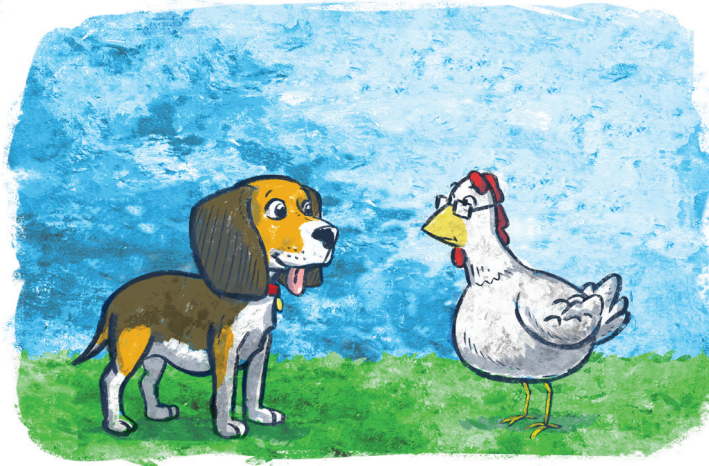


Royal Fireworks Language Arts by Michael Clay Thompson

Book 1 of the Poodle Series

Poodle Knows What?



Instructor Manual

Michael Clay Thompson

Illustrations by Christopher Tice



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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.

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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.

vocabulary:
CABOODLE
the whole
quantity

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.

assonance:
noodle oodles
caboodle strudel
soups scooped
glue 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?.

The period after
the question mark
is part of the fun.
What?'s name
is What?.

Alliteration is
the repetition
of initial sounds.

Yes.

Yes, What? was What?'s name.

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

Internal rhyme
is rhyming a word
in the middle of a line
with another word.

What? wiggled and waggled
and struggled to bark,
but all that came out
was a barky remark,

alliteration:
wiggled
waggled

such as "What?" and then "What?"
and then "What?" like a rhyme,
like "What-what-what-what-what-what?"

internal rhyme:
rhyme chime
time

like a sound in an arc,
like a chime in quick time,
and when Poodle asked why,
the beagle barked, "What?"

Poodle sighed.

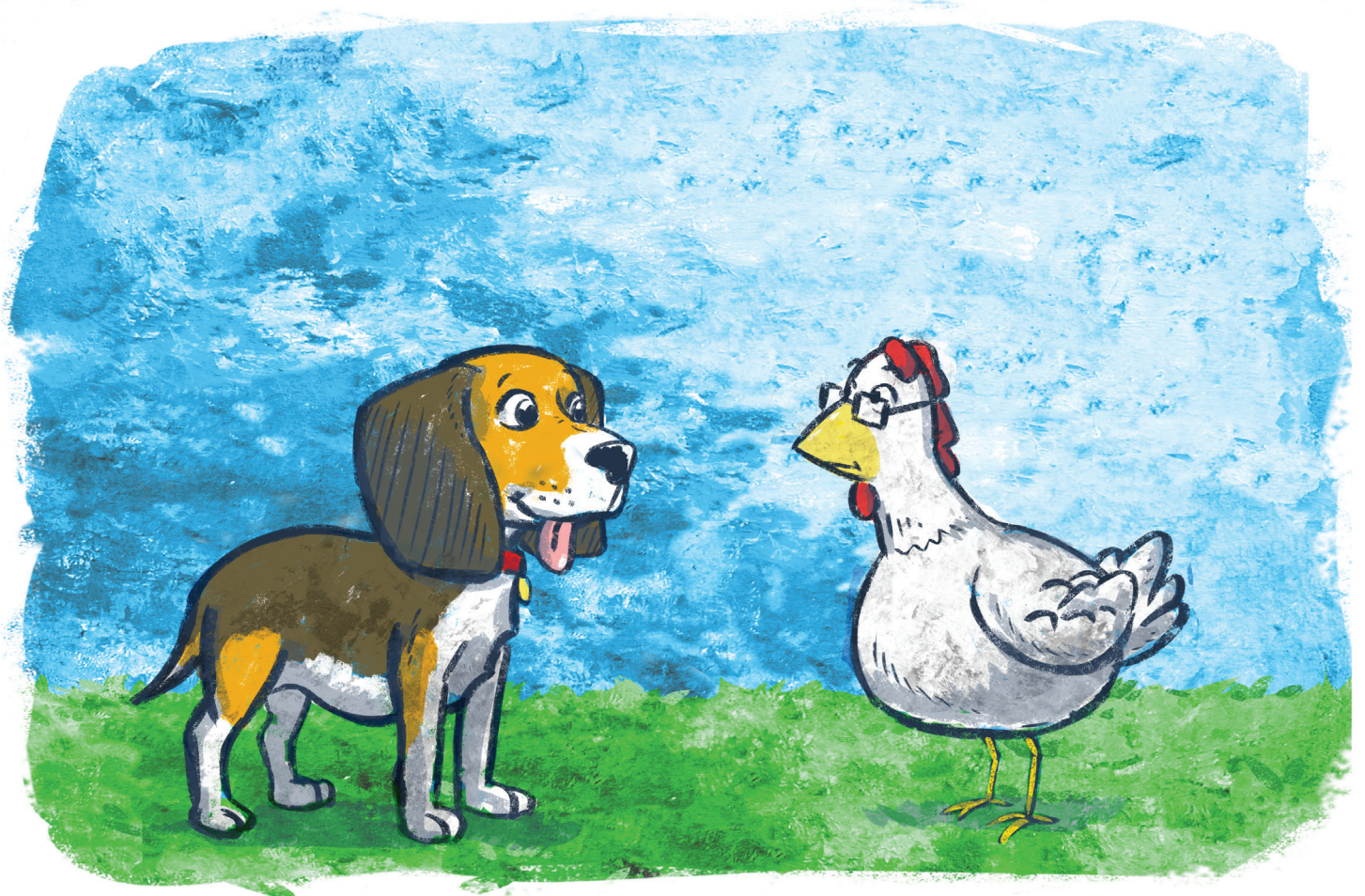
Was What? asking a question?
A doggy expression?
In every new session,
What? only said, “What?
What-what-what-what-what?”

Near rhyme
is almost-rhyme,
not perfect
rhyme.

near rhyme:
question
expression
session

alliteration:
flopping
flapping fear

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.

Notice
the spelling:
words heard
birds herds
worried
scurried

internal rhyme:
repeat sweet
tweet
word bird

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?

It is important
to grow up
seeing what
words look like.
Only hearing words
provides no idea
of spelling or
of the beauty
of word shapes.

We love the beauty
of the ascenders
such as *h* and *f*
and the descenders
such as *p* and *j*.





end rhyme:
swung tongue

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.

end
rhyme:
breeze
bees
knees

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.

It is good
to look at
homophones
such as FOWLS
and FOULS
or
LOCH and
LOCK.

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.

internal
rhyme:
caulk
gawk

vocabulary:
GAWK
stare stupidly





vocabulary:
GROTTO
a picturesque
cave

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.

Note the
divergent spellings
of the rhyming
words SAID,
AHEAD, and
PLED.

What? said, “What?”

What? was hopeless.

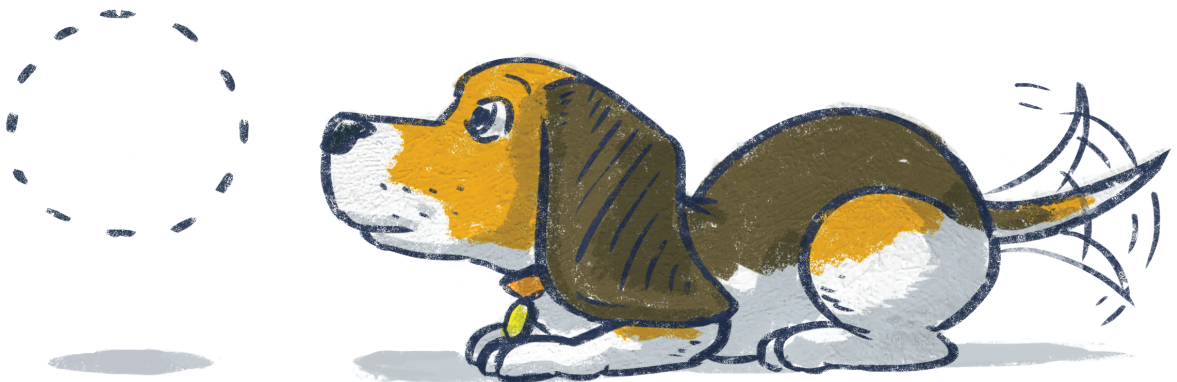


There are **eight kinds of words**,
to be clear, and the nouns are the first—
not the worst—to appear.
They won't burst, not these words,
oh never you fear. It means there
are eight kinds to hear!
Let's rehearse.

rhyme and
near rhyme:
first worst burst
rehearse thirst
admission
condition

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.

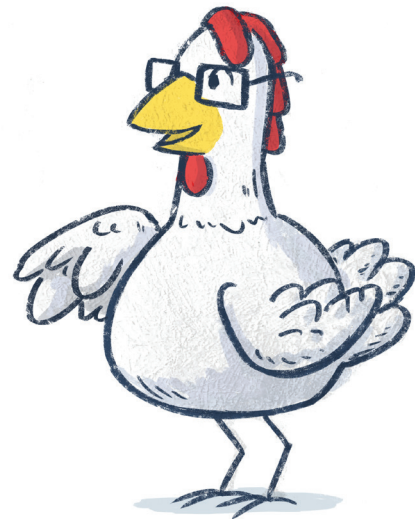
How could he choose
among words such as *bruise*, or *blues*,
or *dues*, or *fuse*, or *cruise*, or *shoes*?

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.

There is
an incredible
variety of spellings in
confused, unenthused,
choose, bruise, blues,
dues, fuse, cruise,
shoes, and
whose.



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.

vocabulary:
FORLORN
sad and
abandoned

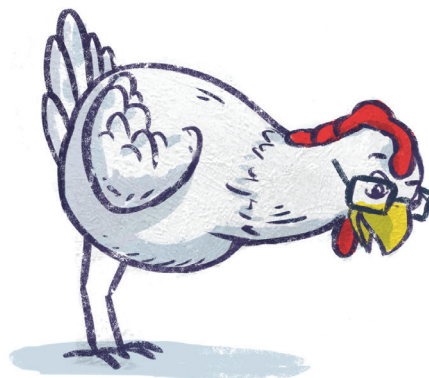
Poodle felt so forlorn.
His thinking was worn.

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.

On this page
the fourth wall
breaks, and the
animals know
they are in
a book.

“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

Notice
way day
say survey
weigh bouquet
beret affray.

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*.”

vocabulary:
AFFRAY
public fighting
that disturbs
the peace

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.

vocabulary:
ARRAY
a display
or range of a
particular thing;
a vast array
of literature

perfect rhyme:
thought got lots
ought not caught
plot knots, and
What? is a
near rhyme

What? just barked, “What?”

