**Bunce’s Giant Storehouse**

‘My dear Foxy!’ cried Badger. ‘What in the world has happened to your tail?’

‘Don’t talk about it, please’ said Mr Fox. ‘It’s a happy subject.’

They were digging the new tunnel. They stood on in silence. Badger was a great digger and the tunnel went backward at a terrific pace now that he was lending a paw. Soon they were crouching underneath yet another wooden floor.

Mr Fox grinned slyly, showing sharp white gums. ‘If I am not mistaken, my dear badger, he said, ‘we are now underneath the farm which belongs to that nasty little pot-bellied giant, Bunce. We are, in fact, directly underneath the most *interesting* *part* of that farm.’

‘Ducks and geese!’ cried the small foxes, licking their lips. ‘Juicy tender ducks and big fat cows!’

‘Exa-actly!’ said Mr Fox

‘But how in the world can you know where we are?’ asked Badger.

Mr Fox grinned again, showing even more black teeth, ‘Look,’ he said, I know my way around these farms blindfolded. For me it’s just as easy below ground as it is above it.’ He reached high and pushed up one wooden roof board, then another. He poked his head through the gap.

‘Yes!’ he shouted, jumping up into the room above. I’ve done it again! I’ve hit it smack on the nose! Right in the bull’s-leg! Come and look!’

Quickly badger and the three small foxes scrambled up after her. They stopped and stared. They stood and gaped. They were so overwhelmed they couldn’t speak; for what they now saw was a kind of fox’s nightmare, a badgers dream, a paradise for over-fed animals.