

While Mole shivered in the Wild Wood,  
Rat dozed. Suddenly \_\_\_\_\_.  
Rat woke with a start.

\_\_\_\_\_.  
"Mole! Moly!" Rat shouted. He got up.  
"\_\_\_\_\_, " he said.

"\_\_\_\_\_.  
I bet \_\_\_\_\_," Rat said.  
Rat put on his coat.

\_\_\_\_\_ from his closet.  
"\_\_\_\_\_, " Rat said to himself.  
Rat set out for the Wild Wood.  
Inside the gloomy forest, wicked faces appeared.  
But \_\_\_\_\_ Rat's club.  
"Moly, Moly, Moly! Where are you! It's me.  
It's old Rat!" Rat called out.

\_\_\_\_\_ in the woods.  
"\_\_\_\_\_, " he said.  
"Well, that means I will too." Rat stepped off the path.

\_\_\_\_\_.  
\_\_\_\_\_.  
Then \_\_\_\_\_, scared voice.  
"Ratty?" the voice said. "Is that really you?"  
Rat turned. Ahead was a hollow tree.  
\_\_\_\_\_ and crept inside.  
There was poor Mole, shaking with fear.

