

“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.

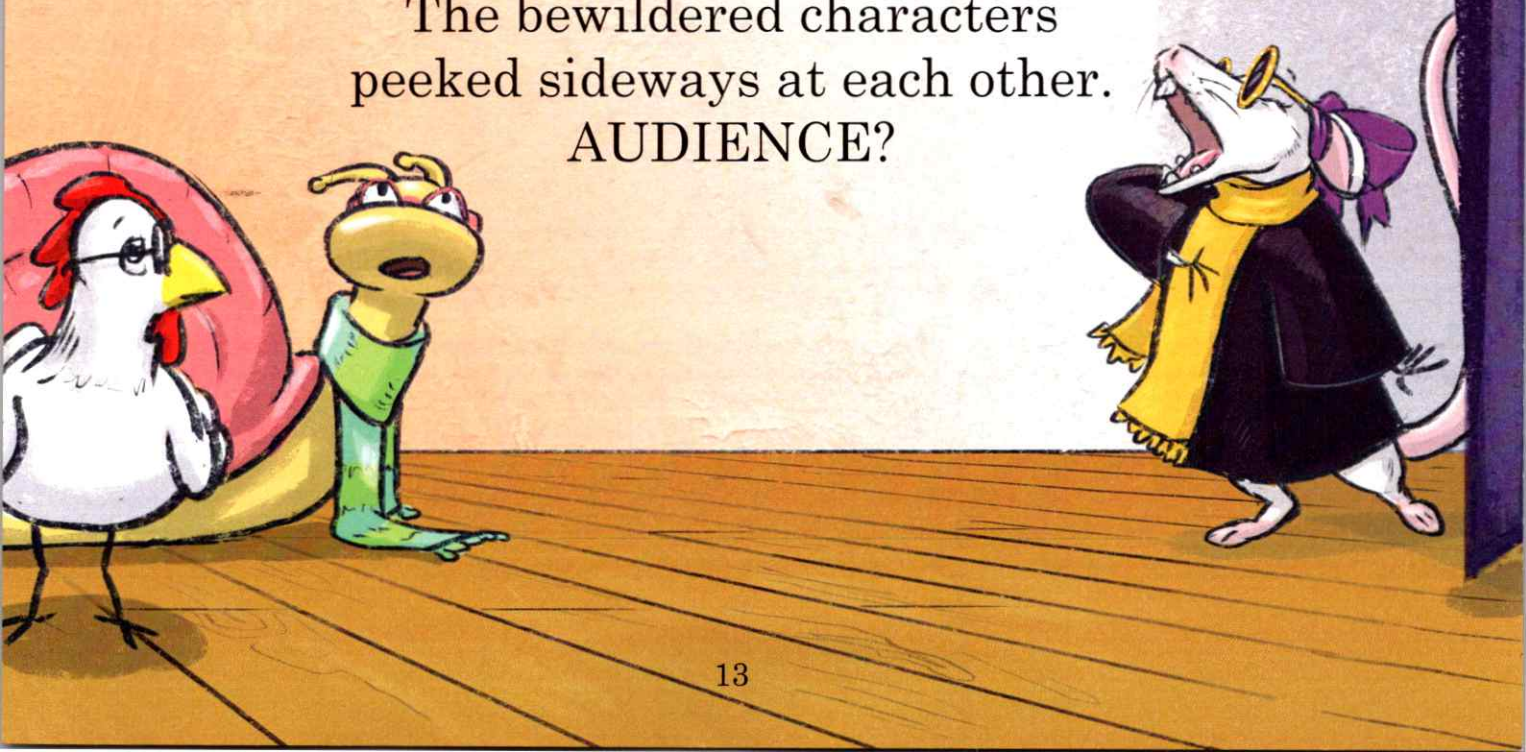
Maybe pointed straight up,
and high o’er the stage
they saw children’s faces
peeking down at the antics below.

The children were giggling.

One blinked.

The bewildered characters
peeked sideways at each other.

AUDIENCE?





With the bright lights on, they could
not see the heights ahead.

Instead, there was a white wall
where the mountains had been.

Poodle touched the wall.

The wall was a wall.

That was all.

What did we expect?

Where were the mountains?

Where was the plain?

Where was the star?

Who could explain?

They looked down, and the
ground had become a wooden floor.

What? barked, "What-what-what?"

