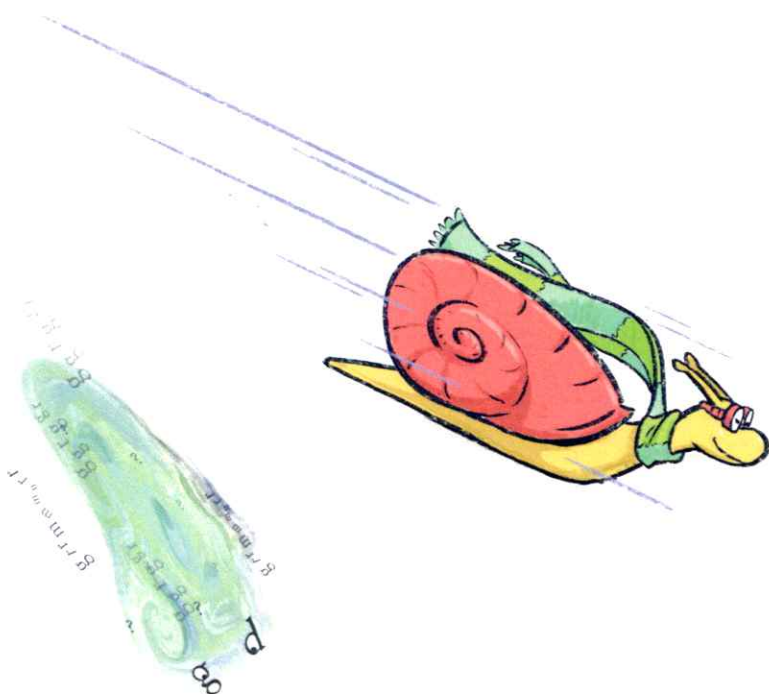
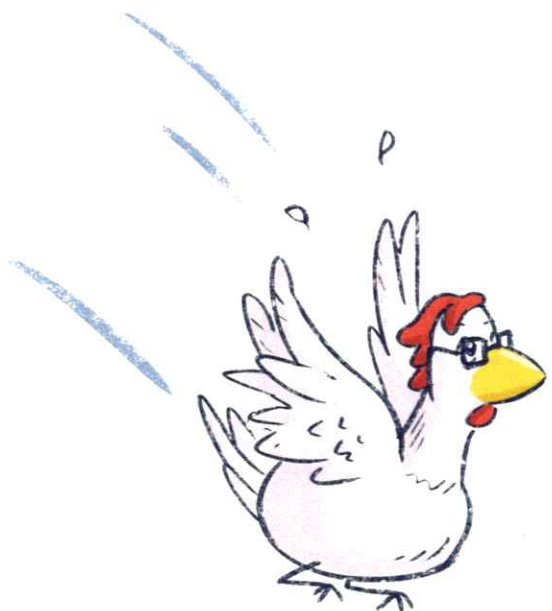








They were searching for What?,
who was even now dropping
toward the same page they were leaving,
about to land, bracing for impact,
four feet down.

And *poof!*,
What? landed on the now-empty stage
his friends had just left seconds before.
Already the Miró had faded,
and the blue and black props
were piled in the shadows
by the yellow curtain.

The theater was quiet,
except for you-know-who
fussing in the ceiling.

