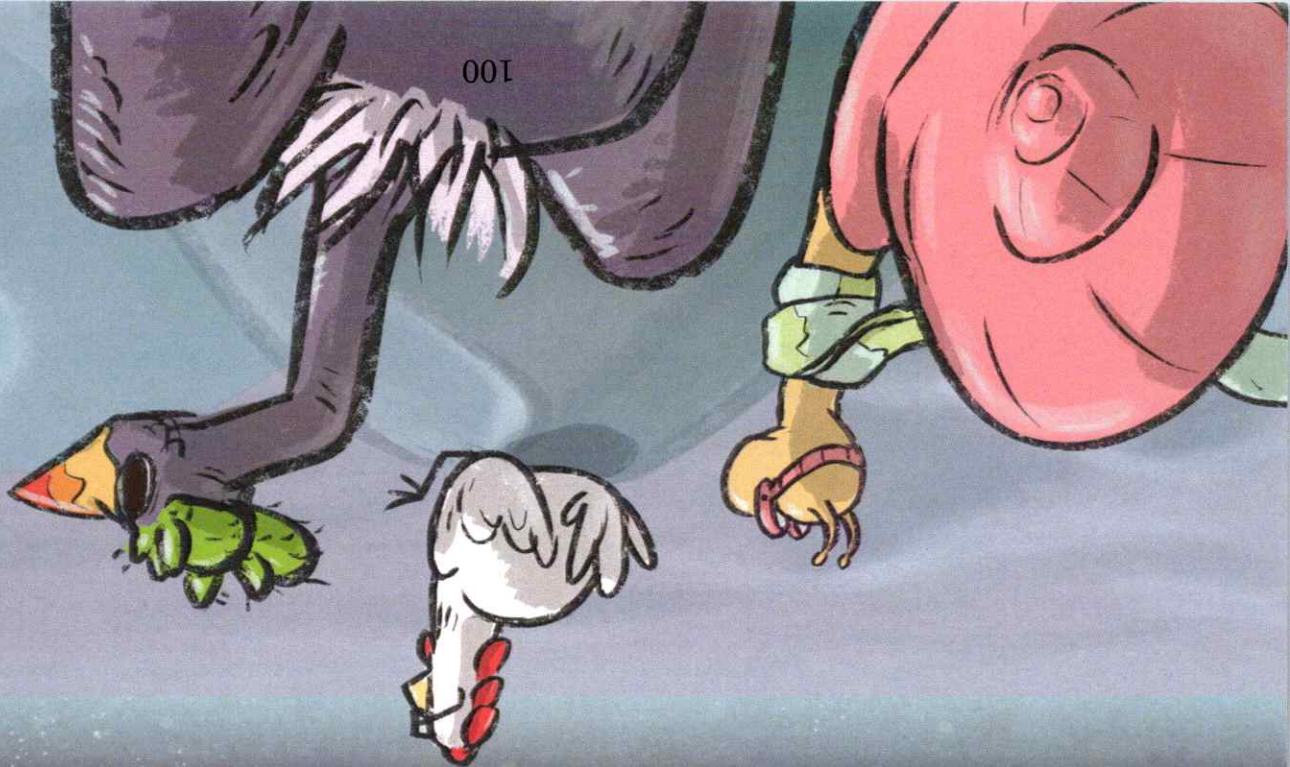
As the moon-silver rose silver in the east,
Poodle noticed a glow in the north.

"Look," he said.

What? said, "What-what-what-grfff?"

Everyone stopped and gazed
at the glow on the horizon
shooting high up over the dunes.

"That's it," said Poodle. "That's the end.
That's where we're going.
The prepositions there are different."



They got closer.
On the dunny horizon,
a vast wall of blue light
rose into the universe,
and Polaris shone through it.

They could see the wall
shimmer and wave, like an aurora.

“I never saw that before,”
said Poodle.

“What-what-what,” said What?.

“Grrrkgrkbrk,” said Burgull.
He didn’t like that blue wall
shooting up into the universe.

“Gawk,” said Gawk.

