

Poodle stepped forward.
“You’re Maybe Mouse?” he asked.

“Maybe MOUSE?” she shouted.
“Did I say my name was
Maybe MOUSE???”

“Well, um, no,” said Poodle, abashed.

“You think I’m a cartoon?”
she clamored. “Don’t hector me;
I’m the DIRECTOR!”

The three looked down. No one spoke.
No one snickered. No one croaked.
It was quicker if no one joked.
She gathered her cloak,
swept it back with pride,
and strode for the side
of the page.





At the edge of the page, she turned.
“Take it from Poodle’s first line!
Lights off!” she cried. “ACTION!
Stage right!”

and she vanished off-page
as the lights dimmed the stage,
and the scene grew dark,
and the star was a spark, as before.
As they stood on their marks,
the white wall dissolved,
and the great sky revolved,
and the mountains resolved
to rise clear in the distance.

It was a long, blue mountain range,
and it went from over here
to wayyyy over there.
No, over THERE.
No, where I’m pointing. Right.

Poodle, What?, and Sidney
found themselves back on the plain,
facing blue mountains and rain
far in the distance, and when they
looked down, they saw sand.
There were no children above.

Their world had flipped.
What a script.

This was too much.
Poodle touched
the right side of the page, where
Maybe had gone. He sneaked. He peeked.
There was nothing there.
It was just the edge of the page.
The plain stopped there.
Ahead, the mountains beckoned.