

“What-what-grff,” said What?

“Exactly,” said Poodle.

“Look at these objects:

in the wind
toward them
after the snack
like the moon

See? The objects are *wind*, *them*,
snack, and *moon*.

The prepositions show
a relationship *between* their object
and another word *in* the sentence.”





“Wait!” the author interrupted.
“I have an idea. I can write the objects
of prepositions in purple!”

“Please!” said Poodle. “Don’t speak.
You’re not a character!”

“Oh, right,” said the author,
and he poofed once again.

“CUT! LIGHTS!” cried Maybe
as she stormed with Bizzie from
behind the curtain stage right.
“CUT! Author, is there a problem here?
Are you going to keep talking
during the play?”

Silence.



Poodle and What?
looked at Maybe and waited.

“ACTION!” Maybe cried.

Bizzie clicked Polaris back on.
“Ready, boss!” she shouted.

“Who are you?” Poodle asked Bizzie.

“I’m Bizzie,” she said.

“I see you’re busy,” Poodle said,
“but what’s your name?”

“I’m Bizzie,” she said and sped away.

Poodle was profoundly perplexed.

