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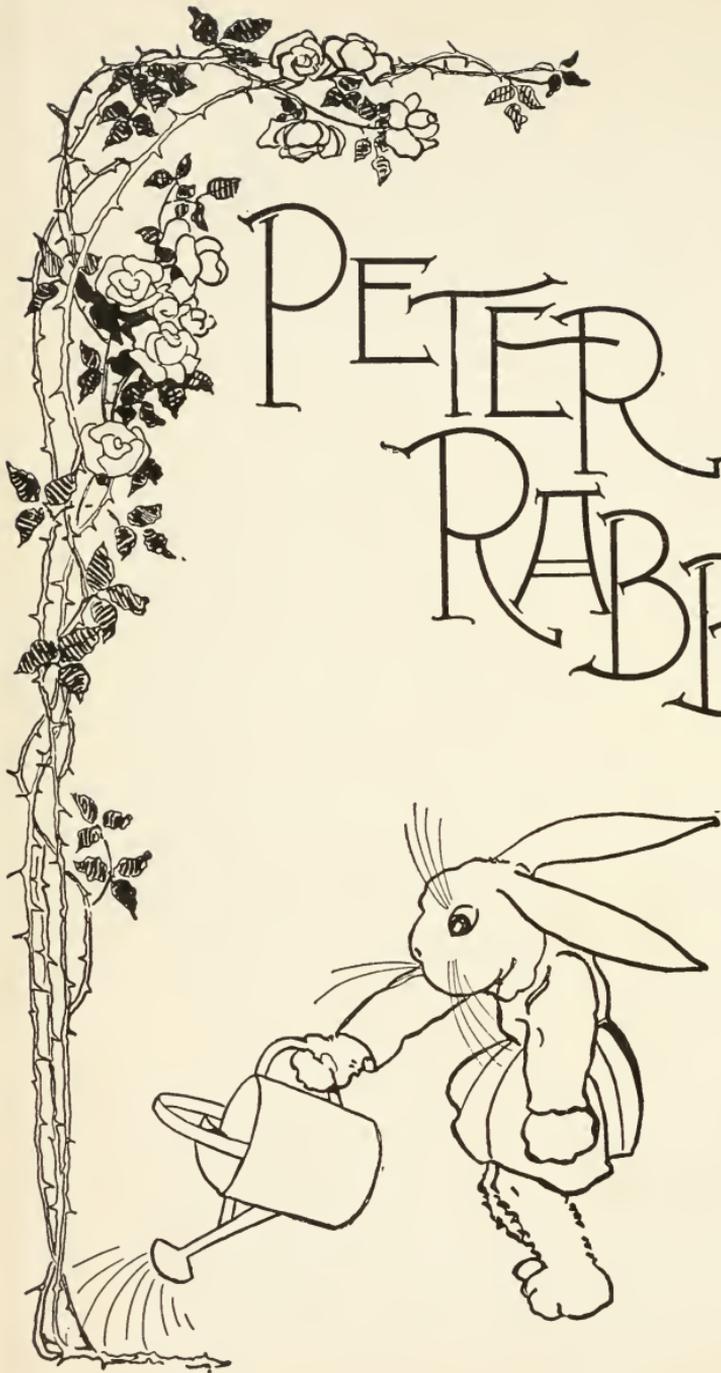


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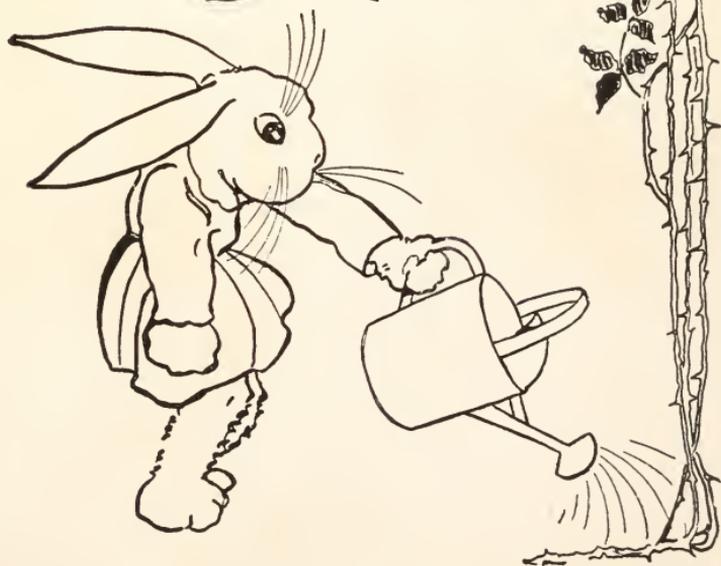
# PETER RABBIT AND HIS MAMA



PETER  
RABBIT



AND  
HIS  
MA

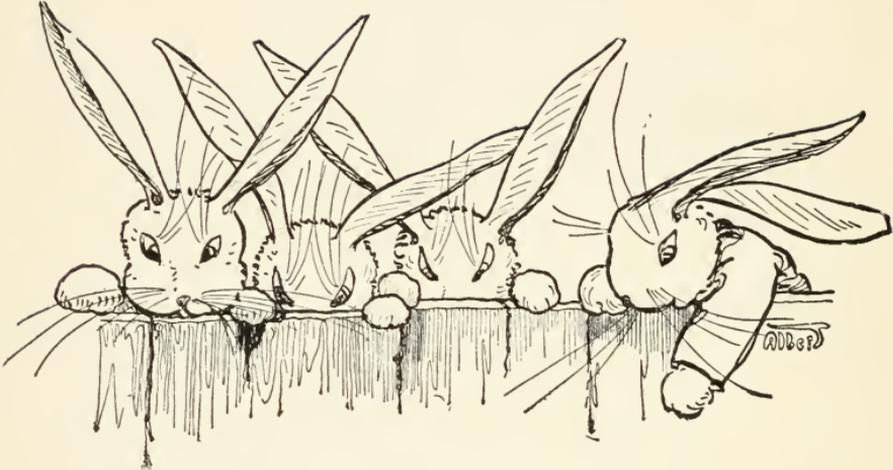


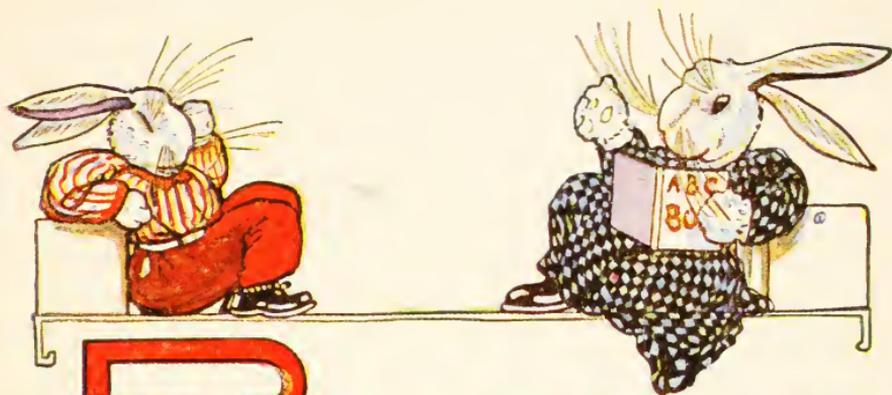
NAS  
1918



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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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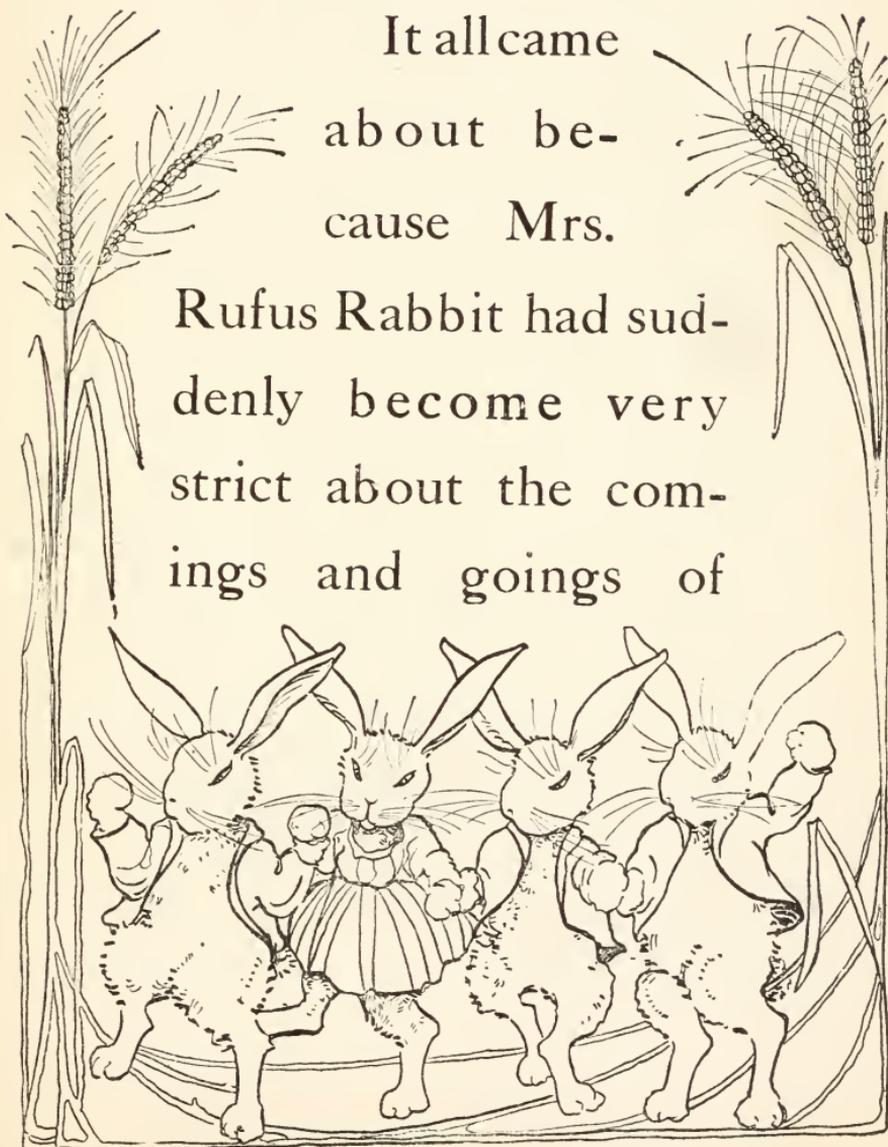
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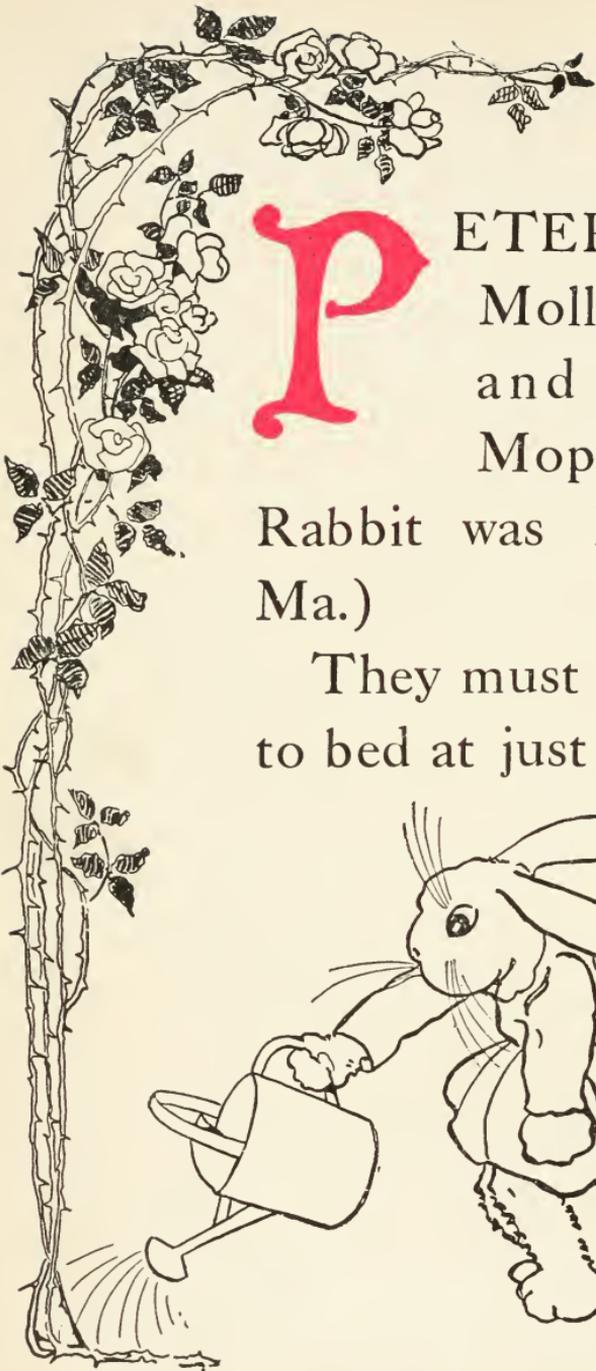
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# PETER RABBIT AND HIS MA

It all came  
about be-  
cause Mrs.

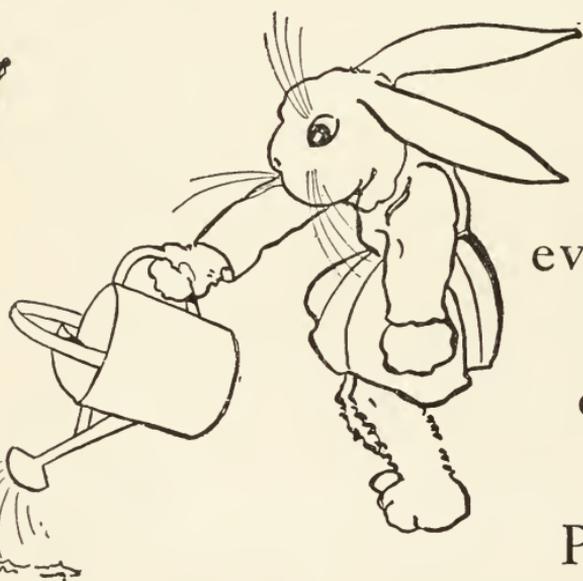
Rufus Rabbit had sud-  
denly become very  
strict about the com-  
ings and goings of





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

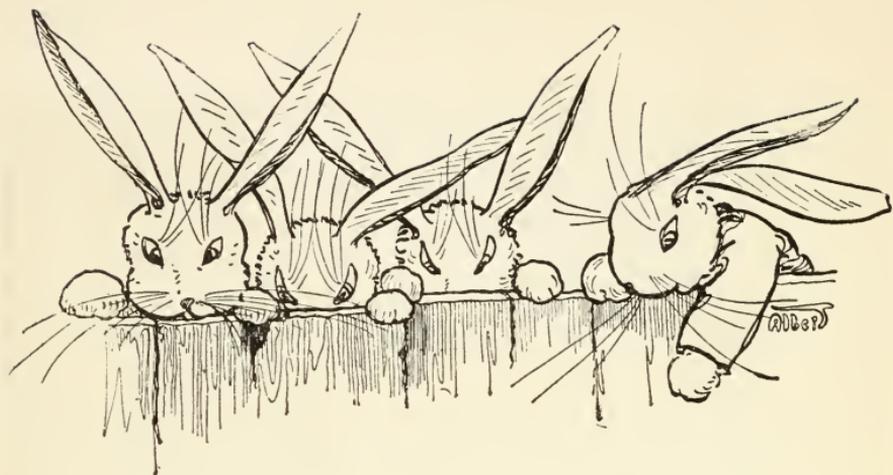
They must get up and go to bed at just such an hour,



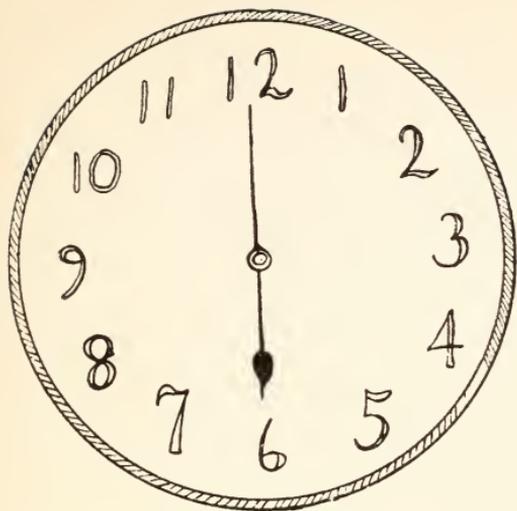
and ask permission every time they went out of the house.

Peter Rabbit 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.



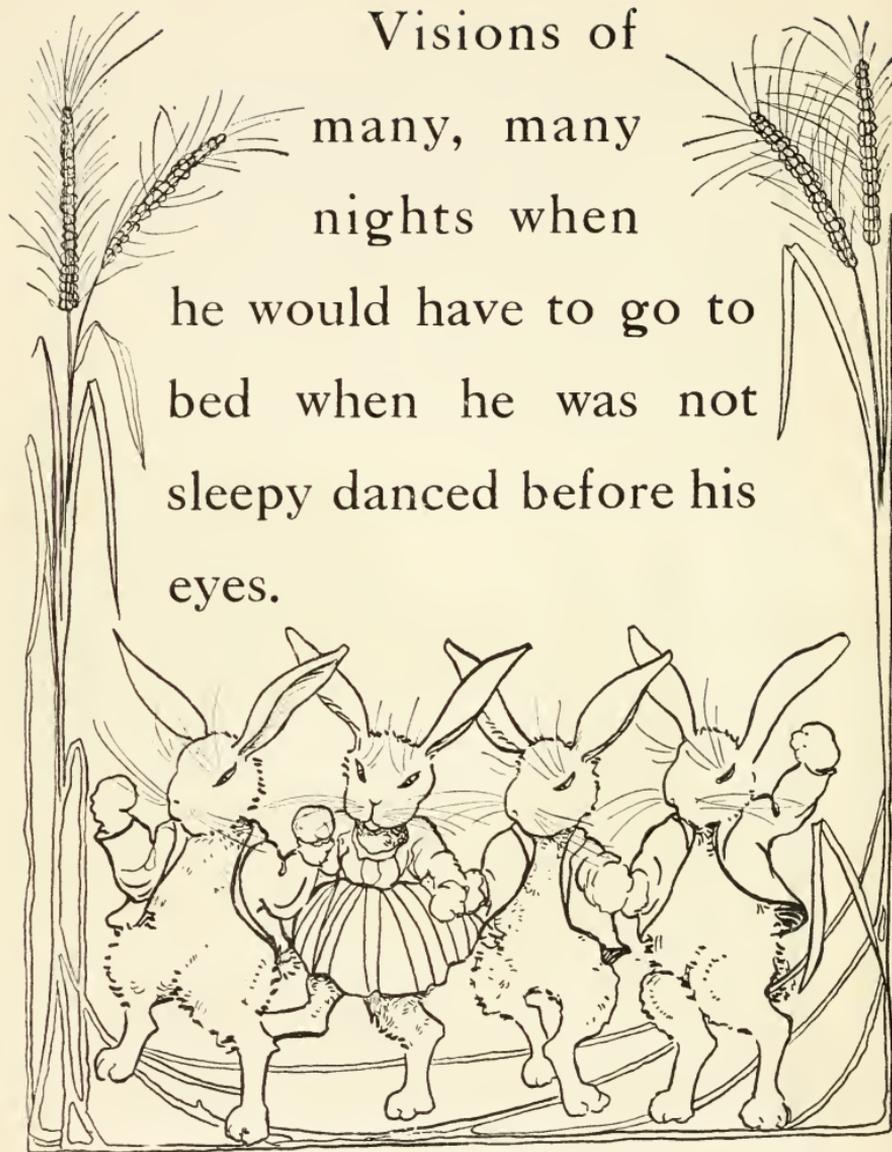
**T**HE more he thought of it,  
the crosser he became.

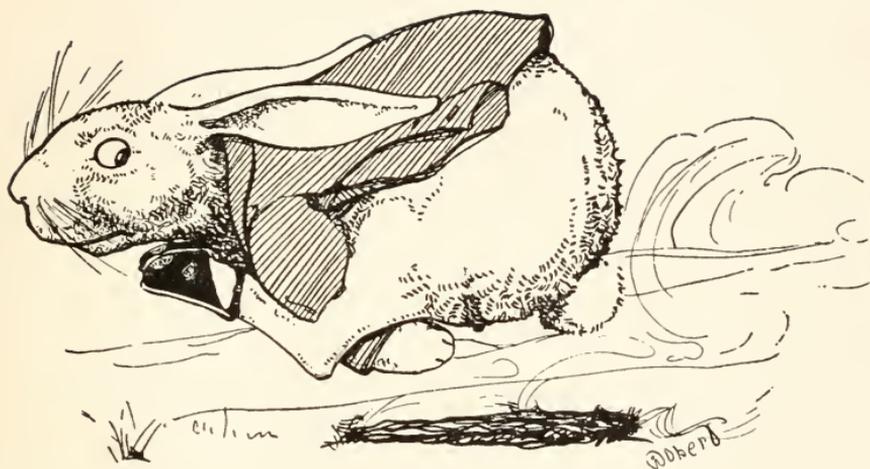
He had gone to bed very  
much earlier than usual, and was not  
a bit sleepy.





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

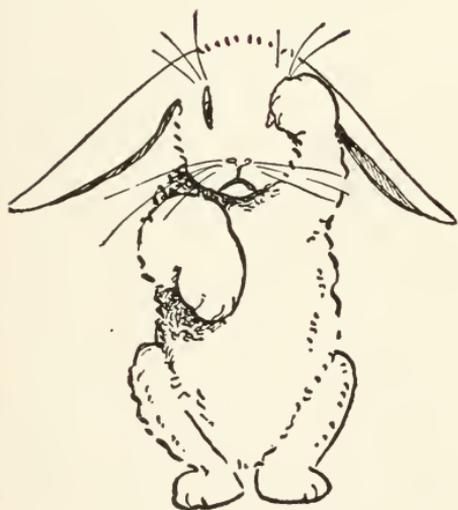




Finally he decided to  
run away.

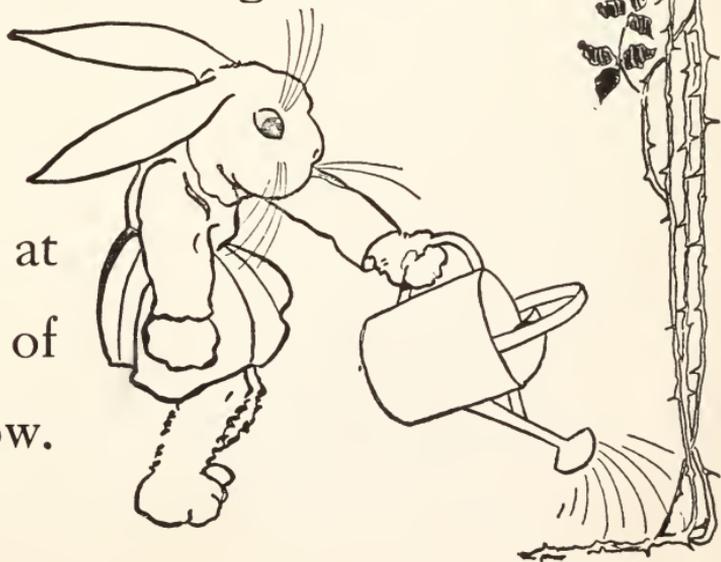
**A**T first he thought of taking Molly Cottontail along with him. Then he concluded that the twins would be very lonely without her. Peter Rabbit was not a selfish bunny. At any rate, he thought

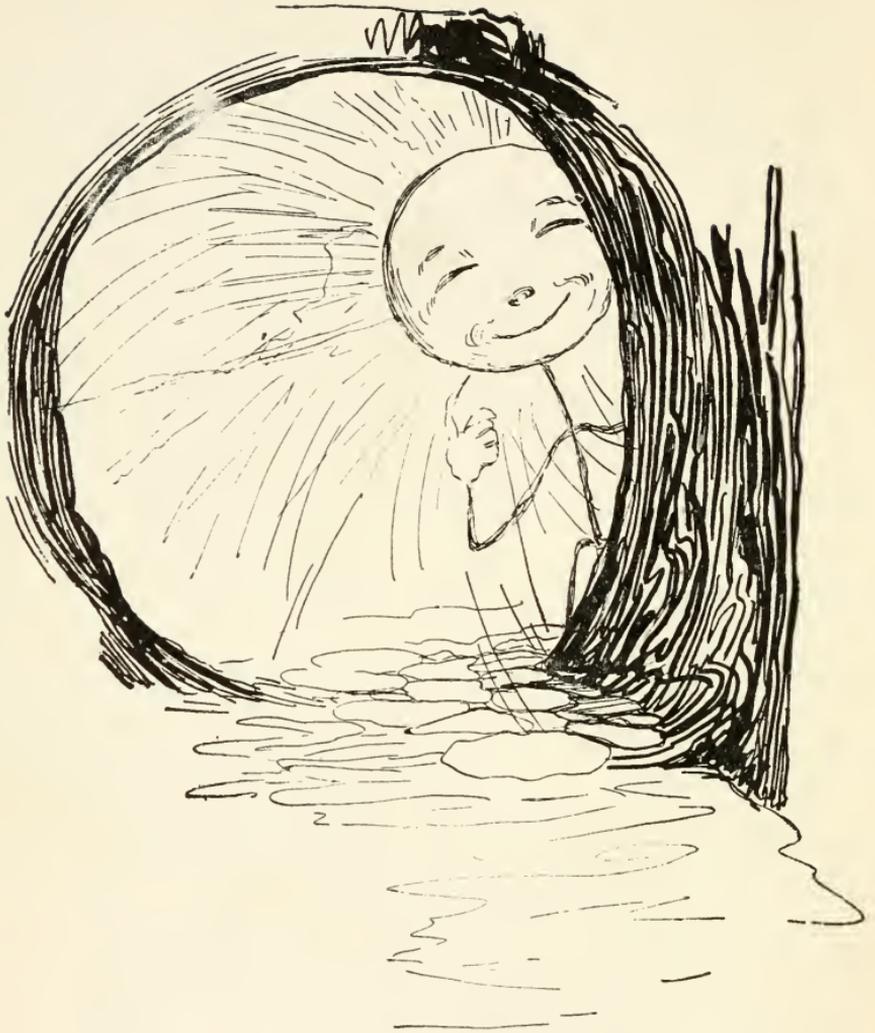
he would get on much faster alone.



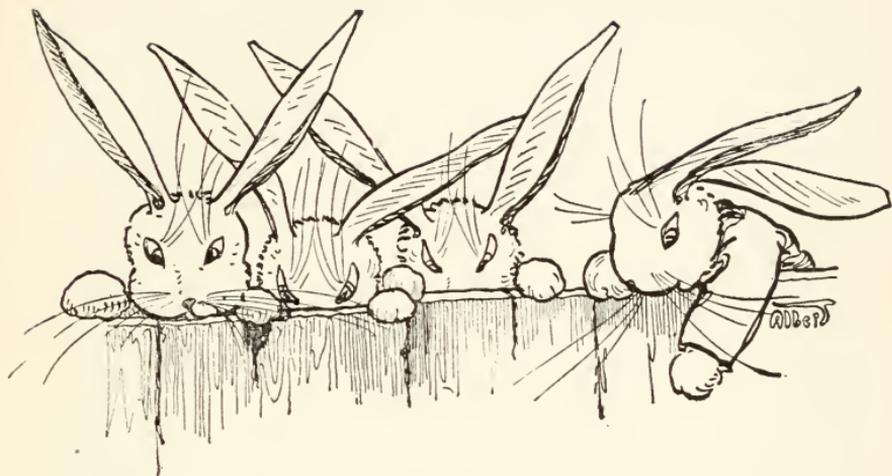
**H**E began to make his plans, and grew so excited that he found it impossible to go to sleep at all.

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





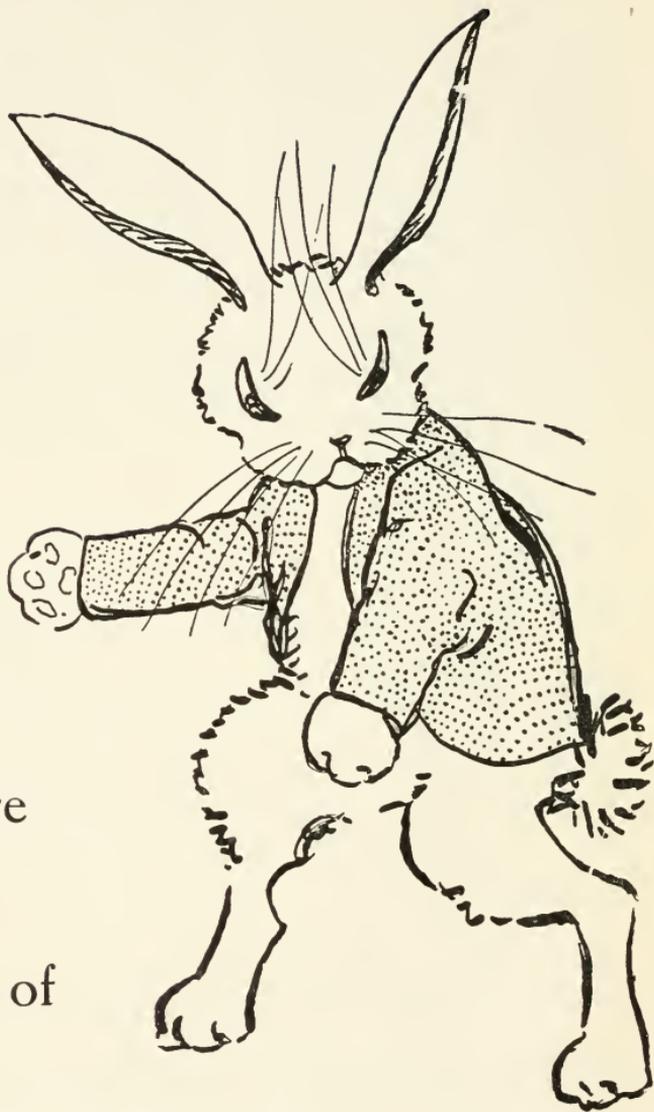
It seemed to beckon him,



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



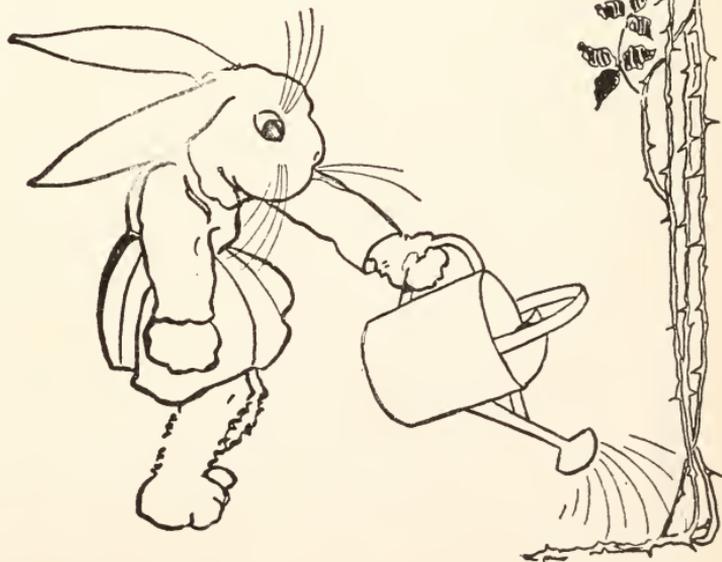


the family lay curled up in little turry balls, peacefully—and Mrs. Rufus Rabbit audibly—sleeping.

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

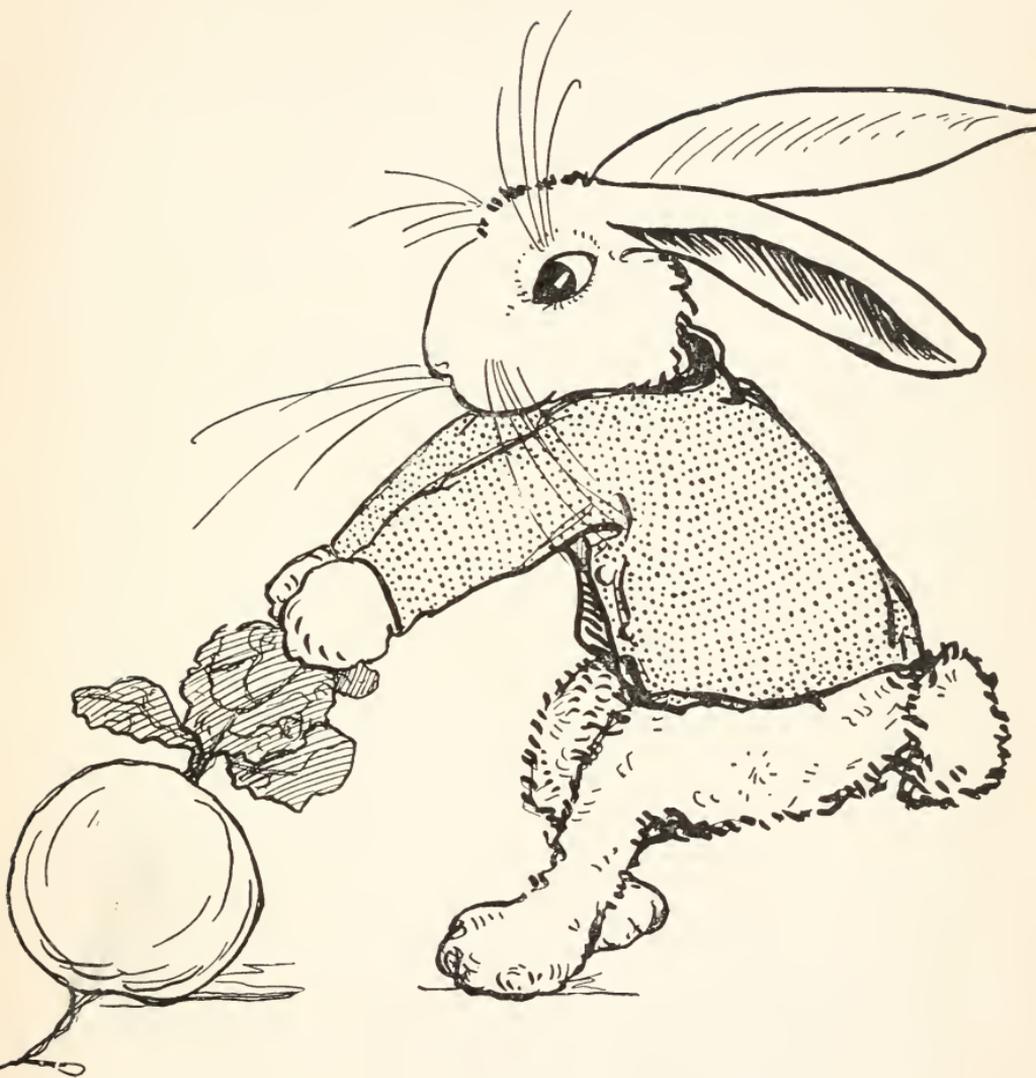


grab him as he crept past on tiptoe, he found himself outside the burrow and running for his life through the soft spring sunshine.



**H**E 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

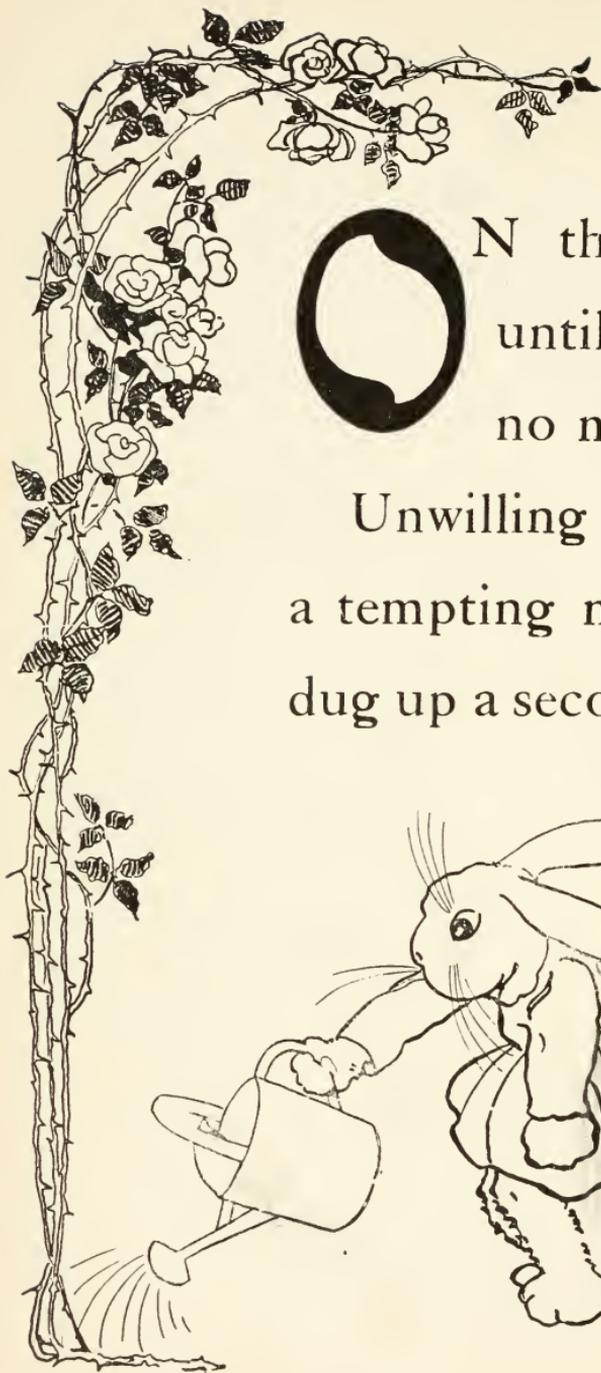
away, slung

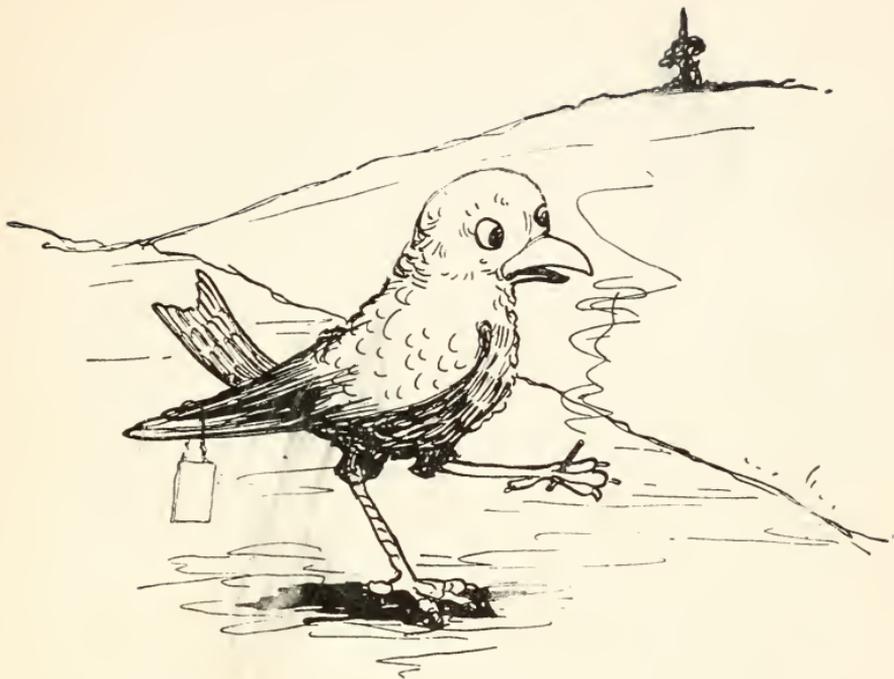
over his

shoulder. He

thought it

might taste good for luncheon.

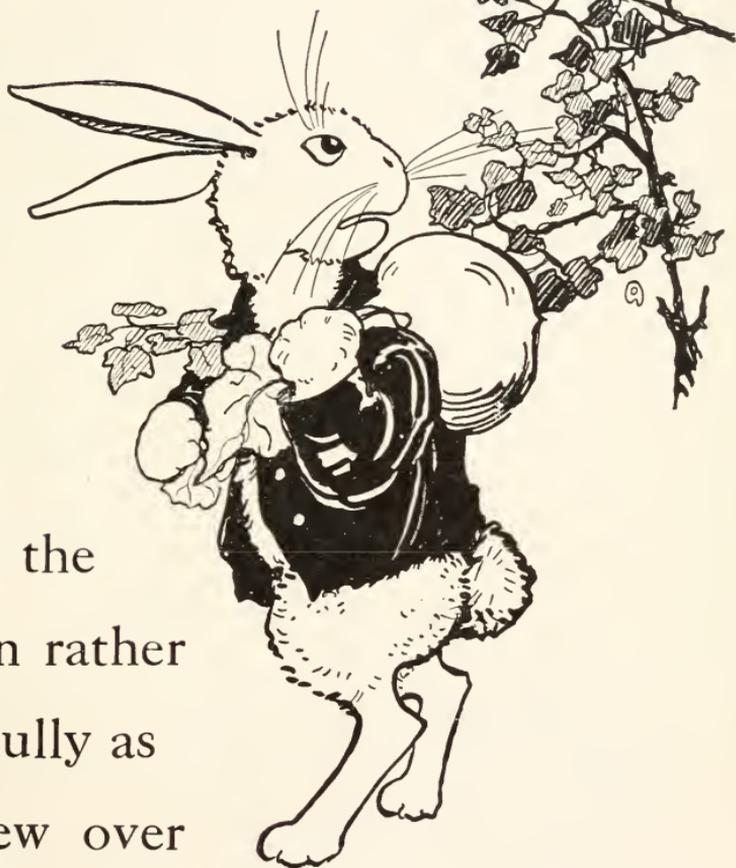




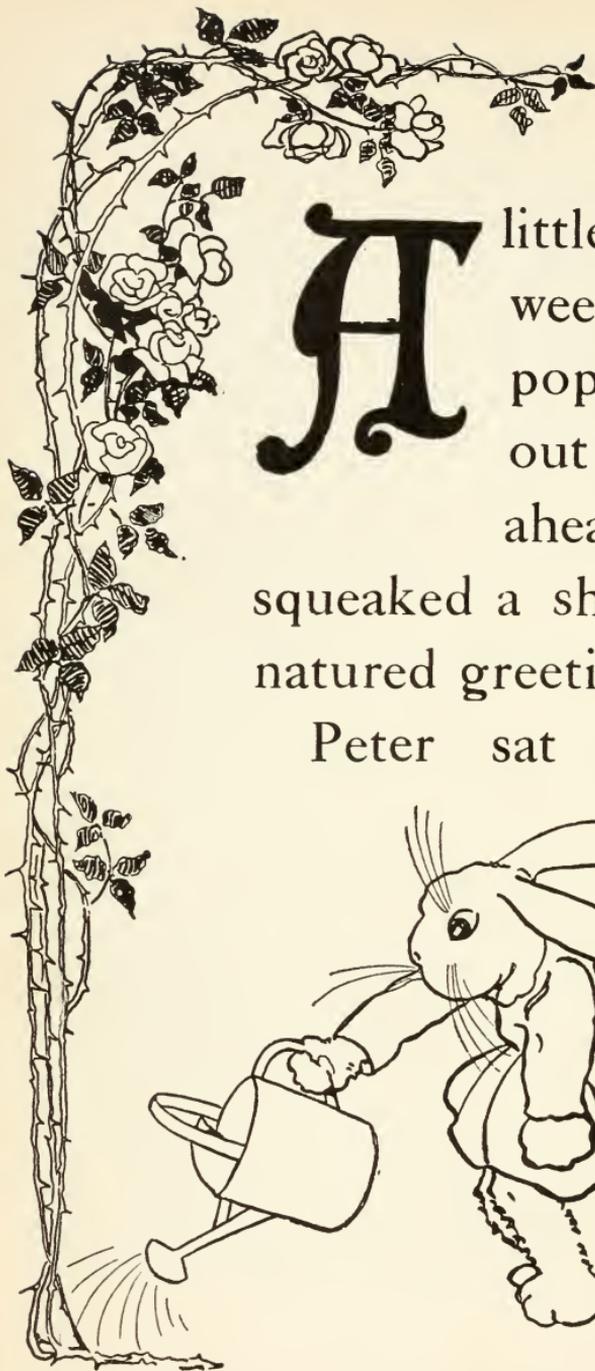
**A** robin red-breast flew across  
his path and wished him  
a cheery good-morning.  
Peter gaily stopped for a few mo-  
ments of chatter.



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.

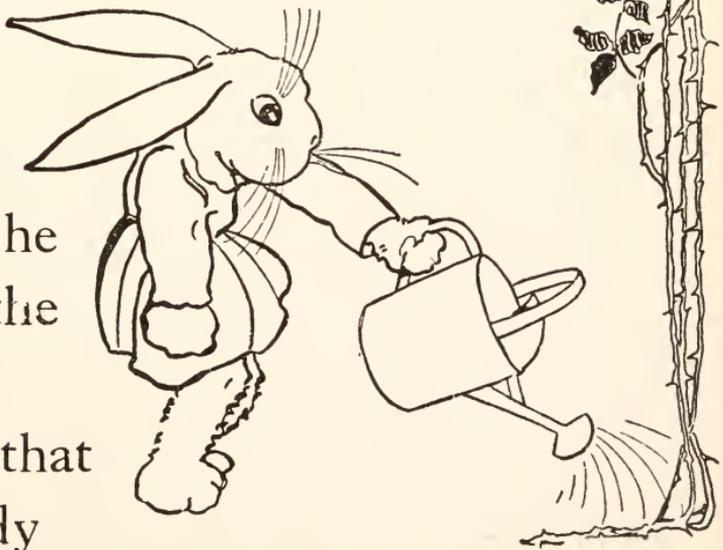
Peter sat down on his haunches and had a very pleasant half hour.

The Shrew-Mouse told him her name

was Susan, and advised him to throw

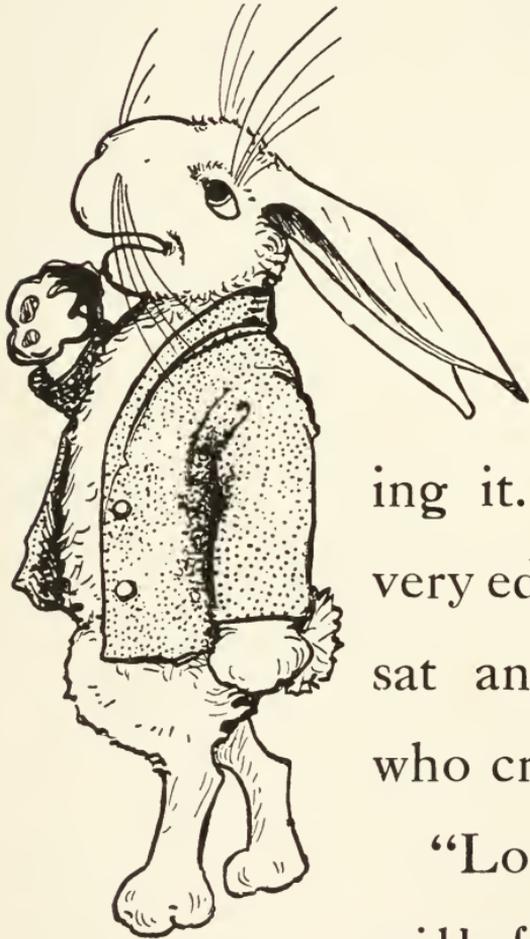
down the big turnip as it was a heavy burden and, besides, he would be sure to find plenty of nice things to eat if he followed her instructions. Then she wished him good luck and vanished into her hole in the ground.

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



**A**ND trotted along much more comfortably and quickly.

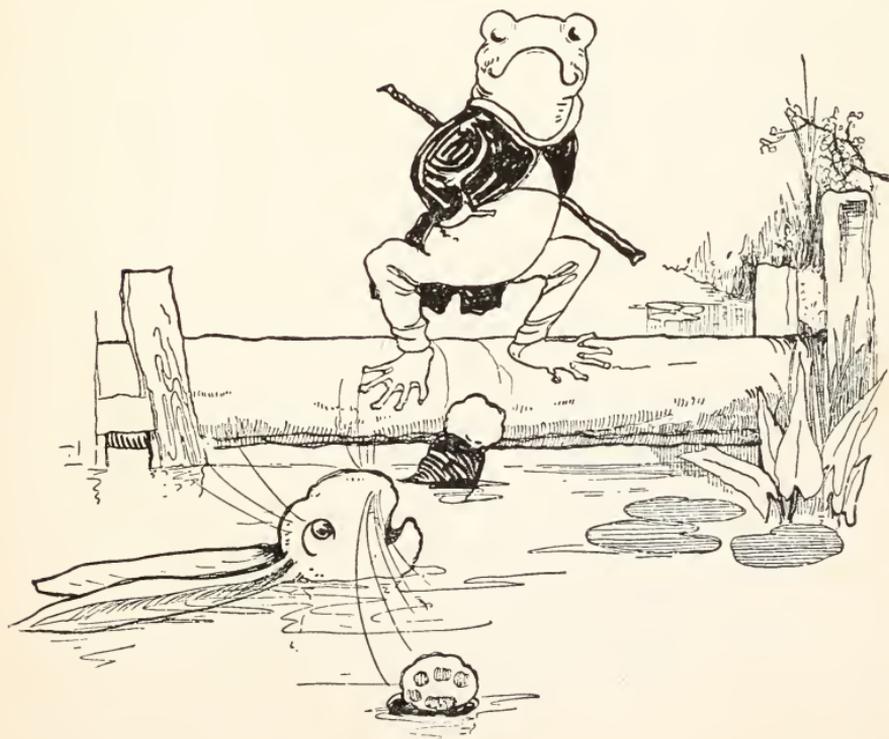
Right around a turn in the road,



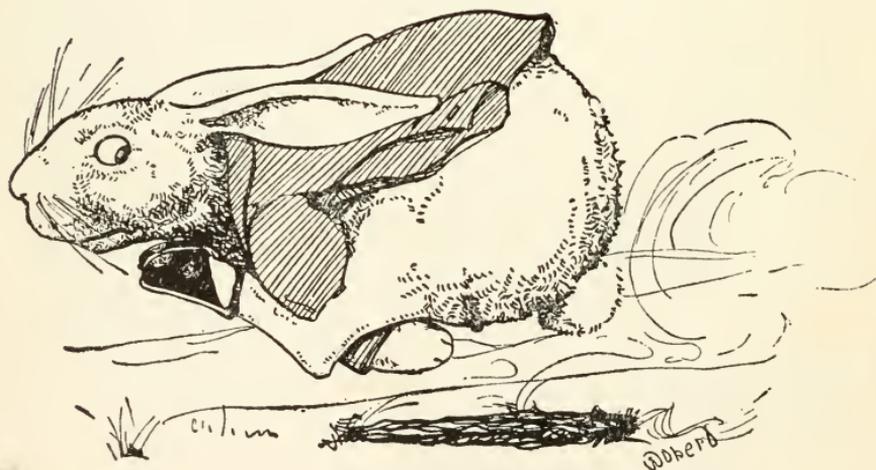
ran a clear stream of blue water with a little wooden bridge crossing it. And on the very edge of the water sat an old bullfrog who croaked out:

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

**N**OW 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.





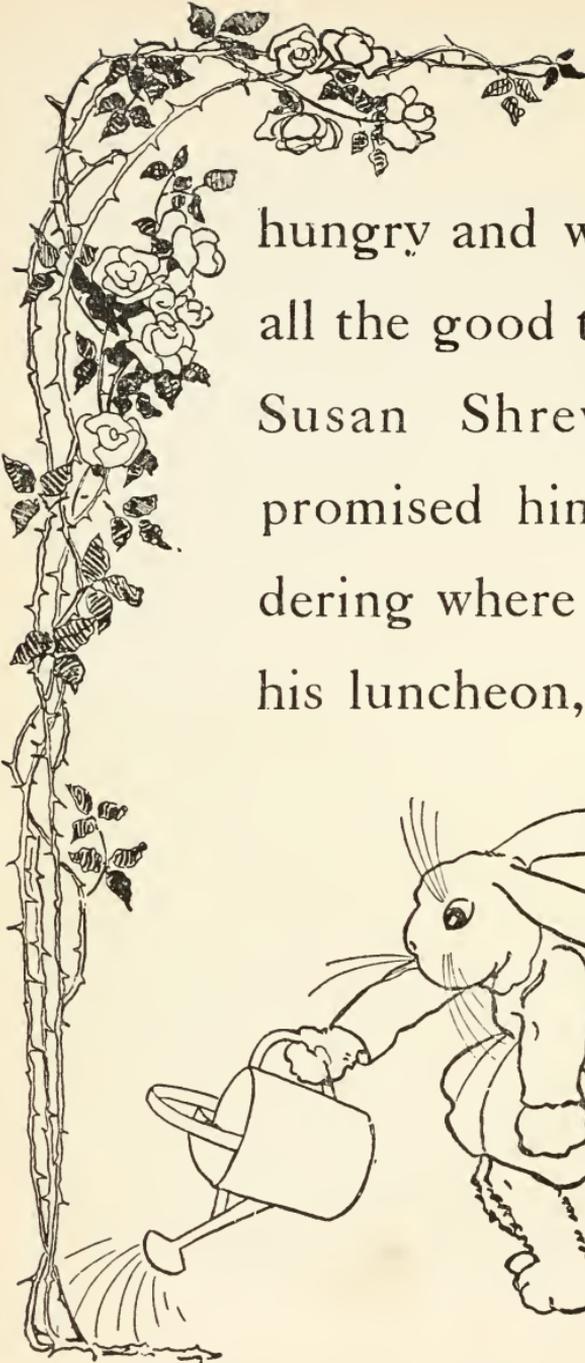
**A**S the bullfrog was not at all inclined to be friendly, he did not stop to dry himself, but trotted on for quite a while before he stopped in a sunny spot and



**L**OOK 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.

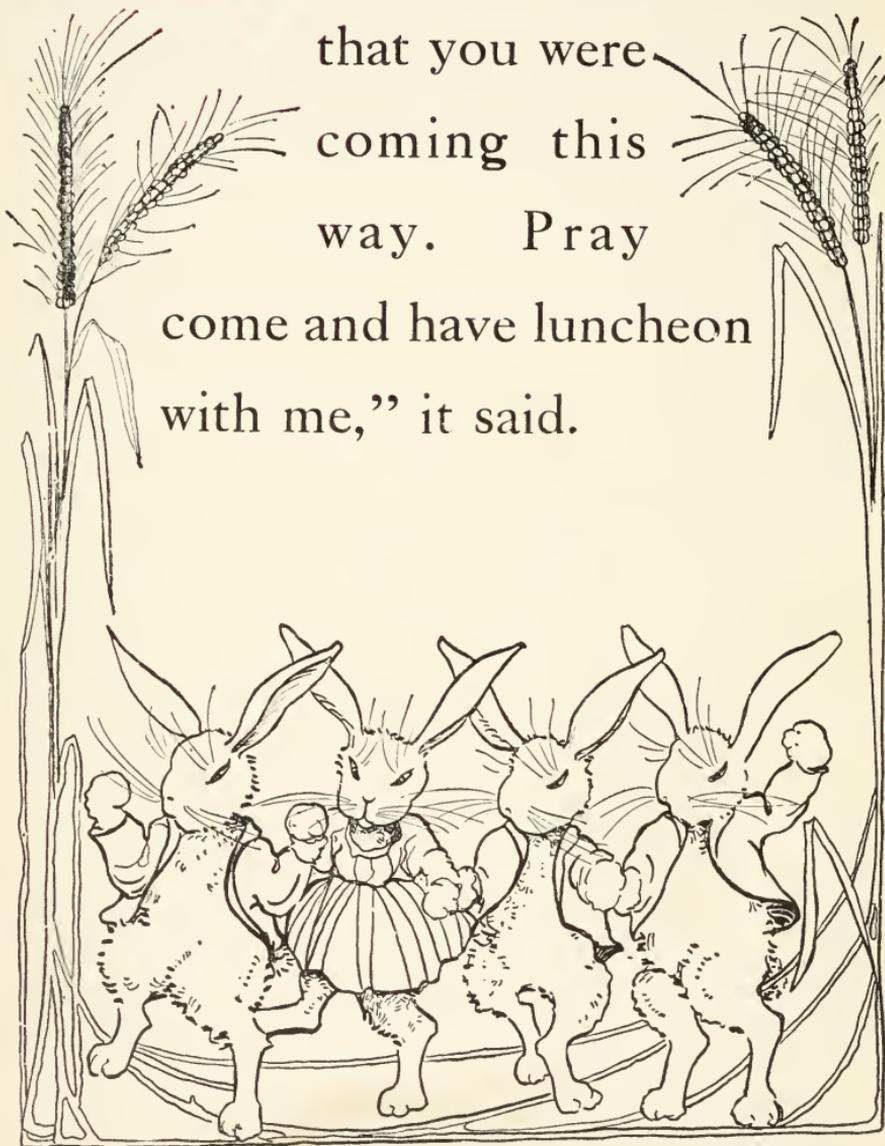
“How do you do, Peter Rabbit?”  
it said.



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

**M**Y 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.

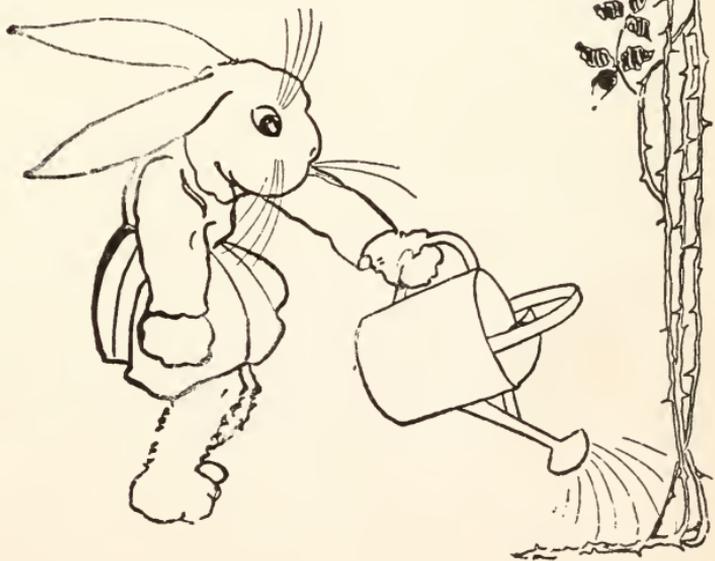




ERNEST  
LAIS

**P**ETER 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.

**S**UPPOSE he never  
found his way home  
and never saw his  
Ma and Molly Cottontail  
and the twins again?



Two

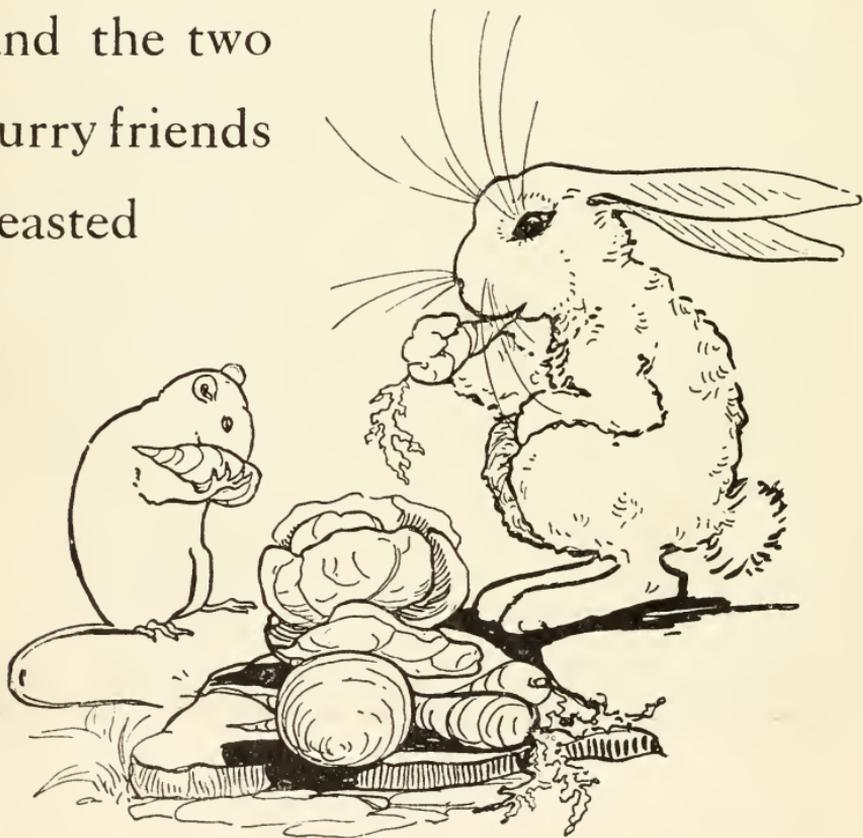
large  
tears  
rolled  
down his  
long  
nose at  
the  
dreadful  
thought.



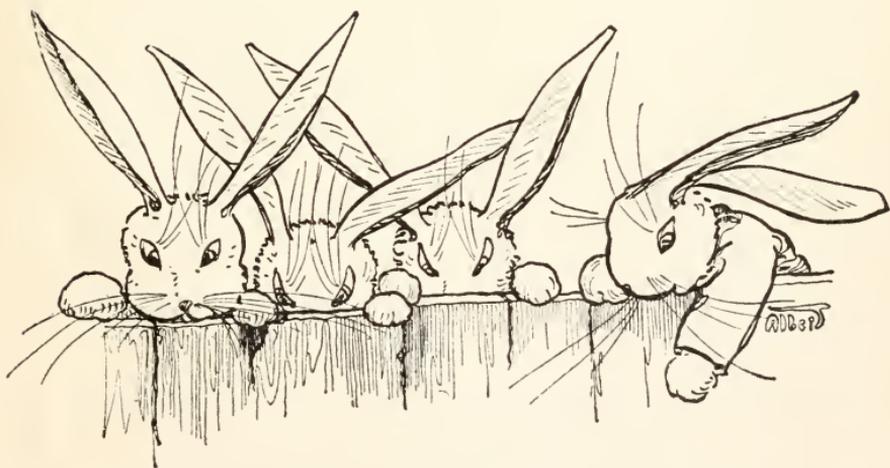


**B**UT the voice of Freddie  
Field-Mouse broke in up-  
on his gloomy reverie.

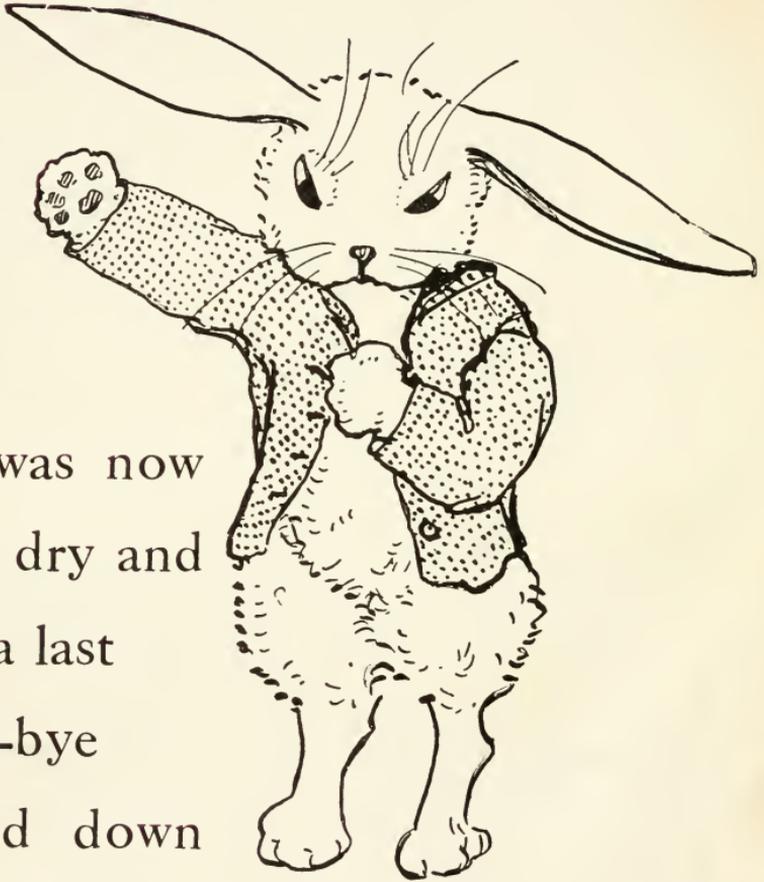
Luncheon was all laid out on a large,  
flat stone under a shady green bush  
and the two  
furry friends  
feasted



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.



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

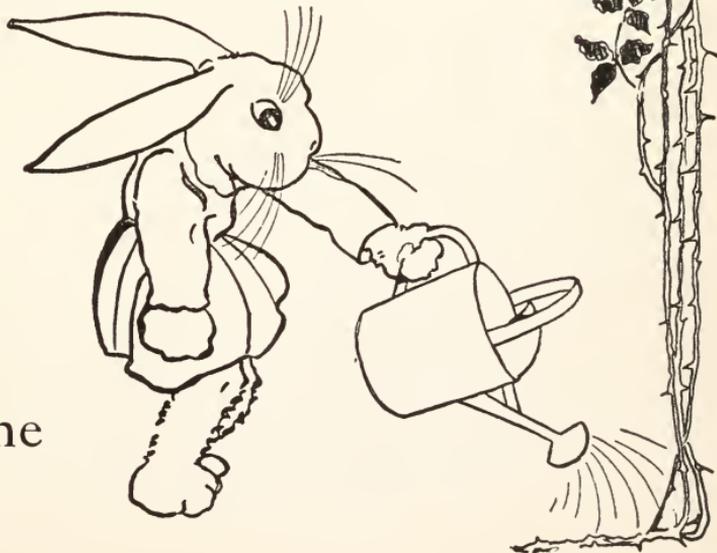


that was now  
quite dry and  
with a last  
good-bye  
started down

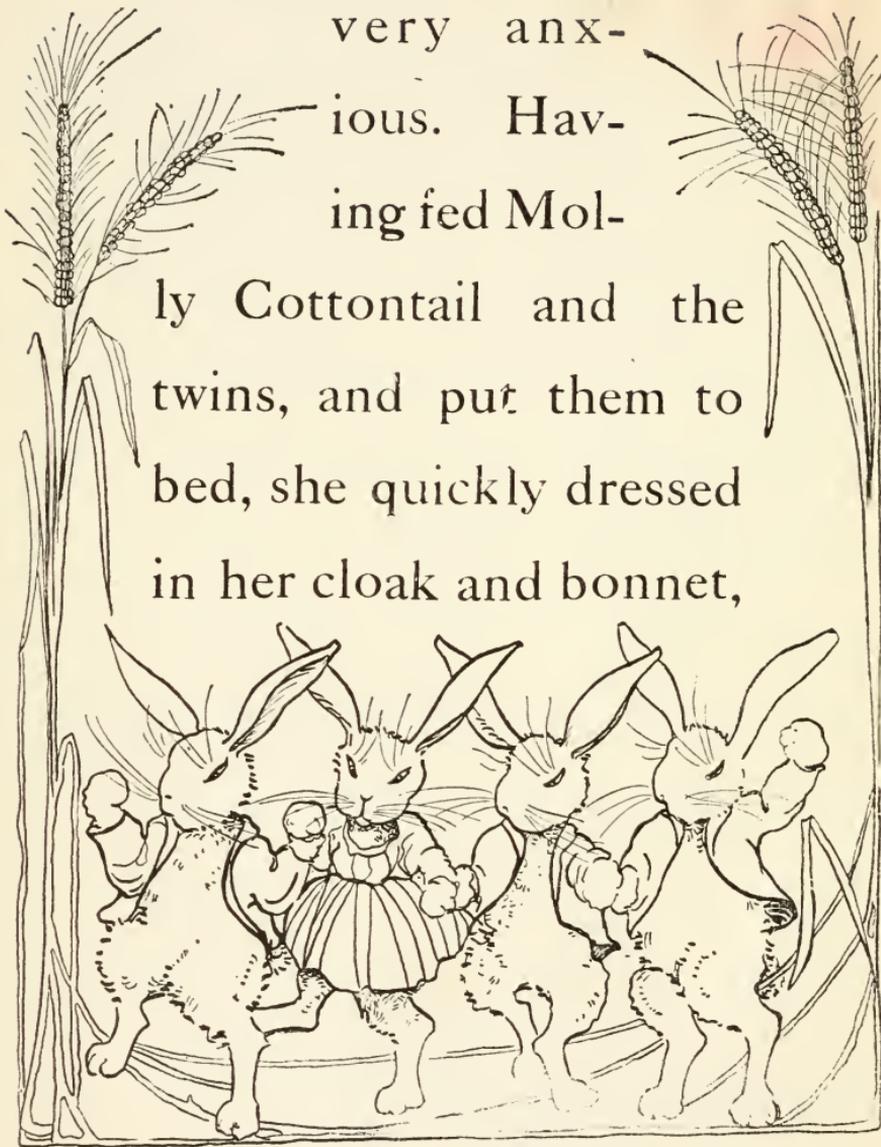
the path at a good pace, feeling much  
rested and

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,

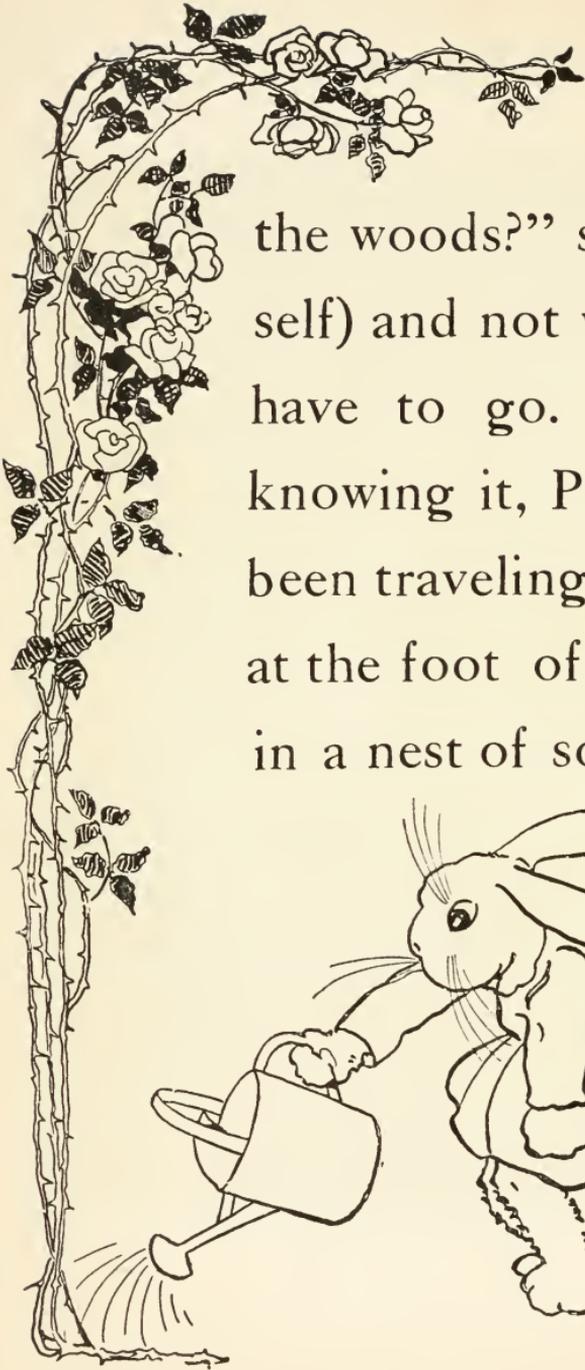


took her lantern and a walking stick  
that had belonged to Peter Rabbit's  
Pa ("For who knows but there may  
be bears in

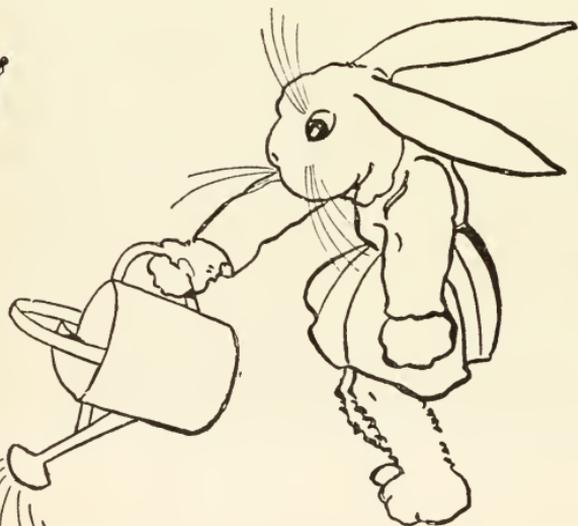


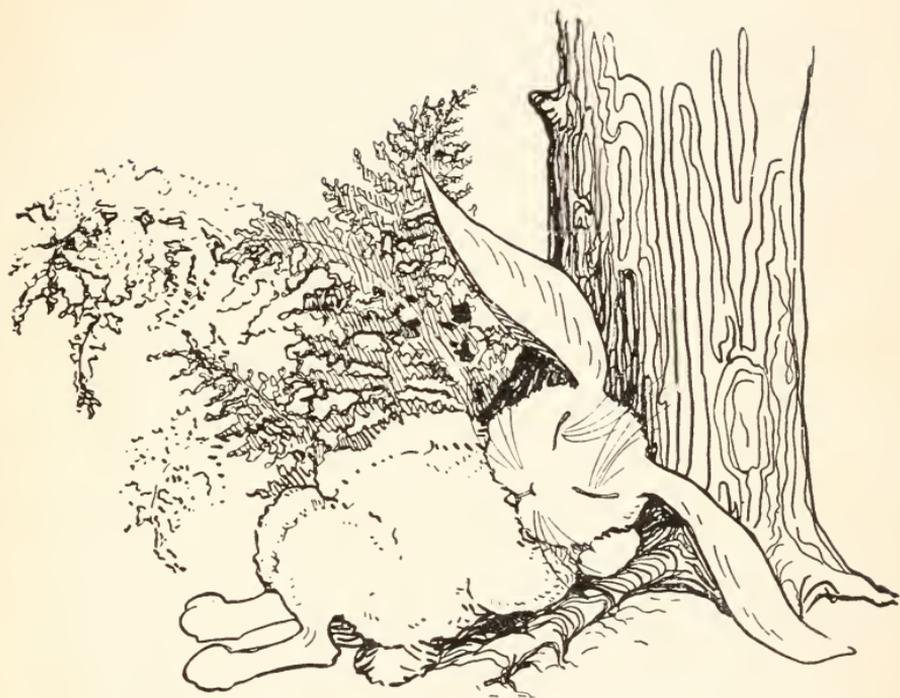






the woods?" she said to herself) and not very far did she have to go. For without knowing it, Peter Rabbit had been traveling in a circle, and at the foot of a big oak tree, in a nest of soft green ferns,

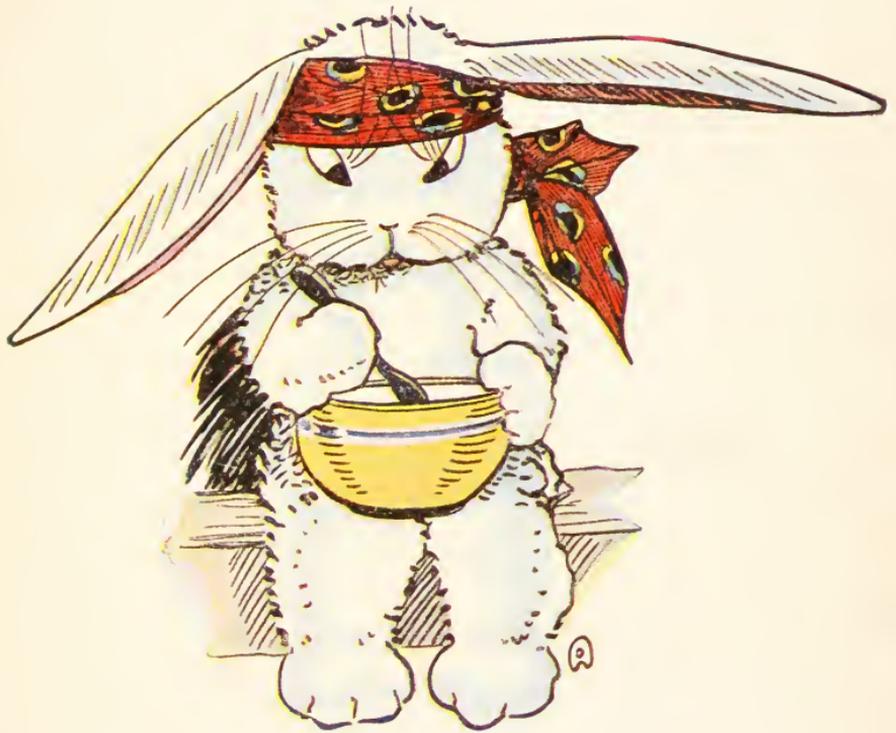


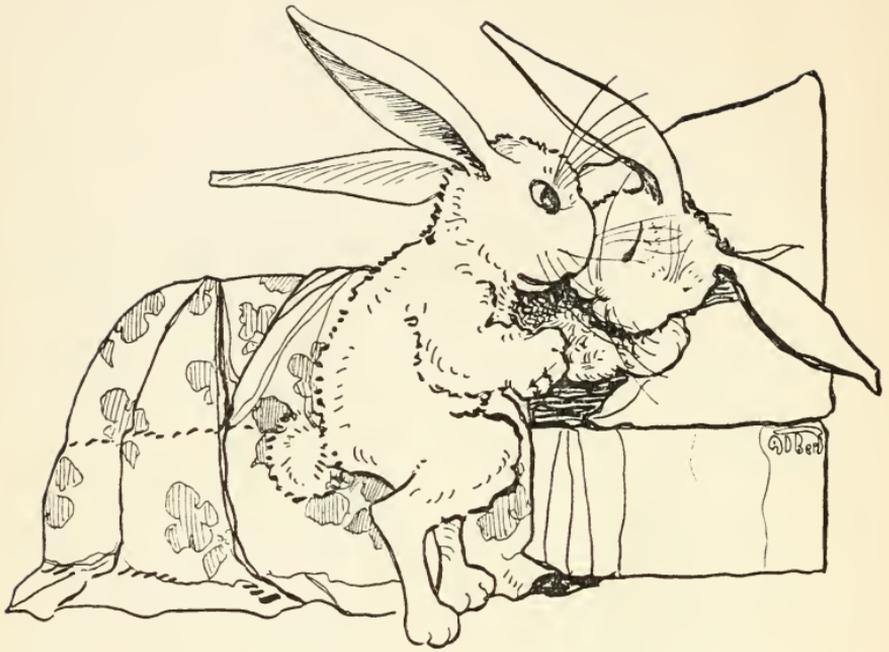


she found him fast asleep.

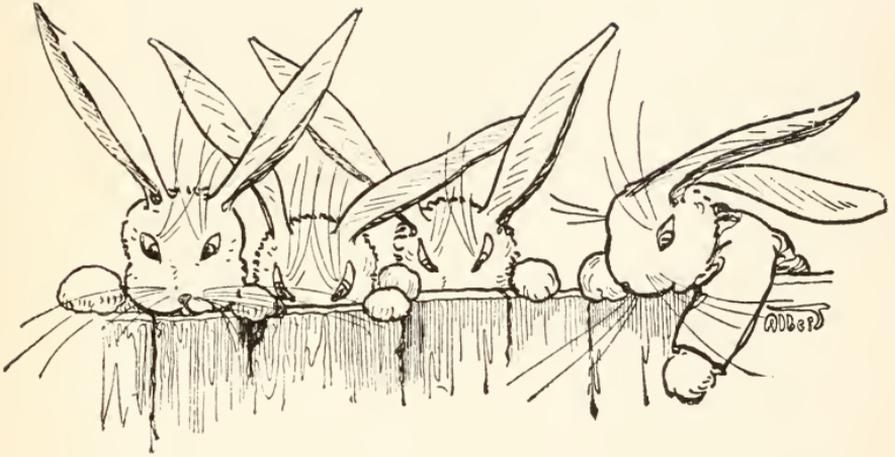
**A**ND Peter Rabbit went nicely to sleep, very glad to be at home again and very much ashamed of himself for having run away from it.

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

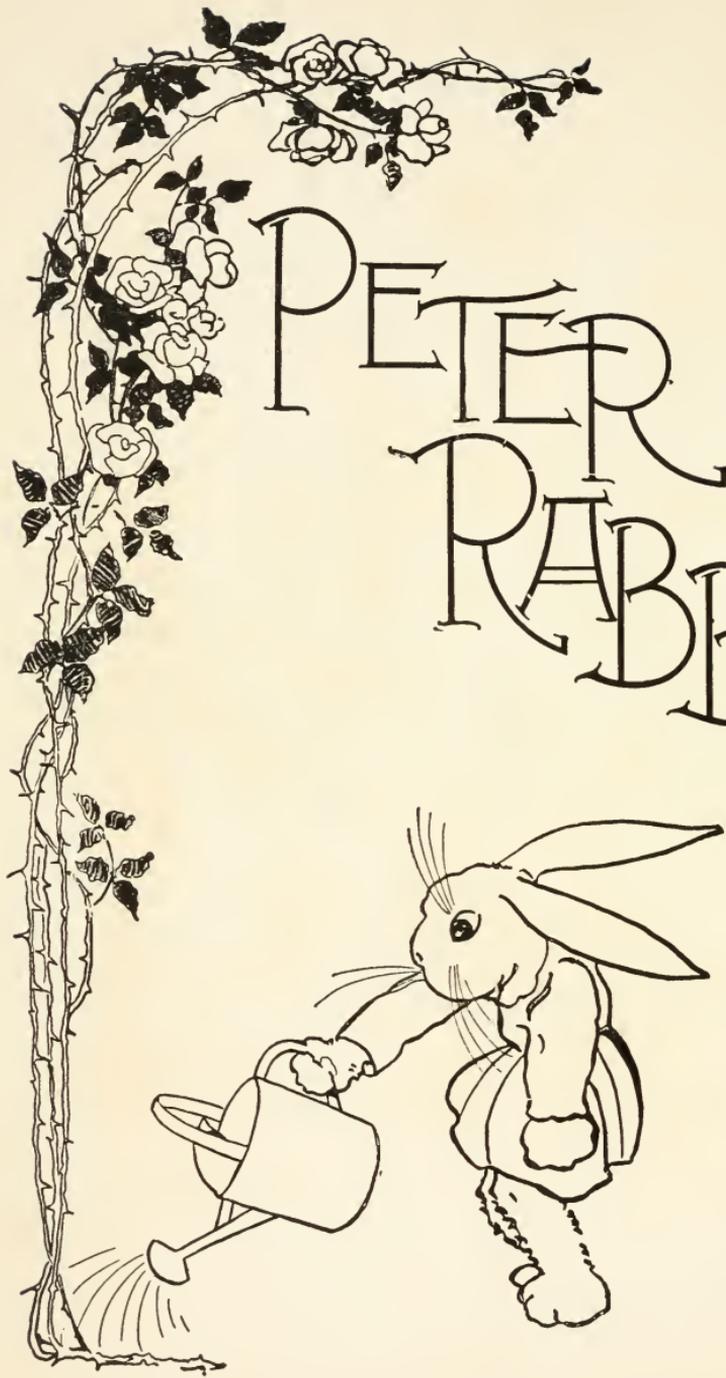




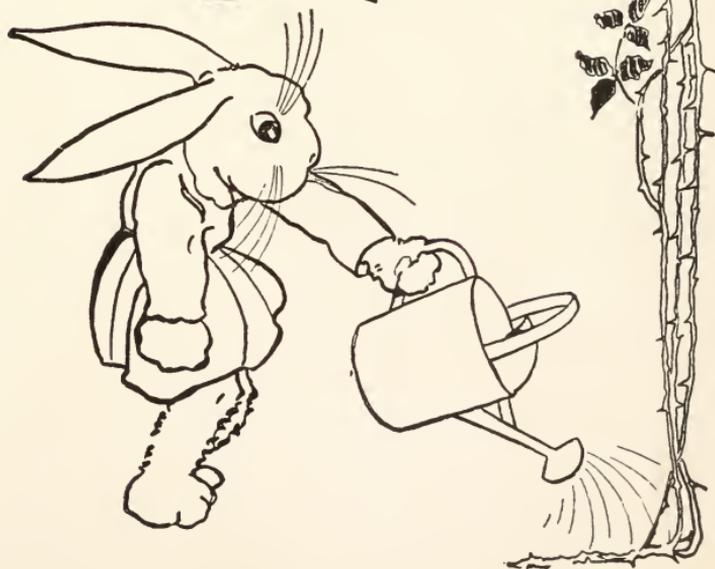
feeling his Ma's soft muzzle rubbing against his face. For that is the way bunnies kiss one another good-night.



PETER  
RABBIT



AND  
HIS  
MA



# PETER RABBIT AND HIS MAMA

