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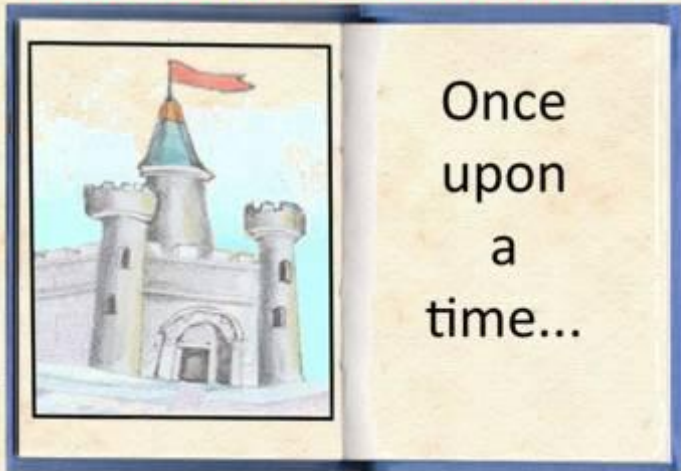
THE TALE OF  
PETER RABBIT



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

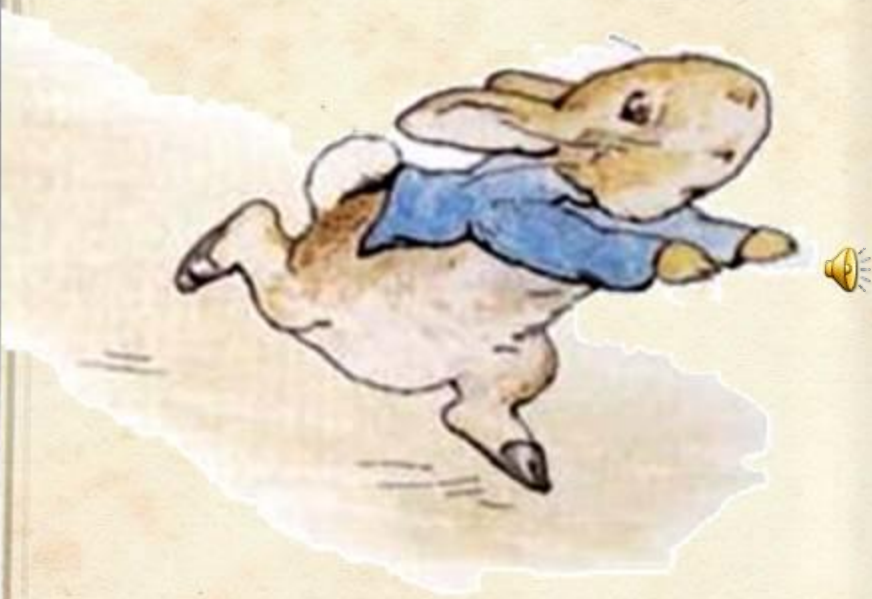
planting out  
young cabbages,



but he jumped up  
and ran after Peter,

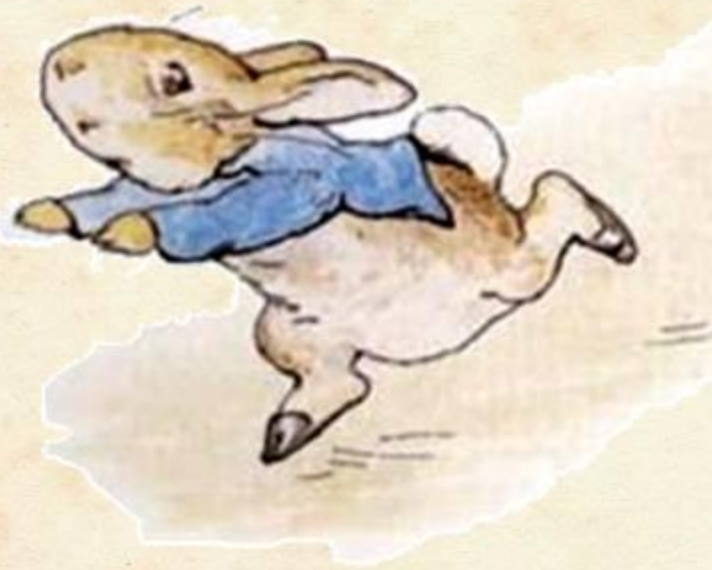
waving a rake  
and calling out,

“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.



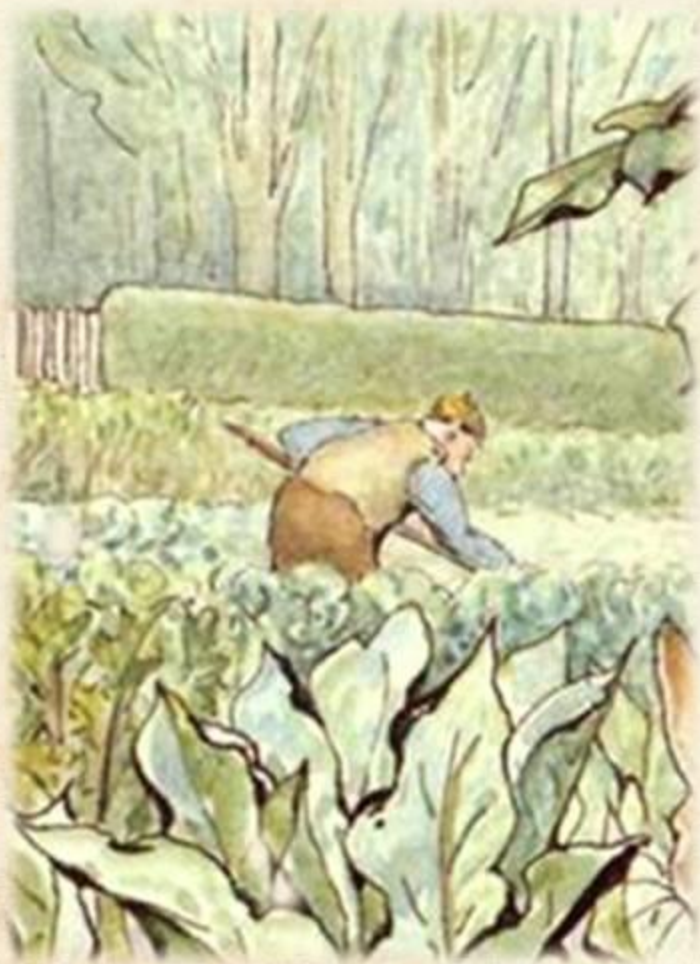
He had heard  
about cats  
from his cousin,  
little Benjamin Bunny.



He went back  
towards  
the tool-shed,

but suddenly,  
quite close to him,

he heard  
the noise of a hoe,



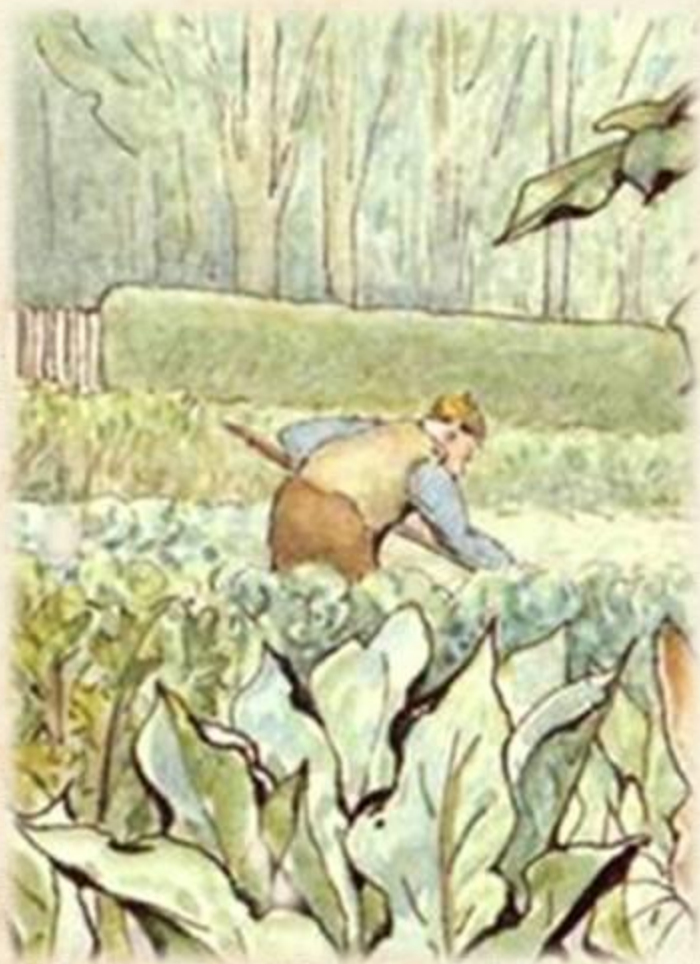
—scr-r-ritch,

scratch,

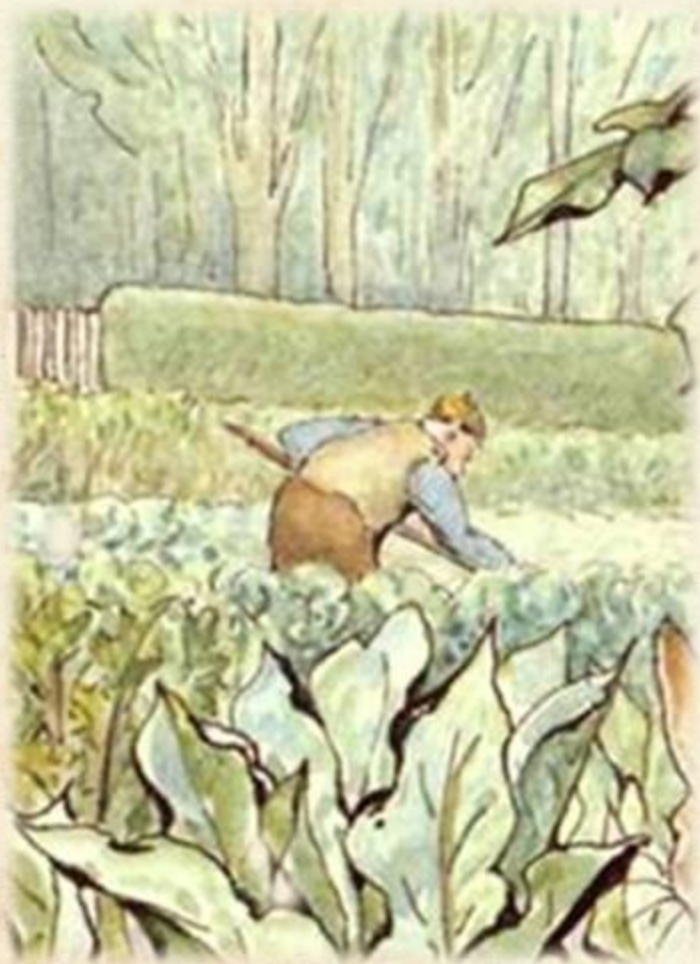
scratch,

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;



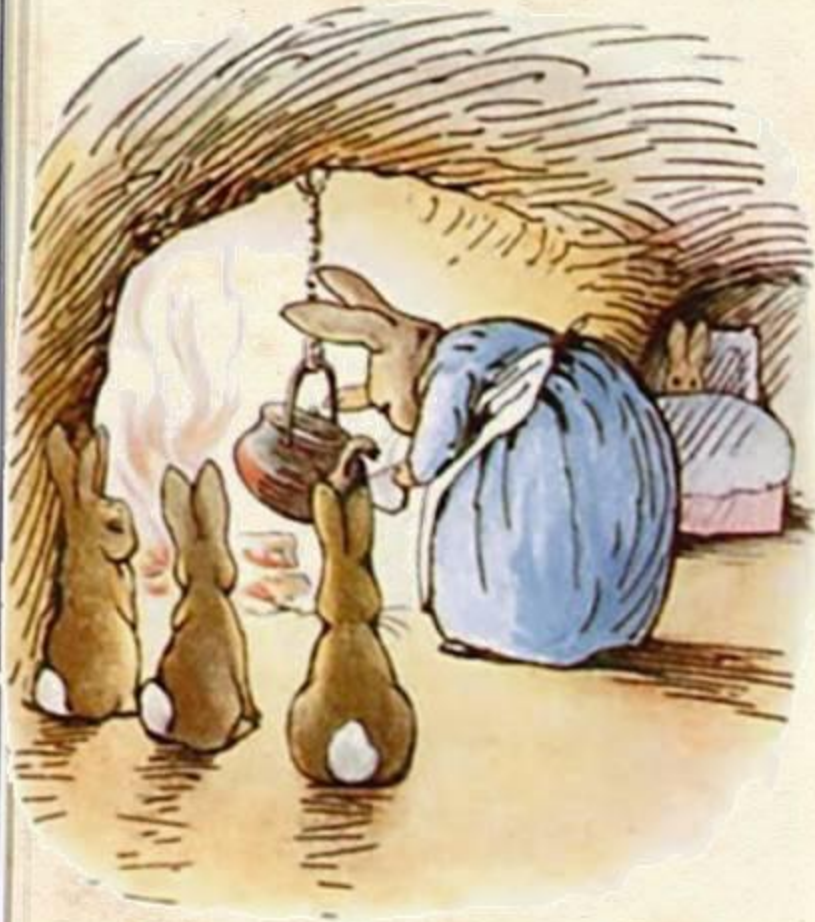
she wondered  
what he had done  
with his clothes.





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

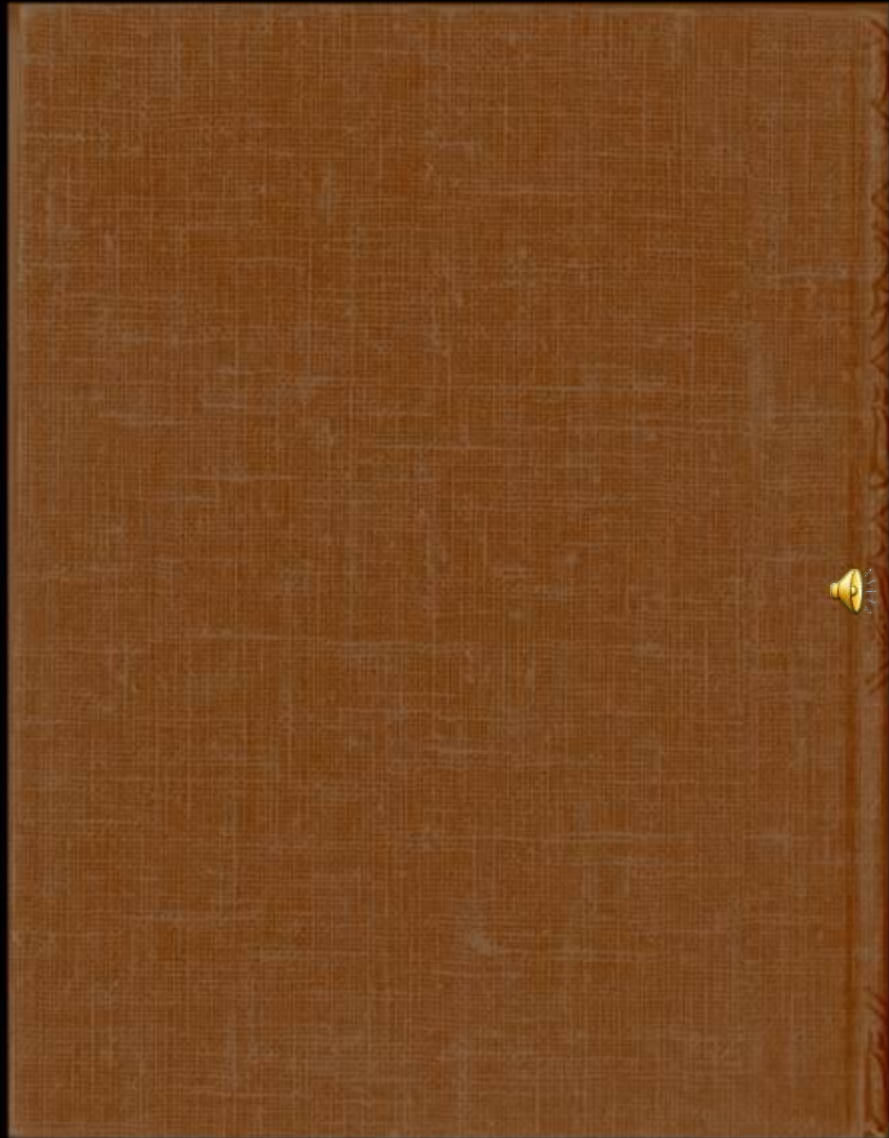


had bread  
and milk  
and blackberries,  
for supper.



The End.





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