



Poodle tried again.
“Ah, monster, thy consonants
sound softer now.”

Brrrfdrrr?

“Monster, what is thy name?”

Mnstr naym Burgull.

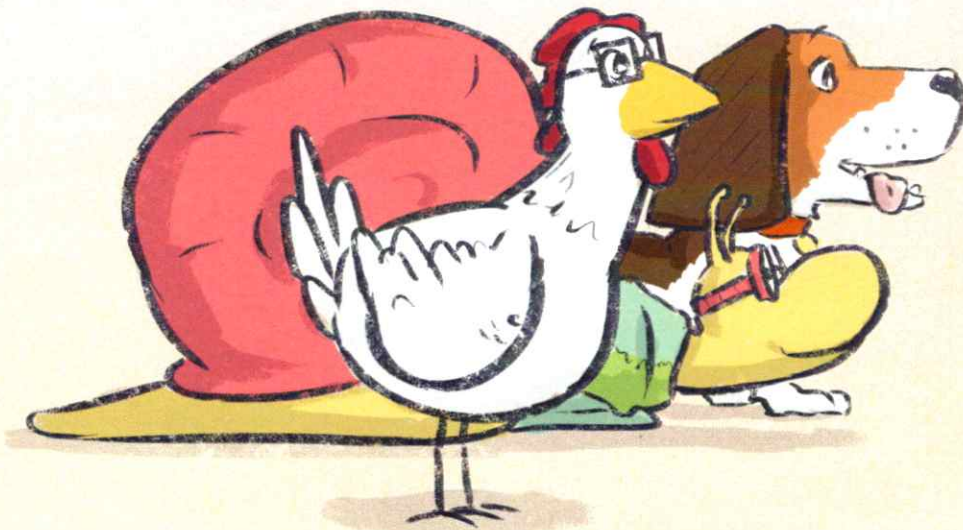
“Burgle?”

Burgull.

“Monster, come here,” Poodle said.

There was a slight disturbance in the air.

Burgull here grbr.



As the consonants approached them,
everyone stared at the invisible monster,
as we all stare at invisible things,
such as the spaces between words. And hopes.
And the past. And gravity.
And punctuation when we speak.

Slowly, Poodle, What?, and Sidney gathered together, peering into the air, trying to see the monster in its invisibility.

Gradually, they could make him out. They could see transparent edges where the air wobbled.

“Burgull,” Poodle said,
“will you be our friend?
We want to invite thee
to be our friend.”

