



## Act Two: The Echo

“What?!” Poodle called.  
“What?!!”

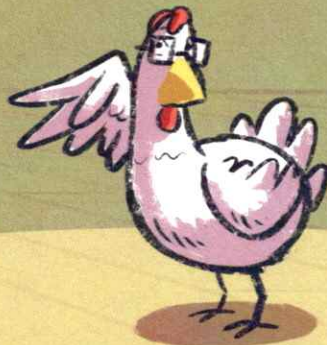
Everyone listened  
for What?’s barky *what-what-what!*

Poodle listened.

Burgull listened.

Dickinson, the Blue Mountain citizen,  
lofted into the glisten and listened.

Gawk spread his wings  
to funnel the sound and listened.  
You know those desert birds.







Bizzie peeked out  
from the curtain stage right  
and listened. She looked back at Maybe.

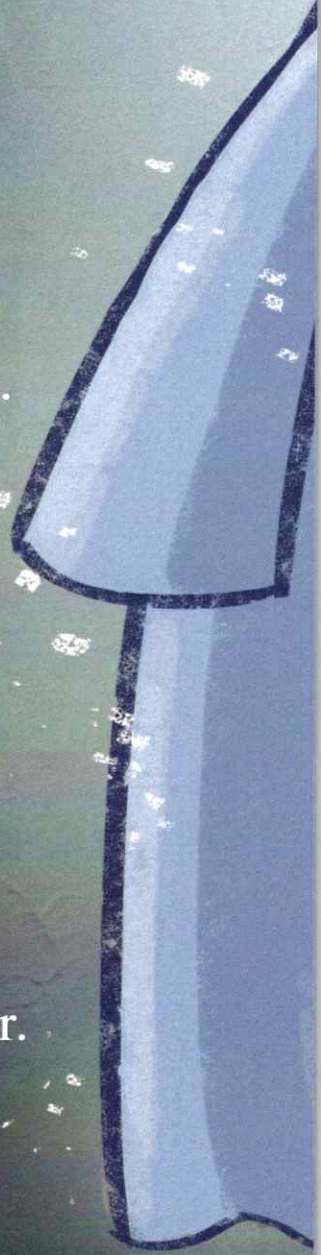
The author got fidgety and fidgeted.  
He didn't know where What? was either.  
Authors can't know everything.

The children, high above the stage, listened.

Nothing.

"We have to find What?," Poodle said,  
and he looked at the monsters.

Dickinson hovered again,  
casting blue gleams o'er the team.  
Gawk gawked hawkily.  
Burgull's consonants got scratchier than ever.  
Everyone understood.





Burgull looked worried.  
He felt flurried. He hurried. He said,  
“Dickinson, and Gawk help Burgull find What?.”

Poodle looked at Burgull.  
“Burgull, did you say,  
‘Dickinson comma and Gawk help Burgull’?”

“Grbrrrk grrbrr?” Burgull was so confused.

“Look, Burgull,” said Poodle, “don’t put  
a comma in a compound word.  
It has to be ‘**Dickinson and Gawk,**’  
not ‘**Dickinson, and Gawk.**’  
Compounds are compounded, not broken.”

“Grrrbrrrkbr?”

