

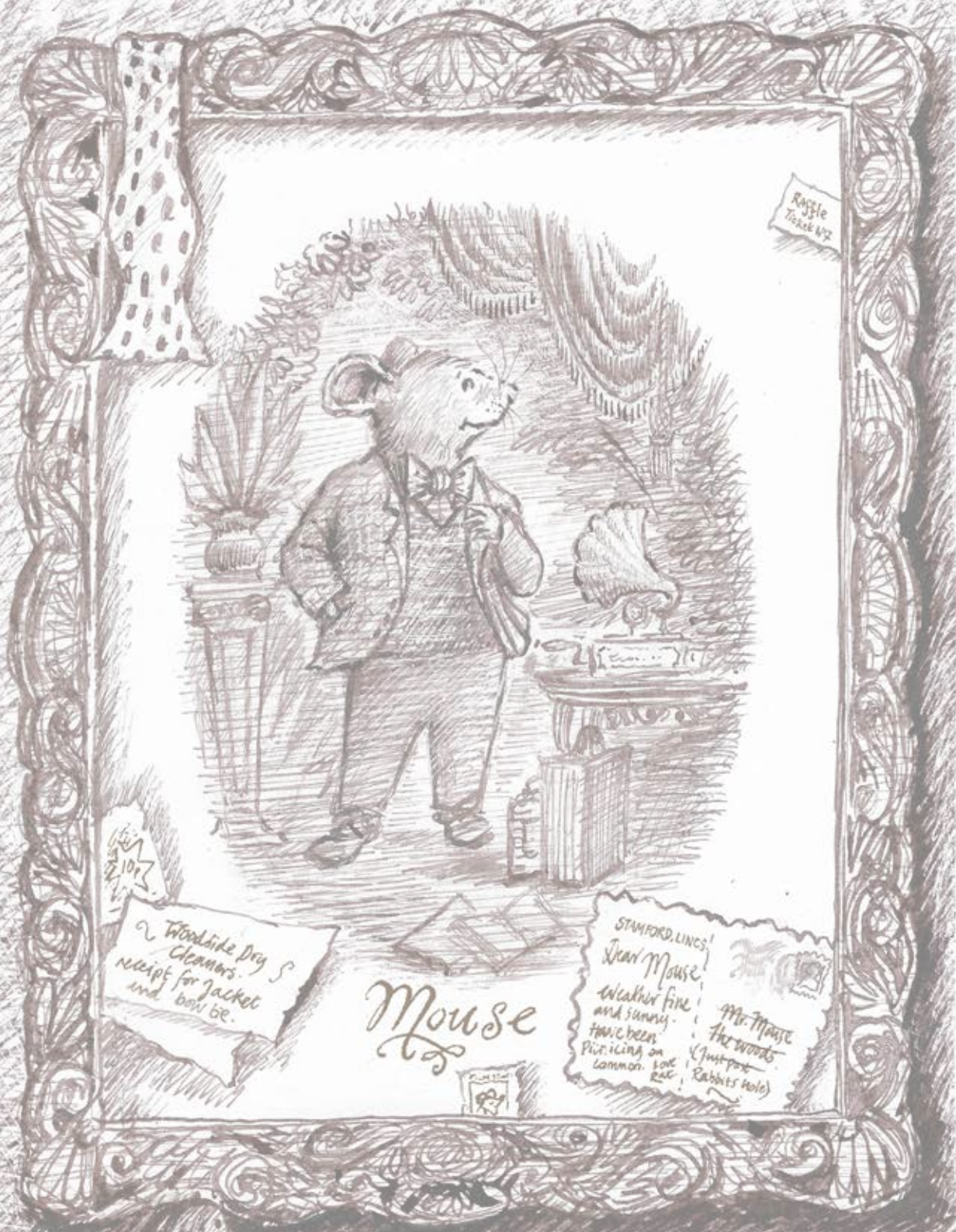
Lo and Behold!

MOUSE & MOLE

Joyce Dunbar and James Mayhew



GRAFFEG



RagHe
Ticket N°2

107

Woodlike Dry
Cleaners
receipt for jacket
and bow tie.

Mouse

STAMFORD, LINES!
Dear Mouse,
weather fine
and sunny.
have been
picnicking on
common. love
you!
Mr. Mouse
the woods
(just past
Rabbits hole)

STAMP
HERE



your life
size is at 2.30pm

Mole
you are cordially
invited to Rabbits
birthday party.
bring a cake. R.S.V.P.

SCUNTHORPE
ON SEA
Having a
lovely time,
wish you
were here!
from the hill

Mole esq.
The Woods
(near owls
tree)
(dinner party)

Mole

Be kept
Mole
SEAT
CONFIRMED

off your
hat
the 5th

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This book belongs to:

GRAFFEG

For Belinda & James Price & their family
With love & thanks for happy days
— J. D. —



For Alex Redington, Sue Chui Li, Tien & Xia
— With love —
J.M.



Contents

Snowmole 5

Lo and Behold! 16

A Bump in the Night 25

Snowmole



Mole opened the curtains one morning and saw that the world was white. 'Look, Mouse! Everything's covered in snow!'

'So it is,' said Mouse. 'Let's have porridge for breakfast and go out and make a snowsomething.'



Mouse lit the fire in the grate and put two steaming bowls of porridge on the table. Mole was already dressed for the snow. He had put on his scarf, his woolly pom-pom hat and his mittens.

‘I can’t wait to go out,’ said Mole.

‘Neither can I,’ said Mouse.

So Mouse put on his winter clothes too and they ate their porridge on the doorstep.



Then Mole made
footprints round the
garden. Mouse followed.



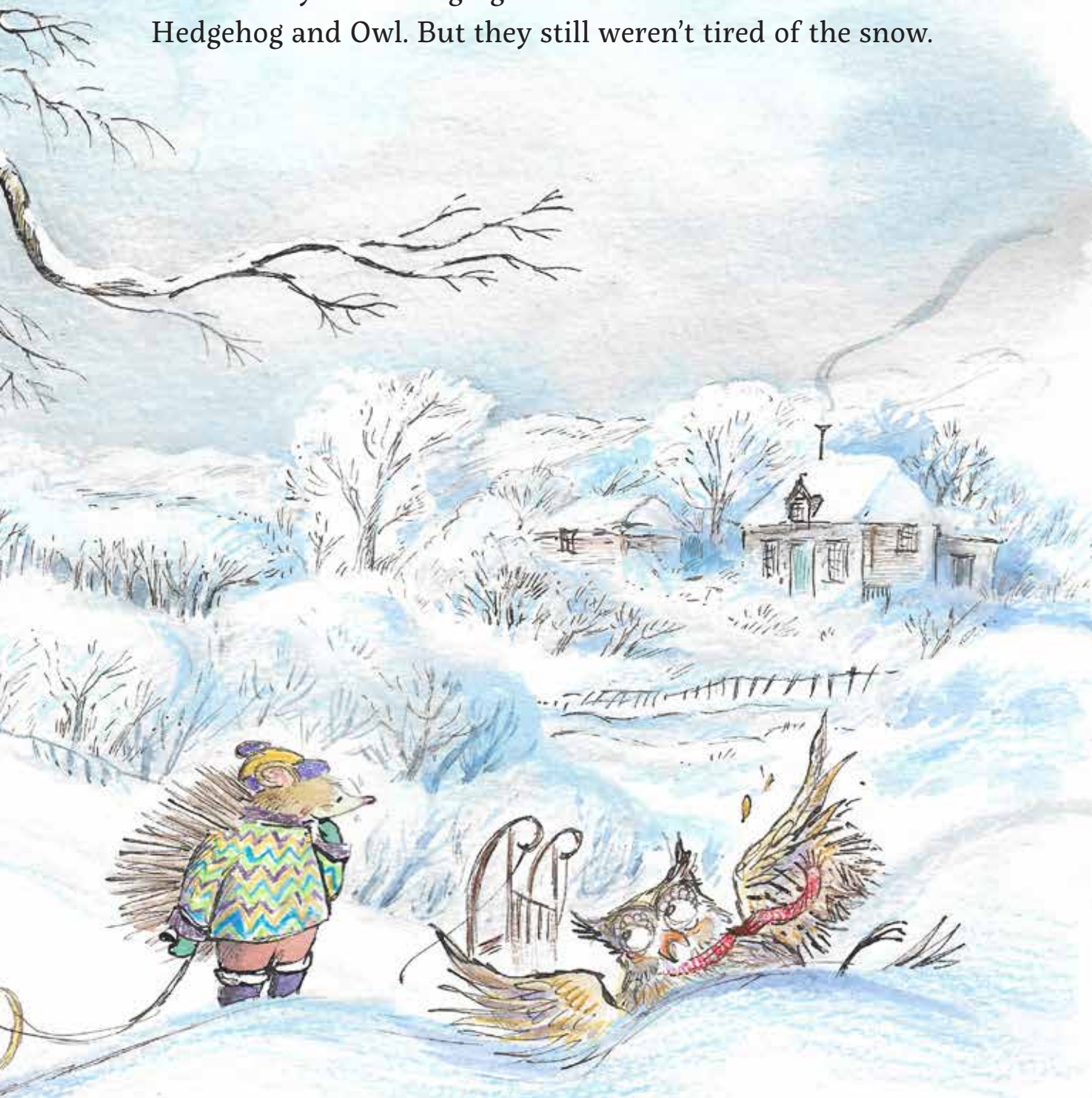
Then they made
snowballs and threw
them at each other.

Mole caught snowflakes
on his snout and licked
them into his mouth.
So did Mouse.





Then they went sledging with Rat and Rabbit and Hedgehog and Owl. But they still weren't tired of the snow.





‘Now let’s make a snowsomething,’
said Mouse.

‘Good idea,’ said Mole.

‘First we roll a big snowball,’ said
Mouse.

‘Then we roll a small snowball,’
said Mole.

‘Then we put them together,’
said Mouse.

They worked until it was
almost dark.

‘What sort of something is it?’
asked Mole.

‘I’m not sure,’ said Mouse.
‘Let’s see what it looks like in
a scarf.’



‘And a pom-pom hat,’ said Mole,
taking his own off his head.

‘And spectacles,’ said Mouse.
‘Let’s try a spare pair for size.’

Mouse put a spare pair of Mole’s
spectacles on the snowsomething’s
snout. Then he added some twigs.



There, smiling through his whiskers, stood a shining white Snowmole.

‘What do you think of that?’ asked Mouse.



‘Oh, Mouse,’ gasped Mole. ‘A Snowmole! Isn’t he wonderful? I feel I’ve known him all my life.’

‘Let’s go in now,’ said Mouse. ‘I’m sure it’s time for supper.’

‘I will eat my supper out here,’ said Mole. ‘Snowmole will be lonely.’

And Mole did.