

# The Wind in the Willows

A Reading A-Z Level Z1 Leveled Book  
Word Count: 4,381

## Connections

### Writing

Pretend you are Badger. Write a letter to Toad as he sits in jail. Explain why you forced Toad to stay in his house and describe your reaction to his crime.

### Social Studies

Research the way a trial is run in the British court system. Discuss with a partner whether Toad received a fair sentence.

LEVELED BOOK • Z<sup>1</sup>

# The Wind in the Willows

Part 6



**Reading A-Z**

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Adapted from the Writings of Kenneth Grahame  
Illustrated by Christopher Cyr

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<b>magistrates</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	judges or officers of the court with limited duties (p. 20)
<b>panoply</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a full suit of armor or protective clothing (p. 7)
<b>paroxysms</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	outbursts or fits of violence or strong emotions (p. 11)
<b>portcullis</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a large, heavy gate at the entrance to a castle that can be raised and lowered (p. 21)
<b>prostrate</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	lying flat on the ground; too tired to do anything (p. 12)
<b>queller</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	one who stops or ends something (p. 19)
<b>repentant</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	feeling or expressing regret about one's actions (p. 10)
<b>sauntered</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	walked at a relaxed speed; strolled (p. 19)
<b>solemnity</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	seriousness or sadness (p. 4)
<b>sonorous</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	having a full, loud, or deep sound (p. 20)
<b>sullenly</b> ( <i>adv.</i> )	in a sad or angry manner (p. 9)
<b>vizards</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	masks or disguises (p. 22)
<b>wonted</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	usual, ordinary, or regular (p. 3)

# 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  
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## Focus Question

Are the other animals justified in how they treat Toad? Why?

## Words to Know

casquet	panoply
caustic	paroxysms
cheeking	portcullis
conceited	prostrate
corselet	queller
eloquent	repentant
gaoler	sauntered
habiliments	solemnity
impertinence	sonorous
incorrigible	sullenly
languid	vizards
magistrates	wonted

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### Correlation

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

## Glossary

<b>casquet</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	an old-fashioned metal helmet with no face covering (p. 22)
<b>caustic</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	bitter or sarcastic; harsh (p. 16)
<b>cheeking</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	speaking in a rude or disrespectful manner (p. 20)
<b>conceited</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	having or showing too much pride; boastful (p. 17)
<b>corselet</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	armor that covers the chest and back of a person (p. 22)
<b>eloquent</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	simple, powerful, and elegant in speech or writing (p. 9)
<b>gaoler</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	someone who works in a prison or jail; a jailer (p. 22)
<b>habiliments</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	clothes or outfits, often those worn for a certain occupation or hobby (p. 5)
<b>impertinence</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	a rude or disrespectful action (p. 20)
<b>incorrigible</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	impossible to control or change; not open to correction (p. 20)
<b>languid</b> ( <i>adj.</i> )	having or showing physical weakness, tiredness, or laziness (p. 12)

soldiery off duty, past sentries who coughed in a horrid, sarcastic way; up timeworn winding stairs, past men-at-arms in **casquet** and **corselet** of steel, darting threatening looks through their **vizards**; across courtyards, where mastiffs strained at their leash and pawed the air to get at him; past ancient warders, their halberds leant against the wall, dozing over a pasty and a flagon of brown ale; on and on till they reached the door of the grimmiest dungeon that lay in the heart of the innermost keep. There at last they paused, where an ancient **gaoler** sat fingering a bunch of mighty keys.

“Oddsbodikins!” said the sergeant of police, taking off his helmet and wiping his forehead. “Rouse thee, old loon, and take over from us this vile Toad, a criminal of deepest guilt and matchless artfulness and resource. Watch and ward him with all thy skill; and mark thee well, greybeard, should aught untoward befall, thy old head shall answer for his—and a murrain on both of them!”

The gaoler nodded grimly, laying his withered hand on the shoulder of the miserable Toad. The rusty key creaked in the lock, the great door clanged behind them; and Toad was a helpless prisoner in the remotest dungeon of the best-guarded keep of the stoutest castle in all the length and breadth of Merry England.

*In Part 5 of The Wind in the Willows, Rat and Mole are on their way home when Mole realizes they're near his old home. The pair stop in for the evening and end up playing hosts to a band of caroling young field mice.*

## VI. Mr. Toad

**I**t was a bright morning in the early part of summer; the river had resumed its **wonted** banks and its accustomed pace, and a hot sun seemed to be pulling everything green and bushy and spiky up out of the earth towards him, as if by strings. The Mole and the Water Rat had been up since dawn, very busy on matters connected with boats and the opening of the boating season; painting and varnishing, mending paddles, repairing cushions, hunting for missing boat hooks, and so on; and were finishing breakfast in their little parlour and eagerly discussing their plans for the day, when a heavy knock sounded at the door.

“Bother!” said the Rat, all over egg. “See who it is, Mole, like a good chap, since you’ve finished.”

The Mole went to attend the summons, and the Rat heard him utter a cry of surprise. Then he flung the parlour door open and announced with much importance, “Mr. Badger!”



This was a wonderful thing, indeed, that the Badger should pay a formal call on them, or indeed on anybody. He generally had to be caught, if you wanted him badly, as he slipped quietly along a hedgerow of an early morning or a late evening, or else hunted up in his own house in the middle of the Wood, which was a serious undertaking.

The Badger strode heavily into the room and stood looking at the two animals with an expression full of seriousness. The Rat let his egg spoon fall on the tablecloth and sat open-mouthed.

"The hour has come!" said the Badger at last with great **solemnity**.

"What hour?" asked the Rat uneasily, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"*Whose* hour, you should rather say," replied the Badger. "Why, Toad's hour! The hour of Toad! I said I would take him in hand as soon as the winter was well over, and I'm going to take him in hand today!"

"Toad's hour, of course!" cried the Mole delightedly. "Hooray! I remember now! *We'll* teach him to be a sensible Toad!"

"This very morning," continued the Badger, taking an armchair, "as I learnt last night from a trustworthy source, another new and exceptionally

the theft, which is mild; and three years for the furious driving, which is lenient; and fifteen years for the cheek, which was pretty bad sort of cheek, judging by what we've heard from the witness box, even if you only believe one-tenth part of what you heard, and I never believe more myself—those figures, if added together correctly, tot up to nineteen years—"

"First-rate!" said the Chairman.

"—So you had better make it a round twenty years and be on the safe side," concluded the Clerk.

"An excellent suggestion!" said the Chairman approvingly. "Prisoner! Pull yourself together and try and stand up straight. It's going to be twenty years for you this time. And mind, if you appear before us again, upon any charge whatever, we shall have to deal with you very seriously!"

Then the brutal minions of the law fell upon the hapless Toad; loaded him with chains, and dragged him from the Court House, shrieking, praying, protesting; past hooting school children, their innocent faces lit up with the pleasure they ever derive from the sight of a gentleman in difficulties; across the hollow-sounding drawbridge, below the spiky **portcullis**, under the frowning archway of the grim old castle, whose ancient towers soared high overhead; past guardrooms full of grinning

give way or be smitten into nothingness and everlasting night. He chanted as he flew, and the car responded with **sonorous** drone; the miles were eaten up under him as he sped he knew not whither, fulfilling his instincts, living his hour, reckless of what might come to him.



“To my mind,” observed the Chairman of the Bench of **Magistrates** cheerfully, “the *only* difficulty that presents itself in this otherwise very clear case is how we can possibly make it sufficiently hot for the **incorrigible** rogue and hardened ruffian whom we see cowering in the dock before us. Let me see: he has been found guilty, on the clearest evidence, first, of stealing a valuable motorcar; secondly, of driving to the public danger; and, thirdly, of gross **impertinence** to the rural police. Mr. Clerk, will you tell us, please, what is the very stiffest penalty we can impose for each of these offences? Without, of course, giving the prisoner the benefit of any doubt, because there isn’t any.”

The Clerk scratched his nose with his pen. “Some people would consider,” he observed, “that stealing the motorcar was the worst offence; and so it is. But **cheeking** the police undoubtedly carries the severest penalty, and so it ought. Supposing you were to say twelve months for

powerful motorcar will arrive at Toad Hall on approval or return. At this very moment, perhaps, Toad is busy arraying himself in those singularly hideous **habiliments** so dear to him, which transform him from a (comparatively) good-looking Toad into an Object which throws any decent-minded animal that comes across it into a violent fit. We must be up and doing, ere it is too late. You two animals will accompany me instantly to Toad Hall, and the work of rescue shall be accomplished.”

“Right you are!” cried the Rat, starting up. “We’ll rescue the poor unhappy animal! We’ll convert him! He’ll be the most converted Toad that ever was before we’ve done with him!”

They set off up the road on their mission of mercy, Badger leading the way. They reached the carriage drive of Toad Hall to find, as the Badger had anticipated, a shiny new motorcar, of great size, painted a bright red (Toad’s favourite colour), standing in front of the house. As they neared the door it was flung open, and Mr. Toad, arrayed in goggles, cap, gaiters, and an enormous overcoat, came swaggering down the steps, drawing on his gauntleted gloves.

“Hullo! Come on, you fellows!” he cried cheerfully on catching sight of them. “You’re just

in time to come with me for a jolly—to come for a jolly—for a—er—jolly—”

His hearty accents faltered and fell away as he noticed the stern, unbending look on the countenances of his silent friends, and his invitation remained unfinished.

The Badger strode up the steps. “Take him inside,” he said sternly to his companions. Then, as Toad was hustled through the door, struggling and protesting, he turned to the chauffeur in charge of the new motorcar. “I’m afraid you won’t be wanted today,” he said. “Mr. Toad has changed his mind. He will not require the car. Please understand that this is final. You needn’t wait.” Then he followed the others inside and shut the door.

“Now then!” he said to the Toad, when the four of them stood together in the Hall, “first of all, take those ridiculous things off!”

“Shan’t!” replied Toad, with great spirit. “What is the meaning of this gross outrage? I demand an instant explanation.”

“Take them off him, then, you two,” ordered the Badger briefly.

They had to lay Toad out on the floor, kicking and calling all sorts of names, before they could get to work properly. Then the Rat sat on him, and the

stand it no longer. He slipped out of the room quietly, paid his bill at the bar, and as soon as he got outside **sauntered** round quietly to the inn yard. “There cannot be any harm,” he said to himself, “in my only just *looking* at it!”

The car stood in the middle of the yard, quite unattended, the stable helps and other hangers-on being all at their dinner. Toad walked slowly round it, inspecting, criticising, musing deeply.

“I wonder,” he said to himself presently, “I wonder if this sort of car *starts* easily?”

Next moment, hardly knowing how it came about, he found he had hold of the handle and was turning it. As the familiar sound broke forth, the old passion seized on Toad and completely mastered him, body and soul. As if in a dream, he found himself, somehow, seated in the driver’s seat; as if in a dream, he pulled the lever and swung the car round the yard and out through the archway; and, as if in a dream, all sense of right and wrong, all fear of obvious consequences, seemed temporarily suspended. He increased his pace, and as the car devoured the street and leapt forth on the high road through the open country, he was only conscious that he was Toad once more, Toad at his best and highest, Toad the terror, the traffic **queller**, the Lord of the lone trail, before whom all must



himself, chuckling. "Brain against brute force—and brain came out on the top—as it's bound to do. Poor old Ratty! My! Won't he catch it when the Badger gets back! A worthy fellow, Ratty, with many good qualities, but very little intelligence and absolutely no education. I must take him in hand some day and see if I can make something of him."

Filled full of conceited thoughts such as these, he strode along, his head in the air, till he reached a little town, where the sign of "The Red Lion," swinging across the road halfway down the main street, reminded him that he had not breakfasted that day and that he was exceedingly hungry after his long walk. He marched into the inn, ordered the best luncheon that could be provided at so short a notice, and sat down to eat it in the coffee room.

He was about halfway through his meal when an only too familiar sound, approaching down the street, made him start and fall a-trembling all over. The poop-poop! drew nearer and nearer, the car could be heard to turn into the inn yard and come to a stop, and Toad had to hold on to the leg of the table to conceal his overmastering emotion. Presently the party entered the coffee room, hungry, talkative, and gay, voluble on their experiences of the morning and the merits of the chariot that had brought them along so well. Toad listened eagerly, all ears, for a time; at last he could

Mole got his motorclothes off him bit by bit, and they stood him up on his legs again. A good deal of his blustering spirit seemed to have evaporated with the removal of his fine **panoply**. Now that he was merely Toad, and no longer the Terror of the Highway, he giggled feebly and looked from one to the other appealingly, seeming quite to understand the situation.

"You knew it must come to this, sooner or later, Toad," the Badger explained severely. "You've disregarded all the warnings we've given you, you've gone on squandering the money your father left you, and you're getting us animals a bad name in the district by your furious driving and your smashes and your rows with the police. Independence is all very well, but we animals never allow our friends to make fools of themselves beyond a certain limit; and that limit you've reached. Now, you're a good fellow in many respects, and I don't want to be too hard on you. I'll make one more effort to bring you to reason. You will come with me into the other room, and there you will hear some facts about yourself; and we'll see whether you come out of that room the same Toad that you went in."

He took Toad firmly by the arm, led him into the other room, and closed the door behind them.

*"That's no good!"* said the Rat contemptuously. *"Talking to Toad'll never cure him. He'll say anything."*

They made themselves comfortable in armchairs and waited patiently. Through the closed door they could just hear the long, continuous drone of the Badger's voice, rising and falling in waves of oratory; and presently they noticed that the sermon began to be punctuated at intervals by long-drawn sobs, evidently proceeding from the bosom of Toad, who was a softhearted and affectionate fellow, very easily converted—for the time being—to any point of view.

After some three-quarters of an hour the door opened, and the Badger reappeared, solemnly leading by the paw a very limp and dejected Toad. His skin hung baggily about him, his legs wobbled, and his cheeks were furrowed by the tears so plentifully called forth by the Badger's moving discourse.

*"Sit down there, Toad,"* said the Badger kindly, pointing to a chair. *"My friends,"* he went on, *"I am pleased to inform you that Toad has at last seen the error of his ways. He is truly sorry for his misguided conduct in the past, and he has undertaken to give up motorcars entirely and forever. I have his solemn promise to that effect."*

*"He did *you* awfully well!"* rejoined the Badger hotly. *"However, talking won't mend matters. He's got clear away for the time, that's certain; and the worst of it is, he'll be so **conceited** with what he'll think is his cleverness that he may commit any folly. One comfort is, we're free now and needn't waste any more of our precious time doing sentry-go. But we'd better continue to sleep at Toad Hall for a while longer. Toad may be brought back at any moment—on a stretcher, or between two policemen."*

So spoke the Badger, not knowing what the future held in store, or how much water, and of how turbid a character, was to run under bridges before Toad should sit at ease again in his ancestral Hall.

Meanwhile, Toad, gay and irresponsible, was walking briskly along the high road, some miles from home. At first he had taken bypaths, and crossed many fields, and changed his course several times, in case of pursuit; but now, feeling by this time safe from recapture, and the sun smiling brightly on him, and all Nature joining in a chorus of approval to the song of self-praise that his own heart was singing to him, he almost danced along the road in his satisfaction and conceit.

*"Smart piece of work that!"* he remarked to

The Toad, who had hopped lightly out of bed as soon as he heard the key turned in the lock, watched him eagerly from the window till he disappeared down the carriage drive. Then, laughing heartily, he dressed as quickly as possible in the smartest suit he could lay hands on at the moment, filled his pockets with cash which he took from a small drawer in the dressing table, and next, knotting the sheets from his bed together and tying one end of the improvised rope round the central mullion of the handsome Tudor window which formed such a feature of his bedroom, he scrambled out, slid lightly to the ground, and, taking the opposite direction to the Rat, marched off lightheartedly, whistling a merry tune.

It was a gloomy luncheon for Rat when the Badger and the Mole at length returned, and he had to face them at table with his pitiful and unconvincing story. The Badger's **caustic**, not to say brutal, remarks may be imagined, and therefore passed over; but it was painful to the Rat that even the Mole, though he took his friend's side as far as possible, could not help saying, "You've been a bit of a duffer this time, Ratty! Toad, too, of all animals!"

"He did it awfully well," said the crestfallen Rat.

"That is very good news," said the Mole gravely.

"Very good news indeed," observed the Rat dubiously, "if only—if only—"

He was looking very hard at Toad as he said this and could not help thinking he perceived something vaguely resembling a twinkle in that animal's still sorrowful eye.

"There's only one thing more to be done," continued the gratified Badger. "Toad, I want you solemnly to repeat, before your friends here, what you fully admitted to me in the other room just now. First, you are sorry for what you've done, and you see the folly of it all?"

There was a long, long pause. Toad looked desperately this way and that while the other animals waited in grave silence. At last he spoke.

"No!" he said, a little **sullenly**, but stoutly; "I'm *not* sorry. And it wasn't folly at all! It was simply glorious!"

"What?" cried the Badger, greatly scandalised. "You backsliding animal, didn't you tell me just now, in *there*—"

"Oh, yes, yes, in *there*," said Toad impatiently. "I'd have said anything in *there*. You're so **eloquent**, dear Badger, and so moving, and so convincing,

and put all your points so frightfully well—you can do what you like with me in *there*, and you know it. But I've been searching my mind since, and going over things in it, and I find that I'm not a bit sorry or **repentant** really, so it's no earthly good saying I am; now, is it?"

"Then you don't promise," said the Badger, "never to touch a motorcar again?"

"Certainly not!" replied Toad emphatically. "On the contrary, I faithfully promise that the very first motorcar I see, poop-poop! Off I go in it!"

"Told you so, didn't I?" observed the Rat to the Mole.

"Very well, then," said the Badger firmly, rising to his feet. "Since you won't yield to persuasion, we'll try what force can do. I feared it would come to this all along. You've often asked us three to come and stay with you, Toad, in this handsome house of yours; well, now we're going to. When we've converted you to a proper point of view we may quit, but not before. Take him upstairs, you two, and lock him up in his bedroom while we arrange matters between ourselves."

"It's for your own good, Toady, you know," said the Rat kindly, as Toad, kicking and struggling, was hauled up the stairs by his two faithful friends. "Think what fun we shall all have together, just as

"I fear, dear friend," said Toad, with a sad smile, "that 'talk' can do little in a case like this—or doctors either, for that matter; still, one must grasp at the slightest straw. And, by the way—while you are about it—I *hate* to give you additional trouble, but I happen to remember that you will pass the door—would you mind at the same time asking the lawyer to step up? It would be a convenience to me, and there are moments—perhaps I should say there is *a* moment—when one must face disagreeable tasks, at whatever cost to exhausted nature!"

"A lawyer! O, he must be really bad!" the affrighted Rat said to himself, as he hurried from the room, not forgetting, however, to lock the door carefully behind him.

Outside, he stopped to consider. The other two were far away, and he had no one to consult.

"It's best to be on the safe side," he said, on reflection. "I've known Toad to fancy himself frightfully bad before, without the slightest reason; but I've never heard him ask for a lawyer! If there's nothing really the matter, the doctor will tell him he's an old fool and cheer him up, and that will be something gained. I'd better humour him and go; it won't take very long." So he ran off to the village on his errand of mercy.

"You are, indeed," said the Rat. "But I tell you, I'd take any trouble on earth for you, if only you'd be a sensible animal."

"If I thought that, Ratty," murmured Toad, more feebly than ever, "then I would beg you—for the last time, probably—to step round to the village as quickly as possible—even now it may be too late—and fetch the doctor. But don't you bother. It's only a trouble, and perhaps we may as well let things take their course."

"Why, what do you want a doctor for?" inquired the Rat, coming closer and examining him. He certainly lay very still and flat, and his voice was weaker and his manner much changed.

"Surely you have noticed of late—" murmured Toad. "But, no—why should you? Noticing things is only a trouble. Tomorrow, indeed, you may be saying to yourself, 'O, if only I had noticed sooner! If only I had done something!' But no, it's a trouble. Never mind—forget that I asked."

"Look here, old man," said the Rat, beginning to get rather alarmed, "of course I'll fetch a doctor to you, if you really think you want him. But you can hardly be bad enough for that yet. Let's talk about something else."

we used to, when you've quite got over this—this painful attack of yours!"

"We'll take great care of everything for you till you're well, Toad," said the Mole, "and we'll see your money isn't wasted, as it has been."

"No more of those regrettable incidents with the police, Toad," said the Rat, as they thrust him into his bedroom.

"And no more weeks in hospital, being ordered about by female nurses, Toad," added the Mole, turning the key on him.

They descended the stair, Toad shouting abuse at them through the keyhole; and the three friends then met in conference on the situation.

"It's going to be a tedious business," said the Badger, sighing. "I've never seen Toad so determined. However, we will see it out. He must never be left an instant unguarded. We shall have to take it in turns to be with him, till the poison has worked itself out of his system."

They arranged watches accordingly. Each animal took it in turns to sleep in Toad's room at night, and they divided the day up between them. At first Toad was undoubtedly very trying to his careful guardians. When his violent **paroxysms** possessed him, he would arrange bedroom chairs



in rude resemblance of a motorcar and would crouch on the foremost of them, bent forward and staring fixedly ahead, making uncouth and ghastly noises, till the climax was reached, when, turning a complete somersault, he would lie **prostrate** amidst the ruins of the chairs, apparently completely satisfied for the moment. As time passed, however, these painful seizures grew gradually less frequent, and his friends strove to divert his mind into fresh channels. But his interest in other matters did not seem to revive, and he grew apparently **languid** and depressed.

One fine morning the Rat, whose turn it was to go on duty, went upstairs to relieve Badger, whom he found fidgeting to be off and stretch his legs in a long ramble round his wood and down his earths and burrows. "Toad's still in bed," he told the Rat, outside the door. "Can't get much out of him, except, 'O leave him alone, he wants nothing, perhaps he'll be better presently, it may pass off in time, don't be unduly anxious,' and so on. Now, you look out, Rat! When Toad's quiet and submissive and playing at being the hero of a Sunday-school prize, then he's at his artfullest. There's sure to be something up. I know him. Well, now, I must be off."

"How are you today, old chap?" inquired the Rat cheerfully, as he approached Toad's bedside.

He had to wait some minutes for an answer. At last a feeble voice replied, "Thank you so much, dear Ratty! So good of you to inquire! But first tell me how you are yourself, and the excellent Mole?"

"O, *we're* all right," replied the Rat. "Mole," he added incautiously, "is going out for a run round with Badger. They'll be out till luncheon time, so you and I will spend a pleasant morning together, and I'll do my best to amuse you. Now jump up, there's a good fellow, and don't lie moping there on a fine morning like this!"

"Dear, kind Rat," murmured Toad, "how little you realise my condition, and how very far I am from 'jumping up' now—if ever! But do not trouble about me. I hate being a burden to my friends, and I do not expect to be one much longer. Indeed, I almost hope not."

"Well, I hope not, too," said the Rat heartily. "You've been a fine bother to us all this time, and I'm glad to hear it's going to stop. And in weather like this, and the boating season just beginning! It's too bad of you, Toad! It isn't the trouble we mind, but you're making us miss such an awful lot."

"I'm afraid *it is* the trouble you mind, though," replied the Toad languidly. "I can quite understand it. You're tired of bothering about me. I mustn't ask you to do anything further. I'm a nuisance, I know."