



They looked up at the humming portal.
Dickinson tried to hum some harmony.
He was a hummy guy.

“Let’s do it,” said Poodle.

“Grrbrkerdit,” Burgull agreed.
What? sniffed the hovering words warily,
and Dickinson flowed closer,
and in they stepped.
A burst of blue, a crickly crack,
and *poof!* they were in.



The worst dispersed, and they looked around.

They stood in a blue room
with happy bookshelves on the wall,
and paper to write on,
and a big comfy bed, and puffy pillows,
and a little boy in the bed with his covers snug,
and all of his blocks and toys on the blankets.
He looked at his visitors and laughed.

“Who are you?” asked Poodle.

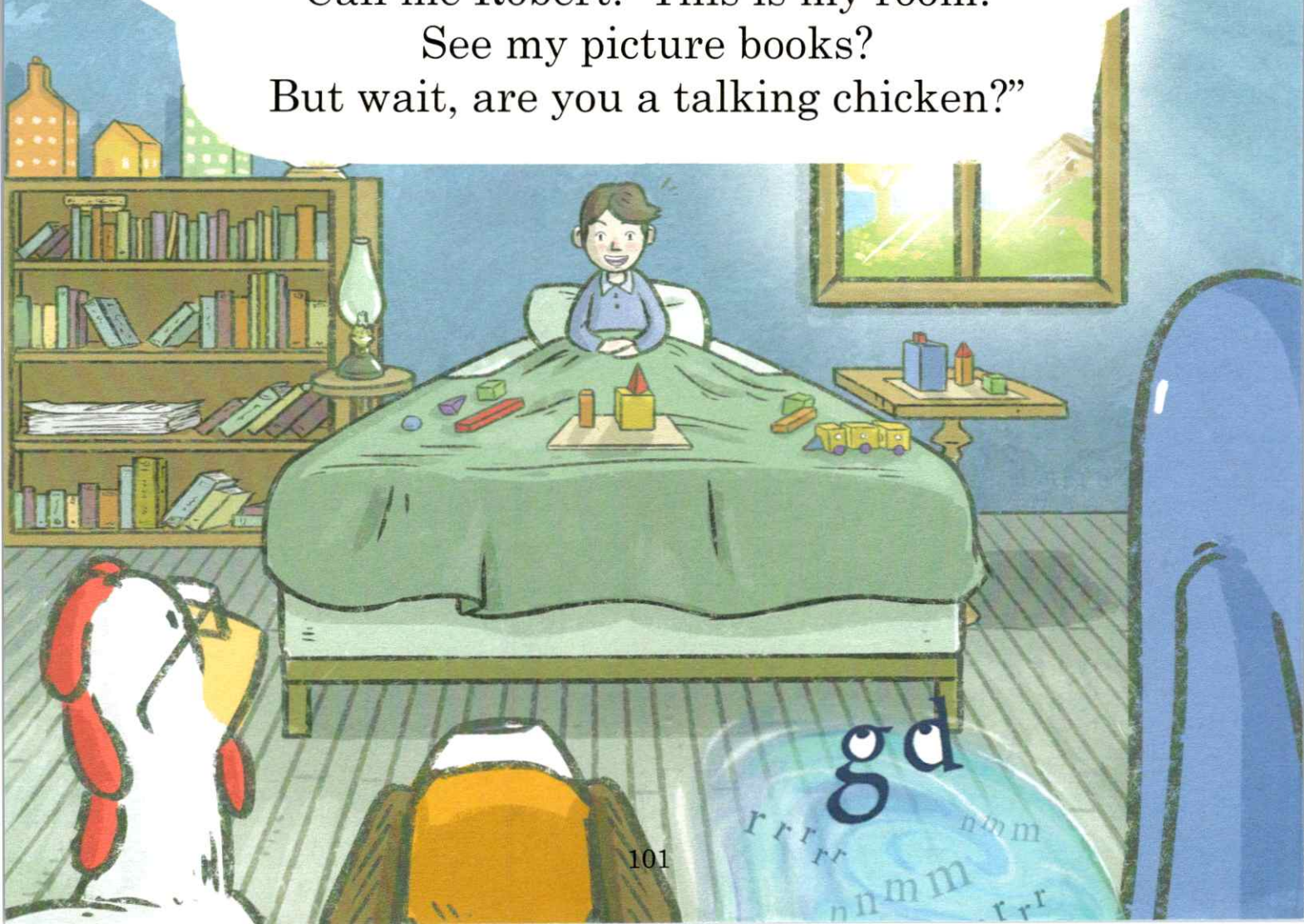
“I could ask you the same question!” said the boy.

“I’m Robert. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Call me Robert. This is my room!

See my picture books?

But wait, are you a talking chicken?”





Poodle paused to think.
“Yes,” he admitted, “I’m a chicken.
It’s a long story.
But today I’m on this page with you,
and on this stage with you,
and in your room,
and in your poem.”

“Oh,” said the boy.
“We’re in lots of places at once!”

Poodle liked this little Robert. He was funny.

“Who are your friends?” asked the boy.
“May I have their acquaintance?”
He wanted to be introduced!
He was so polite.

