



“CUT!” came Maybe’s voice
from below. “Stop! Wait! We’re coming!”

She was climbing
toward them, with Gramlet
hopping along beside her,
bouncing from rock to rock.

“Make room for us!” she cried,
and she and Gramlet scrambled
to join everyone.



And somehow the world was
more than a stage, and the
blue mountain was blue,
and the imagination was real,
and the story was true,
and Poodle and What? and Sidney
and Dickinson and Maybe and
Gramlet sat on the long stone,
side by side, like a throne,
and dangled their legs—
those who had legs—
over the edge, and looked
over the world of words.

