

Act Five:
Subject Complement (S.C.)



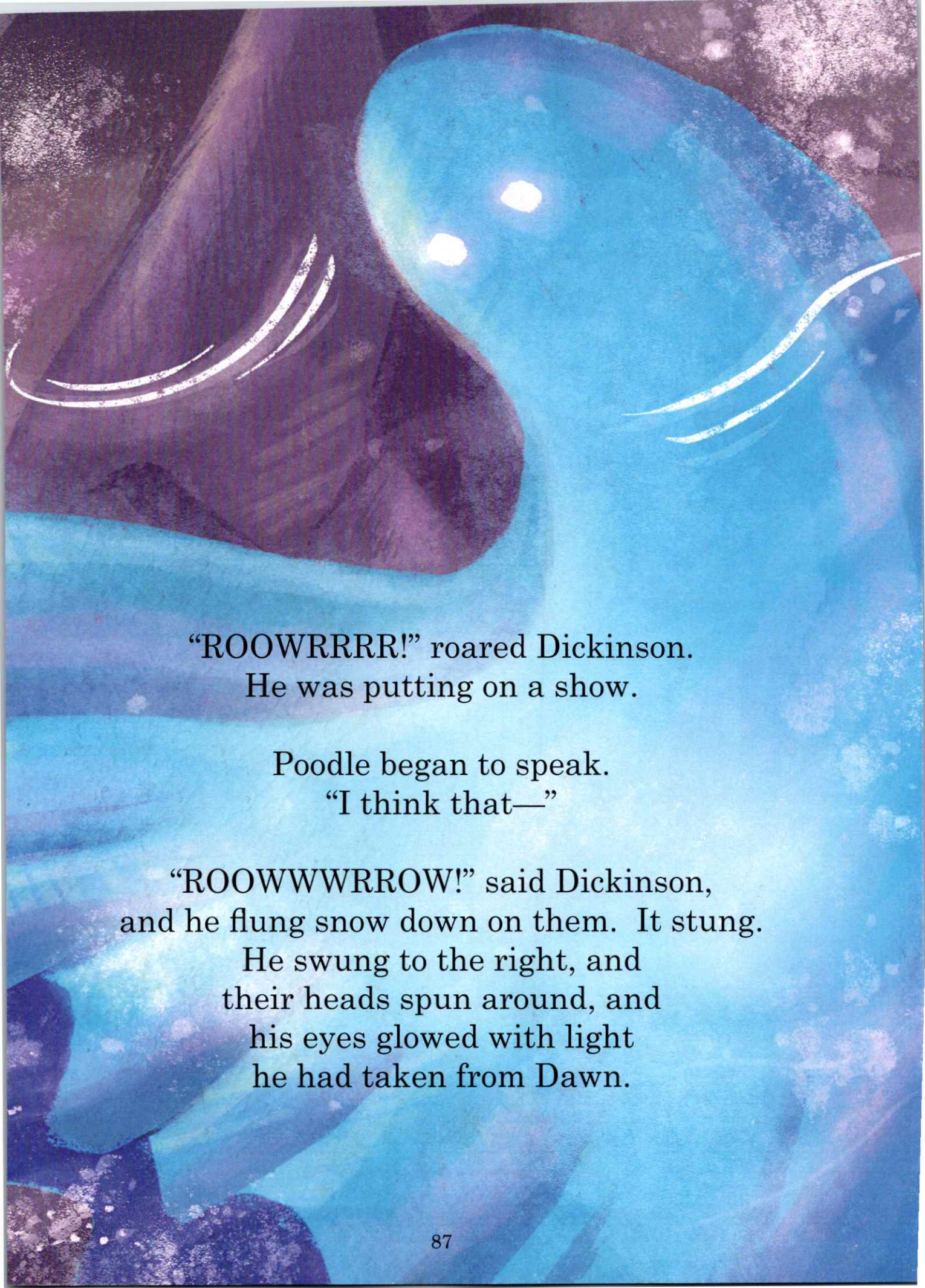
[The steep approach to the final summit.
Dawn. Wind howls in the rocks.
Three hawks circle far below.
The mountain rocks
are gathered around now, watching.
And the stars turn like clocks.
At the summit,
a great stone lies flat on the ice.
They can see for miles in every direction.
Enter Poodle, What?, and Sidney, climbing.
Dickinson is roaring now,
soaring around the peak just above them,
with a deep storm voice,
a sweeping swarm noise,
shouting like a madwind.
He's still blasting Poodle's feathers
and What?'s hairs and
Sidney's shell. They hate it
when he does that.
The three seekers stumble up the rocks
toward the shrieking peak, and Dickinson
fast-blasts them with a blue rage, *wham!*
Dawn peeks over the far mountains.
She wants to see this.]



“I don’t know about this,” said Sidney,
stealing glances at the others
and feeling their chances failing.

“What-what-what-what-what!” said What?
He was not amused. Not-not-not.
This was tough. They felt bruised.

“How can there be a subject complement
up here?” asked Poodle, confused.



“ROOWRRRR!” roared Dickinson.
He was putting on a show.

Poodle began to speak.
“I think that—”

“ROOWWRRROW!” said Dickinson,
and he flung snow down on them. It stung.
He swung to the right, and
their heads spun around, and
his eyes glowed with light
he had taken from Dawn.