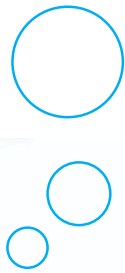


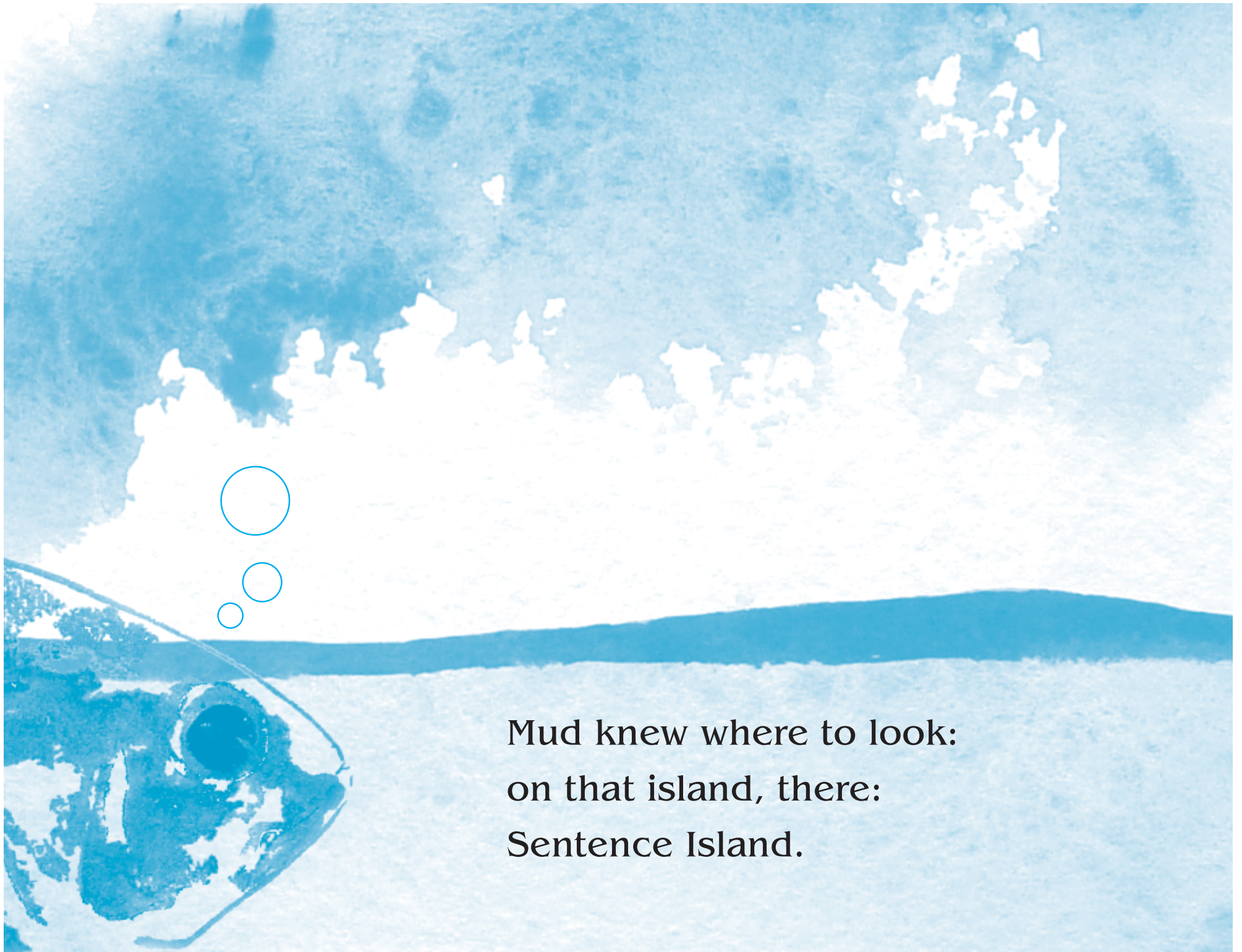
Mud was different;
he didn't care who knew it,
so no one bothered him.

In fact, Mud was different
from the other fish in two ways.
(Yes, he could talk, but *all* fish can talk.)

First, Mud could walk on land.
Second, Mud was obsessed;
ideas rose from his head,
like bubbles.



Mud was obsessed.
He could not stop thinking about it.
About what?
Oh, the sentence.
Mud had overheard a learned fish saying
wonderful things about the sentence,
and he just *had* to find
a sentence, to see one for himself,
to see a real one.
to learn how to write one.
It was Mud's mission.



Mud knew where to look:
on that island, there:
Sentence Island.

Mud swam to the blue island
and rose through the splashing waves.

Mud was all wet.

He saw blue trees and blue ferns.

“I have to find a sentence,”
thought Mud.