

Rattling through purple shadows,
Burgull began to hum *mroooeo rooormreo*,
but Poodle told him to concentrate,
to play it straight.

Burgull's consonants made little
crackly rattles as he walked—without feet.
He had little sort of footy things
made of consonants.

Way led on to way.

The journey seemed to be going well, but....





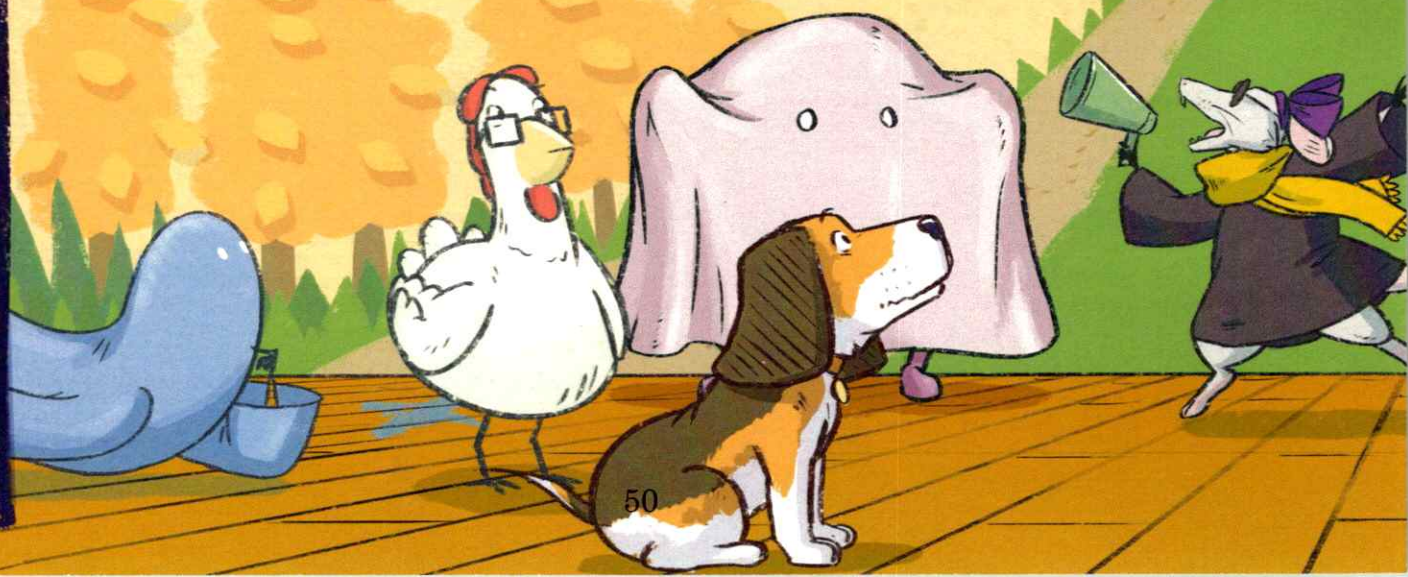
“CUT! Lights!” Maybe stormed in from stage right, Bizzie scrambling behind, and Joe snapped on the lights, with their cricky complaints.

They stood once more on the wooden stage. The yellow wood had aged, and yellow props graced the back of the stage, wagging from the gray fan that moved their yellow paper leaves. The painted road stretched behind them.

“Look,” said Maybe,
“you explained the first principle,
but you haven’t shown all of the clause cores.

Remember, we’re focusing on
the fourth level of ideas, the clauses.
Let’s show all the subjects and verbs!”

And she projected an image
of Robert Frost’s words, like this:



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

