



“CUT! LIGHTS!” cried Maybe
as she stormed **onto** the wooden **stage**
with Bizzie.

“Poodle and What?, come out
from **under** that **table.**

Burgull, pull that consonant cloak
down **around** your **feet.** Cover your toes,
and don’t come **from** the **shadow** so fast.

Bizzie, take charge!”
and Maybe headed **for** stage **right.**

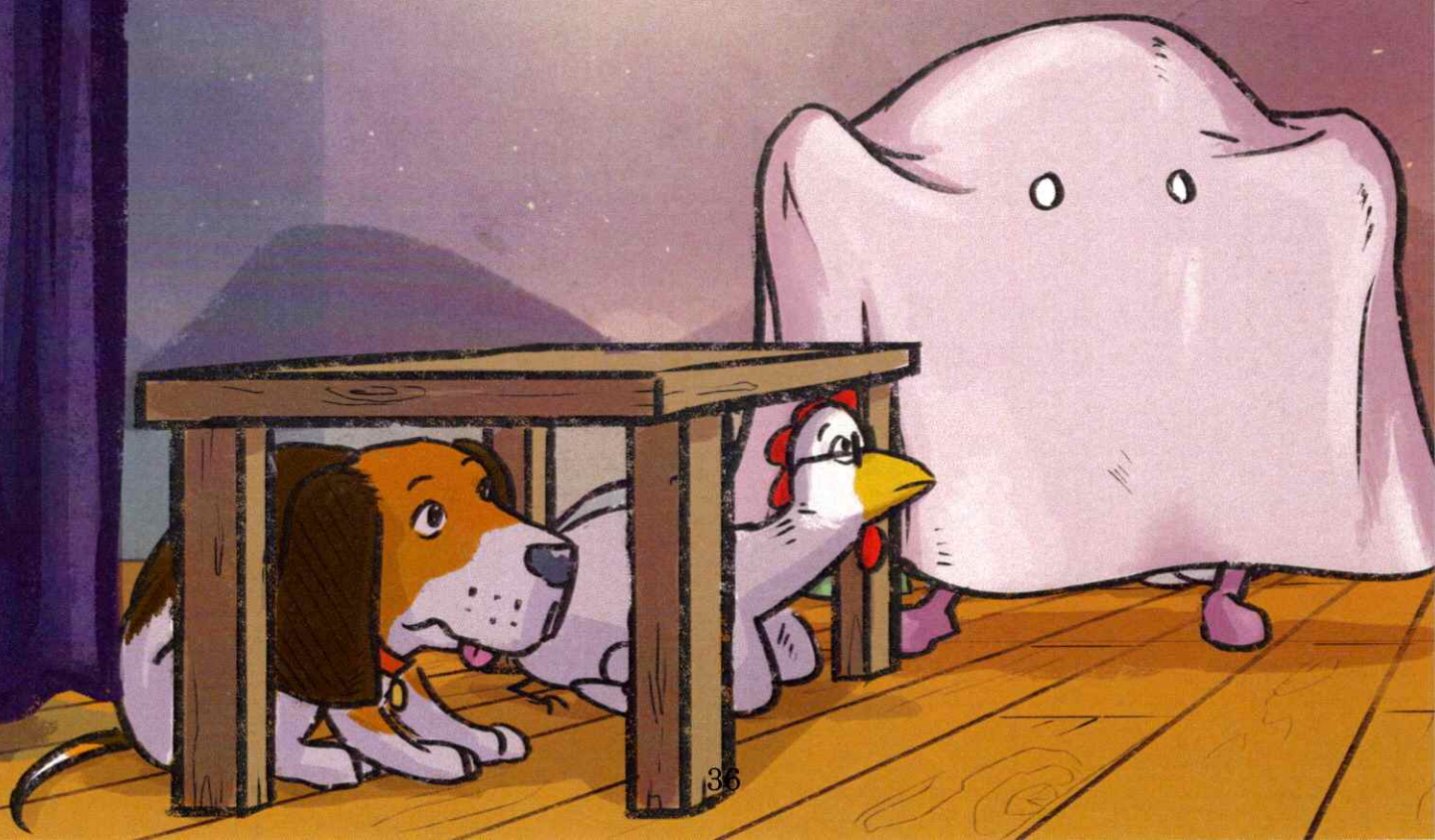
“Everyone,” Bizzie called,

“back **to** your **spots.**

Take it **from** the **top.**

Joe, start the wind.

Susie, cut the lights! ACTION!”



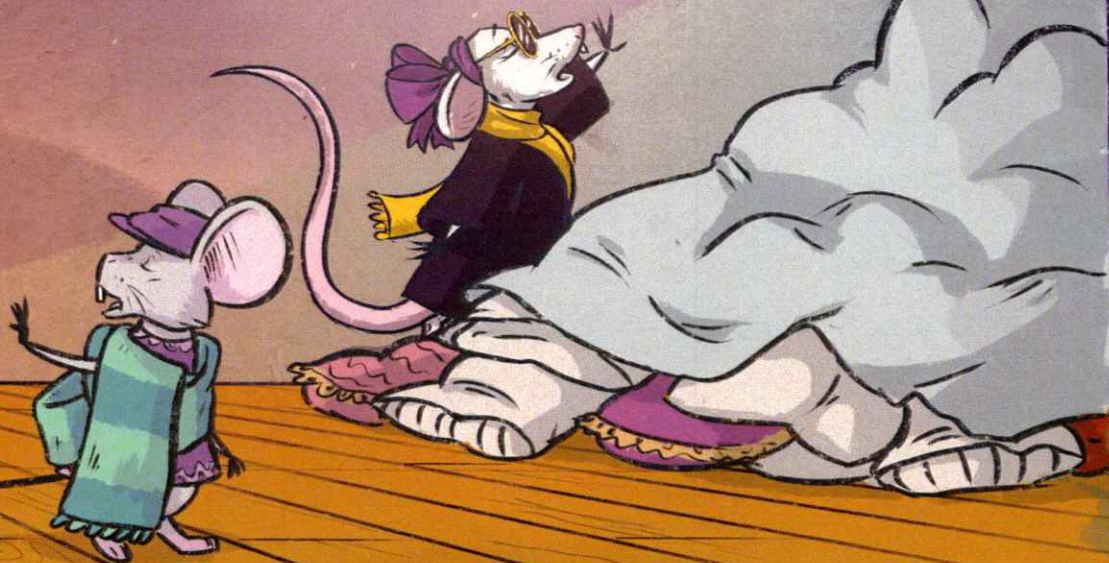
Poodle looked at Bizzie.
“You’re busy?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said. “I’m Bizzie.
And I have to go.”

“Wait,” said Poodle.
“What’s your name?”

“I’m Bizzie,” she said,
and she dashed away.

“She’s always busy,” Poodle thought.
There was something about her.





The lights dimmed,
and Polaris twinkled, doing her best,
and the wooden stage became a cave once more,
and Dawn blasted the desert.

“Burgull learn phrases, too.
Grrrbk,” said Burgull.

“Phrases?” asked Poodle.
“You want to learn **about phrases**?”

And the three friends spent the hot day
talking **about** prepositional **phrases**,
and the dune drummed **with** an **ommm-ummm**,
and Polaris hovered invisibly
high **in** the bright **sky**, **in** her **ever-spot**.

You always know where she is.

