



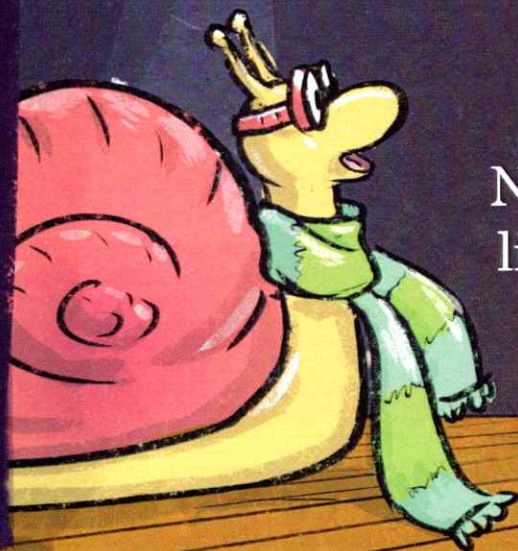
“Great scene!” she called with a smile of approval on her countenance.

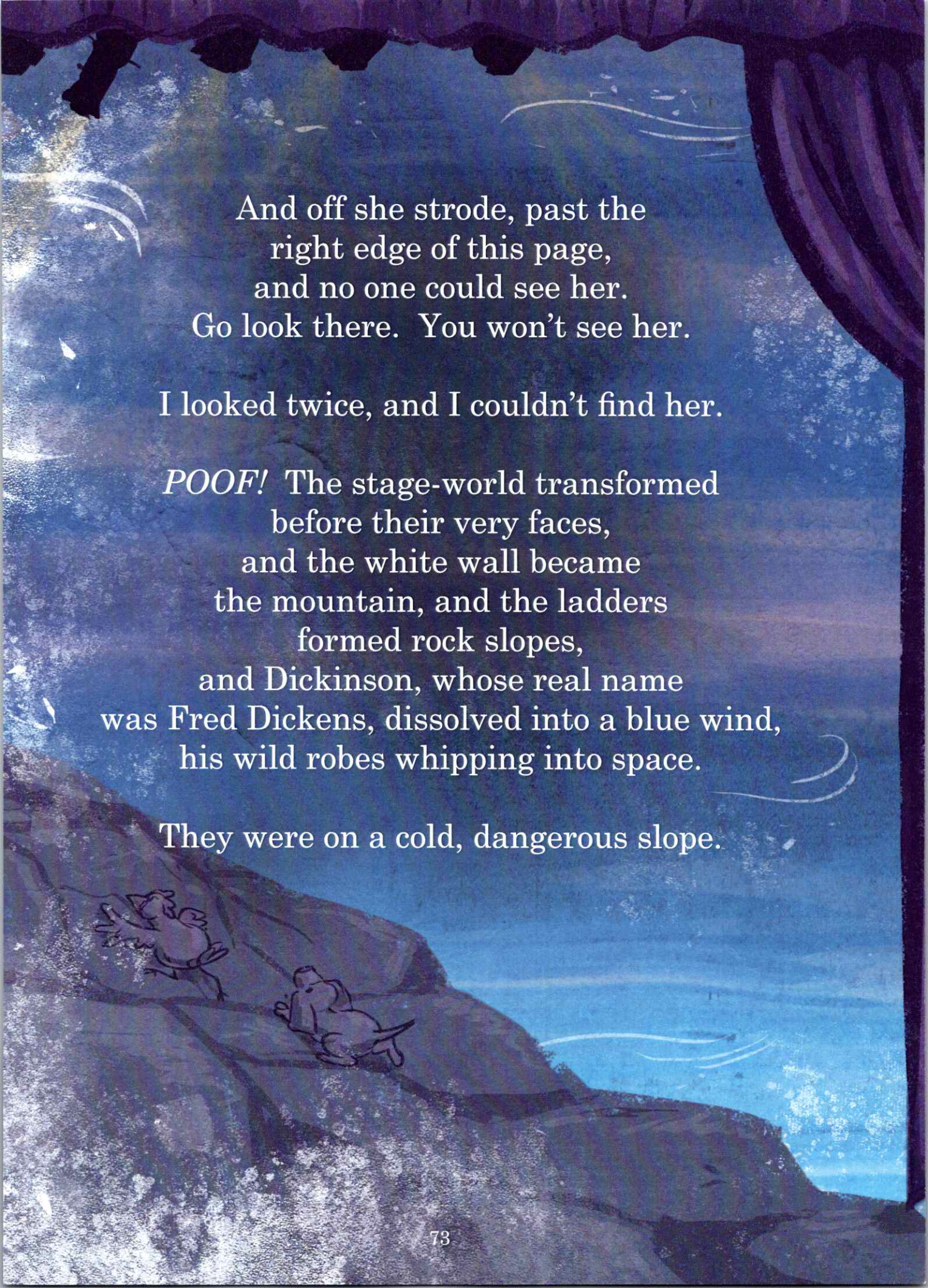
“Good! You were convincing.
Poodle, keep your right wing
on that rock above you,
and What?, move to his left,
and cling to the rock beside him.
Sidney, I want you dashing
left and right and looking
up, like a scout.

Dickinson, push your blue robes
out in front of the wind machine, and
make more *woowoo* sounds.”

She looked up at him
in his perch above the stage.
His blue robes hung down.

“Gramlet, good job.
Good job, all!
Now, let’s go find some
linking verbs up there
in the ice.
LIGHTS, ACTION!”





And off she strode, past the
right edge of this page,
and no one could see her.
Go look there. You won't see her.

I looked twice, and I couldn't find her.

POOF! The stage-world transformed
before their very faces,
and the white wall became
the mountain, and the ladders
formed rock slopes,
and Dickinson, whose real name
was Fred Dickens, dissolved into a blue wind,
his wild robes whipping into space.

They were on a cold, dangerous slope.

