The Story of Peter Rabbit
Once upon a time there were 4 little rabbits named Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, and
They all lived with their ℹ️ in a small house beneath a large tree.

"Now, my dears," said their one day, "you may go out and play in the fields or pick berries in the lane. But stay away from Mr. McGregor and his garden. You know what happened to your father there. Mrs. McGregor put him in a pie."
took her and her and went off to the store to buy some buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail were good little rabbits and went off to pick berries down by the lane.

But Peter, who was very, very naughty, ran to Mr. McGregor's garden and quickly squeezed under the gate.
“Stop!” cried Mr. McGregor.
He grabbed a rake and chased after a rabbit. He was very frightened. He ran all around the garden looking for the gate. He lost one slipper among the cabbages and the other one among the potatoes.

First, Peter ate some lettuce and some carrots. Then he ate some parsley. By now, Peter had begun to feel a little sick, so he looked around for some cucumbers. But as he came near the potatoes, he saw Mr. McGregor.
In his haste did not look where he was going, and his jacket got caught on a fence. He pulled and pulled but he could not get free. Poor Peter began to cry.

But just then a flock of birds came along and urged him to try harder to get free. Finally, Peter struggled out of his jacket and ran off. Mr. McGregor was right behind him. Peter ran into the shed and hid inside a watering can. Unfortunately, it was full of water.
Then heard a scraping noise, so he hid under a bush. After a while climbed onto a wheelbarrow to see what was making the sound. It was Mr. McGregor working with his . And just beyond him was the ! hopped down and ran as fast as he could to the . He ran out the and all the way home to his under the big .
wandered slowly around the pond. He just had to get back to his small house beneath the large tree.

He saw a mouse and asked her the way out of the garden, but she had some large peas in her mouth and couldn’t answer.

He started to cry again. He came to a cat. A white cat was sitting and watching a fish.

He didn’t ask her the way. He knew no one would help him, so he walked by.
Mr. McGregor was sure that he was hiding in the shed and began to look for him. Suddenly, he sneezed — a very, very loud "kerchoo!" — and Mr. McGregor picked up his rake and was after him again. He had upset some seeds as he jumped out the window.

Mr. McGregor was tired of chasing the rabbits, so he went back to raking his garden.
When he reached his bed, he flopped down on his nice soft bed and closed his eyes. He wondered what had become of his buns and berries.

Peter did not feel very well that evening. Mr. McGregor made him some camomile tea for supper while Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail had delicious buns and berries.

And what did happen to Peter's buns and berries? Why, Mr. McGregor made a scarecrow with them to frighten away the birds.