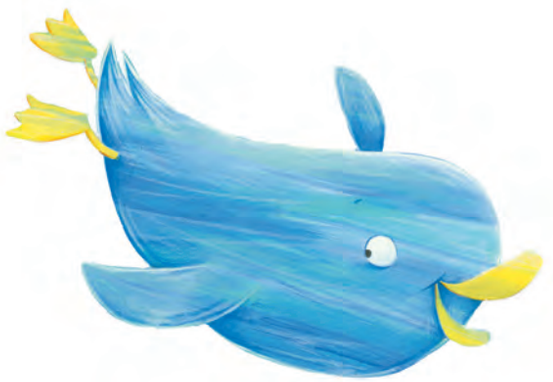


For small people in big baths,
this one's for you with a big towelly hug – D.G.

For UD and AC with love xx – A.B.



BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3DP, UK

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First published in Great Britain 2021 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978 1 5266 1386 8 (HB)
ISBN 978 1 5266 1387 5 (PB)
ISBN 978 1 5266 1388 2 (eBook)

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Printed and bound in China by Leo Paper Products, Heshan, Guangdong

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Little Owl's Bathtime



Debi Gliori

Alison Brown

BLOOMSBURY
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY



Little Owl was playing king of the castle with Hedge
when he heard a rustling sound.
"Did you hear that?" whispered Little Owl.

The rustling stopped.

Little Owl took a
deep breath and said,
"HALT!
Who goes there?"



"So fierce, so brave . . ." said Mummy Owl,
stepping out from behind a bush, "and so grubby.
Bathtime for you, my Little Owl."



"NO," said Little Owl.







"I thought you'd say that," said Mummy Owl.

"NO," said Little Owl.
"I'm too busy just now.
King Hedge needs me
to guard her castle."



Mummy Owl blinked.
"Of course," she said. "Silly me.
Perhaps Puffle could guard the castle
while you have your bath?"

Little Owl's eyes grew wide, "Puffle?"

