

“Erm, yes, it’s me, ssss,”
said Frederick. “Um-hm.”

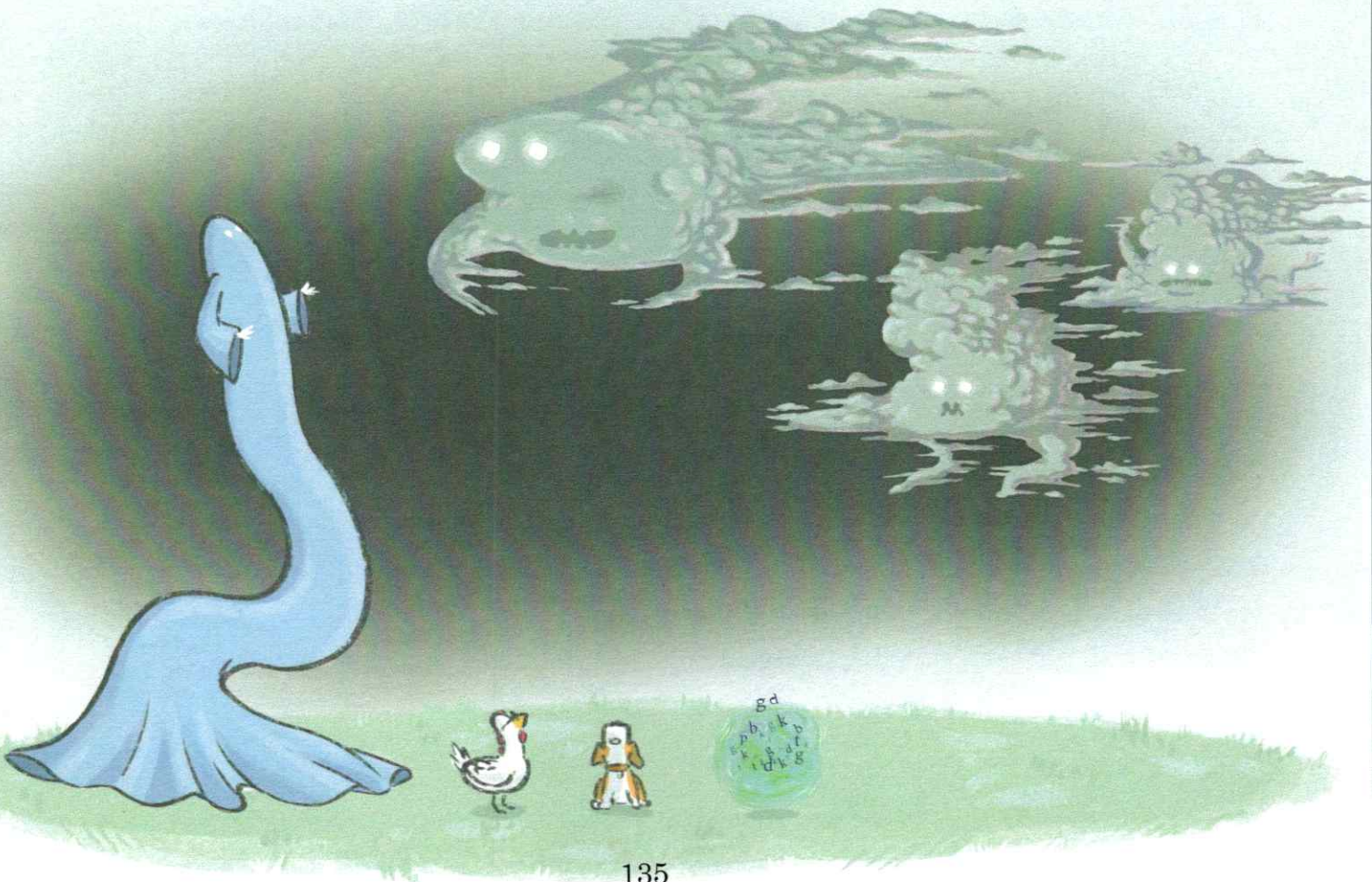
“I knew it!” said Dickinson.
“I thought I recognized you from
that storm on Blue Mountain!
How are you?”

They were old friends!

Frederick glanced at his fellow creatures,
who had that *oh-no* look on their faces.

This wasn’t going their way.

They had a tempest to conduct, an attack,
and some friend was the last thing they needed.





“Erm, yes, good. Fine,” said Fred.
“I’ve been thinking my hair is too frenzied.”

“Well,” Dickinson said, “it *is* frenzied,
but you’re still looking good.
Who are your friends?”

“This is Flip,” said Frederick, pointing to his left.
“And this is Flap.” He pointed right.

Flip and Flap nodded politely,
not knowing what else to do.
Even awful creatures need good manners.
Their moms expect that.
(You know moms!)

The awful Tempest watched all of this
from high above Emily’s garden,
his head hung low and purple.
A storm-thrower, he glowered and lowered.
He knew the storm had fizzled to a drizzle.
His eyes began to fade.





On cue, the birds arose for their pre-dawn tweet.
Birds start early. They have much to discuss.

“Who’s the big guy?” Poodle asked Frederick,
looking up at the awful Tempest.

“Arnold,” said Frederick.
“He’s stopped for the moment, but he’ll be back.”

“Good storm, Arnold,” Poodle said, looking up.
“We’ll see you next time.”

From her hiding spot,
Emily thought, “What? Next time?”

Arnold, the awful Tempest, turned for home,
dragging purple rain behind him,
and the three creatures slunk after,
and peace began to spread paradise
through the page.

