

THE TALE OF

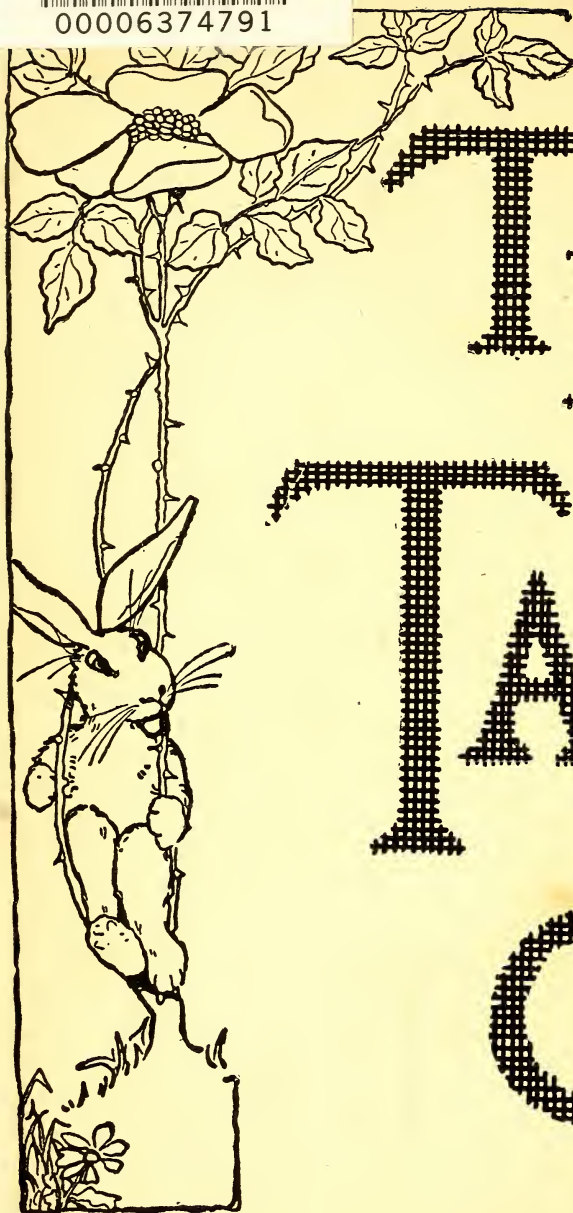
# PETER RABBIT



BEATRIX POTTER



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# THE TALE OF

*Terrell Everett*

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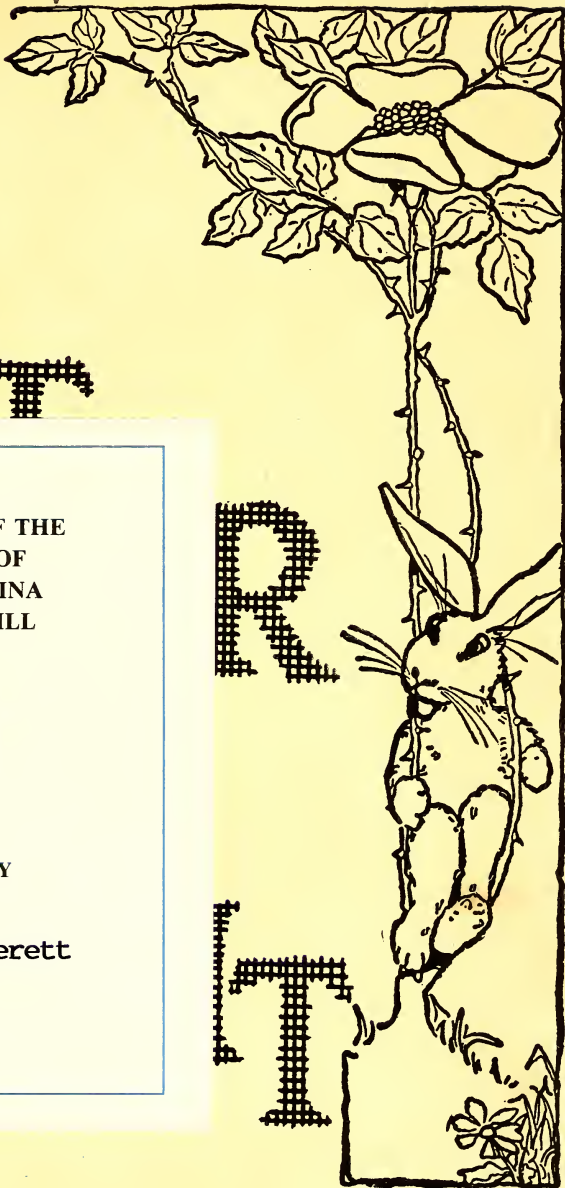


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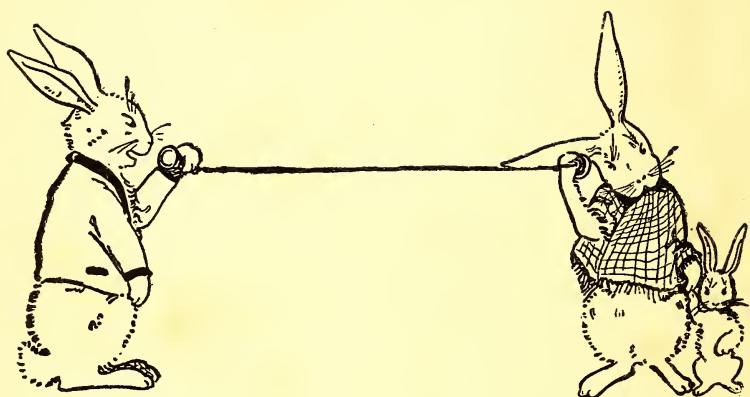




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**THE TALE  
OF  
PETER RABBIT**





10/13/1914

LS  
JH  
Potter

THE TALE OF

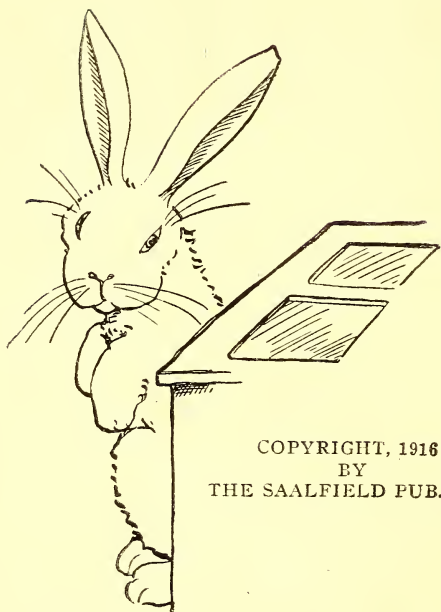
# PETER RABBIT



BEATRIX POTTER

Illustrations  
By  
Virginia Albert.

AKRON, O.  
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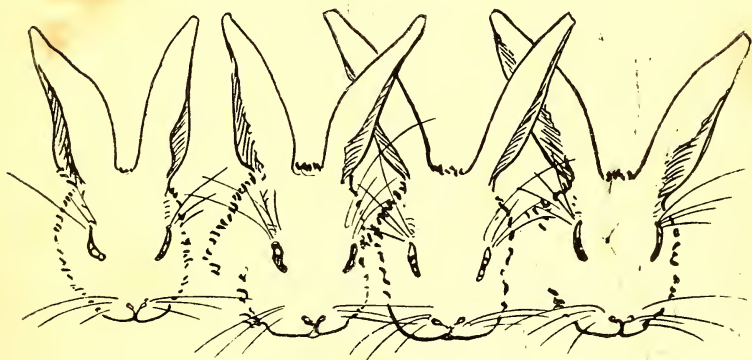


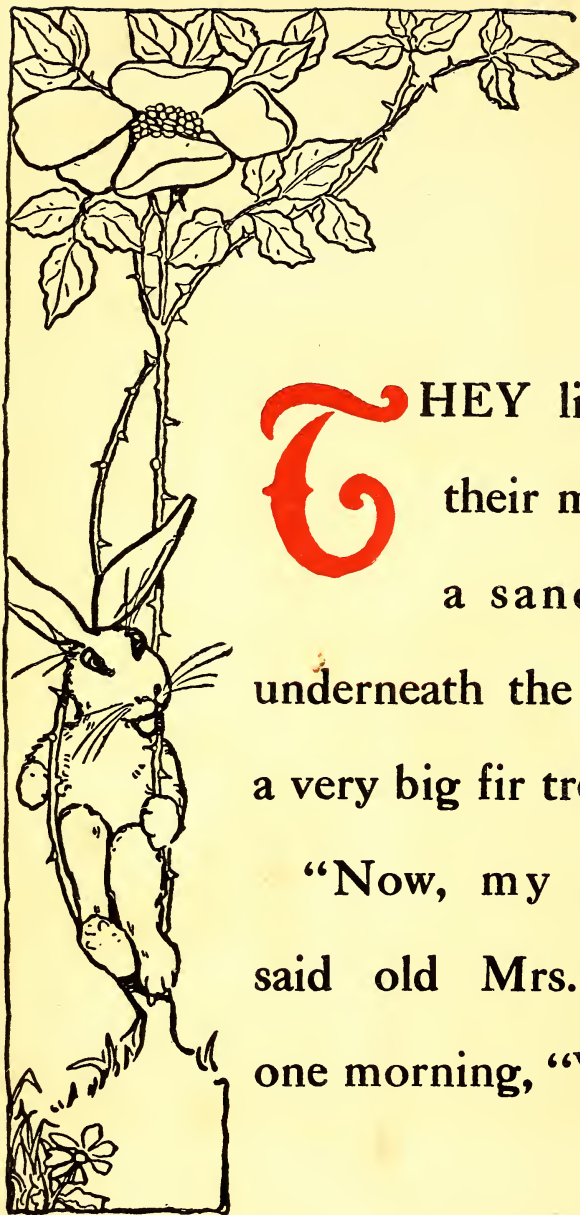
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# THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

Once upon a time there  
were four little rabbits, and  
their names were Flopsy,  
Mopsy, Cotton-tail and Peter.

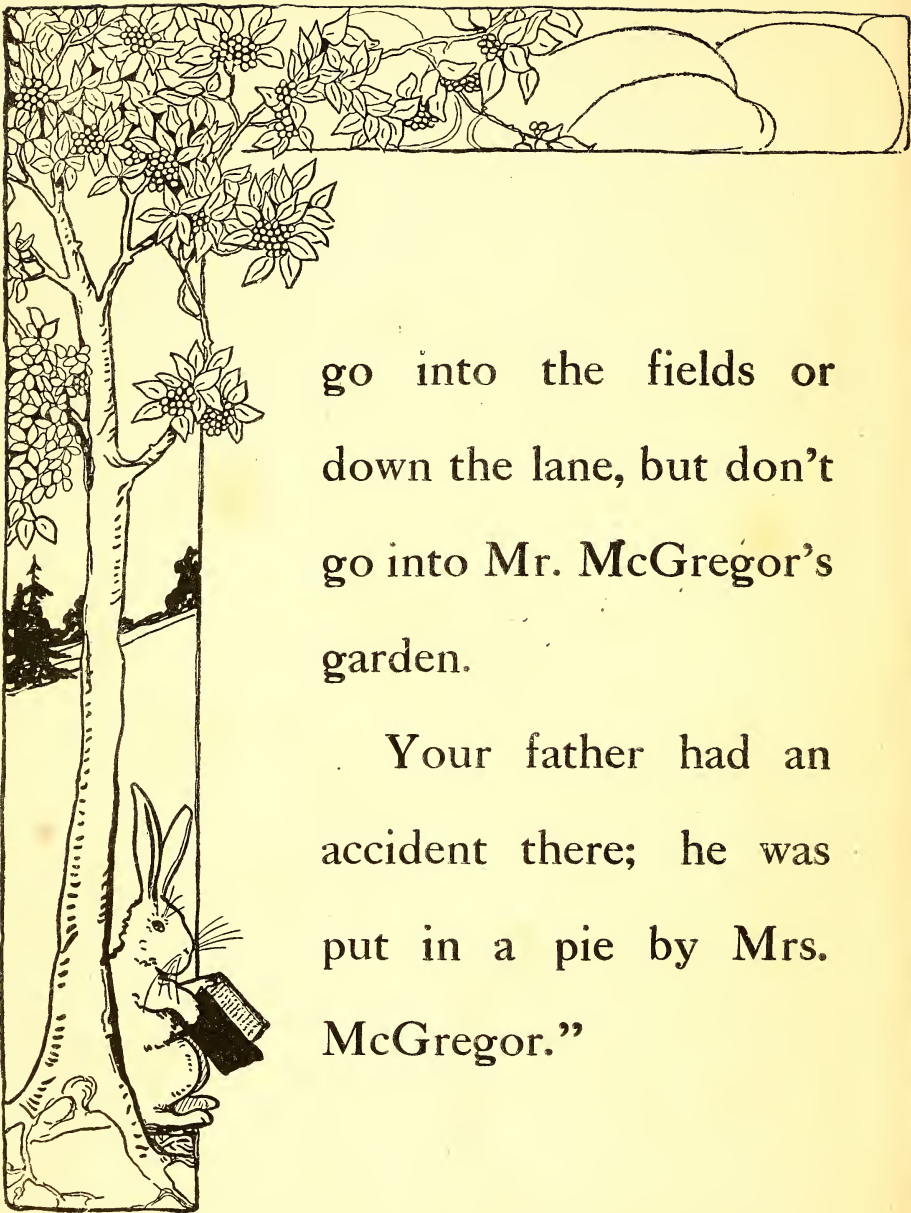




THEY lived with  
their mother in  
a sand-bank,  
underneath the root of  
a very big fir tree.

“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."





**N**OW run along and don't  
get into mischief. I am  
going out."

**T**HEN old Mrs. Rabbit  
took a basket and her  
umbrella and went  
through the wood to the  
baker's.



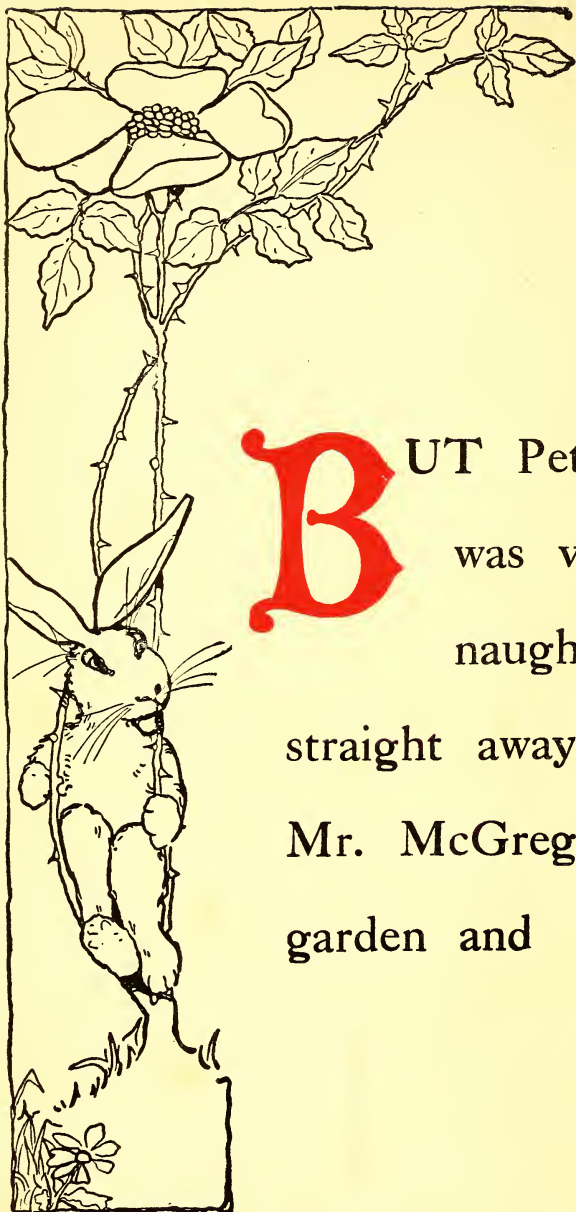


**S**HE bought a loaf of  
brown bread and five  
currant buns.

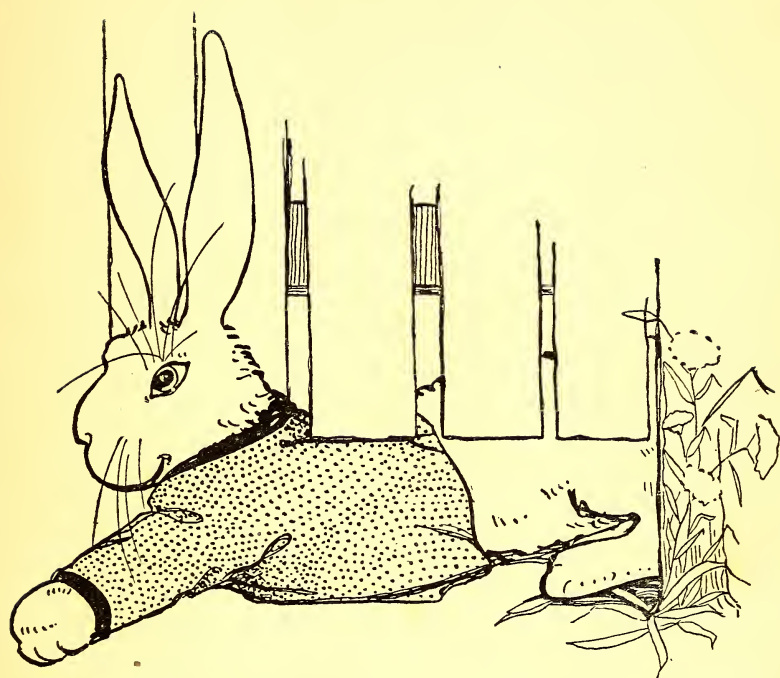
Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-tail  
who were good little bunnies  
went down the lane together



To gather blackberries.



**B**UT Peter who  
was very  
naughty, ran  
straight away to  
Mr. McGregor's  
garden and



**S**QUEEZED  
under  
the gate!

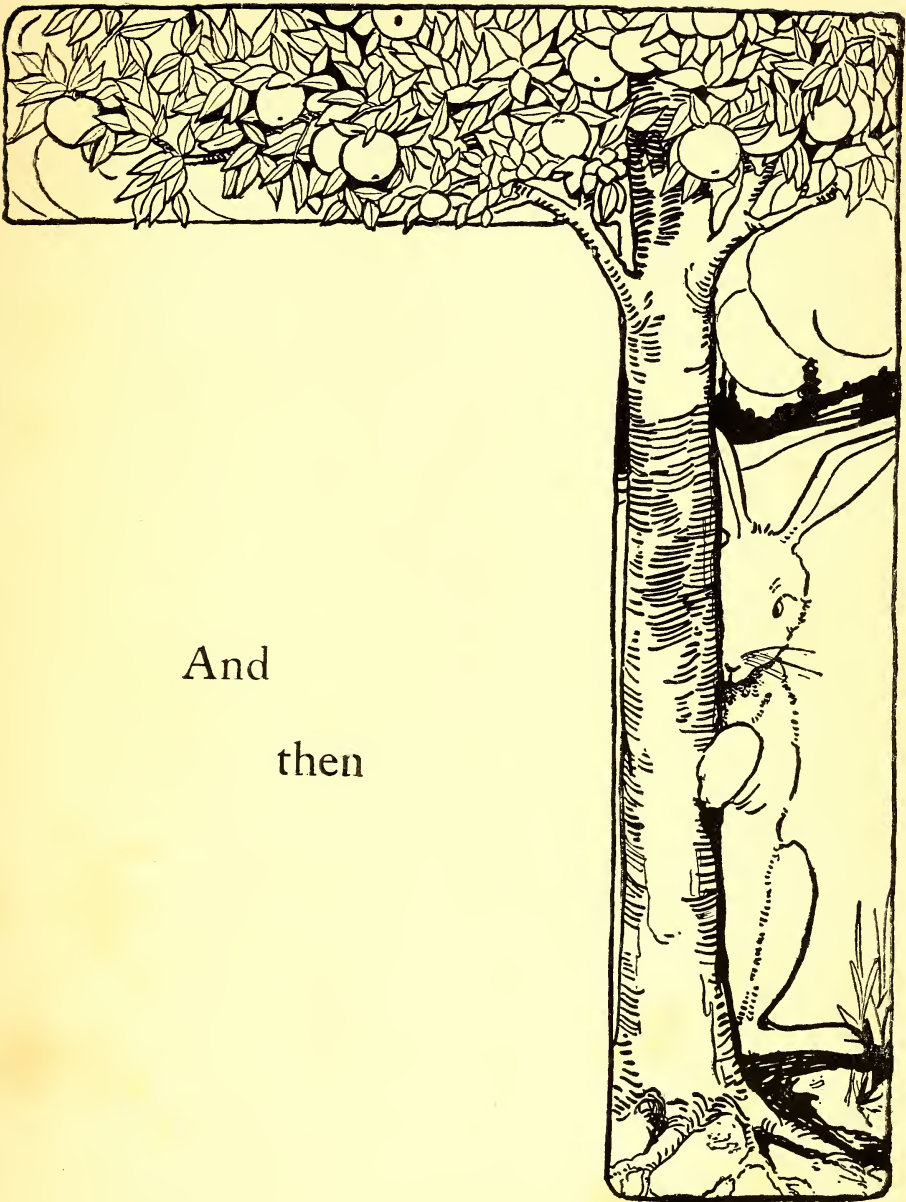




**F**IRST he ate  
some lettuces  
and some  
French beans



And  
then



**He**

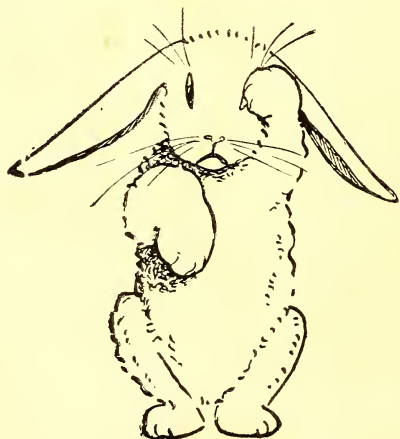
**Ate**

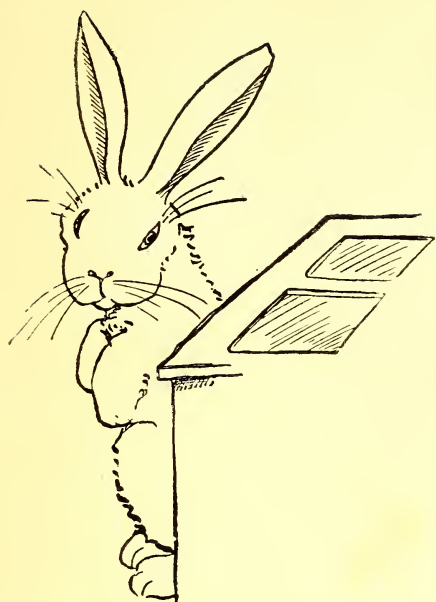
**Some**

**Radishes**



**A**ND then, feeling  
rather sick,  
he went to look for  
some parsley.

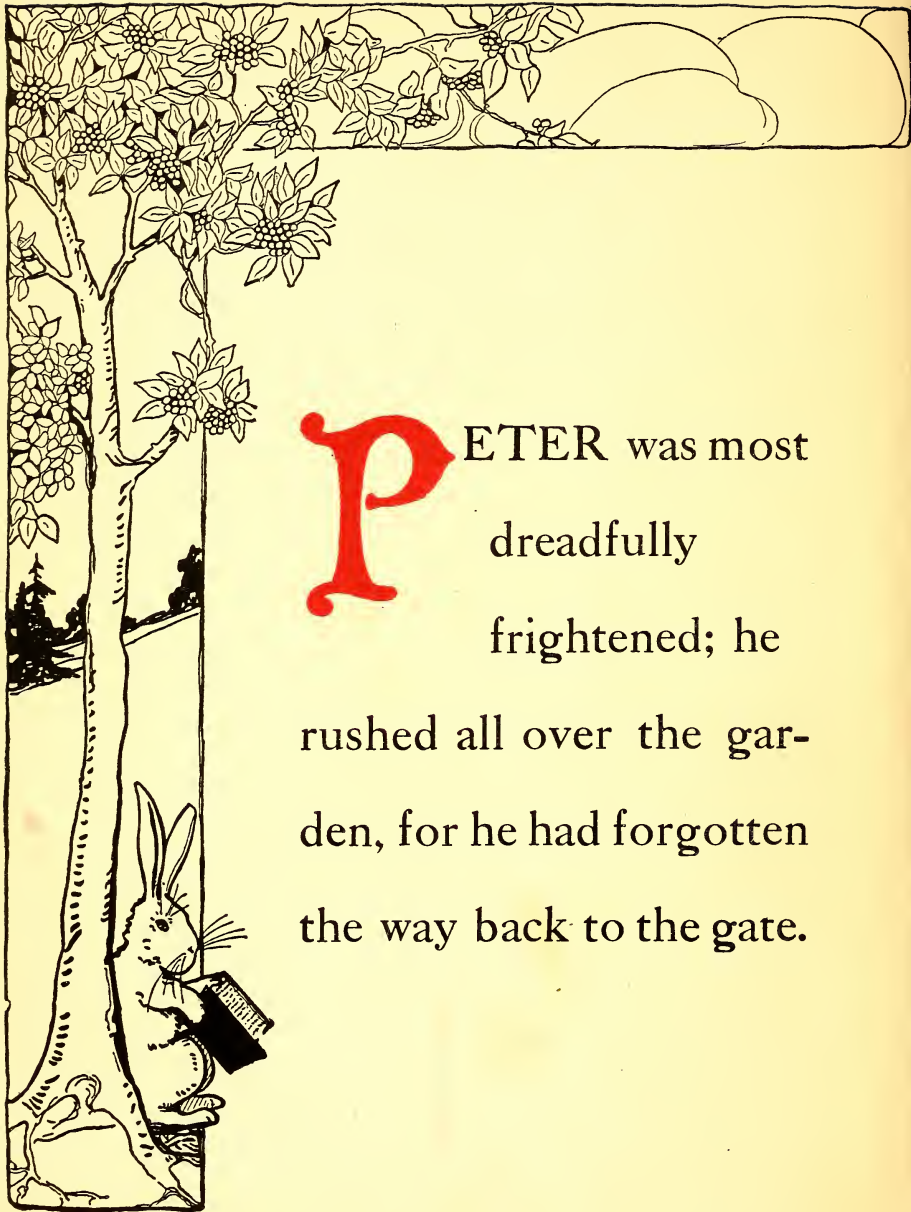




But round the  
end of a cu-  
cumber frame,  
whom should  
he meet but  
Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands  
and knees planting out young cab-  
bages, but he jumped up and ran  
after Peter, waving a rake and call-  
ing out "Stop thief!"





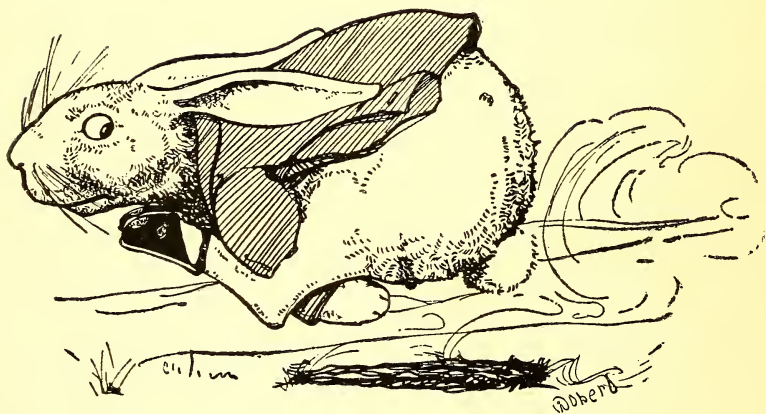
**P**ETER was most  
dreadfully  
frightened; he  
rushed all over the gar-  
den, for he had forgotten  
the way back to the gate.



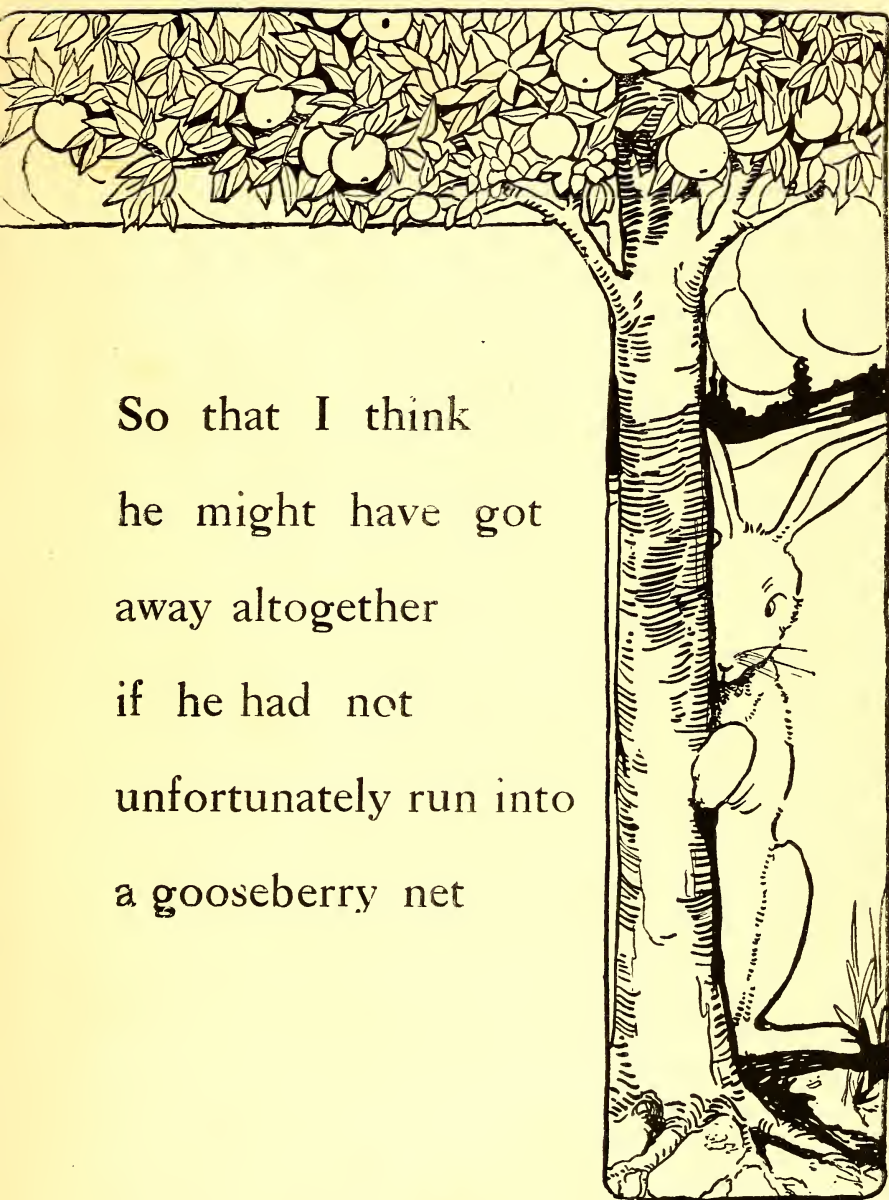


**H**E lost one shoe among  
the cabbages, and the  
other amongst the potatoes.

AFTER losing them, he  
ran on four legs and  
went faster



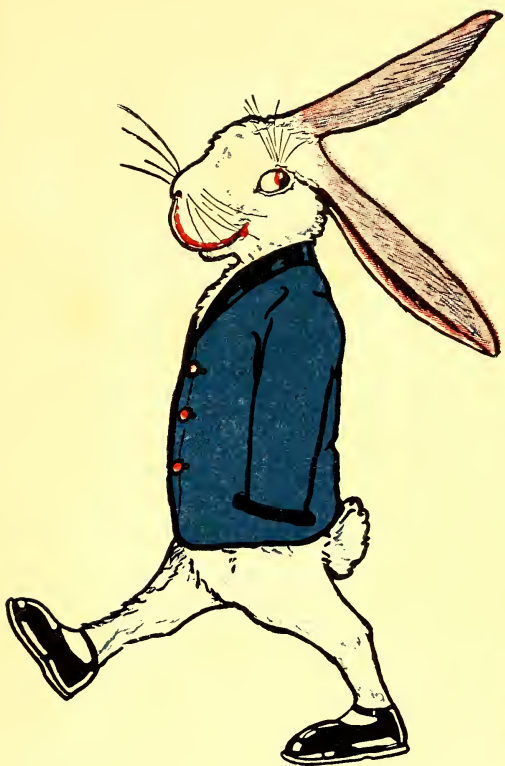
So that I think  
he might have got  
away altogether  
if he had not  
unfortunately run into  
a gooseberry net





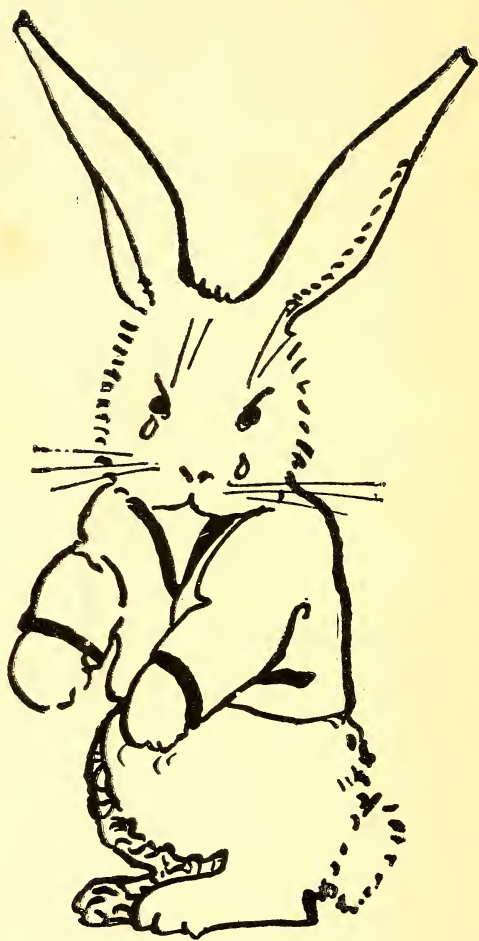
And got caught by the large  
buttons on his jacket.



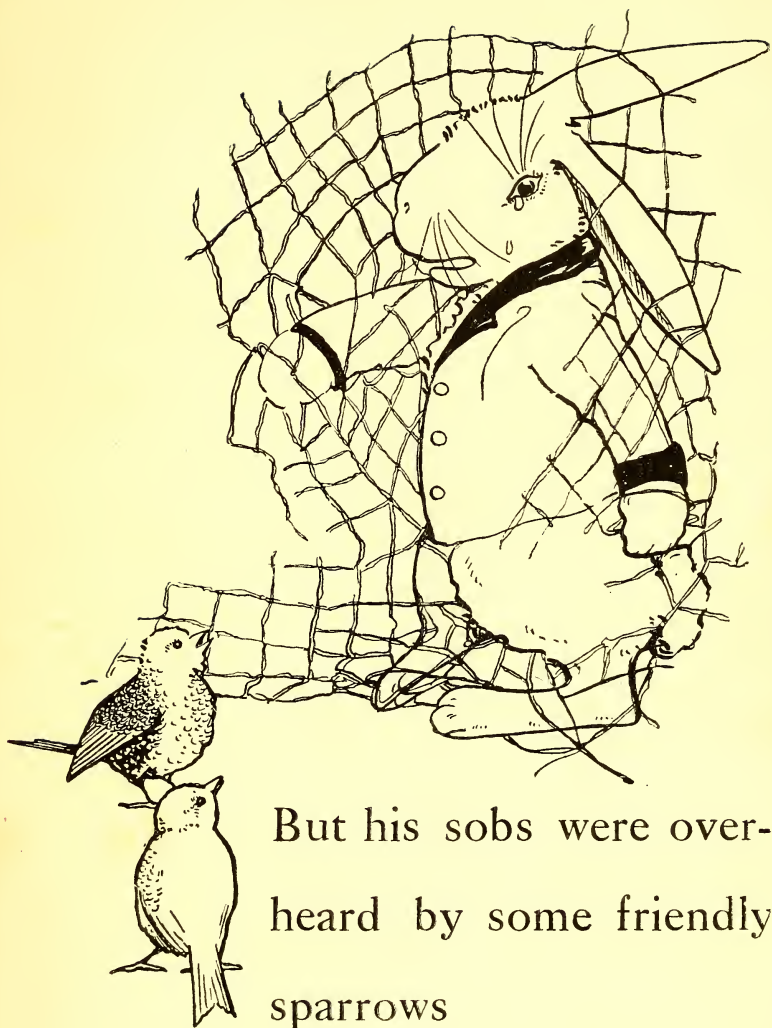


It was a blue jacket with  
brass buttons, quite new.

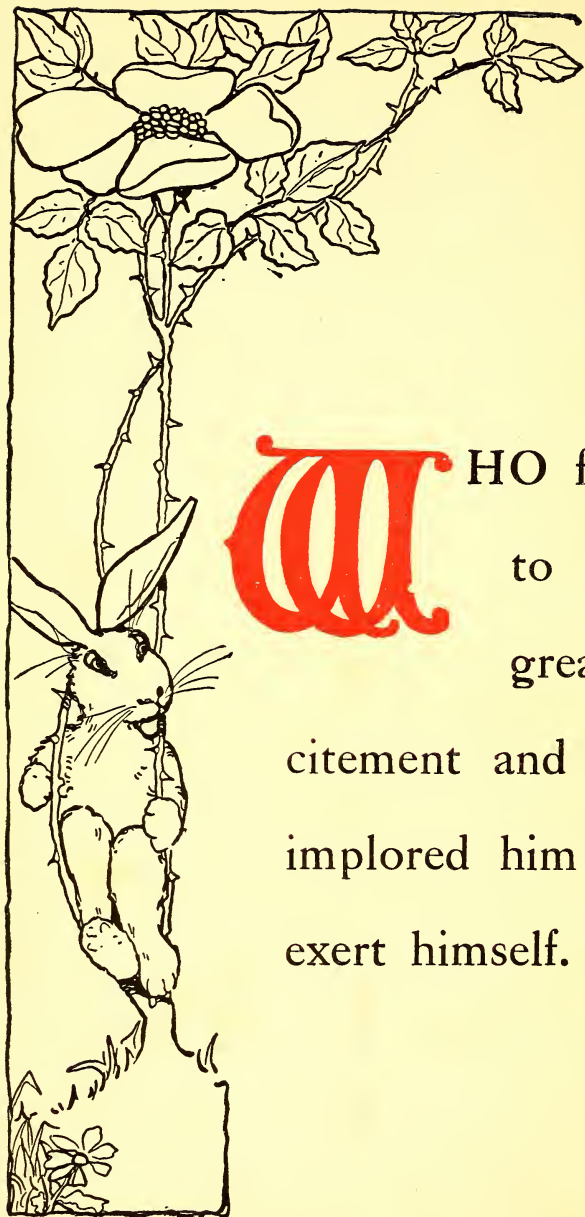
Peter gave  
himself  
up for  
lost  
and  
shed  
big  
tears;





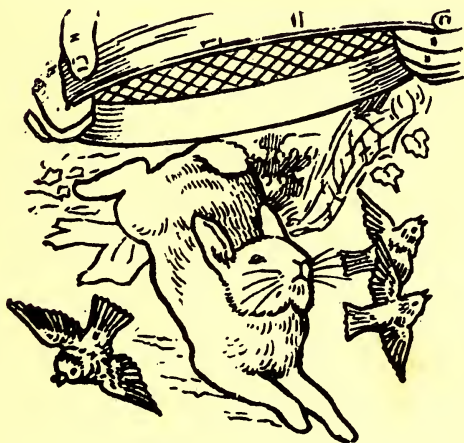


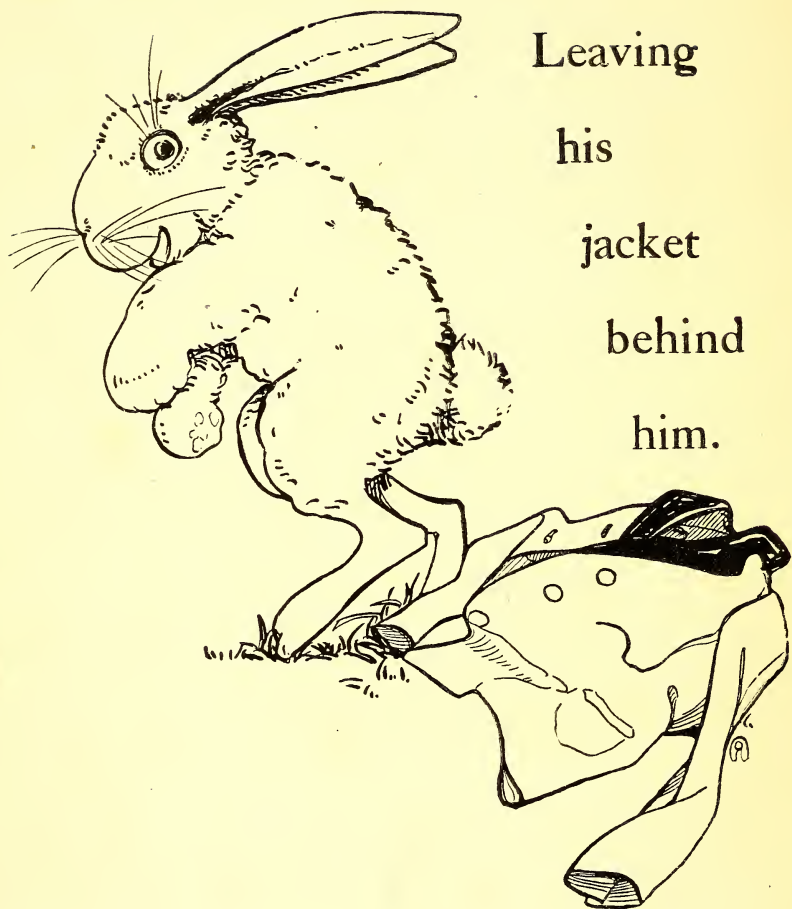
But his sobs were over-  
heard by some friendly  
sparrows



**W**HO flew  
to him in  
great ex-  
citement and  
implored him to  
exert himself.

**M**R. McGREGOR came  
up with a sieve which  
he intended to pop on the top  
of Peter, but Peter wriggled out  
just in time.





Leaving

his

jacket

behind

him.

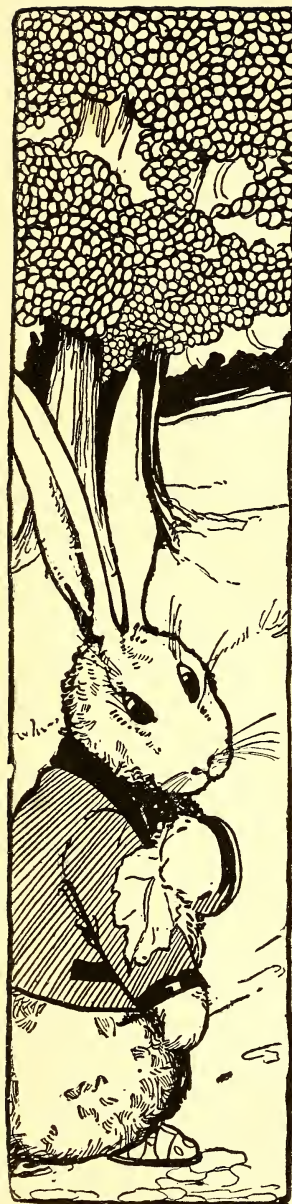


**H** E rushed into the  
tool-shed and—

**J**UMPED into a  
can.





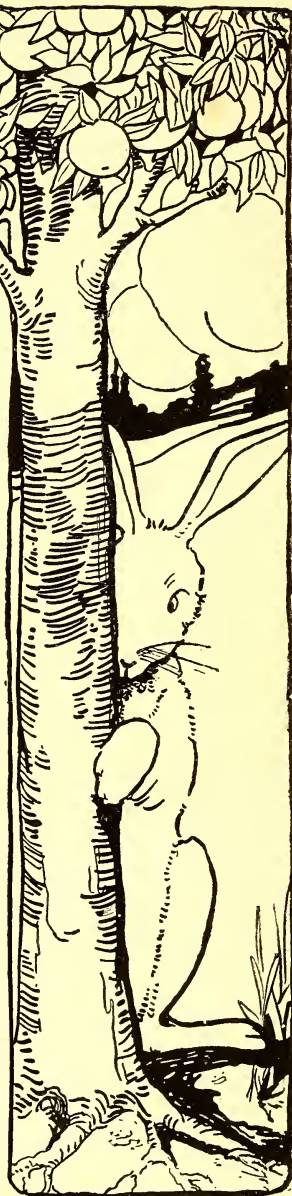


It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it. Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the toolshed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot.

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

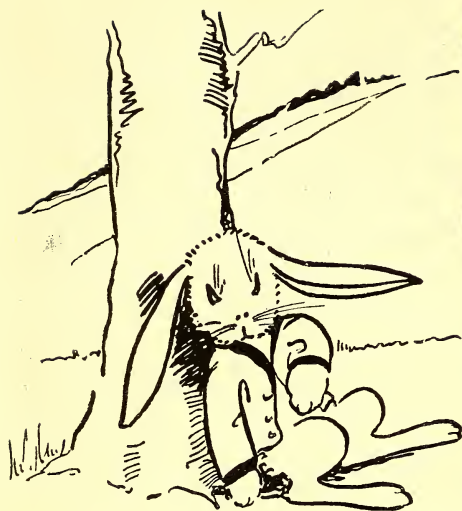


**J**UMPED out of a window,  
upsetting three plants.









**P**ETER  
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 sit-  
ting in that can.

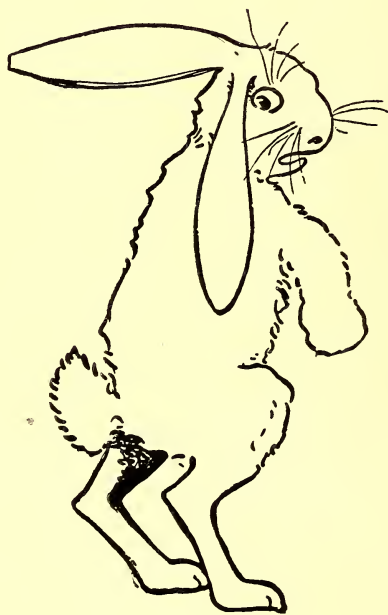
AFTER a time he began  
to wander about, going  
lippity—

lippity—

not very fast

and looking

all around.



**H**E found a door in a wall;  
but it was locked and there  
was no room for a fat  
little rabbit to squeeze under-  
neath.

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  
she could not answer. She only  
shook her head at him.



Peter began to cry.

WHEN 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.



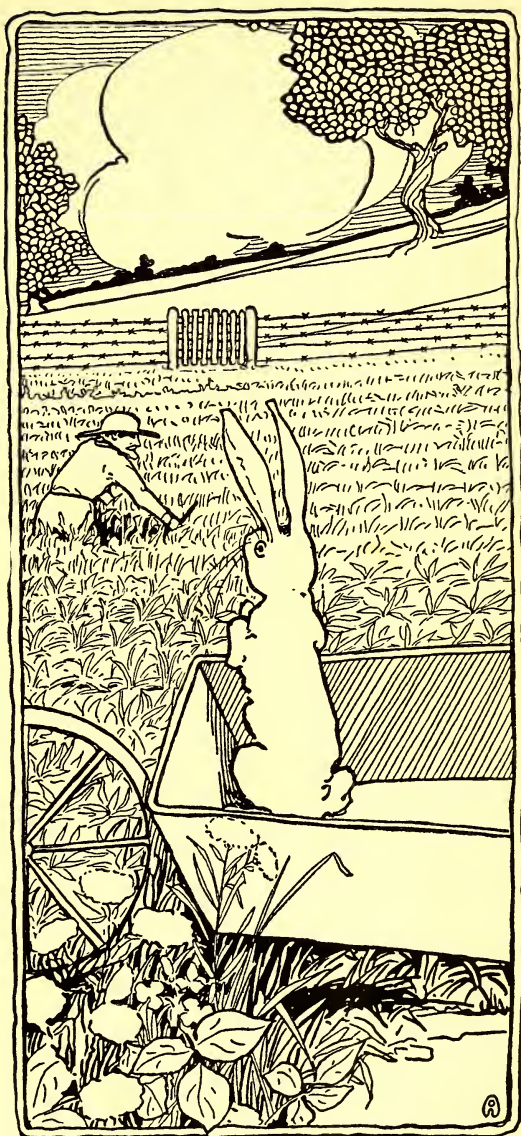


**H**E had heard about cats from  
his cousin, little Benjamin  
Bunny.

**H**E 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 scuttered underneath the bushes, but presently as nothing happened, he came out and

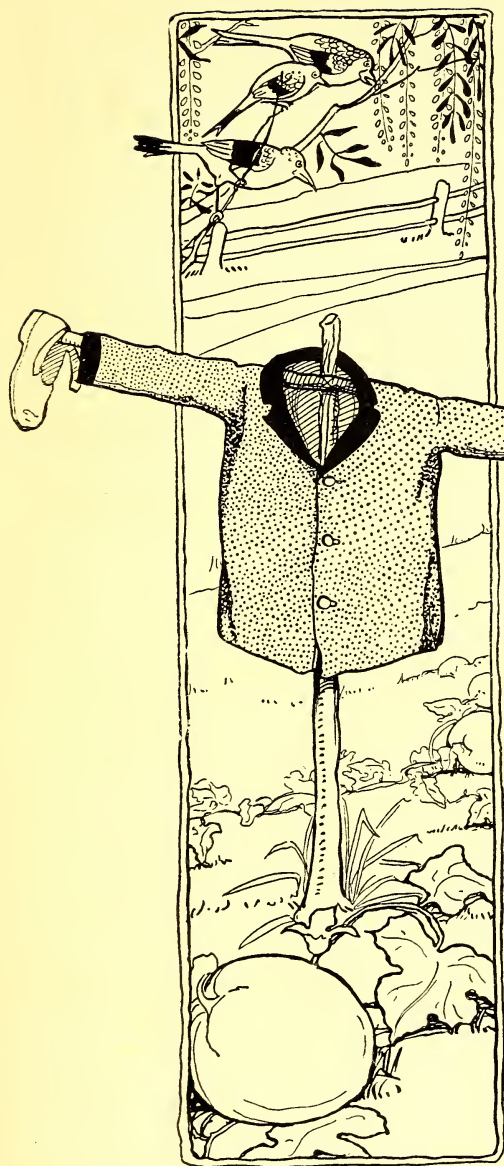


Climbed  
upon  
a  
wheel-  
barrow,  
and  
peeped  
over.



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 wheel-barrow 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. Mc-  
Gregor  
hung up  
the little  
jacket and  
  
the shoes  
for a  
scare-crow  
to  
frighten  
the  
blackbirds.



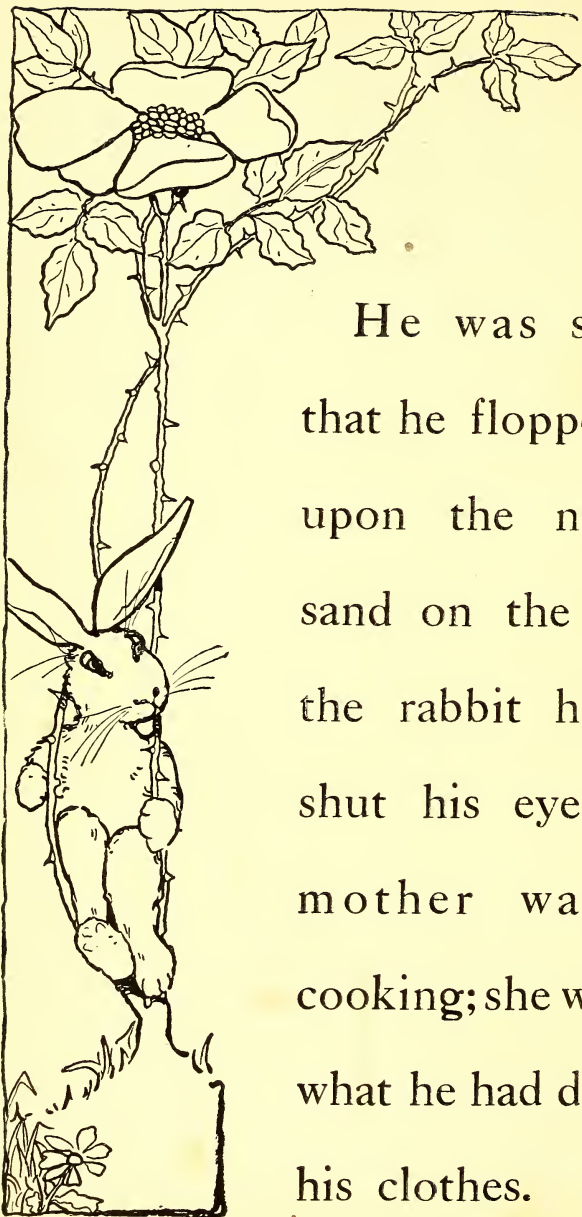


Peter never stopped running  
or looked behind him



Till he got home to the big  
fir-tree.

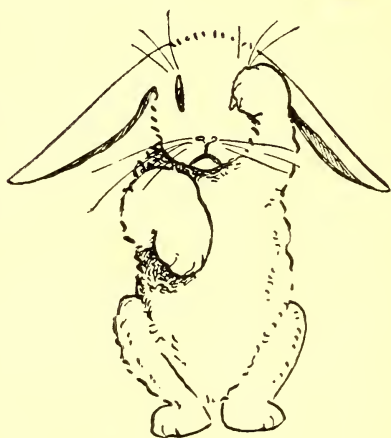




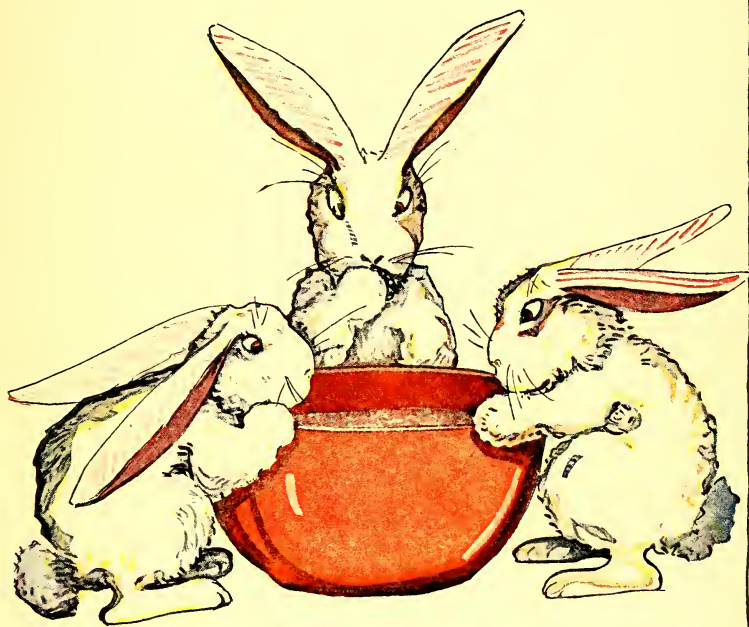
He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes.

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 teaspoonful to be taken at bed-time.” But—



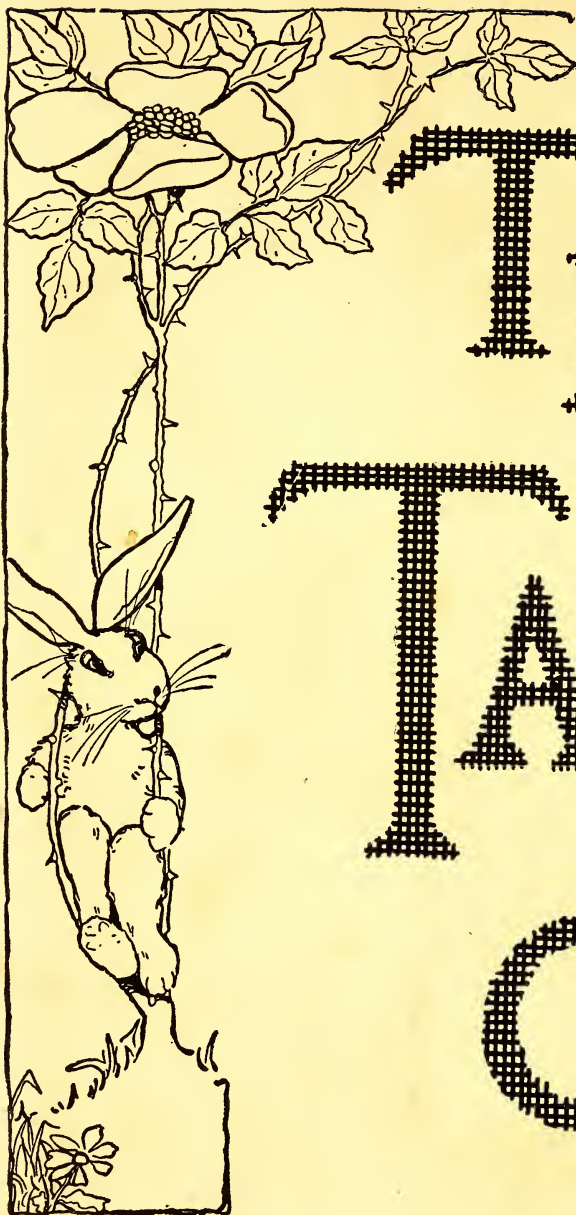
**F**LOPSY, Mopsy and Cotton-  
tail had bread and milk and  
blackberries for supper.











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RABBIT



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