

I Can Read!™

READING

2

WITH HELP

OWL AT HOME



ARNOLD LOBEL

For Grandma

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 74-2630

ISBN-10: 0-06-023949-2 (lib. bdg.) — ISBN-13: 978-0-06-023949-7 (lib. bdg.)

ISBN-10: 0-06-444034-6 (pbk.) — ISBN-13: 978-0-06-444034-9 (pbk.)

10 11 12 13 SCP 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13



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THE GUEST

Owl was at home.
“How good it feels
to be sitting
by this fire,” said Owl.
“It is so cold
and snowy outside.”
Owl was eating
buttered toast
and hot pea soup
for supper.

Owl heard a loud sound
at the front door.

“Who is out there,
banging and pounding
at my door
on a night like this?”
he said.

Owl opened the door.
No one was there.
Only the snow
and the wind.



Owl sat near the fire again.
There was another loud noise
at the door.
“Who can it be,” said Owl,
“knocking and thumping
at my door on a night like this?”
Owl opened the door.

No one was there.

Only the snow
and the cold.

“The poor old winter
is knocking at my door,”
said Owl.

“Perhaps it wants to sit
by the fire.

Well, I will be kind
and let the winter come in.”



Owl opened the door very wide.

“Come in, Winter,”
said Owl.

“Come in and warm yourself
for a while.”



Winter came into the house.
It came in very fast.
A cold wind
pushed Owl against the wall.



Winter ran around the room.
It blew out the fire
in the fireplace.



The snow whirled
up the stairs
and whooshed down the hallway.
“Winter!” cried Owl.
“You are my guest.
This is no way to behave!”
But Winter did not listen.
It made the window shades
flap and shiver.
It turned the pea soup
into hard, green ice.





Winter went into all the rooms
of Owl's house.

Soon everything
was covered with snow.

"You must go, Winter!"
shouted Owl.

"Go away, right now!"

The wind blew
around and around.
Then Winter rushed out
and slammed the front door.
"Good-bye," called Owl,
"and do not come back!"



Owl made a new fire
in the fireplace.

The room became
warm again.

The snow melted away.

The hard, green ice
turned back
into soft pea soup.

Owl sat down in his chair
and quietly
finished his supper.





STRANGE BUMPS

Owl was in bed.

“It is time
to blow out the candle
and go to sleep,”
he said with a yawn.

Then Owl saw two bumps
under his blanket
at the bottom of his bed.

“What can those strange bumps
be?” asked Owl.



Owl lifted up the blanket.
He looked down into the bed.
All he could see was darkness.
Owl tried to sleep,
but he could not.

“What if those
two strange bumps
grow bigger and bigger
while I am asleep?”
said Owl.
“That would not be pleasant.”



Owl moved his right foot
up and down.

The bump on the right
moved up and down.

“One of those bumps
is moving!” said Owl.

Owl moved his left foot
up and down.

The bump
on the left
moved up and down.

“The other bump is moving!”
cried Owl.



Owl pulled
all of the covers
off his bed.

The bumps were gone.
All Owl could see
at the bottom of the bed
were his own two feet.

“But now I am cold,”
said Owl.

“I will cover myself
with the blankets again.”
As soon as he did,
he saw the same two bumps.

“Those bumps are back!”
shouted Owl.

“Bumps, bumps, bumps!
I will never sleep tonight!”





Owl jumped
up and down
on top of his bed.



“Where are you?
What are you?” he cried.
With a crash and a bang
the bed came falling down.

Owl ran
down the stairs.

He sat in his chair
near the fire.

“I will let those two strange bumps
sit on my bed
all by themselves,”
said Owl.

“Let them grow
as big as they wish.
I will sleep right here
where I am safe.”



And that is what he did.



TEAR-WATER TEA

Owl took the kettle
out of the cupboard.

“Tonight I will make
tear-water tea,” he said.

He put the kettle on his lap.

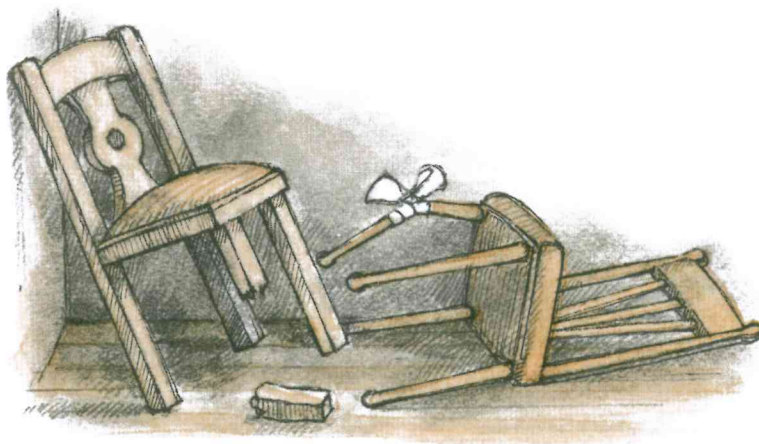
“Now,” said Owl,

“I will begin.”

Owl sat very still.

He began to think of
things that were sad.

“Chairs with broken legs,”
said Owl.
His eyes
began to water.



“Songs that cannot be sung,”
said Owl,
“because the words
have been forgotten.”

Owl began to cry.
A large tear
rolled down
and dropped
into the kettle.

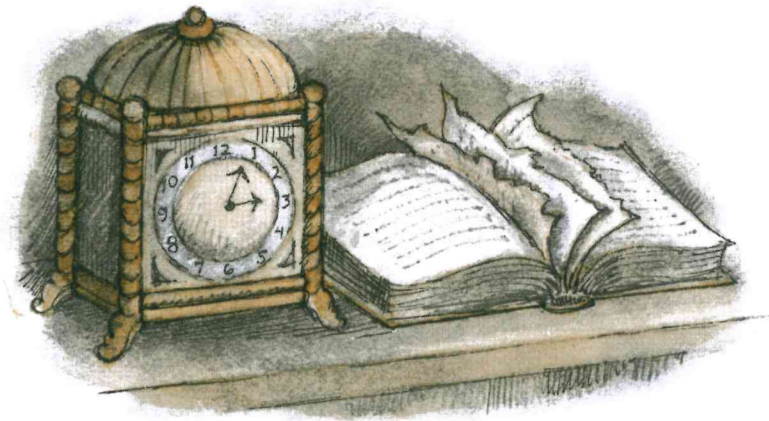


“Spoons that have fallen
behind the stove
and are never seen again,”
said Owl.



More tears dropped down
into the kettle.

“Books that cannot
be read,” said Owl,
“because some of the pages
have been torn out.”



“Clocks that have stopped,”
said Owl,
“with no one near
to wind them up.”

Owl was crying.
Many large tears
dropped into the kettle.
“Mornings nobody saw
because everybody
was sleeping,”
sobbed Owl.





“Mashed potatoes
left on a plate,” he cried,
“because no one
wanted to eat them.
And pencils
that are too short to use.”



Owl thought about
many other sad things.
He cried and cried.



Soon the kettle
was all filled up
with tears.



“There,” said Owl.

“That does it!”

Owl stopped crying.

He put the kettle
on the stove
to boil for tea.

Owl felt happy
as he filled his cup.

“It tastes
a little bit salty,”
he said,
“but tear-water tea
is always very good.”





UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS

Owl's house had an upstairs
and a downstairs.

There were twenty steps
on the stairway.

Some of the time
Owl was upstairs
in his bedroom.

At other times
Owl was downstairs
in his living room.

When Owl was downstairs
he said, "I wonder
how my upstairs is?"

When Owl was upstairs
he said, "I wonder
how my downstairs
is getting along?"

I am always missing
one place or the other.
There must be a way," said Owl,
"to be upstairs
and to be downstairs
at the same time."

"Perhaps if I run
very very fast,
I can be
in both places at once."
Owl ran up
the stairs.

"I am up," he said.



Owl ran down the stairs.
"I am down,"
he said.



Owl ran
up and down
the stairs
faster and faster.

“Owl!” he cried.

“Are you downstairs?”

There was no answer.

“No,” said Owl.

“I am not downstairs
because I am upstairs.

I am not running fast enough.”



“Owl!” he shouted.

“Are you upstairs?”

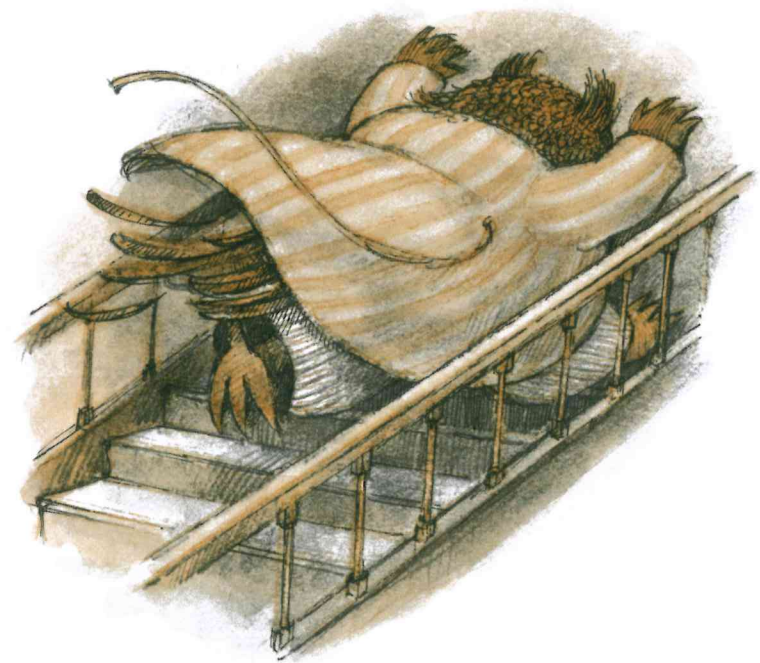
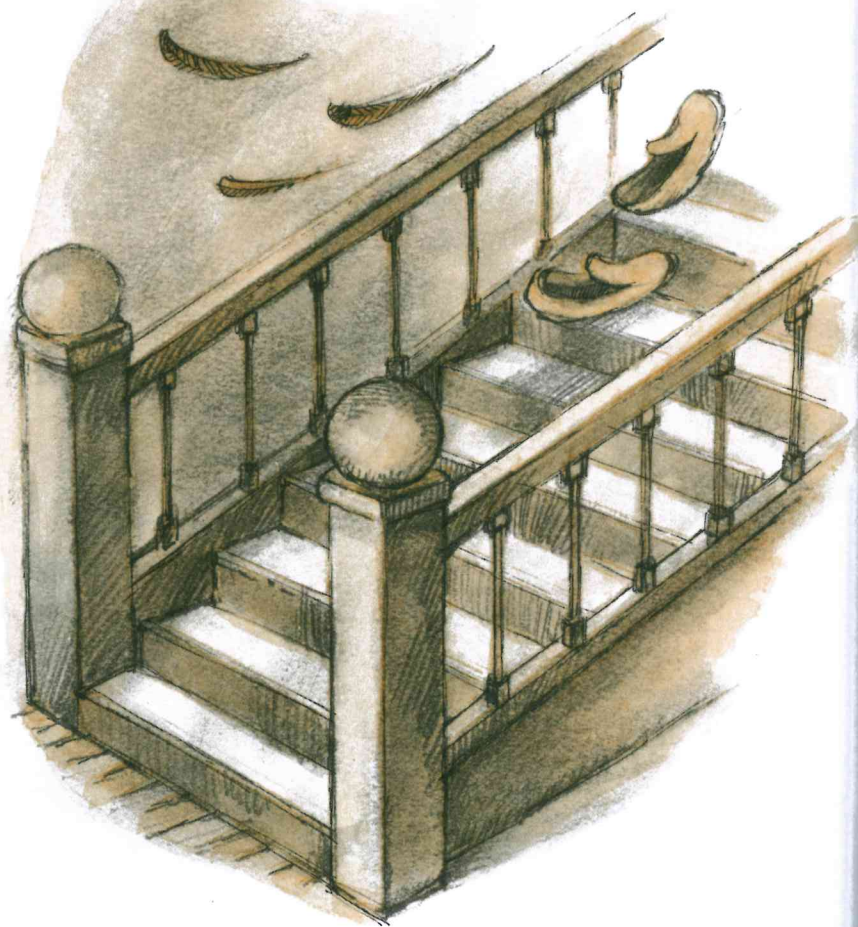
There was no answer.

“No,” said Owl.

“I am not upstairs
because I am downstairs.

I must run even faster.”





“Faster, faster, faster!”
cried Owl.

Owl ran upstairs
and downstairs
all evening.

But he could not be
in both places at once.



“When I am up,” said Owl,
“I am not down.
When I am down
I am not up.
All I am is very tired!”
Owl sat down to rest.
He sat on the tenth step
because it was a place
that was
right in the middle.

OWL AND THE MOON



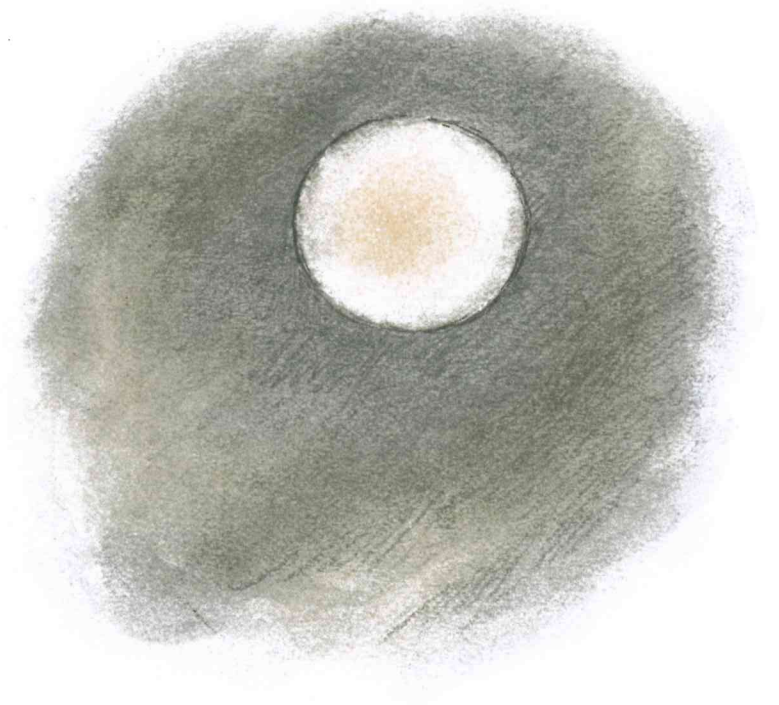
One night
Owl went down
to the seashore.
He sat on a large rock
and looked out at the waves.
Everything was dark.
Then a small tip
of the moon
came up
over the edge of the sea.

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.