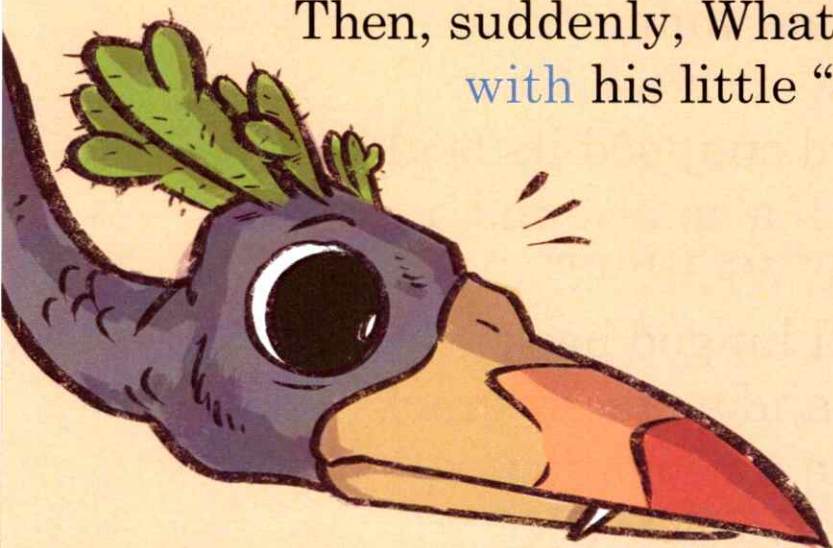




The desert bird looked at Burgull
and blinked and frowned.

This was new. No one
had ever roared back at him before.

Then, suddenly, What? joined in the fight
with his little “Grfff! Grfff!”



It was What?’s bark, but it was not very barky.
Or growly. Or roary, to be honest. Grfff?
Everyone stopped and looked at What?.

The monster bird leaned forward
and glared at What? and asked,
“Wait, what was that? Was that your bark?”

“What! Grfffy-grfff!” said What?.
It sounded like a grffy squeak.

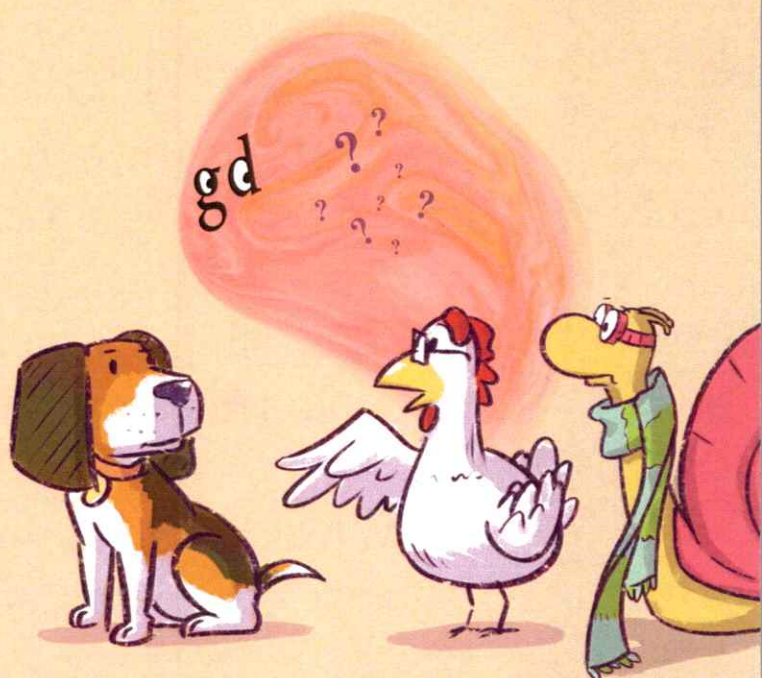
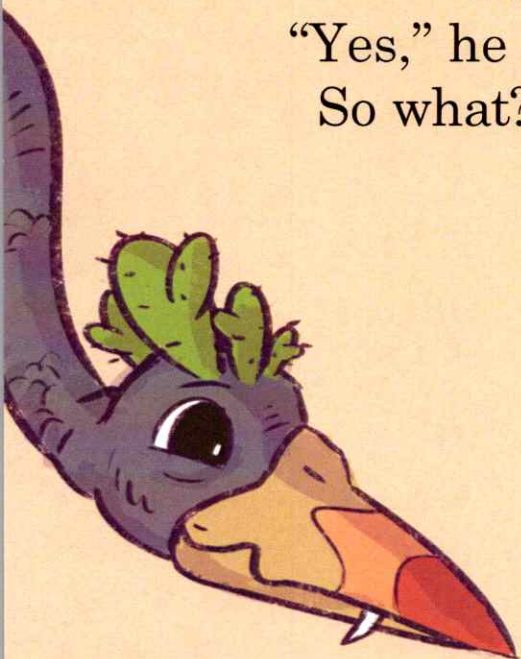
Someone had to do something.

Poodle stepped forward.

What? was his friend.

“Yes,” he said, “that’s What?’s bark.

So what? Don’t hurt his feelings.”



“Hmmm,” hummed the bird,
and he looked down at What?.

“You’re brave,” he said,
“but you’ll have to roar better than that. Grfff?
You can’t scare monsters with that little grfff.”

Burgull shook his head up and down.

“Grbkkgk,” he had to agree.

(Monsters sometimes have to agree.

Those are the rules.)