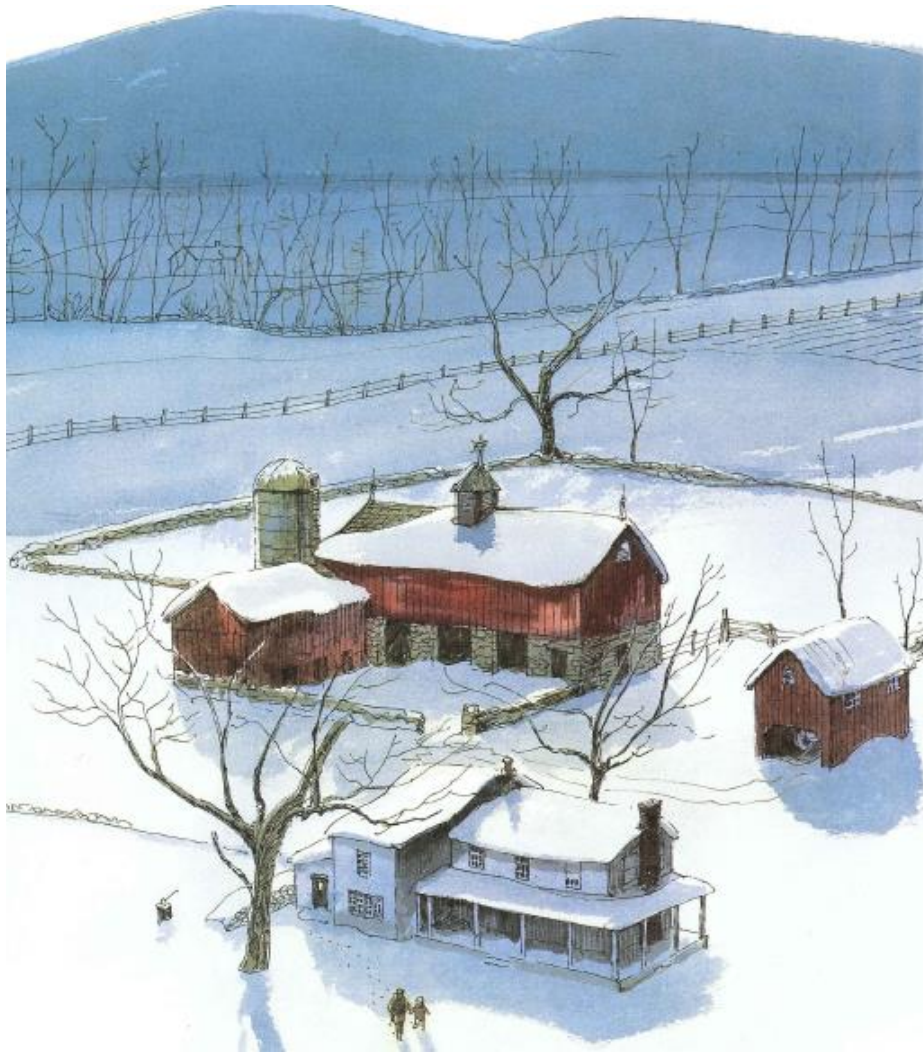








# OWL MOON

















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.



I

could



hear

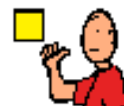
the



whistle



under



my



hat.



A

dog



barked

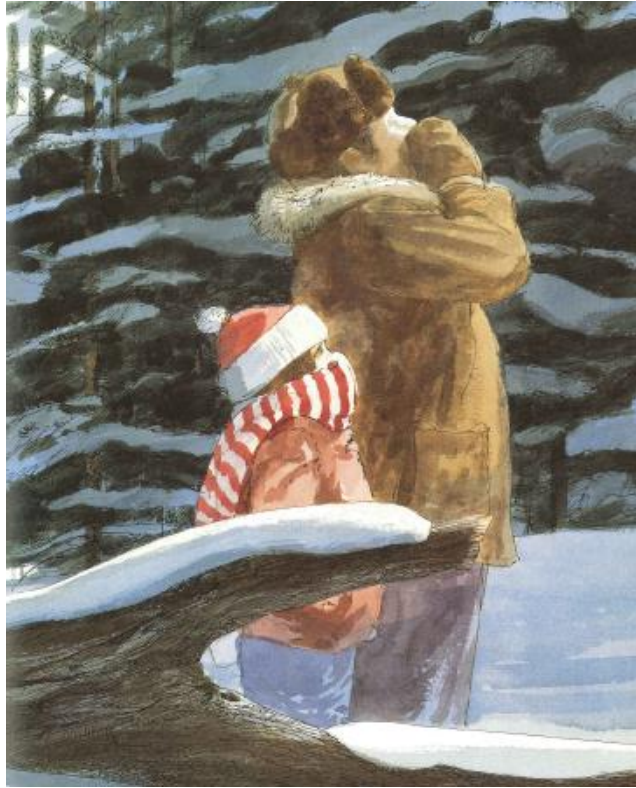
as






the train



went by.














  
 We reached the edge of the woods.

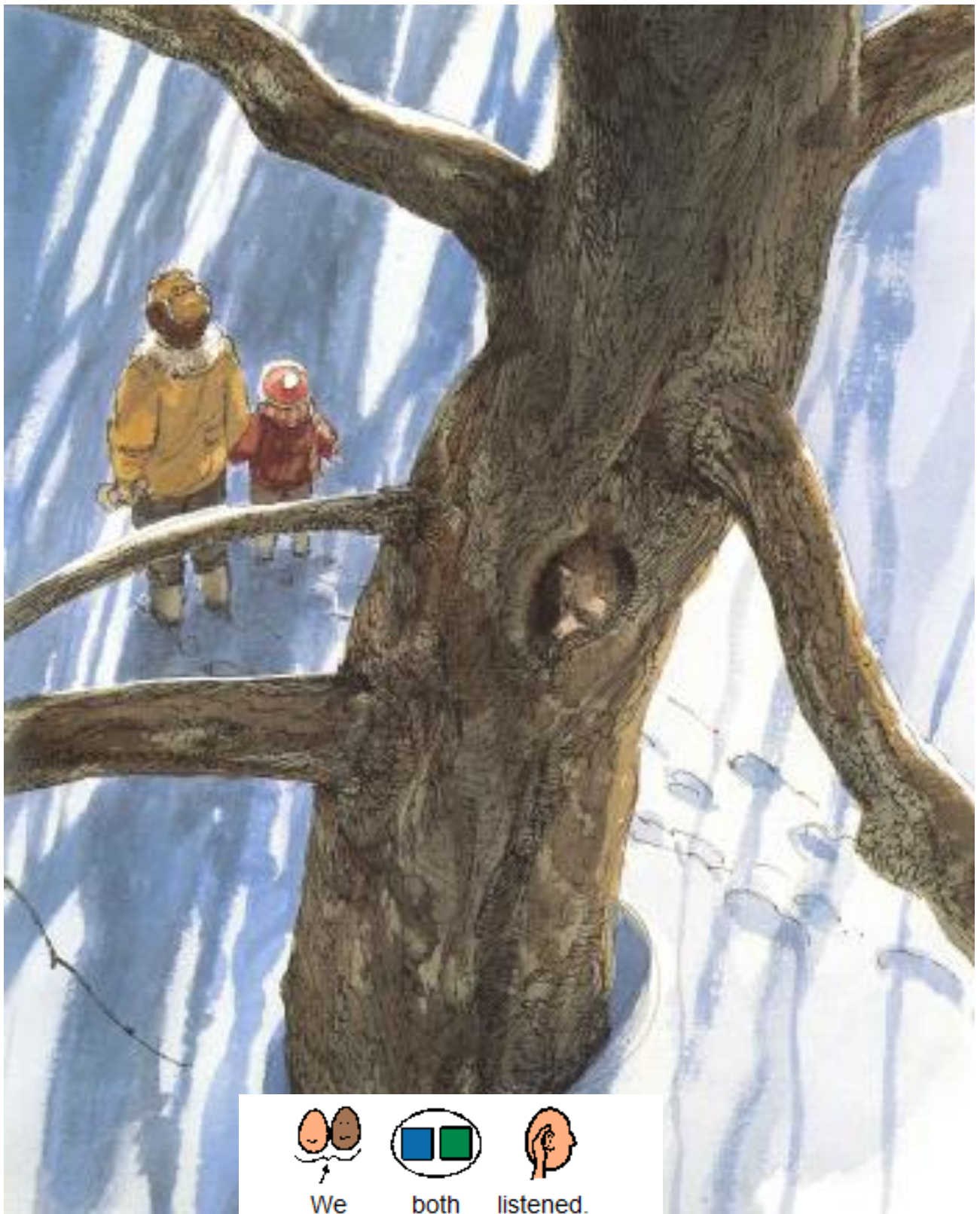













  
 The woods looked black and pointy against the night sky.









  
 We stood still as grandfather yelled hoot, hoot.








    
We both listened.

    
There was no sound.








Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon*, by Jane Yolen




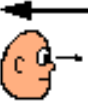

 Grandpa  and  I  walked .

 I  was  cold.





 I  never  made  a sound.









 When  you  look  for owls.  you  must  be quiet.

 It  was  dark  in  the woods.

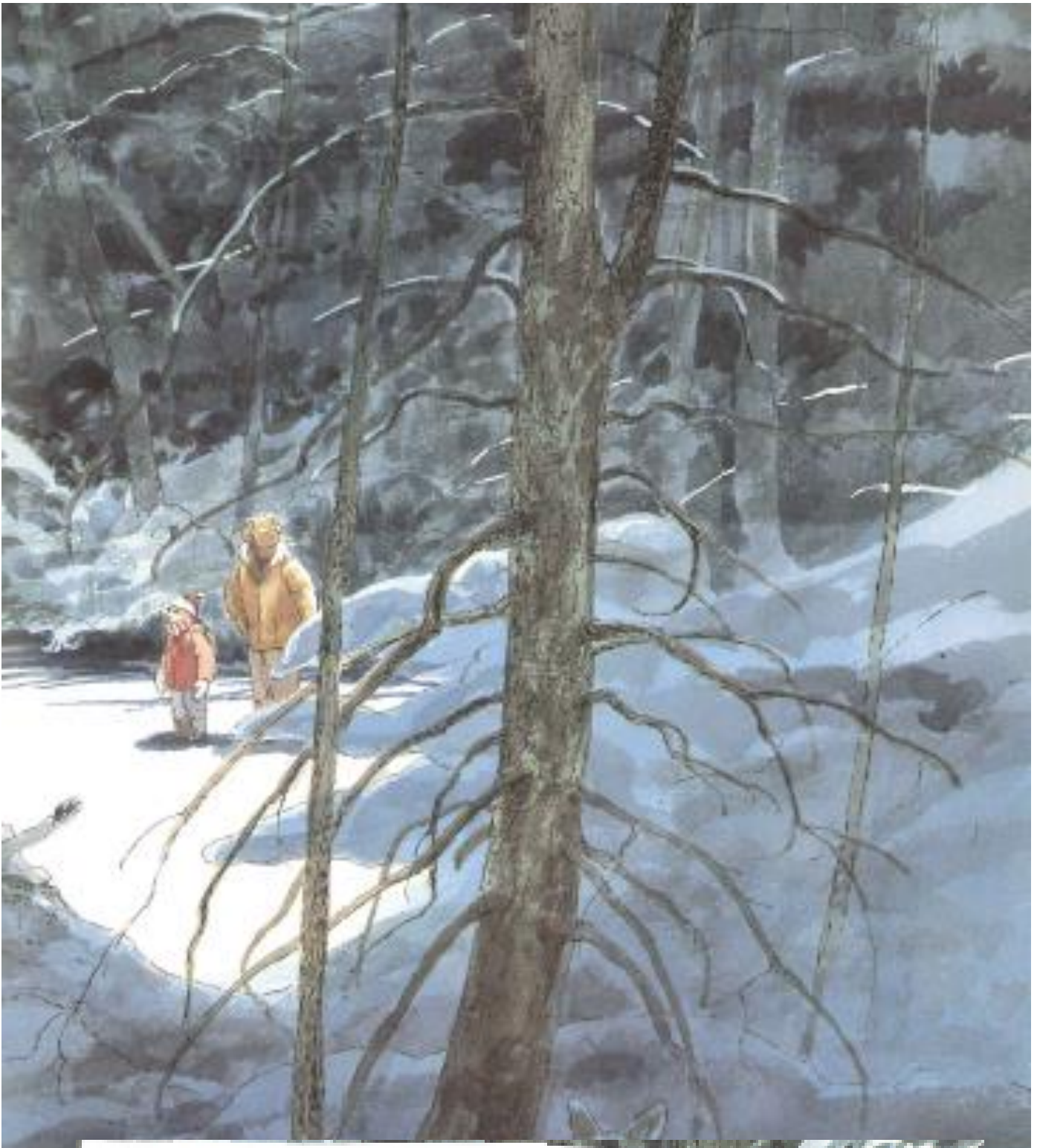
 I  saw  snow.



The  dark  woods  scared  me.

 You  have  to  be  brave  when  looking for  owls.

Adapted from the original text *Owl Moon*, by Jane Yolen



we



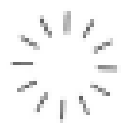
come



to



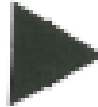
an



clearing



with



the



moon









high















        
I pulled my hat down and listened.

      
Grandfather yelled hoot hoot hoot.

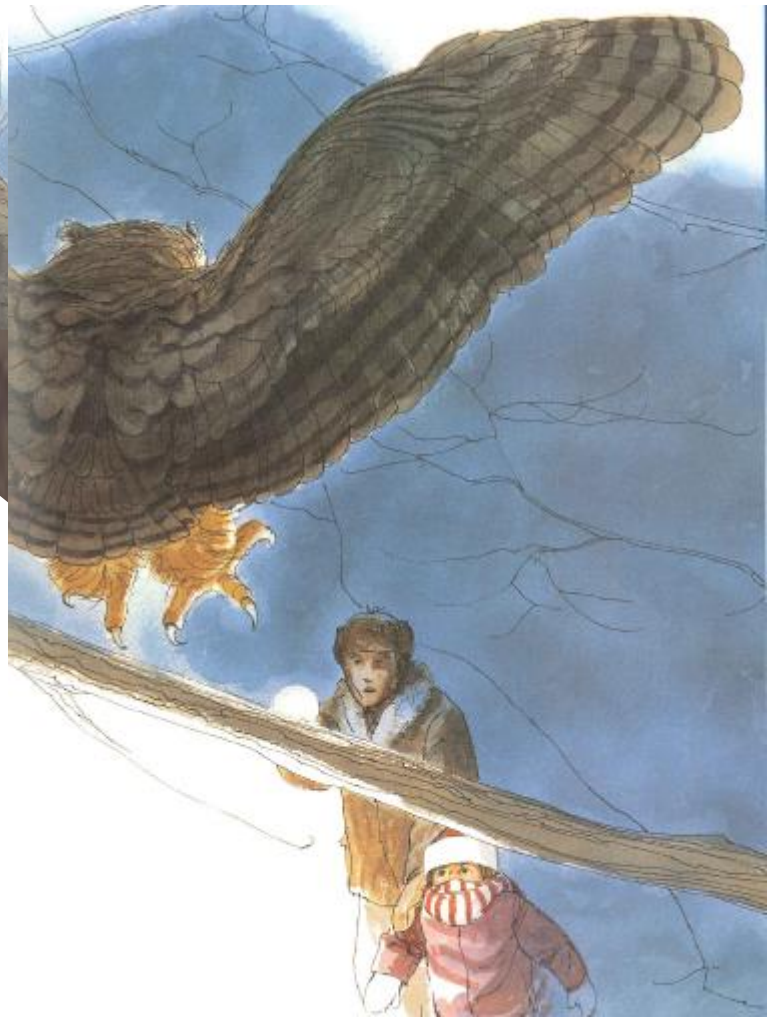
        
I listened and in the woods I heard hoot.








The        
The owl hoot came from high in the tree.

The      
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.



For many minutes we looked at each other.







The  owl  flew  off.

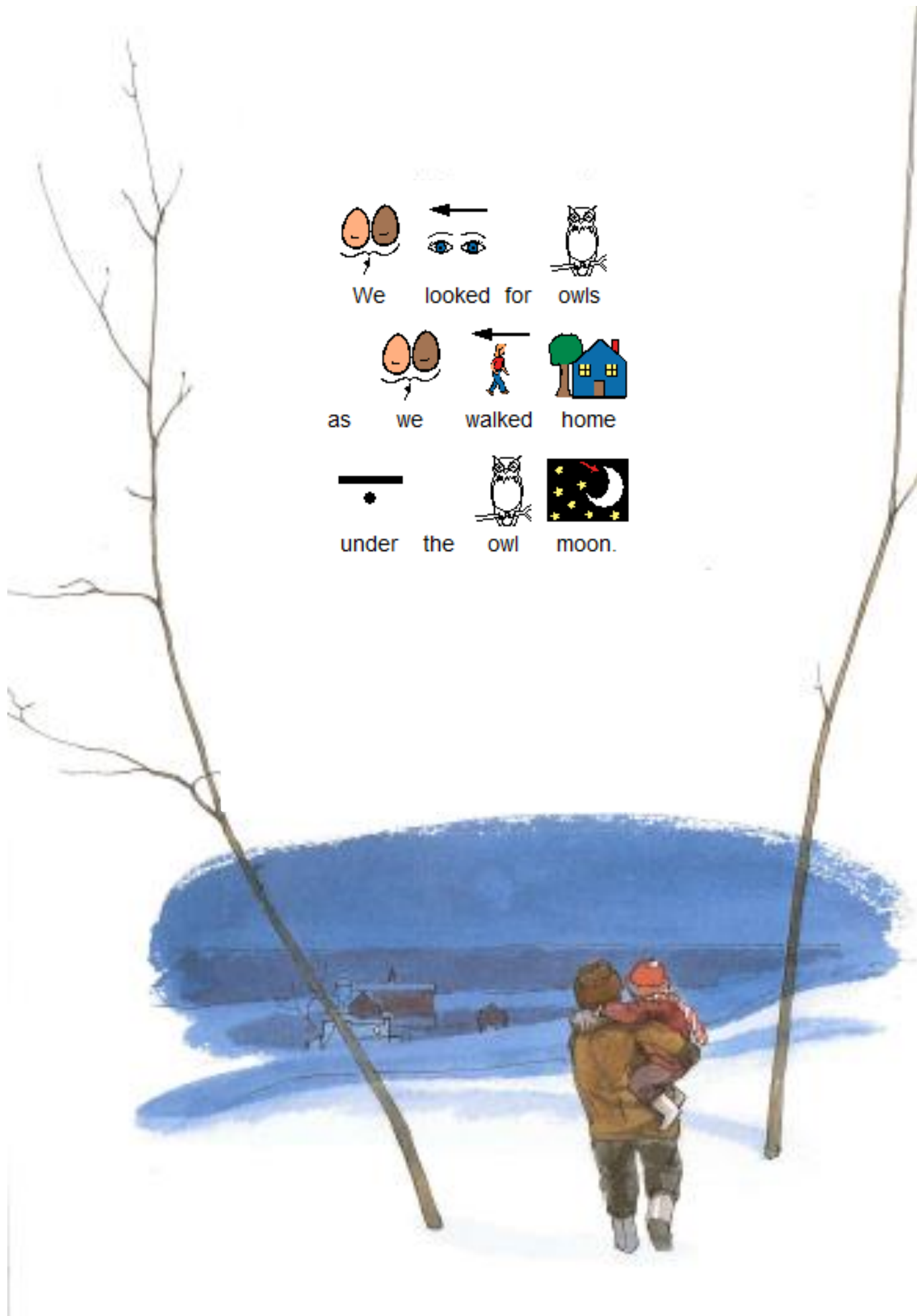
 It  was  time  for  us  to  go  home.

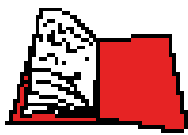
2024 100

    
We looked for owls

     
as we walked home

    
under the owl moon.





The End

## **Disclaimer**

This Adapted Literature resource is available through the Sherlock Center Resource Library. The text and graphics are adapted from the original source. These resources are provided for teachers to help students with severe disabilities participate in the general curriculum. Please limit the use and distribution of these materials accordingly.

**Paul V. Sherlock Center on Disabilities / RI College**  
600 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Providence RI 02908  
[www.sherlockcenter.org](http://www.sherlockcenter.org)