



This was too hard for Burgull.
Monsters don't know compounds.

"Burgull," Poodle began gently,
"in a compound noun,
such as raining *cats and dogs*,
we want the conjunction to join;
we don't want a comma
to break the compound. See?"

"Grrrbrrrk?"

Poodle sat down and put his beak
on his wing like a thinker.



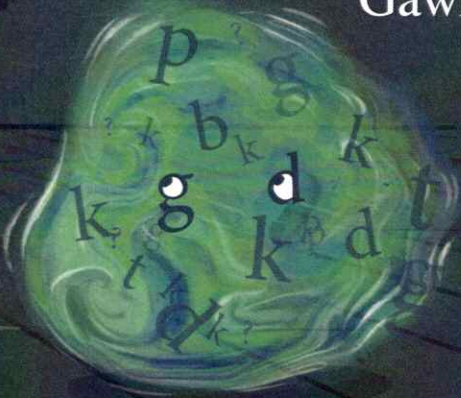
“Tell him, Dickinson,” said Poodle.
“Tell Burgull about compound words, please.”

Dickinson looked dubious,
and his blue began to glow.
He flowed left, and swept slow,
and hummed *oh* in the air.

“Burgull,” Dickinson whirred,
“when you have a **compound**—
two nouns such as *cats and mice*,
or two verbs such as *ran and jumped*,
or two adjectives such as *red and blue*—
the conjunctions conjoin them.
Don’t let commas crack them.”

“Grbrrrk?”

Dickinson looked at Poodle.
Poodle looked at Dickinson.
Gawk looked down.





“Enough,” said Poodle. “Let’s just find What?. We’ll worry about **compound commas** later. Just remember: no subject/verb comma, and no compound word comma. Right?”

Burgull’s countenance was confused.
“Burgull search, and help Poodle,” he said.

“No comma,” said Poodle.
“No comma in a compound verb.”

“Grbrkk?”

Everyone stopped
and looked at the walls.

