



Once there was a little white owl who
lived by himself in the snow. He didn't
have a mummy. He didn't have a daddy.
He didn't even have a name.

But he didn't really mind too much.
It had **always** been like that.
And his head was full
of happy stories . . .



Sometimes he was a brave white knight . . .



and sometimes he was a snowflake.

Sometimes he was a rocket
blasting off to the moon!



But every night, at bedtime, he sat
on his favourite branch, nibbling
toast spread with strawberry
jam and counting the
stars, by himself.



Then one day, he looked at
the big, blue sky that stretched
on and on forever . . .

"I wonder what's out there?"
said the little white owl.



So he packed his teddy
and his clock. It was
time to see the world!

For days the little white owl flew -
over turquoise oceans and deserts of gold.
Then he spotted the prettiest trees,
sprinkled with tiny jewels, so down, down,
down he swooped - but wait . . .



... these jewels had beaks! They were **owls** -
lovely owls! Owls just like him ...
"Would anyone like a bite of toast?" he said.



But the lovely owls sat quiet and still.
They didn't want to spoil their perfect feathers.
"How very **plain** you are," groaned the green.
"No colours at all," sniffed the dotty red.
"You don't belong with us. **GO AWAY!**"






"But I do have colours!" cried the little white owl.
"Here - in my heart! And bumping up and
down in me are lots of happy stories! I'll share
them with you if you want me to?"

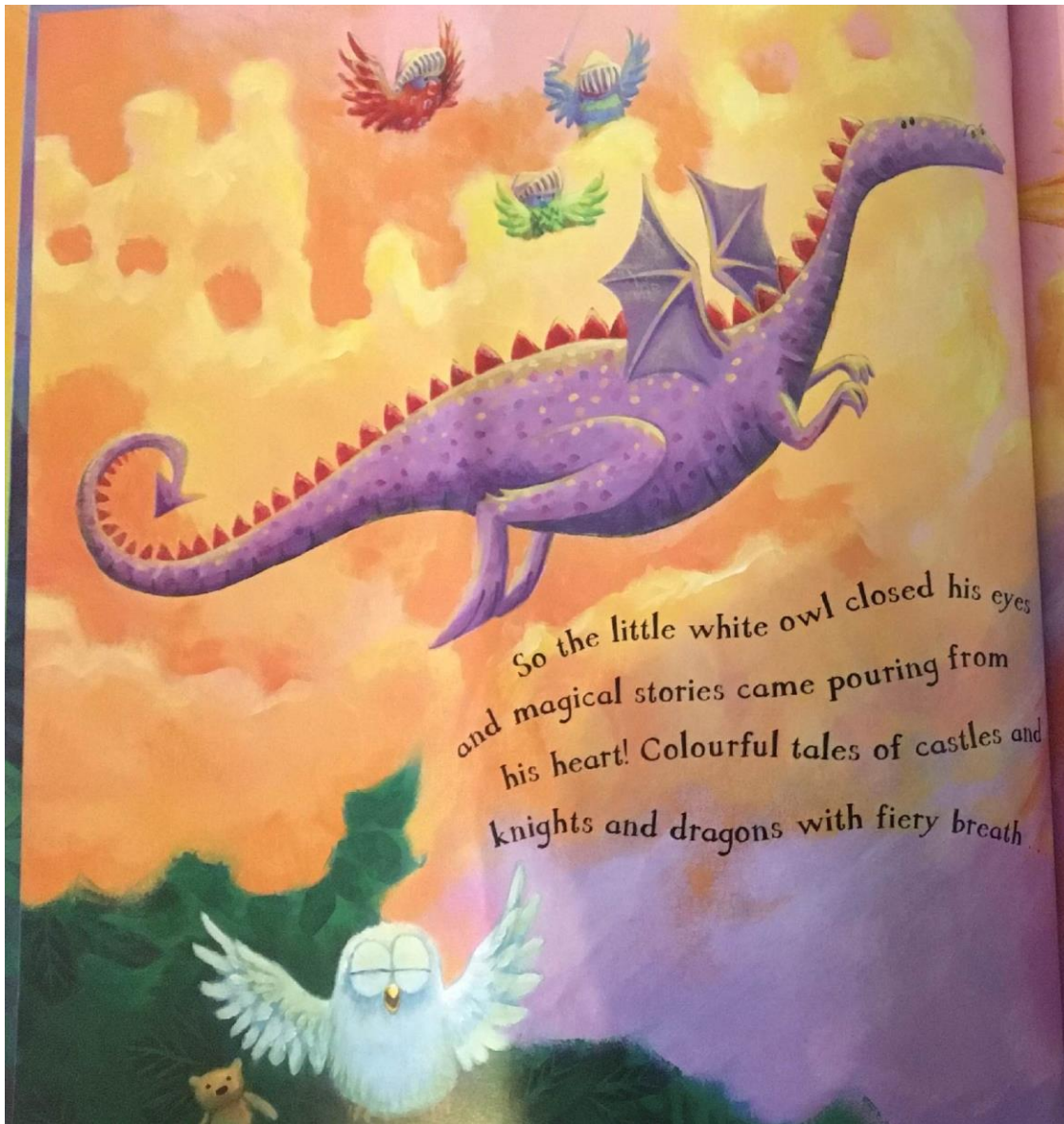
The owls sat and thought, then . . .
"Hmmm . . ." sighed the blue.
"A story might help pass the time."
"Fine - but just **ONE**," said
the flowery pink with a yawn.



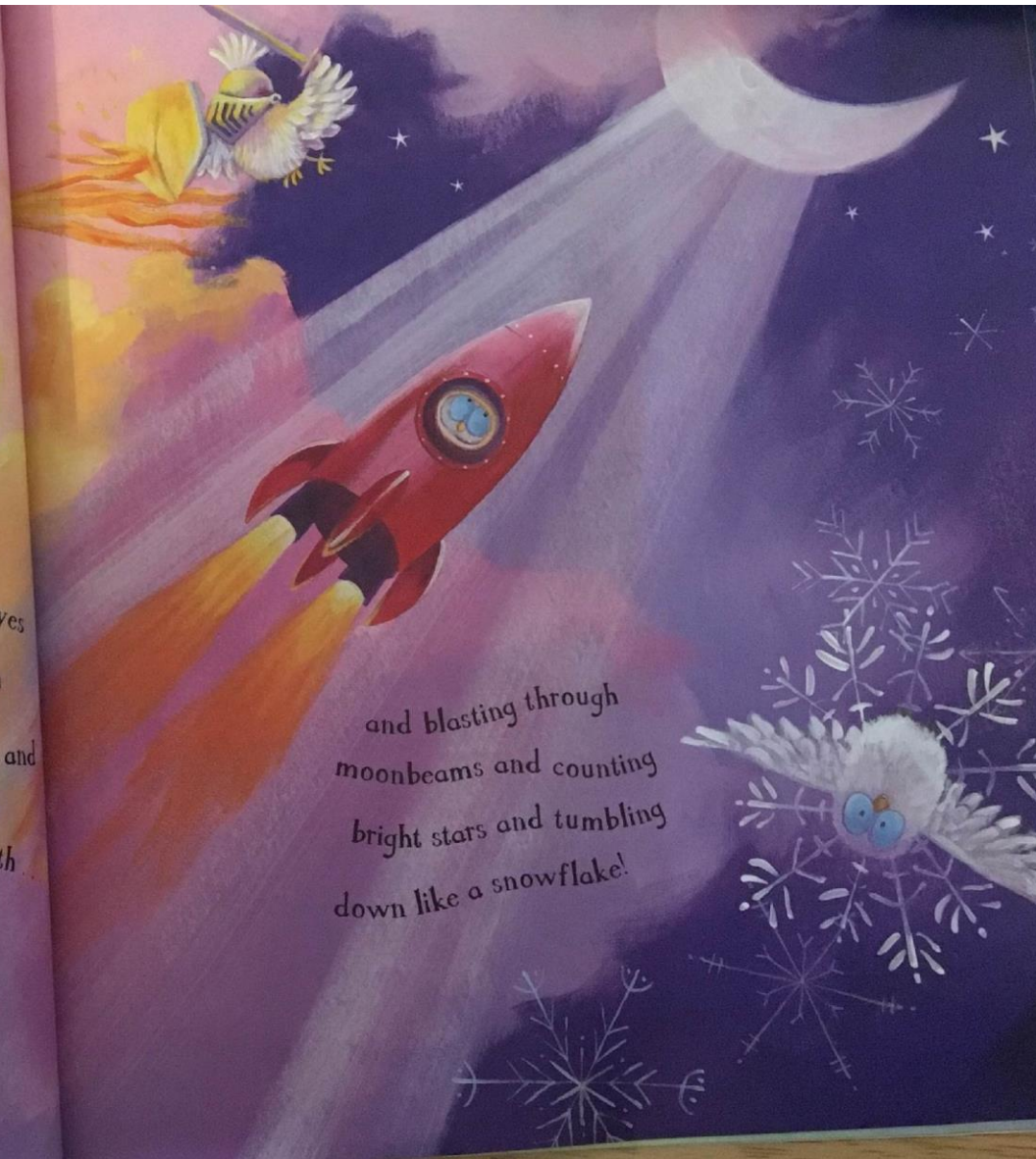


So the little white owl swung on
a branch with his little teddy.
And he munched his toast and
shared a happy story.

"Aaahhhh . . ." breathed
the blue owl dreamily when the
little white owl had finished.
The other owls all glared at her.
"Ooops, sorry!" she blushed.
"But couldn't we have just one more . . . ?"



So the little white owl closed his eyes
and magical stories came pouring from
his heart! Colourful tales of castles and
knights and dragons with fiery breath



and blasting through
moonbeams and counting
bright stars and tumbling
down like a snowflake!

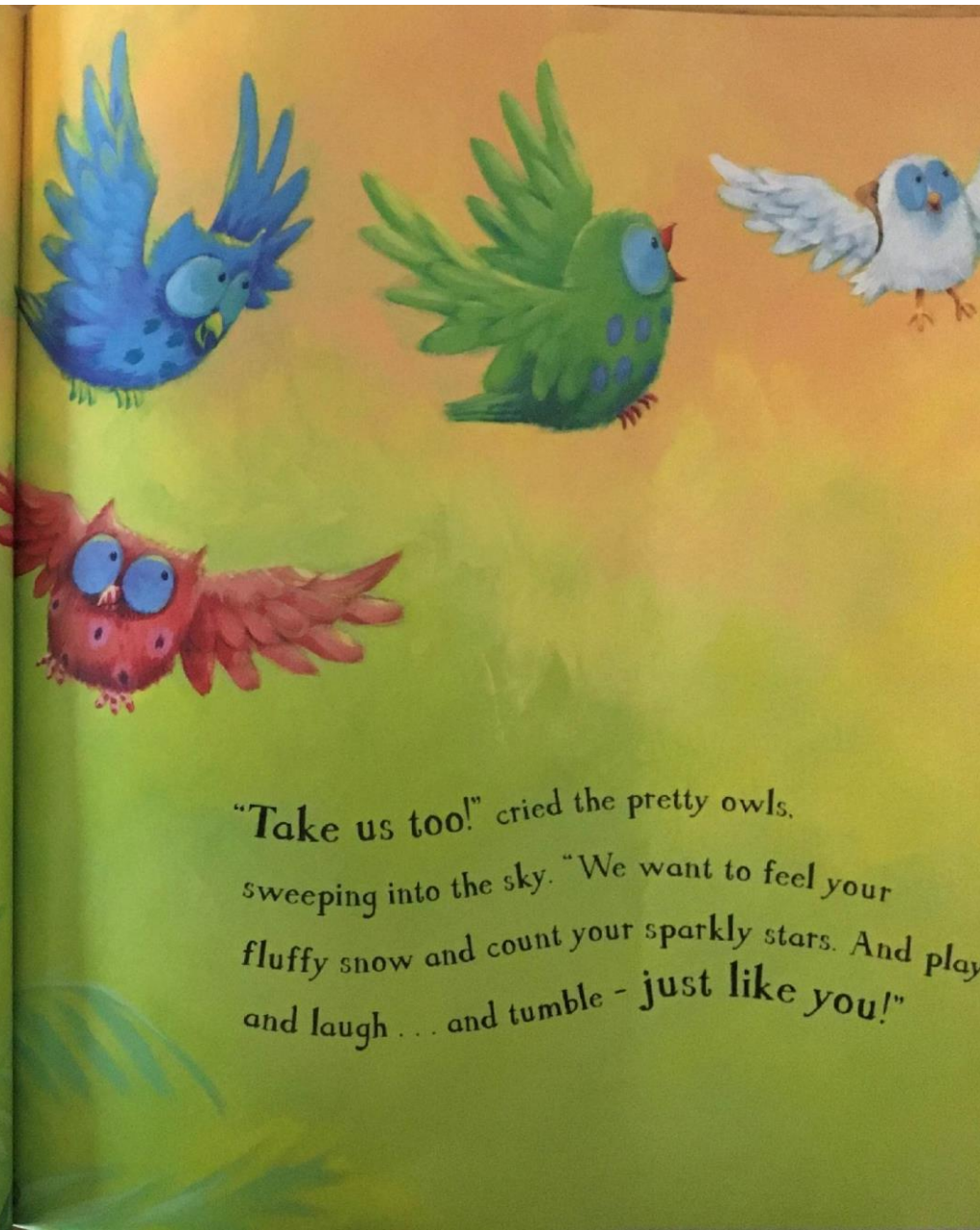
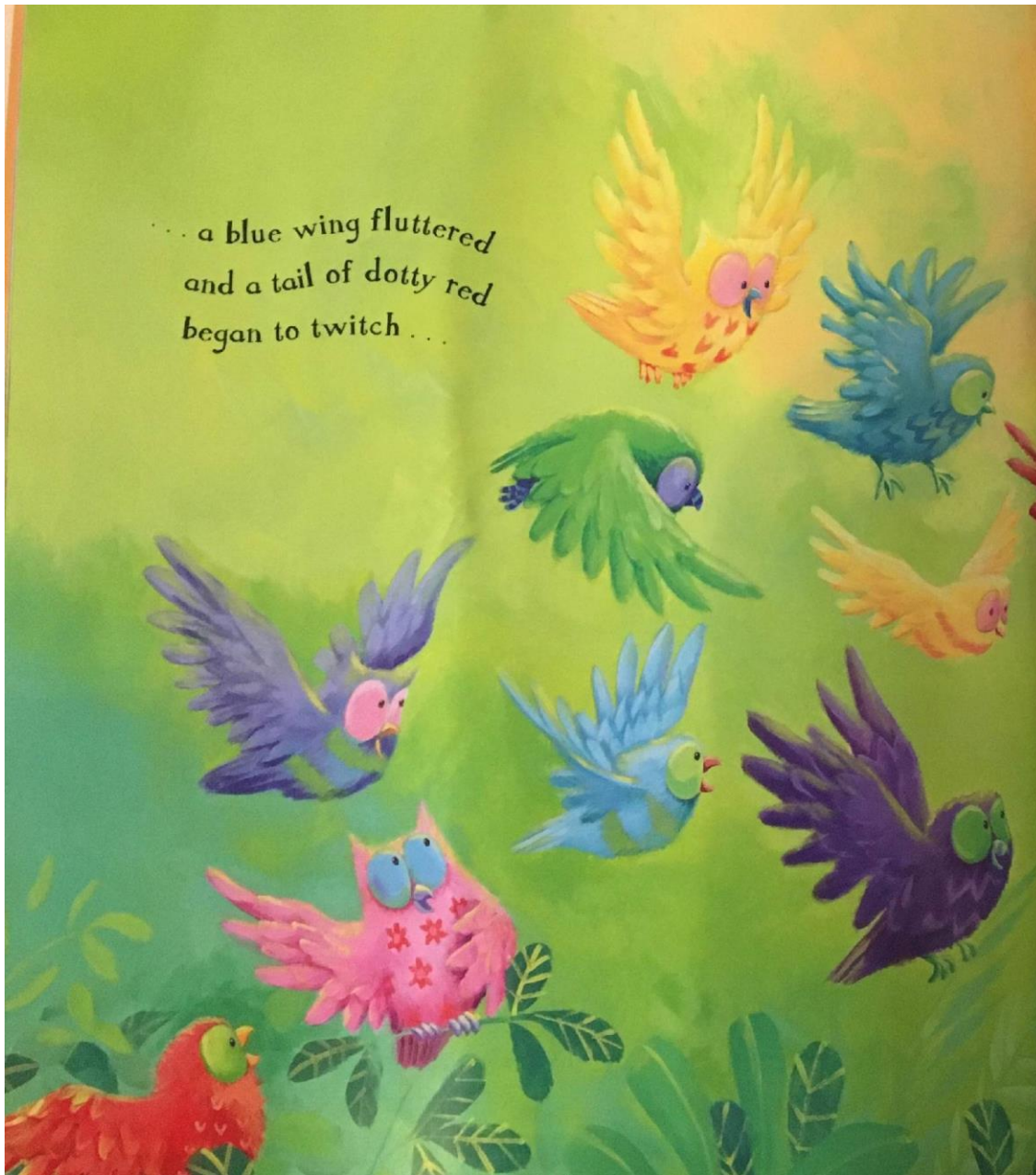
Slowly, and rather to their surprise, the owls began to smile. "Aaahhhhh . . ." they breathed. Then suddenly, "MORE!" cried everyone.



At last, when all his toast had gone, the little white owl checked his clock. "Gosh - I have to go!" he gasped. "Back to my sparkly home. I need to feel the snow and count the stars . . ." But then . . .



... a blue wing fluttered
and a tail of dotty red
began to twitch ...



"Take us too!" cried the pretty owls,
sweeping into the sky. "We want to feel your
fluffy snow and count your sparkly stars. And play
and laugh ... and tumble - just like you!"

So the little white owl led them home
where they tumbled and twirled on the ice.
Like splashes of rainbow they speckled
the snow, their colours brighter than ever!





Later, they huddled together and sipped warm cocoa.

"Tomorrow, when we fly home," said the blue.

"the white clouds will remind us of you! Promise

you'll visit very soon."



"I promise," smiled the little white owl,
"and you can tell me all **your** stories."

Then he snuggled up on his
favourite branch . . .

... and was soon dreaming happy
dreams, as a huge, silver moon lit
the deep, dark sky that stretched
on and on forever . . .



