

Opening extract from

The Wind in the Willows

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In a panic,
Mole began to
run, bumping into
things and falling
over. Shaking with fear,
he hid in the hollow of an
old oak tree – lost, worn out
and very, very scared.



Meanwhile, Rat had woken up.
“Moly!” he called but there was no
answer. He saw Mole’s coat and
boots were gone and went outside.

There, in the mud, were Mole’s
tracks – leading straight
into the Wild Wood.

