

# Mole And Worm



Mole was a small furry mammal with a short tail, wide hands with strong claws and a very sensitive nose that could feel and smell worms. She made tunnels in the earth and left mole hills every so often to get rid of the extra earth. She very rarely came above ground and never in the day!



Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter - she lived underground in her tunnels that she dug with her powerful claws. Up above, the sun might shine or rain could fall or the wind could blow, but in Mole's tunnels it was always cosy and dry.

Mole was very proud of her tunnels – every day she snuffled along them, looking for something to eat, and making sure the tunnel walls were strong and safe.

Mole could not see – there was skin over her eyes to protect them while she was digging – and after all it was always dark in the tunnels. She did have a good sense of smell and delicate whiskers to help her find beetles and worms to eat. She was particularly fond of worms.

One day, as she was sleeping, something fell on her head. It was a big juicy worm. **'Supper!'** said Mole.

**“That’s not polite,”** said Worm (who was a wise old Worm and had no wish to be anyone’s supper). **“I just dropped in to admire your tunnels.”**

**“What do you know about tunnels?”** asked Mole rather rudely. **“You can’t dig tunnels – you don’t have claws to dig with.”**

**“Oh, I make excellent tunnels – I dig with my mouth. I swallow soil and send it out, and the tiny hairs on my body help push me along,”** said Worm, **“I can go anywhere.”**

**“Are you saying your tunnels are better than my tunnels?”** said Mole. **“If you say so,”** said Worm. **“No, I don’t say so,”** said Mole.

**“Then let’s see who can dig the best tunnel,”** said Worm, **“and if you win, you can eat me.”** **“You’re on!”** said Mole and started digging with her strong claws.



Worm worked quickly and quietly, chomping through the soil, wriggling deeper and deeper, eating his way as far from Mole as possible.

When Mole finally stopped digging to boast about her tunnel, Worm had wiggled far away.

**“AARGH!”** cried Mole, **“I’ve been tricked!”** And she never again tried to out-dig a worm.



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