



THE COMPLETE ADVENTURES OF

PETER RABBIT



d

THE COMPLETE ADVENTURES OF PETER RABIT



BEATRIX POTTER

The original and authorized editions FREDERICK WARNE



FREDERICK WARNE Penguin Young Readers Group An Imprint of Penguin Random House LLC



Penguin supports copyright. Copyright fuels creativity, encourages diverse voices, promotes free speech, and creates a vibrant culture. Thank you for buying an authorized edition of this book and for complying with copyright laws by not reproducing, scanning, or distributing any part of it in any form without permission. You are supporting writers and allowing Penguin to continue to publish books for every reader.

First published by Frederick Warne in 1982.

This edition published in 2007 by Frederick Warne, an imprint of
Penguin Random House LLC, 345 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014.

Original text and illustrations copyright © Frederick Warne & Co., 1902, 1904, 1909, 1912

New reproductions copyright © Frederick Warne & Co., 2002

Color reproduction by EAE Creative Colour Ltd, Norwich, England

Peter Rabbit™ & Beatrix Potter™ Frederick Warne & Co.

Frederick Warne & Co. is the owner of all rights, copyrights and trademarks in the Beatrix Potter character names and illustrations

www.peterrabbit.com

Manufactured in China

ISBN 978-0-723-25916-9

CONTENTS

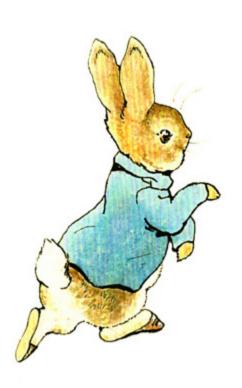
The Tale of Peter Rabbit II

The Tale of Benjamin Bunny 25

The Tale of The Flopsy Bunnies 41

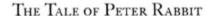
The Tale of Mr. Tod 55













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.

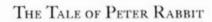




"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden.

"Your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor.







"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.

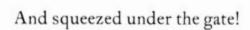


Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries;





But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden,







First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes;



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





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



Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief!"





Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages,





And the other shoe 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 overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.





Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him,

And rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped 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 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.



