

“Burgull, you can’t hide under my bed,
even if you are a consonant monster,” Poodle said.

“Grbrburkk, help Poodle,” came gurbly words.

“Burgull, guard Poodle.”

Why had Burgull used that comma?

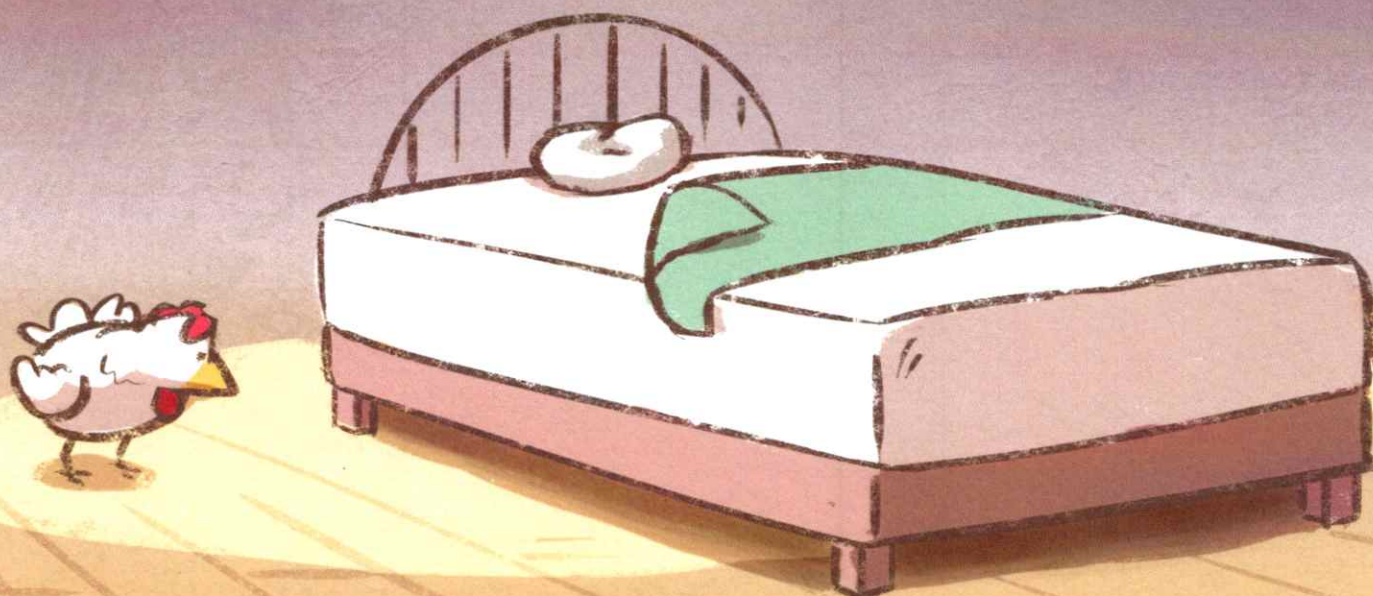
“Argh,” Poodle said, like a pirate.

The comma? He didn’t admire it.

“Burgull, who else is under there?”

“Not me, ooooooh,” came a blue voice,
which sounded like Dickinson.

“Me either, too, also, yup,” came a voice, awkward,
like Gawk, the indignant desert bird.





“Burgull, help Poodle,” came the burgly voice.

“Wait,” said Poodle, “did you say,
‘Burgull *comma* help Poodle’?”

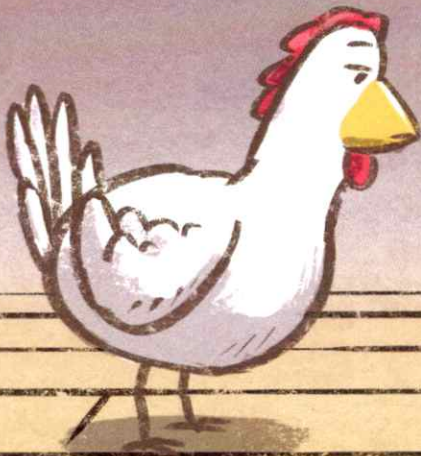
“Grurburk?” asked Burgull.

“Did you say *comma*?” asked Poodle.
“Between your subject and verb?”

“Grbrk?” Burgull was so confused.

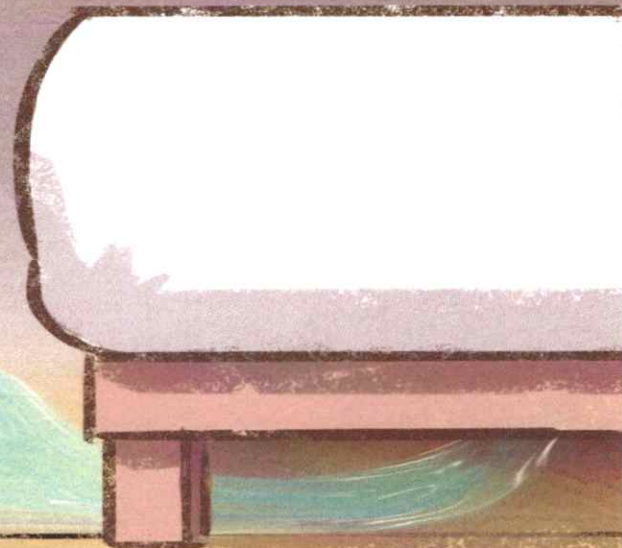
“Burgull, come out of there.”
Poodle could see some scratchy *g*’s and *k*’s
sticking out from under the bed.

There was a pitiful *grk*,
and Burgull crawled out, grking.



gd

grrk



“Burgull,” said Poodle, “you put a comma
between your subject and your verb!
You said, ‘Burgull, help Poodle.’
See that messy comma?”

“Grbrk?” came a confused gurg.

“Tell him, Gawk,” said Poodle.

Silence.

