



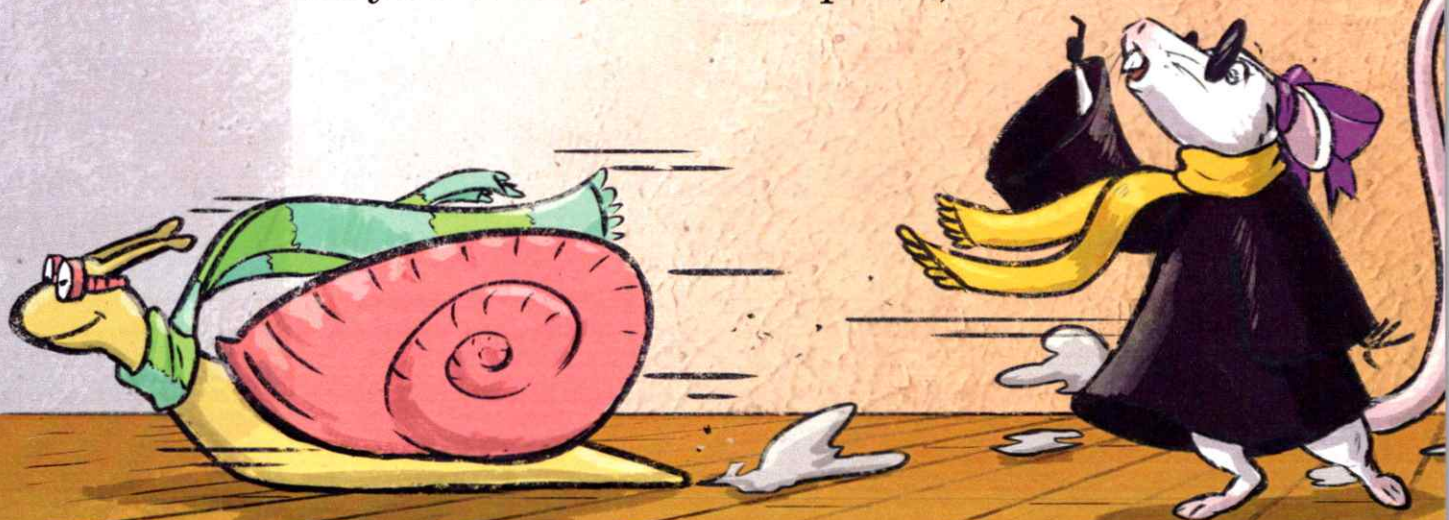
“CUT! LIGHTS!” And in strode Maybe
from stage right. On popped
the lights, and the curtain dropped,
and the white wall
whopped up before them, and
the mountains poofed off, and
they saw the wooden floor of the stage.

One of the stage lights
was buzzing—’twas because
it wanted to.
Lights are like that:
temperamental.

Poodle stopped.

What? said, “What-what-what?”

Maybe was about to speak, when...



Sidney cried, "I'm an ACTION VERB!"
and dashed back and forth
across the stage.

She never left the page.
Zooooom, she shot to the right,
and *whizzzzzzz*, she shot to the left,
and *pow!* she landed
right there, so candid,
where the rest were standing.

"I'm a verb!" she cried. "I'm
an ACTION VERB!

It's my scene!

Act Two, starring Sidney!

That's me!

I'm going to be a star!"

It's means IT IS.

