



Act Three: Direct Object (D.O.)

[Enter Poodle, What?, and Sidney.

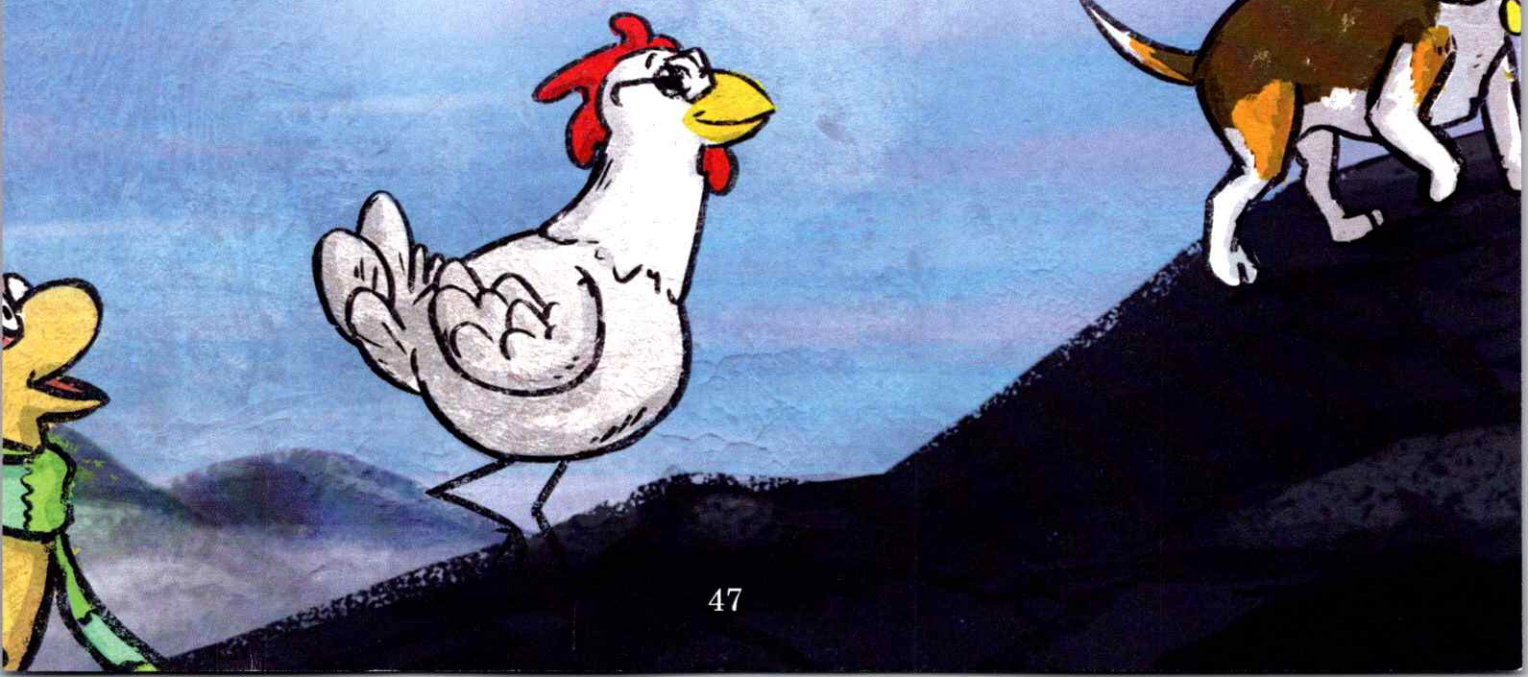
They're climbing a steep slope
toward the blue mountain
towering above them.

The slope is covered with objects.
A cold wind growls down the slope, tossing
their hair. Or feathers. Or shell.]

"It's cold on this hill,"
said Poodle, looking up. It was chill.

He could hear the wind
mouthing its cold language.

As they climbed, they
saw surrounding hills,
undulating blue and green
far over the old landscape below.





In the early morning,
Dawn peeked up from the east, timidly—
you could just see her eyes rise—
and waved her glowing fingers,
and the shadows all leaned west
and lingered together.

A child somewhere above
noticed that.

They picked their way higher between
boulders and broken rubble
and a choir of old gray stones
from the ancient world,
and it grew colder,
and their breaths made fog-words,
and the wind whispered frost
as it flowed down around them,
and suddenly, from behind
a stone, they heard a small squeak.