

“But I see the commas on this page,”
said Poodle. “I see sentences on our stage.
I read them. I see talk bubbles.”

“Talk bubbles? Nonsense!” Maybe cried.

“This is a play; we hear it;
we don’t see words. They’re heard.”

“Well, actually...,” began the author,
his voice coming from somewhere.

“You stay out of this! Please!” said Maybe.
“You’re the author. You’re not a character.”

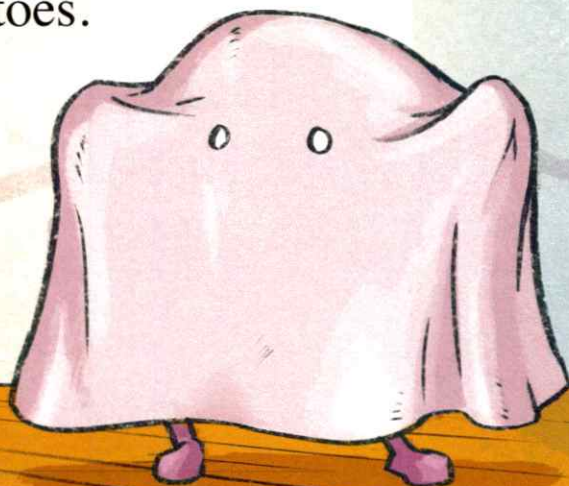
There was a disgruntled *hmmph*
from somewhere.

Authors are somewhere.

No one knows where it is.

Authors are not *in* their books.

They hover, annoyingly,
like mosquitoes.

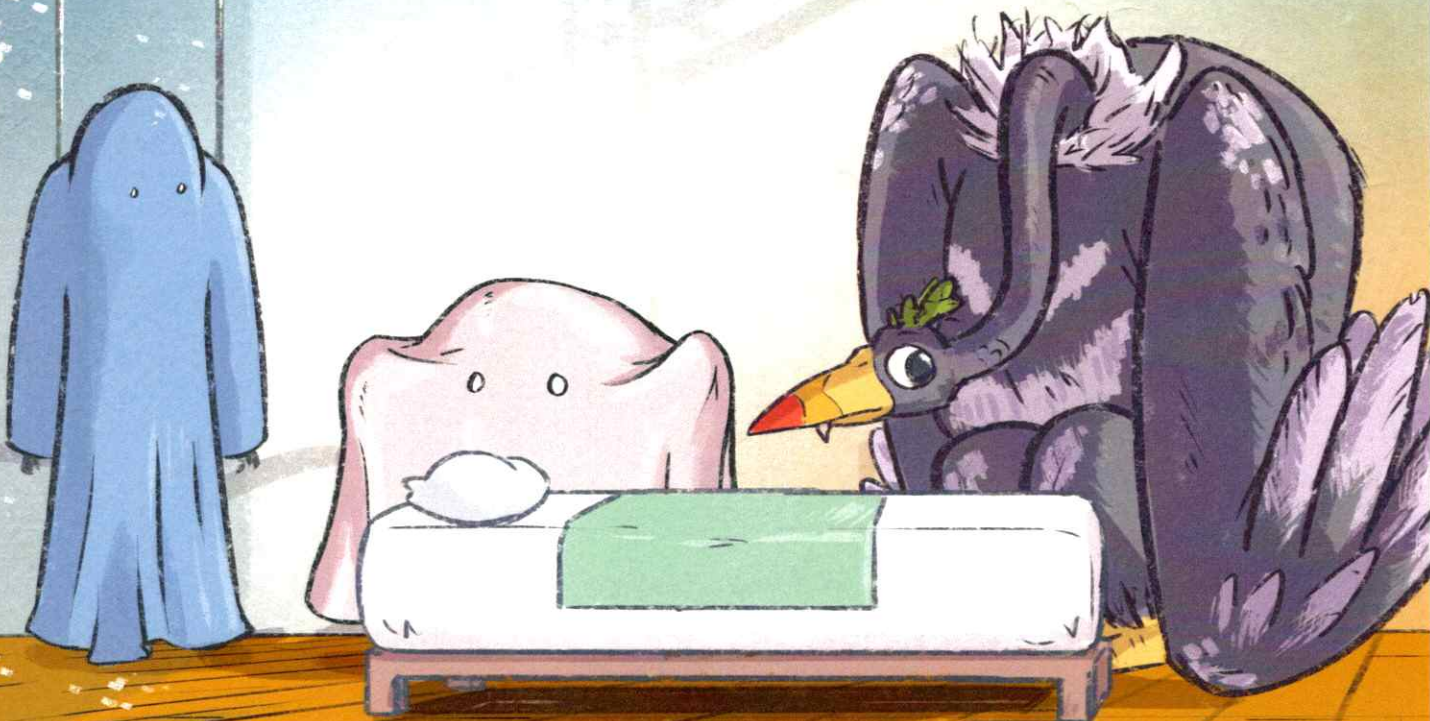




“You monsters,” Maybe said
to the three monsters,
who had crawled out
and stood sheepishly in line.
“Don’t mumble under the bed.
No mumbling! Speak your lines
like monstry monsters!
I need more *grump* and *crump*,
more *gawk* and *burgle*.
And no more comma nonsense!”

The monsters shook their clouds
and wings and consonants.

It’s not easy being a monster.



Bizzie stood to the side,
by the curtain,
and Poodle, uncertain,
whispered to her, "What's your name?"

"I'm Bizzie," she said.
She looked at Poodle and smiled.

"I know you're busy," he replied,
"but what is your name?"

Before she could respond....

