Owl's Sunny Drawing



A sleepy artist notices something new.

A short story to enjoy together

Owl's Sunny Drawing

Owl usually drew at night. She drew silver rooftops, dark branches, and the round moon above her window.

Her yellow pencil hardly ever left the box.

One morning, just before bed, Owl noticed a bright spot outside. A flower had opened beside the tree.

"You were not yellow last night," she said.

The flower nodded in the breeze.

Owl fetched her sketchbook. She drew a circle and began to add petals. Her yellow pencil danced over the page.

Then she noticed the grass. It was full of tiny shining drops. Beyond it, the sky was a soft blue she had not used for weeks.

Owl opened the whole pencil box.

Green for the leaves. Blue for the sky. Brown for the warm tree bark. A little orange where sunlight touched the petals.

Her friend Squirrel stopped by on the way to breakfast.

Owl's Sunny Drawing

"You are still awake!"

"Only for one more colour," Owl said.

Squirrel looked at the drawing. "Your flower looks cheerful."

Owl gave an enormous yawn. Her pencil nearly fell from her wing.

"My flower is awake," she said. "But I am ready for bed."

She set the picture where she would see it when she woke. Then she closed the curtains and curled into her soft nest.

That evening, the sky was dark again. Owl opened her eyes.

On the table, her bright flower waited.

She smiled and put the yellow pencil beside her silver one. Tonight's moon might like a little company.

Owl began a new picture: a flower dreaming under the stars.

THE END

LET'S TALK

What did Owl notice in the morning? What colours do you see at different times of day?

Original story and illustration created with AI assistance. MimoMango, 2026.