

“Shhhhhh,” Poodle whispered.
“Did you hear that?”

The monster’s growl was full of alliteration:

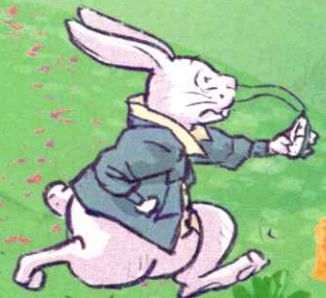
***Grrrrgg? Gubber
goopy grippit gurch!***

And the growl came again,
full of terrible stopped consonants:

P B T D K G

***Grdpudatub
gukid grble!***

“There!” Poodle whispered. “There
it is again. I think it’s
the growly forest thing.
It jumped after us!
It’s chasing us!”





What? growled a low, whatty growl,
and they both searched
for the source of the sound.

What a day.
First crazyland, and now this!

Grrgg! Gaberrple!
Gurgh gohblle!

Monster words.
(Monsters say *grrgg*,
as you know.)

The monster *was* there—
right there—with them!

What to do?

