



Once there were 3 baby owls, they loved in a hole with their mum.



One night they woke up and their mum was gone.



I think she has one hunting to get us food. I want my mummy.



They came out of their hole and sat on the branches.



I think we should all sit on one branch.



It was dark in the woods.



They closed their eyes and wished their mummy would come home.



Mummy owl came back.



I love my mummy.