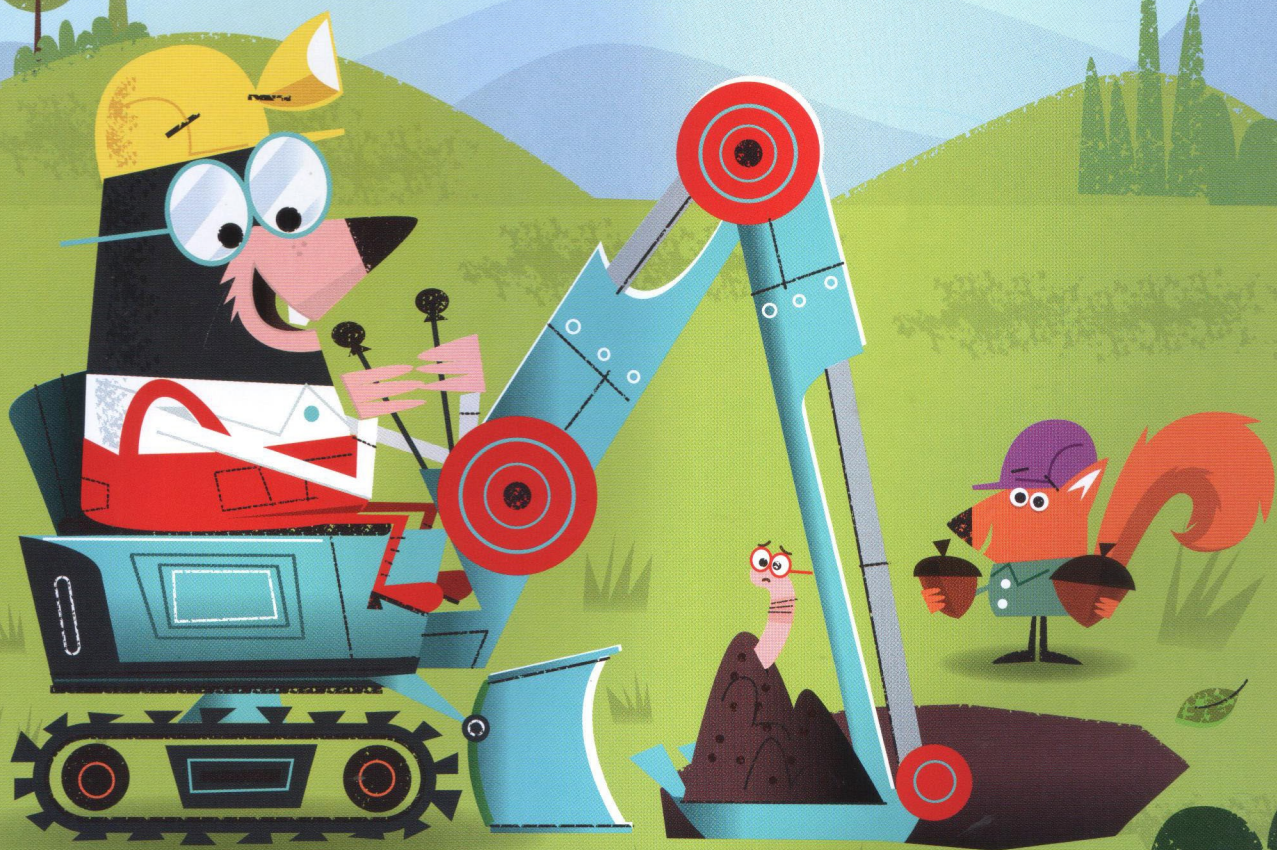


Mole in a hole



Mole gives a groan.
His home is too small.

There's no room
for me! Oh... no
room at all.



“I’m not very tall,
but I need a new place...”



...with trees and a view
and plenty of space.”

He picks up his shovel
and sticks on his hat.



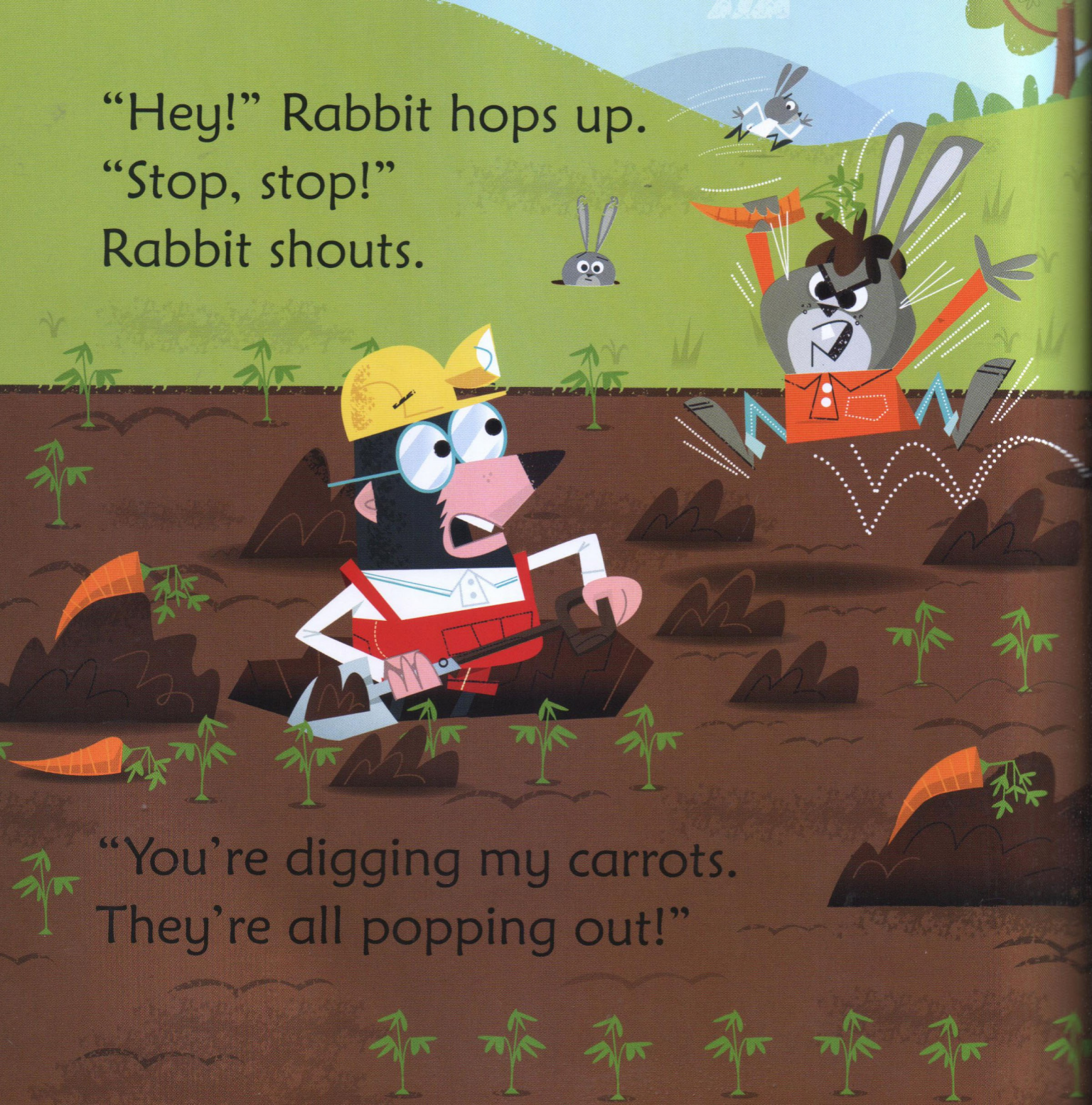
In a big open field
he starts to dig...



“Hey!” Rabbit hops up.

“Stop, stop!”

Rabbit shouts.



“You’re digging my carrots.
They’re all popping out!”

Do you hear what I say?
Don't dig. GO AWAY!



Mole tries a new hole.
He finds acorns galore.



“Not there!” Squirrel squeaks.
“That’s my secret store.”

Do you hear what I say?
Don't dig. GO AWAY!



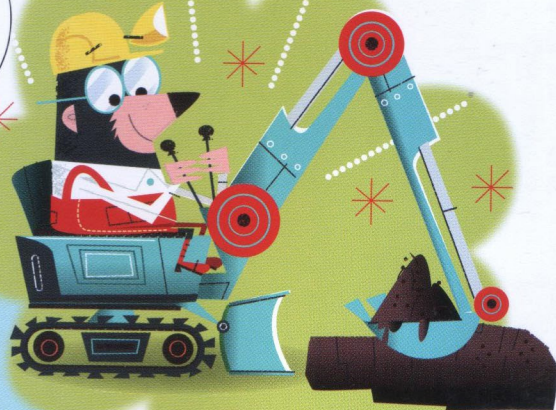
Mole tries a third time
near a hill, by three trees.



He sighs.

“All this digging is hard on my knees!”

I need a digger
to make this hole
bigger!



He digs up
old bowls,



boots
and roots,

sticks and
stones...



Then what does he see but
ENORMOUS old bones.

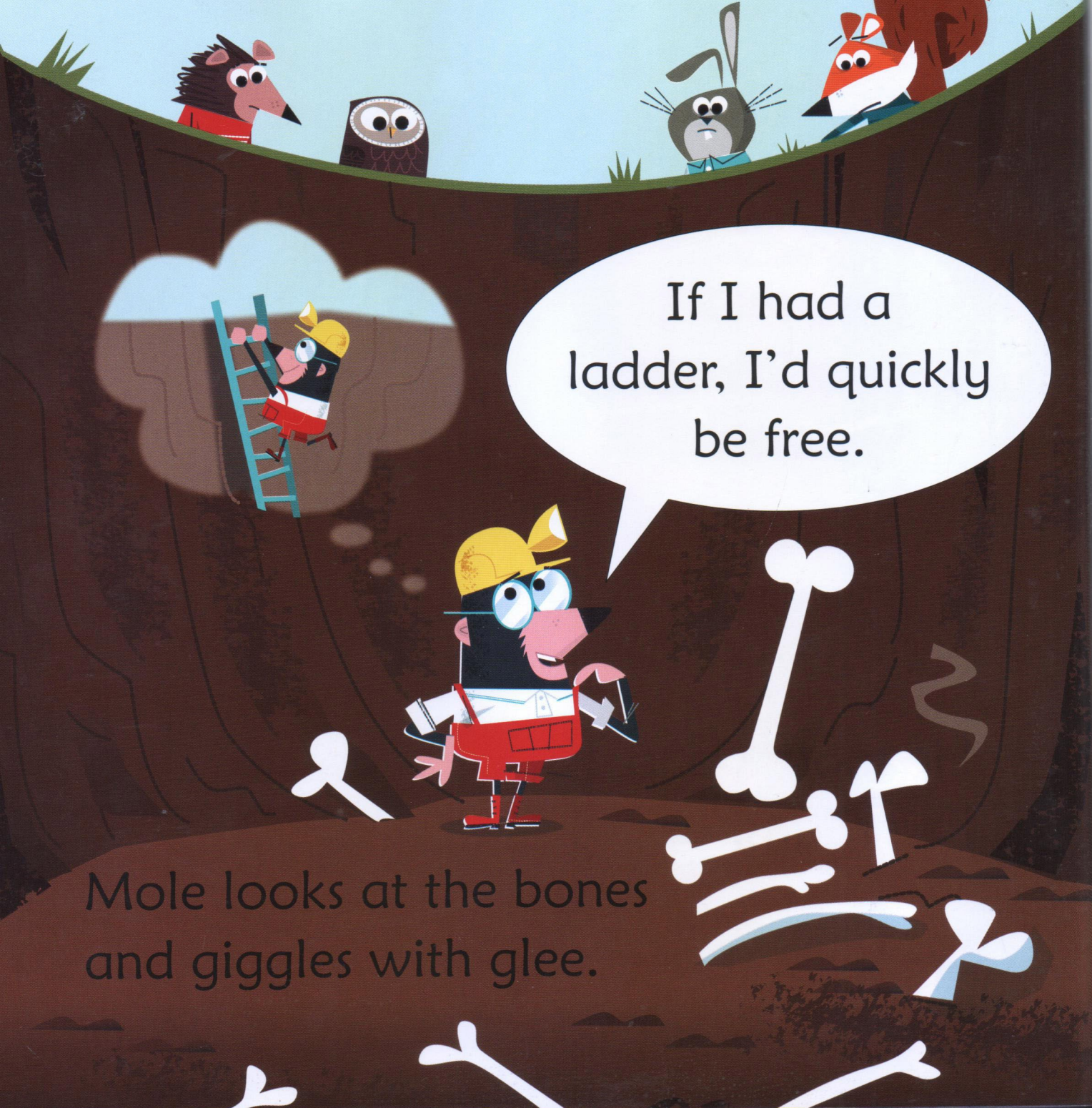




What bad luck!
Mole is stuck.

He moans and
he groans.





If I had a
ladder, I'd quickly
be free.

Mole looks at the bones
and giggles with glee.

He hooks them together

one bone...

two bones...

three...



Hooray! Mole is out.
“Just look at the mess,”
shout Rabbit and Squirrel.

You'll clean
it up? Yes?

I'll fix it
right now.

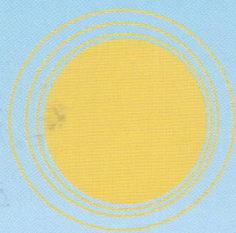


But how? Can you guess?



Mole works
away until it
gets dark...





Now everyone plays in



