



Off the **page** they jumped,
flying **toward** a new **chapter**,
leaping **for** the **blue** of **tomorrow**,
and swift time swept them swinging
toward the sweet **future**,
swerving **past** **Neverland**,
from **before** **to** **after**,
and they fell and fell, the whole crowd,
falling sideways, tumbling **toward** **eternity**,
until finally they landed
after **themselves**—*bam!*—**in** a **book**.

BAM!!!



“When are we?”

“I’ve never been here before.

We're on a new page. It's hard to gauge.

This is a future book,
and we're **after ourselves.**"

We've crossed space,
but we fell through time."

