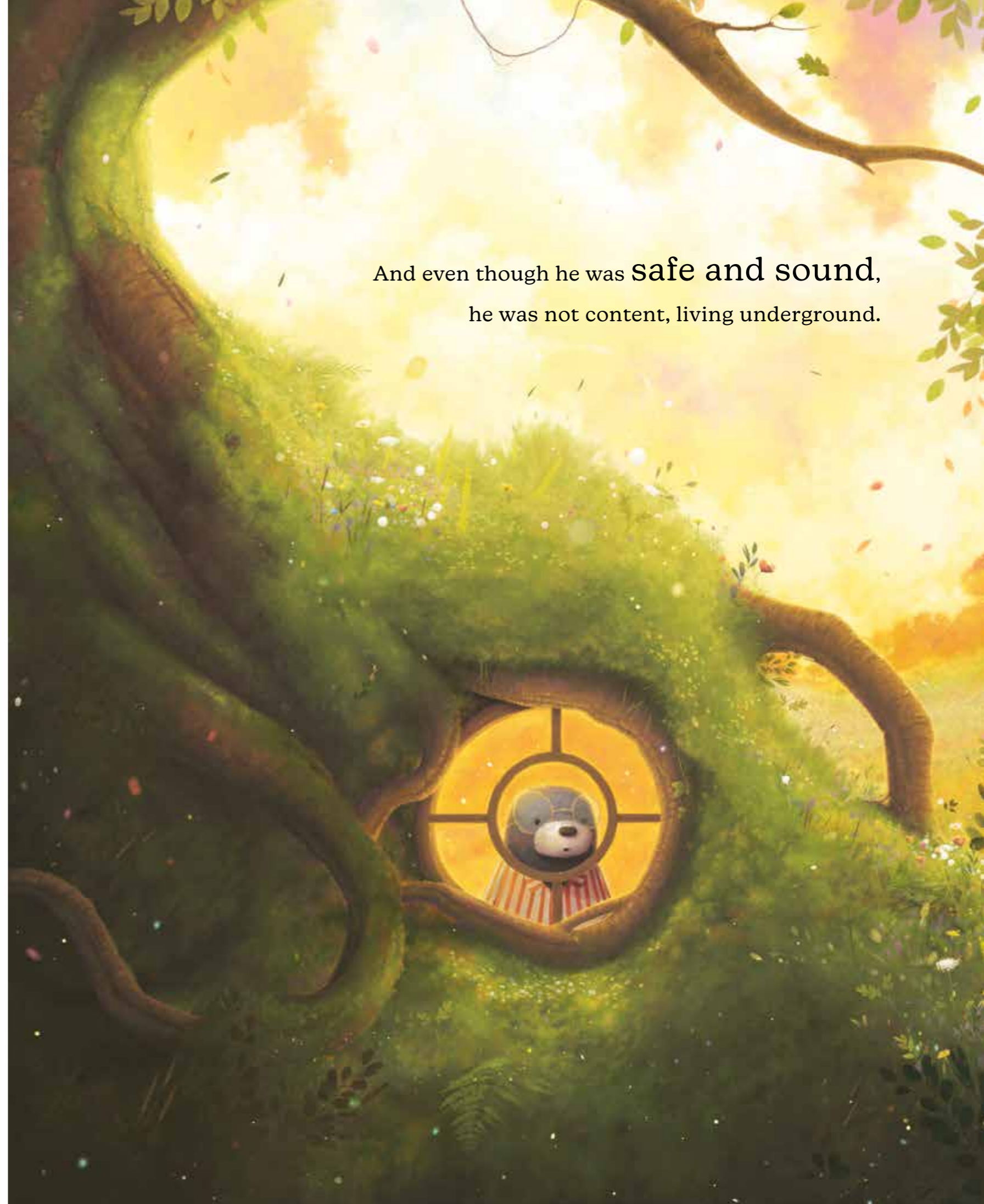




There once was a **mole**,
that **lived** in a hole.



And even though he was **safe and sound**,
he was not content, living underground.



He dreamed of **adventure**,
and places unknown,
and so he decided to leave his
cosy little home.

He carried a big brown
bag upon his back,
bravely making his way
down the well-worn track.

The strangest thing happened as he ventured on.
Other **curious animals** started to follow along...

Before he knew it, Mole had
walked for hours,
passing through lush meadows,
carpeted with flowers.

