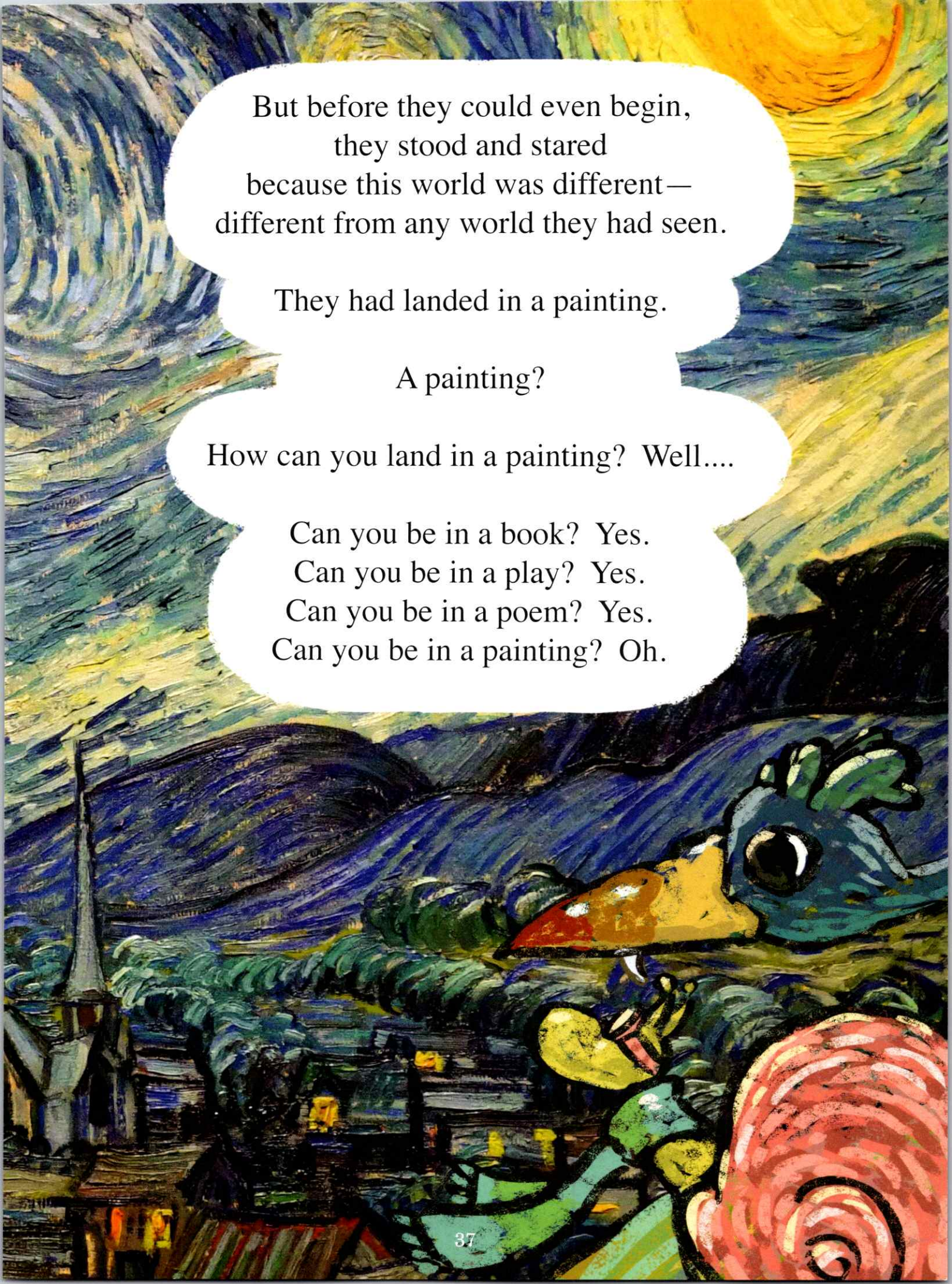




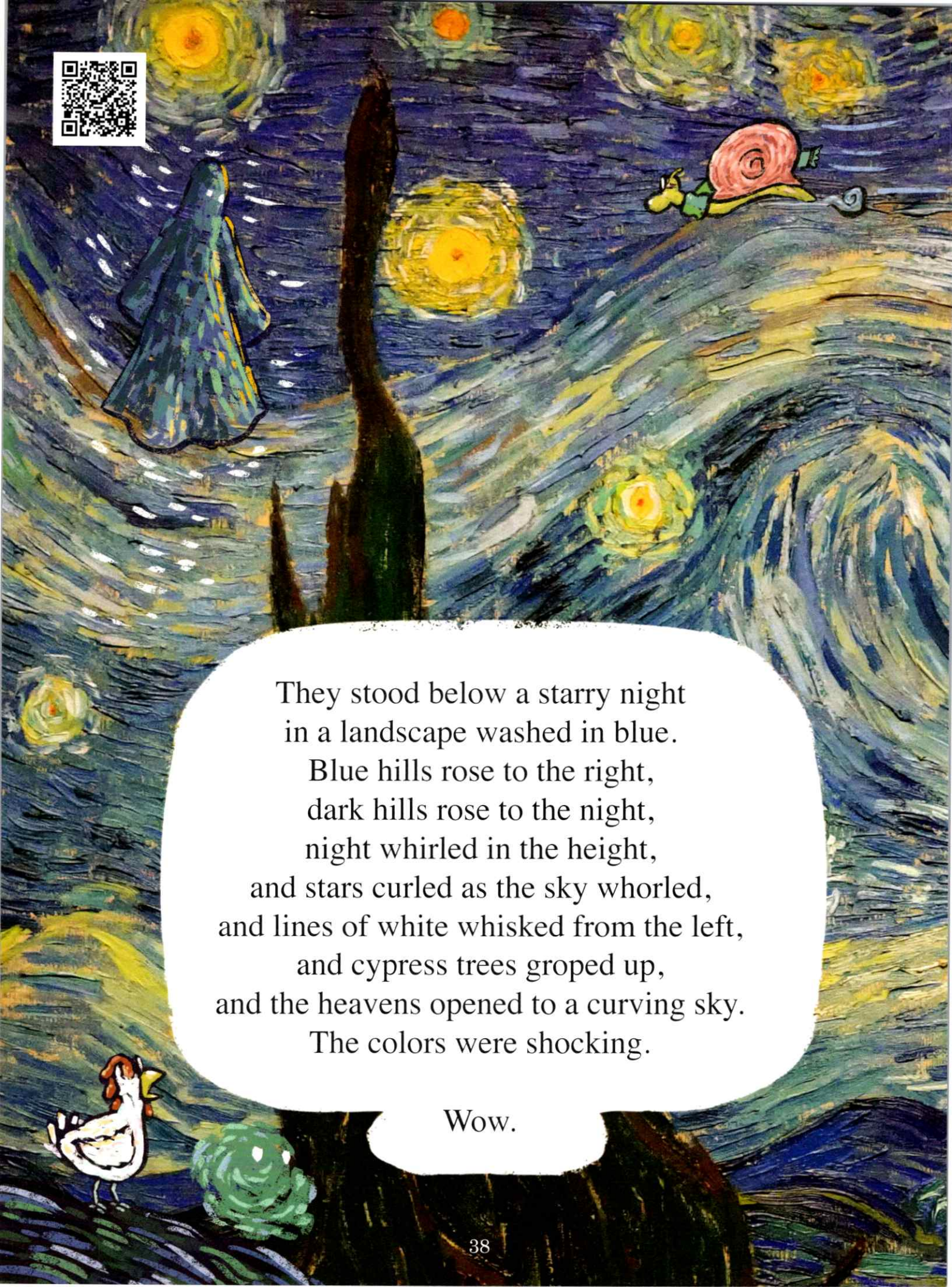
But before they could even begin,
they stood and stared
because this world was different—
different from any world they had seen.

They had landed in a painting.

A painting?

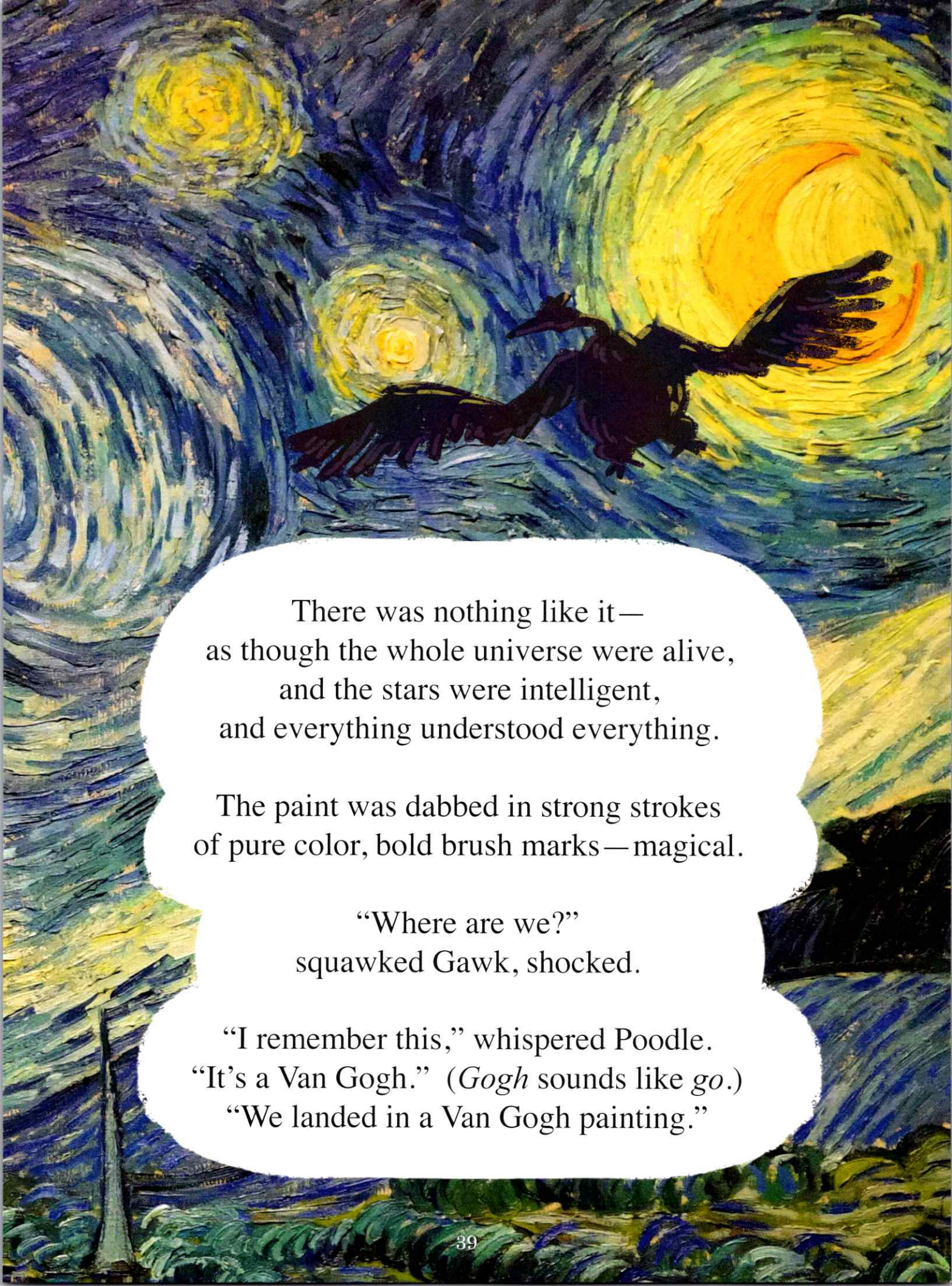
How can you land in a painting? Well....

Can you be in a book? Yes.
Can you be in a play? Yes.
Can you be in a poem? Yes.
Can you be in a painting? Oh.

The background of the entire page is a reproduction of J.M.W. Turner's painting 'Rain, Steam, and Great Smoke', which is a variation of 'The Great Train Bridge at Fawcett Railway'. It features a dark, swirling sky with yellow and white stars, a dark, jagged cypress tree in the center, and a blue, swirling landscape. A small, stylized figure of a person in a blue cloak is visible in the upper left, and a small, stylized figure of a person in a red cloak is visible in the upper right. A small, stylized figure of a person in a white cloak is visible in the lower left.

They stood below a starry night
in a landscape washed in blue.
Blue hills rose to the right,
dark hills rose to the night,
night whirled in the height,
and stars curled as the sky whorled,
and lines of white whisked from the left,
and cypress trees groped up,
and the heavens opened to a curving sky.
The colors were shocking.

Wow.



There was nothing like it—
as though the whole universe were alive,
and the stars were intelligent,
and everything understood everything.

The paint was dabbed in strong strokes
of pure color, bold brush marks—magical.

“Where are we?”
squawked Gawk, shocked.

“I remember this,” whispered Poodle.
“It’s a Van Gogh.” (*Gogh* sounds like *go*.)
“We landed in a Van Gogh painting.”