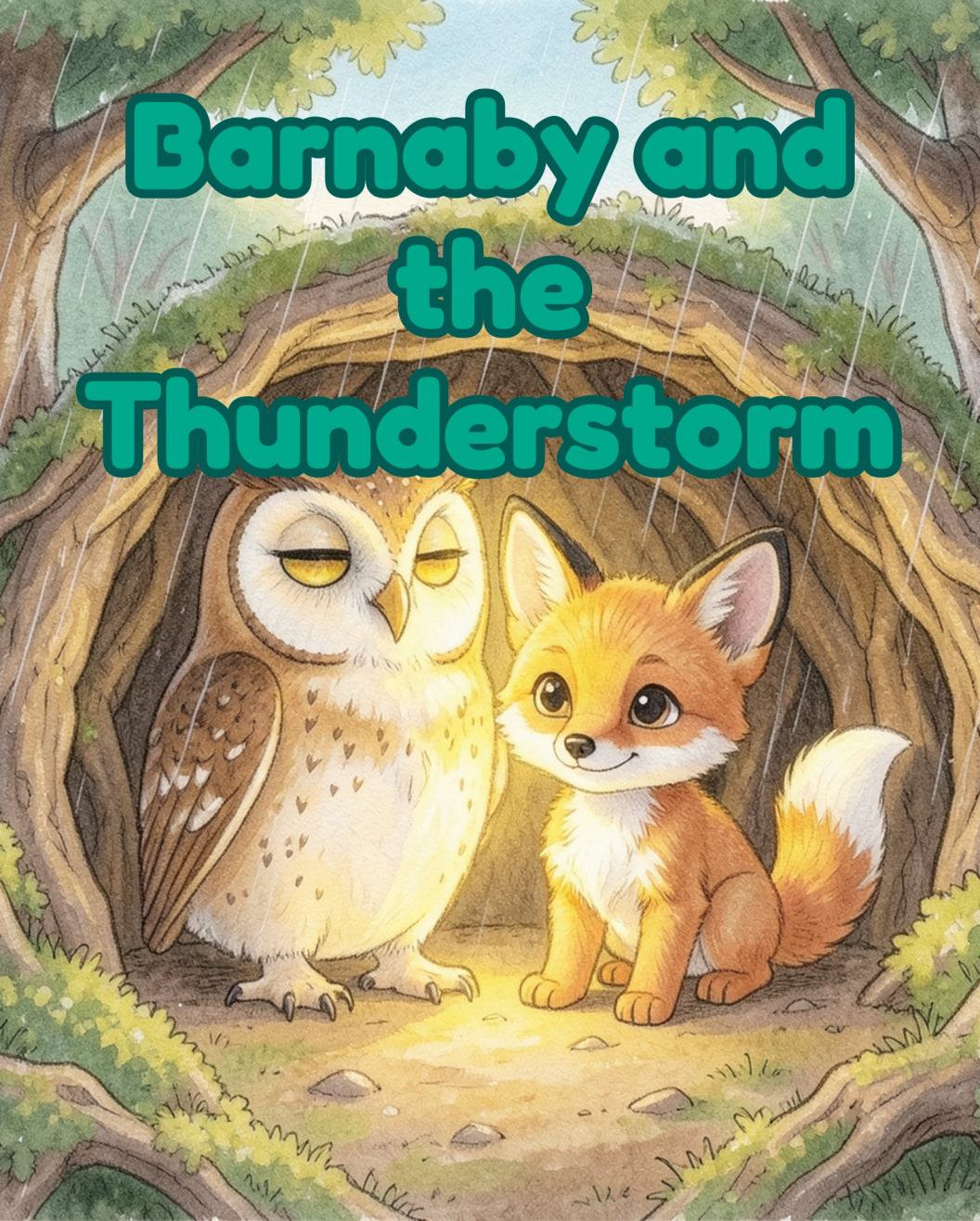

Barnaby and
the
Thunderstorm

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Dark clouds rolled over the woods. Boom!
Barnaby the owl gripped his branch.
Thunder was very loud.



Barnaby hid his head under his wing. “I am not scared,” he whispered. “Hoo... maybe a little.”



Down in the rain came Finn and Glow, holding a big leaf for an umbrella. “Barnaby! We came to keep you company!”



“Come to my burrow!” said Finn. Barnaby flapped down, and all three splashed through the puddles to the round door.



Inside it was warm and dry. Tap, tap, tap went the rain. Boom! Barnaby jumped, and Finn held his wing.



“Thunder is just the sky clapping,” said Finn. Glow twinkled. “Let us count after the flash. One, two, three...”



Boom! It came later. Then later still. Each rumble was farther away and softer, like a sleepy drum.



The rain stopped. A little moon peeked out. Barnaby yawned. “Thank you, my friends. Thunder is not so scary with you.”

The End