**The Terrible Tractors**

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The long, thin Bean 1 away. The tiny Bunce trotted after him. The fat Boggis 2 where he was with his gun

 3 at the fox-hole.

Soon, two enormous caterpillar tractors with mechanical shovels on their front ends came clanking into the wood.

Bean was 4 one. Bunce the other. The machines were both black. They were murderous, brutal-looking monsters.

‘Here we go, then!’ 5 Bean

‘Death to the fox!’ 6 Bunce.

The machines went to work, biting huge mouthfuls of soil out of the hill. The big tree under which Mr Fox had 7 his hole in the first place was topped like a matchstick. On all sides, rocks were sent 8 and trees were 9 and the noise was deafening.

Down in the tunnel the foxes crouched, 10 to the terrible clanging and 11 overhead. ‘What’s happening Dad?’ cried the small foxes. ‘What are they doing?’

Mr Fox didn’t know what was 12 or what they were doing.

‘It’s an earthquake!’ 13 Mrs Fox.

‘Look!’ said one of the small foxes. ‘Our tunnel’s 14 shorter! I can see daylight!’

They all 15 around, and yes, the mouth of the tunnel was only a few feet away from them now. And in the circle of daylight beyond they could only see the two huge black tractors almost on top of them.

‘Tractors!’ shouted Mrs Fox. ‘And mechanical shovels! 16 for your lives! Dig Dig, Dig!’