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The Wind in the Willows—Chapter 10: The Further Adventures of Toad

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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 10. The Further Adventures of Toad. The front door of the hollow tree faced eastwards.

So Toad was called at an early hour, partly by the bright sunlight streaming in on him, partly by the exceeding coldness of his toes, which made him dream that he was at home in bed in his own handsome room with the Tudor window on a cold winter's night, and his bedclothes had got up grumbling and protesting that they couldn't stand the cold any longer and had run downstairs to the kitchen fire to warm themselves, and he had followed on bare feet along miles and miles of icy stone-paved passages, arguing and beseeching them to be reasonable. He would probably have been aroused much earlier had he not slept for some weeks on straw-over-stone flags, and almost forgotten the friendly feeling of thick blankets pulled well up round the chin. Sitting up, he rubbed his eyes first and his complaining toes next, wondered for a moment where he was, looking round for familiar stone wall and little barred window, then, with a leap of the heart, remembered everything, his escape, his flight, his pursuit, remembered, first and best thing of all, that he was free.

Free! The word and the thought alone were worth fifty blankets. He was warm from end to end as he thought of the jolly world outside, waiting eagerly for him to make his triumphal entrance, ready to serve him and play up to him, anxious to help him and to keep him company as it had always been in days of old before misfortune fell upon him. He shook himself, and combed the dry leaves out of his hair with his fingers, and his toilet complete, marched forth into the comfortable morning sun, cold but confident, hungry but hopeful, all nervous terrors of yesterday dispelled by rest and sleep and frank and heartening sunshine.

He had the world all to himself that early summer morning. The dewy woodland, as he threaded it, was solitary and still. The green fields that succeeded the trees were his own to do as he liked with.

The road itself, when he reached it, in that loneliness that was everywhere, seemed, like a stray dog, to be looking anxiously for company. Toad, however, was looking for something that could talk, and tell him clearly which way he ought to go. It is all very well when you have a light heart and a clear conscience and money in your pocket, and nobody scouring the country for you to drag you off to prison again to follow where the road beckons and points, not caring whither.

The practical Toad cared very much indeed, and he could have kicked the road for its helpless silence when every minute was of importance to him. The reserve rustic road was presently joined by a shy little brother in the shape of a canal, which took its hand and ambled along by its side in perfect confidence, but with the same tongue-tied, uncommunicative attitude towards strangers. Bother them, said Toad to himself, but anyhow one thing's clear.

They must both be coming from somewhere and going to somewhere. You can't get over that, Toad, my boy. So he marched on patiently by the water's edge.

Round a bend in the canal came plodding a solitary horse, stooping forward as if in anxious thought. From rope traces attached to his collar stretched a long line, taut, but dipping with his stride, the further part of it dripping pearly drops. Toad let the horse pass, and stood waiting for what the fates were sending him.

With a pleasant swirl of quiet water at its blunt bow, the barge slid up alongside of him, its gaily painted gunwale, level with the towing-path, its sole occupant a big stout woman wearing a linen sun-bonnet, one brawny arm laid across the tiller. A nice morning, ma'am, she replied to Toad, as she drew up level with him. I dare say it is, ma'am, responded Toad politely, as he walked along the tow-path abreast of her.

I dare say it is a nice morning to them that's not in sore trouble like what I am. Here's my married daughter she sends off to me post-haste to come to her at once. So off I comes, not knowing what may be happening or going to happen, but fearing the worst as you

will understand, ma'am, if you're a mother too.

And I've left my business to look after itself, I'm in the washing and laundering line, you must know, ma'am, and I've left my young children to look after themselves. And a more mischievous and troublesome set of young imps doesn't exist, ma'am, and I've lost all my money and lost my way, and as for what may be happening to my married daughter, why, I don't like to think of it, ma'am. Where might your married daughter be living, ma'am? asked the barge-woman.

She lives near to the river, ma'am, replied Toad, close to a fine house called Toad Hall. That's somewhere's hereabouts in these parts, perhaps you may have heard of it. Toad Hall? Why, I'm going that way myself, replied the barge-woman.

The canal joins the river some miles further on, a little above Toad Hall, and then it's an easy walk. You come along in the barge with me and I'll give you a lift. She steered the barge close to the bank, and Toad, with many humble and grateful acknowledgements, stepped lightly on board and sat down with great satisfaction.

Toad's luck again, thought he. I always come out on top. So you're in the washing business, ma'am, said the barge-woman politely as they glided along.

And a very good business you've got too, I dare say, if I'm not making too free in saying so. Finest business in the whole country, said Toad airily. All the gentry come to me, wouldn't go to anyone else if they were paid.

They know me so well. You see, I understand my work thoroughly and attend to it all myself. Washing, ironing, clear starching, making up gent's fine shirts for evening wear.

Everything's done under my own eye. But surely you don't do all that work yourself, ma'am? asked the barge-woman respectfully. Oh, I have girls, said Toad lightly.

Twenty girls or thereabouts, always at work. But you know what girls are, ma'am? Nasty little hussies, that's what I call them. So do I too, said the barge-woman with great heartiness.

But I dare say you set yours to right, the idle trollops. And are you very fond of washing? I love it, said Toad. I simply dote on it, never so happy as when I've got both arms in the wash-tub.

But then it comes so easy to me, no trouble at all. A real pleasure, I assure you, ma'am. What a bit of luck meeting you, observed the barge-woman thoughtfully.

A regular piece of good fortune for both of us. Why, what do you mean? asked Toad nervously. Well, look at me now, replied the barge-woman.

I like washing too, just the same as you do. And for that matter, whether I like it or not, I

have got to do all my own, naturally moving about as I do. Now my husband, he's such a fellow for shirking his work and leaving the barge to me, that never a moment do I get for seeing to my own affairs.

By rights he ought to be here now, either steering or attending to the horse, though luckily the horse has sense enough to attend to himself. Instead of which, he's gone off with the dog to see if they can't pick up a rabbit for dinner somewhere. Says he'll catch me up at the next lock.

Well, that's as may be. I don't trust him once he gets off with that dog, who's worse than he is. But meantime, how am I to get on with my washing? Oh, never mind about the washing, said Toad, not liking the subject.

Try and fix your mind on that rabbit. A nice fat young rabbit I'll be bound. Got any onions? I can't fix my mind on anything but my washing, says the barge-woman.

And I wonder you can be talking of rabbits, with such a joyful prospect before you. There's a heap of things of mine that you'll find in a corner of the cabin. If you'll just take one or two of the most necessary sort—I won't venture to describe them to a lady like you, but you'll recognise them at a glance—and put them through the wash-tub as we go along.

Why, it will be a pleasure to you, as you rightly say, and a real help to me. You'll find a tub handy, and soap, and a kettle, and a stove, and a bucket to haul up water from the canal with. Then I shall know you're enjoying yourself, instead of sitting here idle, looking at the scenery and yawning your head off.

Here, you let me steer, said Toad, now thoroughly frightened, and then you can get on with your washing your own way. I might spoil your things, or not do them as you like. I'm more used to gentlemen's things myself.

It's my special line. Let you steer, replied the barge-woman, laughing. It takes some practice to steer a barge properly.

Besides, it's dull work, and I want you to be happy. Now you shall do the washing you are so fond of, and I'll stick to the steering that I understand. Don't try and deprive me of the pleasure of giving you a treat." Toad was fairly cornered.

He looked for an escape this way and that, saw that he was too far from the bank for a flying leap, and sullenly resigned himself to his fate. If it comes to that, he thought in desperation, I suppose any fool can wash. He fetched tub, soap, and other necessaries from the cabin, selected a few garments at random, tried to recollect what he had seen in casual glances through laundry windows, and set to.

A long half-hour passed, and every minute of it saw Toad getting crosser and crosser.

Nothing that he could do to the things seemed to please them, or do them any good. He tried coaxing, he tried slapping, he tried punching.

They smiled back at him out of the tub, unconverted, happy in their original sin. Once or twice he looked nervously over his shoulder at the bargewoman, but she appeared to be gazing out in front of her, absorbed in her steering. His back ached badly, and he noticed with dismay that his paws were beginning to get all crinkly.

Now Toad was very proud of his paws. He muttered under his breath words that should never pass the lips of either washerwoman or Toads, and lost the soap for the fiftieth time. A burst of laughter made him straighten himself and look round.

The bargewoman was leaning back and laughing unrestrainedly, till the tears ran down her cheeks. I've been watching you all the time, she gasped. I thought you must be a humbug all along, from the conceited way you talked.

Pretty washerwoman you are, never washed so much as a dishclout in your life, olé! Toad's temper, which had been simmering viciously for some time, now fairly boiled over, and he lost all control of himself. You common, low, fat bargewoman, he shouted. Don't you dare to talk to your betters like that? Washerwoman indeed, I would have you know that I am a Toad, a very well known, respected, distinguished Toad.

I may be under a bit of a cloud at present, but I will not be laughed at by a bargewoman. The woman moved nearer to him and peered under his bonnet keenly and closely. Why, so you are, she cried.

Well, I never. A horrid, nasty, crawly Toad, and in my nice clean barge too. Now that is a thing that I will not have.

She relinquished the tiller for a moment. One big, mottled arm shot out and caught Toad by a foreleg, while the other gripped him fast by a hindleg. Then the world turned suddenly upside down, the barge seemed to flit lightly across the sky, the wind whistled in his ears, and Toad found himself flying through the air, revolving rapidly as he went.

The water, when he eventually reached it with a loud splash, proved quite cold enough for his taste, though its chill was not sufficient to quell his proud spirit or slake the heat of his furious temper. He rose to the surface spluttering, and when he had wiped the duckweed out of his eyes, the first thing he saw was the fat bargewoman looking back at him over the stern of the retreating barge and laughing, and he vowed as he coughed and choked, to be even with her. He struck out for the shore, but the cotton gown greatly impeded his efforts, and when at length he touched land he found it hard to climb up the steep bank unassisted.

He had to take a minute or two's rest to recover his breath, then, gathering his wet skirts well over his arms, he started to run after the barge as fast as his legs would carry him,

wild with indignation, thirsting for revenge. The bargewoman was still laughing when he drew up level with her. Put yourself through your mangle, washerwoman, she called out, and iron your face and crimp it, and you'll pass for quite a decent-looking Toad.

Toad never paused to reply. Solid revenge was what he wanted, not cheap, windy verbal triumphs, though he had a thing or two in his mind that he would have liked to say. He saw what he wanted ahead of him.

Running swiftly on, he overtook the horse, unfastened the tow rope and cast off, jumped lightly on the horse's back and urged it to a gallop by kicking it vigorously on the sides. He steered for the open country, abandoning the towpath and swinging his steed down a rutty lane. Once he looked back and saw that the barge had run aground on the other side of the canal, and the bargewoman was gesticulating wildly and shouting, Stop! Stop! Stop! I've heard that song before, said Toad, laughing, as he continued to spur his steed onward in its wild career.

The bargehorse was not capable of any very sustained effort, and its gallop soon subsided into a trot, and its trot into an easy walk. But Toad was quite contented with this, knowing that he, at any rate, was moving, and the barge was not. He had quite recovered his temper, now that he had done something he thought really clever, and he was satisfied to jog along quietly in the sun, steering his horse along byways and bridle paths, and trying to forget how very long it was since he had had a square meal, till the canal had been left very far behind him.

He had travelled some miles, his horse and he, and he was feeling drowsy in the hot sunshine, when the horse stopped, lowered his head, and began to nibble the grass, and Toad, waking up, just saved himself from falling off by an effort. He looked about him and found he was on a wide common, dotted with patches of gorse and bramble as far as he could see. Near him stood a dingy gypsy caravan, and beside it a man was sitting on a bucket turned upside down, very busy smoking and staring into the wide world.

A fire of sticks was burning nearby, and over the fire hung an iron pot, and out of that pot came forth bubblings and gurglings, and a vague, suggestive steaminess. Also smells, warm, rich, and varied smells, that twined and twisted and wreathed themselves at last into one complete, voluptuous, perfect smell, that seemed like the very soul of nature taking form and appearing to her children, a true goddess, a mother of solace and comfort. Toad now knew well that he had not been really hungry before.

What he had felt earlier in the day had been a mere trifling qualm. This was the real thing at last, and no mistake, and it would have to be dealt with speedily too, or there would be trouble for somebody or something. He looked the gypsy over carefully, wondering vaguely whether it would be easier to fight him or cajole him.

So there he sat and sniffed and sniffed and looked at the gypsy, and the gypsy sat and

smoked and looked at him. Presently the gypsy took his pipe out of his mouth and remarked in a careless way, "'Want to sell that there horse of yours?' Toad was completely taken aback. He did not know that gypsies were very fond of a horse-dealing, and never missed an opportunity, and he had not reflected that caravans were always on the move and took a deal of drawing.

It had not occurred to him to turn the horse into cash, but the gypsy's suggestion seemed to smooth the way towards the two things he wanted so badly—ready money and a solid breakfast. "'What?' he said. "'Me sell this beautiful young horse of mine? Oh no, it's out of the question.

Who's going to take the washing home to my customers every week? Besides, I'm too fond of him, and he simply dotes on me.' "'Try and love a donkey,' suggested the gypsy. Some people do. "'You don't seem to see,' continued Toad, that this fine horse of mine is a cut above you altogether.

He's a blood-horse, he is—partly—not the part of him you see, of course—another part. And he's been a prize hackney, too, in his time. That was the time before you knew him.

But you can still tell it on him at a glance, if you understand anything about horses. No, it's not to be thought of for a moment. All the same, how much might you be disposed to offer me for this beautiful young horse of mine?' The gypsy looked the horse over, and then he looked Toad over with equal care, and looked at the horse again.

"'Shilling a leg,' he said briefly, and turned away, continuing to smoke, and tried to stare the wide world out of countenance. "'A shilling a leg?' cried Toad. "'If you please, I must take a little time to work that out and see just what it comes to.' He climbed down off his horse, and left it to graze, and sat down by the "'A shilling a leg? Why, that comes to exactly four shillings, and no more.

Oh, no, I could not think of accepting four shillings for this beautiful young horse of mine.' "'Well,' said the gypsy, "'I'll tell you what I will do. I'll make it five shillings, and that's three and sixpence more than the animal's worth, and that's my last word.' Then Toad sat and pondered long and deeply, for he was hungry and quite penniless, and still some way, he knew not how far, from home, and enemies might still be looking for him. To one in such a situation five shillings may very well appear a large sum of money.

On the other hand, it did not seem very much to get for a horse. But then again, the horse hadn't cost him anything, so whatever he got was all clear profit. At last he said firmly, "'Look here, gypsy, I'll tell you what I will do, and this is my last word.

You shall hand me over six shillings and sixpence, cash down, and further, in addition thereto, you shall give me as much breakfast as I can possibly eat, at one sitting, of course, out of that iron pot of yours that keeps sending forth such delicious and exciting

smells. In return, I will make over to you my spirited young horse, with all the beautiful harness and trappings that are on him, freely thrown in. If that's not good enough for you, say so, and I'll be getting on.

I know a man near here who's wanted this horse of mine for years." The gypsy grumbled frightfully, and declared if he did a few more deals of that sort he'd be ruined. But in the end he lugged a dirty canvas bag out of the depths of his trouser pocket, and counted out six shillings and sixpence into Toad's paw. Then he disappeared into the caravan for an instant, and returned with a large iron plate and a knife, fork, and spoon.

He tilted up the pot, and a glorious stream of hot rich stew gurgled into the plate. It was, indeed, the most beautiful stew in the world, being made of partridges and pheasants and chickens and hares and rabbits and peahens and guinea fowls and one or two other things. Toad took the plate on his lap, almost crying, and stuffed and stuffed and stuffed, and kept asking for more, and the gypsy never grudged at him.

He thought he had never eaten so good a breakfast in all his life. When Toad had taken as much stew on board as he thought he could possibly hold, he got up and said good-bye to the gypsy, and took an affectionate farewell of the horse. And the gypsy, who knew the riverside well, gave him directions which way to go.

And he set forth on his travels again in the best possible spirits. He was, indeed, a very different Toad from the animal of an hour ago. The sun was shining brightly, his wet clothes were quite dry again, he had money in his pocket once more, he was nearing home and friends and safety, and, most and best of all, he had had a substantial meal, hot and nourishing, and felt big and strong and careless and self-confident.

As he tramped along gaily he thought of his adventures and escapes, and how when things seemed at their worst he had always managed to find a way out, and his pride and conceit began to swell within him. Ho-ho, he said to himself as he marched along with his chin in the air, what a clever Toad I am! There is surely no animal equal to me for cleverness in the whole world. My enemies shut me up in prison, encircled by sentries, watch night and day by warders, I walk out through them all by sheer ability coupled with courage.

They pursue me with engines, and policemen, and revolvers. I snap my fingers at them and vanish, laughing into space. I am unfortunately thrown into a canal by a woman fat of body and very evil-minded.

What of it? I swim ashore, I seize her horse, I ride off in triumph, and I sell the horse for a whole pocketful of money and an excellent breakfast. Ho-ho, I am the Toad, the handsome, the popular, the successful Toad. He got so puffed up with conceit that he made up a song as he walked in praise of himself, and sang it at the top of his voice, that there was no one to hear it but him.

It was perhaps the most conceited song that any animal ever composed. The world has held great heroes, as history books have showed, but never a name to go down to fame compared with that of Toad. The clever men at Oxford know all that there is to be known, but they none of them know one half as much as intelligent Mr. Toad.

The animal sat in the ark and cried, their tears in torrents flowed. Who was it said, there's land ahead? Encouraging Mr. Toad. The army all saluted as they marched along the road.

Was it the king? Or Kitchener? No, it was Mr. Toad. The queen and her ladies-in-waiting sat at the window and sowed. She cried, Look who's that handsome man? They answered, Mr. Toad.

There was a great deal more of the same sort, but too dreadfully conceited to be written down. These are some of the milder verses. He sang as he walked, and he walked as he sang, and got more inflated every minute.

But his pride was shortly to have a severe fall. After some miles of country lanes he reached the high road, and as he turned into it and glanced along its white length, he saw approaching him a speck, that turned into a and then into a blob, and then into something very familiar, and a double note of warning only too well known fell on his delighted ear. This is something like, said the excited Toad, this is real life again, this is once more the great world from which I have been missed so long.

I will hail them, my brothers of the wheel, and pitch them a yarn of the sort that has been so successful hitherto, and they will give me a lift, of course, and then I will talk to them some more, and perhaps, with luck, it may even end in my driving up to Toad Hall in a motor-car. That will be one in the eye for Badger. He stepped confidently out into the road to hail the motor-car, which came along at an easy pace, slowing down as it neared the lane, when suddenly he became very pale, his heart turned to water, his knees shook and yielded under him, and he doubled up and collapsed with a sickening pain in his interior.

And well he might, the unhappy animal, for the approaching car was the very one he had stolen out of the yard of the Red Lion Hotel on that fatal day when all his troubles began, and the people in it were the very same people he had sat and watched at luncheon in the coffee-room. He sank down in a shabby, miserable heap in the road, murmuring to himself and his despair, It's all up, it's all over now. Chains and policemen again, prison again, dry bread and water again.

Oh, what a fool I have been! Why did I want to go strutting about the country force singing conceited songs and hailing people in broad day on the high road, instead of hiding till nightfall and slipping home quietly by backways? Oh, hapless Toad! Oh, ill-fated animal! The terrible motor-car drew slowly nearer and nearer, till at last he heard it

stop just short of him. Two gentlemen got out and walked round the trembling heap of crumpled misery lying in the road, and one of them said, Oh dear, this is very sad. Here is a poor old thing, a washerwoman apparently, who has fainted in the road.

Perhaps she is overcome by the heat, poor creature, or possibly she has not had any food to-day. Let us lift her into the car and take her to the nearest village, where doubtless she has friends. They tenderly lifted Toad into the motor-car and propped him up with soft cushions and proceeded on their way.

When Toad heard them talk in so kind and sympathetic a way, and knew that he was not recognised, his courage began to revive, and he cautiously opened first one eye and then the other. Look, said one of the gentlemen, she is better already. The fresh air is doing her good.

How do you feel now, ma'am? Thank you kindly, sir, said Toad in a feeble voice. I am feeling a great deal better. That's right, said the gentleman.

Now keep quite still, and above all don't try to talk. I won't, said Toad. I was only thinking if I might sit on the front seat there, besides the driver, where I could get the fresh air full in my face, I should soon be all right again.

What a very sensible woman, said the gentleman. Of course you shall. So they carefully helped Toad into the front seat beside the driver, and on they went again.

Toad was almost himself again by now. He sat up, looked about him, and tried to beat down the tremors, the yearnings, the old cravings that rose up and beset him and took possession of him entirely. It is fate, he said to himself.

Why strive, why struggle? And he turned to the driver at his side. Please, sir, he said, I wish you would kindly let me try and drive the car for a little. I have been watching you carefully, and it looks so easy and so interesting, and I should like to be able to tell my friends that once I had driven a motor car.

The driver laughed at the proposal so heartily that the gentleman inquired what the matter was. When he heard, he said to Toad's delight, Bravo, ma'am, I like your spirit. Let her have a try and look after her.

She won't do any harm. Toad eagerly scrambled into the seat vacated by the driver, took the steering wheel in his hands, listened with affected humility to the instructions given him, and set the car in motion, but very slowly and carefully at first, for he was determined to be prudent. The gentleman behind clapped their hands and applauded, and Toad heard them saying, How well she does it! Fancy a washerwoman driving a car as well as that, the first time.

Toad went a little faster, then faster still, and faster. He heard the gentleman cry out

warningly, Be careful, washerwoman! And this annoyed him, and he began to lose his head. The driver tried to interfere, but he pinned him down in his seat with one elbow, and put on full speed.

The rush of air in his face, the hum of the engines, and the light jump of the car beneath him intoxicated his weak brain. Washerwoman indeed! he shouted recklessly. Ho, ho, I am the Toad, the motor-car snatcher, the prison-breaker, the Toad who always escapes.

Sit still, and you shall know what driving really is, for you are in the hands of the famous, the skilful, the entirely fearless Toad. With a cry of horror, the whole party rose and flung themselves on him. Seize him, they cried, seize the Toad, the wicked animal who stole our motor-car.

Bind him, chain him, drag him to the nearest police station, down with the desperate and dangerous Toad. Alas, they should have thought, they ought to have been more prudent, they should have remembered to stop the motor-car somehow before playing any pranks of that sort. With a half-turn of the wheel, the Toad sent the car crashing through the low hedge that ran along the roadside.

One mighty bound, a violent shock, and the wheels of the car were churning up the thick mud of a horse pond. Toad found himself flying through the air with the strong upward rush and delicate curve of a swallow. He liked the motion, and was just beginning to wonder whether it would go on until he developed wings and turned into a Toad-bird when he landed on his back with a thump, in the soft, rich grass of a meadow.

Sitting up, he could just see the motor-car and the pond, nearly submerged, the gentleman and the driver, encumbered by their long coats, were floundering helplessly in the water. He picked himself up rapidly and set off running across country as hard as he could, scrambling through hedges, jumping ditches, pounding across fields, till he was breathless and weary, and had to settle down into an easy walk. When he had recovered his breath somewhat, and was able to think calmly, he began to giggle, and from giggling he took to laughing, and he laughed till he had to sit down under a hedge.

Ho-ho! he cried, in ecstasies of self-admiration. Toad again, Toad as usual, comes out on the top. Who was it got them to give him a lift? Who managed to get on the front seat for the sake of fresh air? Who persuaded them into letting him see if he could drive? Who landed them all in a horse pond? Who escaped, flying gaily and unscathed through the air, leaving the narrow-minded, grudging, timid excursionists in the mud where they should rightly be? Why Toad, of course! Clever Toad! Great Toad! Good Toad! Then he burst into song again, and chanted with uplifted voice.

The motor-car went poop, poop, poop, as it raced along the road. Who was it steered it into a pond? Ingenious Mr Toad! Oh, how clever I am! How clever! How clever! How very clever- A slight noise at a distance behind him made him turn his head and look. Oh,

horror! Oh, misery! Oh, despair! About two fields off, a chauffeur and his leather-gaiters and two large rural policemen were visible, running towards him as hard as they could go.

Poor Toad sprang to his feet and pelted away again, his heart in his mouth. Oh, my! he gasped as he panted along. What an ass I am! What a conceited and heedless ass! Swaggering again, shouting and singing songs again, sitting still and gassing again.

Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, my! He glanced back and saw to his dismay that they were gaining on him. On he ran desperately, but kept looking back and saw that they were still gaining steadily. He did his best, but he was a fat animal and his legs were short, and still they gained.

He could hear them close behind him now. Ceasing to heed where he was going, he struggled on blindly and wildly, looking back over his shoulder at the now triumphant enemy. When suddenly the earth veiled under his feet, he grasped at the air and splash! He found himself head over ears in deep water, rapid water, water that bore him along with a force he could not contend with, and he knew that in his blind panic he had run straight into the river.

He rose to the surface and tried to grasp the reeds and the rushes that grew along the water's edge close under the bank, but the stream was so strong that it tore them out of his hands. Oh, my! gasped poor Toad. If ever I steal a motor car again, if ever I sing another conceited song! Then down he went and came up breathless and spluttering.

Presently he saw that he was approaching a big dark hole in the bank, just above his head, and as the stream bore him past he reached up with a paw and caught hold of the edge and held on. Then slowly and with difficulty he drew himself up out of the water, till at last he was able to rest his elbows on the edge of the hole. There he remained for some minutes, puffing and panting, but he was quite exhausted.

As he sighed and blew and stared before him into the dark hole, some bright small thing shone and twinkled in its depths, moving towards him. As it approached a face grew up gradually around it, and it was a familiar face, brown and small, with whiskers, grey even round, with neat ears and silky hair. It was the Water Rat.