



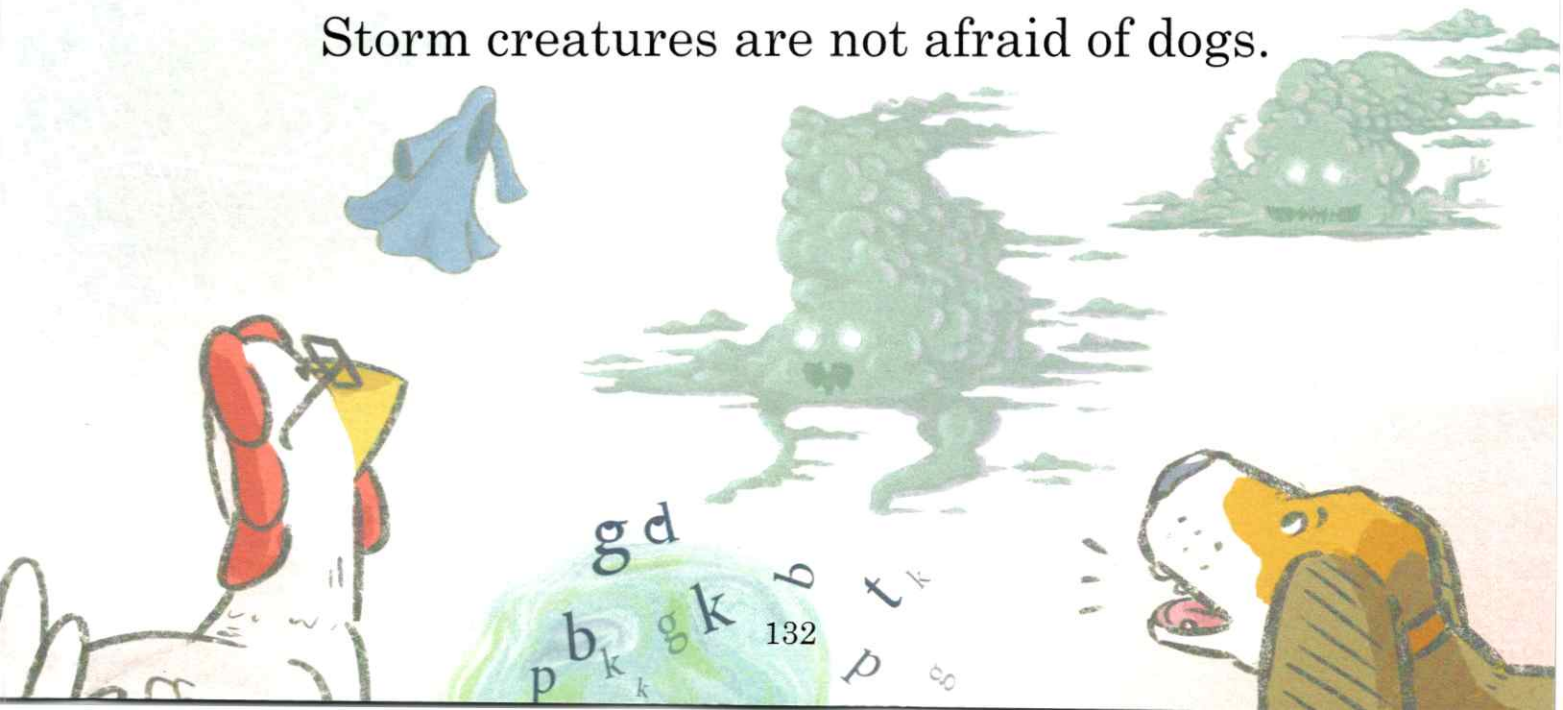
And from the Tempest's purple wind
streamed three awful storm creatures
that chuckled on the roofs,
and whistled in the air,
and shook their fists,
and gnashed their spiky teeth,
and swung their frenzied hair.

Everyone jumped for cover.
Poodle jumped left, and What? jumped right,
and Burgull ducked down with a "Drbrkrk!,"
and Dickinson puffed up and roared back,
like "ROOAARRRR!!!" You know him.

The mashed air was so unhappy.

What? barked and barked
at the awful Tempest and its awful creatures,
who were not afraid of him.

Storm creatures are not afraid of dogs.



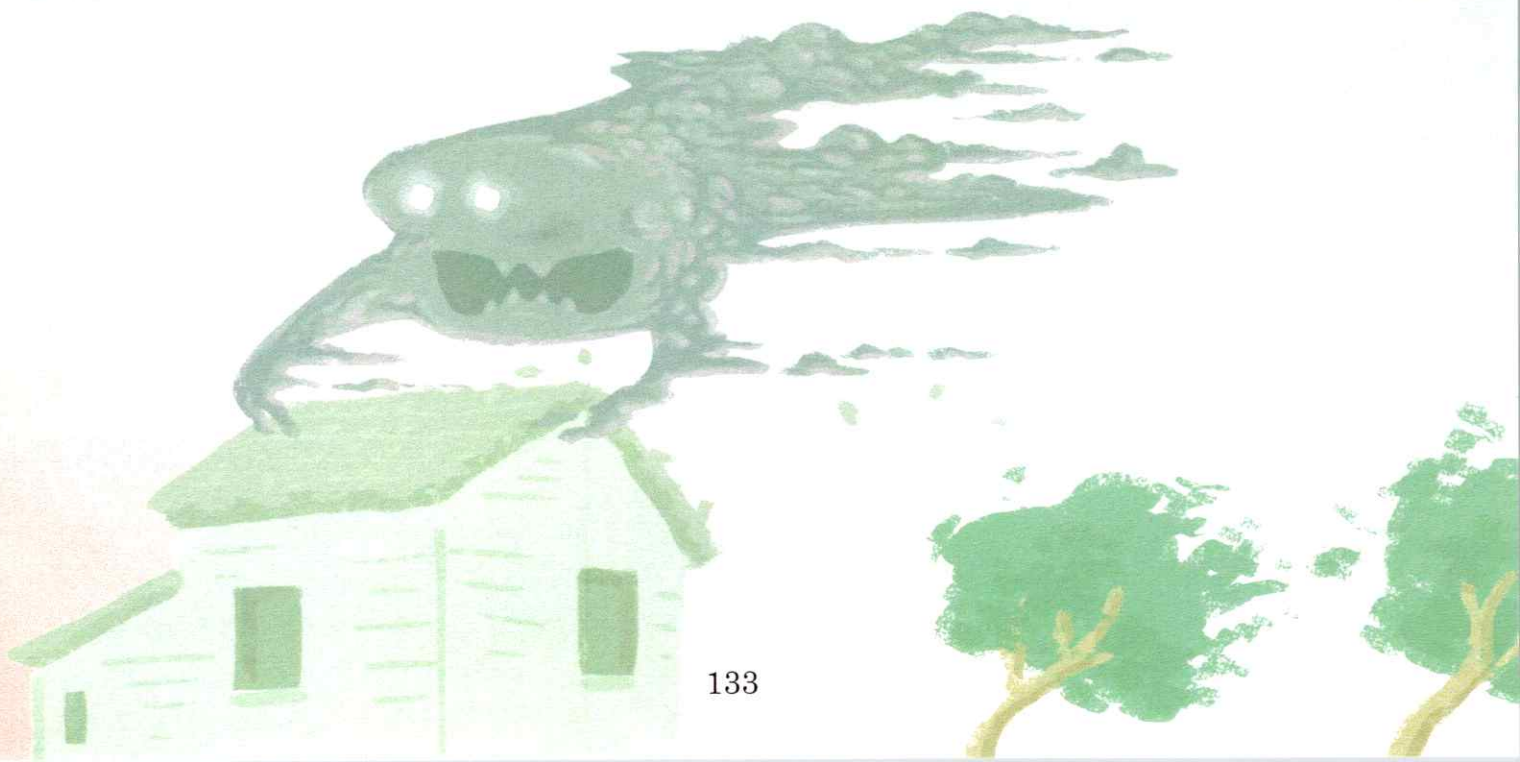
Poodle saw that the storm verbs
were awful: *whistled*, and *shook*,
and *gnashed*, and *swung*...terrible stuff.

Those creatures had brought
their strongest clauses to the tempest.

And why were they chuckling on the roofs?
Could someone please explain that?

Emily watched the storm from her hiding spot.
She loved it when Dickinson roared back.

The creatures swooped above the garden,
thrashing and gnashing,
snapping with their terrible teeth,
and flapping with lightning eyes,
and chuckling (that was the worst part—
we hate the chuckling part).



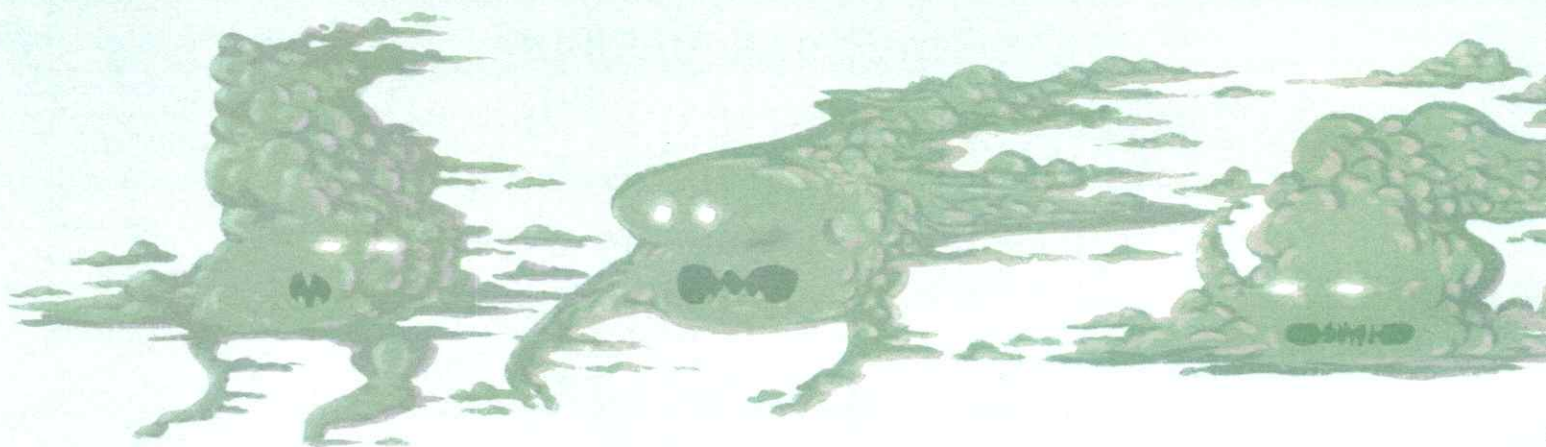


And just as the awful Tempest
was about to mess the whole scene up,
Dickinson screamed out, “WAIT!”

Everyone paused.

“Wait?” wondered Poodle.

The three storm creatures
formed a line up in the air,
looking down cruelly on the friends,
as Dickinson looked up at the middle one
and asked, “Frederick? Is that you?”



What? Two creatures turned in mid-air
and glared darkly at the middle one.

