

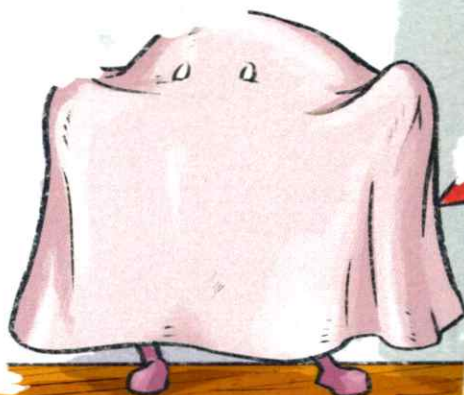


“CUT!” cried Maybe,
storming in from stage right,
Bizzie scurrying behind.

“This is my *play*!” Maybe cried. “Remember that!
This is my stage, and I direct this script.
Let’s keep our concepts straight!”

“No,” said the author, “your play is in this book
that I wrote. I wrote your play. I wrote you too.
You’re just a character of mine. You’re me.
All of you are just sentences of mine.”

“Wrong,” came Vermeer’s voice.
“I painted this act.
This room came from my brush.”



“Author,” said Maybe, “you stay out of this.
Vermeer, you too. It’s my play.”

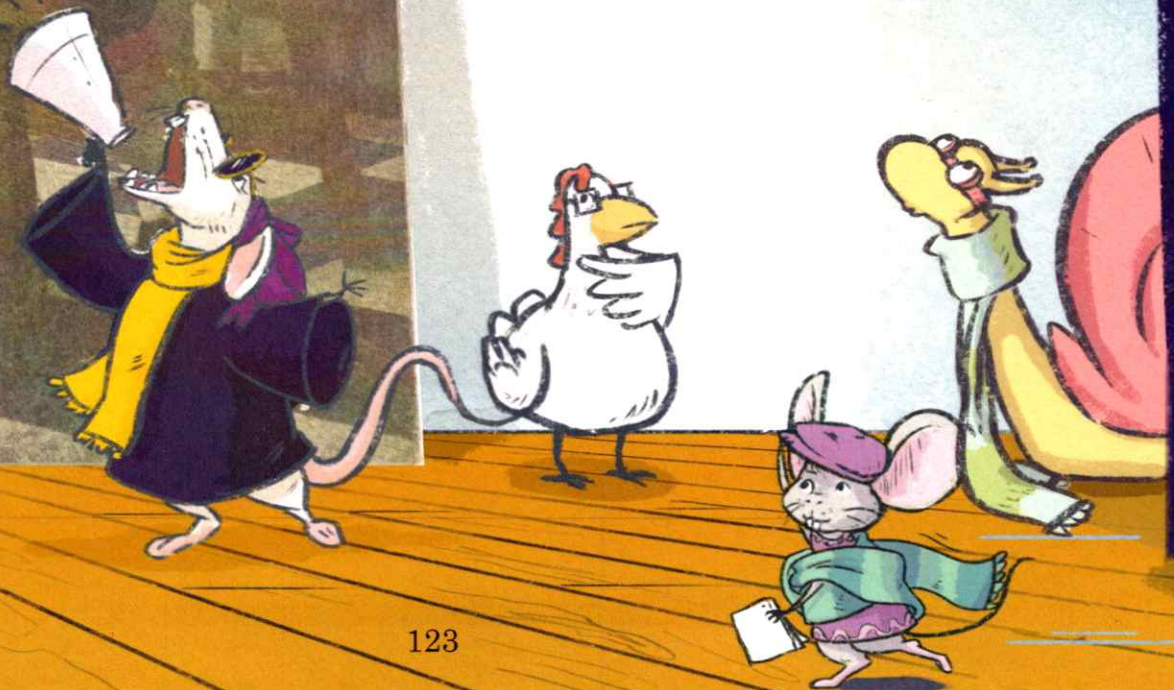
“In my book,” said the author.

“Oh, brother,” thought the child.

“Oh, brother,” echoed an echo from somewhere.
Echoes always agree with kids. Period.

“Enough of this,” said Sidney,
who always knew what was important.
“Let’s search this place and find What?.”

“Right,” said the monsters in perfect harmony.
They had been practicing, without acrimony,
like crooning monsters.





Burgull crept to Poodle and said,
“Bermeer the painter lived in Delft.”

“*Vermeer*, Burgull, not *Bermeer*,” said Poodle.
“And when you put a definition after its noun,
you enclose it in commas. Like this:

Vermeer, the painter, lived in Delft.

A definition after its noun is an **appositive**.
You enclose an appositive in two commas.”

“Gbrfrt? A bositive?” asked Burgull.
He had never heard of appositives.

“Appositive,” said Poodle.