

The trees in the Wild Wood looked twisted.  
\_\_\_\_\_ between the trees.  
\_\_\_\_\_. Logs tripped him.  
Twigs \_\_\_\_\_.  
"\_\_\_\_\_, " said Mole.  
From holes in trees, evil faces peeked out.  
Everywhere he looked, they stared!  
"\_\_\_\_\_, " said Mole.  
\_\_\_\_\_, deep into the woods.  
He heard a faint whistling.  
"\_\_\_\_\_, " he said.  
"There's something up ahead."  
Then the whistling \_\_\_\_\_.  
"\_\_\_\_\_, " he said.  
Mole stood there, cold and afraid.  
"I'm so alone," cried Mole.  
Something made a pitter-patter sound.  
"\_\_\_\_\_, " Mole said. "\_\_\_\_\_.  
\_\_\_\_\_?"  
The little feet were all around.  
\_\_\_\_\_-closer!  
Suddenly a rabbit came running by.  
\_\_\_\_\_.  
\_\_\_\_\_. He called back,  
"Get out of here, you fool! Get out!"  
"Oh no!" cried Mole. "Oh no!"  
With his heart pounding, Mole ran.  
\_\_\_\_\_. He slipped on leaves.  
Eventually he bumped into a hollow tree.  
\_\_\_\_\_.  
\_\_\_\_\_ the hollow tree and hid.

