

To Harriet and Cecily.
Dream big and be happy! – T.P.

To Gill, for the digging x – C.P.

BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3DP, UK

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First published in Great Britain in 2021 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978 1 4088 9281 7 (HB)
ISBN 978 1 4088 9282 4 (PB)
ISBN 978 1 4088 9280 0 (eBook)

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed and bound in China by Leo Paper Products, Heshan, Guangdong

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Dream BIG, Little Mole

BLOOMSBURY
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
LONDON · OXFORD · NEW YORK · NEW DELHI · SYDNEY

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Up on a hillside, early one morning,
a mole sniffed the air
as a new day was dawning.

She gazed at the birds
as they soared through the sky –
and wished in her heart
that she could fly high.

She watched as the ducks
splashed along in the water,
but Mole couldn't swim
because no one had taught her.

She saw Grasshopper leap . . .

and Squirrel climb high.

"I wish I could do that,"
she said with a sigh.

Owl heard the mole's sigh and flew down from her tree.

"Just be who you are," said the owl.
"THAT'S the key!"

"Dream BIG,
Little Mole.
Be brilliant.
Be YOU!"

Then off the owl flapped with a loud twit-twoo.

Mole tried to dream big, but her thoughts were a blur.
Nothing she dreamt up felt quite right for her.

Until something struck her.

She cried, "Owl's so clever!
My skill is to DIG . . ."

"The biggest hole EVER!"

She dug deep through the soil,
so fast and so keen.

Her hole would be
BIGGER
than any yet seen!

She dug down ever deeper,
through mud and
past rocks . . .