



# Little Hoot



from the creators of *Little Pea*: Amy Krouse Rosenthal and Jen Corace

# Little Hoot

by

**Amy Krouse Rosenthal**

illustrated by

**Jen Corace**



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For my favorite night owl, Justin—A. K. R.  
To Sara T, the best owl I know—J. C.

# Little Hoot

Once, up on a branch, there was a fellow named Little Hoot.  
Little Hoot was a happy little owl.



He liked going to school.



He liked playing hide-n-seek with his forest friends.



He even liked it fine when Mama Owl said it was practice time.

“Time to practice pondering, Sweetie.”



“OK, now practice your staring.”



“Staring right,



staring left,



staring right.”

But there was one thing Little Hoot did not like:



Bedtime.

Because when you’re an owl, you have to stay up late, late, late.

That’s just the way it is.

“All my other friends get to go to bed so much earlier than me!

Why do I always have to stay up and play? It’s not fair!”



“If you want to grow up to be a wise owl, you must stay up late,”  
said Papa Owl.

“And besides, I don’t give a hoot what time your friends go to bed.  
In this family, we go to bed late. Rules of the roost.”

“Stay up and play for one more hour and then you can go to sleep,”  
Mama Owl compromised.

“One whole hour?” he boo–whoo’d.  
“One whole hour,” she cooed.



So off he went.

“When I grow up, I’m going to let my kids go to bed as early as they want.”



He played swords.

He played on the jungle gym.

He built a fort.

He jumped in the leaves.

He jumped on the bed.





“Can I stop playing now?” pleaded Little Hoot.

“Ten more minutes of playing, Mister. And please don’t ask me again.”



“Alright,”  
the young owl scowled.



one minute



two minutes



three minutes



four minutes



five minutes



six minutes



seven minutes



eight minutes



nine minutes



ten minutes

“There. I played for one whole hour. Now can I go to bed?”

“Yes, now you can go to bed. But...”



“Woo-whooooo! Woo-whooooo! Bedtime!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

And Little Hoot flew right into bed.





“But wait!” stalled Mama Owl. “What about a bedtime story?”  
“And don’t forget a glass of water!” added Papa Owl.

But it was too late.

Little Hoot was already fast asleep.



FIG. 1 snooze





FIG. 2 snore



FIG. 3 drool

So they tucked in his feathers.  
Gave him a peck on the cheek.



And they *owl* lived happily ever after...

# About the Author

**Amy Krouse Rosenthal** is a Chicago-based writer and Mama Owl. She is the author of *Little Pea*, *The OK Book*, and *Cookies*. Visit her online at [www.mommymommy.com](http://www.mommymommy.com).

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# **Big Praise for Little Pea:**

“This funny book might encourage the pickiest of eaters to try something new.”

—Entertainment Weekly

“A crowd pleaser...Expect bursts of hilarity from young listeners, picky eaters or no.”

—\*Kirkus Reviews, starred review

“Picky eaters will enjoy the subtle humor of this topsy-turvy tale.”

—School Library Journal

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