



Gawk, the indignant desert bird,
was under the bed too. Poodle *knew* it.

“Gawk, I *know* you’re under there.

Come out and tell him.

You can do it,” Poodle said.

“See to it.

Please tell Burgull.

Just review it.

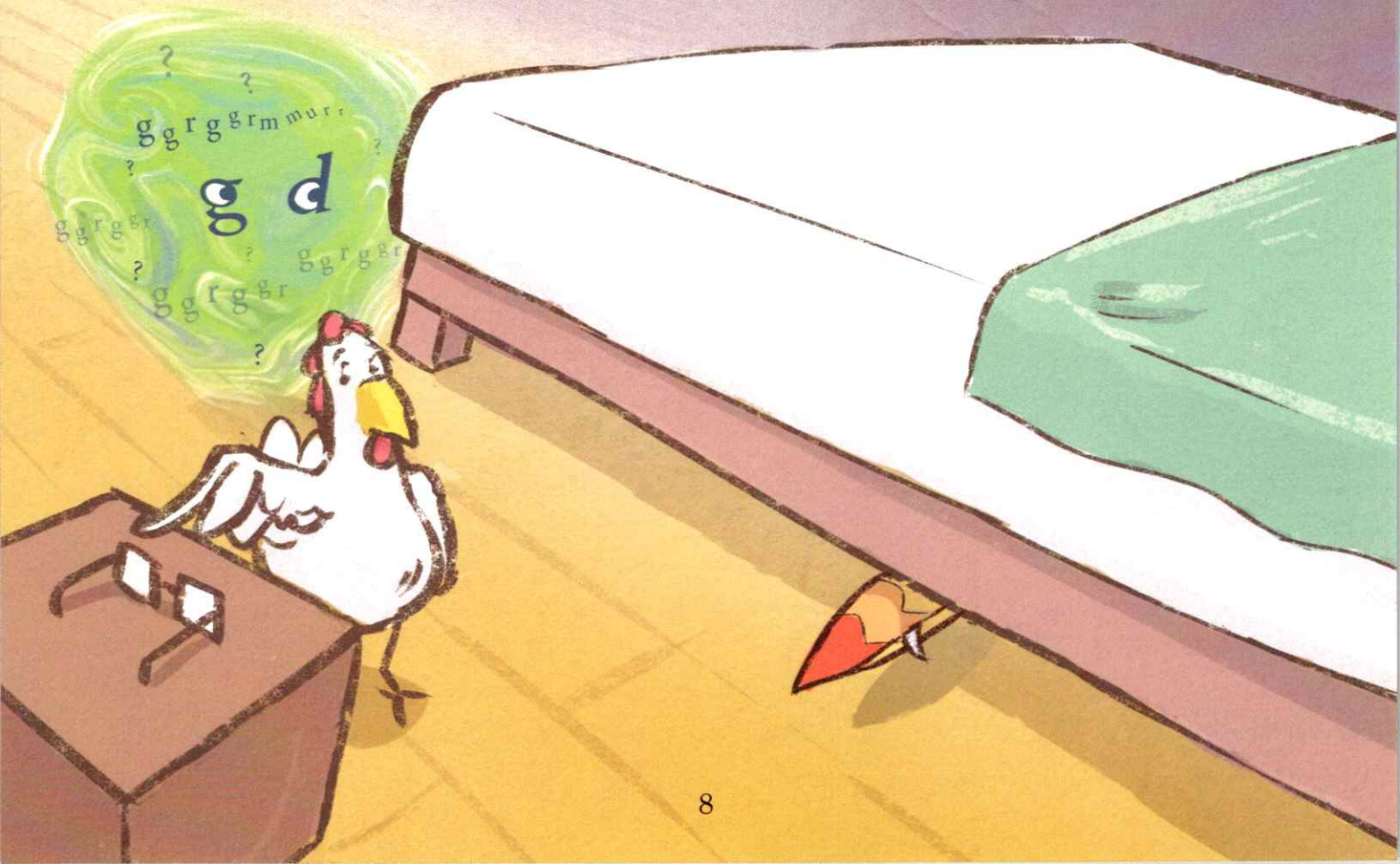
Tell Burgull ’bout commas.

Go through it.”

“Nope,” came Gawk’s voice.

“I’m not here.”

Desert birds make things so difficult.



“Right. I *know* you’re there,” pressed Poodle.

“Tell him, Gawk. Please.”

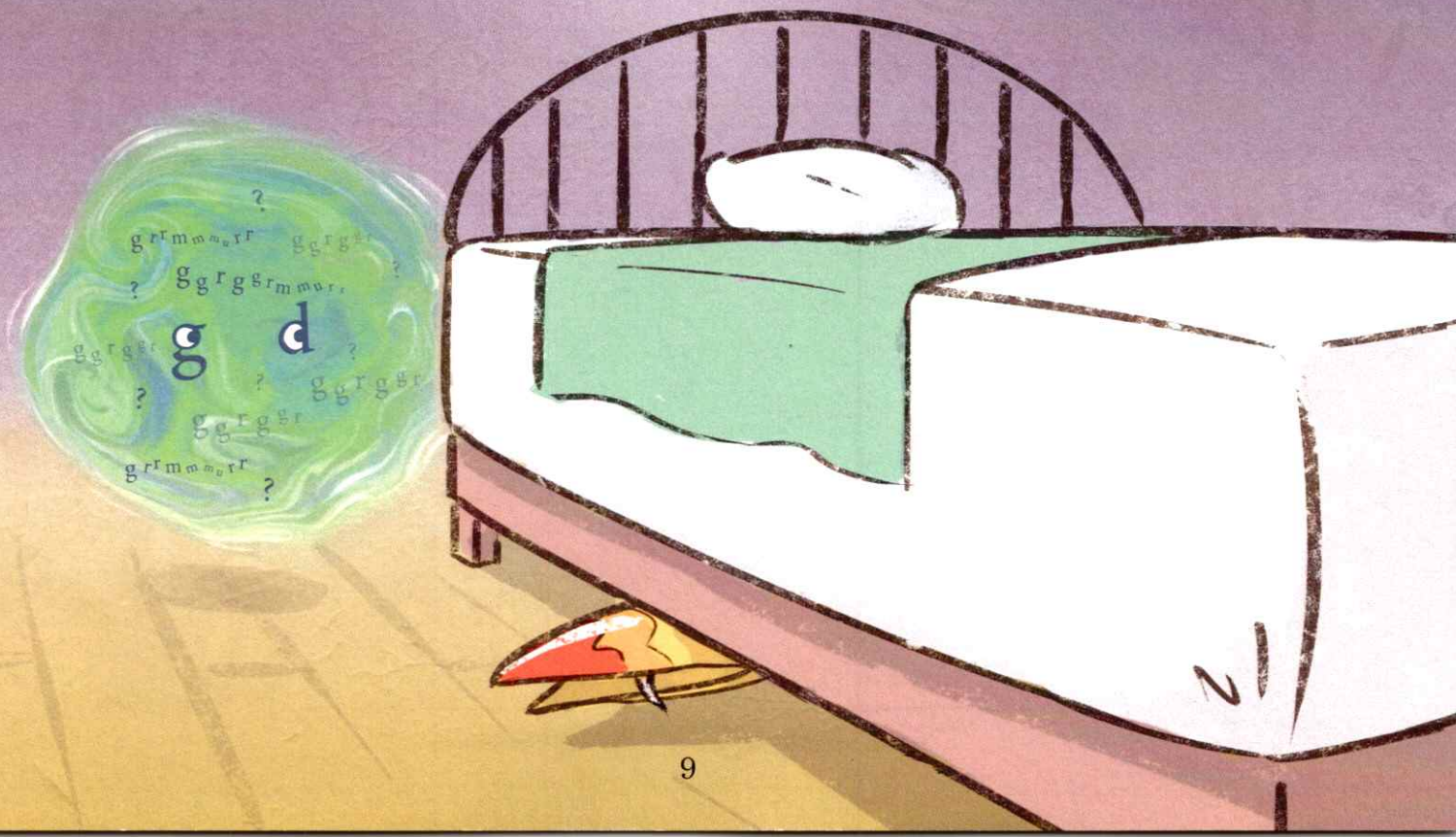
“Oh, all right, but I’m not here,” said Gawk at last.

“Burgull, commas aren’t herbs;
curb them; don’t blurb ’em
between subjects and verbs.

Subjects and verbs go together,
like fluffs of a feather.

Instead of ‘**Burgull** **comma** help Poodle,’
just say, ‘**Burgull helps Poodle.**’ See?
No comma between subjects and verbs.”

To be fair, this was not a good topic
for a consonant monster. Poor thing.
Poodle began to explain once more, but....





“CUT! LIGHTS!” yelled Maybe,
the director, as she stormed onto the stage,
Bizzie scurrying behind,
trying to put something
in her pocket.

Maybe always *storms*. You remember.

Joe popped on the lights,
which griped and grumped above the stage.

“Stick to the script!” Maybe cried.
“Skip the trauma! No one hears a comma!
They’re punctuation! Points, not joints!
You see ’em when you read ’em!”

