

Guided reading text

22.2.21

Unit
12

The Owl Who Was Afraid of the Dark

Mother Owl was getting fed up with Plop, a young owl who was afraid of the dark.

"Go and find out more about the dark," said his mother.

"Ask that little girl down there what she thinks about it."

"What little girl?"

"That little girl sitting down there – the one with the pony-tail."

"Little girls don't have tails."

"This one does. Go on now or you'll miss her."

So Plop shut his eyes, took a deep breath, and fell off his branch. His landing was a little better than usual. He bounced three times and rolled gently towards the little girl's feet.

"Oh, a woolly ball!" cried the little girl.

"Actually, I'm a Barn Owl," said the woolly ball.

"An owl? Are you sure?" she said, putting out a grubby finger and prodding Plop's round fluffy tummy.

"Quite sure," said Plop, backing away and drawing himself up tall.

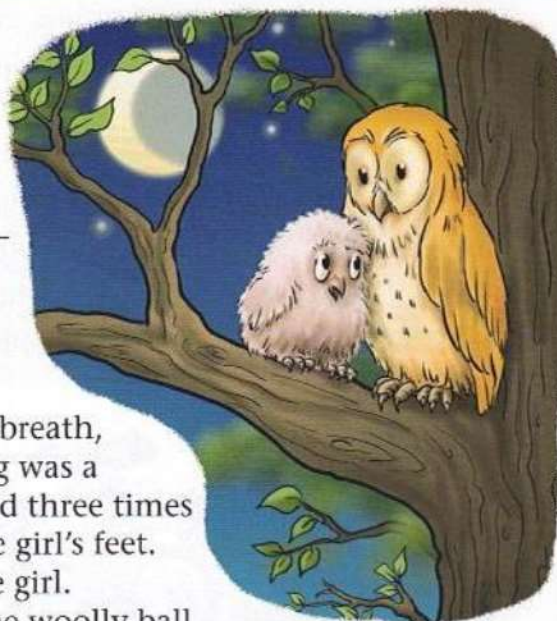
"Well, there's no need to be huffy," said the little girl.

"You bounced. You must expect to be mistaken for a ball if you go bouncing about the place. I've never met an owl before. Do you say 'Tu-wit-a-woo'?"

"No," said Plop, "that's Tawny Owls."

"Oh, you can't be a proper owl then," said the little girl. "Proper owls say 'Tu-wit-a-woo'!"

"I am a proper owl!" said Plop, getting very cross. "I am a Barn Owl, and Barn Owls go 'Eeeek' like that. Anyway – you can't be a proper girl. Girls don't have tails. Squirrels have tails, rabbits have tails, mice ..."



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