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*A classroom setting*

**Teacher:** ...Yemen, Zambia, and Zimbabwe. And that, dear students, concludes our lesson on the countries of the world. Any questions?

*Buttercream raises their hand*

**Teacher:** Yes, Buttercream?

**Buttercream:** You've forgotten a country, madam

**Teacher:** And which is that?

**Buttercream:** Beauty land

**Teacher:** Beauty land?

**Buttercream:** Yes, where the Beautypeople live

**Margo:** I'd like to know about this Beautyland!

**Esther:** Tell us more!

**Buttercream:** Well, it's really just the most beautiful place

**Teacher:** What currency is used in Beautyland? Do they have a national mint?

**Buttercream:** Well the Beautypeople have no need for currency, you see – they just barter their beautylongings

**Esther:** I think I'm feeling some beauty longings...

**Margo:** Oh, I'd love to go to Beautyland

**Teacher:** And what is the language of the beauty people?

**Buttercream:** Well they have no language, you see; their beautyfeelings aren't diluted by the limits of human speech – no, they just cry, and scream, and hug each other very tight, as did we all before they siphoned the love out of our soft infant skulls!

**Margo:** My heart aches for Beautyland!

**Esther:** Ms. Teacher, madam, can we go? Pretty please?

**Teacher:** In my thousand years of teaching ... I have never known a lad as pure of heart as ye, o Buttercream, nor a land as beauty as Beautyland. I put my heart and soul into my work, and you know what good that's gotten me?

**Margo:** What good, Ms. Teacher? What good?

**Teacher:** ...Everything. It may feel like nothing, but it was everything. And now it's time for some beautysleep. Buttercream, please take the children to Beautyland. They've earned it

**Margo and Esther:** YAAAAY!!!

**LIGHTS**