The next morning, confused as ever, Little Owl flew home, where she found some people standing around the big tree's trunk.

"It's beautiful," said one of them.

"It'll be a perfect Christmas tree," said another.

*A Christmas* ***tree****?* Little Owl wondered. *My home is Christmas?*

The workers began attaching wires
and ropes to the tree.



As Little Owl hid in the shadows, the branches pulled tight around
her. She was trapped! Then she heard a roar. The tree shook.
Spinning and swaying, it was lowered down on to a truck.



Little Owl was dizzy. *Is this Christmas?*

"Say goodbye to our tree!" someone called
as the big truck rumbled away.
***Your** tree?* wondered Little Owl. *How could
anyone **own** a tree?*



For hours and hours they drove.
The cold wind rushed beneath her feathers.
Little Owl was hungry. But there was nothing to eat. She was thirsty. But there was nothing to drink. She was lonely, and her friends were far, far away.

*Is **this** Christmas?*
Pinned against the tree, she tried to sleep.



At last, three days later, the truck came to a stop. Again the tree jostled and lifted. Then all at once. . . its branches spread.
Worn and weak, Little Owl edged out into the light.

*Where am I?*