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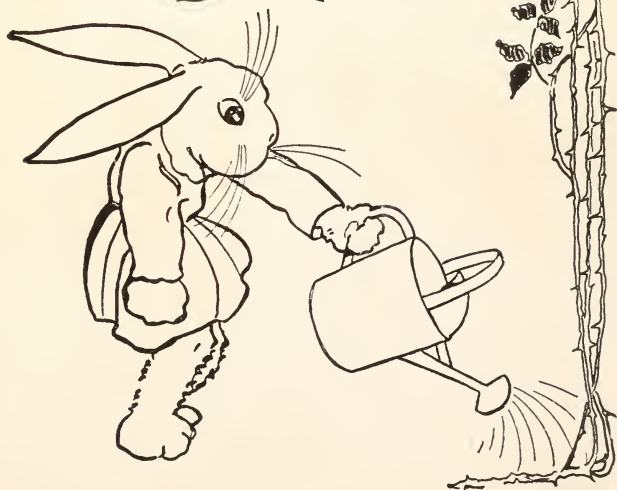
PETER RABBIT AND HIS MAMA



PETER RABBIT



AND
HIS
MA

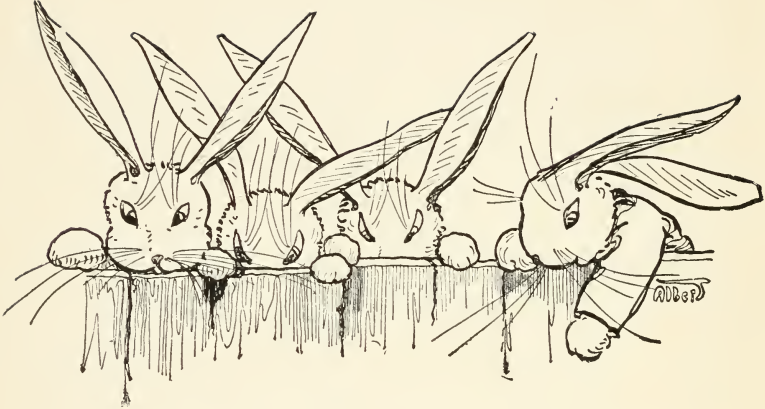


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PETER RABBIT
AND
HIS MA





P
PETER RABBIT
AND
HIS MA.

BY
Louise A. Field.

Illustrations by Virginia Albert.

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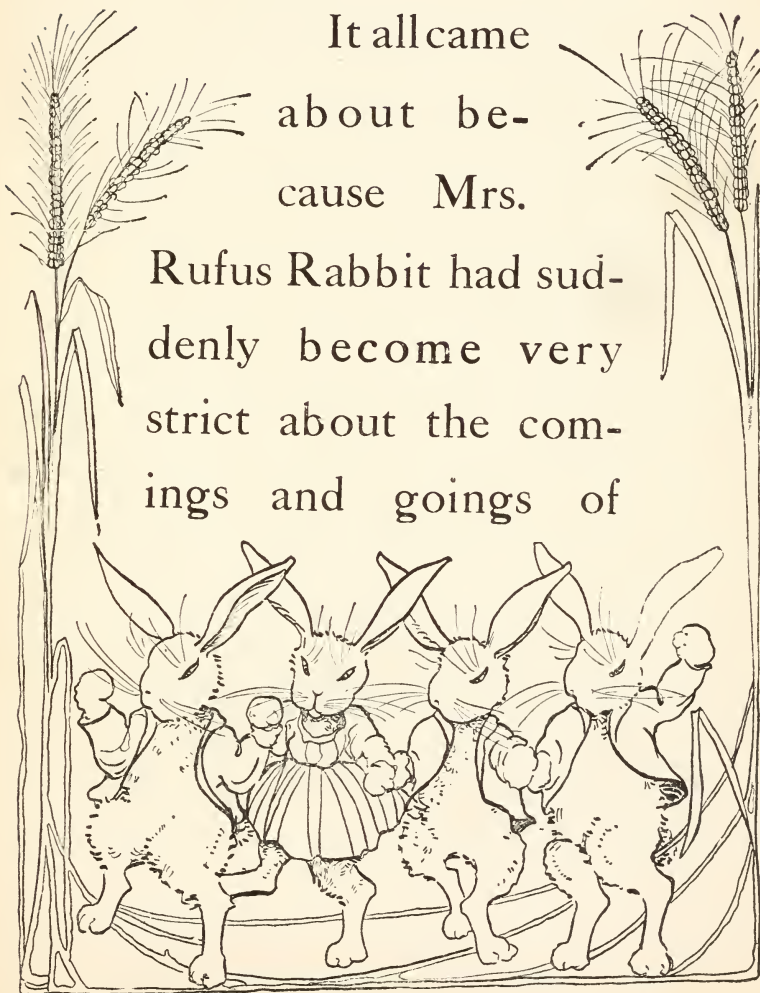
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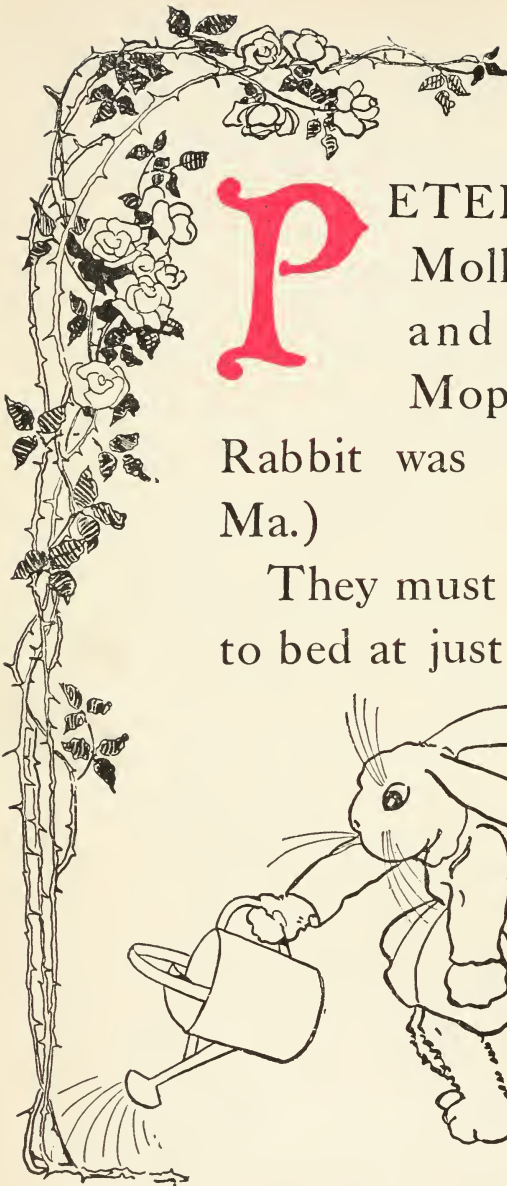
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PETER RABBIT AND HIS MA

It all came
about be-
cause Mrs.

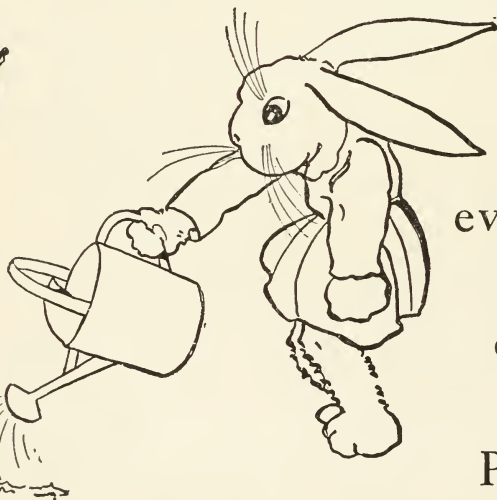
Rufus Rabbit had sud-
denly become very
strict about the com-
ings and goings of





PETER Rabbit and Molly Cottontail and Flopsy and Mopsy. (Mrs. Rufus Rabbit was Peter Rabbit's Ma.)

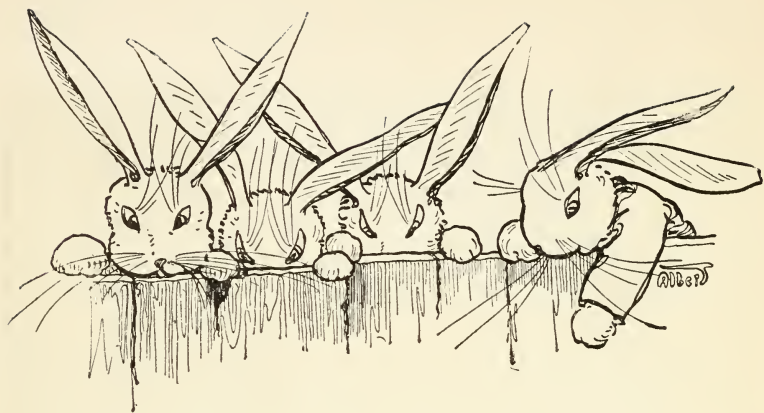
They must get up and go to bed at just such an hour,



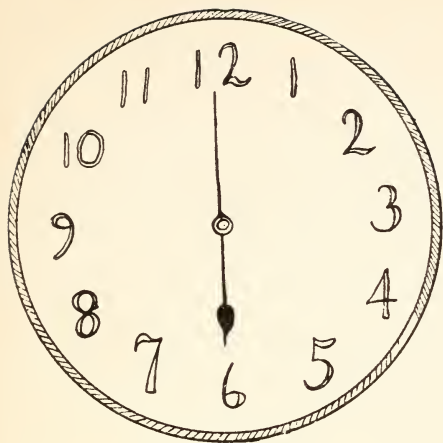
and ask permission every time they went out of the house. Peter Rab-

bit was rather fond of having his





own way and he promptly made up his mind that while such rules were all very well for Molly Cottontail, who never had a mind of her own anyway, and for Flopsy and Mopsy, who were far too young to do anything but to mind somebody else,

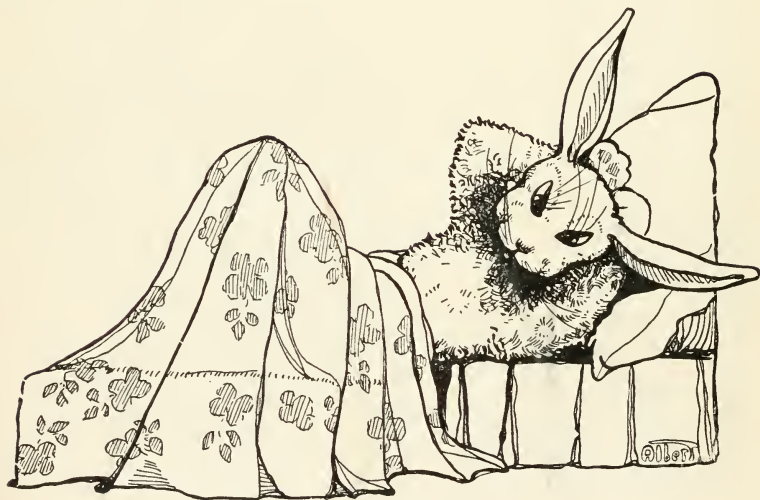


as far as HE was
concerned, he
intended to go
to bed when he
liked and get up
when
he
pleased.



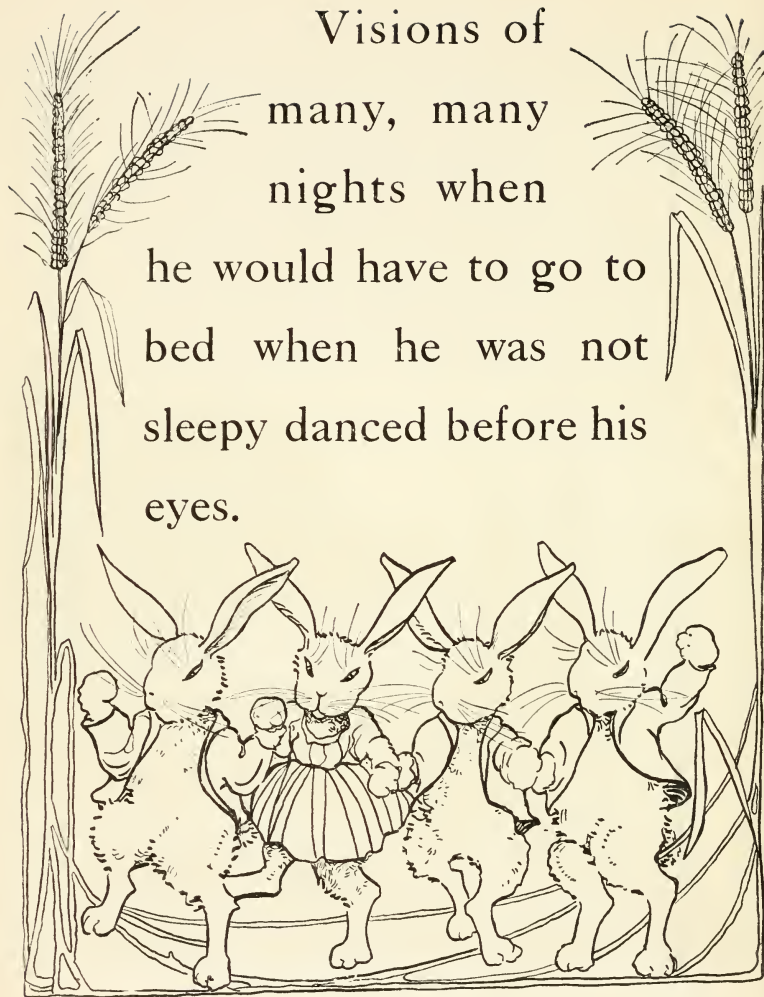
THE more he thought of it,
the crosser he became.

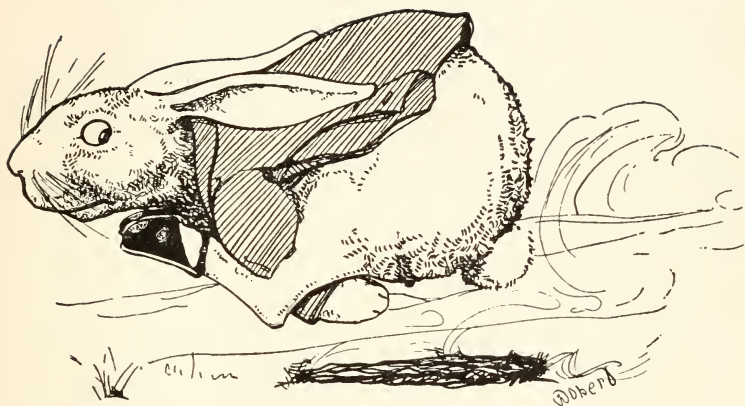
He had gone to bed very
much earlier than usual, and was not
a bit sleepy.





Visions of
many, many
nights when
he would have to go to
bed when he was not
sleepy danced before his
eyes.

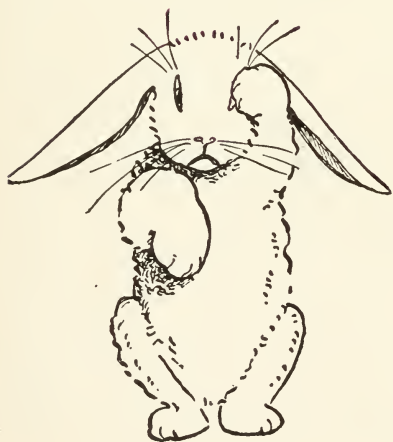




Finally he decided to
run away.

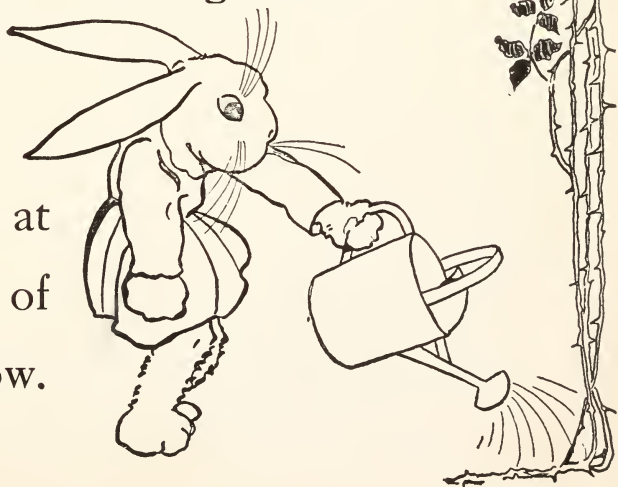
AT first he thought of taking Molly Cottontail along with him. Then he concluded that the twins would be very lonely without her. Peter Rabbit was not a selfish bunny. At any rate, he thought

he would get on much faster alone.



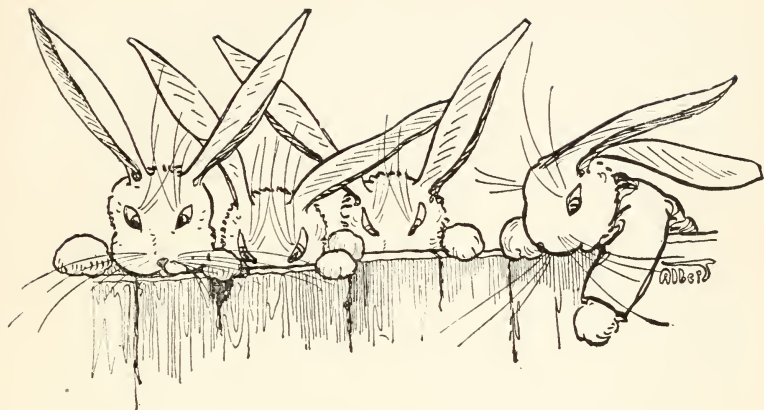
HE began to make his plans, and grew so excited that he found it impossible to go to sleep at all.

He could hardly wait till the first little smiling streak of sunlight peeked in at the door of the burrow.





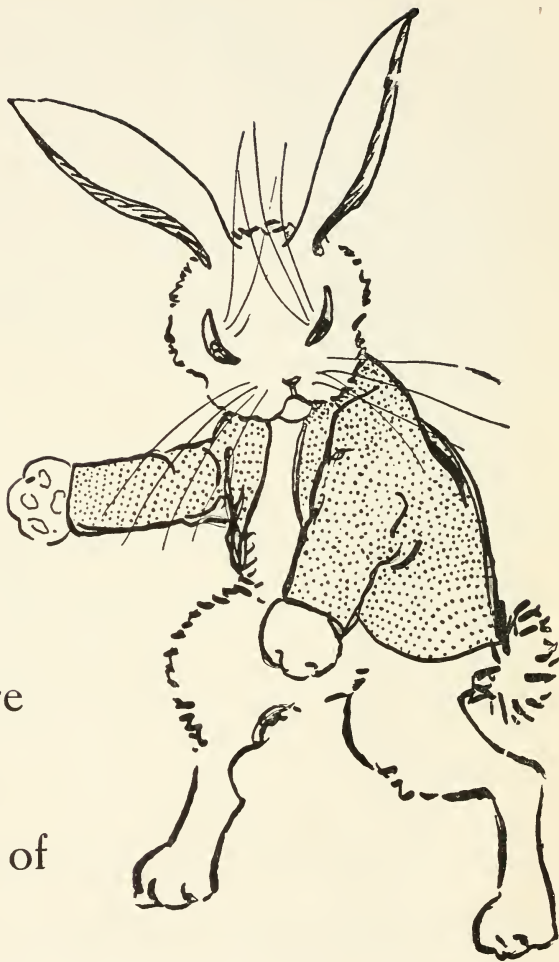
It seemed to beckon him,



to offer all sorts of promises, and to urge him to seek for the fun about which he had been thinking all night.

Very quickly and quietly he crept out of bed and dressed,

pausing
every
now and
then to
glance
fearfully
toward
the
spot where
the other
members of



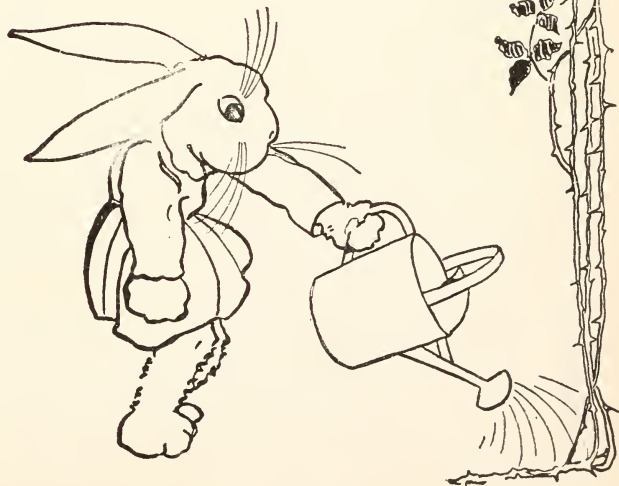


the family lay curled up in little turry balls, peacefully—and Mrs. Rufus Rabbit audibly—sleeping.

Soon he was quite ready, and after one dreadful moment when he felt quite sure the whole family was wide awake and ready to



grab him as he crept past on tiptoe, he found himself outside the burrow and running for his life through the soft spring sunshine.



HE ran without noticing in what direction for some time. Then, beginning to feel tired, he slackened his speed, and finally stopped quite still and looked about him. A second glance showed him a great field of turnips only a few yards ahead of him.

He was beginning to feel very hungry. So in another moment he was busily at work rooting up



A fine, juicy turnip.



ON this he feasted
until he could eat
no more.

Unwilling to leave such
a tempting meal, he finally
dug up a second fine plump

turnip

and car-

ried it

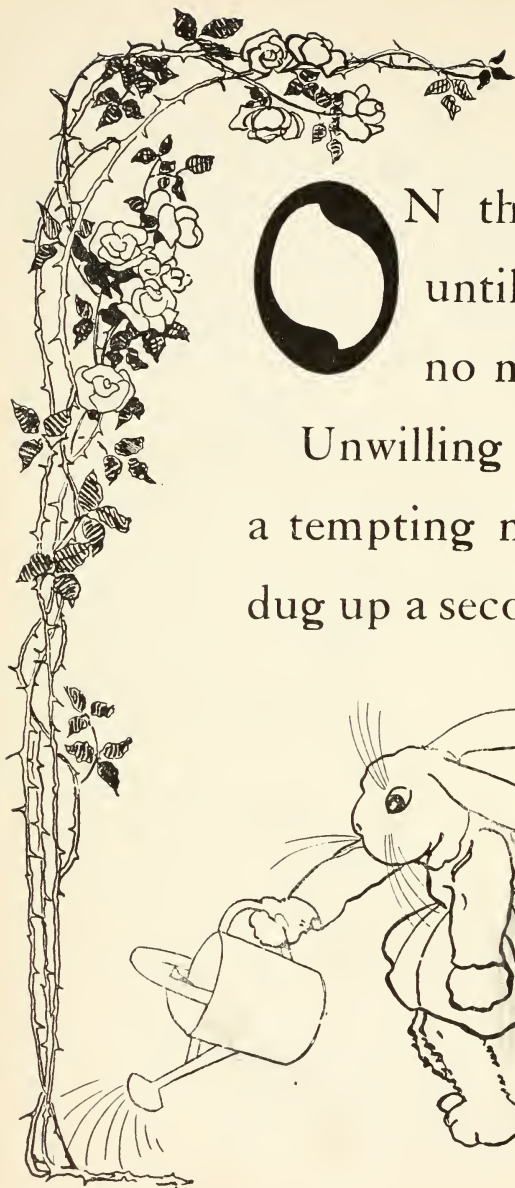
away, slung

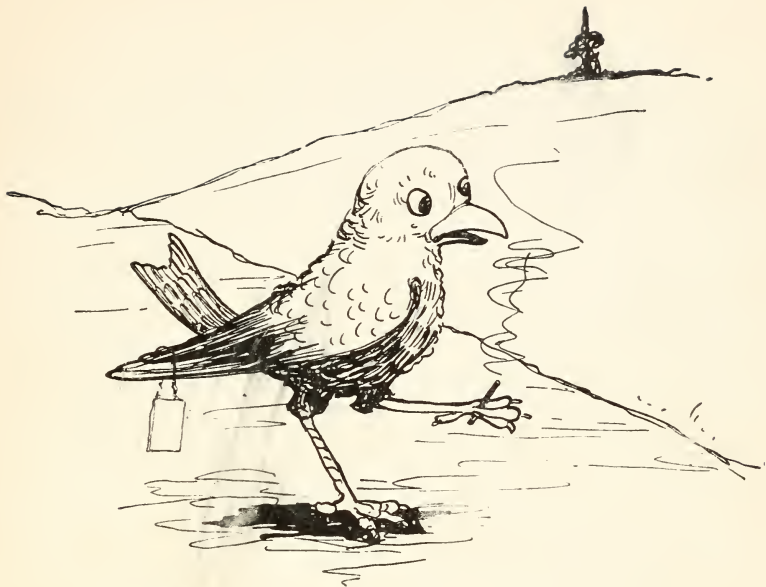
over his

shoulder. He

thought it

might taste good for luncheon.

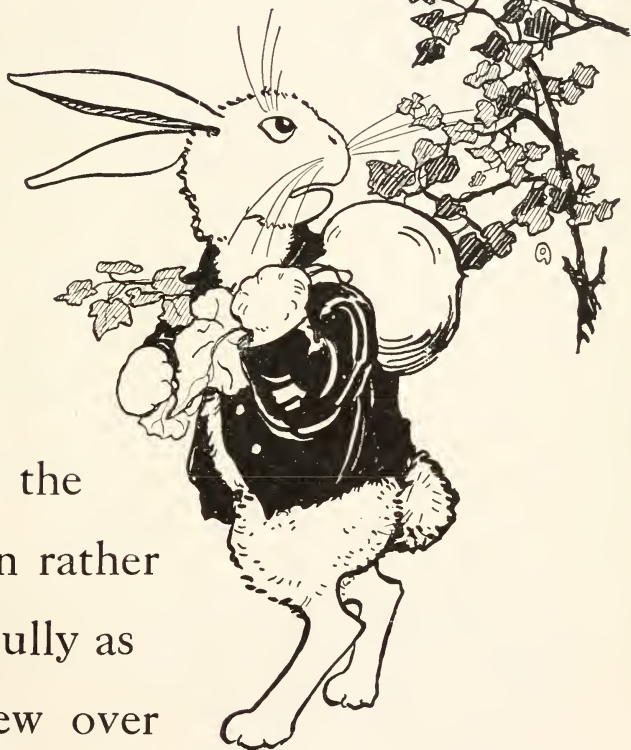




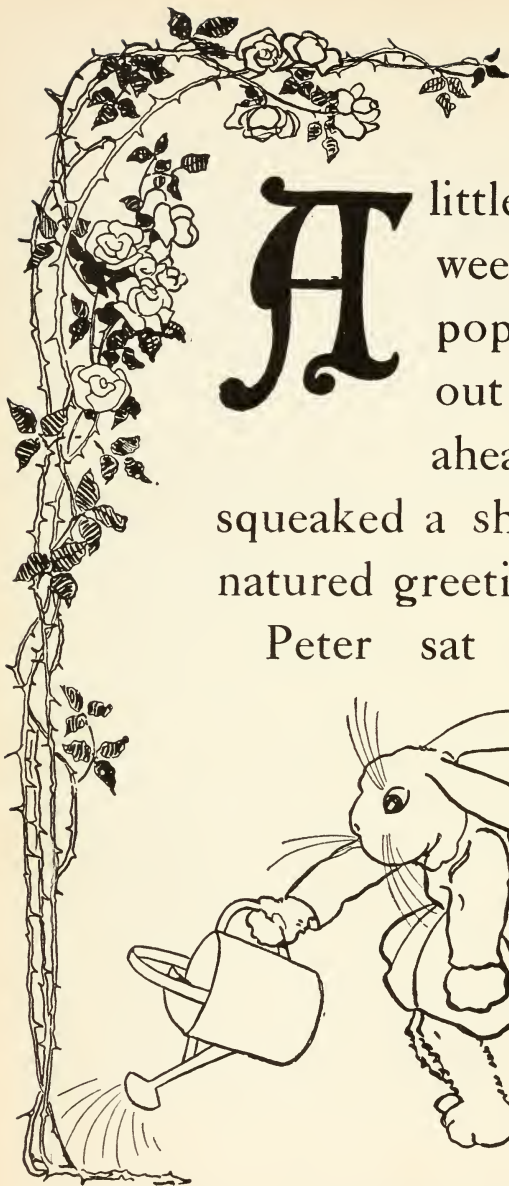
A robin red-breast flew across
his path and wished him
a cheery good-morning.
Peter gaily stopped for a few mo-
ments of chatter.



Already he felt a
little lonely and looked



after the
robin rather
wistfully as
it flew over
the bushes.



A little further on a wee Shrew-Mouse popped her head out of a hole right ahead of him and squeaked a shrill but good-natured greeting.

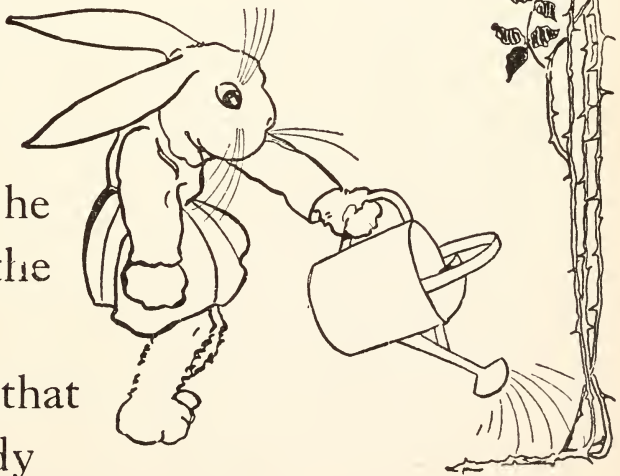
Peter sat down on his haunches and had a very pleasant half hour.

The Shrew-Mouse told him her name

was Susan, and advised him to throw

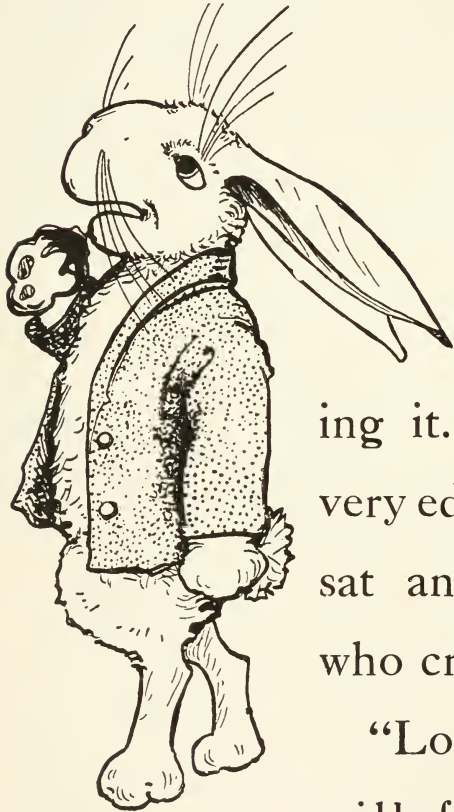
down the big turnip as it was a heavy burden and, besides, he would be sure to find plenty of nice things to eat if he followed her instructions. Then she wished him good luck and vanished into her hole in the ground.

Accordingly he dropped the load of luncheon that had already given him a backache,



AND trotted along much more comfortably and quickly.

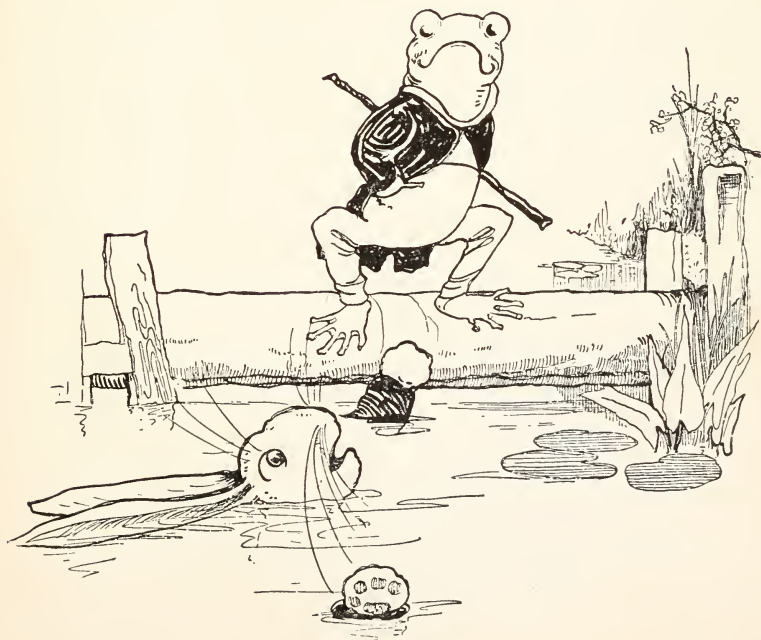
Right around a turn in the road,



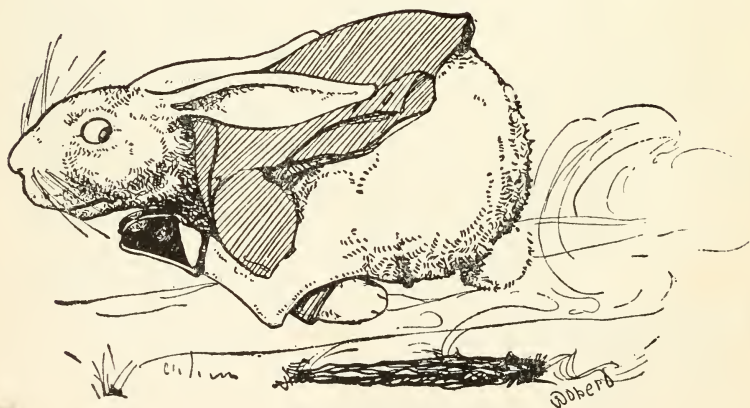
ran a clear stream of blue water with a little wooden bridge crossing it. And on the very edge of the water sat an old bullfrog who croaked out:

“Look out or you will fall into the water!”

NOW the warning sounded so funny that Peter, who had just started to cross the bridge, commenced to laugh, and laughed so hard that he lost his balance and tumbled straight into the water.



The bullfrog seemed to think this a very great joke and in his turn began to laugh loudly. It did not seem so comical to Peter, but luckily the water was so shallow that he quickly scrambled to dry ground, with no more inconvenience than a thorough wetting.





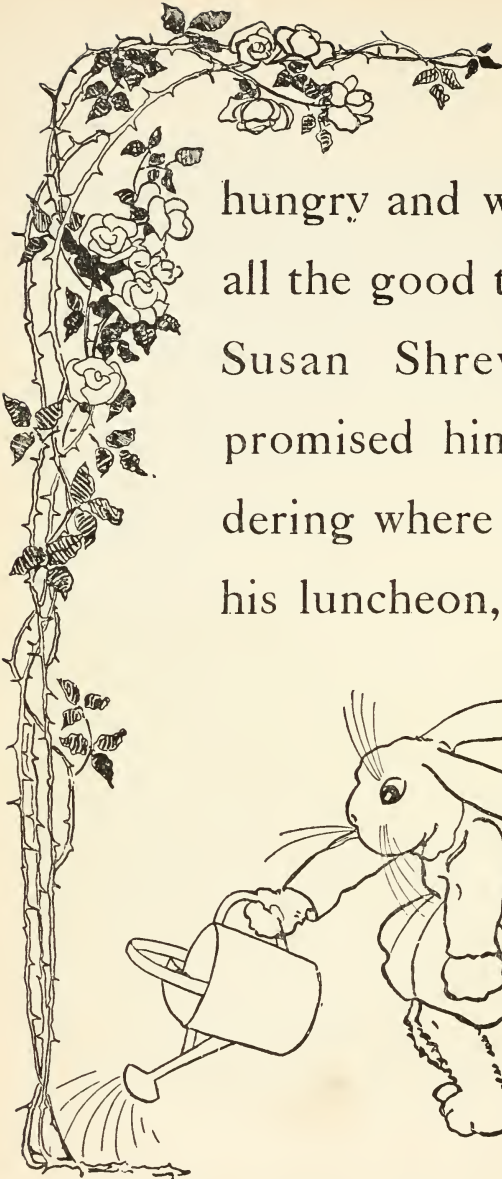
AS the bullfrog was not at all inclined to be friendly, he did not stop to dry himself, but trotted on for quite a while before he stopped in a sunny spot and



TOOK off the
nice red coat
his Ma had
made for him and hung it on a
sumac bush to dry.

He was beginning to feel





hungry and wondered where all the good things were that Susan Shrew-Mouse had promised him. While wondering where he would find his luncheon, and wishing he

had not so hastily disposed of his nice turnip, he heard a funny little squeak-

ing voice behind him.

It seemed to be speaking as well as squeaking to him.

“How do you do, Peter Rabbit?”
it said.



And turning around, Peter saw a plump little field-mouse sitting by the side of the path.

MY cousin, Susan Shrew-
Mouse, sent me word
by the carrier pigeon

that you were
coming this
way. Pray
come and have luncheon
with me," it said.

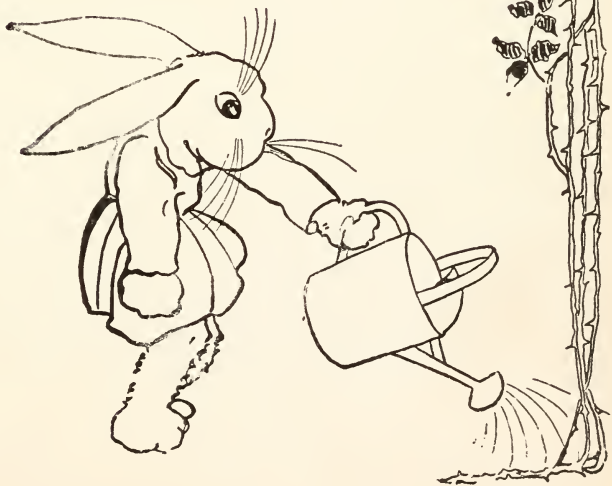




ERNEST
LAIS

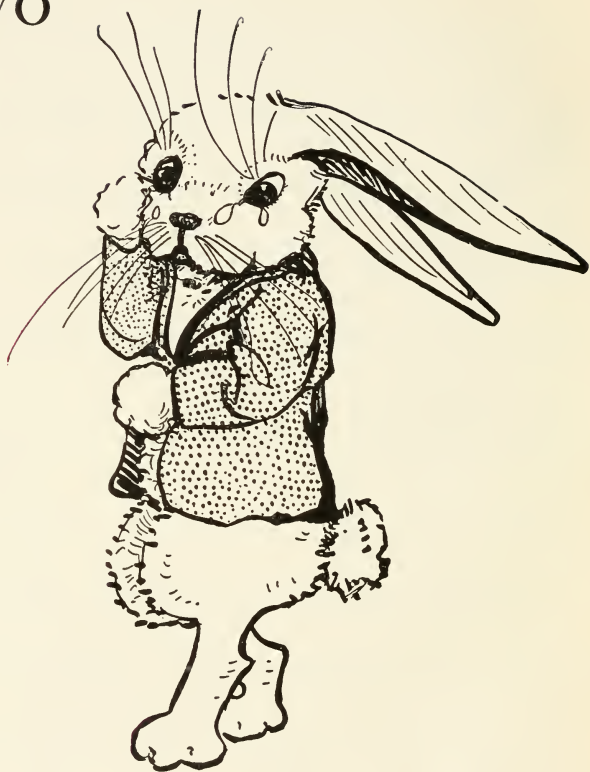
PETER Rabbit was certainly delighted, for his little round tummy had started to give him some inside information, and it was of a kind that made him uncomfortable. He had never been hungry before, and he thought with regret of the good food his mother had always provided, and he began to see himself in the light of a very ungrateful bunny, indeed.

SUPPOSE he never
found his way home
and never saw his
Ma and Molly Cottontail
and the twins again?



Two

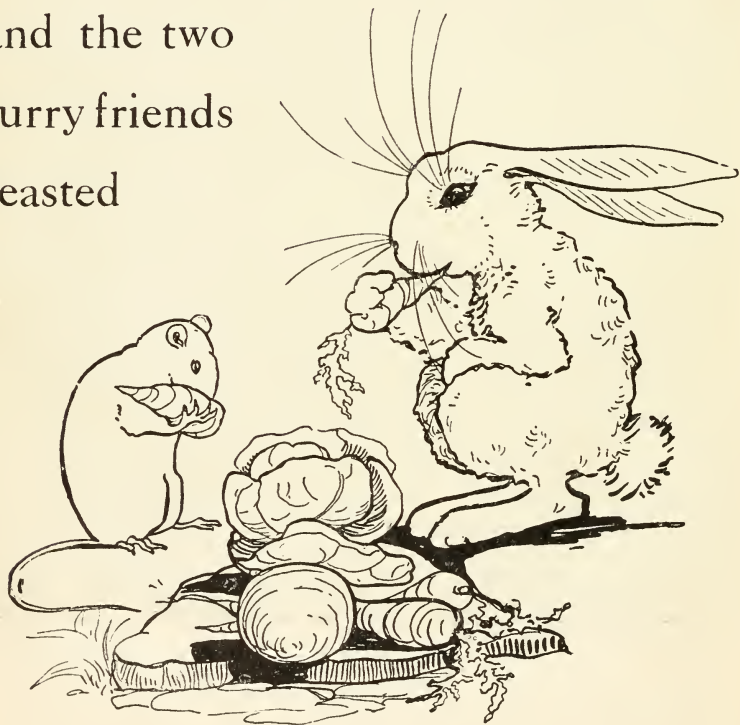
large
tears
rolled
down his
long
nose at
the
dreadful
thought.



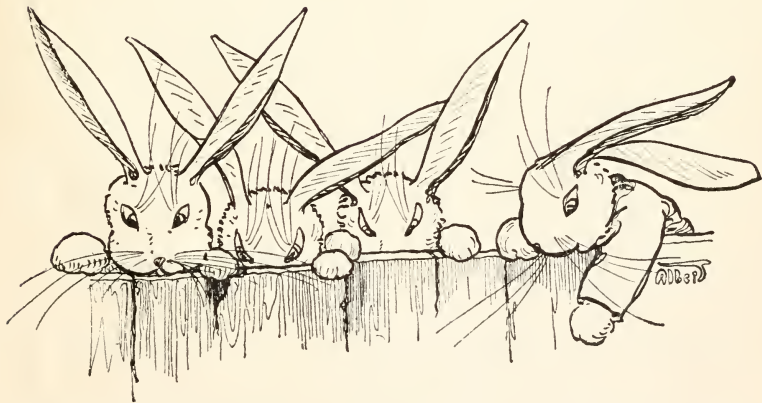


BUT the voice of Freddie
Field-Mouse broke in up-
on his gloomy reverie.

Luncheon was all laid out on a large,
flat stone under a shady green bush
and the two
furry friends
feasted

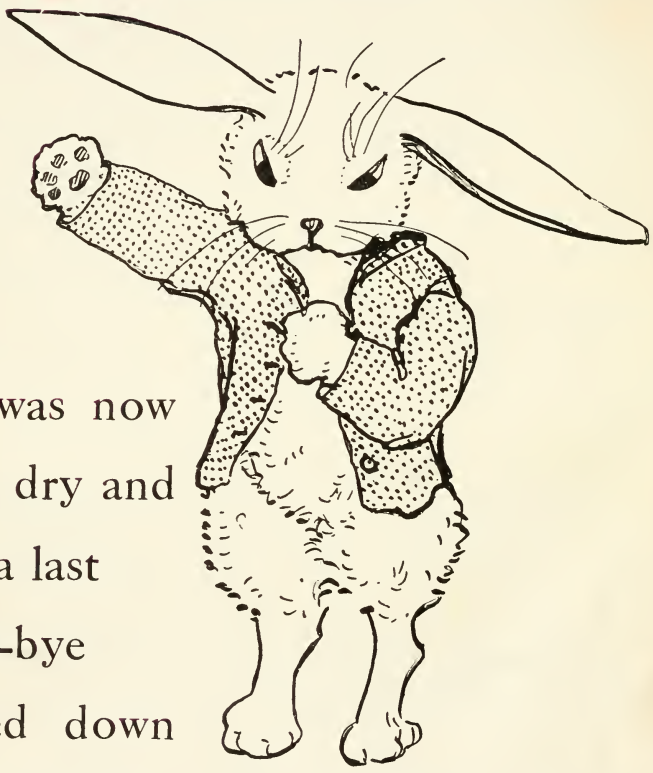


on crisp green lettuce, fresh pink radishes and tempting yellow carrots. So long did they sit over the meal that Peter discovered, much to his dismay, that the sun was beginning to sink in the west.



W

ITH many thanks to his kind little host, he put on the little red coat

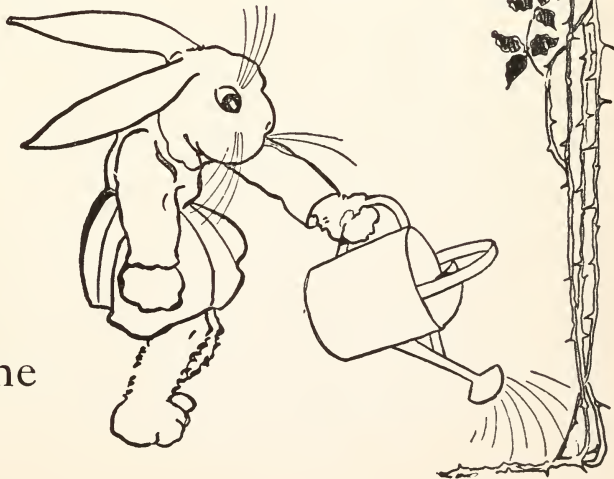


that was now quite dry and with a last good-bye started down

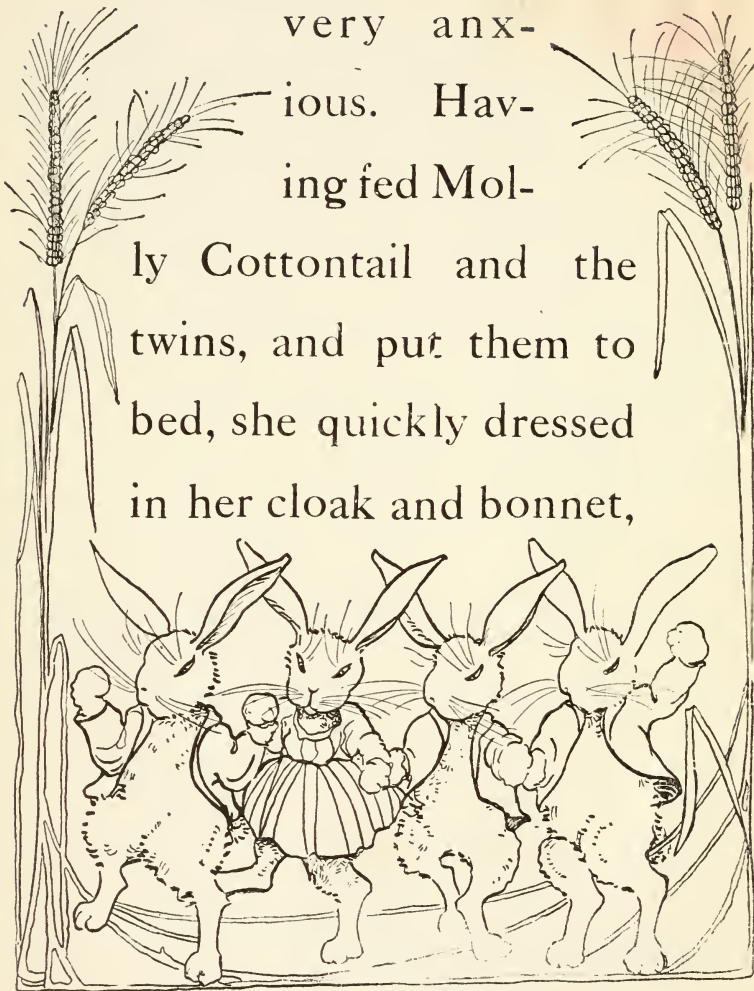
the path at a good pace, feeling much rested and

refreshed, but not knowing at all where he was going, for the field-mouse had been unable to give him much information as he had but lately come to that part of the country.

When Peter Rabbit did not reach home by dusk,



Mrs. Rufus Rabbit began to get
very anx-
ious. Hav-
ing fed Mol-
ly Cottontail and the
twins, and put them to
bed, she quickly dressed
in her cloak and bonnet,

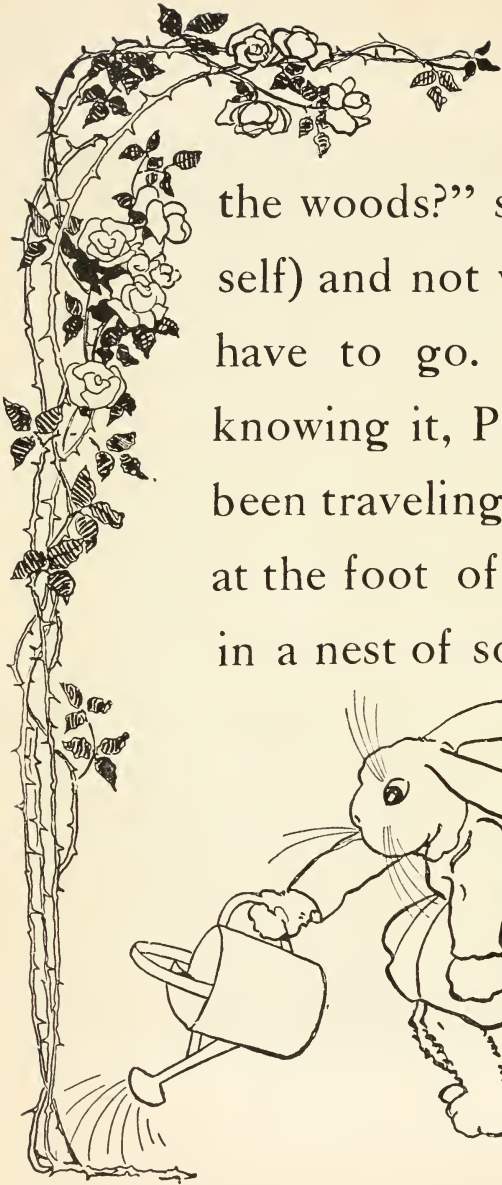


took her lantern and a walking stick
that had belonged to Peter Rabbit's
Pa ("For who knows but there may
be bears in

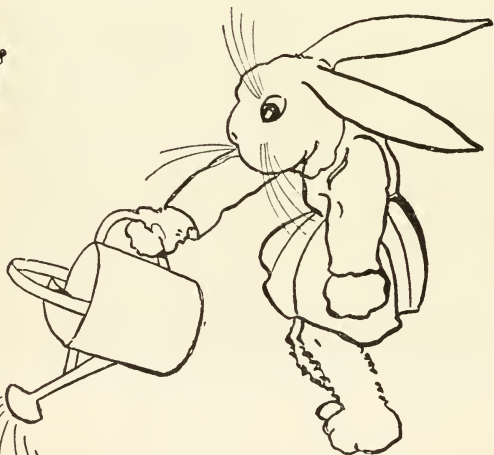


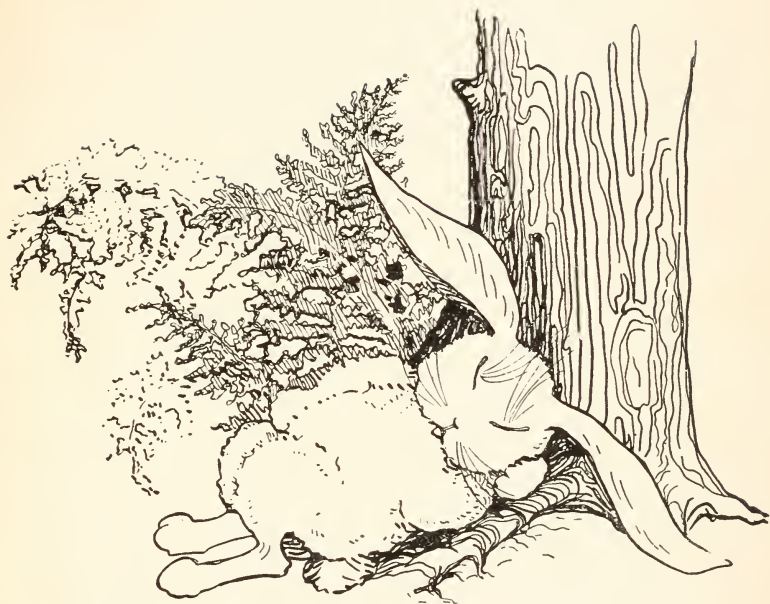






the woods?" she said to herself) and not very far did she have to go. For without knowing it, Peter Rabbit had been traveling in a circle, and at the foot of a big oak tree, in a nest of soft green ferns,



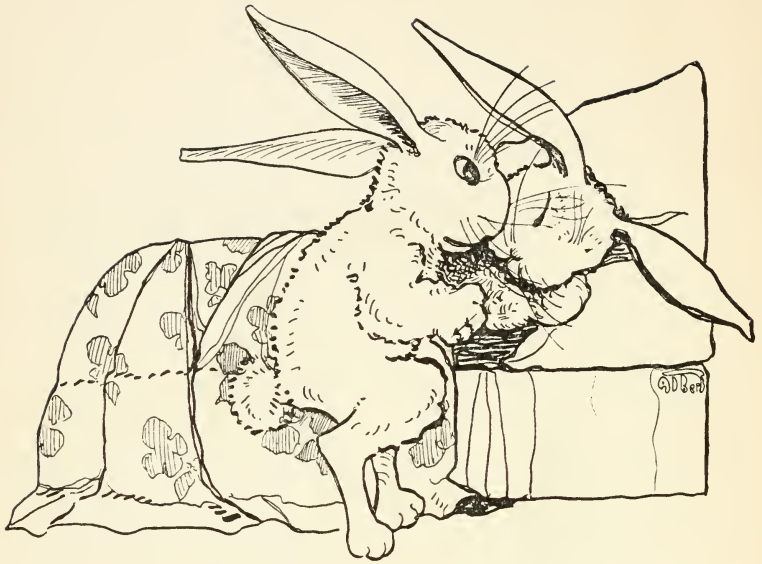


she found him fast asleep.

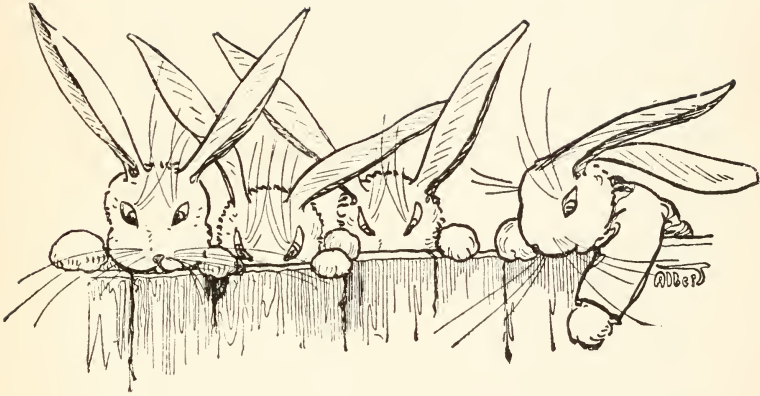
AND Peter Rabbit went nicely to sleep, very glad to be at home again and very much ashamed of himself for having run away from it.

And the last thing he remembered after he had rolled over to get a look at Molly Cottontail and the twins was





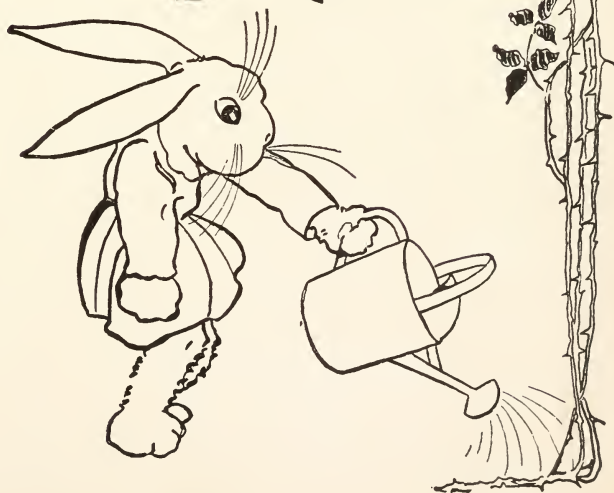
feeling his Ma's soft muzzle rubbing against his face. For that is the way bunnies kiss one another good-night.



PETER
RABBIT



AND
HIS
MA



PETER RABBIT AND HIS MAMA



1902