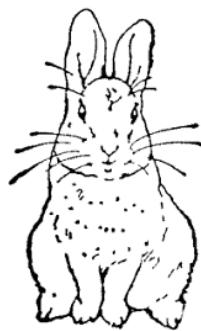




# THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

BY

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First published 1902

Frederick Warne & Co., 1902

Printed and bound in Great Britain by  
William Clowes Limited, Beccles  
and London

Phonic typsetting, Dāvid Boyd,  
Ralēigh, 2024



Once upon a tīme there were four little  
Rabbits, and their nāmes  
were--

Flopsy,  
Mopsy,  
Cotton-tāil,  
and Pēter.



they lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, undernēath thē root of a very big fir-trēē.



“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.”



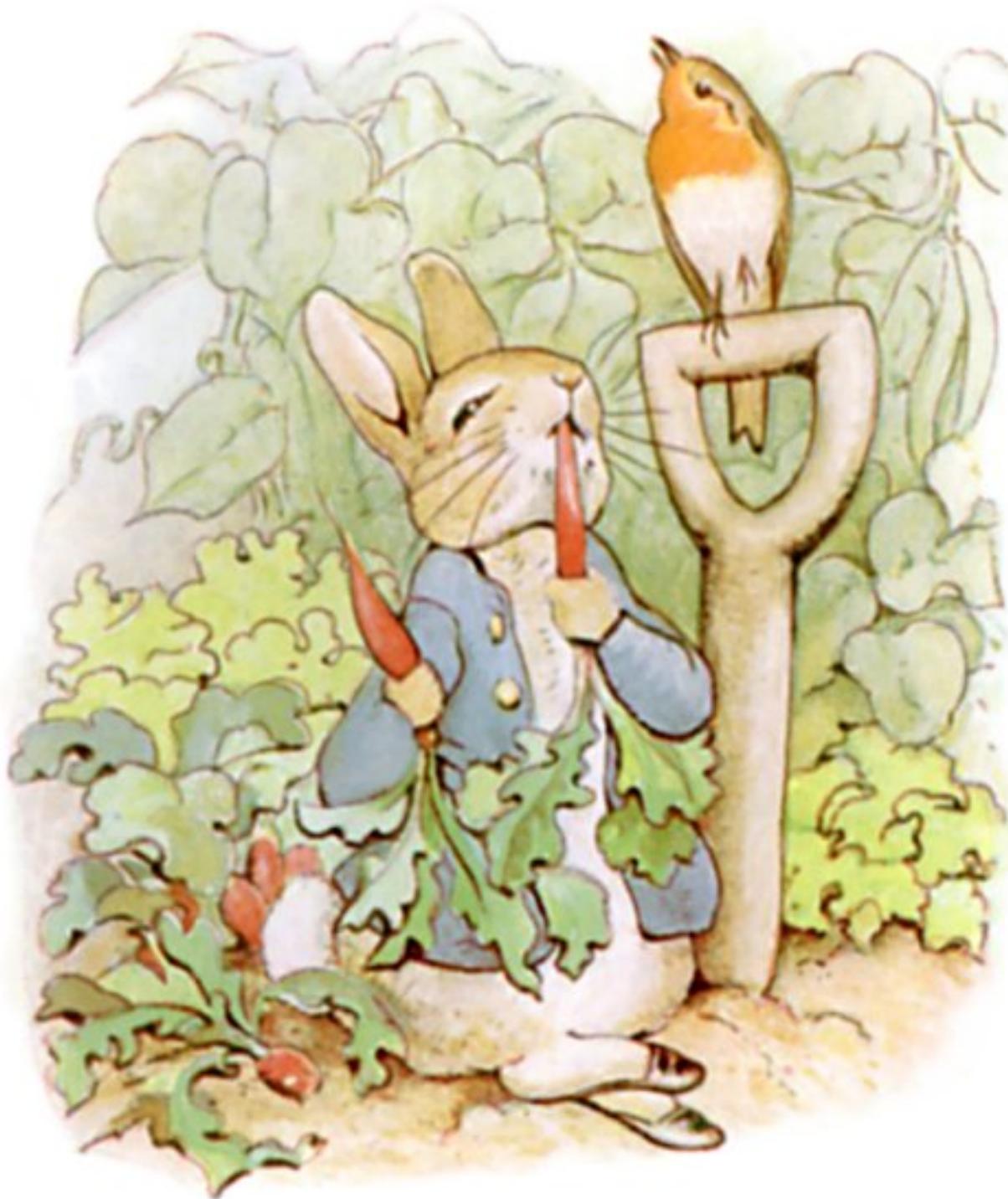
then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. she bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.



flopsy, mopsy, and cottontail, who were  
good little bunnies, went  
down thē lāne to gather blackberries:



but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!



first hē āte some lettuces and some french  
bēans; and then hē āte some radishes;



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



but round thē end of a cūcumber frāme,  
whom should hē mēēt but Mr. McGregor!



Mr. McGregor was on his hands and  
knēēs plantiñg out young cabbages,  
but hē jumped up and ran after Pēter,  
waviñg a rāke and calliñg out,  
“Stop thiēf!”



Pēter was most dreadfully frightened; hē rushed all over thē garden, for hē had forgotten thē wāy back to thē gāte.

hē lost one of his shōes among thē cabbages, and thē other shōe amongst thē potātōes.



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.



Pēter gāve himself up for lost, and shed big tēars; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrōws, who flew to him in great excītement, and implored him to exert himself.



Mr. McGregor cāme up with a sieve, which  
hē intended to pop upon thē top of Pēter;  
but Pēter wriggled out just in tīme,  
leaving his jacket bēhind him.



and rushed into thē tool-shed, and jumped  
into a can. it would have  
been a beautiful thing to hīde 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.



Pēter sat down to rest; hē was out of breath and trembling with frīght, and hē had not thē least idea which wāy to gō. also hē was very damp with sitting in that can.

after a tīme hē bēgan to wander about, going lippity--lippity--not very fast, and lookiñg 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.

Pēter asked her thē wāy tō thē gāte, but shē had such a large pēa in her mouth that shē could not answer. shē ônly shook her head at him. Pēter bēgan 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 whīte cat was staring at some gold-fish, shē sat very, very still, but now and then thē tip of her tāil twitched as if it were alīve. Pēter thought it best to go awāy without spēakinḡ to her; hē 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.

Pēter scuttered undernēath thē bushes.  
But presently, as nothiñg happened, hē  
cāme out, and clīmbed upon a  
whēelbarrōw and pēēped ḍover.  
Thē first thiñg hē saw was Mr. McGregor  
hōeing onions. His back was turned  
towards Pēter, and bēyond him was thē  
gāte!



Pēter got down very quīetly off thē whēēlbarrow; and started running as fast as hē could gō, along a strāight walk bēhind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sīght of him at thē corner, but Pēter did not care. hē slipped undernēath thē gāte, and was sāfe at last in thē wood outsīde thē 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 Pēter was not very well dūring thē ēvening.

His mother put him to bed, and māde some camomile tēa; and shē gāve a dōse of it to Pēter!

“one tāble-spoonful to be tāken at bed tīme.”



but Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had  
bread and milk and  
blackberries for supper.

THE END