



Owl and The Moon
by Arnold Lobel

One night owl went down to the seashore.

He sat on a large rock and looked out at the waves.

Everything was dark.

Then a small tip of the moon came up over the edge of the sea.

Owl watched the moon.

It climbed higher and higher into the sky.

Soon the whole, round moon was shining.

Owl sat on the rock and looked up at the moon for a long time.

"If I am looking at you, moon, then you must be looking back at me. We must be very good friends."

The moon did not answer, but Owl said, "I will come back and see you again, moon. But now I must go home."

Owl walked down the path.

He looked up at the sky.

The moon was still there.

It was following him.

"No, no, moon," said Owl.

"It is kind of you to light my way. But you must stay up over the sea where you look so fine."

Owl walked on a little farther.

He looked at the sky again.

There was the moon coming right along with him.

"Dear moon," said Owl, "you really must not come home with me. My house is small. You would not fit through the door. And I have nothing to give you for supper."

Owl kept on walking.

The moon sailed after him over the tops of the trees.

"Moon," said Owl, "I think that you do not hear me."

Owl climbed to the top of a hill.

He shouted as loudly as he could, "Good-bye, moon!"

The moon went behind some clouds.

Owl looked and looked.

The moon was gone.

"It is always a little sad to say good-bye to a friend," said Owl.

Owl came home. He put on his pajamas and went to bed.

The room was very dark.

Owl was still feeling sad.

All at once, Owl's bedroom was filled with silver light.

Owl looked out of the window.

The moon was coming from behind the clouds.

"Moon, you have followed me all the way home. What a good, round friend you are!" said Owl.

Then Owl put his head on the pillow and closed his eyes.

The moon was shining down through the window.

Owl did not feel sad at all.