THE TALE OF
SAMUEL WHISKERS
OR
THE ROLY-POLY PUDDING
BY BEATRIX POTTER
F. WARNE & CO.LTD

THE TALE OF
SAMUEL WHISKERS
OR
THE ROLY-POLY PUDDING
BY BEATRIX POTTER
F. WARNE & CO.LTD

THE TALE OF
SAMUEL WHISKERS
OR
THE ROLY-POLY PUDDING
BY BEATRIX POTTER
F. WARNE & CO.LTD

Beatrix Potter (1866 – 1943)

Helen Beatrix Potter was an English writer, illustrator, natural scientist, and conservationist best known for her children's books featuring animals.

he was interested in every branch of natural science ave astronomy. Botany was a passion for most ictorians and nature study was a popular enthusiasm. eatrix loved collecting fossils, studying archaeological rtefacts from London excavations, and interested in entomology. In all these areas she drew and painted her specimens with increasing skill.

By the 1890s her scientific interests centred on mycology. First drawn to fungi because of their colours and evanescence in nature and her delight in painting them.

Curious as to how fungi reproduced, she began microscopic drawings of fungus spores (the agarics) and in 1895 developed a theory of their germination.

THE TALE OF SAMUEL WHISKERS

OR

THE ROLY-POLY PUDDING

BY

BEATRIX POTTER

Author of
"THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT"

ETC:

FREDERICK WARNE

THE TALE OF

SAMUEL WHISKERS

Or,

THE ROLY POLY PUDDING

In Remembrance of
"SAMMY,"
The intelligent pink-eyed Representative
of
a Persecuted (but Irrepressible) Race
An affectionate little Friend,
and most accomplished
thief

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Frederic Warne
First Published in 1908
Originally published in the USA
as *The Roly-Poly Pudding*

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Once upon a time there was an old cat, called Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit,

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit,
was an anxious parent.

She used to lose
her kittens
continually,
and whenever
they were lost,
they always
got into mischief!

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

On baking day she determined to shut them up in a cupboard.

She caught Moppet and Mittens, but she could not find Tom anywhere.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Mrs. Tabitha went up
and down
all over the house,
mewing for Tom Kitten.

She looked in the pantry
under the staircase,
and she searched the best
spare bedroom that was all
covered up with dust sheets.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

She went right upstairs
and looked into the attics,
but she could not find him anywhere.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The old house was full of cupboards and passages.

The walls were thick, and there used to be queer noises inside them, as if there might be a little secret staircase.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Certainly there were
odd little
jagged doorways
in the wainscot,
and things
disappeared at night,
especially
cheese and bacon.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Mrs. Tabitha
became
more and more
distracted,

and
mewed
dreadfully.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

While their mother
was searching the house,

Moppet and Mittens
had got into mischief.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The cupboard door was not locked, so they pushed it open and came out.

They went straight to the dough which was set to rise in a pan before the fire.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

They patted it with their
little soft paws, "Shall we make
dear little muffins?"
said Mittens to Moppet.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

But just at that moment
somebody knocked
at the front door,

Frightened, Moppet jumped
into the flour barrel.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Mittens ran away to the dairy and hid in an empty jar on the stone shelf where the milk pans stand.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The visitor was a neighbour, Mrs. Ribby.

She had called to borrow some yeast.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Mrs. Tabitha came downstairs
mewing dreadfully,
"Come in, Cousin Ribby,
come in, and sit ye down!

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

I'm in sad trouble, Cousin Ribby,"
Said Tabitha, shedding tears.
"I've lost my dear son Thomas;
I'm afraid the rats have got him."

She wiped her eyes
with her apron.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"He's a bad kitten,
Cousin Tabitha;

He made a cat's cradle
of my best bonnet
last time
I came to tea.

Where have you looked
for him?"

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"All over the house!

There are too many rats for me."
said Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit.

"What a thing
it is to have
an unruly family!"

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"I'm not afraid of rats;
I will help you to find him;
and whip him too!

What is all
that soot
in the fender?“

The chimney
wants sweeping.”

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

“Oh, dear me, Cousin Ribby, now Moppet and Mittens are gone!“

"They both got out of the cupboard in the wainscot!“

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Ribby and Tabitha set to work
to search the house thoroughly again.

They poked
under the beds
with
Ribby's umbrella,
and
they rummaged
in cupboards.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Yes, it is infested with rats,“
said Tabitha tearfully.

"I caught seven young ones
in the back kitchen,
and we had them
for dinner
last Saturday.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

And once I saw the old father rat,
an enormous old rat.

I was just going to
jump upon him,
when he showed
his yellow teeth at me
and whisked down the hole."

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Ribby and Tabitha
searched and searched.

They both heard
a curious roly-poly noise
under the attic floor.

But there
was nothing
be seen.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

They returned to the kitchen.

"Here's one of your kittens
at least,“ said Ribby,
dragging Moppet out
of the
flour barrel.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

They shook the flour off her
and set her down
on the kitchen floor.

She seemed to be in a terrible fright.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Oh! Mother, Mother,"
said Moppet,
"there's been an old woman rat

in the kitchen,
and
she's stolen
some
of the dough!"

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The two cats ran
to look at
the dough pan.

Sure enough
there were marks
of little
scratching fingers,
and a lump of dough
was gone!

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Which way did she go, Moppet?"

But Moppet had been too frightened to peep out of the barrel again.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Ribby and Tabitha took her with them
to keep her safely in sight,
while they went on with their search.

They went
into the dairy.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The first thing they found
was Mittens,
hiding in an empty jar.

They tipped
up the jar,
and she
scrambled out.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Oh! Mother, Mother,"
said Mittens,
"there's been an old man rat
in the dairy,
and
he's stolen
a pat of butter
and
the rolling pin!"

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Ribby and Tabitha
looked at one another.

A rolling-pin
and butter!
Oh, my poor
son Thomas!"
exclaimed Tabitha,
wringing her paws.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"A rolling-pin?"
said Ribby.

"Did we not hear
a roly-poly noise
in the attic
when we were
looking
into that chest?“

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Ribby and Tabitha
rushed upstairs again.

Sure enough the roly-poly noise
was still going on quite distinctly
under the attic floor.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"This is serious, Cousin Tabitha,"
said Ribby.

"We must send for John Joiner at once,
with a saw."

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Now this is what has been
happening to Tom Kitten,
and it shows how very
unwise it is
to go up a chimney
in a very old house,

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Where a person
does not know his way,

and

where there are
enormous rats.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Tom Kitten did not want
to be shut up in a cupboard.

When he saw
that his mother
was going to bake,
he determined to hide.

He looked about for a
nice convenient place,
and he fixed upon the chimney.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The fire had
only just
been lighted,
and it was not hot;

but there was a
white choky
smoke
from the
green sticks.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Tom Kitten got upon
the fender and looked up.

It was a big,
old-fashioned fire-place.

The chimney itself
was wide enough inside
for a man to stand up and walk about.

So there was plenty of room
for a little Tom Cat.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

He jumped right up
into the fire-place,
balancing himself
upon the iron bar
where the kettle hangs.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Tom Kitten took another big jump
off the bar,
and landed on a ledge
high up inside the chimney,
knocking down
some soot
into the fender.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Tom Kitten coughed and choked with the smoke;

and he could hear the sticks beginning to crackle and burn in the fire-place down below.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"I cannot go back.

If I slipped
I might fall
in the fire
and singe my
beautiful tail
and my
little blue jacket."

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

So he made up
his mind
to climb right
to the top,

and get out
on the slates,
and try to catch
sparrows.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The chimney was
a very big
old-fashioned one.

It was built
in the days
when people
burnt logs of wood
upon the hearth.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The chimney stack
stood up
above the roof
like a
little stone tower,
and the daylight
shone down from the top,
under the slanting slates
that kept out the rain.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Tom Kitten was getting very frightened!

He climbed

up,

and up,

and up.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Then he waded sideways
through inches of soot.

He was like
a little chimney sweep.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

It was most confusing
in the dark.

One flue seemed
to lead into another.

There was less smoke,
but Tom Kitten felt quite lost.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

He scrambled up and up; but before
he reached the chimney top
he came to a place
where somebody had loosened
a stone in the wall.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

There were
some
mutton bones
lying about.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"This seems funny,"
said Tom Kitten.

"Who has been
gnawing bones
up here
in the chimney?

I wish I had never come!

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

And what a funny smell?

It is something like mouse;
only dreadfully strong.

It makes me sneeze,"
said Tom Kitten.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

He squeezed through the hole in the wall, and dragged himself along a most uncomfortably tight passage, where there was scarcely any light.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

He groped his way
carefully for several yards;

He was at the back of
the skirting-board
in the attic,

where there is
a little mark *
in the picture.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

All at once he fell head over heels in the dark, down a hole, and landed on a heap of very dirty rags.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

When Tom Kitten picked himself up
and looked about him.

He found himself
in a place that he had
never seen before,

although he had
lived in the house all his life.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

It was a very small stuffy fusty room, with boards, and rafters, and cobwebs, and lath and plaster.

Opposite to him,
as far away
as he could sit,
was
an enormous rat.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"What do you mean
by tumbling
into my bed
all covered
with smuts?"
said the rat,
chattering
his teeth.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Please sir,
the chimney wants sweeping,"
said poor Tom Kitten.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Anna Maria! Anna Maria!"
squeaked the rat.

There was a pattering noise
and an old woman rat
poked her head round a rafter.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

All
in a minute
she rushed
upon
Tom Kitten.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Before Tom knew
what was happening,

his coat
was pulled off,

and he was rolled
up in a bundle,

and tied with string
in very hard knots.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Anna Maria did the tying.

The old rat watched her
and took snuff.

When she had finished,
they both sat
staring at him
with their mouths open.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Anna Maria," said the old man rat
(whose name was Samuel Whiskers),

"make me a
kitten dumpling
roly-poly pudding
for my dinner."

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"It requires dough and a pat of butter,
and a rolling-pin," said Anna Maria,
considering Tom Kitten
with her head on one side.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The two rats consulted together for a few minutes.

"Make it properly with breadcrumbs," said Samuel Whiskers.“

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Nonsense! Butter and dough," replied Anna Maria.

Then they went away.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Samuel Whiskers got through
a hole in the wainscot,
and went boldly down
the front staircase to the dairy
to get the butter.

He did not
meet anybody.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

He made a second journey
for the rolling-pin.

He pushed it
in front of him
with his paws,
like a brewer's man
trundling a barrel.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

He could hear
Ribby and Tabitha
talking,
but they were busy
lighting the candle
to look into
the clothes chest.

They did not
see him.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Anna Maria went down
by way of the skirting-board
and a window shutter to the kitchen
to steal the dough.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

She borrowed a small saucer, and scooped up the dough with her paws.

She did not observe Moppet.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

While Tom Kitten was left alone
under the floor of the attic,
he wriggled about
and tried to mew for help.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

But his mouth was full of soot
and cobwebs, and he was tied up
in such very tight knots,
he could not make anybody
hear him.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Except a spider,
who came out
of a crack
in the ceiling
and examined
the knots
critically,
from a
safe distance.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

It was a judge of knots because it had a habit of tying up unfortunate blue-bottles.

It did not offer to assist him.

Tom Kitten wriggled and squirmed until he was quite exhausted.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Presently the rats came back
and set to work to make him
into a dumpling.

First they smeared him with butter,
and then
they rolled him
in the dough.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Will not the string
be very indigestible,
Anna Maria?"
inquired Samuel Whiskers.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Anna Maria said that
it was of no consequence."

But she wished
that Tom Kitten
would hold his
head still,
as it disarranged
the pastry.

She laid hold of his ears.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Tom Kitten
bit
  and spat,
    and mewed
and wriggled.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The rats each held an end and the rolling-pin went roly-poly-roly, roly-poly-roly.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"His tail is sticking out!
You did not fetch enough
dough, Anna Maria.“

"I fetched as much
as I could carry,"
replied Anna Maria.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"I do not think,“
said Samuel Whiskers,
pausing to take a look
at Tom Kitten,

"I do not think
it will be
a good pudding.

It smells sooty."

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Anna Maria was about to argue the point, when all at once there began to be other sounds up above.

The rasping noise of a saw;

and the noise of a little dog, scratching and yelping!

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The rats dropped the rolling-pin,
and listened attentively.

"We are discovered and interrupted,
Anna Maria;

let us collect our property
and other people's,

and depart at once."

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"I fear that we shall be obliged
to leave this pudding.“

"But I am persuaded that the knots
would have proved indigestible,
whatever you may urge
to the contrary."

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"Come away at once and help me to tie up some mutton bones in a counterpane," said Anna Maria.

"I have got half a smoked ham hidden in the chimney."

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

So it happened that by the time
John Joiner had got the plank up,
there was nobody under the floor
except the rolling-pin and
Tom Kitten in a very dirty dumpling!

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

But there was a strong smell of rats; and John Joiner spent the rest of the morning sniffing and whining, and wagging his tail, and going round and round with his head in the hole like a gimlet.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Then he nailed the plank down again
and put his tools in his bag,
and came downstairs.

The cat family had quite recovered.

They invited him
to stay to dinner.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

They had
been obliged
to put
Tom Kitten
into a
hot bath
to get
the butter off.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

The dumpling had been peeled off
Tom Kitten,
and
made separately
into a bag pudding,
with currants in it
to hide the smuts.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

John Joiner smelt the pudding; but regretted he couldn't stay to dinner,

he had just finished making a wheel-barrow for Miss Potter, and she had ordered two hen-coops.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

"And I saw
Mr. Samuel
Whiskers
and his wife
on the run,
with big bundles
on a little
wheel-barrow,
which looked,
very like mine.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

They were just turning in
at the gate to the barn
of Farmer Potatoes.

Samuel Whiskers
was puffing
and out of breath.

Anna Maria was still
arguing in shrill tones.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

She seemed
to have
a quantity
of luggage.

I am sure
I never gave her leave
to borrow my wheel-barrow!

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

They went into the barn,
and hauled their parcels
with a bit of string
to the top of the hay mow.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

After that,
there were no more rats
for a long time
at Tabitha Twitchit's.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

As for
Farmer Potatoes,
he has been
driven
nearly
distracted.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

There are rats, and rats, and rats
in his barn!

They eat up
the chicken food,
and steal
the oats and bran,
and make holes
the meal bags.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

And they are all descended
from Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Whiskers,

children,

grand-children,

great, great,
grand-children.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

There is
no end
to them!

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

Moppet and Mittens have grown up into very good rat-catchers.

They go out rat-catching in the village, and they find plenty of employment.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

They charge so much a dozen,
and earn their living
very comfortably.

They hang up
the rats' tails
in a row
on the barn door,
to show how many
they have caught
- dozens and dozens of them.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

But Tom Kitten
has always been afraid
of rats;

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

He never dares face anything that is bigger than

… a mouse

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers

THE END

See also:
The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse

Beatrix Potter

Beatrix Potter available soon at the Free Kids Books website 2018

free kids Books

Join us at Free Kids Books to enjoy a picture book, early reader, young adult fiction, and even wordless books, as well as many classic books and literacy resources from all around the world.

All the good things in life are free! *www.freekidsbooks.org,*

Literacy for All :-) *Free Kids Books on Facebook*

A KIWI OPA PRODUCTION