

**The sleeping bird**  
**By Ann LITTNER**

During the last winter, I went for a walk along the road  
Suddenly, I saw a little bird on the ground  
I first believed that it was a hedgehog that had been run over by a car.  
But it was a bird, a little bird.

I began speaking to him and I realized that it was a baby owl

Then I took him in my hands and he slowly opened his golden eyes  
I looked around to see if there was a nest in the surrounding trees:  
Nothing !

First, I wanted to come back home with the bird but I saw that he did not want to.  
So, I put him on a leaf and he closed his eyes again.  
< Bye, Bye » whispered the little bird.

I spent the whole morning thinking of him. What have I done ?  
It's cruel ! A cat could eat my bird.

I went back at the same place and - I still believe it was a miracle - the bird was there  
He looked as dead with his eyes closed  
But when I took him again in my hands, he opened his eyes looking at me with love.  
I said to myself: the best for him is a tree.

I put him carefully on two branches so that he could not fall down and so that he could  
sleep quietly.

*Bye bye my friend, have a nice sleep... and I went away...*

He answered with a timid *thank you*

And from that day, I never forgotten the baby owl that was sleeping quietly on the  
road...As the fragile baby it was...

The End