With the marble in his hand he crawled inside. No one was in there; only a seat, and on the metal wall, a round push-button. "Aha, a doorbell!" said Mole. "Who will answer if I push it?" Mole hesitated just a bit, but then he pushed the button, and waited to see who would answer.

"SHOOOOSH! RATATATATA! ZOOOOM!"

With all that noise, and a great puff of smoke the rocket lifted Mole and his marble high over all the houses. Mole felt dizzy with the height. Moles are happier under the ground! He squeezed down inside the rocket. "What have I done? And what now?" he wondered.