



My hat is something

My gloves can be something

This is something                      Mr Stephen?                      No

No, you say:

She only let Vasilisa have a little  
bit of sturgeon

No, you say:

but for herself, she gobbled up  
every last bit                      Just sleep, Vasilisa  
You can figure it out in the morning

How about I didn't say that

no no, she swept                      how how about

how about it's when the black rider passes

Wait, what is your name

No, you have to say:

As night came on, light came out of the skull

You say:

How about you                      How about I will

I think there should be a narrator

It will be you except in scenes you're in

It can be just our jackets

No, she had unbraided hair

We can have it                      That light isn't on  
Her sister

Mr Stephen's not paying attention

McNally                      Happyfun                      Unnameable