



## Owl on the Nursery Window Sill

The owl stared hard. It gave no answers.  
My mother had been gone for days.  
I faced the owl; it only stared  
and blinked. Nanny said we'd see  
our mummy soon. I told my sister  
she was coming back. I feared  
the owl might fly away.  
But it only blinked and blinked.

Then Nanny said we could draw it  
if we liked. She got us down white  
paper  
and some pens. My sister cried  
for she was only three. She drew the owl  
in crisscross lines of red. My owl was brown  
with a ring around each eye.

The hard wind crashed and whined  
against the glass, rattling panes  
so we could scarcely hear. I wanted  
our quiet owl to stay. Nanny said  
we could give the pictures to our mum.  
I told my sister she would be back soon.  
When I looked again, the owl had flown.



*Katherine Gallagher*

Unit 4 Day 3

## Sample play script: a bird on my window sill

*A conversation between my friend, Sam, and me.*

Sam: What happened?

Me: A bird came to visit

Sam: Wow! How amazing!

Me: Yes! It flew down on to my window sill.

Sam: Was the window open?

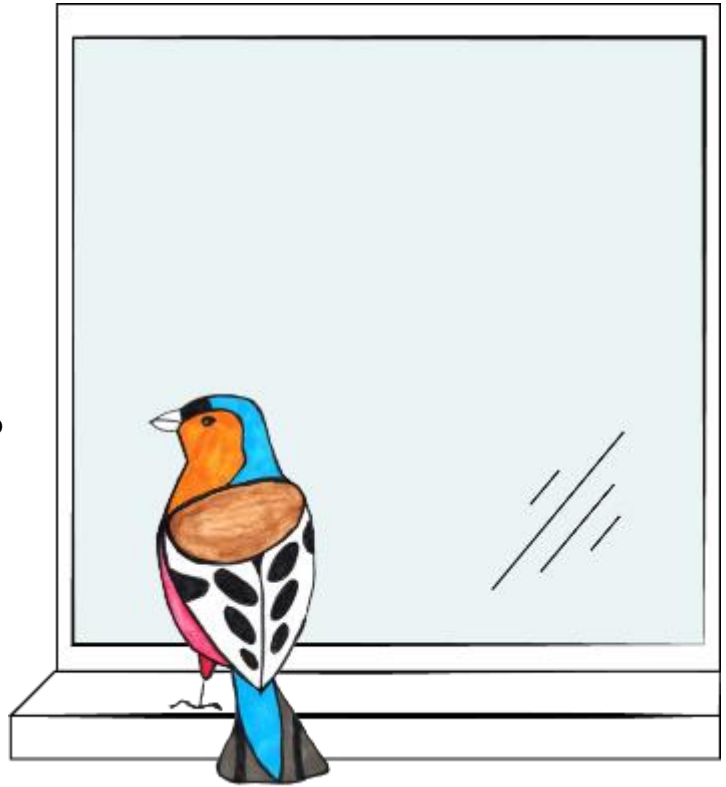
Me: Yes. It was a hot evening.

Sam: What did it do?

Me: It scratched for a few moments. Then it started to sing.

Sam: How great that it sang! Did it stay long?

Me: I would say about 3 or 4 minutes, before it shot off into the evening.



Teachers: Photocopy and cut down the middle for two copies

## Play script template: a bird on my window sill

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Unit 4 Day 3