Thank you a thousand million times.
For new friendships forged in extraordinary times;
for old friendships that held fast – D.G.

To everyone at Gledhow Primary,
the quiet ones and the chatterboxes! – A.B. x



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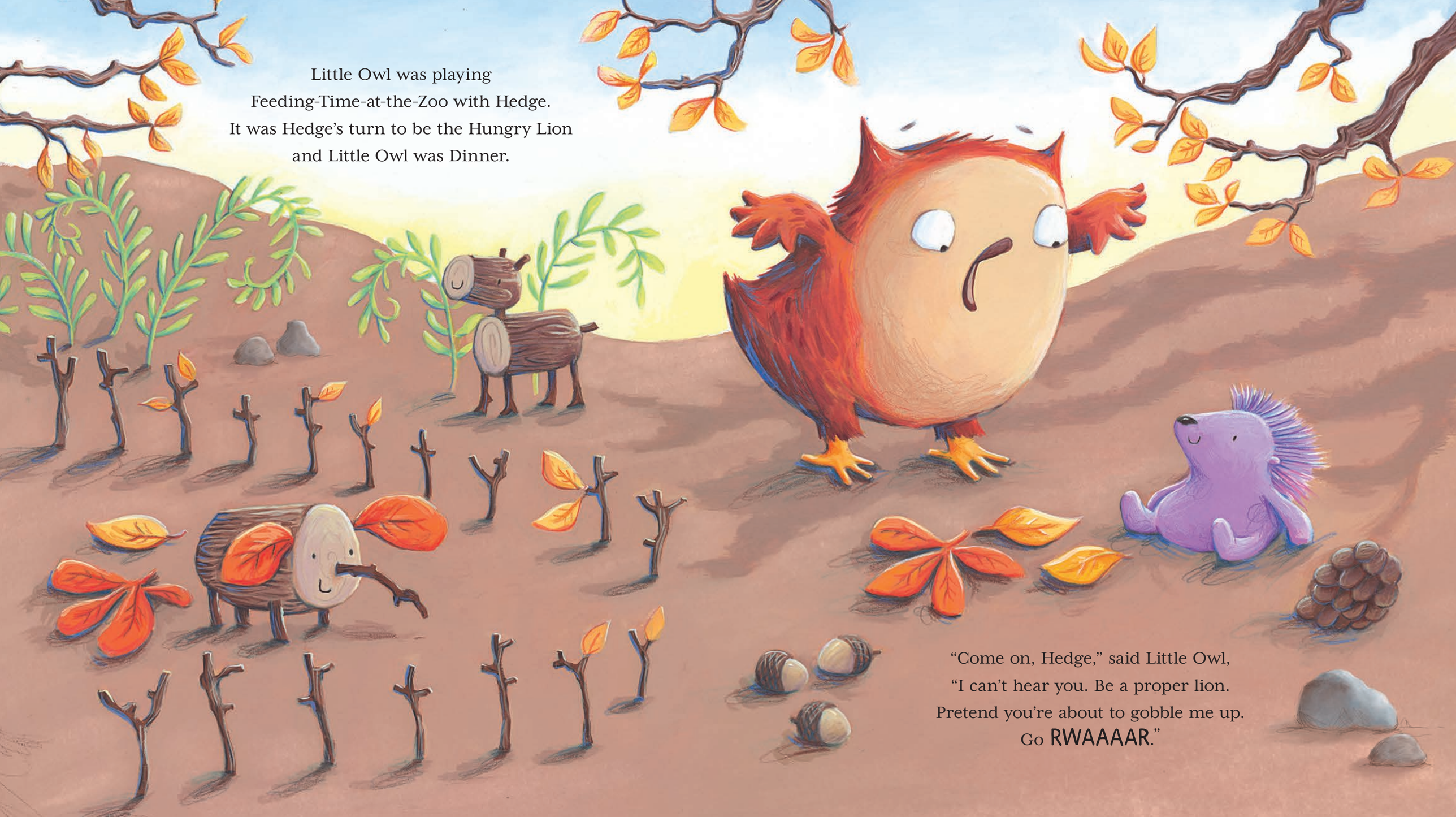
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Little Owl's New Friend



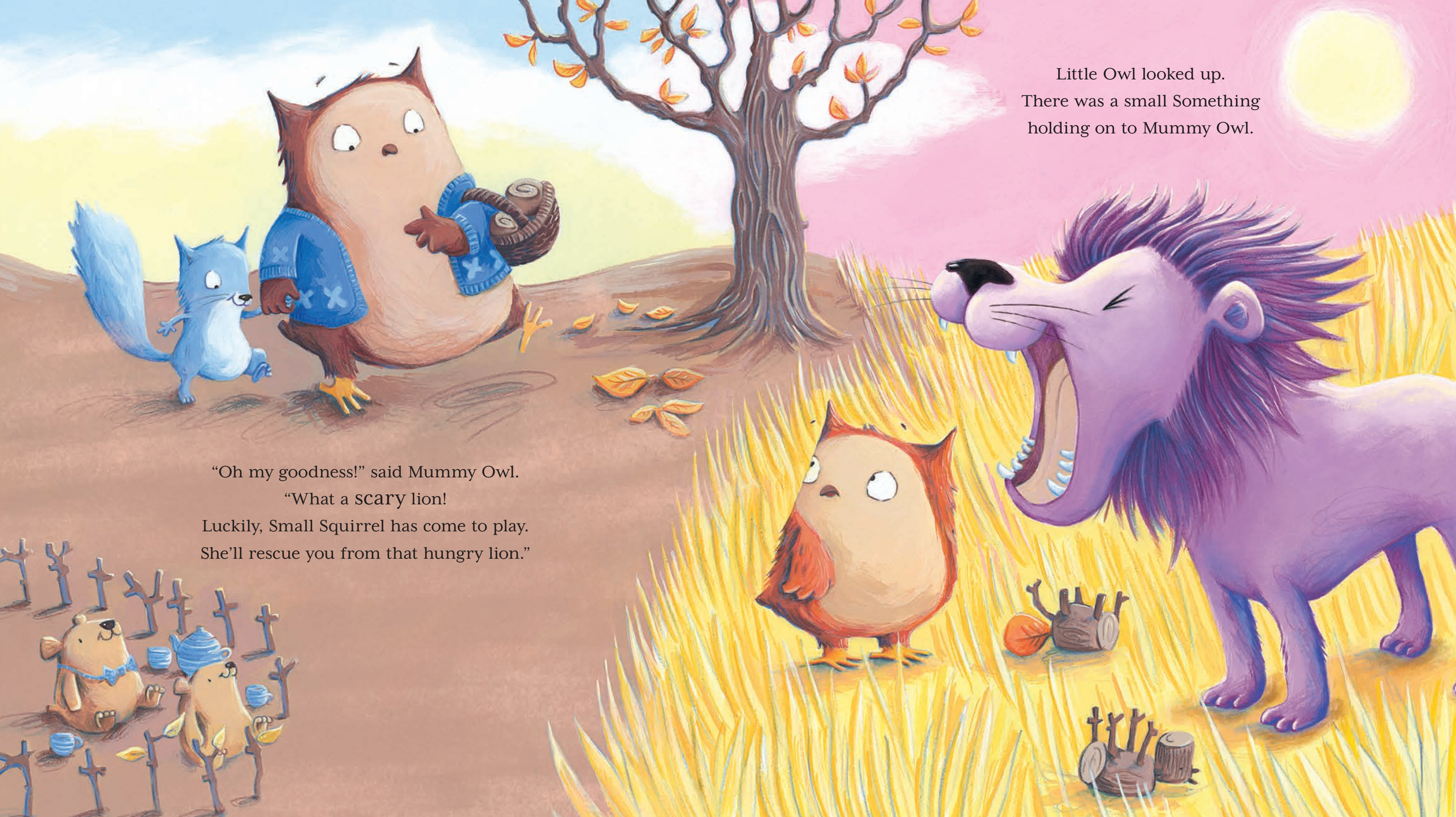
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Little Owl was playing
Feeding-Time-at-the-Zoo with Hedge.
It was Hedge's turn to be the Hungry Lion
and Little Owl was Dinner.

"Come on, Hedge," said Little Owl,
"I can't hear you. Be a proper lion.
Pretend you're about to gobble me up.
Go RWAAAAR."



"Oh my goodness!" said Mummy Owl.
"What a scary lion!
Luckily, Small Squirrel has come to play.
She'll rescue you from that hungry lion."

Little Owl looked up.
There was a small Something
holding on to Mummy Owl.

"No!" said Little Owl,



"NO,



NO,

NO!"



"Oh dear," said Mummy Owl.

"NO," said Little Owl,
"I don't want to play
with Small Squirrel.

I want Hedge
to be a lion and go
RWAAARRR
and gobble me up."



Mummy Owl blinked.
"What a pity," she said, "We brought
cinnamon buns to feed your lion,
but if it's not very hungry, we'll give them
to the **bears** in the **bushes** instead."