

# Bunubu and the Mole Mail Mix-Up



— A sleepy mole delivers everyone's underground mail to the wrong burrows. —



Bunubu and the Mole Mail Mix-Up  
A sleepy underground delivery adventure.



## A Knock Under the Rug

Bunubu was sipping warm clover milk in his cozy burrow.

Tap-tap-tap came from under the rug.

The rug wiggled like it had a secret.



## The Sleepy Mail Mole

Up popped a very sleepy mole with a mailbag on his head.

“Oh crumbs,” he yawned. “This is not the beetle bakery.”

Bunubu blinked at the pile of mixed-up mail.



## The Wrong Burrow Problem

MuddleMole rubbed his spectacles.  
“I delivered the squirrel’s scarf note to the worm  
twins.”  
“And the beetle birthday card to a sleeping  
mushroom.”  
Bunubu put on his rain hat. “We can sort it.”



## Acorn Notes First

They spread the mail on a mossy root table.  
Acorn notes rolled left.  
Leaf envelopes fluttered right.  
One postcard sneezed a puff of beetle dust.



## Beetle Postcard Parade

The beetle postcards did not stay still.  
They skittered across the tunnel like tiny  
marching pancakes.  
Bunubu followed the tickly footprints.  
MuddleMole followed Bunubu's tail.



## A Package With No Name

At the bottom of the satchel was one lumpy package.  
It was covered in dirt.  
It had no name, no ribbon, and a very polite rattle inside.



## Follow the Crumb Trail

Bunubu noticed crumbs stuck to the dirt.  
Not cake crumbs. Not toast crumbs.  
Tiny crunchy acorn crumbs!  
“That package belongs near the pantry roots,” he  
said.



## The Pantry Burrow

They knocked at the pantry burrow.  
A family of field mice squeaked with joy.  
Inside the package was their missing music box.  
It played a tune that sounded like sleepy rain.



## The Sorting Song

Bunubu made a little mail song.  
“Acorns to squirrels. Leaves to snails. Beetles get  
postcards with wiggly tails.”  
MuddleMole hummed along and did not fall  
asleep once.  
Well, almost once.



## Mail Before Nap

By sunset, every note was home.  
MuddleMole curled up inside an empty mail  
basket.  
Bunubu tucked a leaf over him.  
The brass bell gave one tiny goodnight ding.



## About the Author

### Vijay Kukreja



Vijay is a creative writer, technologist, and storyteller who enjoys turning simple ideas into imaginative stories for young readers. His stories are shaped by his own experiences, observations, family life, and curiosity about how technology can support human creativity.

With the help of AI tools, Vijay explores characters, scenes, visuals, and story worlds in new ways. He uses these tools not as a replacement for imagination, but as a creative partner to help bring playful ideas to life.

His goal is to create fun, warm, and engaging stories that children can enjoy, parents can share, and families can read together.



# The End

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