



“Thank you,” said Poodle.

The man walked away, confused,  
but he was a Brueghel man —  
too brueghelly to talk for long.

Burgull had watched from a distance.  
He crept over to Poodle, insistent,  
and said, “He was a nice, man.”

“Yes,” said Poodle, “but please don’t put  
that comma between the adjective and its noun.

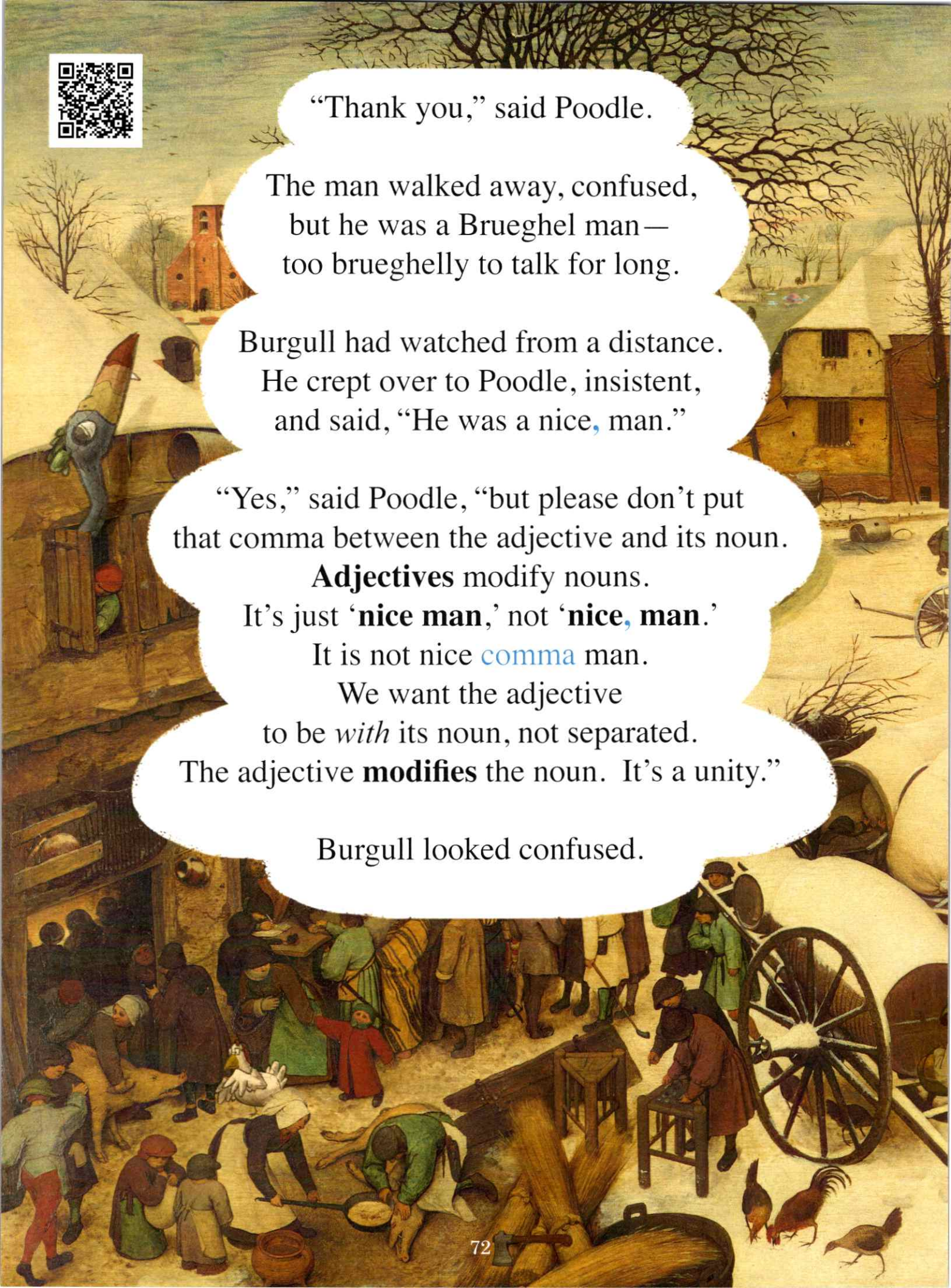
**Adjectives** modify nouns.

It’s just ‘**nice man**,’ not ‘**nice, man**.’

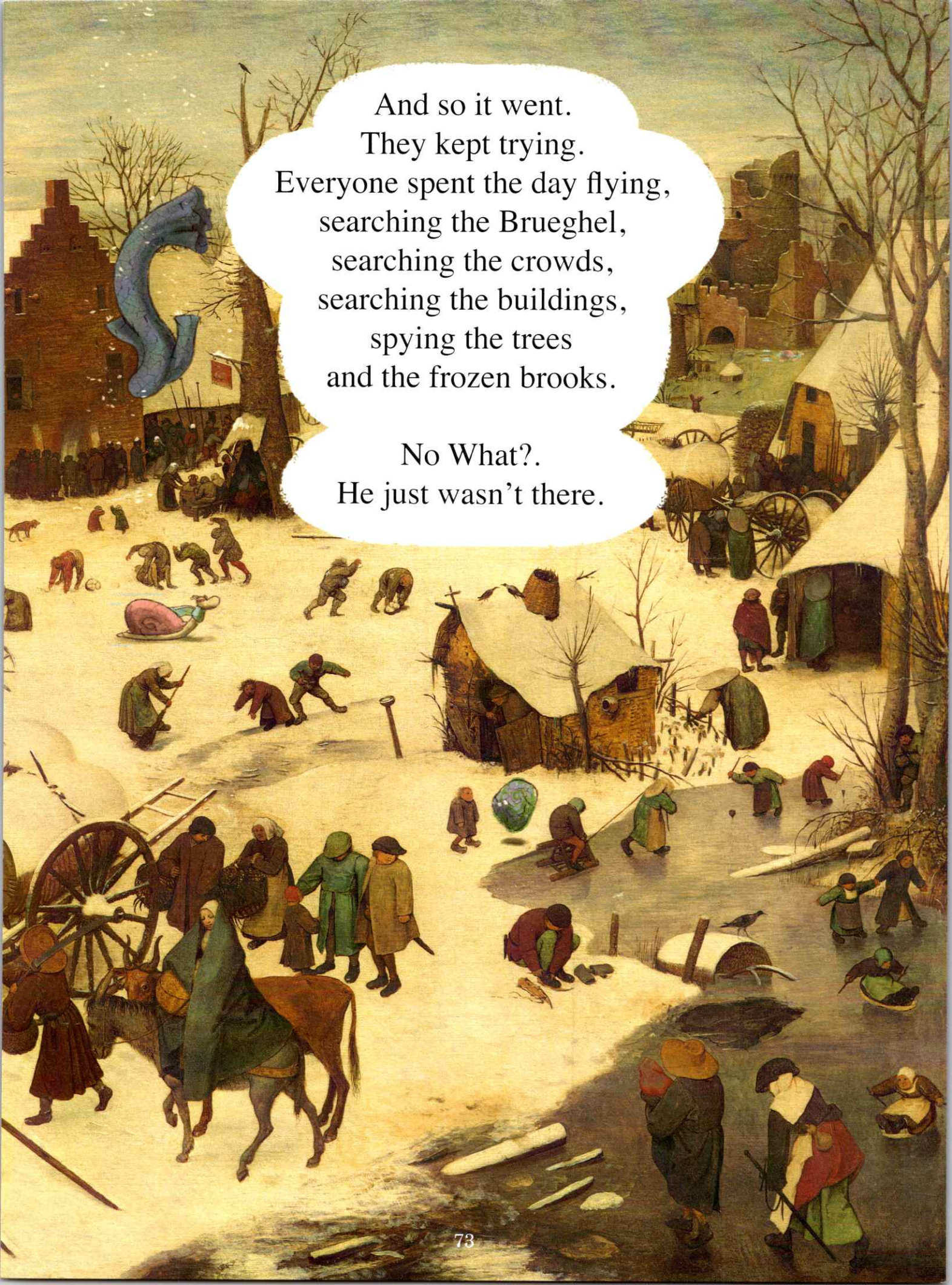
It is not nice **comma** man.

We want the adjective  
to be *with* its noun, not separated.  
The adjective **modifies** the noun. It’s a unity.”

Burgull looked confused.







And so it went.  
They kept trying.  
Everyone spent the day flying,  
searching the Brueghel,  
searching the crowds,  
searching the buildings,  
spying the trees  
and the frozen brooks.

No What?  
He just wasn't there.





Sidney was about to call for a new search,  
and she edged toward the margin for a jump,  
but suddenly Maybe stormed out  
from behind the curtain,  
Bizzie hurrying behind.

“CUT!” Maybe cried. “LIGHTS!”  
Joe turned on the stage lights, those grouches,  
and the gray Brueghel world  
dissolved into a wooden stage.

The actors gathered around.

“I need urgency!” Maybe cried. “Please!  
What? has now been lost for two paintings.  
I need you to look worried! Flurried!  
Poodle, you stand to the right,  
monsters to the left,  
Sidney right here.”

