

“Wait, Maybe,” said Poodle.
“The monsters could work together.
Maybe they could do a dance!”

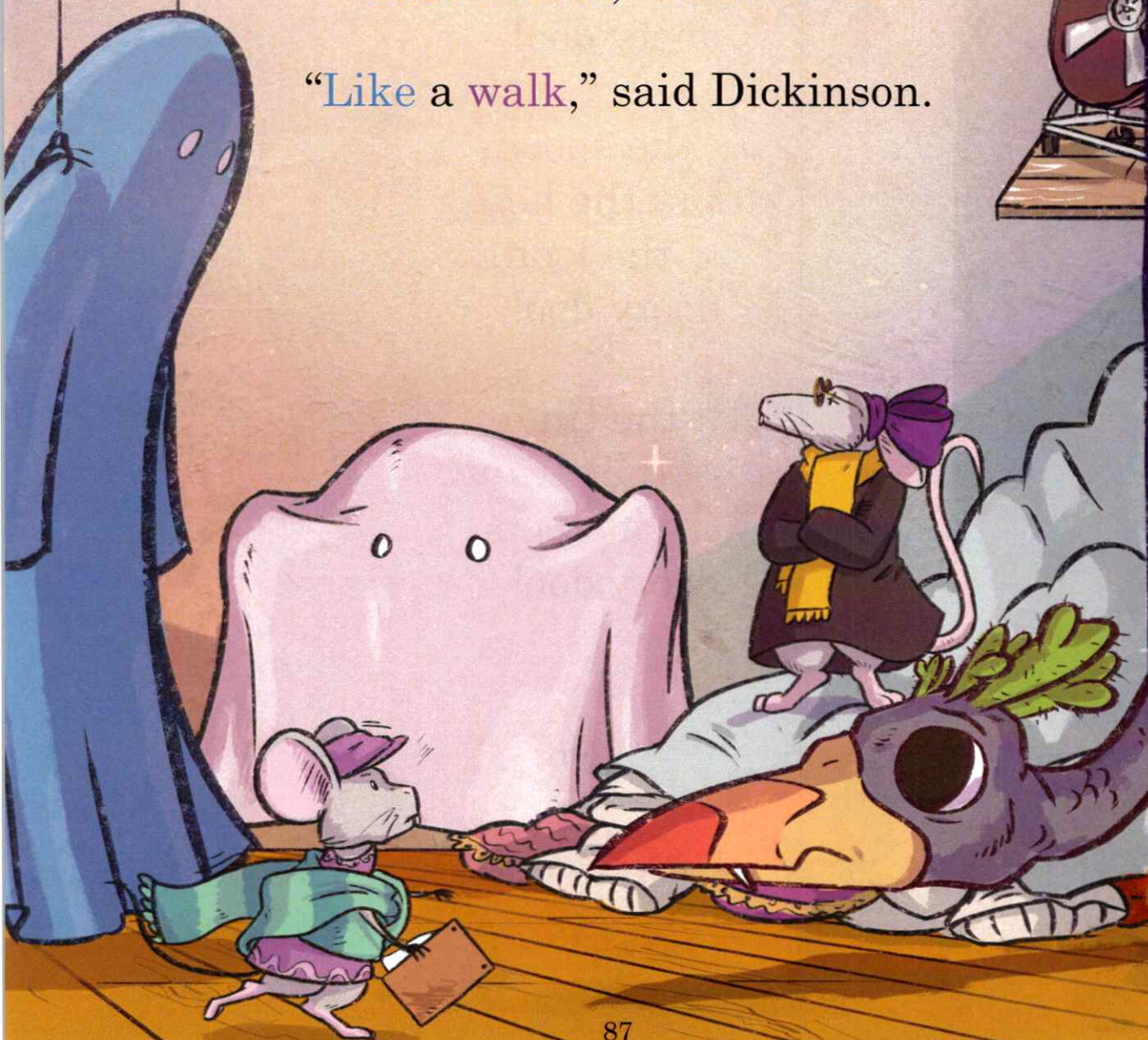
“A dance?” asked Maybe.

“A monster dance,” said Poodle.

“Burgull dance good,” said Burgull.

“Like a flock,” said Gawk.

“Like a walk,” said Dickinson.





“Watch,” said Dickinson.
And the three monsters lined up,
side **by side**, **with** their **arms** linked,
and **with** each **beat**, they kicked their feet—
first left together, and then right,
doing a monster dance
to an old **tune by** **Lobster Burns**:

On the **dune**,
down the **sand**,
up the **moon**,
dooty doo!

In the **spoon**,
'round the **land**,
for the **loon**,
dooty doo!

Of the **tune**,
'cross the **strand**,
with a **croon**,
dooty doo!

