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The Wind in the Willows—Chapter 3: The Wild Wood

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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 3. The Wild Wood. The Mole had long wanted to make the acquaintance of the Badger. He seemed, by all accounts, to be such an important personage, and, though rarely visible, to make his unseen influence felt by everybody about the place.

But whenever the Mole mentioned his wish to the Water Rat, he always found himself put off. "'It's all right,' the Rat would say. "'Badger'll turn up some day or other.

He's always turning up. And then I'll introduce you—the best of fellows. But you must not only take him as you find him, but when you find him.' "'Couldn't you ask him here for dinner or something?' said the Mole.

"'He wouldn't come,' replied the Rat simply. "'Badger hates society, and invitations, and dinner, and all that sort of thing.' "'Well then, supposing we go and call on him?' suggested the Mole. "'Oh, I'm sure he wouldn't like that at all,' said the Rat, quite alarmed.

"'He's so very shy, he'd be sure to be offended. I've never even ventured to call on him at his own home myself, though I know him so well. Besides, we can't.

It's quite out of the question, because he lives in the very middle of the Wildwood.'
"Well, supposing he does,' said the Mole. "You told me the Wildwood was all right, you know.' "Oh, I know, I know. So it is,' replied the Rat evasively.

"But I think we won't go there just now. Not just yet. It's a long way, and he wouldn't be at home at this time of year anyhow.

And he'll be coming along some day, if you wait quietly.' The Mole had to be content with this. But the Badger never came along, and every day brought its amusements, and it was not till summer was long over, and cold and frost and miry ways kept them much indoors, and the swollen river raced past outside their windows with a speed that mocked at boating of any sort or kind, that he found his thoughts dwelling again with much persistence on the solitary Grey Badger, who lived his own life by himself in his hole in the middle of the Wildwood. In the wintertime the Rat slept a great deal, retiring early and rising late.

During his short day he sometimes scribbled poetry or did some other small domestic jobs about the house, and of course there were always animals dropping in for a chat and consequently there was a good deal of storytelling and comparing notes on the past summer and all its doings. Such a rich chapter it had been, when one came to look back on it all, with illustrations so numerous and so very highly coloured, the pageant of the riverbank had marched steadily along, unfolding itself in scene pictures that succeeded each other in stately procession. Purple loose strife arrived early, shaking luxuriant tangled locks along the edge of the mirror, whence its own face laughed back at it.

Willow herb, tender and wistful, like a pink sunset cloud, was not slow to follow. Comfrey, the purple hand in hand with the white, crept forth to take its place in the line, and at last one morning the diffident and delaying dog rose, stepped delicately on the stage, and one knew, as if string music had announced it in stately chords that strayed into a gavotte, that June was at last here. One member of the company was still awaited, the shepherd boy for the nymphs to woo, the knight for whom the ladies waited at the window, the prince that was to kiss the sleeping summer back to life and love.

But when Meadowsweet, debonair and odorous and amber-jerkin, moved gracefully to his place in the group, then the play was ready to begin. And what a play it had been! Drowsy animals snug in their holes while wind and rain were battering at their doors, recall still keen mornings, an hour before sunrise, when the white mist, as yet undispersed, clung closely along the surface of the water. Then the shock of the early plunge, the scamper along the bank, and the radiant transformation of earth, air and water, when suddenly the sun was with them again, and grey was gold, and colour was born and sprang out of the earth once more.

They recall the languorous siesta of hot midday, deep in green undergrowth, the sun striking through in tiny golden shafts and spots, the boating and bathing of the

afternoon, the rambles along dusty lanes and through yellow cornfields, and the long, cool evening at last, when so many threads were gathered up, so many friendships rounded, and so many adventures planned for the morrow. There was plenty to talk about on those short winter days when the animals found themselves round the fire. Still, the mole had a good deal of spare time on his hands, and so one afternoon, when the rat in his armchair before the blaze was alternately dozing and trying over rhymes that wouldn't fit, he formed the resolution to go out by himself and explore the wild wood, and perhaps strike up an acquaintance with Mr. Badger.

It was a cold, still afternoon, with a hard, steely sky overhead, when he slipped out of the warm parlour into the open air. The country lay bare and entirely leafless around him, and he thought he had never seen so far and so intimately into the insides of things as on that winter day when nature was deep in her annual slumber, and seemed to have kicked the clothes off. Copses, dells, quarries, and all hidden places, which had been mysterious mines for exploration in leafy summer, now exposed themselves and their secrets pathetically, and seemed to ask him to overlook their shabby poverty for a while, till they could riot in rich masquerade as before, and trick and entice him with the old deceptions.

It was pitiful in a way, and yet cheering, even exhilarating. He was glad that he liked the country undecorated, hard and stripped of its finery. He had got down to the bare bones of it, and they were fine and strong and simple.

He did not want the warm clover and the play of seeding grasses. The screens of quickset, the billowy drapery of beech and elm seemed best away, and with great cheerfulness of spirit he pushed on toward the wild wood, which lay before him low and threatening, like a black reef in some still southern sea. There was nothing to alarm him at first entry.

Twigs crackled under his feet, logs tripped him, funguses on stumps resembled caricatures, and startled him for the moment by their likeness to something familiar and far away. But that was all fun and exciting. It led him on, and he penetrated to where the light was less, and trees crouched nearer and nearer, and holes made ugly mouths at him on either side.

Everything was very still now. The dusk advanced on him steadily, rapidly, gathering in behind and before, and the light seemed to be draining away like floodwater. Then the faces began.

It was over his shoulder, and indistinctly, that he first thought he saw a face, a little evil wedge-shaped face, looking out at him from a hole. When he turned and confronted it the thing had vanished. He quickened his pace, telling himself cheerfully not to begin imagining things, or there would be simply no end to it.

He passed another hole, and another, and another, and then—yes, no, yes, certainly a little narrow face, with hard eyes, had flashed up for an instant from a hole, and was gone. He hesitated, braced himself for an effort, and strode on. Then, suddenly, and as if it had been so all the time, every hole, far and near, and there were hundreds of them, seemed to possess its face, coming and going rapidly, all fixing on him glances of malice and hatred, all hard-eyed and evil and sharp.

If he could only get away from the holes and the banks, he thought, there would be no more faces. He swung off the path, and plunged into the untrodden places of the wood. Then the whistling began.

Very faint and shrill it was, and far behind him when he first heard it, but somehow it made him hurry forward. Then, still very faint and shrill, it sounded far ahead of him, and made him hesitate and want to go back. As he halted in indecision it broke out on either side, and seemed to be caught up and passed on throughout the whole length of the wood to its farthest limit.

They were up and alert and ready, evidently, whoever they were, and he—he was alone and unarmed and far from any help, and the night was closing in. Then the pattering began. He thought it was only falling leaves at first, so slight and delicate was the sound of it.

Then as it grew it took a regular rhythm, and he knew it for nothing else but the pat-pat of little feet still a very long way off, whilst in front or behind. It seemed to be first one, and then the other, and then both. It grew and it multiplied till from every quarter as he listened anxiously, leaning this way and that, it seemed to be closing in on him.

As he stood still to hearken, a rabbit came running hard towards him through the trees. He waited, expecting it to slacken pace or to swerve from him into a different course. Instead the animal almost brushed him as it dashed past, his face set and hard, his eyes staring.

Get out of this, you fool, get out! The mole heard him mutter as he swung round a stump and disappeared down a friendly burrow. The pattering increased till it sounded like sudden hail on the dry leaf carpet spread around him, and the whole wood seemed running now, running hard, hunting, chasing, closing in round something or somebody. In panic he began to run too, aimlessly he knew not whither.

He ran up against things, he fell over things and into things, he darted under things and he dodged round things. At last he took refuge in the deep dark hollow of an old beech tree, which offered shelter, concealment, perhaps even safety, but who could tell? Anyhow, he was too tired to run any further, and could only snuggle down into the dry leaves which had drifted into the hollow and hope he was safe for a time. And as he lay there panting and trembling, and listening to the whistlings and the patterings outside,

he knew it at last, in all its fullness, that dread thing which other little dwellers in Field and Hedgerow had encountered here, and known as their darkest moment, that thing which the Rat had vainly tried to shield him from, the terror of the wild wood.

Meantime the Rat, warm and comfortable, dozed by his fireside. His paper of half-finished verses slipped from his knee, his head fell back, his mouth opened, and he wandered by the verdant banks of dream rivers. Then a cold slip, fire crackled, and sent up a spurt of flame, and he woke with a start.

Remembering what he had been engaged upon, he reached down to the floor for his verses, poured over them for a minute, and then looked round for the Mole to ask him if he knew a good rhyme for something or other. But the Mole was not there. He listened for a time.

The house seemed very quiet. Then he called, Moley! several times, and receiving no answer, got up and went out into the hall. The Mole's cap was missing from its custom peg.

His galoshes, which always lay by the umbrella stand, were also gone. The Rat left the house and carefully examined the muddy surface of the ground outside, hoping to find the Mole's tracks. There they were, sure enough.

The galoshes were new, just bought for the winter, and the pimples on their soles were fresh and sharp. He could see the imprints of them in the mud, running along, straight and purposeful, leading direct to the wild wood. The Rat looked very grave and stood in deep thought for a minute or two.

Then he re-entered the house, strapped a belt around his waist, shoved a brace of pistols into it, took up a stout cudgel that stood in the corner of the hall, and set off for the wild wood at a smart pace. It was already getting toward dusk when he reached the first fringe of trees and plunged without hesitation into the wood, looking anxiously on either side for any sign of his friend. Here and there wicked little faces popped out of holes, but vanished immediately at sight of the valorous animal, his pistols, and the great ugly cudgel in his grasp, and the whistling and pattering, which he had heard quite plainly on his first entry, died away and ceased, and all was very still.

He made his way manfully through the length of the wood to its furthest edge. Then, forsaking all paths, he set himself to traverse it, laboriously working over the whole ground, and all the time calling out cheerfully, Mowly! Mowly! Mowly! Where are you? It's me! It's Old Rat! He had patiently hunted through the wood for an hour or more, when at last to his joy he heard a little answering cry. Guiding himself by the sound, he made his way through the gathering darkness to the foot of an old beech tree, with a hole in it, and from out of the hole came a feeble voice, saying, Ratty! Is that really you? The Rat crept into the hollow, and there he found the Mole, exhausted and still trembling.

Oh, Rat! he cried. I've been so frightened you can't think. Oh, I quite understand, said the Rat soothingly.

You shouldn't really have gone and done it, Mole. I did my best to keep you from it. We river-bankers, we hardly ever come here by ourselves.

If we have to come, we come in couples at least. Then we're generally all right. Besides, there are a hundred things one has to know, which we understand all about, and you don't—as yet.

I mean passwords, and signs, and sayings, which have power and effect, and plants you carry in your pocket, and verses you repeat, and dodges and tricks you practice—all simple enough when you know them. But they've got to be known if you're small, or you'll find yourself in trouble. Of course, if you're a badger or otter, it would be quite another matter.

Surely the brave Mr Toad wouldn't mind coming here by himself, would he? inquired the Mole. Oh, Toad! said the Rat laughing heartily. He wouldn't show his face here alone, not for a whole hatful of golden guineas Toad wouldn't.

The Mole was greatly cheered by the sound of the Rat's careless laughter, as well as by the sight of his stick and gleaming pistols, and he stopped shivering, and began to feel bolder and more himself again. Now then, said the Rat presently, we really must pull ourselves together and make a start for home while there's still a little light left. It will never do to spend a night here, you understand, too cold for one thing.

Dear Ratty, said the poor Mole, I'm dreadfully sorry, but I'm simply dead beat, and that's a solid fact. You must let me rest here a while longer and get my strength back, if I'm to get home at all. Oh, all right, said the good-natured Rat.

Rest away. It's pretty near pitch-dark now anyhow, and there ought to be a bit of moon later. So the Mole got well into the dry leaves and stretched himself out, and presently dropped off into sleep, though of a broken and troubled sort, while the Rat covered himself up too, as best he might, for warmth, and lay patiently waiting, with a pistol in his paw.

When at last the Mole woke up, much refreshed and in his usual spirits, the Rat said, Now then, I'll just take a look outside and see if everything's quiet, and then we really must be off. He went to the entrance of their retreat and put his head out. Then the Mole heard him saying quietly to himself, Hello, hello, here is a go.

What's up, Ratty? asked the Mole. Snow is up, replied the Rat briefly, or rather down. It's snowing hard.

The Mole came and crouched beside him, and looking out saw the wood that had been

so dreadful to him in quite a chained aspect. Holes, hollows, pools, pitfalls, and other black menaces to the Wayfarer were vanishing fast, and a gleaming carpet of fairy was springing up everywhere that looked too delicate to be trodden upon by rough feet. A fine powder filled the air and caressed the cheek with a tingle in its touch, and the black bowls of the trees showed up in the light that seemed to come from below.

Well, well, it can't be helped, said the Rat after pondering. We must make a start and take our chance, I suppose. The worst of it is, I don't exactly know where we are, and now this snow makes everything look so very different.

It did indeed. The Mole would not have known that it was the same wood. However, they set out bravely, and took the line that seemed most promising, holding on to each other and pretending with invincible cheerfulness that they recognised no friend in every fresh tree that grimly and silently greeted them, or saw openings, gaps, or paths with a familiar turn in them in the monotony of white space and black tree-trunks that refused to vary.

An hour or two later—they had lost all count of time—they pulled up, dispirited, weary, and hopelessly at sea, and sat down on a fallen tree-trunk to recover their breath and consider what was to be done. They were aching with fatigue, and bruised with tumbles. They had fallen into several holes, and got wet through.

The snow was getting so deep that they could hardly drag their little legs through it, and the trees were thicker and more like each other than ever. There seemed to be no end to this wood, and no beginning, and no difference in it, and, worst of all, no way out. We can't sit here very long, said the Rat.

We shall have to make another push for it, and do something or other. The cold is too awful for anything, and the snow will soon be too deep for us to wade through. He peered about him and considered.

Look here, he went on. This is what occurs to me. There's a sort of dell down here in front of us, where the ground seems all hilly and humpy and hummocky.

We'll make our way down into that, and try and find some sort of shelter, a cave or hollow with a dry floor to it, out of the snow and the wind, and there we'll have a good rest before we try again, for we're both of us pretty dead beat. Besides, the snow may leave off, or something may turn up. So once more they got on their feet, and struggled down into the dell, where they hunted about for a cave or some corner that was dry, and a protection from the keen wind and the whirling snow.

They were investigating one of the hummocky bits the Rat had spoken of, when suddenly the Mole tripped up and fell forward on his face with a squeal. Oh my leg! he cried. Oh my poor shin! And he sat up on the snow and nursed his leg in both his front

paws.

Poor old Mole, said Rat kindly. You don't seem to be having much luck today, do you? Let's have a look at the leg. Yes, he went on, going down on his knees to look.

You've cut your shin, sure enough. Wait till I get at my handkerchief, and I'll tie it up for you. I must have tripped over a hidden branch or stump, said the Mole miserably.

Oh my, oh my! It's a very clean cut, said the Rat, examining it again attentively. That was never done by a branch or stump. Looks as if it was made by a sharp edge of something in metal.

Funny. He pondered a while, and examined the humps and slopes that surrounded them. Well, never mind what done it, said the Mole, forgetting his grammar and his pain.

It hurts just the same, whatever done it. But the Rat, after carefully tying up the leg with his handkerchief, had left him, and was busy scraping in the snow. He scratched and shoveled and explored, all four legs working busily, while the Mole waited impatiently, remarking at intervals, Oh come on, Rat! Suddenly the Rat cried, Hooray! And then, Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray! And fell to executing a feeble jig in the snow.

What have you found, Ratty? asked the Mole, still nursing his leg. Come and see, said the delighted Rat, as he jiggled on. The Mole hobbled up to the spot, and had a good look.

Well, he said at last slowly, I see it right enough. Seen the same sort of thing before lots of times. Familiar object, I call it.

A door scraper. Well, what of it? Why dance jigs around a door scraper? But don't you see what it means, you dull-witted animal? cried the Rat impatiently. Of course I see what it means, replied the Mole.

It simply means that some very careless and forgetful person has left his door scraper lying about in the middle of the wild wood, just where it's sure to trip everybody up. Very thoughtless of him, I call it. When I get home, I shall go and complain about it to somebody or other.

You see if I don't. Oh dear, oh dear, cried the Rat in despair at his obtuseness. Here, stop arguing and come and scrape.

And he set to work again and made the snow fly in all directions around him. After some further toil, his efforts were rewarded, and a very shabby doormat lay exposed to view. There! What did I tell you? exclaimed the Rat in great triumph.

Absolutely nothing whatever, replied the Mole with perfect truthfulness. Well now, he went on, you seem to have found another piece of domestic litter, done for and thrown

away, and I suppose you're perfectly happy. Better go ahead and dance your jig around that, if you've got to, and get it over, and then perhaps we can go on and not waste any more time over rubbish heaps.

Can we eat a doormat, or sleep under a doormat, or sit on a doormat, and sledge home over the snow on it, you exasperating rodent? Do you mean to say, cried the excited Rat, that this doormat doesn't tell you anything? Really, Ratty, said the Mole quite pettishly, I think we've had enough of this folly. Who ever heard of a doormat telling anyone anything? They simply don't do it, they are not that sort at all. Doormats know their place.

Now look here, you thick-headed beast, replied the Rat, really angry. This must stop. Not another word but scrape.

Scrape and scratch and dig and hunt around, especially on the sides of the hummocks, if you want to sleep dry and warm tonight, for it's our last chance. The Rat attacked a snowbank beside them with ardour, probing with his cudgel everywhere, and then digging with fury, and the Mole scraped busily too, more to oblige the Rat than for any other reason, for his opinion was that his friend was getting light-headed. Some ten minutes hard work, and the point of the Rat's cudgel struck something that sounded hollow.

He worked till he could get a paw through and feel, then called the Mole to come and help him. Hard at it went the two animals, till at last the result of their labours stood full in view of the astonished and hitherto incredulous Mole. In the side of what had seemed to be a snowbank stood a solid-looking little door, painted a dark green, an iron bell-pull hung by the side, and below it, on a small brass plate, neatly engraved in square capital letters, they could read by the aid of moonlight, Mr. Badger.

The Mole fell backward on the snow from sheer surprise and delight. Rat, he cried in penitence, you're a wonder, a real wonder, that's what you are, I see it all now. You argued it out, step by step, in that wise head of yours, from the very moment that I fell and cut my shin, and you looked at the cut, and at once your majestic mind said to itself, Door Scrapper, and then you turned too and found the very Door Scrapper that done it.

Did you stop there? No, some people would have been quite satisfied, but not you, your intellect went on working. Let me only just find a doormat, says you to yourself, and my theory has proved, and of course you found your doormat, you're so clever, I believe you could find anything you liked. Now, says you, that door exists as plain as if I saw it, there's nothing else remains to be done but to find it.

Well, I've read about that sort of thing in books, but I've never come across it before in real life. You ought to go where you'll be properly appreciated, you're simply wasted here among us fellows. If I only had your head, Ratty, but as you haven't, interrupted the

rat rather unkindly, I suppose you're going to sit on the snow all night and talk.

Get up at once, and hang on to that bell pull you see there, and ring hard, as hard as you can, while I hammer. While the rat attacked the door with his stick, the mole sprang up at the bell pull, clutched at it, and swung there, both feet well off the ground, and from quite a long way off they could faintly hear a deep toned bell respond.