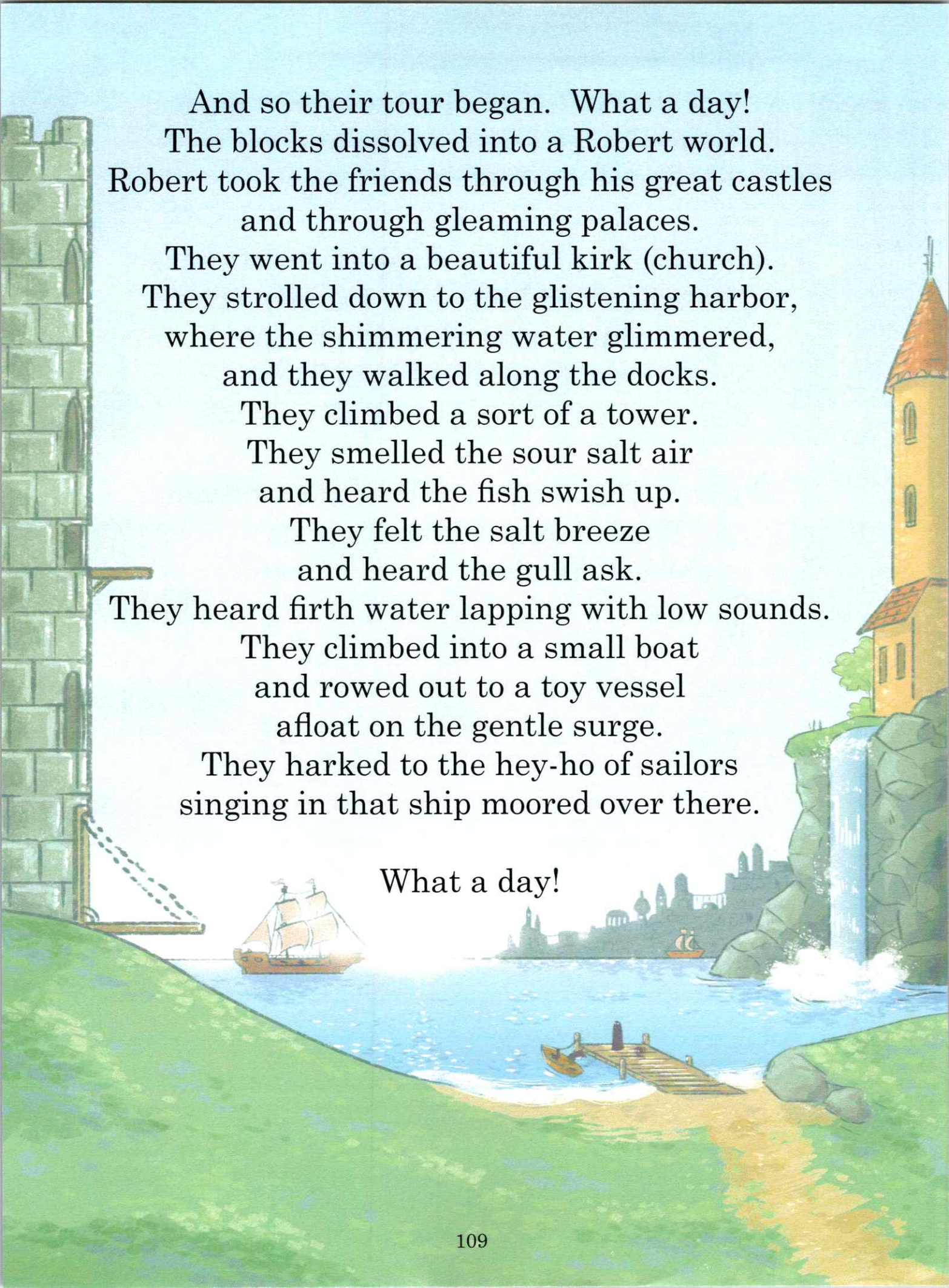




And so their tour began. What a day!
The blocks dissolved into a Robert world.
Robert took the friends through his great castles
and through gleaming palaces.
They went into a beautiful kirk (church).
They strolled down to the glistening harbor,
where the shimmering water glimmered,
and they walked along the docks.
They climbed a sort of a tower.
They smelled the sour salt air
and heard the fish swish up.
They felt the salt breeze
and heard the gull ask.
They heard firth water lapping with low sounds.
They climbed into a small boat
and rowed out to a toy vessel
afloat on the gentle surge.
They harked to the hey-ho of sailors
singing in that ship moored over there.

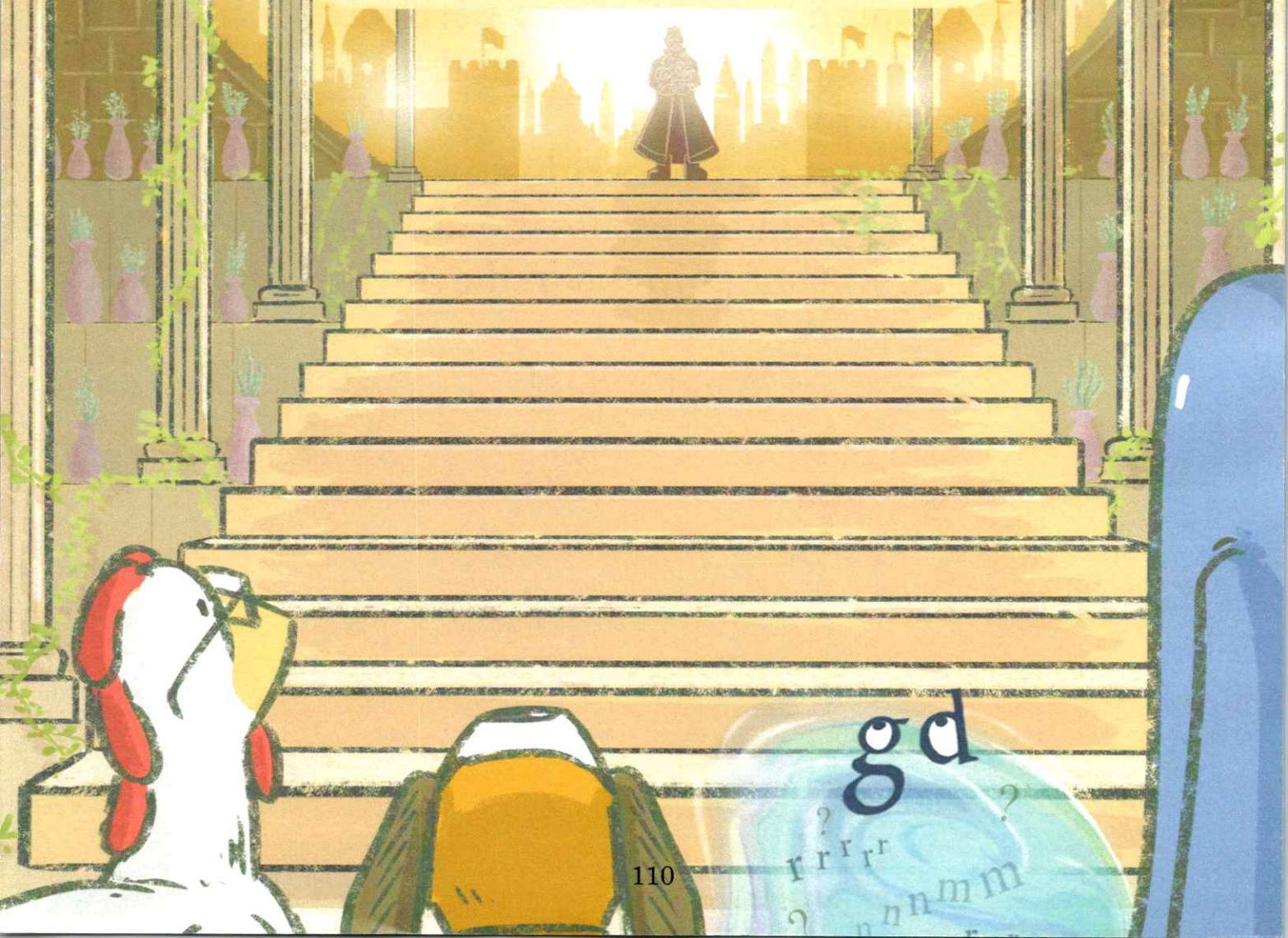
What a day!



At last they entered a high-towered palace,
where kings were coming and going
with presents and things.

Poodle looked up at the magnificent staircase,
where a bearded king with a golden crown,
wearing a robe of Tyrian purple
(a royal purple, made in Tyre),
descended with an armful of presents.

“Welcome,” he smiled. “These are for you.”
There was a present for every
chicken and beagle and monster.



Among the presents, Poodle could see
little gleamy things, tiny shiny things,
small reflecty flecks.

Burgull wanted the little blue shiny thing.

What? serenaded the king with a yappy
“What-what-what-what-what!” of thanks.

Kings, as you know, love dogs.

(It's mutual.)

