

again.



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## A Surprise for Mrs Fox

The Small Fox ran back along the tunnel as fast as he could, carrying the three plump hens. He was exploding with joy. 'Just wait!' he kept thinking. 'Just wait till Mummy sees these!' He had a long way to run but he never stopped once on the way and he came bursting in upon Mrs Fox. 'Mummy!' he cried, out of breath. 'Look, Mummy, look! Wake up and see what I've brought you!'

Mrs Fox, who was weaker than ever now from lack of food, opened one eye and looked at the hens. 'I'm dreaming,' she murmured and closed the eye



'You're not dreaming, Mummy! They're real chickens! We're saved! We're not going to starve!'

Mrs Fox opened both eyes and sat up quickly. 'But, my *dear* child!' she cried. 'Where on earth ...?'

'Boggis's Chicken House Number One!' spluttered the Small Fox. 'We tunnelled right up under the floor and you've never seen so many big fat hens in all your life! And Dad said to prepare a feast! They'll be back soon!'

The sight of food seemed to give new strength to Mrs Fox. 'A feast it shall be!' she said, standing up.

spluttered the Small Fox. 'We tunnelled right up under the floor and you've never seen so many big fat hens in all your life! And Dad said to prepare a feast! They'll be back soon!'

The sight of food seemed to give new strength to Mrs Fox. 'A feast it shall be!' she said, standing up. 'Oh, what a fantastic fox your father is! Hurry up, child, and start plucking those chickens!'



Far away down in the tunnel, the fantastic Mr Fox was saying, 'Now for the next bit, my darlings! This one'll be as easy as pie! All we have to do is dig another little tunnel from *here* to *there*!'

'To where, Dad?'

'Don't ask so many questions. Start digging!'



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## Badger

Mr Fox and the three remaining Small Foxes dug fast and straight. They were all too excited now to feel tired or hungry. They knew they were going to have a whacking great feast before long and the fact that it was none other than Boggis's chickens they were going to eat made them churgle with laughter every time they thought of it. It was lovely to realize that while the fat farmer was sitting up there on the hill waiting for them to starve, he was also giving them their dinner without knowing it. 'Keep digging,' said Mr Fox. 'It's not much further.'

### **Retrieval questions**

1. How many hens was The Small Fox carrying and what adjective is used to describe the hens?
2. Why do you think The Small Fox is “exploding with joy” to show his mother the hens?
3. Why does Mrs Fox murmur “I’m dreaming?”
4. Why do you think Mrs Fox was given a new lease of strength by looking at the food?
5. Where do you think the foxes are going to dig to next?

**Answer these questions in your learning journal and send a photo of your work to your class teacher. Don’t forget to use evidence from the text in your answers if you can!**