

Story starter!



His coal-black pupils, an island set in a sea of molten gold, stared straight ahead of him. As he broke out into a run, his needle-like talons made a sharp, scraping sound against the lichen-covered rocks beneath him.

The wind gusting behind him would be beneficial as he took his leap of faith off the cliff top. It was always a risky business, but when an opportune moment like this came around, he had to make it count...

Perfect picture!

Imagine the camera has zoomed out. Can you draw or describe what is around the owl so that we can understand what he might be doing?

