The Hill That Hiccupped

Something underneath the picnic is making a noise.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Hill That Hiccupped

Pip spread his picnic cloth on a little green hill. He put down two pears, a cup and a very round cake.

HUP!

The cake jumped.

Pip looked at the sky. No thunder. He looked at the trees. No wind.

HUP!

This time, his cup fell over.

"Excuse me, hill," said Pip. "Are you feeling all right?"

A small brown nose poked through the grass.

"I have hiccups," said a mole. "Every time I dig, I hiccup. Every time I hiccup, I bump my head."

Pip lifted the picnic cloth. Underneath was a fresh heap of earth.

"Oh," he said. "I have put lunch on your roof."

The Hill That Hiccupped

The mole climbed out and sat beside him.

"Hold your breath," suggested Pip.

The mole puffed out his cheeks.

HUP!

"Think of something quiet."

The mole thought of socks.

HUP!

Pip offered him a little water. They waited together. A beetle climbed over the cup. Slowly, carefully, it reached the very top.

Then it slipped inside.

Plink!

The mole laughed. Pip laughed too.

They lifted the beetle onto a leaf and moved the picnic beside a tree.

"Would you like some cake?" asked Pip.

"Yes, pl—" The mole stopped. He waited. He waited some more.

No hiccup came.

"Please!" he finished.

Under the quiet hill, the beetle went home with a cake crumb. Above it, two new friends ate lunch.

THE END

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