

began to drop off, bit by bit, she went completely to pieces.

"I am not a Seurate study, thank you," she said peevishly.

"I refuse to look like a late Pissaro." She found looking like a newsphoto held under a microscope extremely annoying. She thought mournfully about how she used to have linear perspective and artistic unity and a perfect female form all in beautiful balance, and could quite possibly have gone on feeling sorry for herself all day, had not her attention been suddenly drawn to her present predicament by a series of rapids up ahead. (Oh no.)

Miranda, once so light and bubbly and sparkly, a champagne girl, ended up in a terrible blown up, spilled over mess. Horrible. She look like some crazy concoction Picasso brewed up. All mangled and mutated and just generally mixed up.

"Oh boo-hoo," she whimpered, "I want my Dad." Of course she was late getting home.

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Father was storming mad.

"Well, young lady," he thundered, "just who were you with, and what, may I ask, have you been doing?" His eyes flashed, and he rumbled ominously at the sight of his daughter's two-dimensional disarray of clothing, hair, and features.

"I was caught in a collusion of varying planes of reality, Daddy," she answered tearfully. "It did awful things to me. It...it..." With this, she started to simper again. Streaks of color streamed down her face, and would have wiped out her nose completely, except that it was now at the top left hand side of her head.

"TROLLOP!" he shrieked, and bolted from the castle, whereupon he proceeded to hurl lightening bolts and howl obscenities at passers-by. Miranda was shocked.

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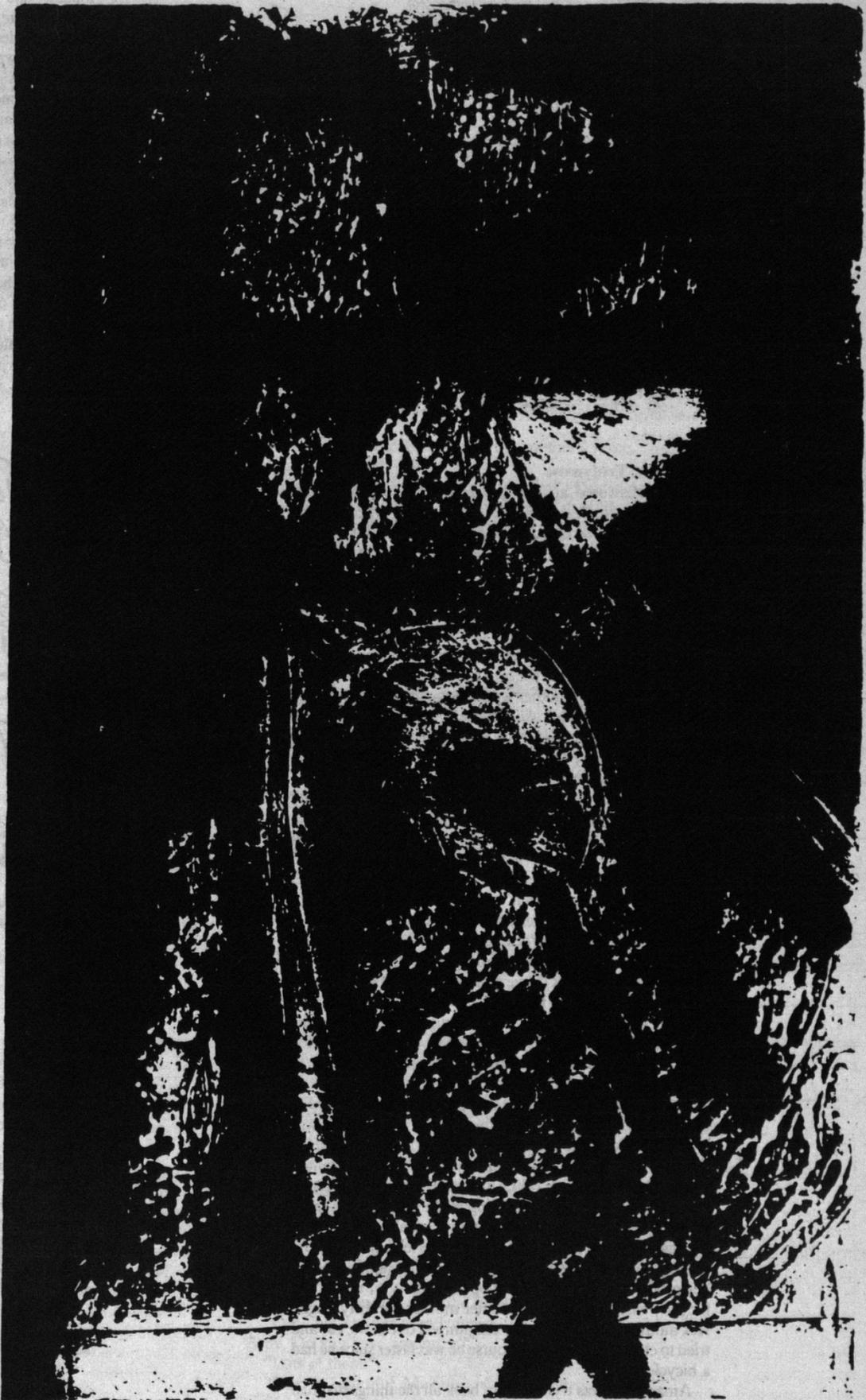
Well, when "Lofty Keyholes" got wind of what happened, there was such a scandal that the king had no choice but to banish the princess from the kingdom forever. He gave her a small sack of the family jewels on the end of a stick, with a couple of sandwiches, and sent her off to fend for herself. So Miranda ended up in another sphere of existence: the art world.

It was there that she met a very friendly, though not quite respectable red abstract splash. (And it was there that she gave up bothering with food altogether—for financial reasons, I'm told.) He introduced her to all his exciting, avant garde friends. She became part of the jet-set of the various forms of artistic awareness. In the New. The 'bright.' And the BOLD. her crowd ran wild through space and time. From time to time, she'd bump into Laws of Nature again.

She had always wanted to meet Laws of Nature, it must be known. And when she finally did, she found him exceedingly attractive. So immutable and powerful, yet so aloof and mysterious. Just like those waspy nobleman's sons back home.

Well, one does not fool around with Laws of Nature, as we already know. Of course she ended up getting pregnant. A spark of genius germinated in Miranda's consciousness. It grew, until with fantastic forces of upheaval and unconventional labour pains, a vision of consummate artistic unity and blinding perfection, an IDEA was born. Quite transcendently lovely. And her own, her very own, at last.

"Why Miranda," chattered her trendy, innovative friends, "however, did you conceive of such a thing?" They were thunderstruck with awe. (And actually, her brainchild did take after her father's side of the family that way.) Miranda became known as 'Mother Nature', and lived, as they say, happily ever after.



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