

# The Wind in the Willows

A Reading A-Z Level Z1 Leveled Book  
Word Count: 4,504

## Connections

### Writing

Mole experiences an internal conflict between finding his home and following Rat. In an essay, explain what the conflict reveals about his character.

### Music

Write a song about winter that follows the same rhyme scheme as the song in the chapter. Then create a melody for your song and sing it to a partner.

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# The Wind in the Willows

Part 5



Adapted from the Writings of Kenneth Grahame  
Illustrated by Christopher Cyr

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<b>imperiously</b> ( <i>adv.</i> )	in a demanding or compelling manner (p. 7)
<b>inciting</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	causing or encouraging passionate actions or feelings (p. 4)
<b>inspiring</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	encouraging or inspiring energy and enthusiasm (p. 13)
<b>intermittent</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	not constant or continuous; stopping and starting over and over (p. 9)
<b>miry</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	covered with thick, wet mud (p. 17)
<b>paroxysm</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	an outburst or fit of violence or strong emotions (p. 8)
<b>pâté de foie gras</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a spread made of fat goose livers chopped into very small pieces (p. 14)
<b>plaintive</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	expressing or showing great sadness or suffering (p. 5)
<b>plough</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	an area of land on which the soil has been turned in preparation for planting seeds (p. 3)
<b>provender</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	food, especially dry food for animals (p. 21)
<b>worsted</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a type of wool fabric (p. 16)

# The Wind in the Willows



**Kenneth Grahame**  
(1859–1932)

Kenneth Grahame was Scottish, but he spent most of his life in England, where he worked as a banker and wrote in his free time. *The Wind in the Willows* began as stories he told his son, Alastair, before bed.

Adapted from the Writings of Kenneth Grahame  
Illustrated by Christopher Cyr

## Focus Question

In what ways does Mole possess both human and animal characteristics?

## Words to Know

asunder	forlornly
beguile	imperiously
benison	inciting
chilblains	inspiring
copse	intermittent
corsair	miry
dismally	paroxysm
doleful	pâté de foie gras
dolorously	plaintive
ere	plough
expatiate	provender
filament	worsted

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### Correlation

LEVEL Z1	
Fountas & Pinnell	W-X
Reading Recovery	N/A
DRA	60

## Glossary

<b>asunder</b> ( <i>adv.</i> )	into parts or pieces (p. 7)
<b>beguile</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	to attract or engage in a clever or deceptive way (p. 10)
<b>benison</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a blessing (p. 17)
<b>chilblains</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	painful swellings on parts of the body, such as the hands or feet, that are itchy or red due to being cold (p. 19)
<b>copse</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a group of trees growing close together (p. 7)
<b>corsair</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a pirate, especially one from the Barbary Coast of Northern Africa (p. 20)
<b>dismally</b> ( <i>adv.</i> )	in a gloomy or unhappy way (p. 12)
<b>doleful</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	feeling or showing great sadness and sorrow (p. 13)
<b>dolorously</b> ( <i>adv.</i> )	in a manner that shows great sadness, grief, or sorrow (p. 14)
<b>ere</b> ( <i>prep.</i> )	an old form of <i>before</i> (p. 11)
<b>expatiate</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	to speak or write using many words or details (p. 15)
<b>filament</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a thin, delicate thread or wire (p. 5)
<b>forlornly</b> ( <i>adv.</i> )	in a sad or lonely manner (p. 8)

take this. What a ripping little house this is! Everything so handy!”

He clambered into his bunk and rolled himself well up in the blankets, and slumber gathered him forthwith, as a swathe of barley is folded into the arms of the reaping machine. The weary Mole also was glad to turn in without delay, and soon had his head on his pillow, in great joy and contentment. But ere he closed his eyes he let them wander round his old room, mellow in the glow of the firelight that played or rested on familiar and friendly things which had long been unconsciously a part of him, and now smilingly received him back, without rancour. He saw clearly how plain and simple—how narrow, even—it all was; but clearly, too, how much it all meant to him, and the special value of some such anchorage in one’s existence. He did not at all want to abandon the new life and its splendid spaces; the upper world was all too strong, it called to him still, even down there, and he knew he must return to the larger stage. But it was good to think he had this to come back to; this place which was all his own, these things which were so glad to see him again and could always be counted upon for the same simple welcome.

*In Part 4 of The Wind in the Willows, Mr. Badger brings Rat and Mole into his home. After some rest, they enjoy breakfast with some of Mr. Badger’s other guests. Mr. Badger gives Mole a tour of his house and its history, and Otter arrives to help Rat and Mole make their way home.*

## V. Dulce Domum

**T**he sheep ran huddling together against the hurdles, blowing out thin nostrils and stamping with delicate forefeet, their heads thrown back and a light steam rising from the crowded sheep pen into the frosty air, as the two animals hastened by in high spirits, with much chatter and laughter. They were returning across country after a long day’s outing with Otter, hunting and exploring on the wide uplands where certain streams tributary to their own River had their first small beginnings; and the shades of the short winter day were closing in on them, and they had still some distance to go. Plodding at random across the **plough**, they had heard the sheep and had made for them; and now, leading from the sheep pen, they found a beaten track that made walking a lighter business, and responded, moreover, to that small inquiring something which all animals carry inside them, saying unmistakably, “Yes, quite right; *this* leads home!”



On either side of the road they could smell through the darkness the friendly fields again; and they braced themselves for the last long stretch, the home stretch, the stretch that we know is bound to end, some time, in the rattle of the door latch, the sudden firelight, and the sight of familiar things greeting us as long-absent travellers from far oversea. They plodded along steadily and silently, each of them thinking his own thoughts. The Mole's ran a good deal on supper, as it was pitch dark, and it was all a strange country for him as far as he knew, and he was following obediently in the wake of the Rat, leaving the guidance entirely to him. As for the Rat, he was walking a little way ahead, as his habit was, his shoulders humped, his eyes fixed on the straight grey road in front of him; so he did not notice poor Mole when suddenly the summons reached him and took him like an electric shock.

We others, who have long lost the more subtle of the physical senses, have not even proper terms to express an animal's intercommunications with his surroundings, living or otherwise, and have only the word "smell," for instance, to include the whole range of delicate thrills which murmur in the nose of the animal night and day, summoning, warning, **inciting**, repelling. It was one of these mysterious fairy calls from out the void that suddenly reached

something. In a very few minutes supper was ready, and Mole, as he took the head of the table in a sort of a dream, saw a lately barren board set thick with savoury comforts; saw his little friends' faces brighten and beam as they fell to without delay; and then let himself loose—for he was famished indeed—on the **provender** so magically provided, thinking what a happy homecoming this had turned out, after all. As they ate, they talked of old times, and the field mice gave him the local gossip up-to-date, and answered as well as they could the hundred questions he had to ask them. The Rat said little or nothing, only taking care that each guest had what he wanted, and plenty of it, and that Mole had no trouble or anxiety about anything.

They clattered off at last, very grateful and showering wishes of the season, with their jacket pockets stuffed with remembrances for the small brothers and sisters at home. When the door had closed on the last of them and the chink of the lanterns had died away, Mole and Rat kicked the fire up, drew their chairs in, and discussed the events of the long day. At last the Rat, with a tremendous yawn, said, "Mole, old chap, I'm ready to drop. Sleepy is simply not the word. That your own bunk over on that side? Very well, then, I'll

out a-carolling this year, but looked forward very shortly to winning the parental consent.

“They act plays too, these fellows,” the Mole explained to the Rat. “Make them up all by themselves and act them afterwards. And very well they do it, too! They gave us a capital one last year, about a field mouse who was captured at sea by a Barbary **corsair** and made to row in a galley; and when he escaped and got home again, his ladylove had gone into a convent. Here, *you!* You were in it, I remember. Get up and recite a bit.”

The field mouse addressed got up on his legs, giggled shyly, looked round the room, and remained absolutely tongue-tied. His comrades cheered him on, Mole coaxed and encouraged him, and the Rat went so far as to take him by the shoulders and shake him; but nothing could overcome his stage fright. They were all busily engaged on him like watermen applying the Royal Humane Society’s regulations to a case of long submersion, when the latch clicked, the door opened, and the field mouse with the lantern reappeared, staggering under the weight of his basket.

There was no more talk of play-acting once the very real and solid contents of the basket had been tumbled out on the table. Under the generalship of Rat, everybody was set to do something or to fetch

Mole in the darkness, making him tingle through and through with its very familiar appeal, even while yet he could not clearly remember what it was. He stopped dead in his tracks, his nose searching hither and thither in its efforts to recapture the fine **filament**, the telegraphic current, that had so strongly moved him. A moment, and he had caught it again; and with it this time came recollection in fullest flood.

Home! Why, it must be quite close by him at that moment, his old home that he had hurriedly forsaken and never sought again, that day when he first found the river! And now it was sending out its scouts and its messengers to capture him and bring him in. Since his escape on that bright morning he had hardly given it a thought, so absorbed had he been in his new life. Now, with a rush of old memories, how clearly it stood up before him in the darkness! Shabby indeed, and small and poorly furnished, and yet his, the home he had made for himself, the home he had been so happy to get back to after his day’s work. And the home had been happy with him, too, evidently, and was missing him, and wanted him back, and was telling him so, through his nose, sorrowfully, reproachfully, but with no bitterness or anger; only with **plaintive** reminder that it was there, and wanted him.

The call was clear, the summons was plain. He must obey it instantly, and go. "Ratty!" he called, full of joyful excitement, "hold on! Come back! I want you, quick!"

"Oh, *come* along, Mole, do!" replied the Rat cheerfully, still plodding along.

"*Please* stop, Ratty!" pleaded the poor Mole, in anguish of heart. "You don't understand! It's my home, my old home! I've just come across the smell of it, and it's close by here, really quite close. And I *must* go to it, I must, I must! Oh, come back, Ratty! Please, please come back!"

The Rat was by this time very far ahead, too far to hear clearly what the Mole was calling, too far to catch the sharp note of painful appeal in his voice. And he was much taken up with the weather, for he too could smell something—something suspiciously like approaching snow.

"Mole, we mustn't stop now, really!" he called back. "We'll come for it tomorrow, whatever it is you've found. But I daren't stop now—it's late, and the snow's coming on again, and I'm not sure of the way! And I want your nose, Mole, so come on quick, there's a good fellow!" And the Rat pressed forward on his way without waiting for an answer.

"You leave all that to me," said the masterful Rat. "Here, you with the lantern! Come over this way. I want to talk to you. Now, tell me, are there any shops open at this hour of the night?"

"Why, certainly, sir," replied the field mouse respectfully. "At this time of the year, our shops keep open to all sorts of hours."

"Then look here!" said the Rat. "You go off at once, you and your lantern, and you get me—"

Here much muttered conversation ensued, and the Mole only heard bits of it, such as—"Fresh, mind!—no, a pound of that will do—see you get Buggins's, for I won't have any other—no, only the best—if you can't get it there, try somewhere else—yes, of course, homemade, no tinned stuff—well then, do the best you can!" Finally, there was a chink of coin passing from paw to paw, the field mouse was provided with an ample basket for his purchases, and off he hurried, he and his lantern.

The rest of the field mice, perched in a row on the settle, their small legs swinging, gave themselves up to enjoyment of the fire, and toasted their **chilblains** till they tingled; while the Mole, failing to draw them into easy conversation, plunged into family history and made each of them recite the names of his numerous brothers, who were too young, it appeared, to be allowed to go



Goodman Joseph toiled through the snow—  
Saw the star o'er a stable low;  
Mary she might not further go—  
    Welcome thatch, and litter below!  
    Joy was hers in the morning!

And then they heard the angels tell  
"Who were the first to cry *Nowell*?  
Animals all, as it befell,  
    In the stable where they did dwell!  
    Joy shall be theirs in the morning!"

The voices ceased, the singers, bashful but smiling, exchanged sidelong glances, and silence succeeded—but for a moment only. Then, from up above and far away, down the tunnel they had so lately travelled was borne to their ears in a faint musical hum the sound of distant bells ringing a joyful and clangorous peal.

"Very well sung, boys!" cried the Rat heartily. "And now come along in, all of you, and warm yourselves by the fire, and have something hot!"

"Yes, come along, field mice," cried the Mole eagerly. "This is quite like old times! Shut the door after you. Pull up that settle to the fire. Now, you just wait a minute, while we—O, Ratty!" he cried in despair, plumping down on a seat, with tears impending. "Whatever are we doing? We've nothing to give them!"

Poor Mole stood alone in the road, his heart torn **asunder**, and a big sob gathering, gathering, somewhere low down inside him, to leap up to the surface presently, he knew, in passionate escape. But even under such a test as this, his loyalty to his friend stood firm. Never for a moment did he dream of abandoning him. Meanwhile, the wafts from his old home pleaded, whispered, conjured, and finally claimed him **imperiously**. He dared not tarry longer within their magic circle. With a wrench that tore his very heartstrings, he set his face down the road and followed submissively in the track of the Rat, while faint, thin little smells, still dogging his retreating nose, reproached him for his new friendship and his callous forgetfulness.

With an effort he caught up to the unsuspecting Rat, who began chattering cheerfully about what they would do when they got back, and how jolly a fire of logs in the parlour would be, and what a supper he meant to eat; never noticing his companion's silence and distressful state of mind. At last, however, when they had gone some considerable way farther, and were passing some tree stumps at the edge of a **copse** that bordered the road, he stopped and said kindly, "Look here, Mole old chap, you seem dead tired. No talk left in you, and your feet dragging like lead. We'll sit down

here for a minute and rest. The snow has held off so far, and the best part of our journey is over.”

The Mole subsided **forlornly** on a tree stump and tried to control himself, for he felt it surely coming. The sob he had fought with so long refused to be beaten. Up and up, it forced its way to the air, and then another, and another, and others thick and fast; till poor Mole at last gave up the struggle and cried freely and helplessly and openly, now that he knew it was all over and he had lost what he could hardly be said to have found.

The Rat, astonished and dismayed at the violence of Mole’s **paroxysm** of grief, did not dare to speak for a while. At last he said, very quietly and sympathetically, “What is it, old fellow? Whatever can be the matter? Tell us your trouble, and let me see what I can do.”

Poor Mole found it difficult to get any words out between the upheavals of his chest that followed one upon another so quickly and held back speech and choked it as it came. “I know it’s a—shabby, dingy little place,” he sobbed forth at last, brokenly: “not like—your cosy quarters—or Toad’s beautiful hall—or Badger’s great house—but it was my own little home—and I was fond of it—and I went away and forgot all about it—and then I smelt it

beady eyes they glanced shyly at each other, sniggering a little, sniffing and applying coat sleeves a good deal. As the door opened, one of the elder ones that carried the lantern was just saying, “Now then, one, two, three!” and forthwith their shrill little voices uprose on the air, singing one of the old-time carols that their forefathers composed in fields that were fallow and held by frost, or when snowbound in chimney corners, and handed down to be sung in the **miry** street to lamplit windows at Yule-time.

### Carol

Villagers all, this frosty tide,  
Let your doors swing open wide,  
Though wind may follow, and snow beside,  
Yet draw us in by your fire to bide;  
Joy shall be yours in the morning!

Here we stand in the cold and the sleet,  
Blowing fingers and stamping feet,  
Come from far away you to greet—  
You by the fire and we in the street—  
Bidding you joy in the morning!

For ere one half of the night was gone,  
Sudden a star has led us on,  
Raining bliss and **benison**—  
Bliss tomorrow and more anon,  
Joy for every morning!

sardine opener when sounds were heard from the forecourt without—sounds like the scuffling of small feet in the gravel and a confused murmur of tiny voices, while broken sentences reached them—“Now, all in a line—hold the lantern up a bit, Tommy—clear your throats first—no coughing after I say one, two, three.—Where’s young Bill?—Here, come on, do, we’re all a-waiting—”

“What’s up?” inquired the Rat, pausing in his labours.

“I think it must be the field mice,” replied the Mole, with a touch of pride in his manner. “They go round carol-singing regularly at this time of the year. They’re quite an institution in these parts. And they never pass me over—they come to Mole End last of all; and I used to give them hot drinks, and supper too sometimes, when I could afford it. It will be like old times to hear them again.”

“Let’s have a look at them!” cried the Rat, jumping up and running to the door.

It was a pretty sight, and a seasonable one, that met their eyes when they flung the door open. In the forecourt, lit by the dim rays of a horn lantern, some eight or ten little field mice stood in a semicircle, red **worsted** comforters round their throats, their forepaws thrust deep into their pockets, their feet jigging for warmth. With bright,

suddenly—on the road, when I called and you wouldn’t listen, Rat—and everything came back to me with a rush—and I *wanted* it!—O dear, O dear!—and when you *wouldn’t* turn back, Ratty—and I had to leave it, though I was smelling it all the time—I thought my heart would break.—We might have just gone and had one look at it, Ratty—only one look—it was close by—but you wouldn’t turn back, Ratty, you wouldn’t turn back! O dear, O dear!”

Recollection brought fresh waves of sorrow, and sobs again took full charge of him, preventing further speech.

The Rat stared straight in front of him, saying nothing, only patting Mole gently on the shoulder. After a time he muttered gloomily, “I see it all now! What a *pig* I have been! A pig—that’s me! Just a pig—a plain pig!”

He waited till Mole’s sobs became gradually less stormy and more rhythmical; he waited till at last sniffs were frequent and sobs only **intermittent**. Then he rose from his seat, and, remarking carelessly, “Well, now we’d really better be getting on, old chap!” set off up the road again, over the toilsome way they had come.

“Wherever are you (hic) going to (hic), Ratty?” cried the tearful Mole, looking up in alarm.

"We're going to find that home of yours, old fellow," replied the Rat pleasantly, "so you had better come along, for it will take some finding, and we shall want your nose."

"Oh, come back, Ratty, do!" cried the Mole, getting up and hurrying after him. "It's no good, I tell you! It's too late, and too dark, and the place is too far off, and the snow's coming! And—and I never meant to let you know I was feeling that way about it—it was all an accident and a mistake! And think of the river bank, and your supper!"

"Hang the river bank, and supper too!" said the Rat heartily. "I tell you, I'm going to find this place now, if I stay out all night. So cheer up, old chap, and take my arm, and we'll very soon be back there again."

Still snuffling, pleading, and reluctant, Mole suffered himself to be dragged back along the road by his imperious companion, who by a flow of cheerful talk and anecdote endeavoured to **beguile** his spirits back and make the weary way seem shorter. When at last it seemed to the Rat that they must be nearing that part of the road where the Mole had been "held up," he said, "Now, no more talking. Business! Use your nose, and give your mind to it."

beggar you seem to be, Mole," he observed. "Deny yourself nothing. This is really the jolliest little place I ever was in. Now, wherever did you pick up those prints? Make the place look so homelike, they do. No wonder you're so fond of it, Mole. Tell us all about it and how you came to make it what it is."

Then, while the Rat busied himself fetching plates, and knives and forks, and mustard which he mixed in an eggcup, the Mole, his bosom still heaving with the stress of his recent emotion, related—somewhat shyly at first, but with more freedom as he warmed to his subject—how this was planned, and how that was thought out, and how this was got through a windfall from an aunt, and that was a wonderful find and a bargain, and this other thing was bought out of laborious savings and a certain amount of "going without." His spirits finally quite restored, he must needs go and caress his possessions, and take a lamp and show off their points to his visitor and **expatiate** on them, quite forgetful of the supper they both so much needed; Rat, who was desperately hungry but strove to conceal it, nodding seriously, examining with a puckered brow, and saying, "wonderful," and "most remarkable," at intervals, when the chance for an observation was given him.

At last the Rat succeeded in decoying him to the table, and had just got seriously to work with the

“What a fellow you are for giving in!” said the Rat reproachfully. “Why, only just now I saw a sardine opener on the kitchen dresser, quite distinctly; and everybody knows that means there are sardines about somewhere in the neighbourhood. Rouse yourself! Pull yourself together, and come with me and forage.” They went and foraged accordingly, hunting through every cupboard and turning out every drawer. The result was not so very depressing after all, though of course it might have been better; a tin of sardines—a box of captain’s biscuits, nearly full—and a German sausage encased in silver paper.

“There’s a banquet for you!” observed the Rat, as he arranged the table. “I know some animals who would give their ears to be sitting down to supper with us tonight!”

“No bread!” groaned the Mole **dolorously**; “no butter, no—”

“No **pâté de foie gras**, no champagne!” continued the Rat, grinning. “And that reminds me—what’s that little door at the end of the passage? Your cellar, of course! Every luxury in this house! Just you wait a minute.”

He made for the cellar door and presently reappeared, somewhat dusty, with a bottle in each paw and another under each arm, “Self-indulgent

They moved on in silence for some little way, when suddenly the Rat was conscious, through his arm that was linked in Mole’s, of a faint sort of electric thrill that was passing down that animal’s body. Instantly he disengaged himself, fell back a pace, and waited, all attention.

The signals were coming through!

Mole stood a moment rigid, while his uplifted nose, quivering slightly, felt the air.

Then a short, quick run forward—a fault—a check—a try back; and then a slow, steady, confident advance.

The Rat, much excited, kept close to his heels as the Mole, with something of the air of a sleepwalker, crossed a dry ditch, scrambled through a hedge, and nosed his way over a field open and trackless and bare in the faint starlight.

Suddenly, without giving warning, he dived; but the Rat was on the alert, and promptly followed him down the tunnel to which his unerring nose had faithfully led him.

It was close and airless, and the earthy smell was strong, and it seemed a long time to Rat ere the passage ended and he could stand erect and stretch and shake himself. The Mole struck a match, and by its light the Rat saw that they were standing in



an open space, neatly swept and sanded underfoot, and directly facing them was Mole's little front door, with "Mole End" painted, in Gothic lettering, over the bellpull at the side.

Mole reached down a lantern from a nail on the wall and lit it. And the Rat, looking round him, saw that they were in a sort of forecourt. A garden seat stood on one side of the door, and on the other a roller; for the Mole, who was a tidy animal when at home, could not stand having his ground kicked up by other animals into little runs that ended in earth heaps. In the middle was a small round pond containing goldfish and surrounded by a cockleshell border.

Mole's face beamed at the sight of all these objects so dear to him, and he hurried Rat through the door, lit a lamp in the hall, and took one glance round his old home. He saw the dust lying thick on everything, saw the cheerless, deserted look of the long-neglected house, and its narrow, meagre dimensions, its worn and shabby contents—and collapsed again on a hall chair, his nose to his paws. "O Ratty!" he cried **dismally**, "why ever did I do it? Why did I bring you to this poor, cold little place, on a night like this, when you might have been at River Bank by this time, toasting your toes before a blazing fire, with all your own nice things about you!"

The Rat paid no heed to his **doleful** self-reproaches. He was running here and there, opening doors, inspecting rooms and cupboards, and lighting lamps and candles and sticking them, up everywhere. "What a capital little house this is!" he called out cheerily. "So compact! So well planned! Everything here and everything in its place! We'll make a jolly night of it. The first thing we want is a good fire; I'll see to that—I always know where to find things. So this is the parlour? Splendid! Your own idea, those little sleeping bunks in the wall? Capital! Now, I'll fetch the wood and the coals, and you get a duster, Mole—you'll find one in the drawer of the kitchen table—and try and smarten things up a bit. Bustle about, old chap!"

Encouraged by his **inspiring** companion, the Mole roused himself and dusted and polished with energy and heartiness, while the Rat, running to and fro with armfuls of fuel, soon had a cheerful blaze roaring up the chimney. He hailed the Mole to come and warm himself; but Mole promptly had another fit of the blues, dropping down on a couch in dark despair and burying his face in his duster. "Rat," he moaned, "how about your supper, you poor, cold, hungry, weary animal? I've nothing to give you—nothing—not a crumb!"