

Mole's hills

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Dog misses Farmer.
When he's alone, he quietly whines.
Dog looks at and listens to the
other animals on the farm.
Do they miss Farmer as well?



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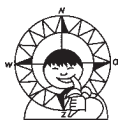
De Vier Windstreken



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Tekst van Kristina Van Remoortel
met illustraties van Helen van Vliet

Mole's hills



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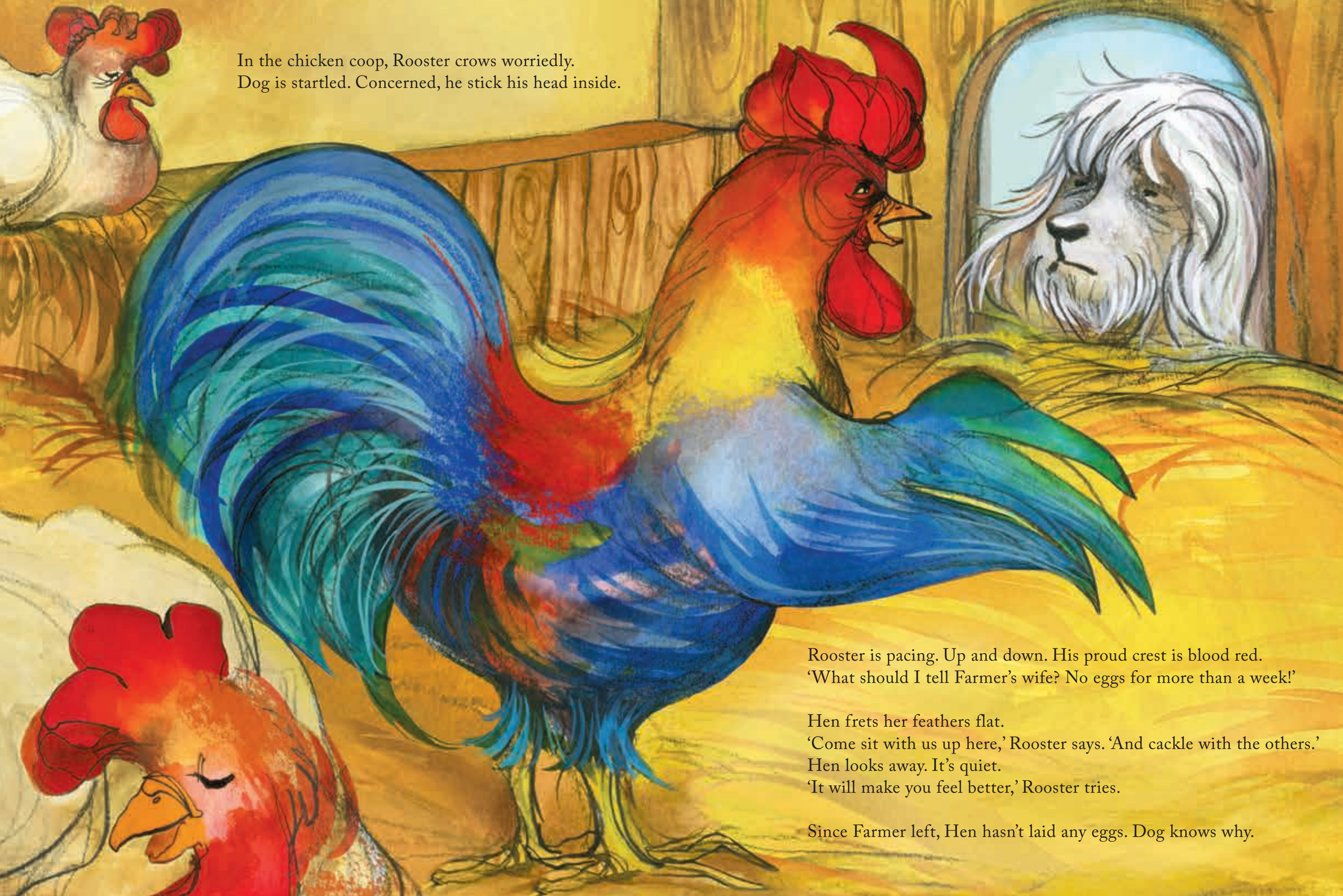


Dog catches the smells of the wind.

Clovers in the field.
Swallows in the sky.
White underwear on the clothes line. The wind's
playing with it.
Up and down it goes.
All the way to the left hangs the apron of Farmer's wife.
Beside it the little trousers of the children.
Where are Farmer's clothes?

Dog lies down and raises his eyebrows.
Farmer isn't here. He hasn't been for quite some time.
The wind doesn't carry his scent.
No matter how high Dog sticks his snout up in the air,
he can't smell Farmer.

Not anymore.



In the chicken coop, Rooster crows worriedly.
Dog is startled. Concerned, he stick his head inside.

Rooster is pacing. Up and down. His proud crest is blood red.
'What should I tell Farmer's wife? No eggs for more than a week!'

Hen frets her feathers flat.
'Come sit with us up here,' Rooster says. 'And cackle with the others.'
Hen looks away. It's quiet.
'It will make you feel better,' Rooster tries.

Since Farmer left, Hen hasn't laid any eggs. Dog knows why.



Pigling flies into the mud. His little tail curled up with pleasure. 'Again!'

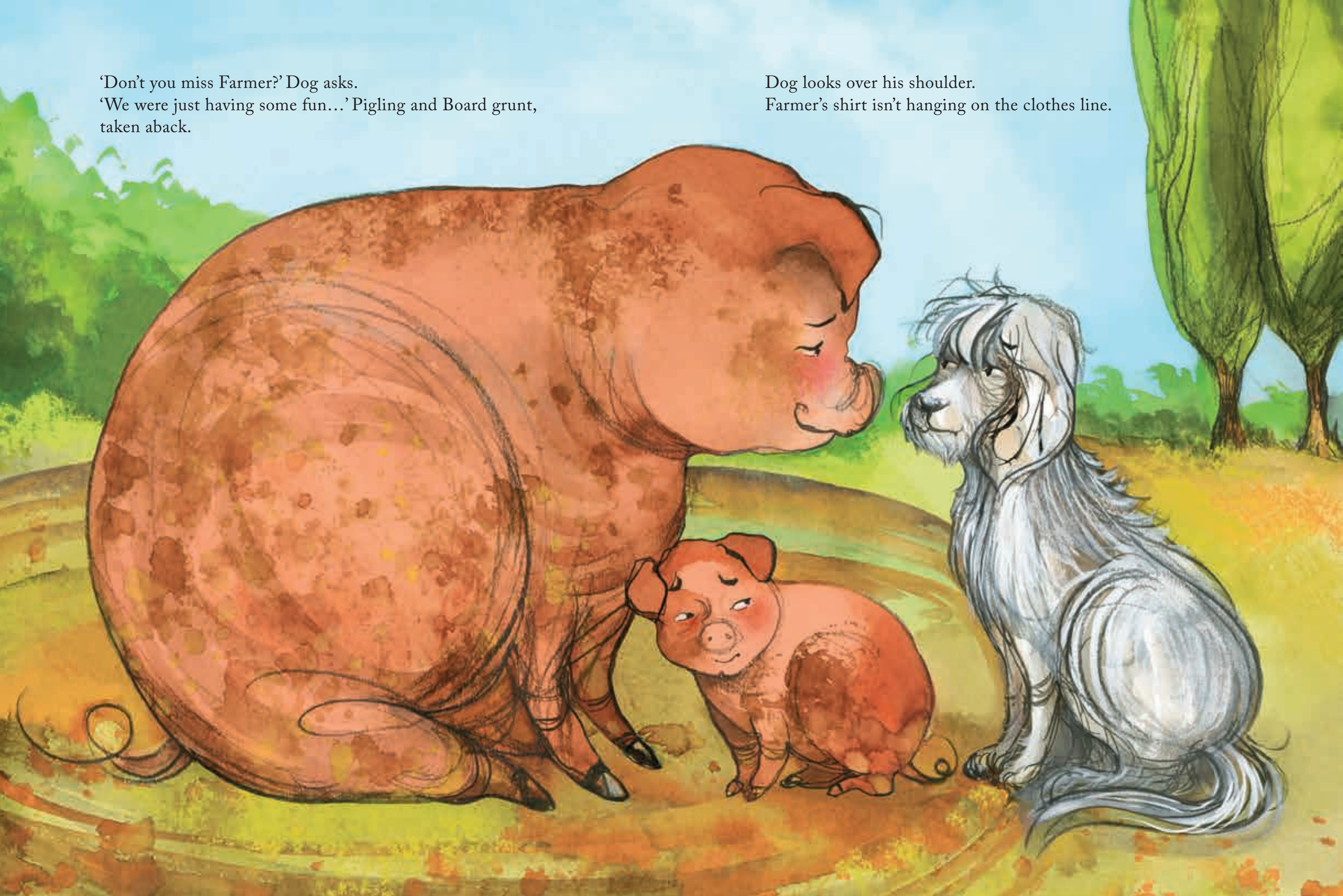
Boar swings him high up in the air. Dog is watching. How are they having so much fun?

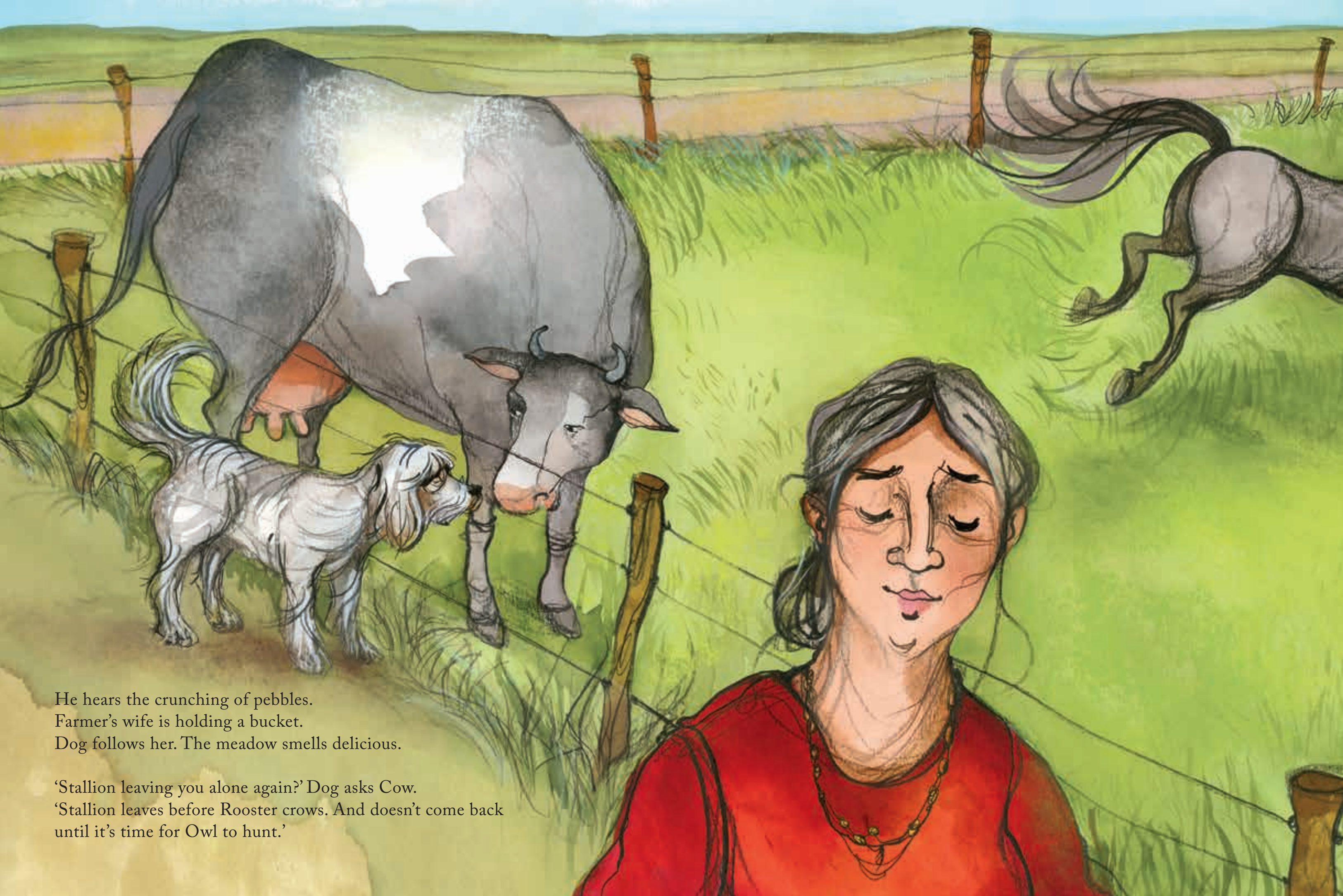
‘Don’t you miss Farmer?’ Dog asks.

‘We were just having some fun...’ Pigling and Board grunt,
taken aback.

Dog looks over his shoulder.

Farmer’s shirt isn’t hanging on the clothes line.





He hears the crunching of pebbles.
Farmer's wife is holding a bucket.
Dog follows her. The meadow smells delicious.

'Stallion leaving you alone again?' Dog asks Cow.
'Stallion leaves before Rooster crows. And doesn't come back
until it's time for Owl to hunt.'



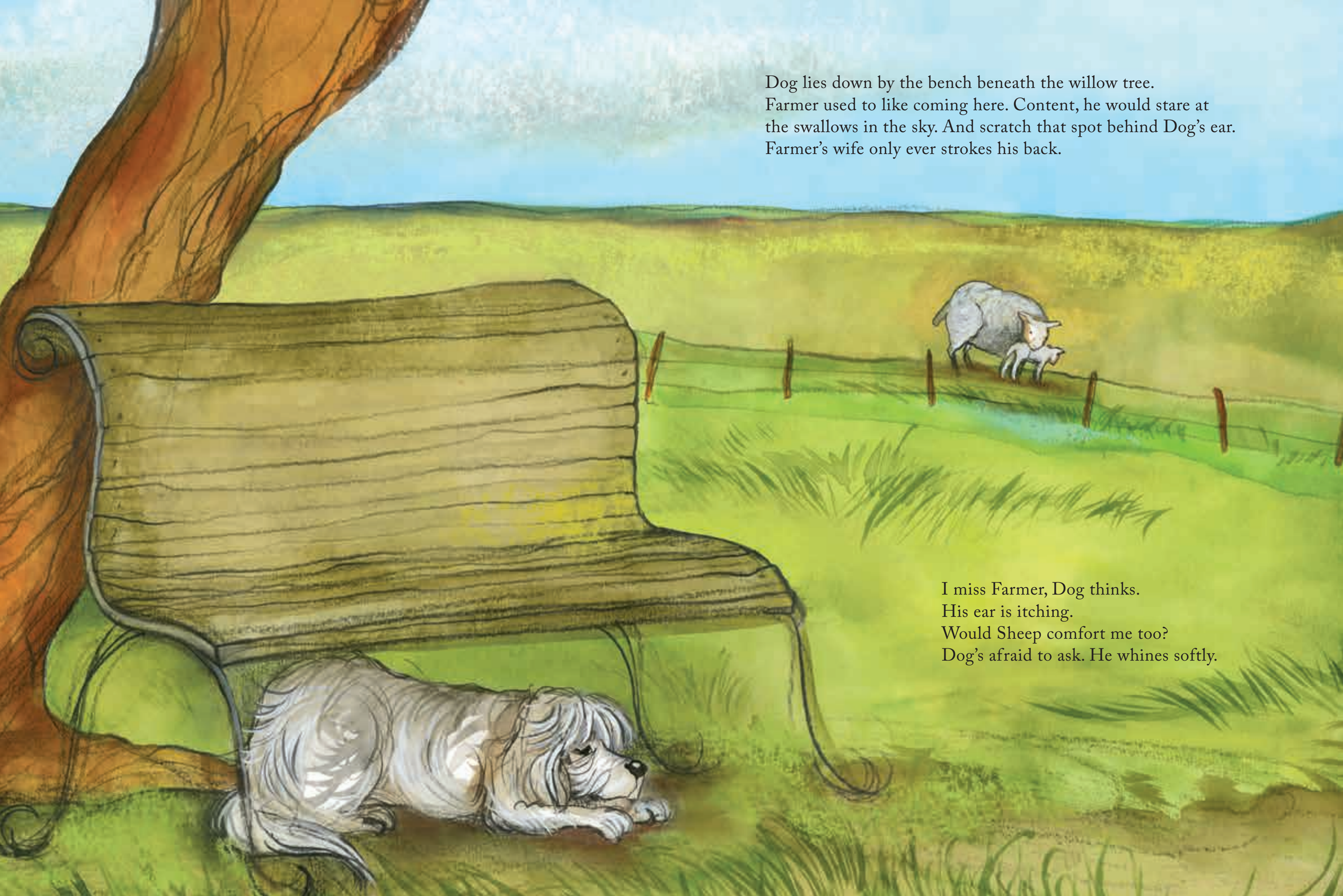
Dog and Cow peer over the field.
Surly hooves ploughing through the lumpy earth.
Stallion snorts and waves his manes around.

Sheep is standing further down the field. Little Lamp
leaning against her.
'There, there,' Sheep soothes.
A tear rolls down into Lamp's woollen collar.



Slowly, Dog comes closer. He sees them gently rocking back
and forth.

'I miss Farmer.'
'I know, Little Lamp, my dear. I miss him too.'
Rocking Lamb, Sheep dries both their tears.

A watercolor illustration of a scene in a rural landscape. In the foreground, a long, weathered wooden bench sits on a grassy area. A white, long-haired dog is lying down on the grass in front of the bench, looking towards the right. To the left of the bench, a large, thick tree trunk is visible. In the background, a green field is separated from the foreground by a simple wooden fence. Two sheep are grazing in the field. The sky is a pale blue with soft, white clouds.

Dog lies down by the bench beneath the willow tree.
Farmer used to like coming here. Content, he would stare at
the swallows in the sky. And scratch that spot behind Dog's ear.
Farmer's wife only ever strokes his back.

I miss Farmer, Dog thinks.
His ear is itching.
Would Sheep comfort me too?
Dog's afraid to ask. He whines softly.

Suddenly a little hill appears beside the bench.
It's made of brown dirt.
Two paws like shovels. Then a little dark head.





Mole presses his nose against Dog's: 'Doesn't spring
smell wee-waa-wonderful!'
Dog turns his head the other way.
Mole knows why. Dog comes here often to cry when
he misses Farmer.

'Want me to cheer yip-yap-yup?'
'Stop it. You don't understand. You don't know what
the wind smells like.'
'Maybe,' Mole answers, wearing his smarty-pants,
'but I do know what it doesn't smell like.'

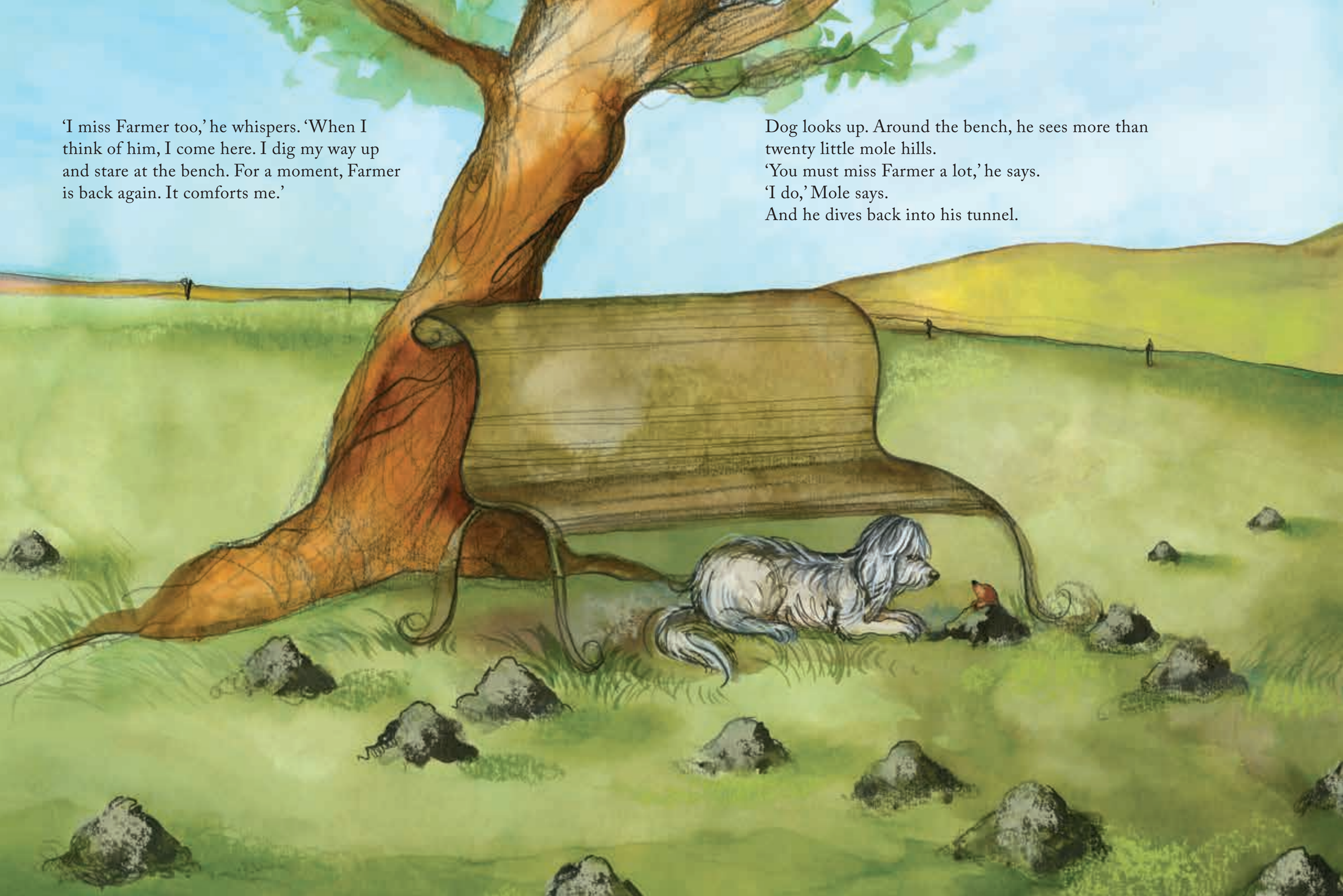
'I miss Farmer too,' he whispers. 'When I think of him, I come here. I dig my way up and stare at the bench. For a moment, Farmer is back again. It comforts me.'

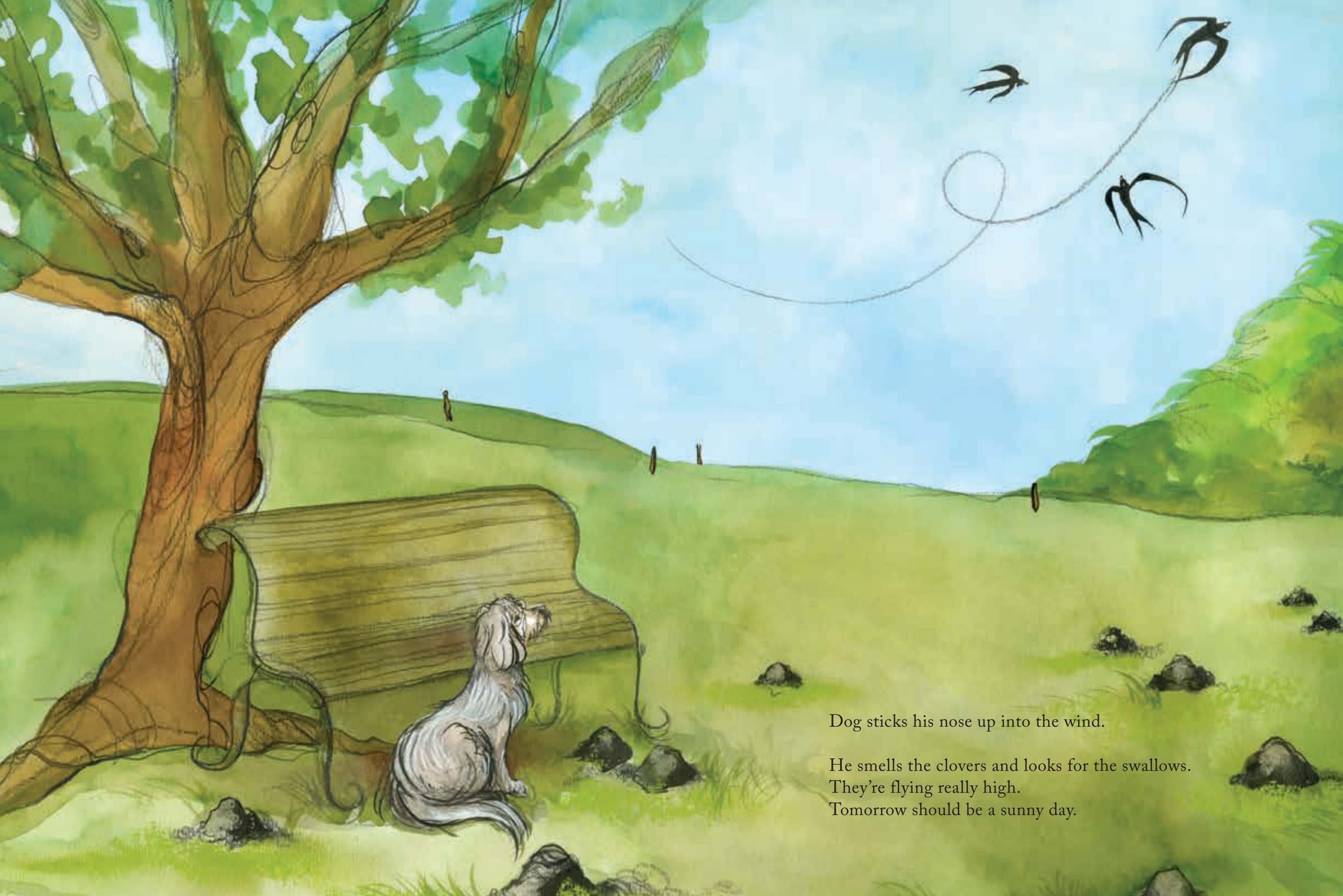
Dog looks up. Around the bench, he sees more than twenty little mole hills.

'You must miss Farmer a lot,' he says.

'I do,' Mole says.

And he dives back into his tunnel.





Dog sticks his nose up into the wind.

He smells the clovers and looks for the swallows.
They're flying really high.
Tomorrow should be a sunny day.

