



Little Boobook sat on a branch, watching the lights of the city.

**‘When I can fly,’**  
he said, ‘I’m going to fly to the city.’



Little Boobook **waved** his tiny wing.  
'Look at all those pretty lights,' he said,  
'they must be so much brighter up close.'

His mother landed beside him.  
'Why do you want to do that?' she asked.


Mother Boobook looked up at the sky.  
'The moon's very beautiful tonight!' she said.

**'I can see the moon anywhere,'**

said Little Boobook.

'Some of the lights in the city move. I can see them.'



A night scene with two owls perched on a wooden ledge. The owl on the left is larger and has its right wing raised, pointing towards a shooting star streaking across the dark blue sky. The owl on the right is smaller and looks directly at the viewer. In the background, a crescent moon hangs in the sky, and a city skyline with glowing windows is visible on the horizon. The sky is filled with stars and a few wispy clouds. The overall color palette is dark blue, purple, and green.

His mother smiled. 'I think I just saw a shooting star,' she said.

'Shooting stars **vanish**,' said Little Boobook.  
'It's too quiet here! I've heard the city is full of noises.'



'Just listen to the frogs!' said his mother.

**'Boring!'**

said Little Boobook.

'When I can fly, I'm going to go.'

Little Boobook practised flapping his wings until they were big and strong.



Finally, the time came when he could fly.