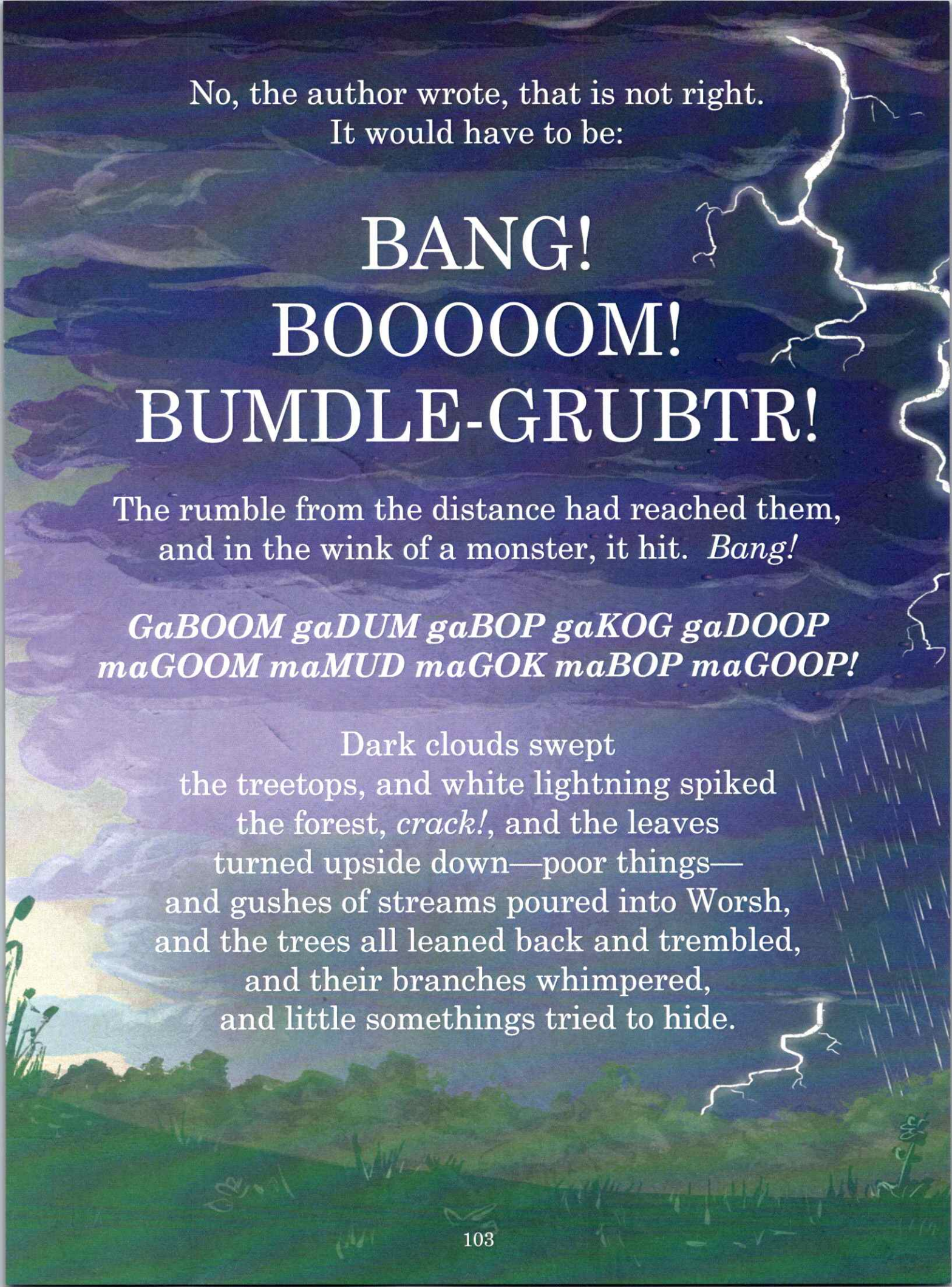


Everyone reached out to pat
Burgull, who changed his
growl from scratchy *gr* and *krk*
to *mrr* and *nll* and *rrrm*—
the nicest consonants you could want—
but there was nothing there to pat,
only consonant sounds
softly humming like a beehive.



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No, the author wrote, that is not right.
It would have to be:

BANG!
BOOOOOM!
BUNDLE-GRUBTR!

The rumble from the distance had reached them,
and in the wink of a monster, it hit. *Bang!*

GaBOOM gaDUM gaBOP gaKOG gaDOOP
maGOOM maMUD maGOK maBOP maGOOP!

Dark clouds swept
the treetops, and white lightning spiked
the forest, *crack!*, and the leaves
turned upside down—poor things—
and gushes of streams poured into Worsh,
and the trees all leaned back and trembled,
and their branches whimpered,
and little somethings tried to hide.

With bang and boom and stormy fumes
the clouds were glowery gray,
and striking bright the lightning tried
to blast the trees away.

"What is this?!" cried Poodle.
"Follow me," cried Sidney,
"up to that hilltop! Hurry!"

And big raindrops began to slam right
through the treetop canopy,
making *pows* everywhere,
and the shadows shrank back into the bushes,
and all of the somethings in the forest
stopped their *eeps* and *cricks* and *grups*.
Only the frog thought this was fun.
Frogs don't know.
Frogs have no clue.

