



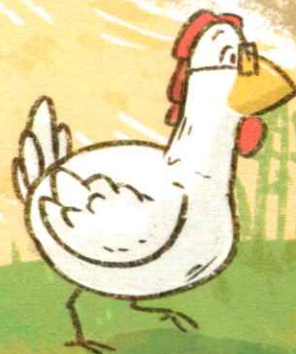


Act Three: Emily's Portal

The first principle of clauses is clear.
adj. adj. n. prep. n. v. adj.
subj. LVP S.C.
--prep. phr.---
-----clause-----

As they moved deeper into the yellow wood
on the grassy road less traveled by,
they felt that they were getting
the hang of these portal quests.

Burgull started to whistle while he worked,
but Poodle put a *shhhh* to that.
The yellow wood was a place of peace.
The scene was serene.





Now they knew
that they could step into a portal
and that it would not hurt them.
They knew that the portal was a plane
of glowing words humming in the air.
They knew that the portal was a gate
into a poet's mind, where they could
enter a poem's world—
the real world behind the words,
not just a printed poem on a page.
And they knew that each portal
held a secret about clauses,
a secret double-core of ideas.

Deeper they walked into the yellow wood,
past the squirrel, past the blibbling stream,
with its streamy *burbleburbleble*,
past that rock there, around the bend—
the one on the right—
and into the purplest shadows
of the yellowest leaves.