

News of Toad's new car faded.

\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

Soon \_\_\_\_\_.

"\_\_\_\_\_, Rat," Mole said one morning.

"It's cold," said Rat. "\_\_\_\_\_."

I think I'll write poems by the fire."

\_\_\_\_\_ in winter.

But Mole was bored.

"\_\_\_\_\_, " Mole said.

"I only saw him once, and \_\_\_\_\_."

\_\_\_\_\_!"

"Oh, \_\_\_\_\_," said Rat.

"\_\_\_\_\_?" asked Mole.

"He's very shy," said Rat.

"\_\_\_\_\_."

Every time Mole asked,

"\_\_\_\_\_ today?"

Rat always answered the same way:

"\_\_\_\_\_."

"\_\_\_\_\_, " Mole said finally.

"\_\_\_\_\_, " said Rat.

"Anyway we can't go, Mole," Rat explained.

"\_\_\_\_\_."

"\_\_\_\_\_, " said Mole.

"Yes, \_\_\_\_\_," said Rat.

"And \_\_\_\_\_."

Rat sat by the fire to write a poem.

Rat was sleepy.

Before long \_\_\_\_\_.

Quietly \_\_\_\_\_.

Feeling brave, \_\_\_\_\_.

