

***THE TALE OF PETER
RABBIT***

BY

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Freeeditorial 

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,
underneat
h 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.'



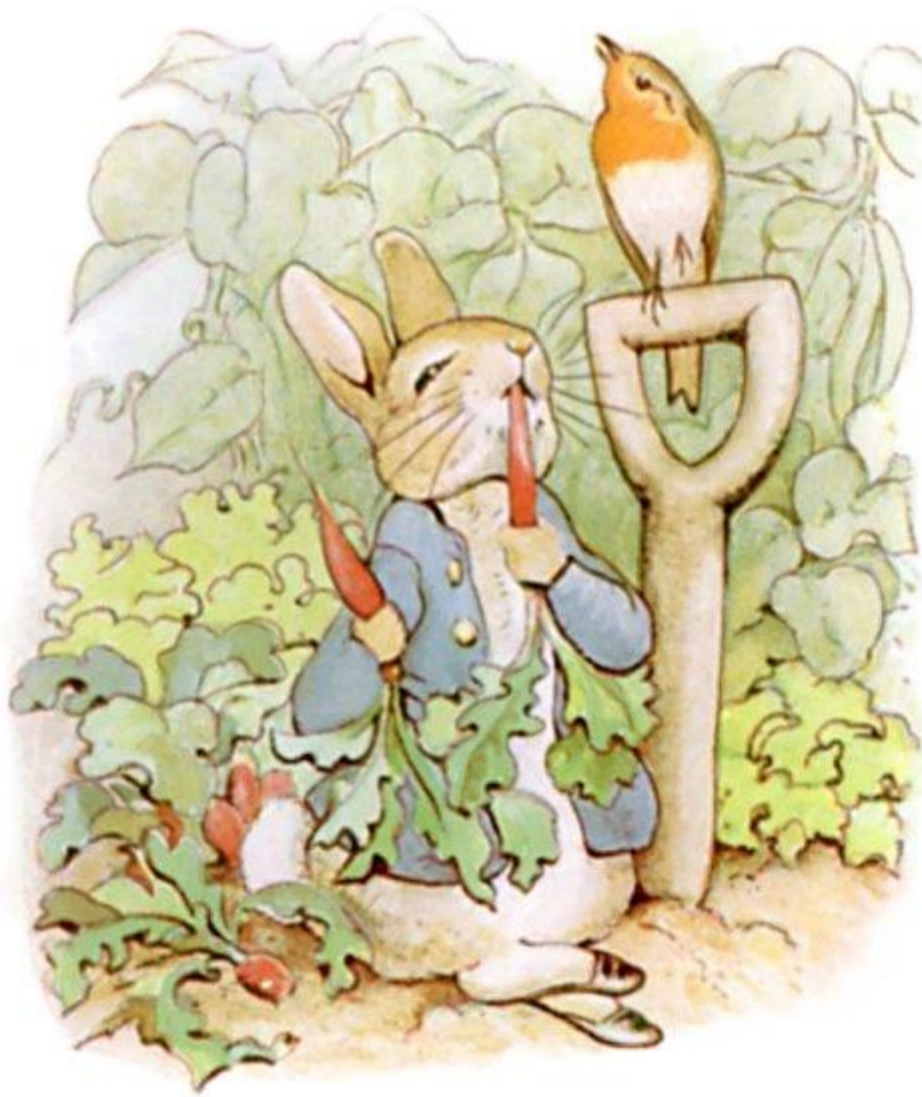
Then old
Mrs. Rabbit
took a
basket and
her
umbrella,
and went
through the
wood to the
baker's.
She bought
a loaf of
brown
bread and
five currant
buns.



Flopsy,
Mopsy, and
Cotton-tail,
who were
good little
bunnies,
went down
the lane to
gather
blackberrie
s:



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
French
beans;
and then
he ate
some
radishes;



And then,
feeling rather
sick, he went
to look for
some parsley.



But round the end
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 losing them, he ran on four legs 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.
McGrego
r came up
with a
sieve,
which he
intended
to pop
upon the
top of
Peter; but
Peter
wriggled
out just in
time,
leaving
his jacket
behind
him.



And 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 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. 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 round.

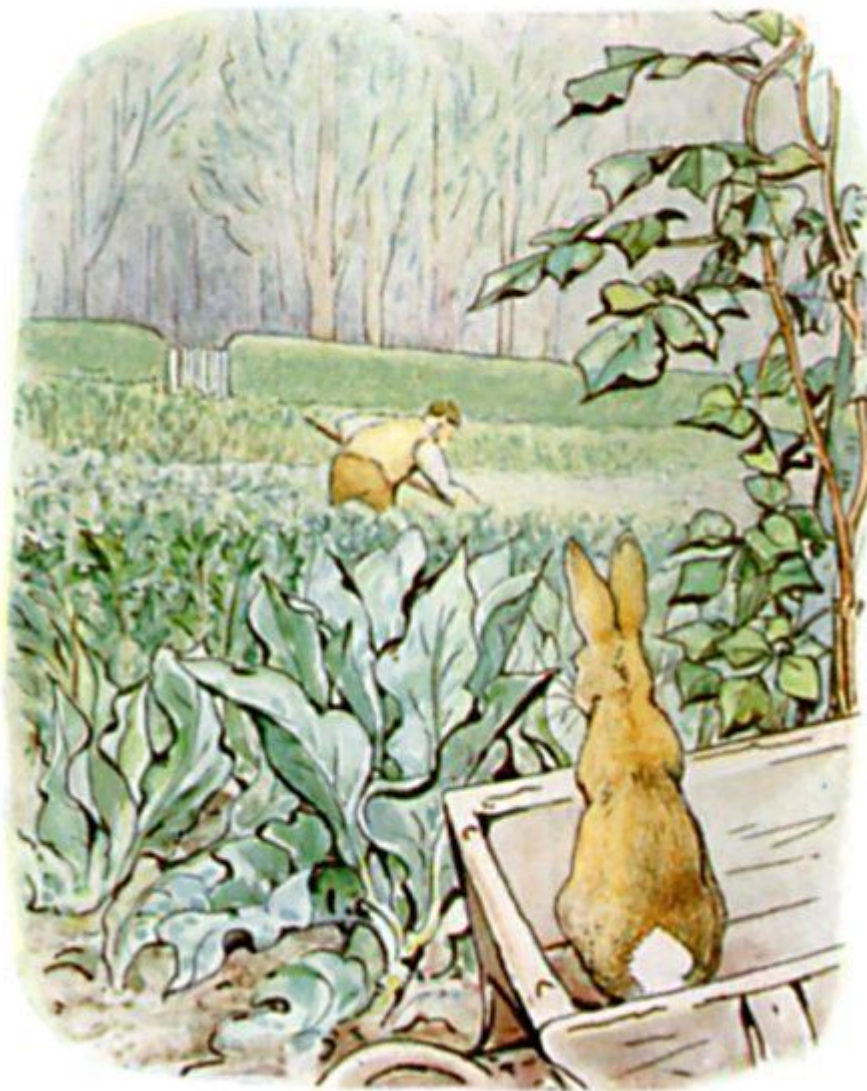


He found a door
in a wall; but it
was locked, and
there was no
room for a fat
little rabbit to
squeeze
underneath.

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 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 gold-fish, 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
scattered
underneath
the bushes.
But
presently, as
nothing
happened,
he came out,
and climbed
upon a
wheelbarro
w and
peeped over.
The first



thing he saw
was Mr.
McGregor
hoeing
onions. His
back was
turned
towards
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 to 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 some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

'One table-spoonful to be taken at bed-time.'



But Flopsy,
Mopsy, and
Cotton-tail
had bread
and milk
and
blackberrie
s for
supper.

THE END

***Free*editorial** 