

Badger's House

He shuffled on in front of them, carrying the light, and they followed him, down a long, gloomy, and, to tell the truth, decidedly shabby passage, into a sort of central hall; out of which they could dimly see other long tunnel-like passages branching, passages mysterious and without apparent end. But there were doors in the hall as well; stout oaken comfortable-looking doors. One of these the Badger flung open, and at once they found themselves in all the glow and warmth of a large fire-lit kitchen.

The floor was well-worn red brick, and on the wide hearth burnt a fire of logs in the middle of the room stood a long table of plain boards placed on trestles, with benches down each side. Rows of spotless plates winked from the shelves at the far end of the room and from the rafters overhead hung hams, bundles of dried herbs, nets of onions, and baskets of eggs.