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Dusk creeps. Birds peep.
Ruru opens his eyes,
stretches his wings, and calls . . .

More-pork! More-pork!

Ruru are nocturnal. They sleep in the daytime
and come out at night to hunt for food.



A child peers out the window into the darkness.
The moon is cloaked in clouds
and the night is alive with sounds
as day creatures settle into their beds.

A black shape sweeps past the glass
and lands in the feijoa tree.

Two golden eyes stare in through the window.

"An owl!"




Swiftly,
silently,
he swoops . . .



snatches his prey

and disappears.

Ruru feathers have serrated edges to muffle the sound of air passing over their wings. This helps them to catch their prey unawares.



The child yawns.
Time for bed.

Ruru glides into the park
and alights on a tōtara branch.

Cwree, cwree, cwree, he croons.

The 'more-pork' hoot is not the only
sound these owls make. They have
at least seven different calls.