The shooting

…

But Mr Fox would not have been quite so cocky had he known exactly where the farmers were 1 at that moment. They were just outside the entrance to the hole, each one 2 behind a tree with his gun loaded. And what is more, they had chosen their positions very carefully, making sure that the wind was not 3 from them towards the fox’s hole. In fact, it was 4 in the opposite direction. There was no chance of them being ‘ 5 out’.

Mr Fox 6 up the dark tunnel to the mouth of his hole. He 7 his long handsome face out into the night air and 8 once.

He 9 an inch or two forward and 10 .

He 11 again. He was always especially careful when 12 out from his hole.

He 13 forward a little more. The front half of his body was now in the open.

His black nose 14 from side to side, 15 and sniffing for the scent of danger. He found none, and he was just about to go 16 forward in to the wood when he 17 or thought he heard a tiny noise, a soft rustling sound, as though someone had 18 a foot ever so gently through a patch of dry leaves.