

Dickinson stepped forward.
“Yes,” he said, “let’s jump to the future.”

“After you,” said Gawk politely.
(Monsters are always polite.)

“No, after you,” insisted Dickinson.

“I don’t want to go before you,”
Gawk said to Burgull.

“Burgull go after Gawk, grbrk,” said Burgull.

“Please, go before me,” said Gawk.

“I’ll go!” said Sidney, who could always take charge.
And zoop!, off she leaped
during the sentence she was speaking.
They could see her zipping away.



Time was up.

“Let’s go,” said Poodle.
“One!” And he jumped.

“Two!” said Dickinson, and he jumped, too.

“Threegrk!” cried Burgull, and he jumped.

“Four!” cawed Gawk, but just as he jumped,
he missed his step and tottered **on** the **edge**,
about to fall to the left, **into** the **past**.

The past was sucking him back!



What? saw Gawk falling *to* the *past*,
and *with* a mighty gawkyburgully *roar*
of *GRRRRFFFFGRBRKCRKGRRFF!!!*,
he grabbed Gawk *with* his *teeth*
and gurked and gripped and growled and gricked
and dragged Gawk back *to* *safety*.

They both collapsed *onto* the *sand*.

“Thanks,” gasped Gawk.

“I knew you could bark.”

“Grrff,” grrffed What?.

Without another *grrff*,
they jumped together,
from the *moment* *into* the *future*.

