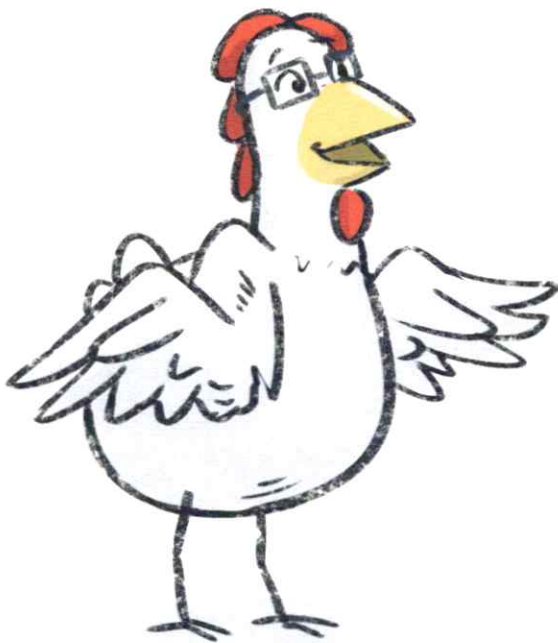


Everyone grew silent and looked down.
Burgull? Singing? A brrrgy song?
No one knew what to say.

But Burgull was Poodle's friend,
and he was everyone's friend. He belonged,
and if Burgull needed to sing his song,
Poodle would respect that.

"Go ahead, Burgull," Poodle said.
"We would love to hear your brrrgy song."

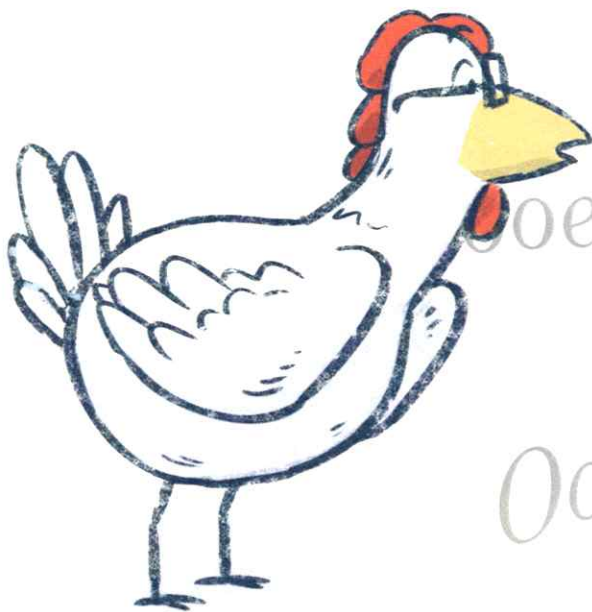




Burgull pushed one consonant forward,
without feet, and pointed
some consonants at the ceiling,
and began to sing, not his usual
scratchy consonants, but sweet ones,
pretty *m*'s and *r*'s, as in the noun *Romeo*,
and out came the Burgull Song:

*Burroooeo, mrroooeo,
rooobrmoooeo, ooooeorrrm?
Oomooorooeo, roorroooooeo,
burrrrrrooomrooeo-ooo.*

It was gorgeous.



burroooeo mrroooeo rooobr

What? No one could believe it.
Who knew that Burgull could do this?
It was a sweet, monstery croon,
a song of the moon, a swoon,
full of blue *ooo's* and *mr's* and *rm's*.
It was like no other song.

Good grief.

As Burgull crooned his new blue tune,
Dickinson whirred in on the backbeat,
backing Burgull's song with a breeze,
and his *whir* joined the *rooo*,
and What? added *whats* in spots,
to keep the beat.
They were a trio.

