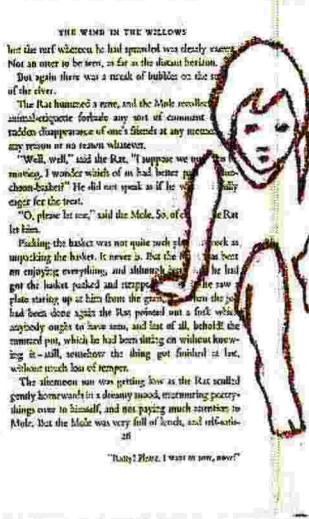


Flipbook



THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

but the reed whizzed; he had sprawled very deadly earnest.
Not an oar to be seen, so far as the distant horizon.

But again there was a streak of bubbles on the top of the river.

The Rat hummed a tune, and the Mole recalled
unconscious forgotten any sort of common
riddens disappearance of one's friends at any moment,
any reason or no reason whatever.

"Well, well," said the Rat, "I suppose we must be
moving. I wonder which of us had better pack up—
the cheese-basket?" He did not speak as if he were really
eager for the treat.

"Oh, please let me," said the Mole. So, of course, the Rat
let him.

Packing the basket was not quite such pleasant work as
unpacking the basket. It never is. But the Rat, that Rat born
on enjoying everything, although hard, as he had
got the basket packed and strapped on to the rickety
plate standing up at him from the grass, when the pair
had been done again the Rat pointed out a fish which
anybody ought to have seen, and last of all, behold! the
timber-pot, which he had been sitting on without knowing
it—still, somehow the thing got sniffler at last,
without much loss of temper.

The afternoon sun was getting low as the Rat scuttled
gently homewards in a dreamy mood, muttering poetry-
things over to himself, and not paying much attention to
Mole. But the Mole was very full of lords, and reflected:

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"Dandy! Dandy, I was in you, now!"

THE RIVER BANK

fiction, and pride, and shoddy spite at home in a bust (as
he thought) and was getting a bit rattish besides; and pre-
cisely his visit. "Ratty! Please, I want to row, now!"

The Rat shook his head with a smile. "Not yet, my
young friend," he said. "Wait till you've had a few lessons.
It's a long way off home."

The Mole was quiet for a minute or two. Then he began
to feel more and more jealous of the Rat, trilling so merrily
and so easily along, and his pride began to whisper to him
that do it even if it is well. He jumped up and seized the
sculls, so suddenly, that the Rat, who was swimming out
over the water, and saying many pretty things to himself,
was taken by surprise, and fell backwards off his seat with entire
loss of balance. As for the second time, while the crumpled
boat was still in place and grabbed the sculls with entire
loss of balance.

"O my! O my! O my!" cried the Rat, from the bottom
of the water. "You can't do it! You'll have us over!"

He clung to his sculls back with a flourish, and made
a great splash, and a great noise, and a great commotion
in the water. He raised the surface sheepishly,
his legs tucked up above his head, and he found himself lying
on the surface, like the poor Rat. Greatly dismied, he made a
great splash, and a great noise, and a great commotion. "Splendid!
Overturn the boat, and he found himself struggling
in the river."

O my, how the water was, and O, how very wet
it felt. How strong in his arms when went down, down,
down! How bright and welcome the sun looked to the rat.

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Il vento tra i salici (e tra le pagine)
porta il Tamigi nelle Langhe

Un classico vestito di nuovo. *Il vento tra i salici* pubblicato da Kenneth Grahame nel 1908 diventa un flipbook. Su una vecchia copia trovata in un mercatino londinese, Valerio Berruti ha disegnato 71 tavole che, sfogliate velocemente, producono un effetto animazione. A fronte la traduzione di Beppe Fenoglio che traspose la storia, ambientata sulle rive del Tamigi, nelle Langhe. Completano l'opera (*Come il vento tra i salici*, Gallucci, pp. 256, € 24) i versi di un altro grande langarolo, Gianmaria Testa.