



“CUT!!!”

came the voice from the side,
and out stormed Maybe, glary-eyed,
staring at Poodle, who tried
to look down. He knew.

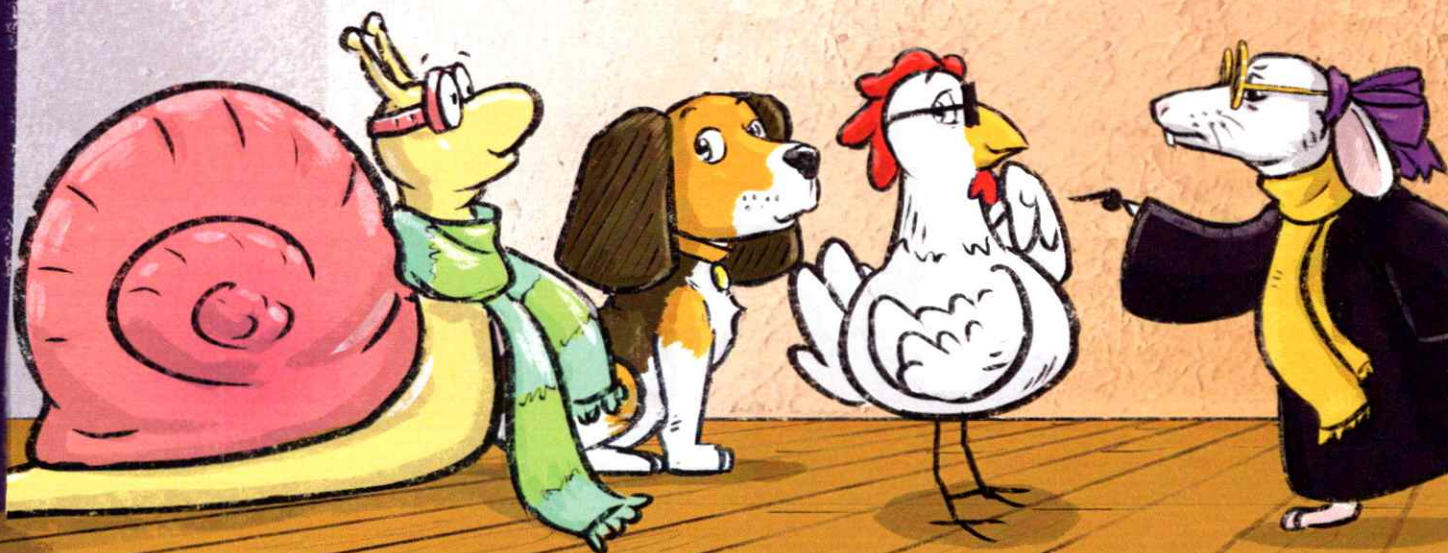
“LIGHTS!” she cried,
and pop came the lights,
and instead of a blue plain,
a white wall rose before them.
They stood on a wooden stage.

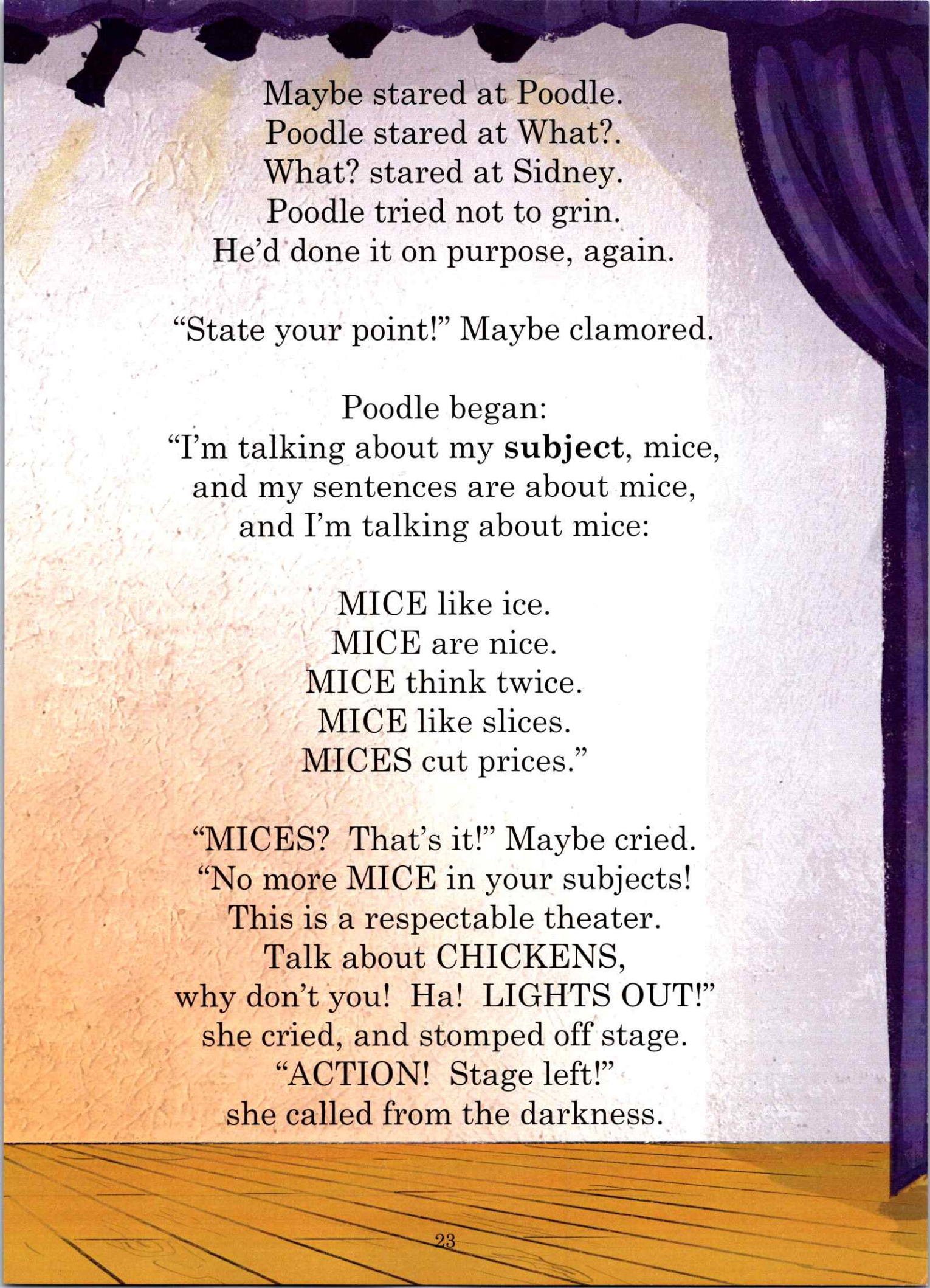
No mountains.

It was driving Poodle crazy.

“Are you making fun of me?” cried Maybe.

“You’re talking about MICE?
Your **subject** is MICE? Really???”





Maybe stared at Poodle.
Poodle stared at What?
What? stared at Sidney.
Poodle tried not to grin.
He'd done it on purpose, again.

"State your point!" Maybe clamored.

Poodle began:
"I'm talking about my **subject**, mice,
and my sentences are about mice,
and I'm talking about mice:

MICE like ice.
MICE are nice.
MICE think twice.
MICE like slices.
MICES cut prices."

"MICES? That's it!" Maybe cried.
"No more MICE in your subjects!
This is a respectable theater.
Talk about CHICKENS,
why don't you! Ha! LIGHTS OUT!"
she cried, and stomped off stage.
"ACTION! Stage left!"
she called from the darkness.



Pop! Off went the lights,
and zoom!, mountain heights
rose up before them,
and the plain was a desert
once more
(Desert. I said *desert*, not *dessert*.),
and the star was a spark o'er the peak.
No one dared speak.

Where had Maybe gone?

They began walking again.
Poodle, What?, and Sidney
spoke no words.
As quiet as birds, they looked down,
and Maybe never heard
their chuckley sounds.

After all, they did not want to hurt
her feelings.

