

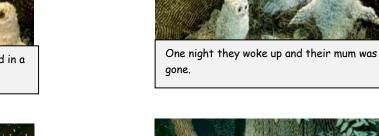
Once there were 3 baby owls, they loved in a hole with their mum.



I think she has one hunting to get us food. I want my mummy.



I think we should all sit on one branch.





They came out of their hole and sat on the branches.



It was dark in the woods.



They closed their eyes and wished their mummy would come home.



Mummy owl came back.



I love my mummy.