





Chapter Four: The Consonant Monster

So Poodle had found What?,
and the rolling river Worsh had told them
that Sidney was alive and
had passed down the forest path.
It was a great day! But....

Suddenly, from somewhere
in the shadowy sentences of the page,
they heard a howly-growly consonant sound, like

***Kurk grk dp ggg
ddokk bddd g woووو!***

It was a low, scary sound,
like a growl inside a roar,
like a moon howl at a stormy shore.
They froze.

This was not that distant *rum-bum*;
this was *right there* beside them.
Something was growling.



“What’s that?” Poodle whispered.

*Grrggrrr kkbb dg
grubburkburg!*

came the growl from
the darkness, louder this time,
and then even closer!

GRRRRRR!

“Eeegad!” cried Poodle,
which is the only scholarly thing to say
when you hear a growl in a forest,
and he looked up at the author,
who looked down at him and What?.

“Something’s coming into the page!
Write us out of here, *quick!*” Poodle said.
“Please! Get us out of here! Anywhere!”