



“CUT! LIGHTS!” cried Maybe,
storming **from** the **curtains** stage right.

“Bizzie, cut those blue lights!
Everyone, face the audience
and turn your eyes **to** the **future**!”

“I can show you the first pages
of the future **book**,” said the author.

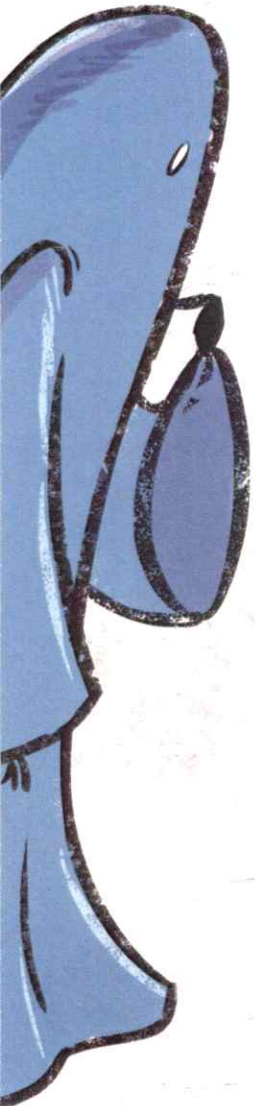
“You’re not allowed to talk,” said Maybe.
“You’re the author. Please go backstage.”

“But I wrote your sentence,” said the author.

“I write your words. They’re my words.”

“You don’t write *my* words,” said Poodle.

“I decide what I’ll say.”



“No,” said the author. “You aren’t real.
I imagined you. I write your mind.”

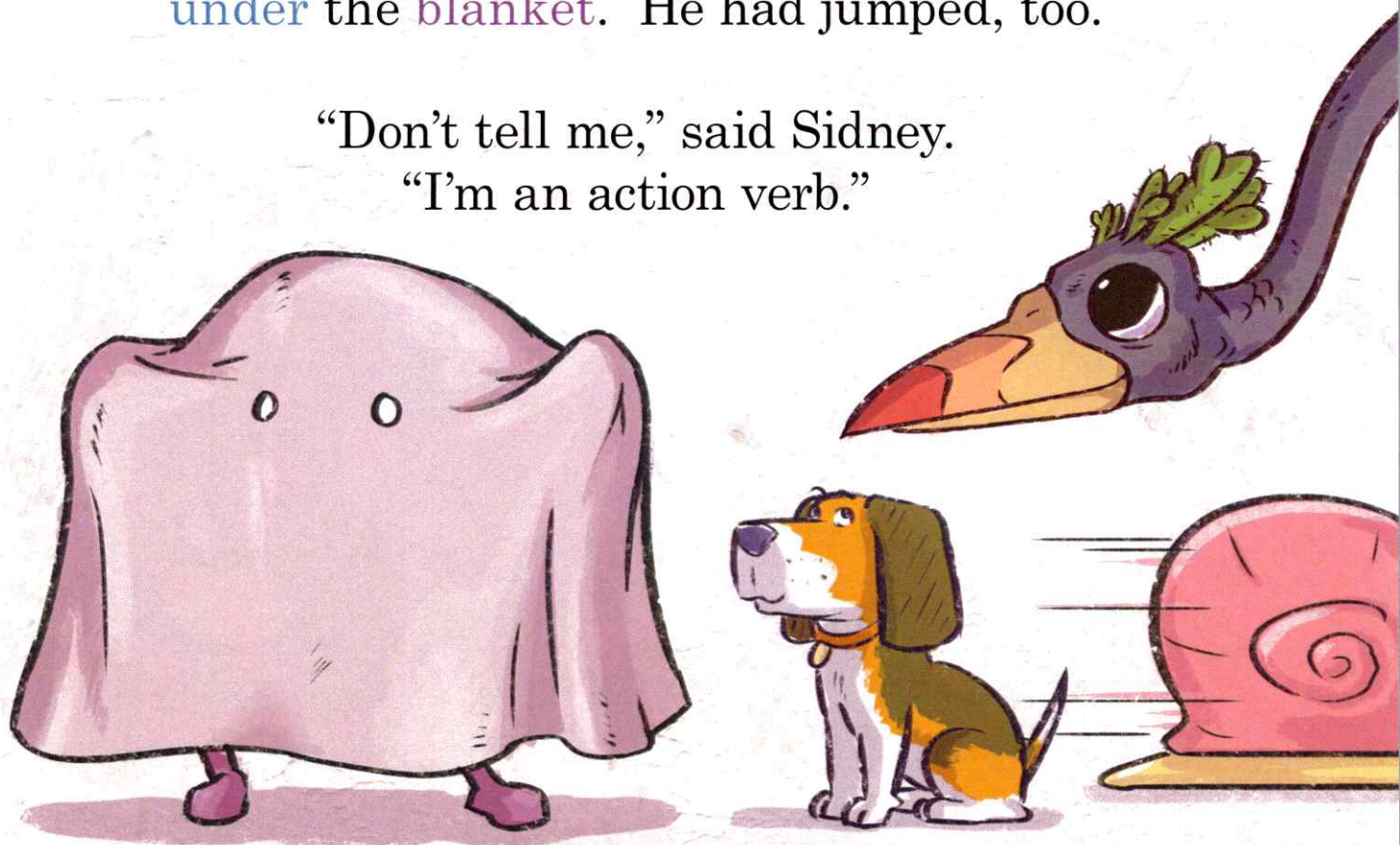
“I’m real,” said Poodle,
“and so are my friends!
And time and space are real,
and they meet **in prepositions**.”

“Gawk!” said Gawk **in agreement**.
He patted What? **on the back**.

“GRRRRBRRRK!” said Burgull,
and he meant it.

“Ummmmmmmm,” hummed the dune
under the blanket. He had jumped, too.

“Don’t tell me,” said Sidney.
“I’m an action verb.”





Everyone agreed that they were real,
so the author had to think so, too.
But he began to wonder if *he* were real.
This is what he wrote:

After crossing the space of the desert,
and flying into the future through time,
the characters landed in a future book,
which was a wooden stage too, made of pages,
and everyone knew it was time for lunch.
Lunch means sandwiches.

