

Dear Melody

I just had to write you this letter to tell you about my experience

I was sat in the garden reading my book when I heard rustling in the Bamboo at the bottom of my garden. At first I thought it was black birds collecting sticks for their nest but after a while I decided there was too much commotion and went to investigate. To my surprise I

Saw a mound of soil and dirt rising in front of my eyes.

Curiously, I kept my distance and watched. Eventually I saw a pink web looking nose attached to a black snout pop up - followed by two claws and then pop out came Mr Mole, I call him Mr Mole as that's how he introduced himself. Mr Mole was a scruffy looking fellow,

A black coat covered in dust and dirt with speckles of what looked like paint.

What I found odd was he appeared almost human and then out of nowhere

"Hello" I was unable to speak! "I'm Mr Mole" he said. I stood still, stunned. In my head it didn't make sense - A Talking Mole?!

"Hi" I replied. "What's your name" said Mole "oh my name's Josh" I said "Hi Josh" said Mole "nice to meet you"

"Nice to meet you too" I replied

Mr mole Looked tired yet Sound
exited and relieved to be out of his
dark hole home.

I decided to offer him a cold
Lemonaid and it would be nice to
get too know him. We spent the rest
of the afternoon basking in the
Sun and chatting together.

around about 6:30 I could tell Mr
mole was getting tired and offered
him some Snaks to take home with
him that he kindly accepted.

I havent Seen mr mole Since then
but I deffinately enjoyed our day
together, and hope to meet him
again.

Love Joshua

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