

Thou art a poet, wrote the author.  
Speak to it.

*Thou art?* Sometimes  
the author wrote that way.  
He was an author,  
and you can't stop authors.

"Speak to it?" Poodle trembled.  
*"SPEAK to it?"*

Speak to it, the author wrote.  
Thou art a scholar.

Poodle cleared his beak,  
and wondered why scholars  
can talk to monsters,  
and tried to speak.





“Um, gentle forest monster, I am Poodle,” said he,  
“and I long to speak with thee.”

Poodle spoke softly, avoiding stopped consonants.  
He liked *m*’s and *n*’s and *r*’s for this talk.

He could not see the monster,  
who was somewhere off the page.

“Monster?” Poodle asked again.

***Ggrg?***

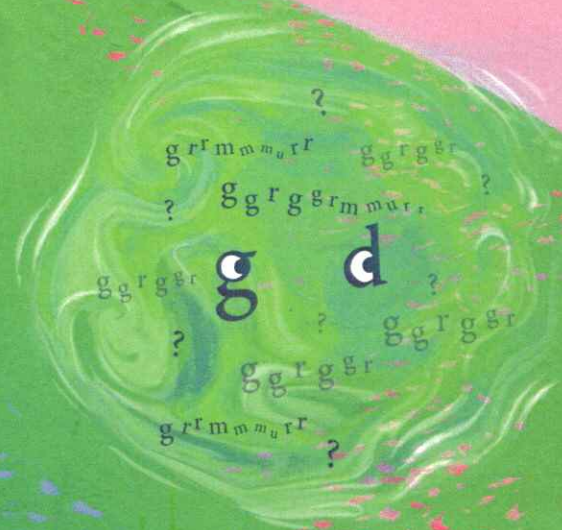
“Forest thing, we want to be thy friends.”

***Grrgmurr? Frnd?***

“Yes. Grrgmurr. Frnd. Friends.”

Suddenly, the forest thing  
began to growl louder,  
creeping out onto the  
page from the middle.

His scratchy *grrr*  
began to grump.



On came the monster,  
bristling with consonants!

Talk to it, wrote the author.

“TALK TO IT?” cried Poodle.  
“This is another of your great  
author ideas! YOU talk to it!  
Please! Write us out of here, quick!”

