



“CUT! LIGHTS!” cried Maybe,
storming in from stage right. Uh-oh.

The lights cracked on, griping again.
You can’t please them.

Everyone stood frozen on the wooden stage.

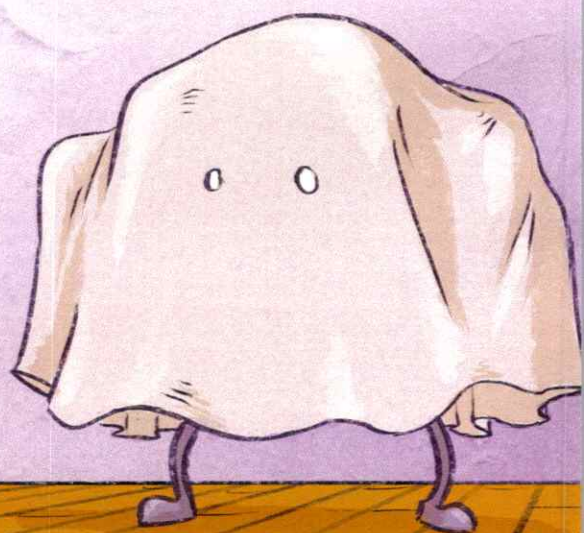
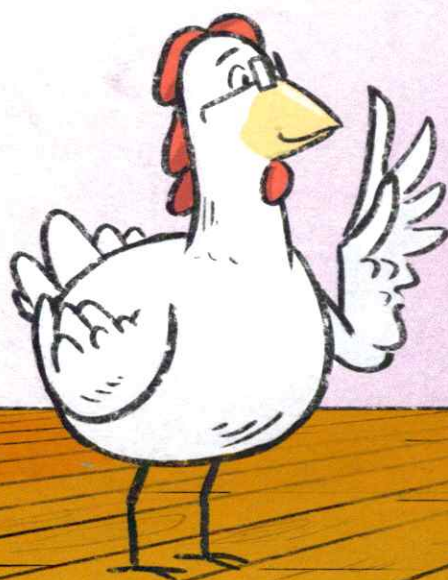
“Enough!” cried Maybe. “That was beautiful,
Burgull, but it was not in the script.

It was chipped, flipped.

We have to stick to the author’s words.

You know that. You all know that.”

She took this seriously.



“So now we start our Portal Quest,”
Maybe told the group. “Ready?”
Dim the lights! Action!”
And she stormed off the stage.

Bizzie waved at Poodle and hurried after.

“There,” thought the author,
“that finishes Act One.”
He loved to write this sentence
about himself.

But the children,
watching from high above,
did not approve of his behavior.
Their standards are higher.

But suddenly...

