



"No, not for the feathers on our fluffy little backs!"  
one cried bravely.

"Then I'll h squawk and I'll shake and I'll  
burn your nest down!" and with out an  
explanation he flew up the the tree to where  
the nest was and pulled out a lighter. Sparks  
flew and the little owls barely escaped al-  
ive! Their eyes widened with horror as they  
the burning nest of newspapers turn into  
black, crumbly ashes. Before the big bad eagle  
noticed they'd escaped they flew off. Since  
they had no comfy nest to sleep in they  
found a nearby bush and nestled down together  
and fell asleep. They had a very rested  
night.

After a while they spotted a crow carrying  
some fluffy wool.

"Excuse me crow, can we have some of that  
wool you have?" The three little owls asked  
politely.

"Yes of course! I have far to much and no  
use for it anymore!"

And so the little owls set to work building  
a complex nest.