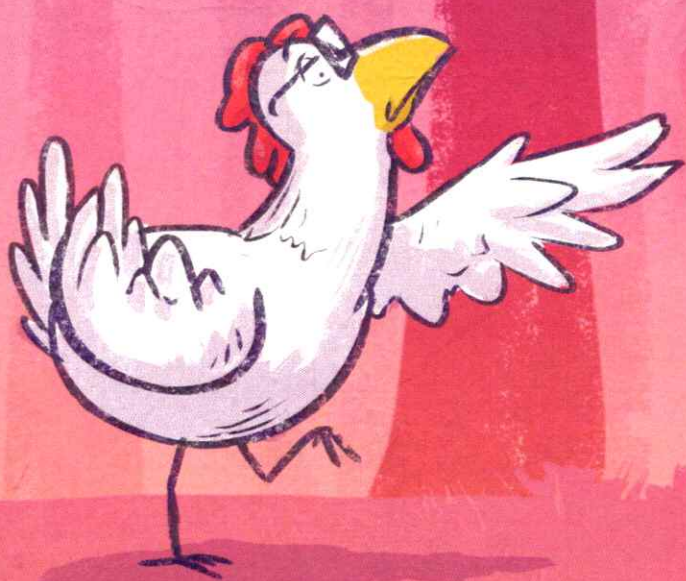


They gawked into the blank space
and could see nothing,
but the air seemed strange, wavy,
like the weavy heat above a fire,
like looking through a mirage.

There was something *there*.
Right...there!

Poodle reached out his wing.





Fuff, went the breath.
Wh, swirled some air. *Screef*, said the leaf
that had been silent until now.
(Leaves rarely complain.)

“What?,” Poodle whispered,
“the growly thing is right beside us!”

Before they could move,
the growly thing **ROARED**
with a great gruff growl of gross
consonants, like a horrible chord. And then....

On came the monster—
a monster like no other,
a gricky monster of growly consonants,
invisible and without form.

It was a grinding group of scurbbby,
scritchey, scratchy consonants, the worst ones—

P B T D K G

—blasting their ears
as it charged!

