

Prose

7 - 8 years

an extract from
The Owl Who Was Afraid of the Dark

by Jill Tomlinson

‘Well, now,’ the old lady began. ‘Dark is kind in all sorts of ways. Dark hides things – like shabby furniture and the hole in the carpet. It hides my wrinkles and my gnarled old hands. I can forget that I’m old in the dark.’

‘I don’t think owls get wrinkles,’ said Plop. ‘Not Barn Owls, anyway. They just get a bit moth-eaten looking.’

‘Don’t interrupt!’ said the old lady. ‘It is very rude to interrupt. Where was I? Yes – dark is kind when you are old. I can sit in the dark and remember. I remember my dear husband, and my children when they were small, and all the good times we had together. I am never lonely in the dark.’

‘I haven’t much to remember, yet,’ said Plop. ‘I’m rather new, you see.’

‘Dark is quiet, too,’ said the old lady, looking hard at Plop. ‘Dark is restful – unlike a little owl I know.’

‘Me?’ said Plop.

