



“Cut the lights!” yelled Maybe. “ACTION!”
And she stormed off the stage,
Bizzie flying behind,
blue whiz marks in pursuit.

There are always blue whiz marks,
but only animals see them. And monsters.

Joe cut the lights, and the stage
became its world.

From his somewhere,
the author wrote final sentences
for the chapter, such as this one.



“Wait!” Poodle said.
“Stop writing! Please! Where’s What??”

The author stopped courteously. What?
What? was missing?

The monsters looked left together,
then right together,
and raised their hands together,
palms up, in group perplexity.
They’d been practicing.

(I know; none of them actually has *hands*.)

“What?!” Poodle called. What? did not answer.
Poodle’s heart sank.

