

‘Let’s stay here, day and night,’ said Bean. ‘He has to come out.’

‘But he can dig under the hill and get away,’ Boggis said.

‘We must put men round the hill,’ said Bean.



‘I’ve got thirty-five men,’ said Boggis.

‘I’ve got thirty-six,’ Bunce said.

‘I’ve got thirty-seven,’ Bean said. ‘With all these men he can’t get away.’



For three nights, the farmers waited. The foxes were hungry now.

‘I’ve got an idea,’ said Mr Fox. ‘But we have to dig again.’

‘We can dig,’ shouted the Small Foxes.

‘I’m too weak,’ said Mrs Fox.

The other foxes started digging. They dug for hours – down, then up. Suddenly, there was a floor above their heads!