Poodle and the Blue Mountain Monster

Michael Clay Thompson

Illustrations by Christopher Tice

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This book addresses the parts of sentence. The parts of speech were addressed in the first volume, *Poodle Knows What?* We assume that students will be comfortable with the parts of speech before moving to this volume.

*In this volume we will use the terms AVP and LVP for **action verb predicate** and **linking verb predicate**. In the first volume, we simply used AV and LV.*
Dramatis Personae

Poodle  A chicken
What?   A beagle
Sidney  A snail
Maybe   A mouse (the director)
Gramlet A pika
Dickinson An angry blue wind
Lou     A stage hand
Children The audience
The Narrator A hidden voice
Author  Unknown
Prologue

[A vast blue plain. Enter Poodle, What?, and Sidney, walking steadily toward far blue mountains.
An unseen narrator speaks, his voice booming mysteriously from somewhere.]

You remember—I hope—how Poodle’s legend ended. Nope?
Poodle and What?
and Sidney (I thought)
departed the land of the eight—
but wait—departed the eight parts of speech and set out for the far blue world of sentences,
searching for entrances and hoping they could reach it, and that is how their legend ended:
they walked off the final page and blended into the distance, and it was splendid, like a stage on paper. Remember?
These were the final words:
It was a very good day. As the good day wore on, and the air got cool and intelligent, the friends reviewed the shrewd thoughts they had found.

They saw that, unlike birds, there are eight kinds of words, but the noun and verb are the two main kinds, the core of their minds, and the other six just help.

They saw how the picked words click and whirl to make a sentence, a world of words like a beautiful brass brain machine.

The more they looked at words, the more they liked them. Words are irresistible.
The world began to glow somewhere over there, in the distance, across a vast blue plain, and they saw that over there was a world of words all before them.

More than anything, ever, they wanted to go there, to that far horizon, to the line where the rising dark blue meets the high light blue, and one star floats above, like a white spot.

The three friends looked at one another, smiled, and set off for that distant spot, and their images grew smaller and smaller as they moved farther away, toward the world of words.

*And that is how the legend ended.*
Act One:
Subject (subj.)

[Enter Poodle, What?, and Sidney. They are hiking toward far blue mountains. The narrator begins.]

During the nights, they followed the star far, followed that guide that glistened o’er distant heights. In the cold nights, those toes froze, everyone knows, but they had persistence. Long they walked, ’cross the blue, blue plain, to find a high world of words, and through this vast dry scene strode those three, those three little dots. Spots. I mean Poodle, What?, and Sidney.
It was adventure, 
a big one—a clincher. 
It was fun, but whew-ooo, this blue.

The farther they walked, 
the more the distance receded. 
They were shocked; 
that was not what they needed. 
Would they ever reach it?

Their daily quest was no low jest: 
the sun rose here, went down there, 
and swept the best sunset with it, 
and slowly crept behind the west, 
above the mountain crest, 
as you probably guessed. 
On they pressed.

Days and nights passed on and on, 
one by one—lights out, lights on, 
sunset, night. Then wan Dawn 
showed her long hands, 
purple and red strands, 
and sunrise loomed 
with plumes of dawn 
bright o’er the route.
Each day they resumed.
(We assume you know whom.)

Still on they trudged,
bit by bit, inch by inch.
They budged and peered and squinched and never flinched at danger.
On they trekked, cool strangers, and wrapped their cloaks against cold soaks of rain and crossed the stretch like travelers smudged in a sketch.

With pencils.

I think pencils are better for scenes like this.
As they walked, they talked.
You’re shocked?
Be advised: they talked.

Poodle began:
“This journey, you lot,
is to the next spot.
It ends where it ought.
You know where it ends:
at the SUBJECT,
and I thought—”


And speed-snail Sidney zapped *poof*,
and zipped *zooo0000000000op*,
and zurped with a whoof
’round her friends with flair,
like a loop drawn in air.

From somewhere high above,
a cool wind blew blue, yup, and
Poodle could hear it whisper, almost.
A warning, a ghost, it sounded like—
“CUT!”
came a voice from somewhere back there.  
Back where? I don’t know.  
From somewhere—who knows?  
The three friends froze, 
and from the right side 
of the page strode 
a mouse!

What page? This page.

“LIGHTS!” she cried 
with a voice like a cello.  
Her ears were tied back, 
and she wore a long yellow scarf 
and a long cloak, black, 
and big sunglasses.

A Hollywood type.
“LIGHTS!” she cried, and the stage-lights popped bright with a crack, and the three stepped back and shaded their eyes, and somehow they were standing on a stage, and the loud mouse walked up to the three.

“This won’t work!” she cried. “No, no, no! We’ll do it again. Poodle, you’re too close to those two. Sidney, slow it down, and face the star as you walk! Stop zooping around! You’re making me nervous! Now, start again, everyone, from the top, from when Poodle begins to speak. ACTION!” she cried. “STAGE LEFT!” And she stomped off-stage.
“Wait!” cried Poodle. “Who are you?”

“I’m Maybe,” she said. “I direct this play, and when I say, ‘Do it this way,’ I mean it! Okay? Just as you’ve seen it. Get it right this time! Please! You see that audience?”

Audience? This was new. They had no clue. Maybe pointed straight up, and high o’er the stage they saw children’s faces peeking down at the antics below. The children were giggling. One blinked.

The bewildered characters peeked sideways at each other. AUDIENCE?