



“THAT’S IT!” yelled Maybe.
“Good, but I need more emotion
in these lines! Make it real!
This isn’t the ocean.
Speak like you feel it!
Like an explosion!
LIGHTS!
ACTION, stage left!”

And *pow!*, she poofed
to the right edge of the page,
and up popped the mountain,
and the cold wind reeling at the ceiling—
with its flowing blue costume—resumed,
and far through the gloom of dusk,
they could see the waves
of hills and the great peak
towering above them,
snow streaming from the summit,
because Dickinson was
making a mess up there.

I’m not kidding you.

Sidney took an irritated
run at the right side of the page,
but too late. Maybe was gone.
Sidney peeked past the edge
of the page. Nothing.

Gramlet had to resume
his warning about Dickinson,
the angry wind.
The author wrote, "An angry wind...."

"An angry wind," said Gramlet.
"Dickinson is the angriest wind,
cool and blue. He's sleek.
He's up there, like a streak.
Not meek; he's a sneak.
He'll blast thee and cast thee
off the vast slope. No hope.
Depart anon. Aroint thee!
Forthwith!"

As every child knows,
forthwith means immediately,
right now!





The little pika stood there,
feet wide apart, its little round ears
pointing toward them, and stared
at them with urgent eyes.
No disguise.

“Look, Gramlet,” said Poodle, “we can’t aroint
ourselves forthwith. In this scene
we have to find **objects**. We have to see
how **subjects** and **action verbs**
work with **objects**—**direct objects**.
It’s pointless to cry *Aroint thee*
because we won’t turn back.”

“Objects?” said Gramlet. “Eek!
“I happen to be very good at objects.
Look, here’s one,” and he
picked a purple crystal
from the ground.

