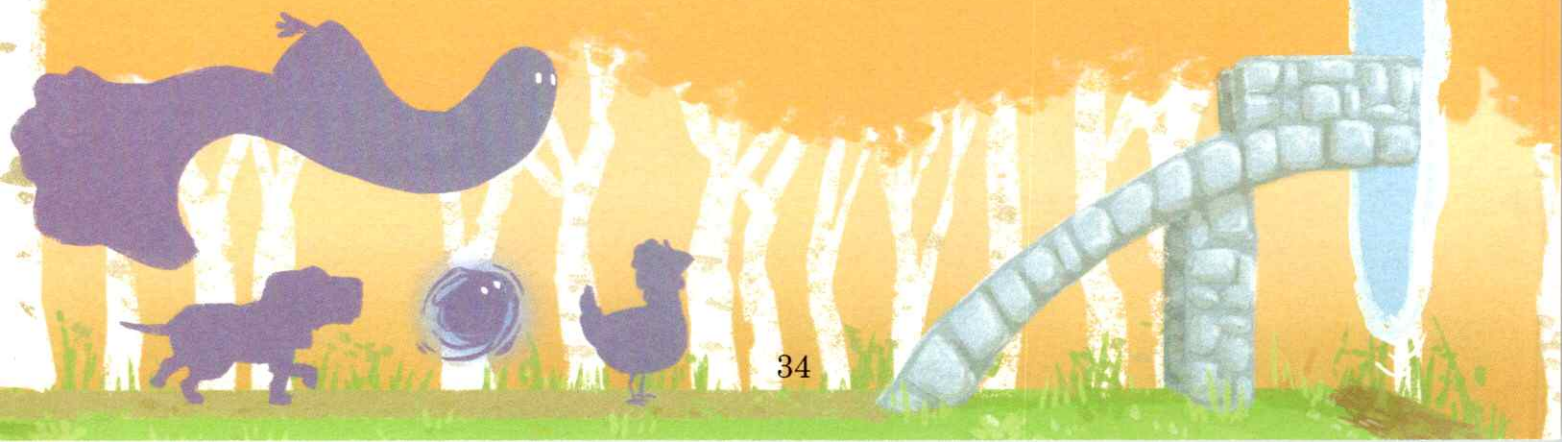




As the friends approached
the yellow wood,
a blue plane of words
appeared in the air above them.
It glowed and shimmered.
They stood, looking up at the words.

“Here,” Poodle whispered.
“This is the first portal.”

Hovering in the air,
the portal was a poem.
It read:



The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

— Robert Frost



“What do we do?” whispered What?
as the portal hummed and glowed
above them.

“Go in,” said Poodle. “We go *into* the poem,
through the portal. We walk into the words.”

This was a little scary. Go in?
How can you go *into* a poem?

No monster had ever gone into a poem before.

“I’ve never been *in* a poem before,”
said What? nervously, his eyes big.

“Too bad,” the author thought.

Poodle pretended not to notice him.