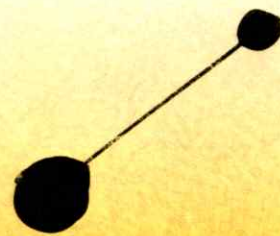
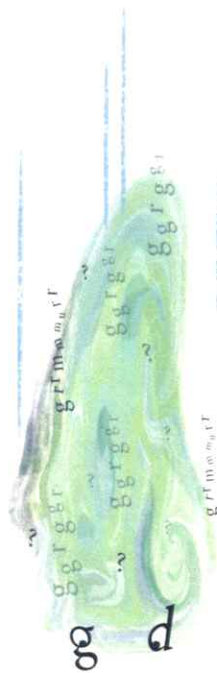
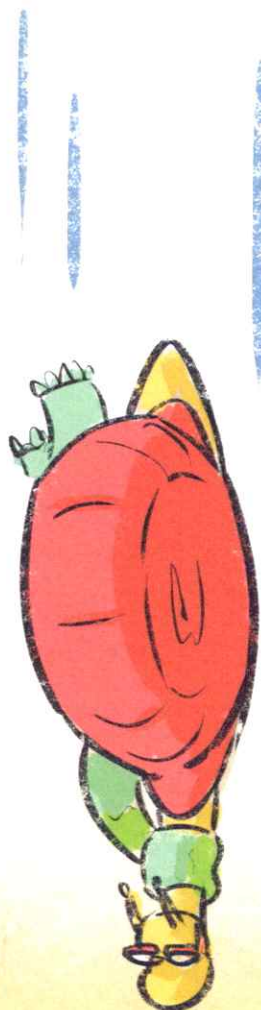




Act Five: Miró

As What? dropped from the Brueghel,
his friends were falling too, far from view,
facing the wrong direction.
He was behind them.





As they fell,
Poodle didn't know what to expect.
Where would they land now?
The Van Gogh had been a color world.
The Brueghel had been a gray world,
a people world.

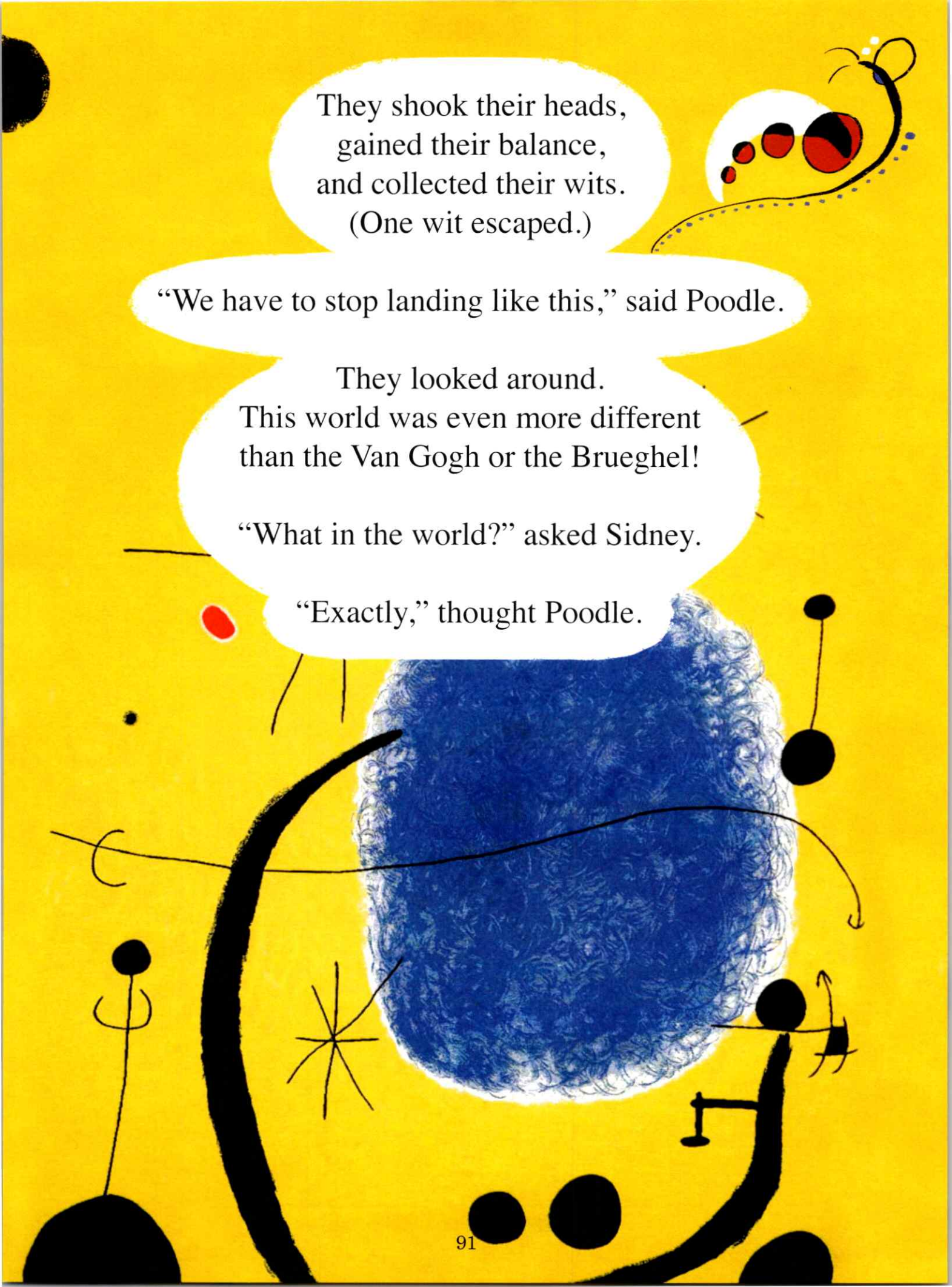
In those paintings,
Poodle found different ways to think,
like stars winking on
in the sky of his mind.

But where would they land next?

They would know soon enough
because the bottom was zooming up,
so they aimed their feet
and braced for impact.

POOOOFFFF!



The background is a vibrant yellow. In the top right corner, there is a small, stylized figure with a black body and red and black circular segments, appearing to be in motion. A large, textured blue oval shape is positioned in the center-right. A thick, black curved line sweeps across the lower half of the page. Various black lines, dots, and shapes are scattered throughout the scene, including a star-like shape with multiple lines radiating from a central point near the bottom left.

They shook their heads,
gained their balance,
and collected their wits.
(One wit escaped.)

“We have to stop landing like this,” said Poodle.

They looked around.
This world was even more different
than the Van Gogh or the Brueghel!

“What in the world?” asked Sidney.

“Exactly,” thought Poodle.