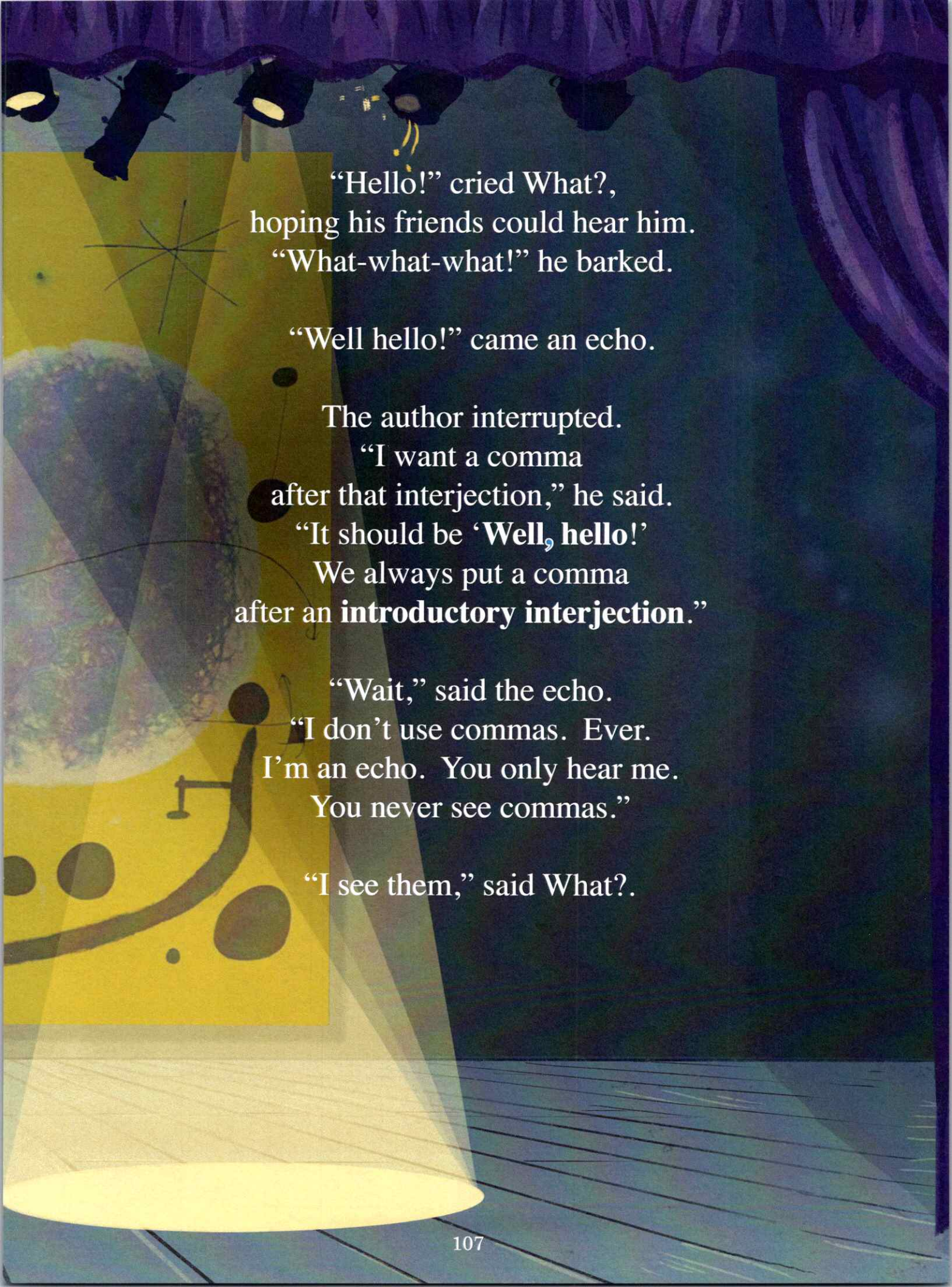




“Hello!” cried What?,
hoping his friends could hear him.
“What-what-what!” he barked.

“Well hello!” came an echo.

The author interrupted.

“I want a comma
after that interjection,” he said.

“It should be ‘**Well, hello!**’

We always put a comma
after an **introductory interjection.**”

“Wait,” said the echo.

“I don’t use commas. Ever.
I’m an echo. You only hear me.
You never see commas.”

“I see them,” said What?.



“CUT!” cried Maybe, storming from stage left.

“This comma business has to stop!
You guys are driving me crazy!
Author, you stay out of this!”

“Commas are nice,” said the author,
“as long as you only use them
where thoughts require.”

“Oh I know,” said Maybe, “but —”

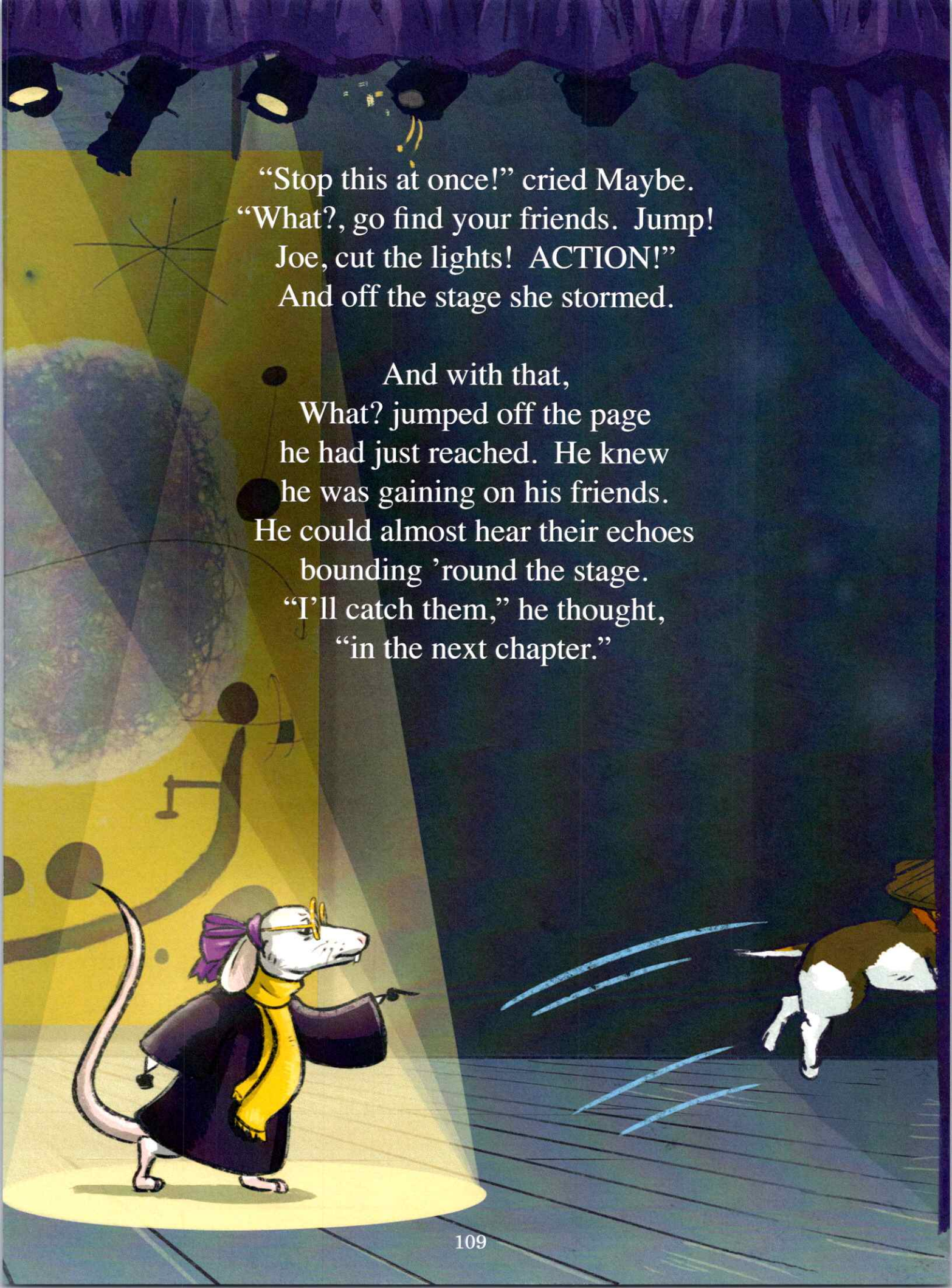
“Oh, I know,” corrected the author.

“Are you an echo too?” asked the echo,
who could be heard but not seen,
like the author.

“Too?” echoed the author.

“Two?” asked What?,
who was so confused.





“Stop this at once!” cried Maybe.
“What?, go find your friends. Jump!
Joe, cut the lights! ACTION!”
And off the stage she stormed.

And with that,
What? jumped off the page
he had just reached. He knew
he was gaining on his friends.
He could almost hear their echoes
bounding 'round the stage.
“I’ll catch them,” he thought,
“in the next chapter.”

