



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—"

What? said, "What-what-what-what-what?"

And speed-snail Sidney zapped *poof*,
and zipped *zooooooooooooooooooop*,
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.

