

cabbages from Flopsy's
brother, Peter Rabbit, who
kept a nursery garden.

SOMETIMES Peter Rabbit
had no cabbages to spare.

WHEN this happened, the
Flopsy Bunnies went
across the field to a rubbish
heap, in the ditch outside
Mr. McGregor's garden.

MR. MCGREGOR'S rubbish
heap was a mixture.

There were jam pots and paper
bags, and mountains of chopped
grass from the mowing machine
(which always tasted oily), and
some rotten vegetable marrows
and an old boot or two. One
day--oh joy!--there were a
quantity of overgrown lettuces,
which had "shot" into flower.

THE Flopsy Bunnies simply
stuffed lettuces. By
degrees, one after another,
they were overcome with

slumber, and lay down in the
mown grass.

Benjamin was not so much
overcome as his children.

Before going to sleep he was
sufficiently wide awake to put
a paper bag over his head to
keep off the flies.

THE little Flopsy Bunnies
slept delightfully in the
warm sun. From the lawn
beyond the garden came the
distant clacketty sound of the
mowing machine. The blue-
bottles buzzed about the wall,
and a little old mouse picked
over the rubbish among the
jam pots.

(I can tell you her name, she
was called Thomasina Tittlemouse,
a woodmouse with a
long tail.)

SHE rustled across the paper
bag, and awakened Benjamin
Bunny.

The mouse apologized

profusely, and said that she knew Peter Rabbit.

WHILE she and Benjamin were talking, close under the wall, they heard a heavy tread above their heads; and suddenly Mr. McGregor emptied out a sackful of lawn mowings right upon the top of the sleeping Flopsy Bunnies!

Benjamin shrank down under his paper bag. The mouse hid in a jam pot.

THE little rabbits smiled sweetly in their sleep under the shower of grass; they did not awake because the lettuces had been so soporific.

They dreamt that their mother Flopsy was tucking them up in a hay bed.

Mr. McGregor looked down after emptying his sack. He saw some funny little brown tips of ears sticking up through

the lawn mowings. He stared at them for some time.

PRESENTLY a fly settled on one of them and it moved.

Mr. McGregor climbed down on to the rubbish heap-- "One, two, three, four! five! six leetle rabbits!" said he as he dropped them into his sack.

The Flopsy Bunnies dreamt that their mother was turning them over in bed. They stirred a little in their sleep, but still they did not wake up.

MR. MCGREGOR tied up the sack and left it on the wall. He went to put away the mowing machine.

WHILE he was gone, Mrs. Flopsy Bunny (who had remained at home) came across the field.

She looked suspiciously at the sack and wondered where everybody was?

THEN the mouse came out of her jam pot, and Benjamin took the paper bag off his head, and they told the doleful tale.

Benjamin and Flopsy were in despair, they could not undo the string.

But Mrs. Tittlemouse was a resourceful person. She nibbled a hole in the bottom corner of the sack.

THE little rabbits were pulled out and pinched to wake them.

Their parents stuffed the empty sack with three rotten vegetable marrows, an old blacking-brush and two decayed turnips.

THEN they all hid under a bush and watched for Mr. McGregor.

MR. MCGREGOR came back and picked up the sack, and carried it off.

He carried it hanging down,
as if it were rather heavy.

The Flopsy Bunnies
followed at a safe distance.
THEY watched him go into
his house.

And then they crept up to
the window to listen.

MR. MCGREGOR threw
down the sack on the
stone floor in a way that
would have been extremely
painful to the Flopsy Bunnies,
if they had happened to have
been inside it.

They could hear him drag
his chair on the flags, and
chuckle--

"One, two, three, four, five,
six leetle rabbits!" said Mr.
McGregor.

"EH? What's that? What
have they been spoiling
now?" enquired Mrs. McGregor.

"One, two, three, four, five,
six leetle fat rabbits!" repeated

**Mr. McGregor, counting on
his fingers--"one, two, three--"**

**"Don't you be silly; what
do you mean, you silly old
man?"**

"In the sack! one, two, three,

A group of Flopsy Bunnies sleeping under a shower of grass with Mr. McGregor about to empty a sackful of lawn mowings onto them.

