



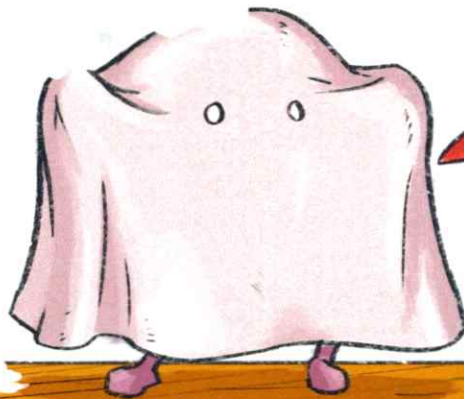
“Wait,” Poodle interrupted,
“do you want me
to finish this chapter?

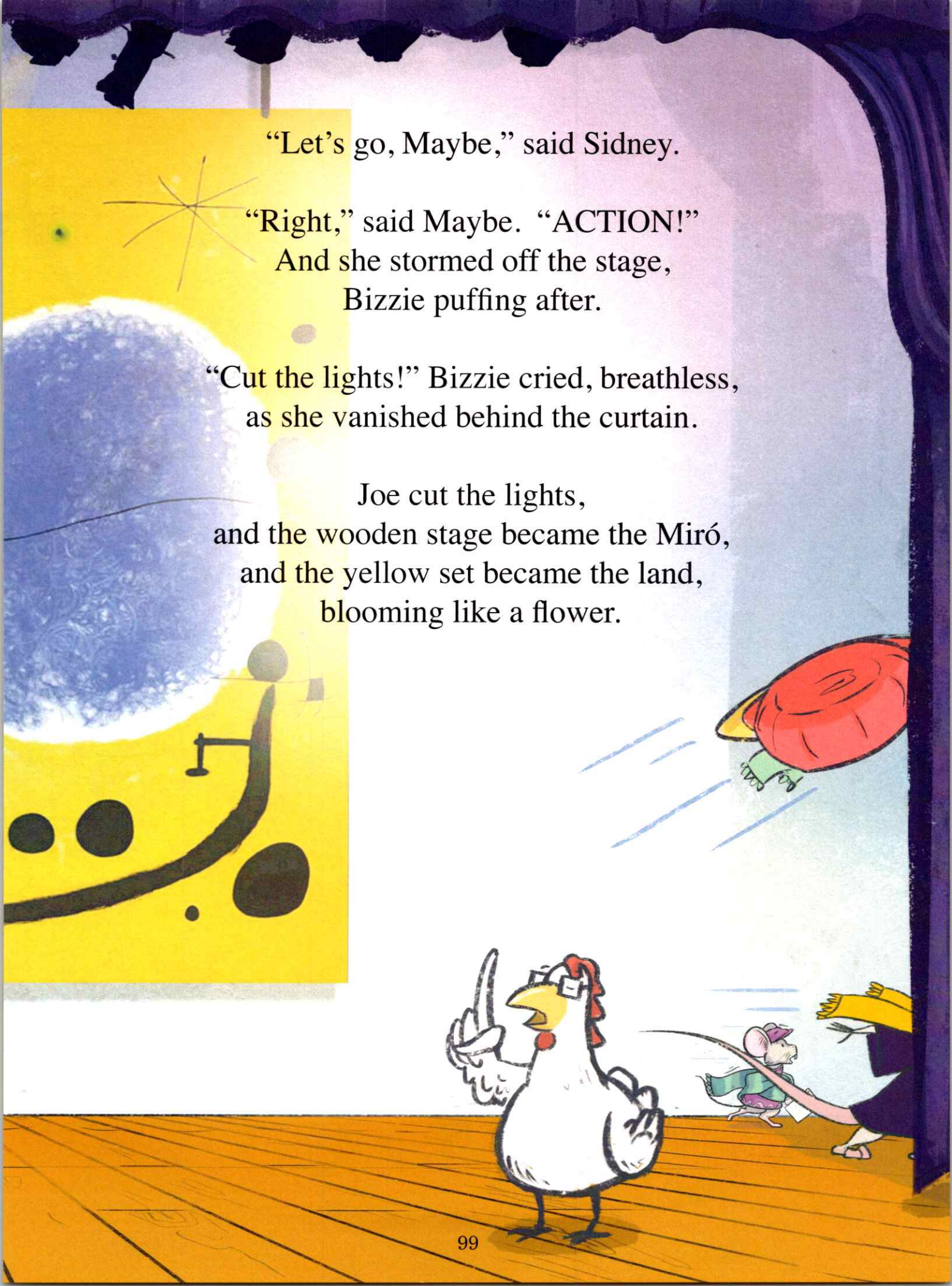
I can write it.
I can even write your lines, author.”

“No!” Maybe cried. “Absolutely not!
Characters can’t write authors’ lines.

Nonsense!
Let’s get back to finding What?.”

Finally, something Sidney agreed with.





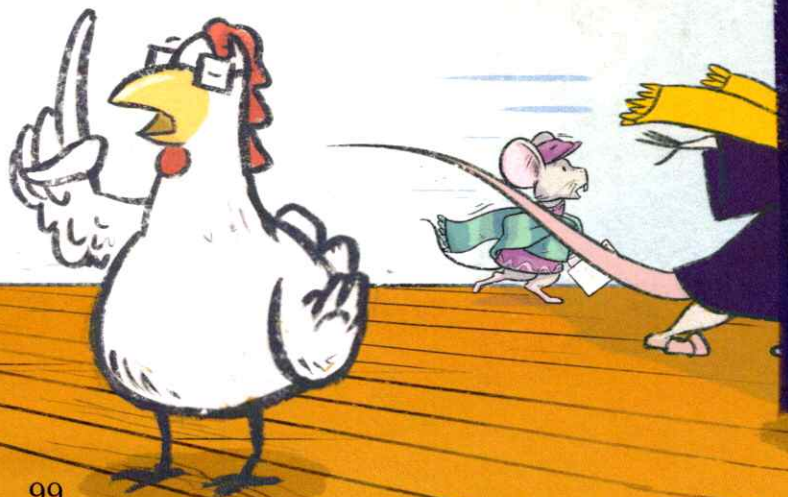
“Let’s go, Maybe,” said Sidney.

“Right,” said Maybe. “ACTION!”

And she stormed off the stage,
Bizzie puffing after.

“Cut the lights!” Bizzie cried, breathless,
as she vanished behind the curtain.

Joe cut the lights,
and the wooden stage became the Miró,
and the yellow set became the land,
blooming like a flower.





Sidney looked at Miró-world.

This was different,
this yellow world
with floating objects.

Imaginary objects.

“Right,” she said.

“Let’s search the forms
and see if What?’s here.”

And that is what they did.

