



“Indignant?” asked Poodle.
“Why are you indignant?”

High **above** the **stage**, a child
looked up the adjective *indignant*:
angry **at** unfair **treatment**.

“Gawk!” said Gawk. This was awkward.
“**Of course** I’m indignant!
You’d be, too. It isn’t fair.
Why should a desert bird
have to live **in** a **desert**?
It’s hot here. I hate the heat!”

“Hate the heat?” cried Poodle.
“You’re a desert bird!
You live **in** the **desert**!”

“Gawk!” said Gawk. “So what?
Have you been out here? It’s hot!”



Poodle looked at Gawk.
He was thinking...
There was something about this monster
who'd tried to help his friend bark.

“Look, Gawk,” he said, “come in here.
Come into the cool with us.
We’d be glad to have you.”

Gawk felt cautious
about this tricky chicken
with his quirky friends.
No one had ever liked him before.
No one had ever invited him.

