

On it came, with its
horrible stopped consonants,
howling *GGGGG* and *KKKKK*,
and *TTTTT* and *DDDDD*,
and *PPPPP* and *BBBBB* and *KGTDPB*
in its awful monster voice!

But suddenly, over all the noise,
came beautiful vowels, like lonesome howls,
like a crooning moon tune,
like a lake-lost loon,
that no monster wants to hear.



oooooooo!!!!

eeeeeeeeee!!!!

aaaaayyyyyyy!!!!

owwwwww!!!!

iiiiiiiiii!!!!

Like a symphony of sound,
all in unison, the wowwy vowels
surrounded the scratchy consonants,
like *mmm*-maple syrup,
and the music of the vowels
covered and soaked
the scratchy consonants, and the monster
began to transform from
GGGGKKKKK
to *ggmmm knnnn rrrdllllll*
to *mrrrrmuurrrmarr*
and even softer sounds.



The monster stopped.
The sounds stopped.

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

Once more Poodle looked
at the empty space where he
thought the monster stood,
and he said,
“Monster?”

Grrmmdnn?

Poodle could hear monster breath.
He could smell consonant breath. **PU!**
Yep, the monster was still there.

“Yeeeeek!” said Sidney,
and she made a face as she sniffed.

