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Owl Moon

by Jane Yolen

illustrated by John Schoenherr
It was late on a winter night.

My grandfather and I went to see owls.

The trees were big and the sky was bright.

The train blew the whistle.

Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon*, by Jane Yolen
I could hear the whistle under my hat.

A dog barked as the train went by.
We reached the edge of the woods.

The woods looked black and pointy against the night sky.

We stood still as grandfather yelled hoot, hoot.

Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon*, by Jane Yolen
We both listened.

There was no sound.
Grandpa and I walked.

I was cold.

I never made a sound.

When you look for owls, you must be quiet.

It was dark in the woods.

I saw snow.

Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon*, by Jane Yolen
The dark woods scared me.

You have to be brave when looking for owls.
Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon* by Jane Yolen.
I pulled my hat down and listened.

Grandfather yelled hoot hoot hoot.

I listened and in the woods I heard hoot.
The hoot came from high in the tree.

The owl flew over us.

Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon*, by Jane Yolen
The owl flew over us.

We looked in silence.

The owl’s shadow hooted to us.

Grandfather turned on his flashlight and we saw the owl.

The owl landed on a branch.

Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon*, by Jane Yolen
For many minutes we looked at each other.
The owl flew off.

It was time for us to go home.

Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon*, by Jane Yolen
We looked for owls as we walked home under the owl moon.
The End