



GOLD – RIGHTS RESPECTING

What is morality?

WRONG

RIGHT



RIGHT



WRONG

WRONG

RIGHT



moral

immoral

The book cover features a dark blue night sky with white stars and snowflakes. At the top, two groups of four colorful owls (orange, red, green, and yellow) are perched on a branch. In the center, a large white owl with blue eyes and a yellow beak is perched on a branch, holding a small brown teddy bear. To its left is a large pink owl with blue eyes and red floral patterns. To its right is a large green owl with blue eyes. The title 'The Little White Owl' is written in a white, serif font across the middle.

The Little White Owl

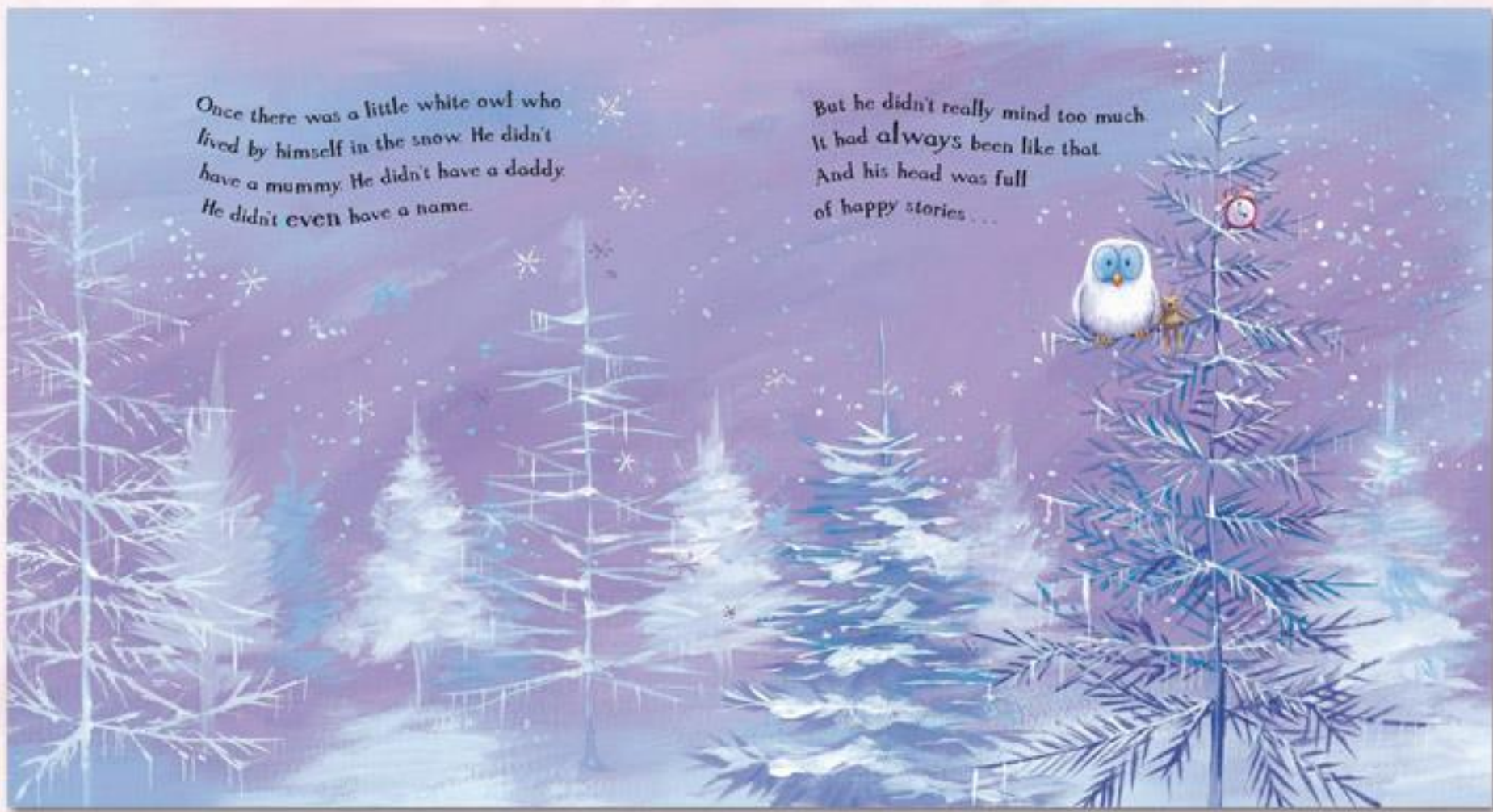
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Once there was a little white owl who
lived by himself in the snow. He didn't
have a mummy. He didn't have a daddy.
He didn't even have a name.

But he didn't really mind too much.
It had always been like that.
And his head was full
of happy stories...



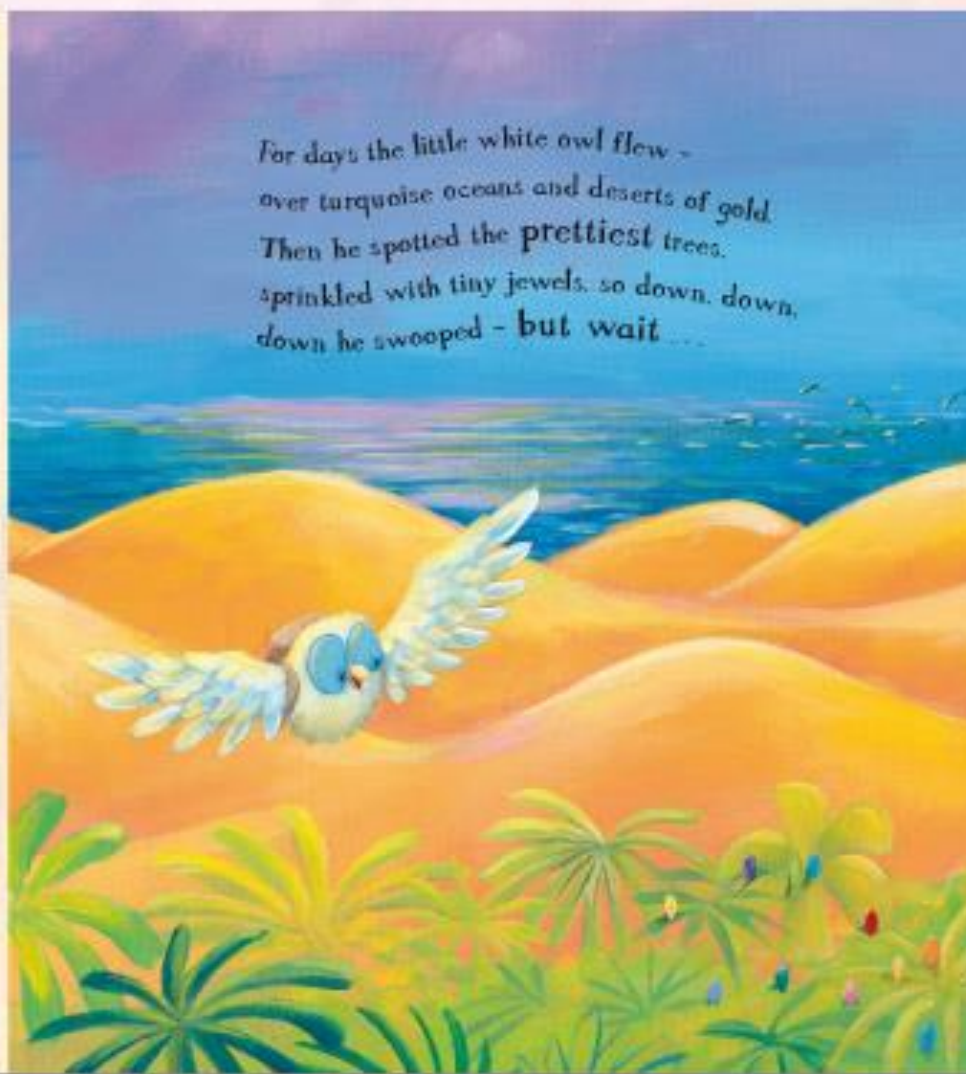
Then one day, he looked at
the big blue sky that stretched
on and on forever . . .

"I wonder what's out there?"
said the little white owl.



So he packed his teddy
and his clock. It was
time to see the world!

*For days the little white owl flew -
over turquoise oceans and deserts of gold.
Then he spotted the prettiest trees,
sprinkled with tiny jewels, so down, down,
down he swooped - but wait . . .*



... these jewels had beaks! They were owls -
lovely owls! Owls just like him ...
"Would anyone like a bite of toast?" he said.

But the lovely owls sat quiet and still.
They didn't want to spoil their perfect feathers.
"How very plain you are," groaned the green.
"No colours at all," sniffed the dotty red.
"You don't belong with us. GO AWAY!"

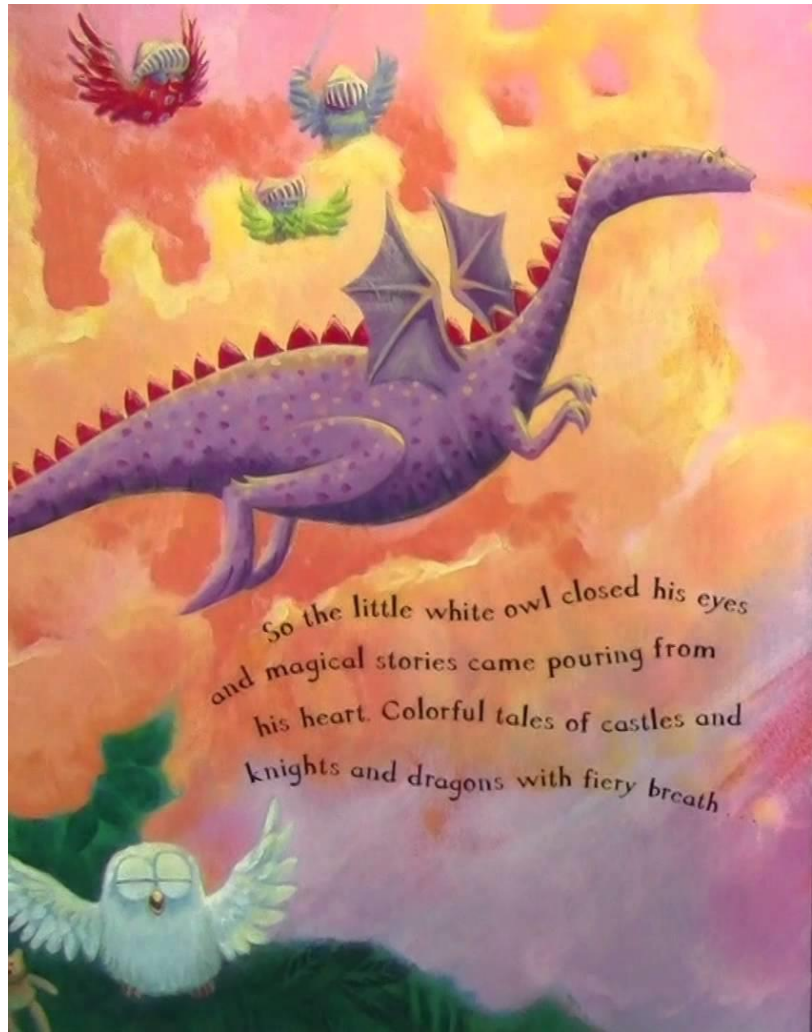




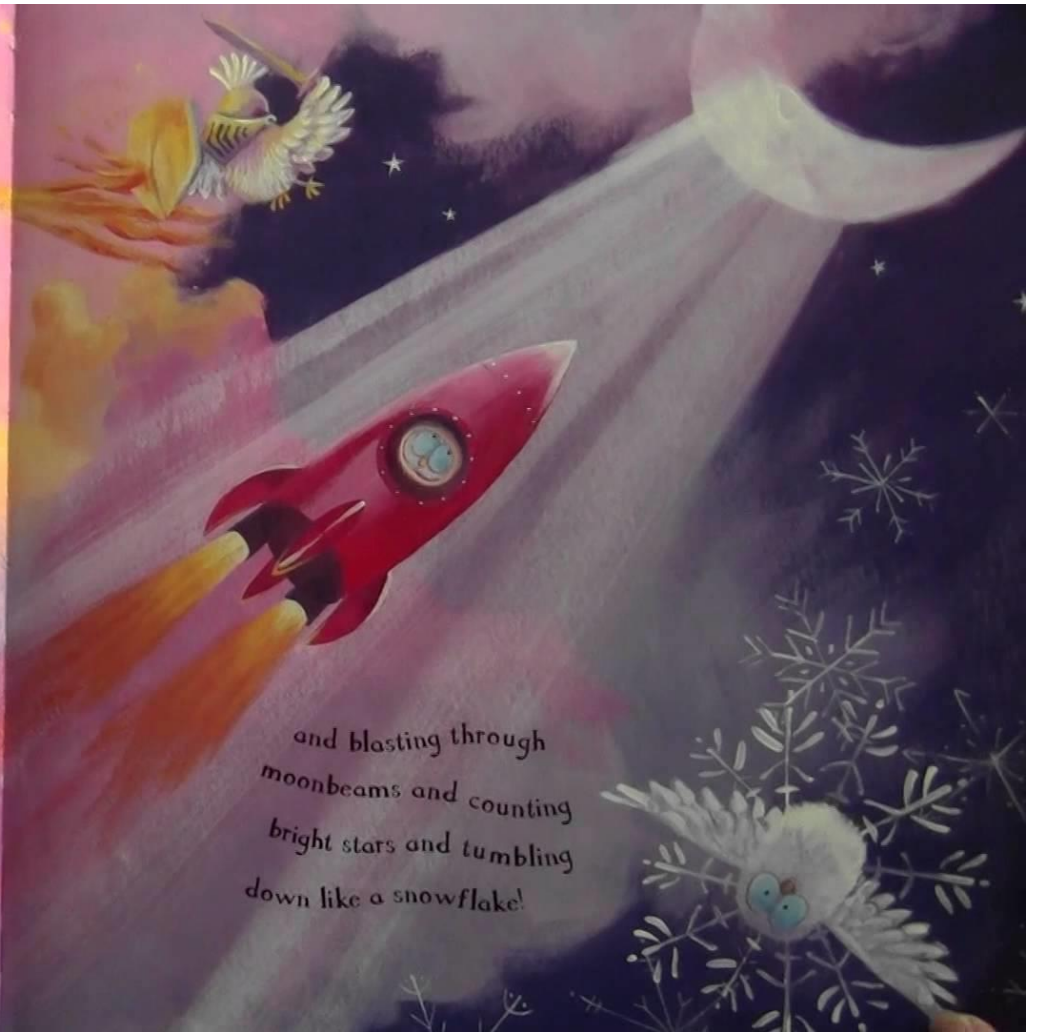
"But I do have colours!" cried the little white owl.
"Here - in my heart! And bumping up and
down in me are lots of happy stories! I'll share
them with you if you want me to?"

The owls sat and thought, then
"Hmmm..." sighed the blue.
"A story might help pass the time."
"Fine - but just **one**," said
the flowery pink with a yawn.





So the little white owl closed his eyes
and magical stories came pouring from
his heart. Colorful tales of castles and
knights and dragons with fiery breath.



and blasting through
moonbeams and counting
bright stars and tumbling
down like a snowflake!

Slowly, and rather to their surprise, the owls began to smile. "Aaahhhh . . ." they breathed. Then suddenly, "MORE!" cried everyone.



At last, when all his toast had gone, the little white owl checked his clock. "Gosh - I have to go!" he gasped. "Back to my sparkly home. I need to feel the snow and count the stars . . ."

But then . . .







Our Timothy Hackworth School Prayer

Kind and loving Jesus,

Thank you for our right to education, for books
and for the fun lessons our teachers provide.

Thank you for all the different people in our
school.

Thank you for clean water and healthy food.

Thank you for giving us our rights and keeping
us safe.



We ask you to keep us safe, respectful and kind.

Help us to be friendly and loving.

Help us to play, learn and work together as one.

Help us to support the lonely and to make the sad happy again.

Please let all children's rights be met.

Amen



