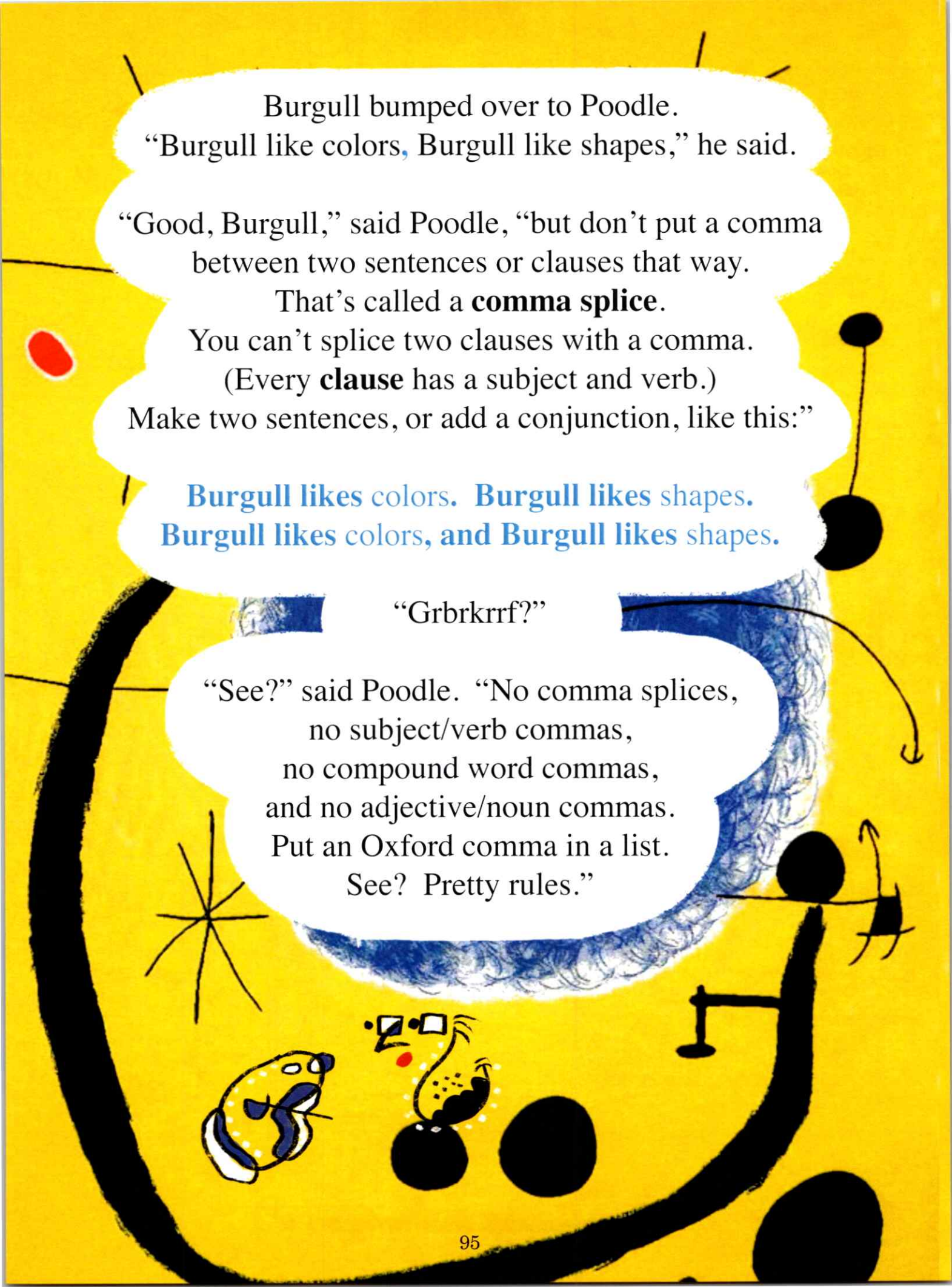




Burgull bumped over to Poodle.
“Burgull like colors, Burgull like shapes,” he said.

“Good, Burgull,” said Poodle, “but don’t put a comma between two sentences or clauses that way.

That’s called a **comma splice**.

You can’t splice two clauses with a comma.

(Every **clause** has a subject and verb.)

Make two sentences, or add a conjunction, like this:”

Burgull likes colors. Burgull likes shapes.
Burgull likes colors, and Burgull likes shapes.

“Grbrkrff?”

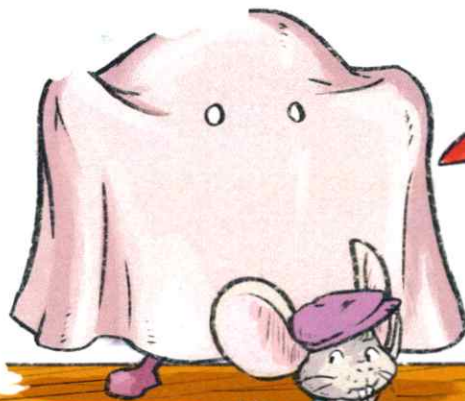
“See?” said Poodle. “No comma splices,
no subject/verb commas,
no compound word commas,
and no adjective/noun commas.
Put an Oxford comma in a list.
See? Pretty rules.”



“Gbrffrg,” Burgull offered.
He was beginning to understand.

“CUT!” cried Maybe,
storming from the curtain stage right.
Bizzie hurried after her,
looking back at something backstage.

“Author,” Maybe called,
“did you write this comma stuff?
No more commas! Enough!
Focus on the story! Be tough!
What?’s lost, remember?
The friends have to search
the Miró for What?.”



“Ah, well,” the author began,
“I like commas, and I think commas—”

“Like commas? Stop! Please!” cried Maybe.
“What?’s lost, and we have to find him.
Concentrate! Where is he? Do you know?”

“Well, um, not yet,” the author started.

“WHAT?!” cried Maybe. “You’re the author,
and you don’t know where What? is?”

“Well,” said the author, “I haven’t finished
this chapter yet, so—”

