

The Fox and the Little Mole



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Deep in the soft, green forest, under the ferns and the ferns' cool shadows, lived a little mole. She was small and plump, about the size of a teacup, with velvety grey-brown fur that looked like the first dark of night. Her tiny round glasses sat on her round pink nose, and her little red scarf kept her warm. She loved her cozy tunnels under the roots of the big oak tree.



Every morning the little mole dug with her big pink shovel-shaped paws. She dug left, she dug right, and she dug down deep. Her tunnels were smooth and round, like secret roads under the grass. She kept a tiny bed of dry leaves, a tiny cup, and a tiny lamp that glowed soft and gold. 'Home is the best place in the world,' she whispered to herself each night.



One windy afternoon, the little mole was busy in her tunnel when she heard a great creaky sound above. The wind pushed and pushed, and a tall tree leaned over. With a soft, heavy thump, the tree fell down right across the mole's tunnels. Dirt and roots tumbled everywhere. The little mole blinked behind her round glasses and did not know where to go.



She tried to dig to the left, but the fallen tree blocked the way. She tried to dig to the right, but the roots were too thick. She tried to dig down, but the earth was packed hard and heavy. The little mole sat down on her big pink paws and felt very, very worried. 'My home is gone,' she said in a small, sad voice. 'Where will I go now?'



Just then, a friendly fox came walking by. His bright orange-red fur glowed in the afternoon light, and his white chest and muzzle looked as soft as a cloud. He wore a green neckerchief around his neck, and his amber eyes were kind and curious. He saw the tiny mole and stopped. 'Hello there,' said the fox. 'You look very worried. What is the matter?'



The little mole looked up at the tall fox. Foxes and moles were very different, and she felt shy. But the fox's eyes were gentle, so she said, 'A tree fell on my tunnels, and now I cannot dig anywhere. I do not know where to go.' She held her little red scarf with her big pink paws. The fox listened and nodded slowly.



The fox said, 'Do not worry, little friend. I have a very keen nose. I can sniff and find a safe path for you.' He lowered his long pointed snout to the ground and sniffed in long, slow breaths. His black ear tips twitched, and his bushy white-tipped tail swayed. The little mole watched and felt a tiny bit brave. 'Will you really help me?' she asked softly.



'Of course,' said the fox. 'Follow me.' He sniffed to the left, then sniffed to the right, and his black paws stepped gently on the soft earth. The little mole waddled behind him on her small pink feet, her round velvety body close to the ground. She trusted the fox, even though he was big and she was small. The forest was quiet and warm around them.



The fox stopped by a patch of ferns and sniffed deep. 'Not here,' he said. 'The ground is too hard.' He sniffed by a pile of stones and shook his head. 'Not here either. Too rocky.' The little mole grew tired, and her little red scarf slipped a bit. 'Maybe there is no home for me,' she said with a sigh. 'Do not give up,' said the fox kindly. 'We will keep looking.'



They walked a little farther, past a mossy log and a busy stream. The fox's nose wiggled and wiggled. Then suddenly he stopped and lifted his head. His amber eyes shone. 'I smell soft, warm earth,' he said. 'It is just over there.' The little mole hurried closer on her small pink feet. Under a gentle bush was a patch of soft brown soil, waiting quietly in the shade.



'May I dig here?' asked the little mole. 'Yes,' said the fox. 'The earth is soft and safe.' So the little mole raised her big pink shovel-shaped paws and dug. She dug left, she dug right, and she dug down deep. Soft soil flew behind her, and a smooth round tunnel grew. The fox sat nearby and watched with a happy smile. 'You are a wonderful digger,' he said.



The little mole dug until her new tunnel turned and curled and reached a cozy little space. She found a perfect place for her tiny bed of leaves, her tiny cup, and her tiny lamp. She sat in the warm little home and looked up at the fox. 'Thank you,' she said, her round pink nose twitching. 'You helped me even though we are so different.' The fox's bushy white-tipped tail wagged softly.



'Being different is all right,' said the friendly fox. 'Kindness is what matters.' The little mole felt happy and thankful. She untied her little red scarf and held it up. 'Please take this,' she said, 'so you will remember me.' The fox wrapped the tiny scarf around his green neckerchief and smiled. 'I will remember you always, little friend,' he said.



The little mole settled into her cozy new home under the bush. Her tunnel was warm, and her tiny lamp glowed soft and gold. The fox lay down by the entrance, his orange-red fur bright against the green ferns. 'Come back and visit me,' said the mole. 'I will,' said the fox. And they both felt glad, because helping others had made them friends.



That night, the little mole slept safe and snug in her new tunnel. She dreamed of the friendly fox with his kind amber eyes and his bushy white-tipped tail. When she woke, the morning sun peeked through the ferns, and the forest smelled fresh and sweet. She put on her round glasses and smiled. 'A new home and a new friend,' she whispered. 'What a lucky day.'



From then on, the fox and the little mole were the best of friends. The fox came by to visit, and the mole made him a tiny cup of tea. Even though one was tall and one was small, one had orange fur and one had grey, their kindness made them close. And whenever the wind blew through the forest, the little mole remembered that help and kindness can turn differences into a wonderful friendship.