

The Mole's Music Festival



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

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Deep under the green meadow, where roots twist like sleepy snakes, lived a small mole with velvety dark grey fur and a pink snout. He wore round red glasses and a tiny blue bow tie. Every evening, he sat in his cozy burrow and listened to the earth hum. 'One day,' he whispered, 'I will share this music with everyone.'



Mole loved music more than anything. He tapped his big shovel paws on the dirt and dreamed of a grand underground concert. He polished his little conductor baton until it gleamed. 'I'll invite all my friends!' he squeaked. 'We'll sing and dance where the worms wiggle and the roots grow deep.' His tiny black eyes sparkled with joy.



Mole sent invitations rolled into acorns. Rabbit received one and hopped with excitement, her long ears bouncing. Turtle read his slowly under a shady leaf and smiled. Bird chirped the news from a branch. Everyone wanted to come! But then Rabbit frowned. 'How will we get down there?' she asked. 'Mole's home is so far under the ground.'



The next day, the animals gathered at the edge of the meadow. Rabbit clutched her green scarf. 'I can hop, but that tunnel looks too narrow for my ears,' she said. Bird fluttered nervously. 'I need space to glide,' she tweeted. Turtle sighed. 'And I need a path that is slow and easy,' he said softly, adjusting his purple knitted cap.



Mole heard their worries and his heart sank. He wanted everyone to come, but he didn't know how to fix the tunnels. Just then, a tiny shrew scurried up. She wore a yellow hard hat and an orange tool belt with a measuring tape. 'I'm Shrew,' she said. 'I design things. Let's make entrances for every animal!'



Shrew pulled out her measuring tape and zipped around the meadow. 'Rabbit, your ears are long, so we need a wide tunnel,' she said. 'Bird, you need a gentle slope to glide down.' She measured Turtle's shell. 'And you need a slow, easy path with no steep drops.' Mole nodded, his red glasses slipping down his nose. 'Let's start digging!' he cheered.



Mole dug with his big shovel paws, and Shrew directed the work. They made a wide tunnel for Rabbit, with soft dirt sides so her ears wouldn't scrape. Rabbit hopped down and giggled. 'This is perfect!' she said. Next, they made a gentle slope for Bird, smooth as a slide. Bird glided down and chirped, 'Wheee! I can fly right in!'



For Turtle, Shrew designed a long, winding path with a gentle incline. 'No steps, no bumps,' she said. 'Just a nice slow walk.' Turtle tested it, step by step. 'This is lovely,' he said, smiling. 'I can take my time.' Mole watched his friends try the new entrances and felt warm inside. 'Everyone can come now!' he said.



Word spread through the meadow. Rabbit told the squirrels, Bird told the field mice, and Turtle told the beetles. Soon, animals everywhere were talking about Mole's underground concert. 'Did you hear? There's a tunnel for everyone!' they said. Mole and Shrew worked day and night, adding little lanterns made of glowworms to light the way.



Finally, the concert night arrived. Mole put on his blue bow tie and polished his baton. He stood at the entrance of the great underground hall. The walls were lined with soft moss, and glowworms twinkled like stars. 'Welcome, friends!' Mole called. 'Come in and make yourselves at home!' The air smelled of fresh earth and excitement.



First came Rabbit, hopping down the wide tunnel with a happy smile. 'I fit! I fit!' she laughed, her green scarf flying behind her. Then Bird glided down the gentle slope, her wings spread wide. 'That was fun!' she chirped. Turtle came last, walking slowly down his easy path. 'I made it,' he said, beaming. 'And I'm not even tired.'



The underground hall filled with friends. Squirrels chattered, field mice squeaked, and beetles clicked their tiny legs. Mole raised his baton. 'Let the music begin!' he announced. Rabbit danced with the squirrels, Bird sang a sweet melody, and Turtle tapped his feet in time. The whole hall hummed with joy. Even the worms wiggled along.



Mole conducted with his little baton, and everyone joined in. The music bounced off the earthen walls and filled every corner. Rabbit spun so fast her scarf twirled. Bird's song rose high and clear. Turtle hummed along, his purple cap bobbing. 'This is the best concert ever!' shouted Rabbit. Mole's heart swelled with happiness.



After the last song, Mole took off his glasses and wiped his eyes. 'Thank you,' he said. 'I learned something important tonight. Music is sweeter when everyone can join in.' Shrew smiled from the front row. 'That's because you listened,' she said. 'And you made a way for everyone.' The animals cheered and clapped their paws and wings.



From that night on, Mole's underground hall hosted many concerts. And every time, there was a wide tunnel, a gentle slope, and a slow, easy path. Because Mole knew that when friends can come together, the music sounds even better. And Shrew always wore her hard hat, ready to design a way for anyone who wanted to join the fun.



So if you ever hear music drifting up from the meadow, follow it to the nearest entrance. Maybe you'll see Rabbit hopping, Bird gliding, or Turtle walking slowly with a big smile. And you'll know that Mole and Shrew have made a place for you, too. Because the best music is the music we make with friends.