

“So, let me think,” said Poodle at last.

“I think Sidney could find What?
Where’s Sidney? We need Sidney—as usual.
She’s fast enough to look everywhere.”

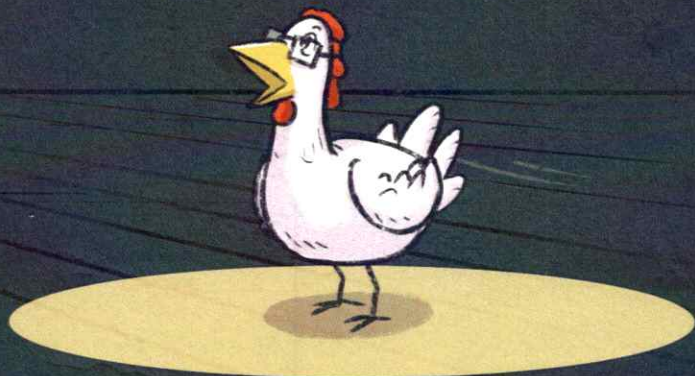
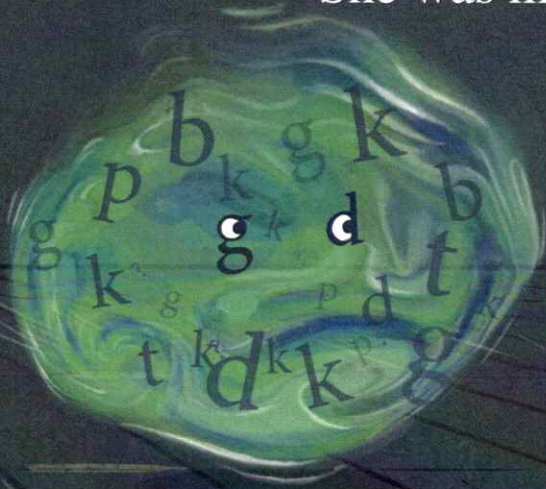
Good idea. It was time
for the world’s fastest snail
to lead the search.

“Sidney!” called Poodle. “Sidney!”

“Yes?” came her voice from back stage,
from some page behind the curtain.

“Sidney! We need you! What?’s missing!”

That’s all it took.
Sidney was tired of waiting back there.
She was missing this whole book.

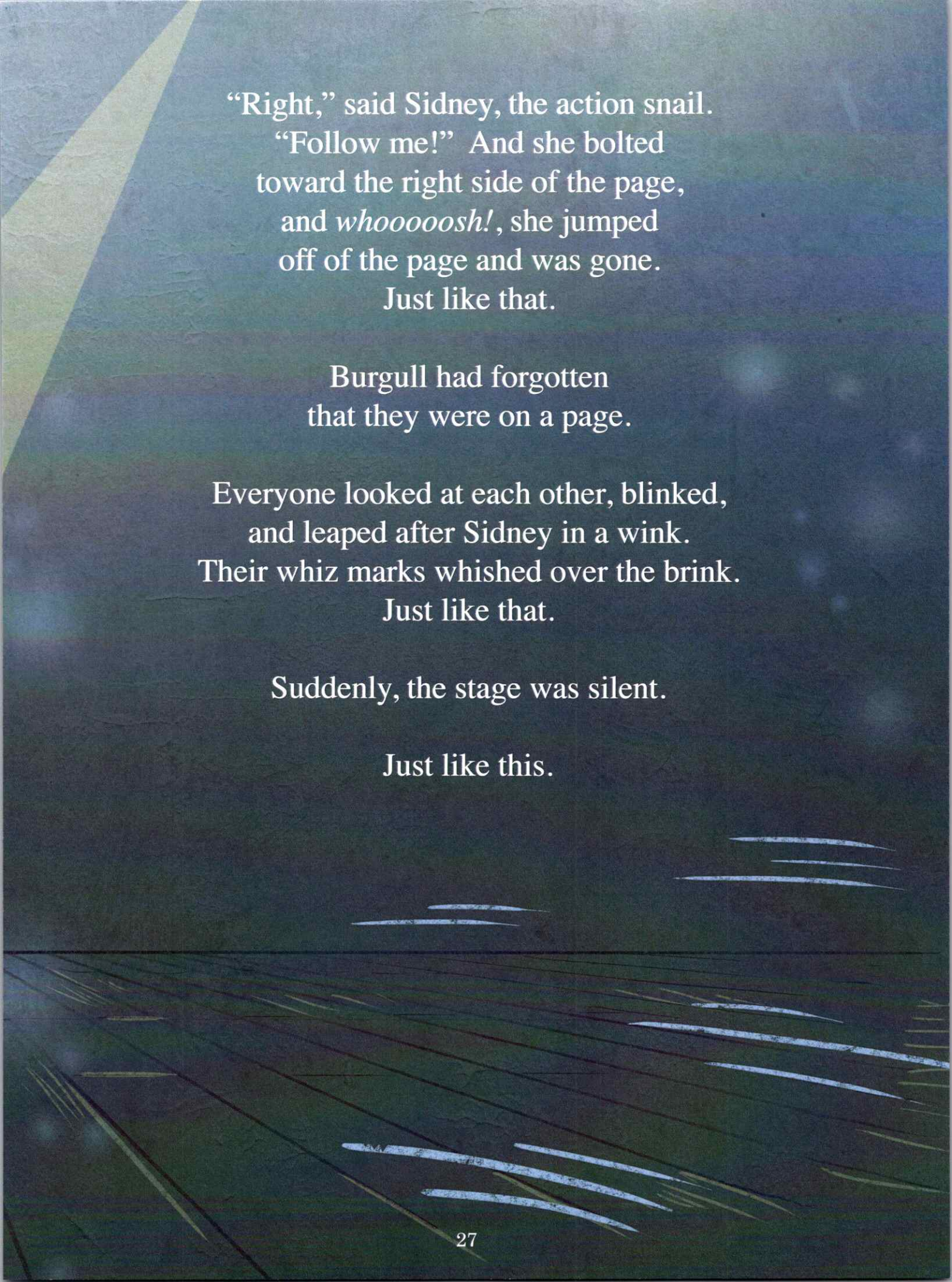


It was one of Sidney's grand entrances.
You know her.

There was a SCREECH and a WHIRRR,
and the whole page lifted into the air,
and the book rattled and clattered,
and a bump came from some chapter,
and the stage trembled,
and the lights skittered,
and the curtain wiggled,
and *whoooooosh!* came the whoosh,
and *poofi*, Sidney zapped, vaulting,
smack! in front of Poodle, BANG!,
a blur of whir stirring around her feet.
Not feet, exactly. You know. She's a snail.

"What's this?" asked Sidney. "What's gone?"
"Yes," said Poodle, and the three monsters
nodded their heads up, then down.
Together. They'd been practicing.





“Right,” said Sidney, the action snail.

“Follow me!” And she bolted
toward the right side of the page,
and *whoooooosh!*, she jumped
off of the page and was gone.
Just like that.

Burgull had forgotten
that they were on a page.

Everyone looked at each other, blinked,
and leaped after Sidney in a wink.
Their whiz marks whished over the brink.
Just like that.

Suddenly, the stage was silent.

Just like this.