

Early Reader



Twit

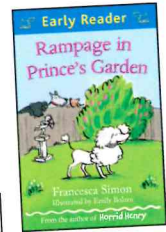
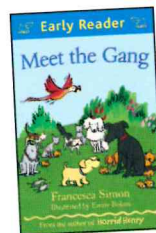
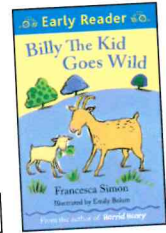
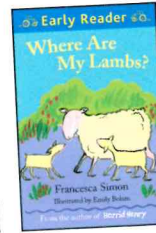
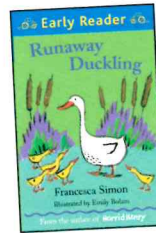
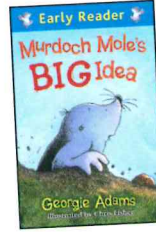
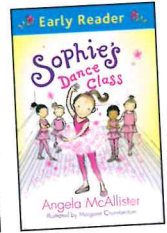
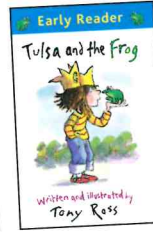
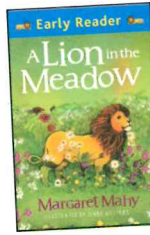
The owl who wasn't wise



Steve Cole
Illustrated by Jane Porter



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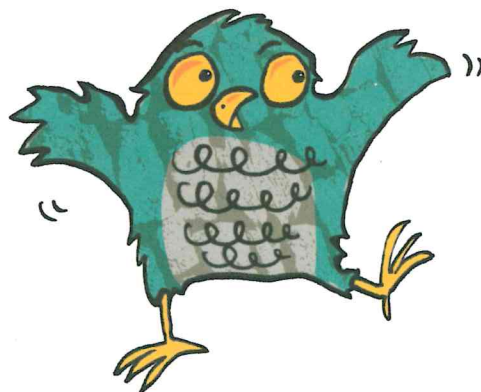


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TWIT

The owl who
wasn't wise



By Steve Cole

Illustrated by Jane Porter

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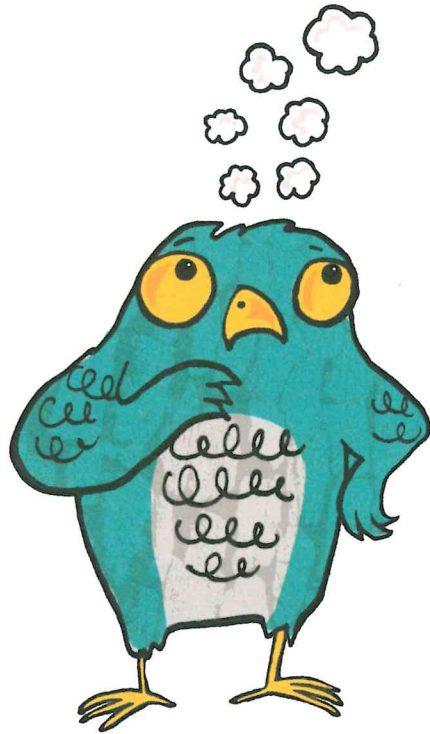
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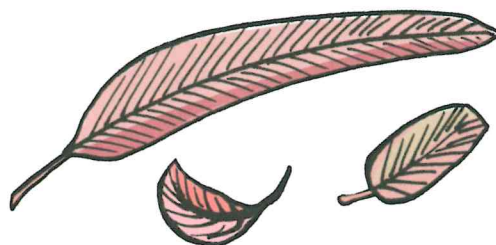
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For Amy, always



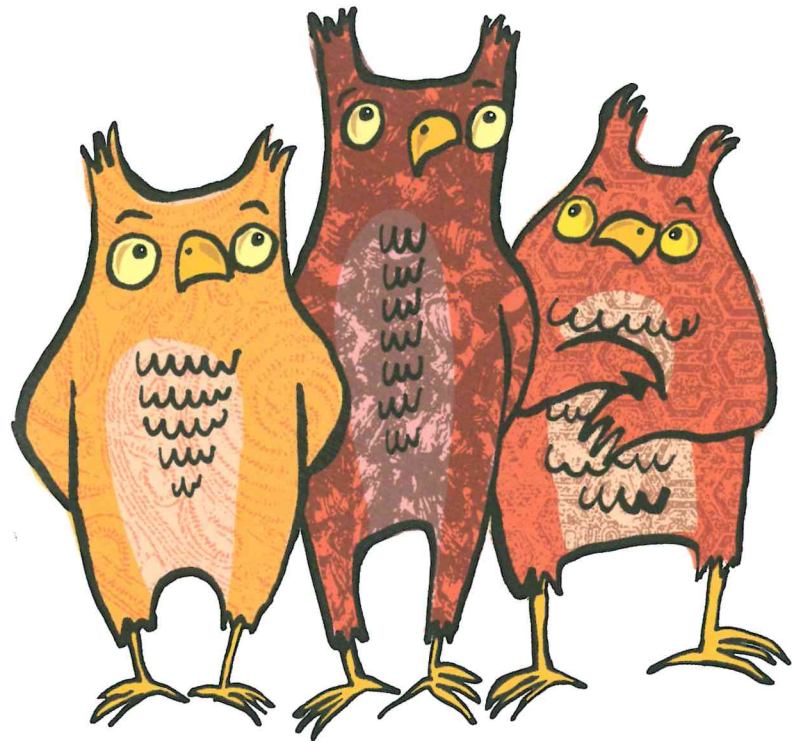
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Chapter One

Owls are wise. That's what people say.





Owls have big, wide eyes, so they are always watching.

Owls stay up all night so they have lots of time to learn new things.



Owls see in the dark so they are clever at spotting things.



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But there was once a little owl who was different.



He lived with his brothers
in a tree in the middle of
a forest. This little owl was
called Twit.

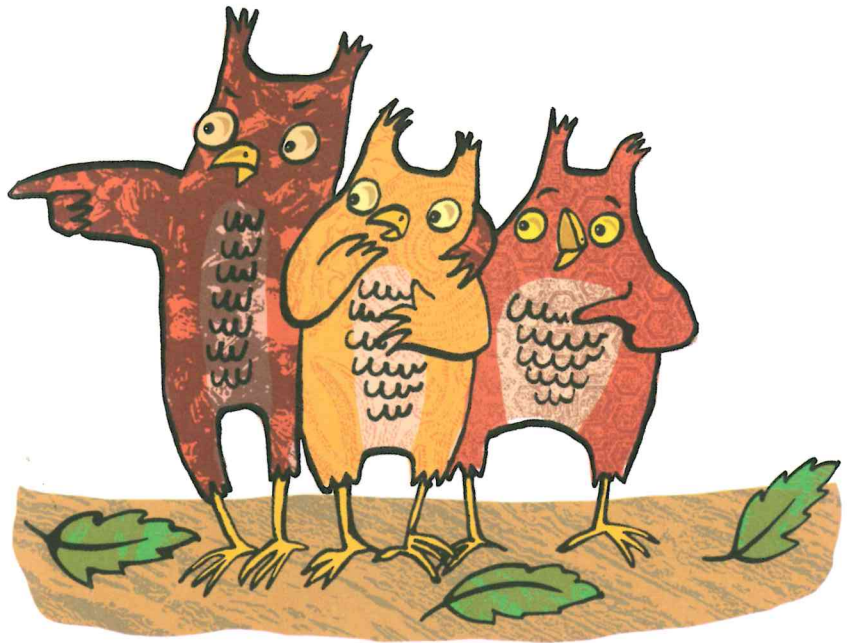


Twit had orange eyes, wonky wings and scruffy feathers.

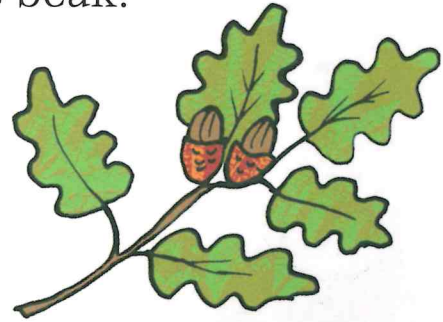
He was very nice, and very kind. But he wasn't very wise at all.



“Twit’s a Twit!” hooted
Twit’s mean brothers –
Boggle, Bumf and Baffle.



Every evening, the little owl would jump up from his bed with questions bursting out of his beak.



“What?”

“Where?”

“When?”

“Who?”

“Twit ter-wooo?”

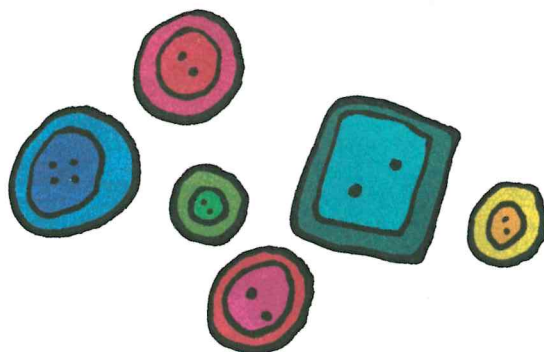
“Button your beak!”
shouted Boggle.

“I didn’t know my beak came
with buttons,” said Twit.

“Where is the buttonhole?”



Boggle and Bumf and Baffle
laughed and hooted. They
loved to play tricks on poor
Twit.



Chapter Two

"Time to go hunting," said
Baffle as the moon rose high.

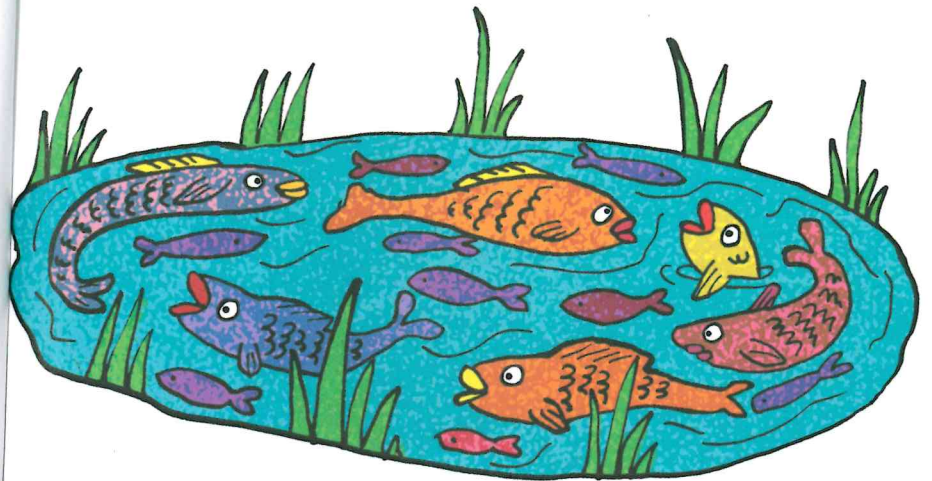


“Oh! Yes!” Twit flapped
about. “Where shall I hunt
tonight?”



Bumf smiled. Here was a
chance for some fun!
"I hear there are lots of tasty
fish in the big round puddle."

)



Twit gasped. "I've never caught a fish before."

"That's because you are a twit," said Bumf.

"True," Twit said. "How can I catch one?"

Bumf smiled again. "Dive in and surprise them, of course!"



"Thanks, Bumf!" Twit cried.
"What a good idea!"



But of course it wasn't.

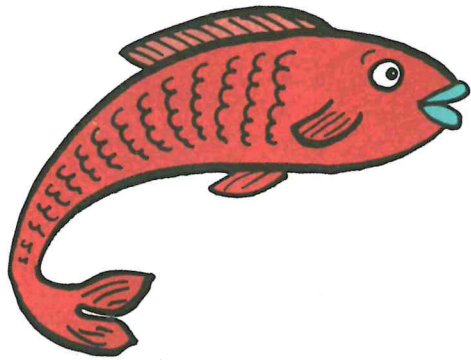
No fish lived in the puddle.
It was not deep enough.
Twit dived in and bumped
his head! "Ooow!" he
hooted. "Where are all the
fish? They must be hiding!"



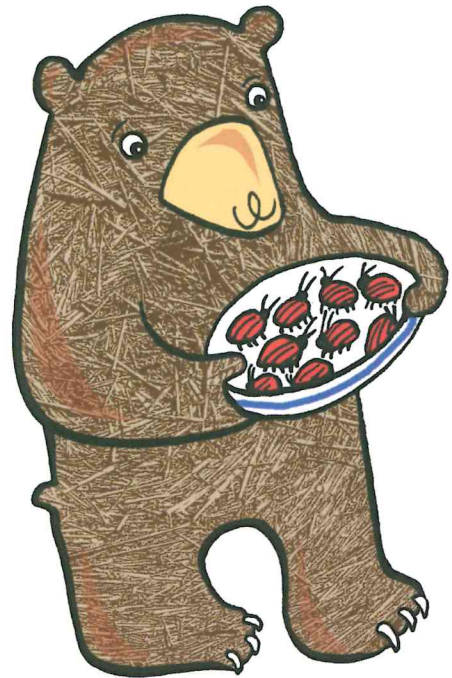
Twit flapped and splashed in the water until he was cold and tired and shivery. Then he flew back to the nest with a rumbling tum.



Boggle and Baffle laughed
with Bumf. Tricking their
little brother was a hoot.



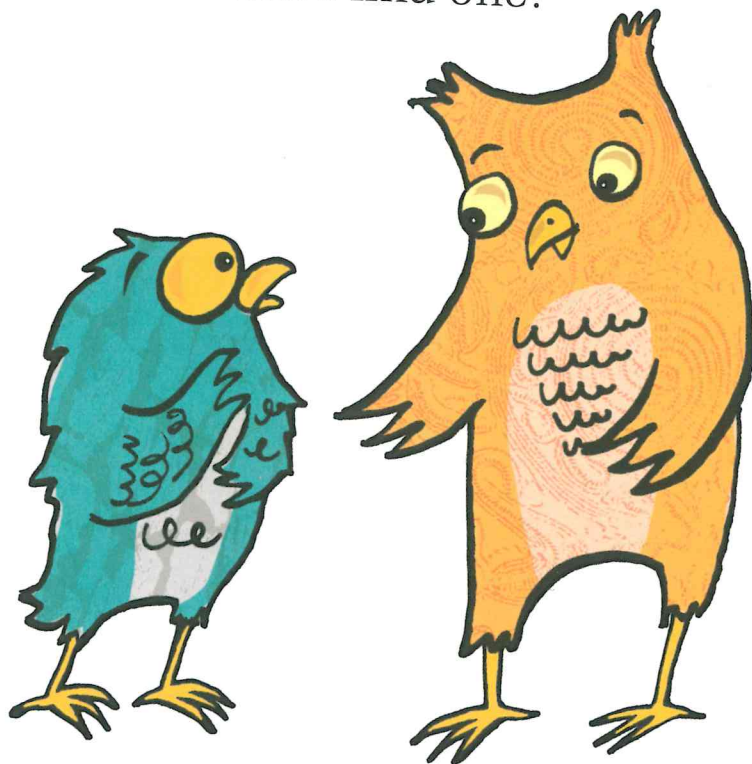
He smiled. "What you need, Twit, is a bug-buddy bear," said Boggle. "A bug-buddy bear loves helping other animals hunt for insects. She does all the hard work, and you eat all the bugs."



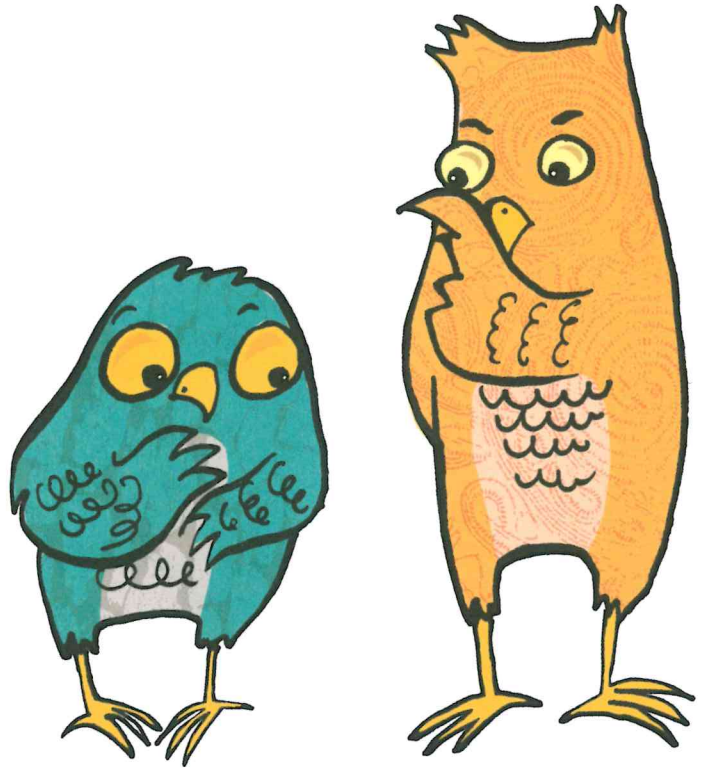
Twit blinked. "I've never heard of a bug-buddy bear."

"That's because you are a twit," said Boggle.

"True," Twit said. "Well, where can I find one?"



“There’s a bug-buddy bear in the dark cold cave. Tell her to catch you some bugs and don’t say please. Bears hate good manners.”



"Thanks, Boggle!" Twit cried,
as he flew away to find the
bug-buddy bear. "What a
good idea!"



But of course it wasn't.

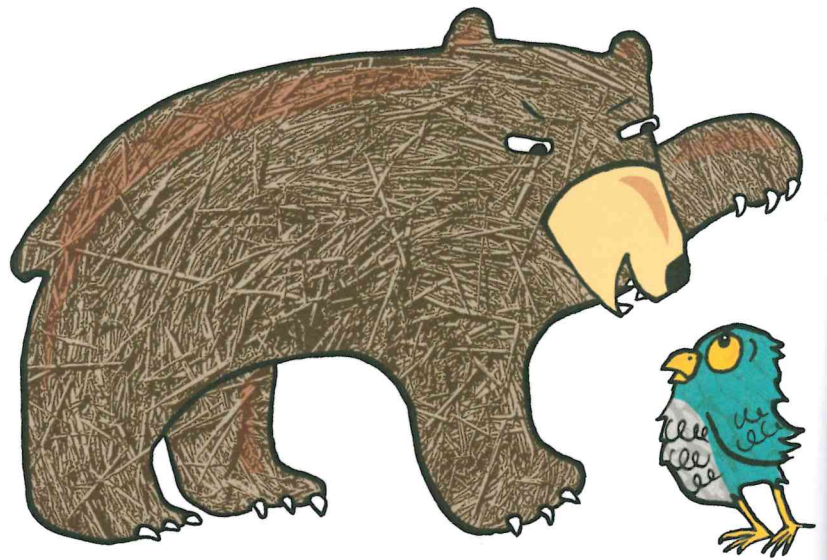
There is no such thing as a bug-buddy bear. A bear did live in the dark cold cave. But she was a cross and mean bear.



Twit flew into her cave.
"You there!" he hooted.
"Go out and catch me some
bugs for supper.
Now!"



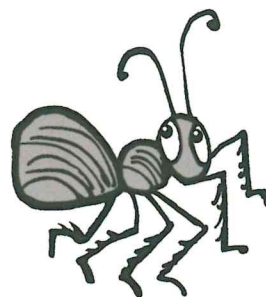
The big bear could not believe that something so small could be so cheeky. With a terrible ROAR and a swipe of her paw, she threw herself at Twit.



“Help!” Twit flapped away
as fast as he could, all the
way back to his nest.



Bumf and Baffle cheered.
Tricking their little brother
was the best!



Chapter Four

Next day, Twit was still shaky. "Cheer up," said Baffle. "I know a place where bugs have parties."



He took Twit outside and pointed to a small hole in the ground. "There are hundreds of bugs having a party down there."



Twit blinked. "I've never heard of a bug party."

"That's because you are a
twit," said Baffle.

"True," Twit said. "How do I
get invited?"

"Push your head inside the
hole," said Baffle, trying not
to smile.

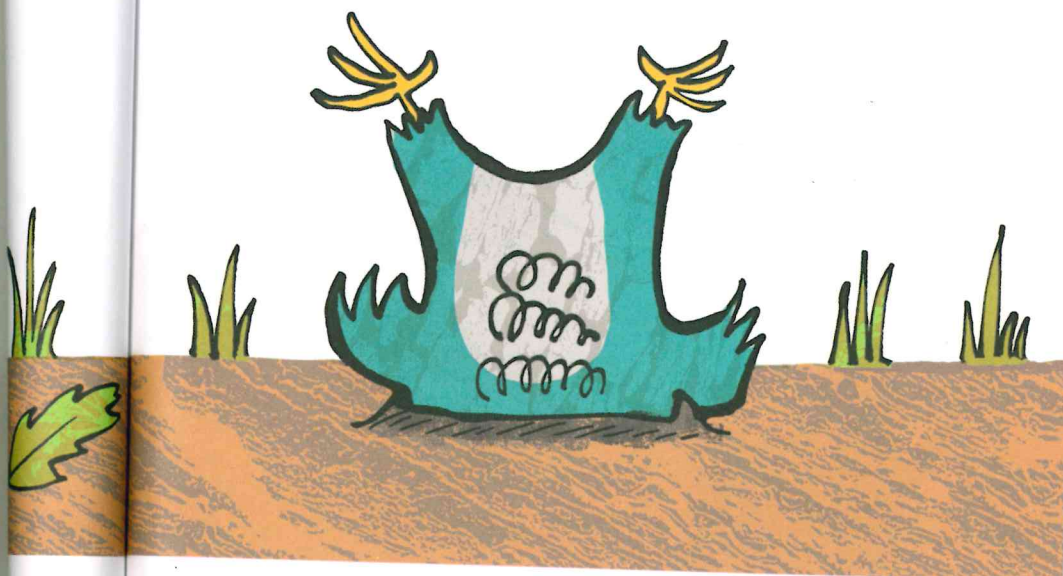


"Thanks, Baffle!" Twit cried,
as he flapped off to the hole.
"What a good idea!"

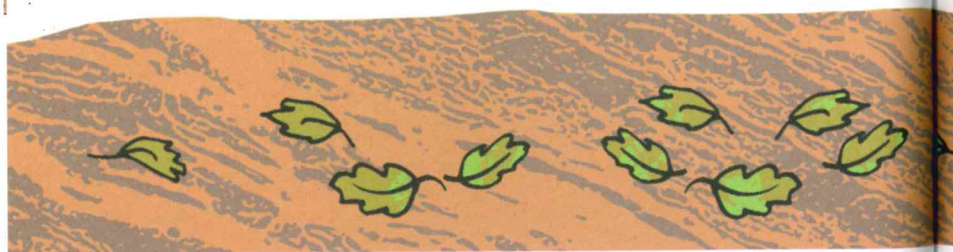
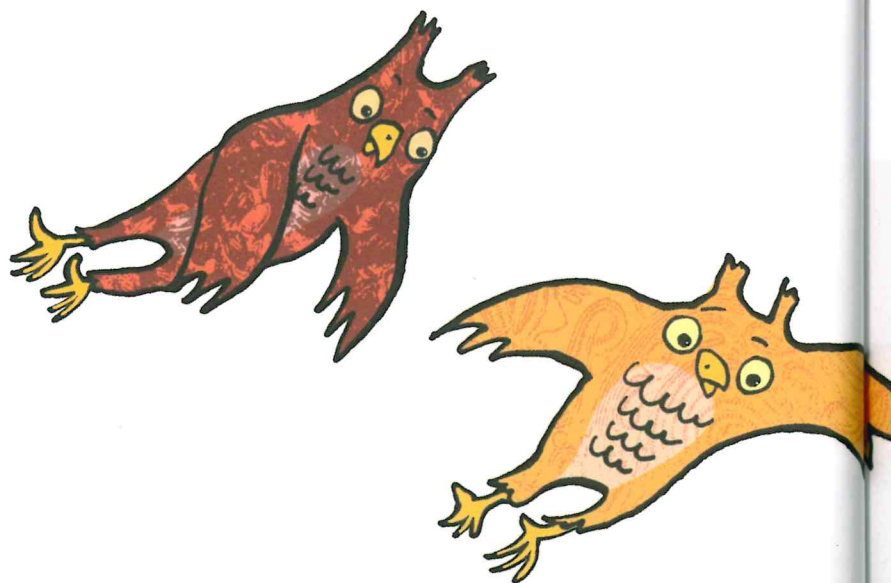


But of course it wasn't.

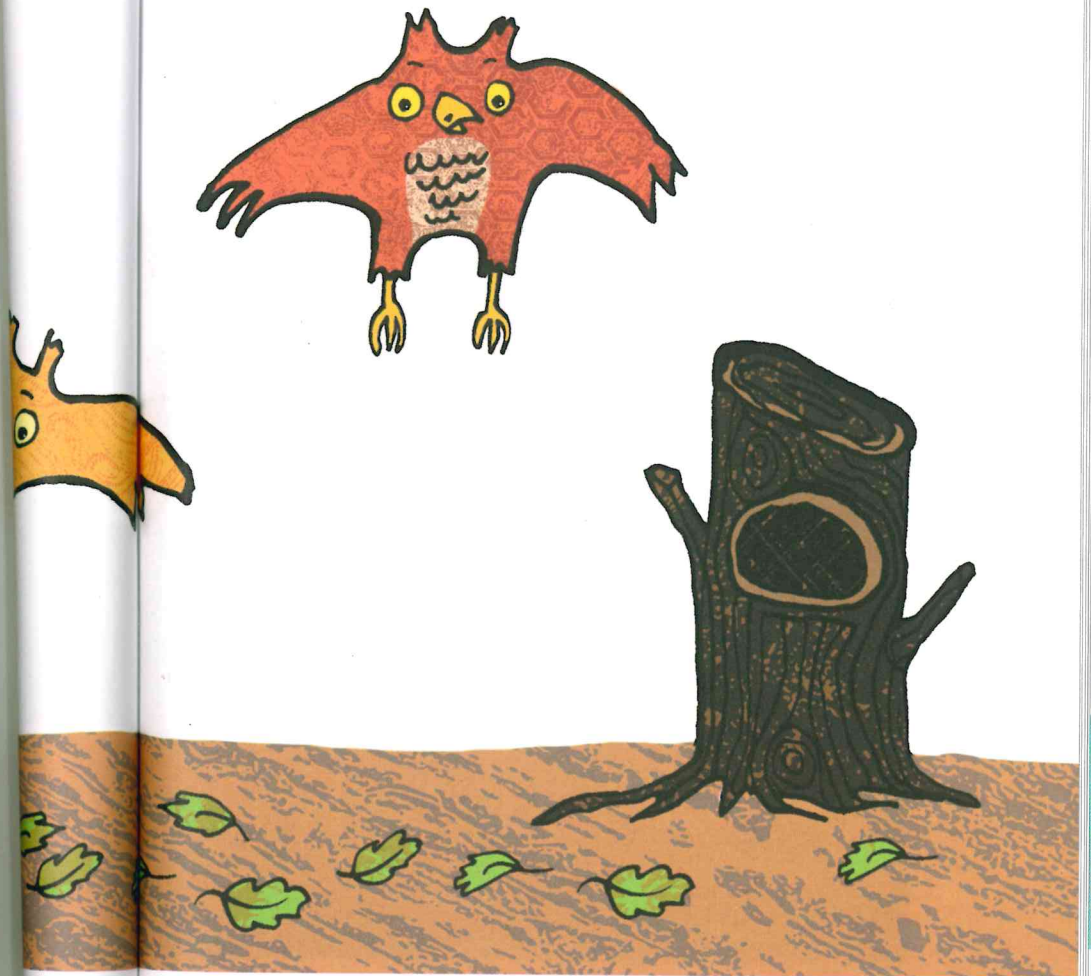
There were no bugs.
Twit got his head stuck in the
hole. He pulled and pulled
but he couldn't get out.



“Ha, ha, ha,” laughed Boggle and Bumf. “Twit is **SUCH** a twit!” And off they went, back to their tree.



Poor Twit. Suddenly he heard something move in the dark.



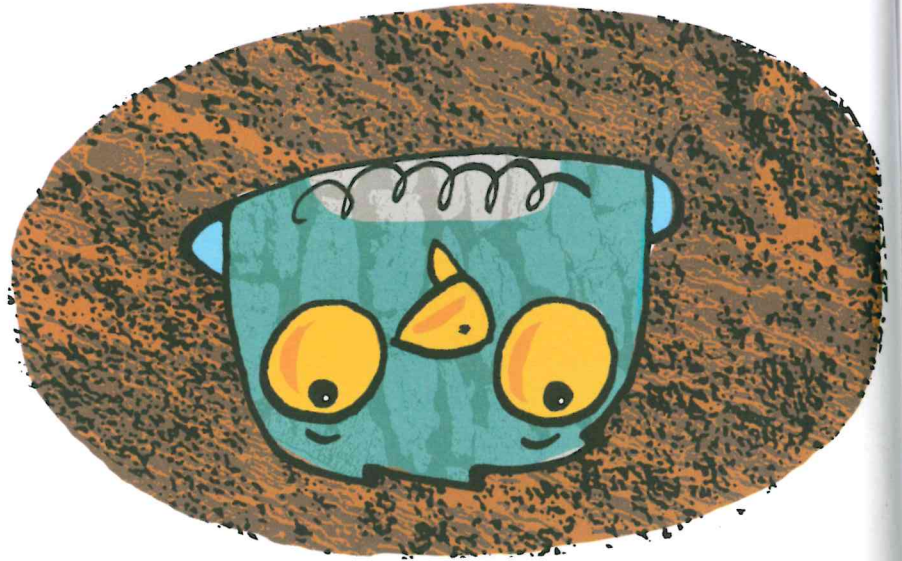
“Hello,” said a sleepy voice.
“Twit ter-woo!” Twit
twittered. “Who are you?”
“I’m Norma, I’m a vole.
Your head is stuck in my
home.”



"Sorry, Norma!" Twit wriggled and jiggled, but it was no use. "I'm Twit, by the way." "Pleased to meet you," said Norma. "Don't worry, Twit. I can dig you out."



“What a good idea!” Twit
cried.



And of course it was.

Norma had Twit out in no
time.

Thump!

Twit smiled at the little vole.

