

The Three Little Owls

In a dark forest on a dark night, three little owls roosted on a branch. Above them, the stars twinkled and the moon was barely a sliver. The owls were waiting for their mother to return from her hunt and they were bored.

"I'm the best flyer in this forest," the first owl boasted. "Watch this."

He took a run along the branch, faster and faster, then leaped off the end. His huge wings flapped quickly as he swooped and dived like a fighter plane zooming through the night. Leaves fell from the trees as he rushed around at top speed. He came back in to land, puffing his chest out importantly. "See?" he said.

"Great," hooted the second owl, "but I'm the best singer in the forest. Listen."

The second owl cleared her throat and belted out a fabulous tune. Her voice was clear and bold, like the ringing of church bells. Nearby, a flock of birds took flight, scattering into the inky sky. "Even the other birds are dancing for me!" the second owl laughed.

The third owl looked proudly at his brother and sister. "You're right. You are the best flyer and you are the best singer." He fell silent then, as his siblings settled back down on the branch with smug looks on their faces. The third owl racked his brain, but he couldn't think of what he was best at. He was just happy to sit and listen to the sounds of the forest as the two of them showed off their skills.

A little while later, just as the three little owls' stomachs were starting to grumble, their mother swooped in and flopped down beside them on the branch. The first and second owls squabbled impatiently, pushing each other out of the way in their hurry to get to the lunch that their mother had brought.

"Hunting was hard tonight!" their mother sighed. "Someone was scaring all the creatures away by rustling the leaves and flapping around." The first owl went red. The second owl giggled at him.

"And then," their mother went on, "just when the creatures started to come out again, someone made this awful sound." The second owl went red too.

Their mother looked at the third owl happily. "Thank you for waiting so patiently, dear."

The third owl felt his heart glow with pride as his mother dropped her catch at his feet. "I'm the best at being patient. But I'm also best at sharing. Come on everyone, dig in."



1. Why were the three little owls bored?

2. When the first owl flies, what does he look like?

3. When the second owl sings, what does she sound like?

4. How does the third owl feel about his brother and sister?

5. What does 'squabbled' mean?

6. Why is 'someone' written in italics?

7. What adjective does the mother use to describe the second owl's singing?

8. What was the third owl best at in the end?

9. How do you think the mother owl felt about the first and second owls?

10. How did the third owl feel at the end of the story?
