

While **Walter** played in the mud,
Willy blew spit bubbles:
“**Phbbt, phbbt, phbbt.**”

“What are you doing, Willy?” called Walter.

“I’m exercising my voice,” said **Willy**.

“Like it says in this book.”

“Exercising?” asked Walter.

“Yup,” said Willy.

“I’m rehearsing for a solo in a *musical*.”



Oh no... thought Walter.



“EEEE,” squealed Willy,
like a **train**
screeching to a stop.

“EEEE,” he squeaked,
like **nails**
on a blackboard.

It sent **shivers**
down Walter’s spine.

