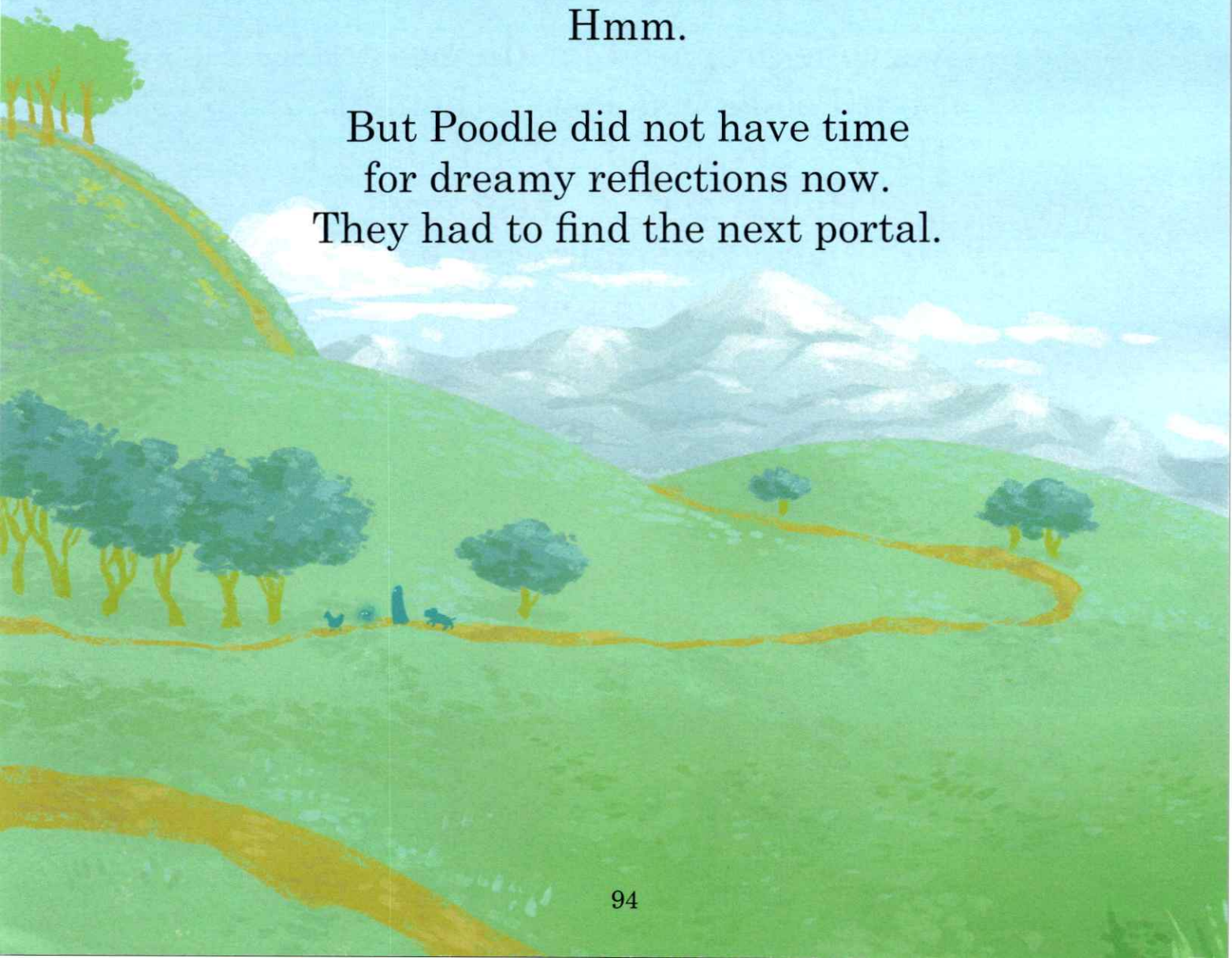




He thought that the conjunction was odd.
That *and* was not a part of either clause!
It was just glue that joined
the two clauses together.
He had thought that every word
was in a clause....

But in
“Burgull barked, **and** Dickinson poofed,”
he saw that the second clause in the sentence
is not “**and** Dickinson poofed.”
It’s just “Dickinson poofed.”
Hmm.

But Poodle did not have time
for dreamy reflections now.
They had to find the next portal.



Off they went, and on they trudged,
and there they trekked, and down they slid,
and up they climbed, and through they'd skid,
and scritch they scrooched.

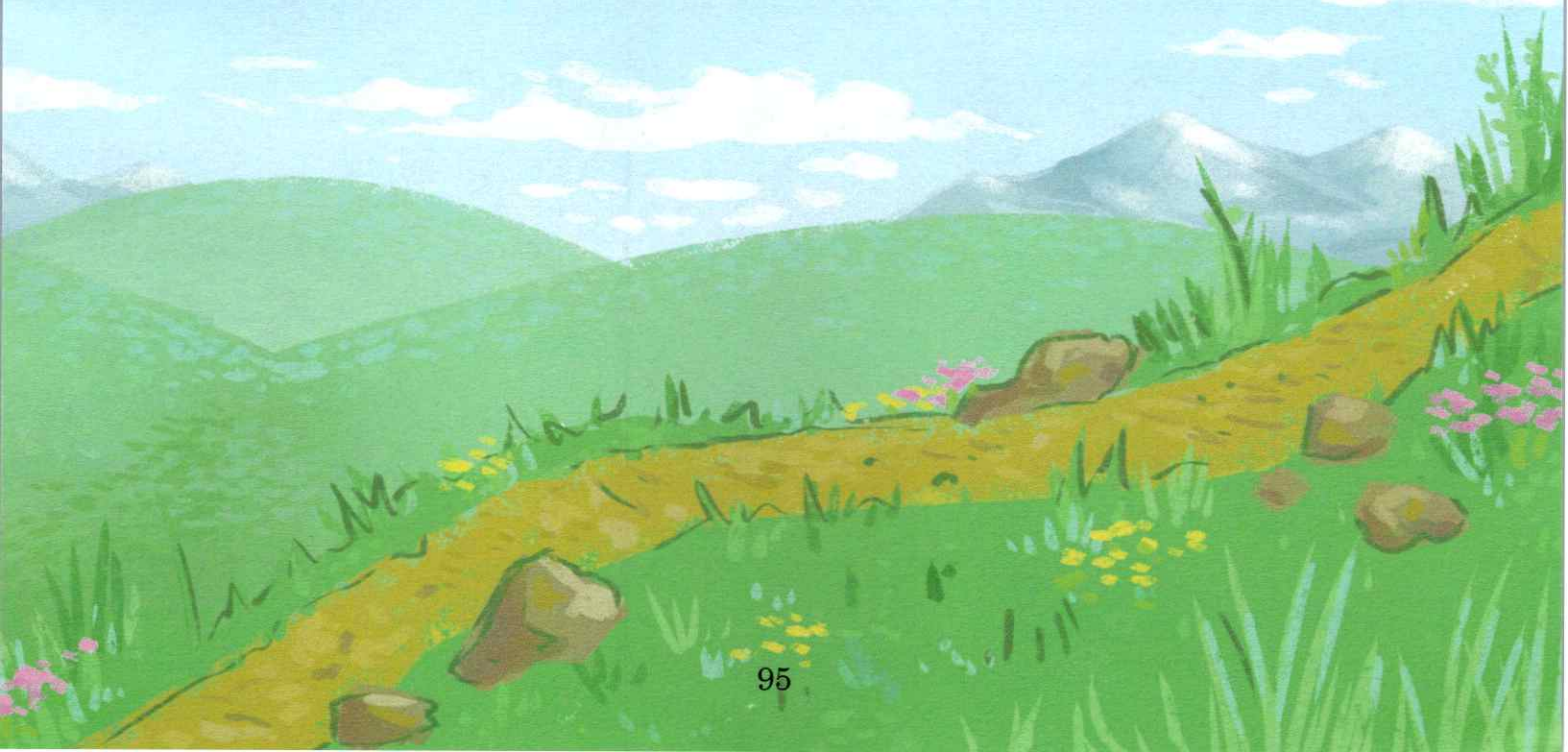
I know. I don't understand that either.

They walked past the frog, and under the bough,
and 'round the rock, and past the beetle
busy being himself. As usual.

Soon, Emily's garden was far behind them,
and they could no longer hear the tweedle
or see the beetle or smell the flowers.

They walked for hours.

But from Emily they had learned
some of the world's best choices,
and they would never forget her garden.





On they trekked.

They slogged through rains and muds
and ice and thickets and nice shadows
and wicked floods,
through sunbeams and some gleams,
through mists and passes and swarms and grasses,
through zephyrs, past treasures.
They rambled through masses of brambles.

Their footprints stretched back to the horizon,
but their future footsteps were waiting—
impatiently—for the friends to catch up.

