The Little Mole's Compass

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Little Mole's Compass

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

Little Mole lived in a cozy burrow under a big oak tree. He loved to dig, and his wide shovel-like paws were perfect for making tunnels. Every day he dug new paths through the soft earth, his brass-rimmed goggles pushed up on his head. He wore a small leather tool belt with tiny tools, ready for any job. But when he turned to go home, he often got lost in the dark, winding tunnels.

One morning, Little Mole decided to dig a very long tunnel. He dug deeper and deeper, humming happily. His velvety grey-brown fur was soon dusty with soil. But when he tried to find his way back, every tunnel looked the same. He turned left, then right, then left again. "Oh dear," he sighed, "I'm lost again!" His tiny black bead eyes blinked in the darkness.

Little Mole sat down and thought. "I need a tool to help me find my way," he said. "A special tool that always points home." He hurried to his workshop, a cozy corner of his burrow filled with tools. There were hammers, screws, and shiny bits of metal. He picked up a small magnet and a thin needle. "I'll make a compass!" he declared, his pinkish paws clapping with excitement.

Little Mole worked carefully. He found a round brass case and set the magnet inside. He balanced the needle on a tiny pin so it could spin freely. He added a little lever to lock the needle when he needed to. "There!" he said, holding up his new compass. "Now I just need to test it." He put on his tool belt and pushed his goggles up. But how could he test it underground?

Just then, a glossy blue-black beetle with a red neckerchief zoomed by. "Hello, Little Mole!" chirped the beetle, his bright amber eyes sparkling. "What's that you've made?" Little Mole explained his compass. "I need someone to race through the tunnels and call out directions while I follow the needle," he said. "I can do that!" said the beetle. "I'm fast and I know these tunnels well."

Little Mole and the beetle went to the entrance of a winding tunnel. "I'll go ahead and shout which way to turn," said the beetle. "You follow your compass needle." Little Mole nodded and held his compass tight. The beetle raced into the tunnel, his six thin legs skittering. "Left!" he called. Little Mole turned left, watching the needle point steadily. Then "Right!" and Little Mole turned right. The compass worked!

The tunnel twisted and turned like a snake. The beetle called, "Left again!" and Little Mole followed. He watched the needle spin and settle, always pointing the way. His velvety fur brushed against the tunnel walls. "You're doing great!" shouted the beetle, his antennae wiggling. Little Mole smiled. He felt brave and clever with his compass in his paw. The little red neckerchief of the beetle flashed ahead like a tiny flag.

Deeper they went, through tunnels that looped and curved. The beetle's cheerful voice echoed back. "Right! Now left! Duck low!" Little Mole ducked under a low root and kept going. The compass needle never wavered. He trusted it completely. Finally, the beetle called, "We're here!" and they popped out into a big underground cavern. "You made it!" cheered the beetle, landing on Little Mole's paw.

"Let's try again," said Little Mole, excited. They raced through another maze of tunnels. This time the beetle went faster, calling directions quickly. "Left! Right! Straight!" Little Mole followed the needle without hesitation. He didn't get lost once. His tool belt jingled as he ran. The compass was working perfectly. "I can find my way anywhere!" he laughed. The beetle did a happy little dance on his paw.

After many tests, Little Mole felt confident. "I think I can go home now," he said. "Will you come with me?" The beetle nodded. They set off through the tunnels, but this time Little Mole led the way, following his compass. The beetle watched proudly. "You don't need me to call directions anymore," he said. "Your compass is all you need." Little Mole smiled. "But I'm glad you helped me test it!"

Back at his burrow, Little Mole placed the compass on a special shelf. "Thank you, little compass," he said. "You helped me find my way." He looked at his tool belt and his goggles. "And thank you, tools, for helping me build it." He realized that with good tools, he could do things all by himself. His heart felt warm and proud. The beetle waved goodbye, promising to visit soon.

The next day, Little Mole woke up early. He put on his tool belt and goggles. He picked up his compass. "Today I'll explore a brand-new tunnel," he said. He dug a fresh path, deeper than ever before. When he turned to go home, he simply looked at his compass. The needle pointed the way. He followed it confidently, humming a happy tune. He wasn't lost at all.

Little Mole explored many new tunnels that week. Some were dark, some were twisty, but he never worried. His compass always led him home. He even drew a map of his tunnels, using another tool from his belt. "Good tools make me independent," he said. "I can go anywhere and still find my way back." His velvety fur was dusty, but his eyes shone with pride.

One afternoon, the beetle came to visit. "Show me your new tunnels!" he said. Little Mole led the way, compass in paw. The beetle followed, amazed. "You really don't get lost anymore!" he exclaimed. Little Mole grinned. "Nope! My compass is the best tool I ever made." They explored together, and the beetle called out directions just for fun. It was a happy adventure.

That evening, Little Mole sat outside his burrow, looking at the stars. His compass rested in his paw. He thought about how far he had come. "A good tool helps me be independent," he said softly. "But friends help me be brave." He smiled, thinking of the beetle. He knew he could always find his way home, no matter how deep he dug.

And so, Little Mole kept digging and exploring, with his compass always by his side. He learned that being independent didn't mean being alone. It meant having the right tools and the courage to use them. And sometimes, it meant sharing adventures with a good friend. He was proud of his compass, and proud of himself. The end.