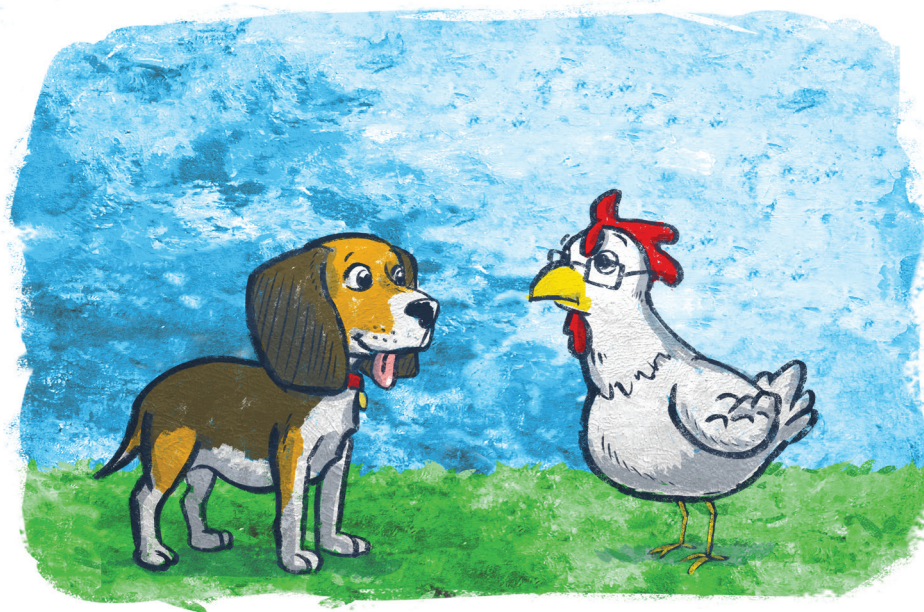


Royal Fireworks Language Arts by Michael Clay Thompson

Book 1 of the Poodle Series

Poodle Knows What?



Michael Clay Thompson

Illustrations by Christopher Tice



Royal Fireworks Press
UNIONVILLE, NEW YORK

January 2023

Copyright © 2019

Royal Fireworks Online Learning, Inc.

All Rights Reserved. No copying, reproduction, or electronic dissemination of this book is permitted without the express written consent of the publisher.

Royal Fireworks Press
41 First Avenue, P.O. Box 399
Unionville, NY 10988-0399
(845) 726-4444
fax: (845) 726-3824
email: mail@rfwp.com
website: rfwp.com



ISBN: 978-0-88092-938-7

Publisher: Dr. T.M. Kemnitz

Editor: Jennifer Ault

Illustrator: Christopher Tice

This book features QR codes that link to audio of Michael Clay Thompson narrating the text so that readers can follow along.

The Island, Town, and Voyage levels of the language arts curriculum by Michael Clay Thompson feature art by Milton N. Kemnitz (1911-2005). Christopher Tice has incorporated Mr. Kemnitz's art into many of the illustrations in this book, providing a degree of visual continuity between this volume and the more advanced levels of the curriculum.

Printed and bound in Unionville, New York,
at the Royal Fireworks facility. 26jan23

Table of Contents

Prologue	1
Chapter One: Nouns.....	13
Chapter Two: Pronouns.....	21
Chapter Three: Adjectives.....	27
Chapter Four: Verbs.....	39
Chapter Five: Adverbs	55
Chapter Six: Prepositions	69
Chapter Seven: Conjunctions.....	89
Chapter Eight: Interjections	103





Prologue: Poodle and What?

There once was a chicken named Poodle
who called a cool cock-a-do-doodle.

He ate not just any old noodle
but gobbled the kit and caboodle,
including the strudel;

it's truedle.

He ate oodles.

Chicken Poodle liked sweets,
which in bird-world is rare,
but what did he care?

He clucked with such flair,
eating his treats and
increasing the heat to his beets
and his wheats and steamed soups,
which he scooped as they thickened
like glue, like goops.





Chicken Poodle liked dogs—
at least one.

Not every bird does
(it's not done).

His best friend, he thought,
was a beagle named What?.

Wait, what was that name?

It was What?.

Yes.

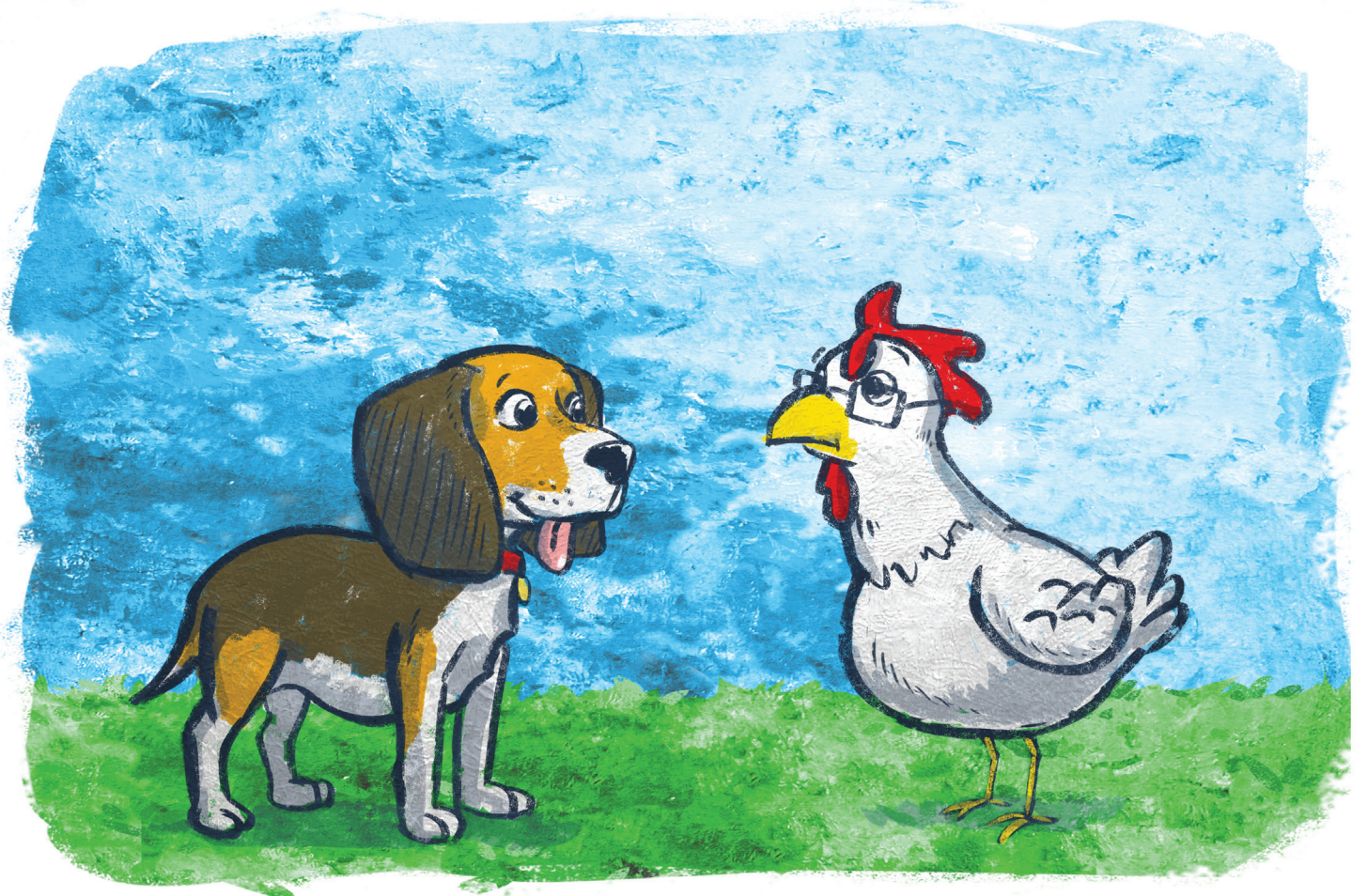
Yes, What? was What?'s name.

It was always the same,
for the word *what* means What?
all the time.

What? wiggled and waggled
and struggled to bark,
but all that came out
was a barky remark,
such as “What?” and then “What?”
and then “What?” like a rhyme,
like “What-what-what-what-what-what?”
like a sound in an arc,
like a chime in quick time,
and when Poodle asked why,
the beagle barked, “What?”
Poodle sighed.

Was What? asking a question?
A doggy expression?
In every new session,
What? only said, “What?
What-what-what-what-what?”

Sometimes What?’s flopping ears
were flapping in fear,
with his tongue dangling out
to the right
and his eyes open wide—what a sight—
but Poodle would settle What?’s fears
with green spears of asparagus,
ready to bite.





Poodle loved words,
as you've probably heard—
even copied the words of the birds:

tweety tweet!

Herds of birds (we call flocks)
all worried and scurried
as Poodle spoke bird-words in talks.

Hear that birdy-bird sound?

Tweedle-deet.

When birdies said, "Tweet,"
he'd repeat. It was sweet
because *tweet* is a word to a bird.

What? only barked, "What?"
You see it?

Poodle loved bird-tweety words.



Poodle loved words
for their beautiful looks,
like small sculptures in books,
like *thirst* with its
th and its *t* rising up.
Up *th*, down *irs*, up *t*—
it makes *th-irs-t*.

But *poof* and *goof*
both go low at the start,
with the *p* and the *g*
hanging down: little art.

Some ups, some downs—
here's the proof: *thptgfpthg*.

That sounds like
thah-paht-gaff-paht-ha-gah.

What?





Poodle also liked bumpy old *m*'s—
that was him—
and liked all the la-dee-da-*l*'s
that rolled off so well
when they swung
off his chickeny tongue.
He liked *oo*'s that go *hoo* in the night
like blue circles: *oo-oo*!
What a fright, right?

Poodle liked *z*'s,
with their zig-zags—oh please—
turning right and then left
with a zip like a wheeze.

What? saw none of that.
What? just barked, “What?
What-what-what-what-what?”

When Poodle asked, “What?”
What? barked, “What?”
with his tongue in the breeze,
in the air like the bees.

Poodle just sighed and sank to his knees.



Oh, Poodle loved words
for their beautiful vowels,
such as *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and then *u*
(that's all of them—whew),
for the vowels loved by fowls—
that's different from *fouls*—
like the *ooo* howl in *soon*,
or the *eee* vowel in *wheel*,
or the *oh* sound in *home*,
or the *ow* sound in *growl*
or in *owl* or in *prowl*,
or the *eee* sound in *peel*.
It was such a big deal.

He loved scratchity words,
like *snicker* and *snake*,
and *chicken* and *quicken*,
and *shaking* and *fake*,
and *caulk* and *block*,
and *gawk* and, yes, *loch*,
which sounds just like *lock*
when we talk.





He loved growly-grr words
that begin with a *grrr*,
like *gravel* and *grotto*
and *grubby* and *gear*,
like *gruffly* and *grunt*
and *grody* and *grub*,
like *grimly* and *grabbing*
and *grub-a-dub-dub*.

Not What?.

What? just barked, “What?
What-what-what-what-what?”

“Words,” Poodle told him.

“Words,” Poodle said.

“I’m talking ’bout words;
**there are eight kinds ahead
in the language,**” he pled.

What? said, “What?”

What? was hopeless.



There are **eight kinds of words**,
to be clear, and the nouns are the first—
not the worst—to appear.
They won't burst, not these words,
oh never you fear. It means there
are eight kinds to hear!
Let's rehearse.

So here's a noun: *thirst*.
We make this admission:
thirst names a condition, so dry.
Nouns name things, aye;
that's their mission. See why?

What? (nope) saw nothing;
he only barked, "What?"
and his tail waggled
left and then right like a shot.





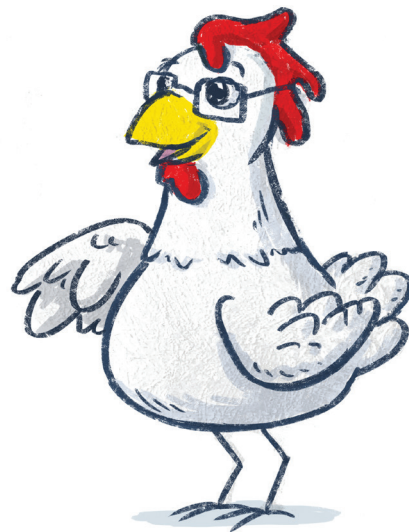
“Words,” said the bird,
but the beagle, confused,
seemed so unenthused.

How could he choose
among words such as *bruise*, or *blues*,
or *dues*, or *fuse*, or *cruise*, or *shoes*?

He was only a beagle, whose
mind quickly blurred.

What? was a beagle,
not a seagull or eagle,
not legal or regal,
not a beetle—just a beagle.
“What-what-what-what-what?”

Yes, Poodle loved words,
but What? just barked, “What?”
“How ’bout *fog*,”
Poodle tried
as he thought of gray morn.



What? barked, “What?
What-what-what-what what?”
like a croaky big frog
with big froggy eyes,
and Poodle just mourned
for What?’s one-word replies.

Poodle felt so forlorn.
His thinking was worn.

That’s our prologue
of Poodle the chicken and What? the dog.

As the prologue ended,
Poodle looked down
and noticed
the bottom of the page.

“See?” said the author.
“It’s right below this sentence.”





noun

The name
of a person,
a place,
or a thing:

*Fred, Florida,
flapjack*

Chapter One: Nouns

It happened this way,
one wind-willoway day,
that Poodle did say
to What?, “What?, let us survey
the noun. Let us weigh
some with sounds like *bouquet*,
or *beret*, or *affray*.”

Nouns are names, Poodle thought.
The language has got
an array of them, lots,
as it ought,
but What? had not caught
this plot. His mind was in knots.

What? just barked, “What?”

