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Reads

Old Books

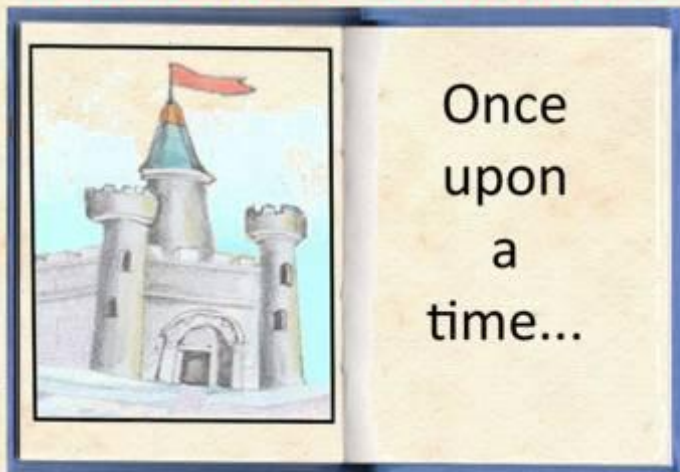
THE TALE OF
PETER RABBIT



BY
BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO

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The Tale of Peter Rabbit

by
Beatrix Potter
1902

Narrated by
Kenneth Kunz



Once upon a time
there were
four little rabbits,
and their names
were:



Flopsy,
Mopsy,
Cotton-tail,
and Peter.



They lived
with their mother
in a sand-bank,

underneath
the root
of a very big
fir-tree.



“Now,
my dears,”

said
old Mrs. Rabbit
one morning,



“you may go
into the fields

or down the lane,



but don't
go into
Mr. McGregor's
garden.”



Your father had
an accident there;

he was put
in a pie
by Mrs. McGregor.



“Now run along,

and don't get
into mischief.

I am going out.”



Then
old Mrs. Rabbit

took a basket
and her umbrella,



and went
through the wood
to the baker's.



She bought a loaf
of brown bread

and five
currant buns.



Flopsy, Mopsy,
and Cotton-tail,



were good
little bunnies.



They went
down the lane
to gather blackberries.



But Peter,
who was
very naughty,



ran straight away
to Mr. McGregor's
garden,

and squeezed
under the gate!



First, he ate
some lettuces
and some
green beans;

and then
he ate
some radishes.



Then,
feeling rather sick,

he went to look
for some parsley



But
round the corner
of a cucumber frame,
whom should
he meet
but Mr. McGregor!



Mr. McGregor
was on his hands
and knees

planting out
young cabbages,



but he jumped up
and ran after Peter,

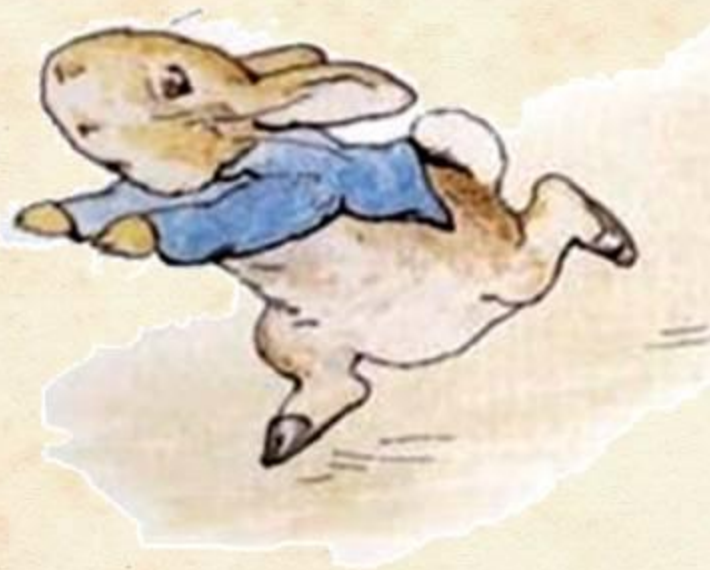
waving a rake
and calling out,

“Stop thief!”



Peter was
most dreadfully
frightened;

he rushed
all over
the garden,



for he
had forgotten
the way back
to the gate.



He lost one
of his shoes
among the cabbages,
and the other
shoe amongst
the potatoes.



After having lost
his shoes,

he ran
on four feet

and went faster,



so that I think
he might
have got away
altogether



if he had not
unfortunately
run into
a gooseberry net,



and got caught
by the large
buttons
on his jacket.



It was a blue jacket
with brass buttons,
quite new.



Peter
gave himself up
for lost

and shed big tears;




but his sobs
were overheard
by some
friendly sparrows,



who flew to him
in great excitement,
and implored him
to exert himself.



Mr. McGregor
came up
with a sieve,

intending
to capture Peter.



But Peter
wriggled out
just in time,

leaving his jacket
behind him.



He rushed
into the tool-shed,

and jumped
into a can.



It would have been
a beautiful thing
to hide in,

if it had not
had so much
water in it.



Mr. McGregor
was quite sure

that Peter
was somewhere
in the tool-shed,



perhaps hidden
underneath
a flower-pot.



He began
to turn them
over carefully,
looking under each.



Presently
Peter sneezed—
“Kertyschoo!”



Mr. McGregor
was after him
in no time,

and he tried
to put his foot
upon Peter,



who jumped out
of a window,



upsetting
three plants.



The window
was too small
for Mr. McGregor,
and he was tired
of running
after Peter,
and he went back
to his work.



Peter
sat down to rest;

he was
out of breath

and trembling
with fright,



and he had not
the least idea
which way to go.



Also,
he was very damp
with sitting
in that can.



After a time
he began
to wander about,

going

—lippity—lippity



not very fast,
and looking
all around.



He found
a door in a wall;

but it was locked,



and there was
no room



for a fat little rabbit
to squeeze
underneath.



An old mouse
was running
in and out
over the stone
doorstep,



carrying peas
and beans

to her family
in the wood.



Peter asked her
the way back
to the gate,



but she had such
a large pea
in her mouth

that she
could not answer.



She only shook
her head at him.



Peter began to cry.



Then he tried
to find his way
straight across
the garden,

but he became
more and more
puzzled.



Presently,
he came to a pond



where
Mr. McGregor
filled his water-cans.



A white cat
was staring
at some goldfish;



she sat
very, very still.



But now and then

the tip of her tail
twitched

as if it were alive.




Peter thought it best
to go away



without speaking
to her.



He had heard
about cats
from his cousin,

little Benjamin Bunny.

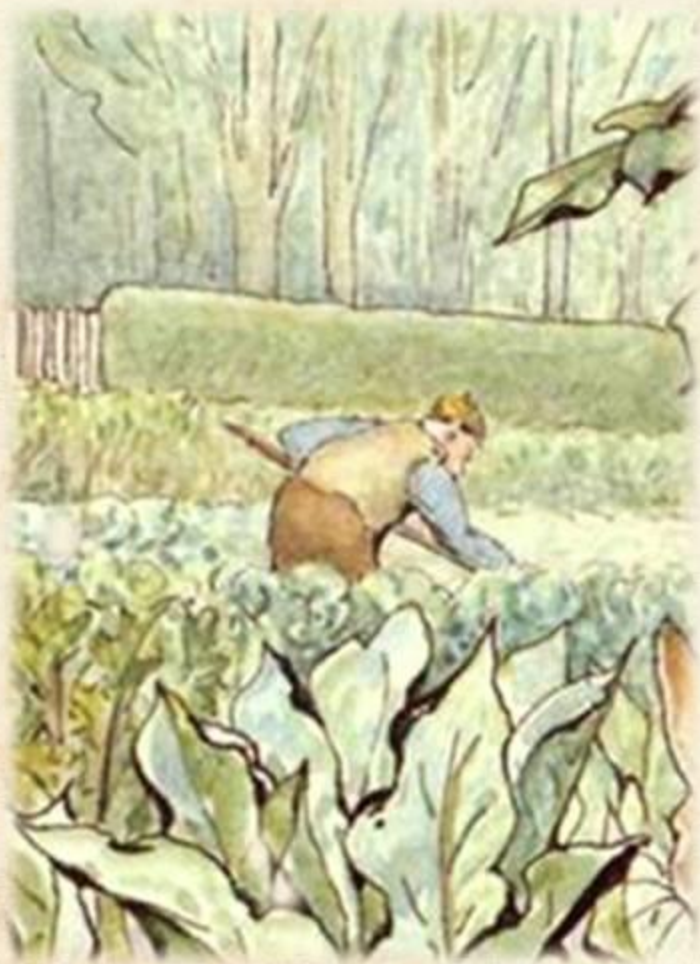


He went back
towards
the tool-shed,



but suddenly,
quite close to him,

he heard
the noise of a hoe,

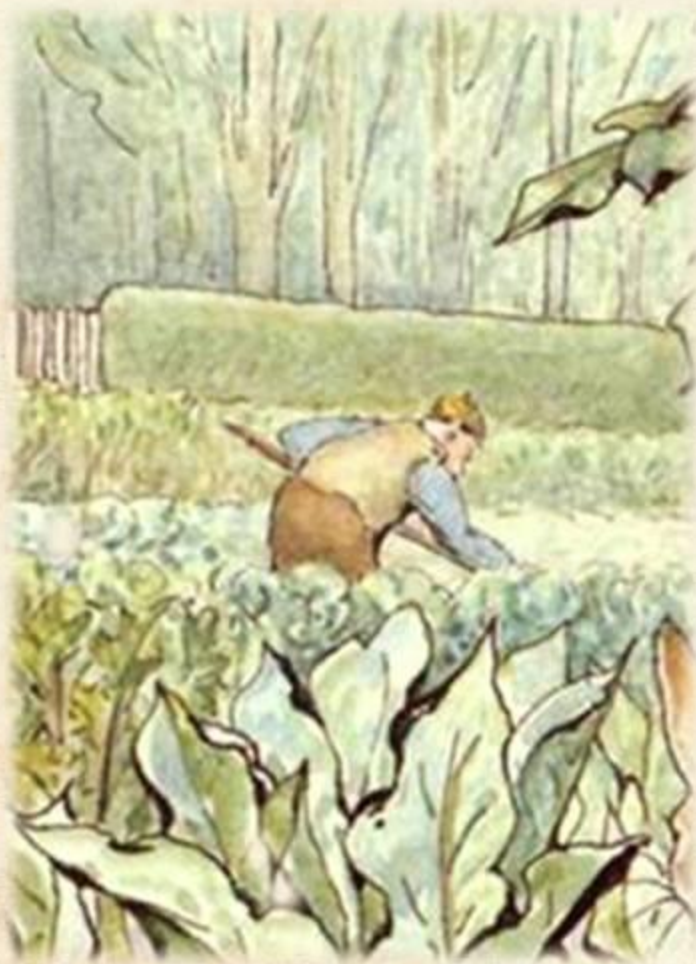


—scr-r-ritch,

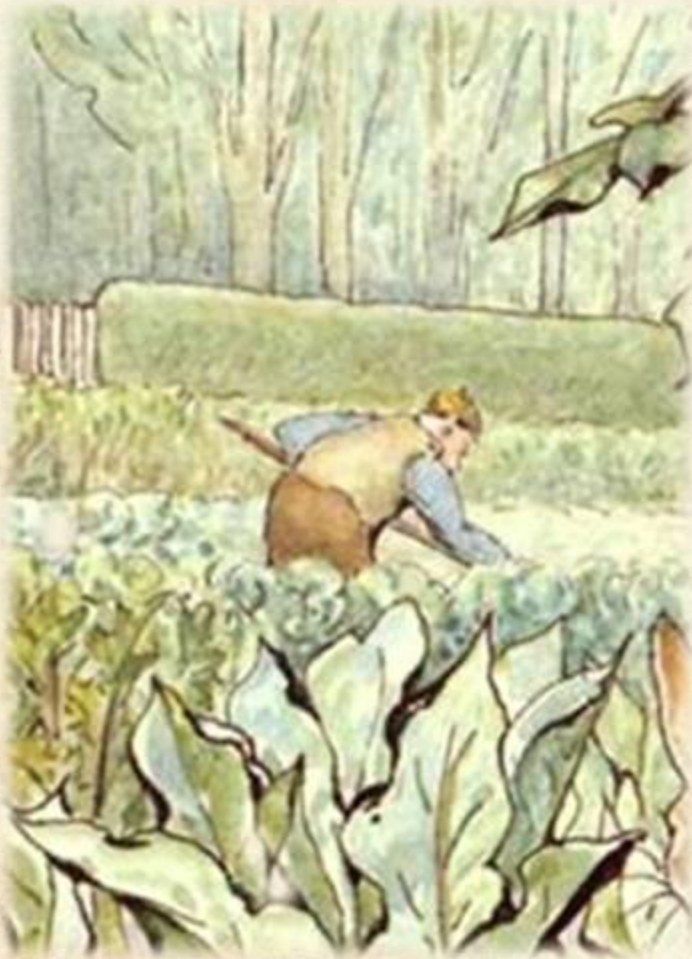
scratch,

scratch,

scritch.



Peter scuttered
underneath
the bushes.



But presently,

as nothing
happened,



he came out,



and climbed upon
a wheelbarrow,



and
peeped
over.



The first thing
he saw

was Mr. McGregor
hoeing onions.



His back
was turned
toward Peter,

and beyond him
was the gate!



Peter got down
very quietly
off the wheelbarrow,



and started running
as fast
as he could go,



along
a straight walk
behind some black
currant bushes.



Mr. McGregor
caught sight
of him
at the corner,

but Peter
did not care.



He slipped
underneath
the gate,

and was safe
at last
in the wood
outside the garden.



Mr. McGregor
hung up
the little jacket
and the shoes

for a scare-crow
to frighten
the blackbirds.



Peter never
stopped running

or looked
behind him



till he got home
under
the big fir-tree.



He was so tired
that he
flopped down



upon
the nice soft sand
on the floor
of the rabbit-hole,
and
shut his eyes.



His mother
was busy
cooking;

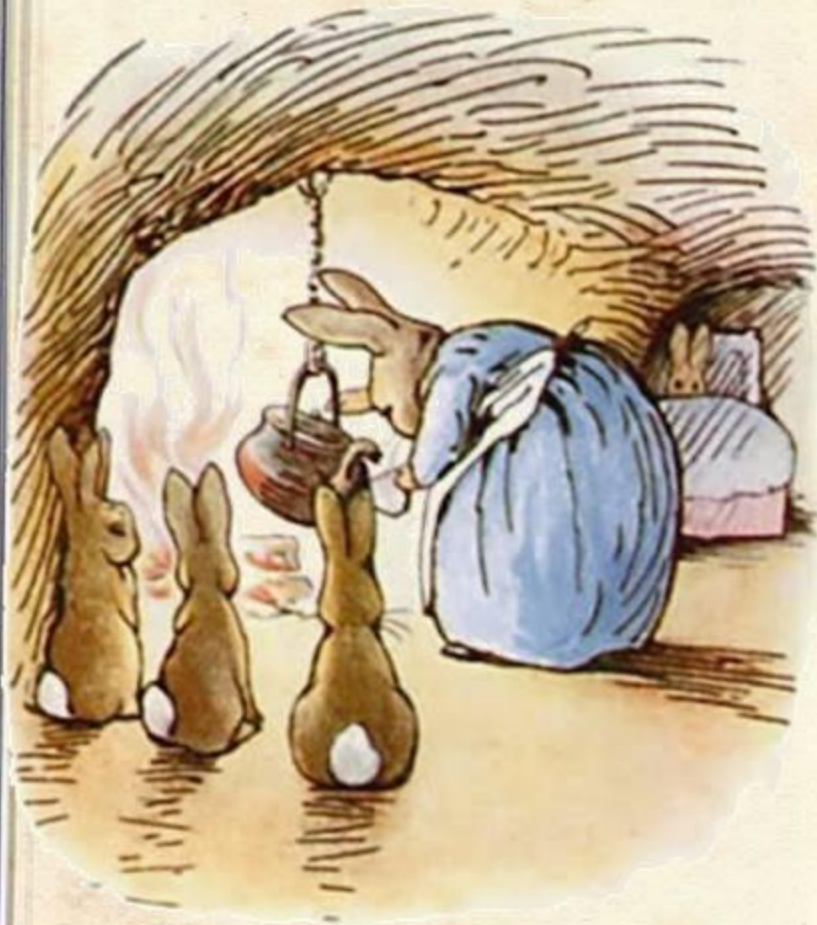


she wondered
what he had done
with his clothes.



It was the second
little jacket
and pair of shoes

that Peter had lost
in a fortnight!



I am sorry to say
that Peter was
not very well
during the evening.



His mother
put him to bed,
and made him
some chamomile tea;



and she gave
a dose of it
to Peter!



“One
table-spoon

to be taken
at bed-time.”



But,
Flopsy,
Mopsy,
and Cotton-tail

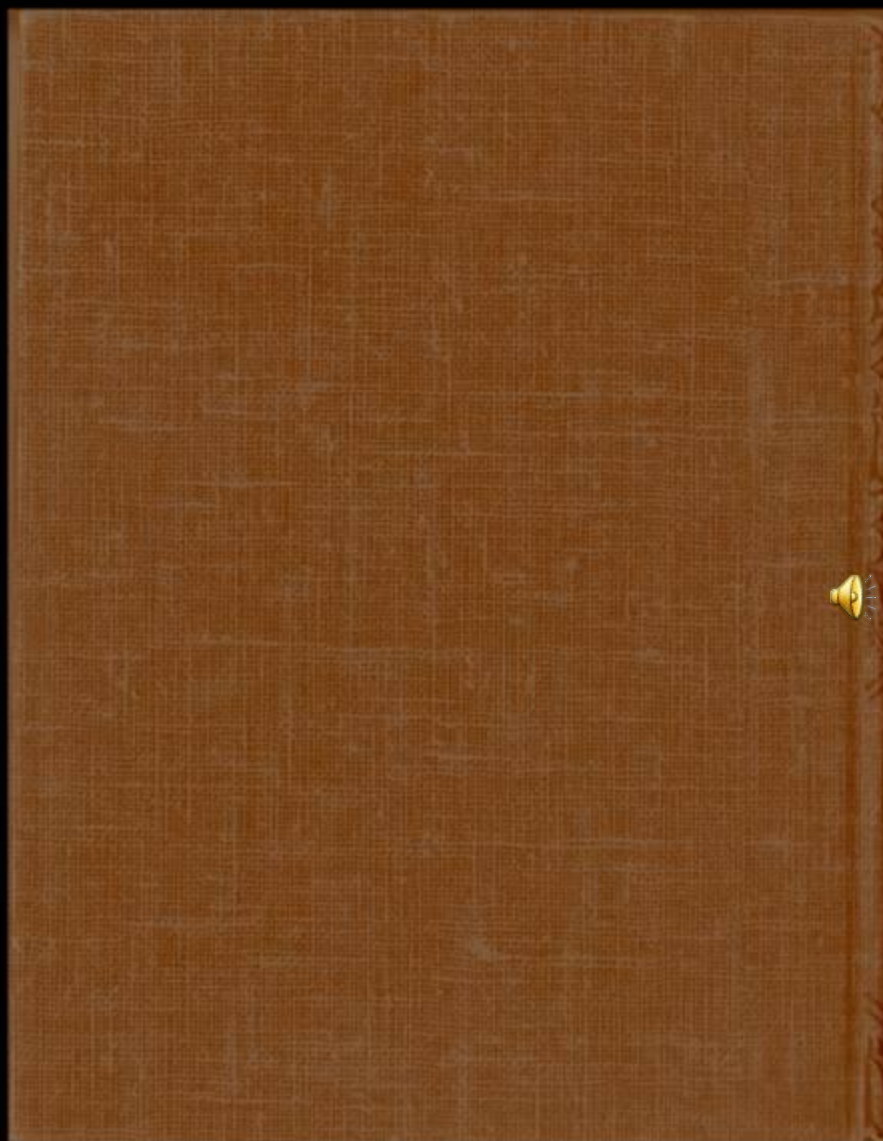


had bread
and milk
and blackberries,

for supper.



The End.



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