



And the something began to growl,  
which was not funny. *At all.*

“GRRKKRBBKGK!!”  
grumped the gruff growl.

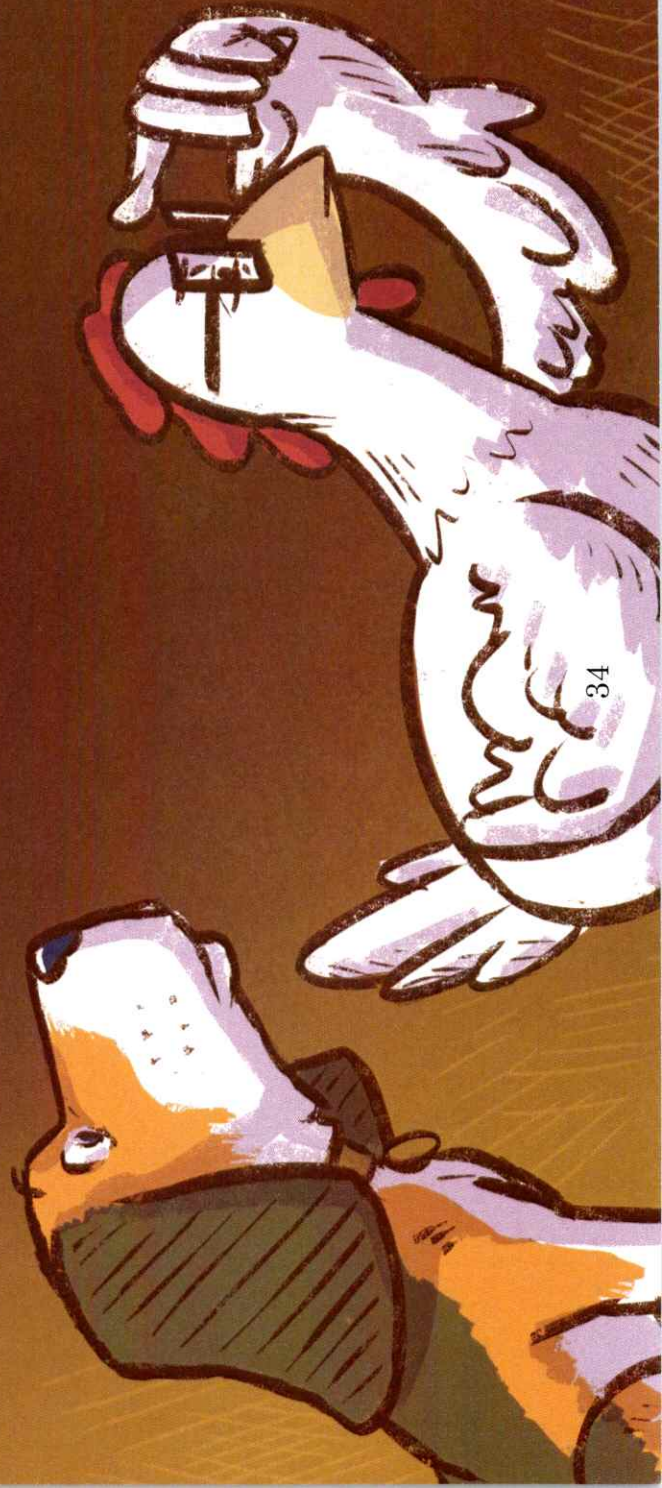
Poodle collected his courage  
and slowly turned to face the grim growl  
*at the back of the cave.*

“Grrrrrrr, gckbkgrbk!” growled the growl.

“Is a monster there?” called Poodle.  
(He knew that monsters growl g’s.)

“GRRRRRBRK GRRRRK!!” came the growl.

“What-what-what! Grff!” barked What?.  
He was scared, tremulous.



“Wait,” said Poodle.  
“What?, I know that grrk.  
I’ve heard that growl before!  
“Burgull, is that you?!”

It grew quiet. Then a soft whisper....  
“Grrrbrk. Burgull here.”

“Burgull, have you been following us?”

“Brgggrkrb grrk. Burgull help Poodle.  
Guard Poodle.”

“I knew it!” cried Poodle. “Burgull,  
come out from there, you monster!”

And Burgull, the terrifying consonant monster,  
groaned and grocked grimly  
from the darkness of the cave.

