

# OpenTheo

## The Wind in the Willows—Chapter 12: The Return of Ulysses

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For the Easter season, I am posting some rather different things on this channel, in addition to my regular output, as a little gift to my followers and supporters, starting with a reading of 'The Wind in the Willows'. I hope that you all enjoy!

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### Transcript

Chapter 12. The Return of Ulysses. When it began to grow dark, the rat, with an air of excitement and mystery, summoned them back into the parlour, stood each of them up alongside of his little heap, and proceeded to dress them up for the coming expedition.

He was very earnest and thoroughgoing about it, and the affair took quite a long time. First there was a belt to go round each animal, and then a sword to be stuck into each belt, and then a cutlass on the other side to balance it, then a pair of pistols, a policeman's truncheon, several sets of handcuffs, some bandages and sticking plaster, and a flask and a sandwich case. The badger laughed good-humouredly, and said, All right, ratty, it amuses you and it doesn't hurt me.

I'm going to do all I've got to do with this here stick. But the rat only said, Please, badger, you know I shouldn't like you to blame me afterwards and say I had forgotten anything. When all was quite ready, the badger took a dark lantern in one paw, grasped his great stick with the other, and said, Now then, follow me.

Mole first, because I'm very pleased with him. Rat next. Toad last.

And look here, toady, don't you chatter so much as usual, or you'll be sent back, as sure as fate. The toad was so anxious not to be left out that he took up the inferior position assigned to him without a murmur, and the animals set off. The badger led them along by the river for a little way, and then suddenly swung himself over the edge into a hole in the riverbank, a little above the water.

The mole and the rat followed silently, swinging themselves successfully into the hole as they had seen the badger do, but when it came to Toad's turn, of course, he managed to slip and fall into the water with a loud splash and a squeal of alarm. He was hauled out by his friends, rubbed down, and wrung out hastily, comforted, and set on his legs, but the badger was seriously angry, and told him that the very next time he made a fool of himself, he would most certainly be left behind. So at last they were in the secret passage, and the cutting out expedition had really begun.

It was cold and dark and damp and low and narrow, and poor Toad began to shiver, partly from dread of what might be before him, partly because he was wet through. The lantern was far ahead, and he could not help lagging behind a little in the darkness. Then he heard the rat call out warningly, Come on, Toad! And a terror seized him of being left behind, alone in the darkness, and he came on with such a rush that he upset the rat into the mole, and the mole into the badger, and for a moment all was confusion.

The badger thought they were being attacked from behind, and as there was no room to use a stick or a cutlass, drew a pistol, and was on the point of putting a bullet into Toad. When he found out what had really happened, he was very angry indeed, and said, Now this time that tiresome Toad shall be left behind. But Toad whimpered, and the other two promised that they would be answerable for his good conduct, and at last the badger was pacified and the procession moved on, only this time the rat brought up the rear, with a firm grip on the shoulder of Toad.

So they groped and shuffled along, with their ears pricked up and their paws on their pistols, till at last the badger said, We ought by now to be pretty nearly under the hall. Then suddenly they heard, far away as it might be, and yet apparently nearly over their heads, a confused murmur of sound, as if people were shouting and cheering, and stamping on the floor and hammering on tables. The Toad's nervous terrors all returned, but the badger only remarked placidly, They are going at it, the weasels.

The passage now began to slope upwards, they groped onward a little further, and then the noise broke out again, quite distinct this time, and very close above them. Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray, they heard, and the stamping of little feet on the floor, and the clinking of glasses as little fists pounded on the table. What a time they're having, said the badger, come on.

They hurried along the passage till it came to a full stop, and they found themselves standing under the trapdoor that led up into the butler's pantry. Such a tremendous noise was going on in the banqueting hall, that there was little danger of their being overheard. The badger said, Now boys, all together, and the four of them put their shoulders to the trapdoor and heaved it back.

Hoisting each other up, they found themselves standing in the pantry, with only a door between them and the banqueting hall, where their unconscious enemies were carousing. The noise as they emerged from the passage was simply deafening. At last, as the cheering and hammering slowly subsided, a voice could be made out, saying, Well, I do not propose to detain you much longer, great applause, but before I resume my seat, renewed cheering, I should like to say one word about our kind host, Mr Toad.

We all know Toad, great laughter, good Toad, modest Toad, honest Toad, shrieks of merriment. Only just let me get at him, muttered Toad, grinding his teeth. Hold hard a minute, said the badger, restraining him with difficulty.

Get ready, all of you. Let me sing you a little song, went on the voice, which I have composed on the subject of Toad. Prolonged applause.

Then the chief weasel, for it was he, began in a high squeaky voice. Toad he went to pleasuring, gaily down the street. The badger drew himself up, took a firm grip of his stick with both paws, glanced round at his comrades, and cried, The hour has come, follow me, and flung the door open wide.

My, what a squealing and a squeaking and a screeching filled the air. Well might the terrified weasels dive under the tables and spring madly up at the windows. Well might the ferrets rush wildly for the fireplace and get hopelessly jammed in the chimney.

Well might tables and chairs be upset and glass and china be sent crashing on the floor in the panic of that terrible moment when the four heroes strode wrathfully into the room. The mighty badger, his whiskers bristling, his great cudgel whistling through the air. Mole, black and grim, brandishing his stick and shouting his awful war cry, A mole, a mole! Rat, desperate and determined, his belt bulging with weapons of every sort and every variety.

Toad, frenzied with excitement and injured pride, swollen to twice his ordinary size, leaping into the air and emitting toad whoops that chilled him to the marrow. Toad, he was a-pleasuring, he yelled, I'll pleasure him! And he went straight for the chief weasel. They were but four in all, but to the panic-stricken weasels the hall seemed full of monstrous animals, grey, black, brown and yellow, whooping and flourishing enormous cudgels.

And they broke and fled with squeals of terror and dismay. This way and that, through

the windows, up the chimney, anywhere to get out of reach of those terrible sticks. The affair was soon over.

Up and down the whole length of the hall strode the four friends, whacking with their sticks at every head that showed itself, and in five minutes the room was cleared. Through the broken windows the shrieks of terrified weasels escaping across the lawn were borne faintly to their ears. On the floor lay prostrate some dozen or so of the enemy, on whom the Mole was busily engaged in fitting handcuffs.

The Badger, resting from his labours, lent on his stick and wiped his honest brow. Mole, he said, you're the best of fellows. Just cut along outside and look after those stoat-sentries of yours and see what they're doing.

I've an idea that, thanks to you, we shan't have much trouble from them to-night. The Mole vanished promptly through a window, and the Badger bade the other two set up a table on its legs again, pick up knives and forks and plates and glasses from the debris on the floor and see if they could find materials for a supper. I want some grub, I do, he said, in that rather common way he had of speaking.

Stir your stumps, Toad, and look lively. We've got your house back for you, and you don't offer us so much as a sandwich. Toad felt rather hurt that the Badger didn't say pleasant things to him, as he had to the Mole, and tell him what a fine fellow he was and how splendidly he had fought, for he was rather particularly pleased with himself and the way he had gone for the Chief Weasel and sent him flying across the table with one blow of his stick.

But he bustled about, and so did the Rat, and soon they found some guava jelly in a glass dish, and a cold chicken, a tongue that had hardly been touched, some trifle and quite a lot of lobster salad, and in the pantry they came upon a basket full of French rolls and any quantity of cheese, butter and celery. They were just about to sit down when the Mole clambered in through the window, chuckling with an armful of rifles. It's all over, he reported.

From what I can make out, as soon as the Stoats, who were very nervous and jumpy already, heard the shrieks and the yells and the uproar inside the hall, some of them threw down their rifles and fled. The others stood fast for a bit, but when the Weasels came rushing out upon them, they thought they were betrayed, and the Stoats grappled with the Weasels, and the Weasels fought to get away, and they wrestled and wriggled and punched each other, and rolled over and over, till most of them rolled into the river. They've all disappeared by now, one way or another, and I've got their rifles, so that's all right." Excellent and deserving animal, said the Badger, his mouth full of chicken and trifle.

Now there's just one more thing I want you to do, Mole, before you sit down to your

supper along with us. And I wouldn't trouble you, only I know I can trust you to see a thing done, and I wish I could say the same of everyone I know. I'd send Rat, if he wasn't a poet.

I want you to take those fellows on the floor there upstairs with you, and have some bedrooms cleaned out and tidied up and made really comfortable. See that they sweep under the beds, and put clean sheets and pillowcases on, and turn down one corner of the bedclothes, just as you know it ought to be done, and have a can of hot water and clean towels and fresh cakes of soap put in each room, and then you can give them a licking apiece, if it's any satisfaction to you, and put them out by the back door, and we shan't see any more of them, I fancy. And then come along and have some of this cold tongue.

His first rate. I'm very pleased with you, Mole. The good-natured Mole picked up a stick, formed his prisoners up in a line on the floor, gave them the order, Quick march! And led his squad off to the upper floor.

After a time he appeared again, smiling, and said that every room was ready, and as clean as a new pin, and I didn't have to lick them either, he added. I thought, on the whole, they had had licking enough for one night, and the weasels, when I got the point to them, quite agreed with me, and said they wouldn't think of troubling me. They were very penitent, and said they were extremely sorry for what they had done, but it was all the fault of the Chief Weasel and the stoats, and if ever they could do anything for us at any time to make up, we had only got to mention it.

So I gave them a roll apiece, and let them out at the back, and off they ran as hard as they could. Then the Mole pulled his chair up to the table, and pitched in to the cold tongue, and Toad, like the gentleman he was, put all his jealousy from him, and said heartily, Thank you kindly, dear Mole, for all your pains and trouble tonight, and especially for your cleverness this morning. The Badger was pleased at that, and said, There spoke my brave Toad.

So they finished their supper in great joy and contentment, and presently retired to rest between clean sheets, safe in Toad's ancestral home, one back in matchless valour, consummate strategy, and a proper handling of sticks. The following morning Toad, who had overslept himself as usual, came down to breakfast disgracefully late, and found on the table a certain quantity of eggshells, some fragments of cold and leathery toast, a coffee pot three-fourths empty, and really very little else, which did not tend to improve his temper, considering that, after all, it was his own house. Through the French windows of the breakfast room he could see the Mole and the Water Rat sitting in wicker chairs out on the lawn, evidently telling each other stories, roaring with laughter and kicking their short legs up in the air.

The Badger, who was in an armchair and deep in the morning paper, merely looked up

and nodded when Toad entered the room. But Toad knew his man, so he sat down and made the best breakfast he could, merely observing to himself that he would get square with the others sooner or later. When he had nearly finished, the Badger looked up and remarked rather shortly, I'm sorry, Toad, but I'm afraid there's a heavy morning's work in front of you.

You see, we really ought to have a banquet at once, to celebrate this affair. It's expected of you. In fact, it's the rule.

Oh, all right, said the Toad readily. Anything to oblige. Though why on earth you should want to have a banquet in the morning, I cannot understand.

But you know I do not live to please myself, but merely to find out what my friends want, and then try to arrange it for them. You dear old Badger. Don't pretend to be stupider than you really are, replied the Badger, crossly.

And don't chuckle and splutter in your coffee while you're talking. It's not manners. What I mean is, the banquet will be at night, of course, but the invitations will have to be written, and got off at once, and you've got to write them.

Now sit down at that table, there's stacks of letter paper on it, with Toad Hall at the top in blue and gold, and write invitations to all our friends. And if you stick to it, we shall get them out before luncheon, and I'll bear a hand too, and take my share of the burden. I'll order the banquet.

What, cried Toad dismayed, me stop indoors and write a lot of rotten letters on a jolly morning like this, when I want to go around my property and set everything and everybody to rights, and swagger about and enjoy myself. Certainly not. I'll be... I'll see you.

Stop a minute though. Why, of course, dear Badger, what is my pleasure or convenience compared with that of others? You wish it done, and it shall be done. Go Badger, order the banquet, order what you like, then join our young friends outside in their innocent mirth, oblivious of me and my cares and toils.

I sacrifice this fair morning on the altar of duty and friendship. The Badger looked at him very suspiciously, but Toad's frank, open countenance made it difficult to suggest any unworthy motive in this change of attitude. He quitted the room, accordingly, in the direction of the kitchen, and as soon as the door had closed behind him, Toad hurried to the writing-table.

A fine idea had occurred to him while he was talking. He would write the invitations, and he would take care to mention the leading part he had taken in the fight, and how he had laid the chief weasel flat, and he would hint at his adventures and what a career of triumph he had to tell about, and on the flyleaf he would set out a sort of programme of

entertainment for the evening, something like this, as he sketched it out in his head. Speech.

By Toad. There will be other speeches by Toad during the evening. Address.

By Toad. Synopsis. Our prison system.

The waterways of Old England. Horse-dealing and how to deal. Property, its rights and its duties.

Back to the land. A typical English squire. Song.

By Toad. Composed by himself. Other compositions.

By Toad will be sung in the course of the evening by... The composer. The idea pleased him mightily, and he worked very hard and got all the letters finished by noon, at which hour it was reported to him that there was a small and rather bedraggled weasel at the door, inquiring timidly whether he could be of any service to the gentleman. Toad swaggered out and found it was one of the prisoners of the previous evening, very respectful and anxious to please.

He patted him on the head, shoved the bundle of invitations into his paw, and told him to cut along quick and deliver them as fast as he could, and if he liked to come back again in the evening, perhaps there might be a shilling for him, or again, perhaps there and the poor weasel seemed really quite grateful, and hurried off eagerly to do his mission. When the other animals came back to luncheon, very boisterous and breezy after a morning on the river, the mole whose conscience had been pricking him, looked doubtfully at Toad, expecting to find him sulky or depressed. Instead he was so uppish and inflated that the mole began to suspect something, while the rat and the badger exchanged significant glances.

As soon as the meal was over, Toad thrust his paws deep into his trouser pockets, remarked casually, Well, look after yourselves, you fellows, ask for anything you want, and was swaggering off in the direction of the garden, where he wanted to think out an idea or two for his coming speeches, when the rat caught him by the arm. Toad rather suspected what he was after, and did his best to get away, but when the badger took him firmly by the other arm, he began to see that the game was up. The two animals conducted him between them into the small smoking-room that opened out of the entrance hall, shut the door, and put him into a chair.

Then they both stood in front of him, while Toad sat silent and regarded them with much suspicion and ill-humour. Now look here, Toad, said the rat, it's about this banquet, I'm very sorry I am to have to speak to you like this, but we want you to understand clearly once and for all that there are going to be no speeches and no songs. Try and grasp the fact that on this occasion we're not arguing with you, we're just telling you.

Toad saw that he was trapped. They understood him, they saw through him, they had got ahead of him. His pleasant dream was shattered.

Mayn't I sing them just one little song? He pleaded piteously. No, not one little song, replied the rat firmly, though his heart bled as he noticed the trembling lip of the poor disappointed Toad. It's no good, Toady, you know well that your songs are all conceit and boasting and vanity, and your speeches are all self-praise and, well, and gross exaggeration and gas, put in the badger, in his common way.

For your own good, Toady, went on the rat, you know you must turn over a new leaf sooner or later, and now seems a splendid time to begin, a sort of turning point in your career. Please don't think that saying all this doesn't hurt me more than it hurts you. Toad remained a long while plunged in thought.

At last he raised his head, and the traces of strong emotion were visible on his features. You have conquered, my friends, he said in broken accents. It was, to be sure, but a small thing that I asked, merely leave to blossom and expand for yet one more evening, to let myself go and hear the tumultuous applause that always seems to me, somehow, to bring out my best qualities.

However, you are right, I know, and I am wrong. Henceforth I will be a very different Toad. My friends, you shall never have occasion to blush for me again, but, oh dear, oh dear, this is a hard world.

And pressing his handkerchief to his face, he left the room with faltering footsteps. Badger, said the rat, I feel like a brute. I wonder what you feel like.

Oh, I know, I know, said the badger gloomily, but the thing had to be done. This good fellow has got to live here, and hold his own and be respected. Would you have him a common laughing-stock, mocked and jeered at by stoats and weasels? Of course not, said the rat, and talking of weasels, it's lucky we came upon that little weasel, just as he was setting out with Toad's invitations.

I suspected something from what you told me, and had a look at one or two. It was simply disgraceful. I confiscated the lot, and the good mole is now sitting in the blue boudoir, filling up plain, simple invitation cards.

At last the hour for the banquet began to draw near, and Toad, who on leaving the others, had retired to his bedroom, was still sitting there melancholy and thoughtful. His brow resting on his paw, he pondered long and deeply. Gradually his countenance cleared, and he began to smile long, slow smiles.

Then he took to giggling, in a shy, self-conscious manner. At last he got up, locked the door, drew the curtains across the windows, collected all the chairs in the room, and arranged them in a semicircle, and took up his position in front of them, swelling visibly.



Then he bowed, coughed twice, and letting himself go, with uplifted voice, he sang to the enraptured audience that his imagination so clearly saw.

Toad's last little song. The Toad came home. There was panic in the parlours, and howling in the halls.

There was crying in the cowsheds, and shrieking in the stalls. When the Toad came home. When the Toad came home.

There was smashing in of window, and crashing in of door. There was chivvying of weasels that fainted on the floor. When the Toad came home.

Bang go the drums. The trumpeters are tooting, and the soldiers are saluting. And the cannon they are shooting, and the motor cars are hooting.

As the hero comes. Shout hooray, and let each one of the crowd try and shout it very loud, in honour of an animal of whom you're justly proud. For it's Toad's great day.

He sang this very loud, with great unction and expression, and when he had done, he sang it all over again. Then he heaved a deep sigh, a long, long, long sigh. Then he dipped his hairbrush in the water jug, parted his hair in the middle, and plastered it down very straight and sleek on each side of his face, and, unlocking the door, went quietly down the stairs to greet his guests, who he knew must be assembling in the drawing room.

All the animals cheered when he entered, and crowded round to congratulate him and say nice things about his courage and his cleverness and his fighting qualities, but Toad only smiled faintly and murmured, not at all, or sometimes for a change, on the contrary. Otter, who was standing on the hearth rug, describing to an admiring circle of friends exactly how he would have managed things had he been there, came forward with a shout, threw his arm round Toad's neck, and tried to take him round the room in triumphal progress. But Toad, in a mild way, was rather snubby to him, remarking gently as he disengaged himself, Badgers was the mastermind, the mole and the water rat bore the brunt of the fighting, I merely served in the ranks and did little or nothing.

The animals were evidently puzzled and taken aback by this unexpected attitude of his, and Toad felt, as he moved from one guest to the other, making his modest responses, that he was an object of absorbing interest to everyone. The Badger had ordered everything of the best, and the banquet was a great success. There was much talking and laughter and chaff among the animals, but through it all Toad, who of course was in the chair, looked down his nose and murmured pleasant nothings to the animals on either side of him.

At intervals he stole a glance at the Badger and the rat, and always when he looked they were staring at each other with their mouths open, and this gave him the greatest

satisfaction. Some of the younger and livelier animals, as the evening wore on, got whispering to each other that things were not so amusing as they used to be in the good old days, and there were some knockings on the table and cries of TOAD! SPEECH! SPEECH FROM TOAD! SONG! MR. TOAD! SONG! But Toad only shook his head gently, raised one paw in mild protest, and by pressing delicacies on his guests, by topical small talk, and by earnest enquiries after members of their families, not yet old enough to appear at social functions, managed to convey to them that this dinner was being run on strictly conventional lines. He was indeed an altered Toad.

After this climax the four animals continued to lead their lives, so rudely broken in upon by civil war, in great joy and contentment, undisturbed by further risings or invasions. Toad, after due consultation with his friends, selected a handsome gold chain and locket set with pearls, which he dispatched to the jailer's daughter with a letter that even the badger admitted to be modest, grateful and appreciative, and the engine driver, in his turn, was properly thanked and compensated for all his pains and trouble. Under severe compulsion from the badger, even the bargewoman was, with some trouble, sought out and the value of her horse discreetly made good to her, though Toad kicked terribly at this, holding himself to be an instrument of fate, sent to punish fat women with mottled arms who couldn't tell a real gentleman when they saw one.

The amount involved, it was true, was not very burdensome, the gypsy's valuation being admitted by local assessors to be approximately correct. Sometimes, in the course of long summer evenings, the friends would take a stroll together in the wild wood, now successfully tamed so far as they were concerned, and it was pleasing to see how respectfully they were greeted by the inhabitants, and how the mother weasels would bring their young ones to the mouths of their holes and say pointing, Look baby, there goes the great Mr Toad, and that's the gallant water rat, a terrible fighter, walking along of him. And yonder comes the famous Mr Mole, of whom you so often have heard your father tell.

But when their infants were fractious and quite beyond control, they would quiet them by telling how, if they didn't hush them and not fret them, the terrible grey badger would up and get them. This was a base libel on Badger, who, though he cared very little about society, was rather fond of children, but it never failed to have its full effect.