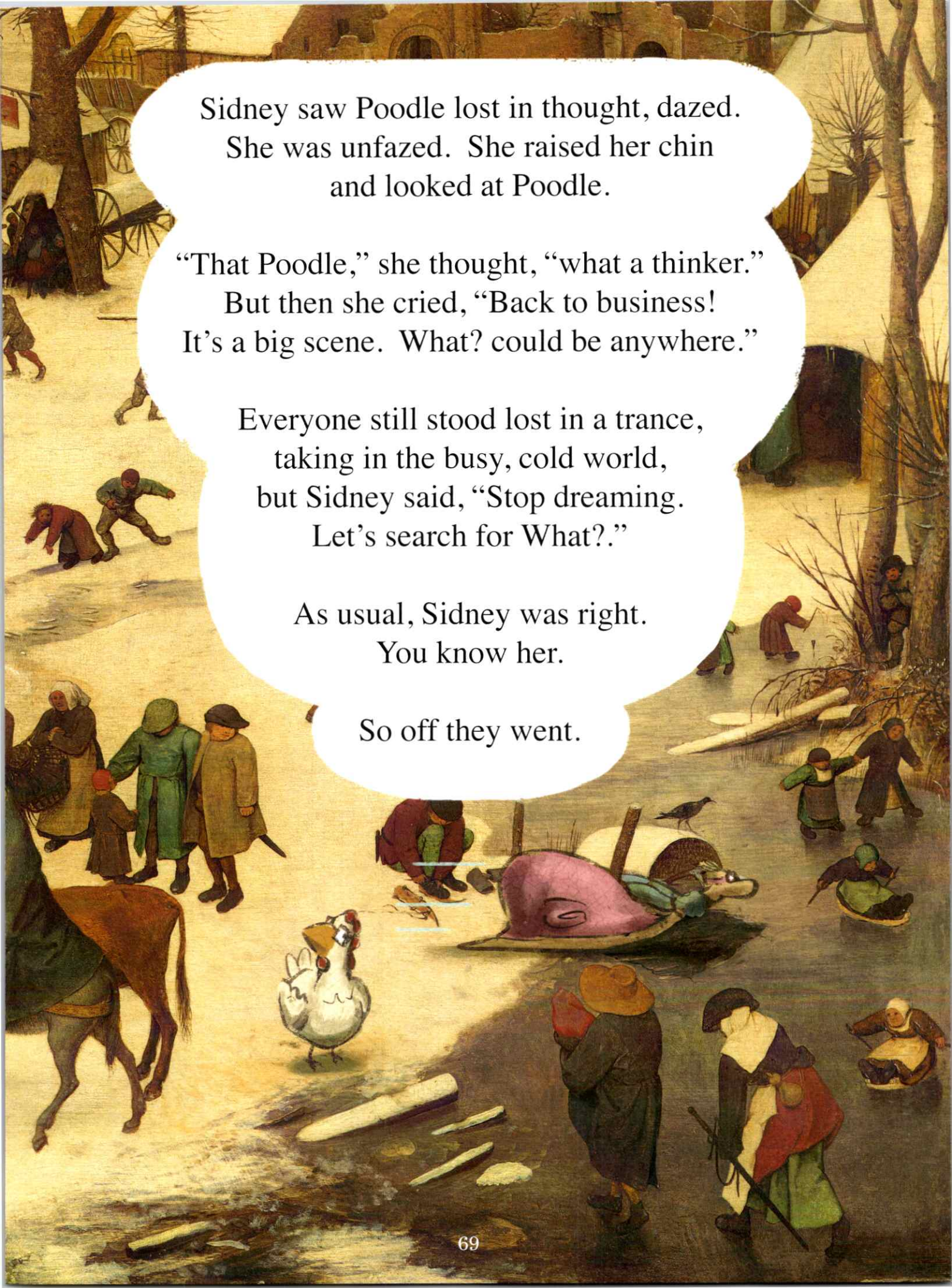




Sidney saw Poodle lost in thought, dazed.
She was unfazed. She raised her chin
and looked at Poodle.

“That Poodle,” she thought, “what a thinker.”
But then she cried, “Back to business!
It’s a big scene. What? could be anywhere.”

Everyone still stood lost in a trance,
taking in the busy, cold world,
but Sidney said, “Stop dreaming.
Let’s search for What?.”

As usual, Sidney was right.
You know her.

So off they went.

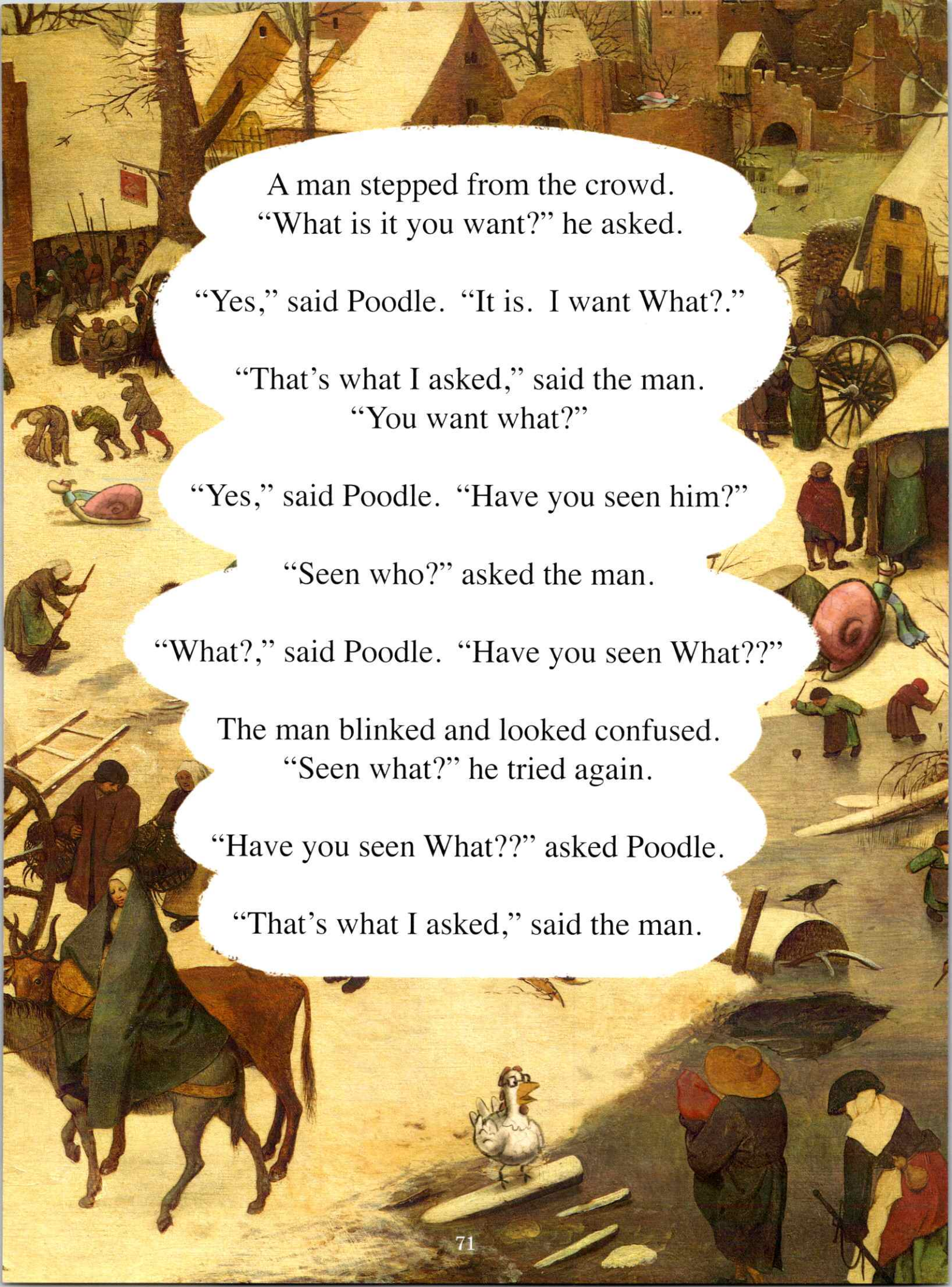
The background is a detailed painting of a busy winter town square. In the center, a large tree stands next to a frozen pond where several people are ice skating. To the right, a large yellow building with a blue roof is visible. In the foreground, a crowd of people in winter clothing is gathered, and a large wooden wheel is being moved. The scene is filled with various activities and people, creating a sense of a bustling community in a cold environment.

Poodle and Dickinson
searched the buildings
and the vast snow shroud.
Gawk and Burgull scanned the crowd.
Sidney, proud, zapped aloud,
peeking into every crevice,
zooming like a lawn mower,
and leaving a puffpuff trail.

No luck.

“What?!” called Poodle. No answer.
The crowd of busy people looked at him.
They’d never seen a talking chicken.
Not in the Netherlands.

Brueghel’s paintings have few chickens.



A man stepped from the crowd.
“What is it you want?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Poodle. “It is. I want What?.”

“That’s what I asked,” said the man.
“You want what?”

“Yes,” said Poodle. “Have you seen him?”

“Seen who?” asked the man.

“What?,” said Poodle. “Have you seen What??”

The man blinked and looked confused.
“Seen what?” he tried again.

“Have you seen What??” asked Poodle.

“That’s what I asked,” said the man.