



As they ascended,
streaking up from the Vermeer to the Miró,
who should they see descending past them
but What?, who was dropping like a stone
from the Miró to the Vermeer!
They crossed like spaceships at night.
Friends up, What? down!



“What?!!!!” the friends cried as he blasted past them.

“What-what-what-what-what!” What? barked
as they shot up above him.



Finally, they had found one another!
The long trek was over.
Their hearts were filled with joy.





“Meet us in the Van Gogh!” cried Poodle to What?, who was now a vanishing spot way down there.

“What-what-what!” came the grffy reply.

So, after much jumping up,
from the Vermeer up to the Miró,
then up to the Brueghel, then up to the Van Gogh,
boing boing boing,
they finally stuck their *poofs*—
even What?, who arrived last.

It was a great reunion,
with hugs and back-claps and jokes
and burgly consonants.

And high above them,
the massive Van Gogh starry night
swirled and glittered and winked.





Poodle was so happy to see his pal again,
and the monsters did their monster dance,
toes left, toes right, doot-de-doo,
and Sidney ran some zippy zap.

Burgull stole over to Poodle. He whispered,
“Gawk said “We found What?.”

“A comma,” Poodle said.

“You need a **quote comma**
before the quote. It should be:

Gawk said, “We found What?.”

“See? To separate the speaker from what is spoken.”

“Gbrrfr?” asked Burgull.

