

The Story of the Little Mole
who knew it was None of his Business



Werner Holzwarth / Wolf Erlbruch

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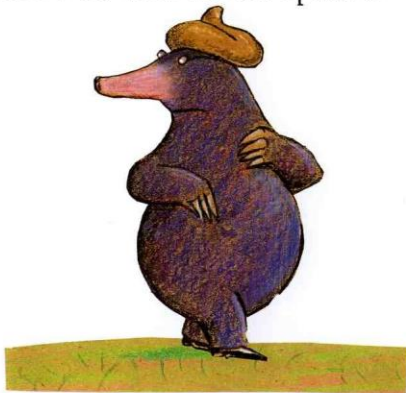
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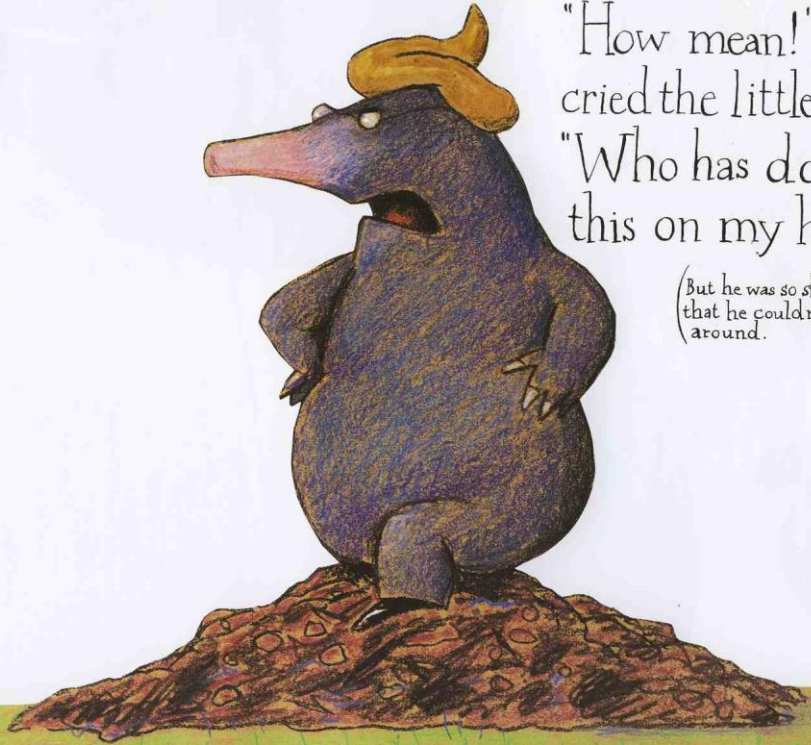
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One day, the little Mole
poked his head out from
underground to see whether
the sun had already risen.
Then it happened!



(It looked a little like a sausage,
and the worst thing was that
it landed right on his head.)






"How mean!"
cried the little mole.
"Who has done
this on my head?"

(But he was so shortsighted
that he couldn't see anyone
around.)

"Did you do this on my head?" he asked the dove, who was flying past.



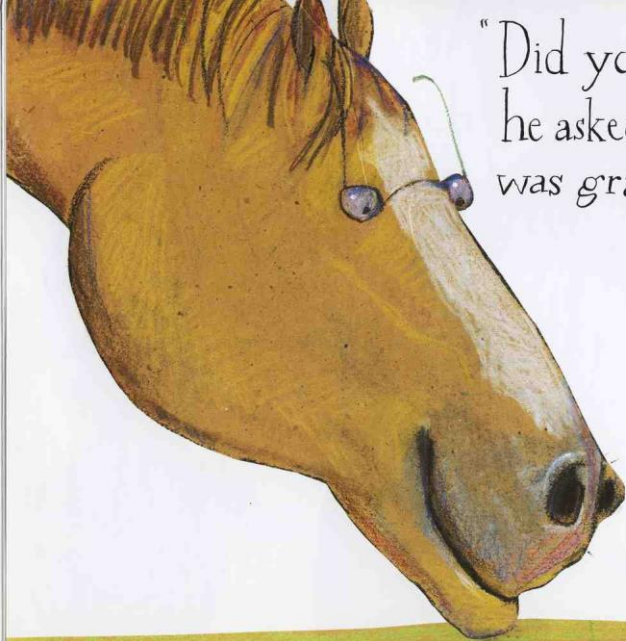
A hand with green and purple skin is shown at the top left, pouring a stream of white liquid down. The liquid hits the ground, creating a splash.

"Me? No, how could I?
I do it like this!"
she answered.

(And splish, plish – a moist white
blob landed on the ground right
next to the little mole. His
right leg was splashed with white.)



"Did you do this on my head?"
he asked the horse, who
was grazing in the pasture.





"Me? No, how could I?
I do it like this!"

(And flump, plump—five
big fat horsey apples plopped
down within a hair's breadth
of the mole.
He was very impressed.)

"Did you do this
on my head?"
he asked the hare.

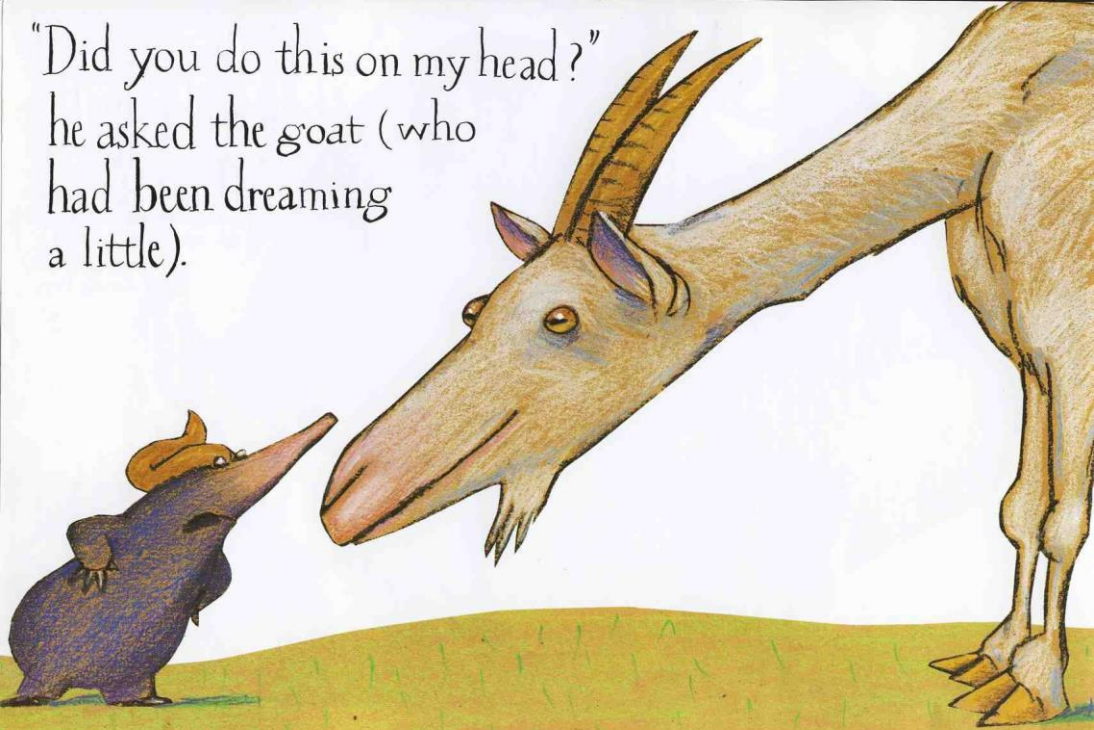




"Me? No, how could I?
I do it like this!"
answered the hare.

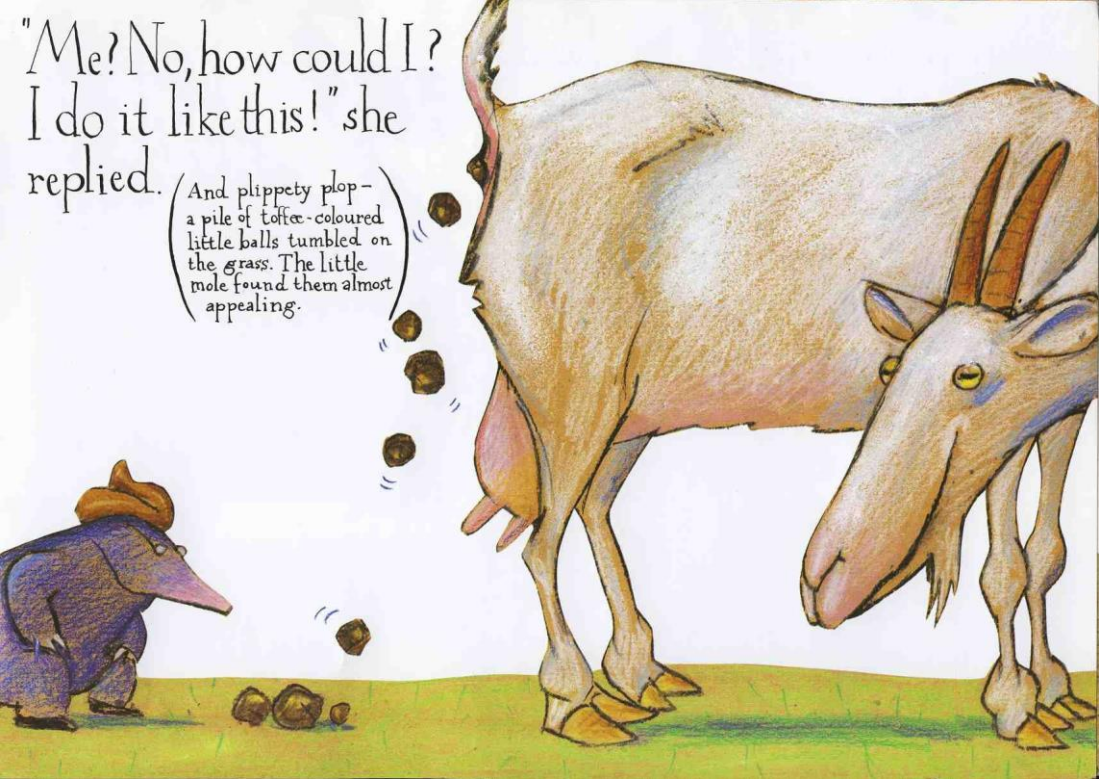
(And rat-a-tat-tat - fifteen
little round beans shot past
the mole's ears. He saved
himself with a
daring leap.)

"Did you do this on my head?"
he asked the goat (who
had been dreaming
a little).

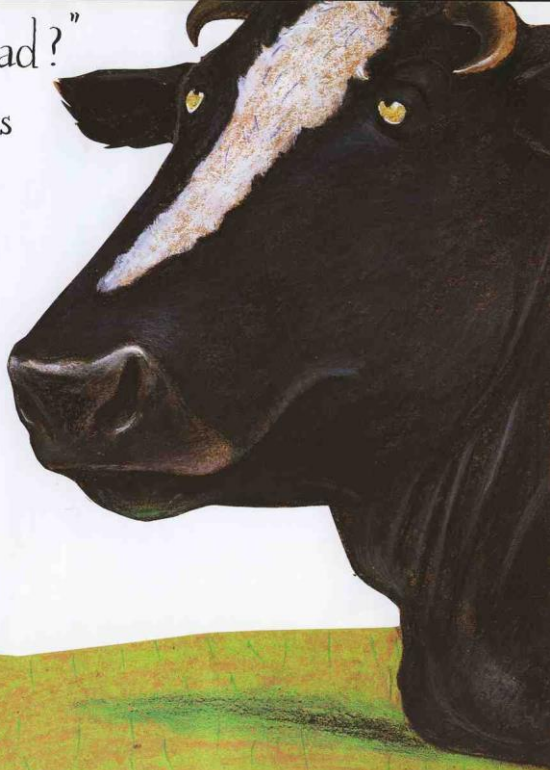


"Me? No, how could I?
I do it like this!" she
replied.

(And plippety plop -
a pile of toffee-coloured
little balls tumbled on
the grass. The little
mole found them almost
appealing.)

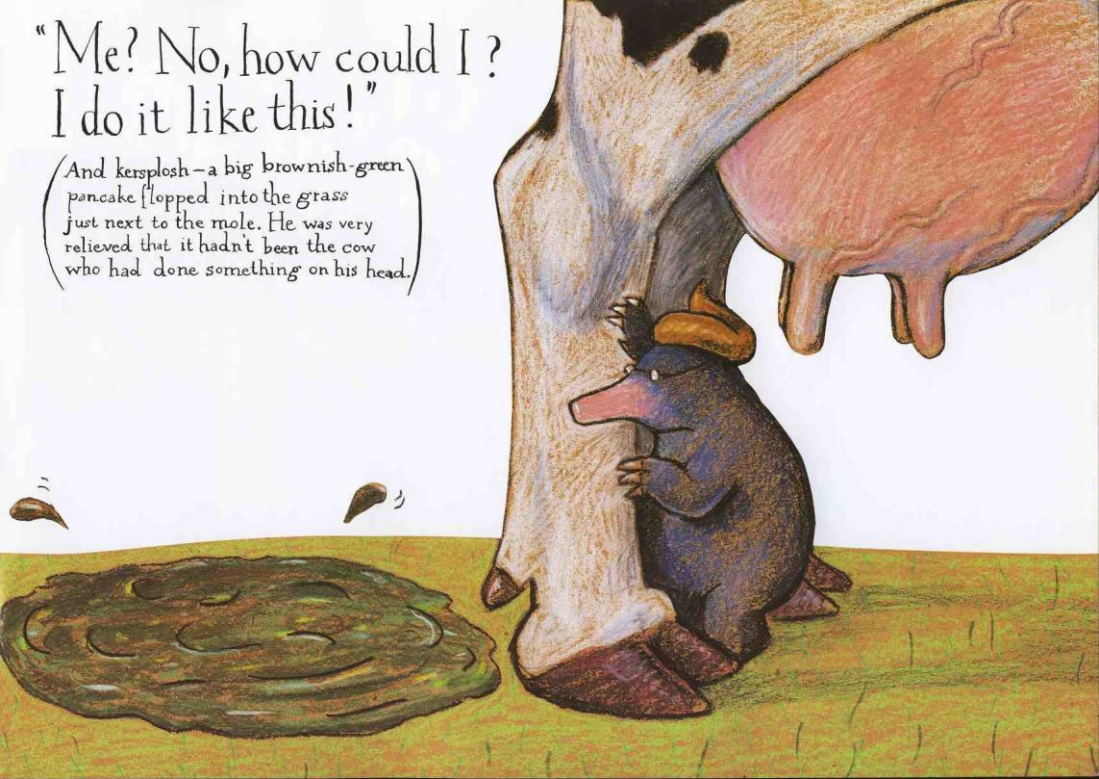


"Did you do this on my head?"
he asked the cow, who was
chewing the cud.

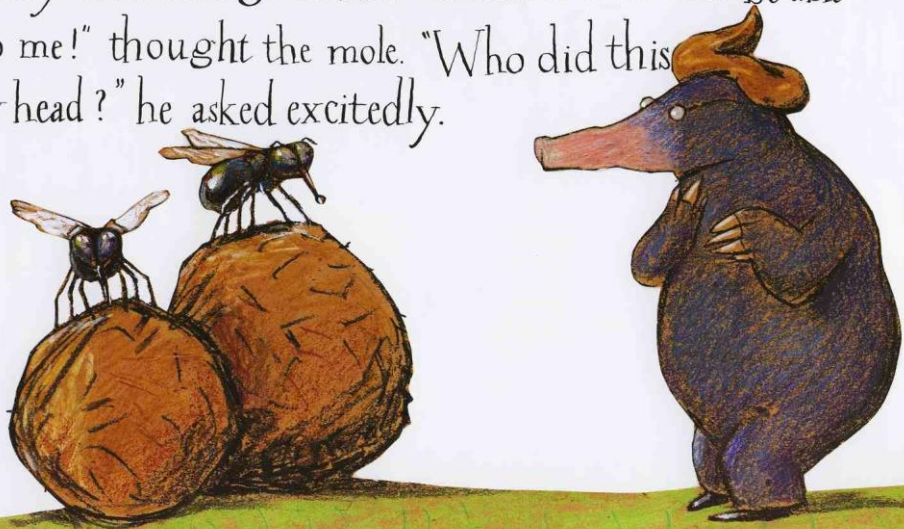


"Me? No, how could I?
I do it like this!"

(And kersplosh—a big brownish-green
pancake flopped into the grass
just next to the mole. He was very
relieved that it hadn't been the cow
who had done something on his head.)



"Did you do this on my...?" he was going to ask again. But as he came closer, he saw only two big, fat, black flies. And they were eating. "At last – someone who will be able to help me!" thought the mole. "Who did this on my head?" he asked excitedly.



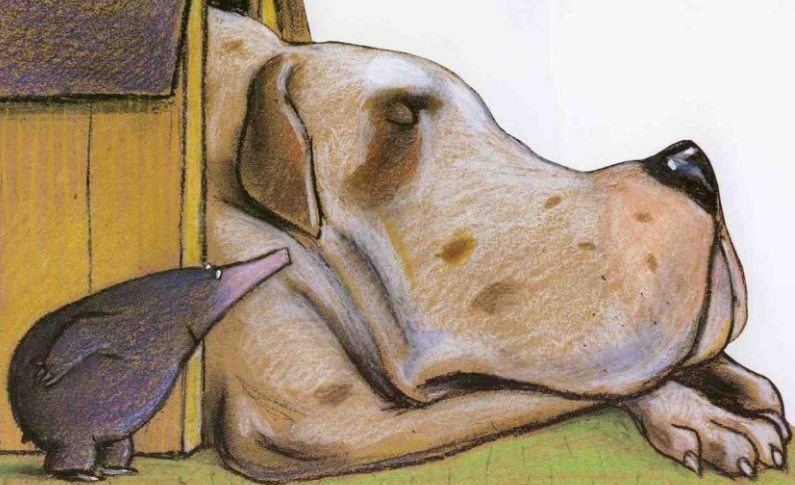
"Keep nice and still,"
buzzed the flies.
There was a short
pause. And then:
"It is clear to us that
it was **A DOG.**"



Finally the little mole
knew who had done
the business on his head—

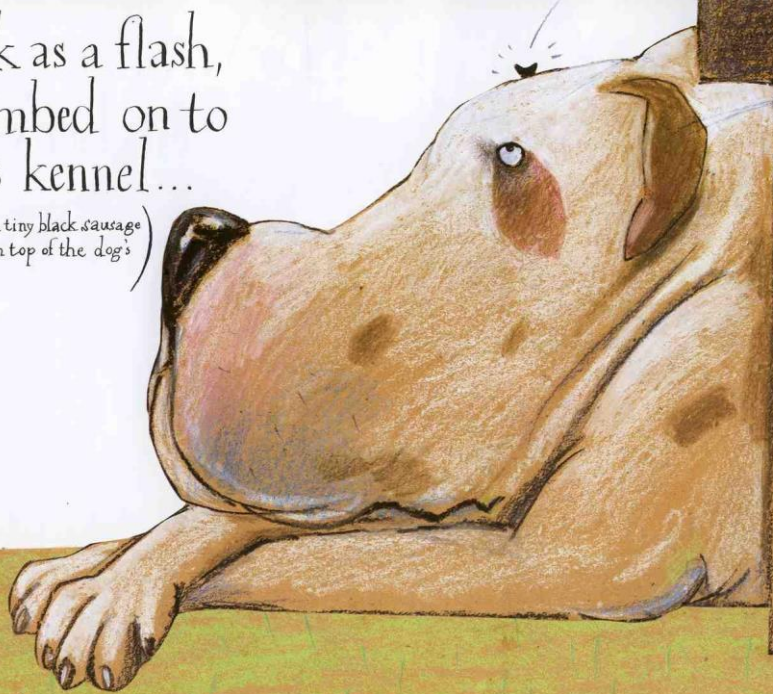


BASIL,
the butcher's dog!



Quick as a flash,
he climbed on to
Basil's kennel...

(And pling—a tiny black sausage
landed right on top of the dog's
head.)



Satisfied at last, the little mole disappeared happily into his hole underground.



The Story of the Little Mole who knew it was None of his Business


A terrible catastrophe befalls the
little mole one bright, sunny morning.
It looks a little like a sausage, and the worst thing
is that it lands right on his head.

Our plucky little hero sets out to find who has
left their business on his head.

His highly entertaining and informative search
reveals an important but often neglected side of animal life.



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