

Martha the Mole – PART ONE

I'm going to tell you a story about a mole who was a bit stingy. But first, let me check if everything is ready for a story.

Snuggle up.

(whispering) Press your secret button to listen to a story.

There we go. Now we can start.

It was another cloudy day at Jolly Rooster Farm. But the animals didn't mind — they loved the sunshine, the rain, and even the gray, drizzly days. They used every moment to play, and they never complained about the weather.

They were all getting ready for a brand new day. Hobble the Duck was carrying buckets of water, Lily the Cow was making breakfast out of fresh, crunchy straw, Curly the Cat brought a bone for Archie the Dog and a carrot for Dandelion the Bunny, while Samuel the Lamb was hauling a big sack of corn for the chicks, geese, ducks, and bantams. Percy the Turkey ran up to Caleb the Foal with a big, shiny red apple, and Caleb neighed so loudly with joy that he woke up Clint the Bull, who was always the last to get out of bed.

They prepared all sorts of tasty treats — clover leaves drizzled with dandelion nectar, tiny blueberry seeds scattered over a wheat salad, and veggie rolls wrapped in parsley leaves. When breakfast was served and everyone sat on their little stumps, Jolly the Rooster called out, "Enjoy your meal, help yourselves!" and all the animals started to eat.

But it wasn't the delicious meal that made them truly happy. They were happy because they were all together. All except... except Martha the Mole. She was eating her breakfast alone, a radish dipped in strawberry sauce, in her tunnel under the garden. It was a radish, and like all radishes, it was a real treat, but Martha didn't feel happy. There was something she missed.

She thought hard what that could be. She had everything — a left tunnel full of radishes, a right tunnel full of carrots, a front tunnel full of potatoes, and a back tunnel full of ginger. And she had sworn never to give any of it to anyone. Yes, she had everything, yet she still felt unhappy.

Do you know what Martha missed?

(Pause for the child's answer.)

"Why don't you come have breakfast with us?" came a voice from outside.

Martha hurried to see who it was. It was Charlie the Chick, who came to the garden to pick up a carrot for his friend Dandelion the Bunny.

"I don't want to have breakfast with you," Martha told Charlie. "I don't want to share my food with you. Why are you here? I told everyone to leave me alone, and that I won't give you any of my food — it's all mine."

"I thought maybe you could give Dandelion the Bunny just one carrot. You can't eat them all by yourself anyway," Charlie said, confused. "And I came to ask you if you want to play with us after breakfast."

Martha smiled. "I'll come."

"Great! Bring your toys. Everyone brings their toys, and we all play together," added Charlie. Martha's smile faded away.

"I'm not bringing my toys. I don't want anyone to touch my things. They're mine, and I'm not sharing them with anyone."

Charlie shrugged. "Suit yourself," and left. Martha went back to finish her radish.

After breakfast, she went to the garden to gather more potatoes and ginger. Her tunnels were full of food, but she wanted more. As she was gathering vegetables, she heard the animals laughing. She peeked out to see what was going on.

The piglets were tossing mud balls at each other, the hens were jumping a rope made of straw, the kids and the foal were playing hopscotch with pebbles, the calf and the lamb were chasing each other, while the goose, cat, and turkey were playing hide-and-seek. Archie the Dog was pushing Dandelion the Bunny on a swing that Jolly the Rooster had made for the calf's birthday. Everyone was laughing and shouting, they were all happy, and they were having a great time.

Martha didn't notice that Jolly the Rooster was watching her.

"Why don't you take your pebbles and join us for hopscotch?" Jolly asked.

"I don't want anyone to touch my pebbles. They're mine," Martha said.

"We're having a birthday party for Donkey Dave this afternoon. Bring him a small present and come to play with us," Jolly told her and left.

Martha would love to go to the party and taste the raspberry cake so much, but a present...

"No, I'm not giving him a present. If I give him something, I'll have less for myself. I'm not going. I'll just collect more radishes."

"It's up to you," said Jolly the Rooster. Martha stayed behind, thinking. That's it all for now.

Tomorrow, I'll tell you what Martha decided. In the meantime, you can guess if she went to the birthday party or not.

And I'm waving to you until next time.

(whispering) You can turn off your secret button for stories now. Bye!!!

© 2025 *BloomyTales*. All stories and activities are written by Maja Marčeta and Sonja Leštar.

All content is the intellectual property of Montera Digital LLC and the original authors.

Unauthorized copying, recording, distribution, or public performance of any part of this work is strictly prohibited.

BloomyTales stories and materials are intended for personal, non-commercial use only.