

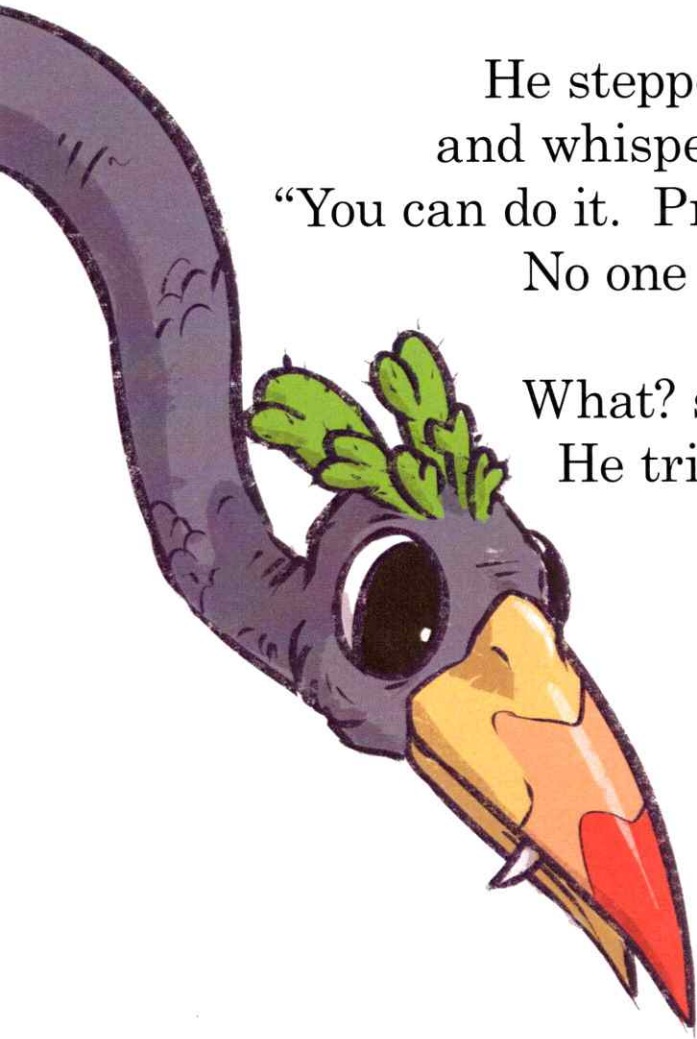


No one knew what to do
about What?'s bark.
The bird looked at Burgull.
Burgull looked at the bird.
They had tried.

"What?," said the monster bird softly,
"don't worry about it.
We're the monsters.
Leave the roars to us."

He stepped close to What?
and whispered in What?'s ear,
"You can do it. Practice when you're alone."
No one else heard him.

What? smiled. A little.
He tried to, anyway.



“Wait,” said Poodle, looking at the bird.
(The preposition *at* is a direction
relationship meaning toward.)

“Bird,” Poodle asked, “who are you?”

The bird stared at Poodle.
No chicken had ever asked him that.

“Gawk,” he squawked.
“I’m Gawk. I’m a hawk.
I’m an indignant desert bird.”

Sidney backed up.
Snails don’t like desert birds,
especially indignant ones.

