

The green grass cooled their feet.  
They were careful not to step  
on the blue beetle being himself  
and to avoid breaking the spider's pretty web.  
She'd worked all night on that thing.  
They tried not to stare at the bird in its nest,  
out of courtesy.  
You know how private birds are.

From time to time, something  
would fly away, or jump away,  
or hop away, or crawl away, or sniff.  
(I do not think you can sniff away.)  
They tried not to bother any creature.

The road was not scuffy, or scruffy,  
or scratchy, or skritchy, or scribbly.  
(No child ever scribbled on it.)  
It looked greeny-green,  
like glowing emeralds, as though  
it had not been traveled by in a long time.





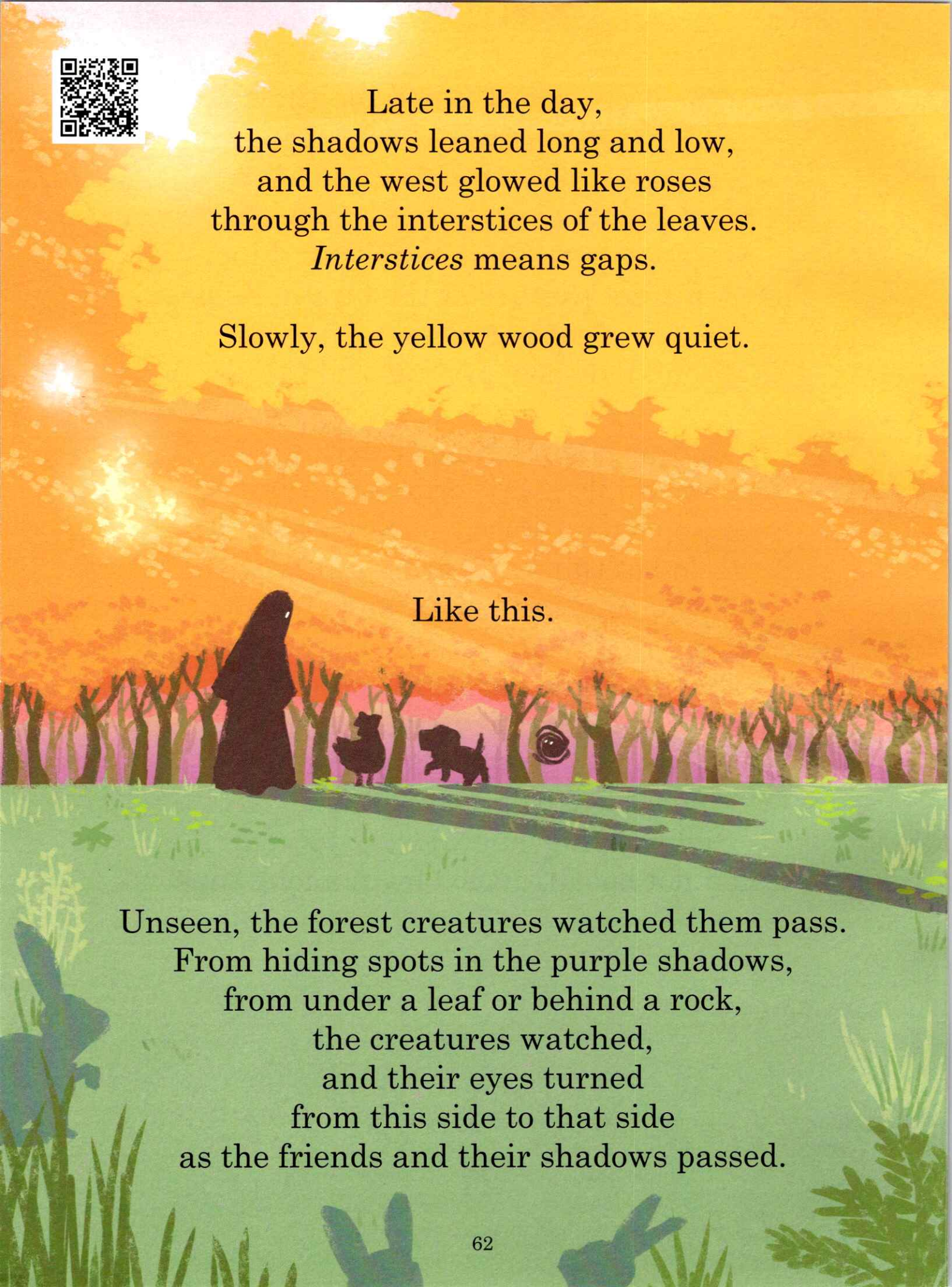


Late in the day,  
the shadows leaned long and low,  
and the west glowed like roses  
through the interstices of the leaves.

*Interstices* means gaps.

Slowly, the yellow wood grew quiet.

Like this.

A full-page illustration of a forest scene at sunset. The sky is a vibrant orange and yellow, with the sun low on the horizon. In the foreground, a grassy field is shown with long, dark shadows cast across it. In the middle ground, a large, dark silhouette of a person in a hooded cloak stands on the left, followed by two smaller dark silhouettes of children. To the right, a large, detailed eye is visible, looking out from the forest. The background is filled with the silhouettes of many trees. The overall mood is quiet and mysterious.

Unseen, the forest creatures watched them pass.  
From hiding spots in the purple shadows,  
from under a leaf or behind a rock,  
the creatures watched,  
and their eyes turned  
from this side to that side  
as the friends and their shadows passed.



It had been a long day.  
They were all happy  
after their visit to Frost-mind,  
to the serenity of two roads  
that diverged in the yellow wood.

They thought about how important it is  
to make thoughtful choices.

Now it was time for the night nap,  
which is not optional, right?  
And they snuggled in the nice grass,  
comfy as could be.

As they drifted down to sleep,  
two sweet dreams crept close to take part.  
Dreams have jobs, too.

In the theater, the audience watched  
the actors, so still on the dark stage,  
and wondered what was going on.

