

The Mole's Spectacles

A Round Robin Story Game

by Kim Pearson

Have you ever played the Round Robin Story Game? It's easy. Someone begins a story, but they don't tell it all. They stop in an exciting place, and pass the story to the next person. Then that person tells some more of the story, and passes it on. And so on.

Here is the beginning of an original story that I wrote. I'm passing it on to you ...



Once long ago, or maybe only yesterday, there was a Mole. He lived beneath the earth, where it is dark. The Mole people can smell the earth, they can touch the earth, taste the earth, hear the earth. But they cannot see the earth. One day the Mole grew tired of being blind, so he went to the eye doctor. The eye doctor examined him and said he could see if he wore spectacles. So he bought some spectacles and went home, under the earth. He was the only Mole who could see the earth, as well as smell it and feel it and taste it and hear it.

The mole saw such wonderful things! The earth's color is a rich dark brown, with golden streaks. The rocks beneath the earth are bright black and soft gray, ivory white and butter yellow. The worms are a beautiful red-orange color. The eggs and larvae of many insects shine silver. Oh the dirt is so glorious!

But one day he noticed that the earth was turning a bad color. Instead of being rich dark brown, it had a greenish color. A slimy limy shadow tinged every particle of earth. The rocks were covered in slimy limy crust, the worms were coated with slimy limy mucus, and the eggs and larvae didn't shine at all.

The Mole told his brother about the bad color of the earth. "What shall we do?" he asked him. But his brother didn't care. "The earth is the same as it ever was," he said. "Smells the same, feels the same, sounds the same. Go away, I'm busy." And he went on digging his tunnels. Mole told his mother about the bad color of the earth. "Those spectacles are making you crazy," she said. "Take them off and you'll be happy again."

Everywhere he went it was the same. No mole person would believe him about the bad color of the earth. Finally he told his little daughter, even though she was too young to do anything about it. "Well," said she, "if no one will help you, then YOU must do something." "But what?" he said, in despair. "I am just one mole." His daughter said, "We must find another creature. One who can see for themselves that the earth is turning a bad color. That is what we must do."

Now what happens? Does the Mole find anyone to help him? Does he give up and take off his spectacles? Is it dangerous for the Mole to see what no one else sees? How does this story end? How many stories can you make of this one beginning? Send your ending to the editor at story@whidbey.com. We'll print one of the best in our next newsletter!