

handkerchief with onions, as
a little present for his Aunt.

Peter did not seem to be
enjoying himself; he kept
hearing noises.

BENJAMIN, on the contrary,
was perfectly at
home, and ate a lettuce leaf.

He said that he was in the
habit of coming to the garden
with his father to get lettuces
for their Sunday dinner.

(The name of little Benjamin's
papa was old Mr. Benjamin
Bunny.)

The lettuces certainly were
very fine.

PETER did not eat anything;
he said he should
like to go home. Presently he
dropped half the onions.

LITTLE Benjamin said that
it was not possible to get
back up the pear-tree, with a
load of vegetables. He led

the way boldly towards the other end of the garden. They went along a little walk on planks, under a sunny red-brick wall.

The mice sat on their door-steps cracking cherry-stones, they winked at Peter Rabbit and little Benjamin Bunny.

PRESENTLY Peter let the pocket-handkerchief go again.

THEY got amongst flower-pots, and frames and tubs; Peter heard noises worse than ever, his eyes were as big as lolly-pops!

He was a step or two in front of his cousin, when he suddenly stopped.

THIS is what those little rabbits saw round that corner!

Little Benjamin took one look, and then, in half a minute less than no time, he hid himself

and Peter and the onions
underneath a large basket. . . .

THE cat got up and stretched
herself, and came and
sniffed at the basket.

Perhaps she liked the smell
of onions!

Anyway, she sat down upon
the top of the basket.

SHE sat there for FIVE HOURS.

* * * * *

I cannot draw you a picture
of Peter and Benjamin underneath
the basket, because it
was quite dark, and because
the smell of onions was fearful;
it made Peter Rabbit and little
Benjamin cry.

The sun got round behind
the wood, and it was quite late
in the afternoon; but still the
cat sat upon the basket.

AT length there was a pitter-
patter, pitter-patter, and
some bits of mortar fell from
the wall above.

The cat looked up and saw
old Mr. Benjamin Bunny
prancing along the top of the
wall of the upper terrace.

He was smoking a pipe of
rabbit-tobacco, and had a little
switch in his hand.

He was looking for his son.

OLD Mr. Bunny had no
opinion whatever of cats.

He took a tremendous jump
off the top of the wall on to
the top of the cat, and cuffed
it off the basket, and kicked it
into the garden-house, scratching
off a handful of fur.

The cat was too much surprised
to scratch back.

WHEN old Mr. Bunny had
driven the cat into the
green-house, he locked the
door.

Then he came back to the
basket and took out his son
Benjamin by the ears, and
whipped him with the little

switch.

Then he took out his nephew
Peter.

THEN he took out the handkerchief
of onions, and
marched out of the garden.

When Mr. McGregor
returned about half an
hour later, he observed several
things which perplexed him.

It looked as though some
person had been walking all
over the garden in a pair of
clogs--only the foot-marks
were too ridiculously little!

Also he could not understand
how the cat could have
managed to shut herself up
INSIDE the green-house, locking
the door upon the OUTSIDE.

WHEN Peter got home,
his mother forgave him,
because she was so glad to see
that he had found his shoes
and coat. Cotton-tail and
Peter folded up the pocket-

handkerchief, and old Mrs.
Rabbit strung up the onions
and hung them from the
kitchen ceiling, with the
rabbit-tobacco.

THE END

**THE TALE OF
THE FLOPSY BUNNIES
FOR ALL LITTLE FRIENDS
OF**

MR. MCGREGOR & PETER & BENJAMIN

IT is said that the effect of
eating too much lettuce
is "soporific."

I have never felt sleepy after
eating lettuces; but then I am
not a rabbit.

They certainly had a very
soporific effect upon the Flopsy
Bunnies!

WHEN Benjamin Bunny
grew up, he married
his Cousin Flopsy. They had
a large family, and they were
very improvident and cheerful.
I do not remember the separate

names of their children;
they were generally called the
"Flopsy Bunnies."

AS there was not always
quite enough to eat,--
Benjamin used to borrow

An illustration of Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny hiding underneath a large basket, with the cat sitting on top, in a garden surrounded by flower pots and a red-brick wall.

