

A Girl Called Owl

by Amy Wilson



When you have a kid, don't call it something stupid.

Don't call it Apple or Pear or Mung Bean.

Don't call it Owl.

This advice is a bit late for me. Because she did. She did call me Owl. Thirteen years ago she looked down at a tiny little baby – me – and decided that Owl would be a good way to go.

I guess she didn't know then that I would have white-blond hair that flicks around my face, like **feathers**, no matter what I do with it. That my eyes would turn from baby blue to the palest brown, almost yellow; that my nose would be on the **beaky** side.



She should have seen that last one coming though; I **inherited** it from her.

I like owls. I think they're beautiful, but you know, my head doesn't **rotate** 360 degrees. I can't fly. I don't hunt at night.

All these are questions the other kids have asked me, over the years. Mum laughs when I tell her.

'See!' she cries, looking up from whatever she's doing, a glint in her dark eyes. 'Already you stand out in the crowd. Already you are different. Isn't it a wonderful thing?'

She's beautiful, my mum. Not in a **subjective** way, like she's my mum therefore she must be beautiful. She's actually beautiful. She has these big dark eyes, **masses** of dark hair, and when she smiles, when she laughs, it's difficult not to join in.

I do try my very best not to join in.

Her name is Isolde. She wears lots of bright colours, and **tinkling bangles** on her wrists. She smells of warm things: **vanilla**, cinnamon, oranges and blackcurrants, and something deeper that's just her, I guess.

My friends love her.

Which is annoying.

Glossary

Glossary

beaky: shaped like a bird's beak

subjective: influenced by personal feelings (not facts)

tinkling: a sound like a bell

bangles: a type of jewellery for your wrist

vanilla: a substance used to add taste to sweet foods

Owl and her friend, Mallory, have just had a maths lesson.

Owl was told off by the teacher for sketching owls instead of paying attention.

It was an owl. The doodle in my maths book. I draw them, over and over. Little ones, big ones, owls with crazy **whirly** eyes, owls **swooping** down from the sky. They're in all the **borders** of my lined school books. They're on Post-it notes around my bedroom. I have **sketches** of them, paintings, even little clay figures.

I'm not saying they're good. Actually, if you walked into my bedroom, you'd probably run back out again, screaming. They're a bit **intense**.

Mum loves them. *Loves* them. She thinks it's me expressing myself.

Drawing myself, over and over again.

Mallory just rolls her eyes when she sees a new one now. She bought me a card with a **puffin** on it for my birthday a couple of weeks ago.

'Maybe a change?' she wrote inside, 'Now that you're thirteen?'

But I'm not *called* Puffin.

And there had to be a reason.

A reason Mum called me Owl.



Glossary

borders: edges

sketches: simple drawings

puffin: a type of sea bird

Write T if the sentence is true and F if the sentence is false.

- a Owl likes her unusual name.
 - b Owl thinks that she looks like an owl in some ways.
 - c She doesn't look like her mum at all.
 - d Other children have asked questions about her name.
 - e Owl's mum thinks the other children's questions are a good thing.
 - f Owl is pleased that her friends like her mum.
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- g Owl draws lots of pictures of owls in her school books and in her bedroom.
 - h Her mum doesn't like her drawings.
 - i Her friend Mallory thinks she should continue drawing lots of owls.
 - j Owl thinks that there must be an explanation for her unusual name.

Word study: Work out the meaning of the words in blue in the story by looking at other words in the sentence. Then match to the definitions.

- a to fly down very fast
- b something that covers a bird's body
- c to be born with the same features as one of your parents
- d a pattern of circles
- e lots of
- f very strong feeling
- g move round and round