

The Girl and the Little Mole



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Maya loved her garden more than any other place in the world. Every morning, she pulled on her yellow rain boots and green dungarees with the daisy patch. She grabbed her notebook and pencil, ready to explore. One sunny day, she noticed a fresh pile of soft soil near the carrots. Something had been digging there!



Maya knelt down and put on her blue gardening gloves. She watched closely and saw the soil move. Then a tiny pink nose popped out! It was a little mole with velvety dark grey fur and big shovel-like pink paws. The mole blinked its hidden eyes and wiggled its star-shaped nose. Maya held her breath so she wouldn't scare it.



"Hello, little mole," Maya whispered. The mole didn't seem afraid. It went back to work, pushing soft soil with its strong front paws. Maya opened her notebook and began to draw. She sketched the little animal and its round plump body. She wrote down everything she saw. This was the beginning of a wonderful discovery.



All week, Maya watched the mole dig tunnels under the garden. The tunnels were like secret paths beneath the flowers and vegetables. Maya wondered why the mole made them. She drew a map of the tunnels in her notebook. Each day, the mole dug a new one. Maya was patient and observant, just like a real scientist.



Maya noticed that the soil in the molehills was softer and darker than the rest. She scooped some up in her gloved hand. It felt crumbly and light. She showed it to her teacher, Miss Rosa, who had short wavy silver-grey hair and round glasses. Miss Rosa smiled and said, "That looks like good, healthy soil, Maya!"



Miss Rosa explained that when moles dig, they mix the soil and let air in. "Air and mixing help plants grow strong," she said. Maya's big dark brown eyes grew wide. She looked at the garden with new eyes. The mole wasn't just digging—it was helping! Maya couldn't wait to learn more about this busy little gardener.



Maya decided to find out if the mole's tunnels really helped the plants. She looked at the carrot patch where the mole had been digging. The carrots there were bigger and greener than the others. She checked the flowers near a fresh molehill. They stood tall and bright. Maya wrote in her notebook: "Mole tunnels = happy plants!"



Maya wanted to share her discovery with her class. She asked Miss Rosa if she could make a display about mole tunnels. Miss Rosa clapped her hands. "What a wonderful idea, Maya! You can have the corner by the window." Maya beamed, her gap-toothed smile showing. She began to plan her display that very day.



At home, Maya gathered materials. She made a big drawing of the garden with all the tunnels. She used brown paper for soil and green paper for plants. She even made a little mole from clay, with pink paws and a tiny daisy behind its ear. Her notebook was full of facts and pictures. She was ready to build.



The next day, Maya brought everything to school. Her classmate Leo rushed over. He had bright green eyes and a wide excited grin. "What's all this?" he asked. Maya showed him her drawings and the clay mole. Leo's eyes went wide. "A mole made the garden grow better? That's amazing!" He wanted to help.



Leo helped Maya pin up the drawings on the display board. He held the tape and cut paper leaves. Maya arranged the clay mole in the center. They added labels: "Mole tunnels mix soil," "Air helps roots," and "Plants love moles!" Miss Rosa came by and nodded. "You two make a great team," she said warmly.



When the display was finished, the whole class gathered around. Maya explained how the mole digs tunnels that mix and air the soil. "The mole is a little gardener," she said. "It helps plants grow in surprising ways." Her friends listened carefully. Leo pointed to the clay mole and said, "I never knew a small animal could do so much good!"



Miss Rosa smiled at Maya. "You observed carefully and shared your discovery," she said. "That's what scientists do." Maya felt proud. She looked at her display and thought of the little mole digging in the garden. She knew that even the smallest creatures can make a big difference. The classroom buzzed with excited whispers.



That afternoon, Maya went back to the garden. She sat quietly and watched for the mole. Soon, a fresh mound of soil appeared. The mole's pink nose poked out, and it seemed to look right at her. Maya whispered, "Thank you, little gardener." She felt happy and peaceful, knowing they were friends.



Maya drew one more picture in her notebook: the mole with a daisy behind its ear, digging happily under the flowers. She wrote: "Moles help gardens grow." She decided to keep watching and learning. There was always something new to discover in nature. Her curiosity was a gift that would grow and grow.



And from that day on, Maya always looked at the garden with wonder. She knew that every little creature, no matter how small, has a special job to do. The mole kept digging its tunnels, mixing and airing the soil, and the garden grew greener and brighter. Maya smiled, ready for her next adventure in nature.