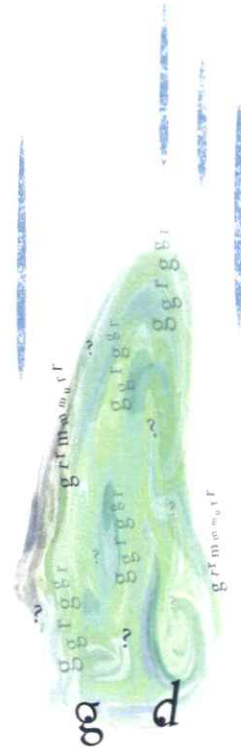
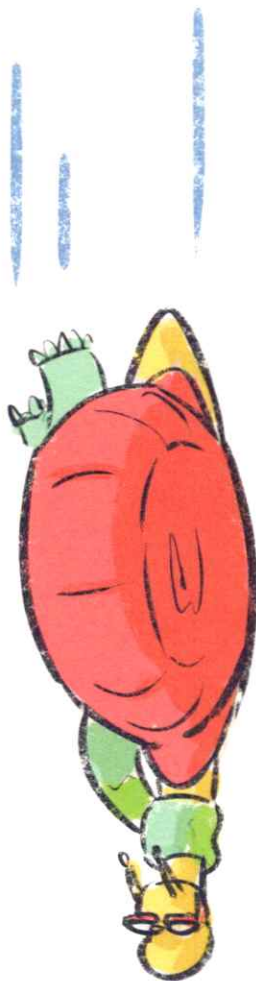
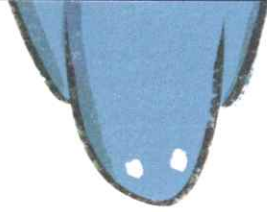




Act Six: Vermeer

As What? plummeted from the Miró,
his friends were falling too, far below him,
determined to find him.





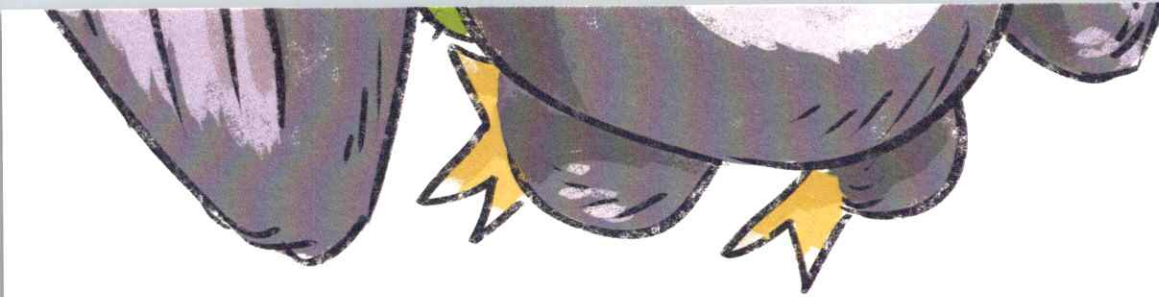
They fell, and they fell,
through a tempest,
past cloud-capped towers,
through a sentence, past gorgeous palaces,
past a dentist, past solemn temples,
past an apprentice, past the great globe,
and they fell past paragraphs,
past Long John Silver,
past commas that buzzed out fussing.
They fell past years, past centuries.
The blue whiz marks dashed down
after them like crazy, but they were slower
than shadows and could never catch up.
Shadows are like lightning.



Whiz marks have it tough.

Sidney's whiz marks, especially,
could not keep up. She's too speedy.





One child, high above the book,
said, “Whew,” took off
her glasses, and thought,
“They’ll land in a new painting
with a poof!”

Which, of course, they did.
She was right. Kids know.

“*Poof!*” said the landing,
as required.

They had landed in a room!

But not just any room.

