









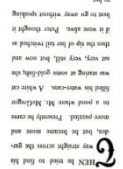

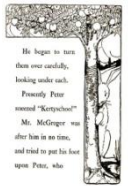
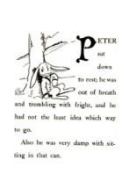

	<p> <b>P</b>ETER and Mr. Rabbit          took a basket and the          umbrella and went          through the wood to the          hills.       </p>		
<p> <b>B</b>UT Peter who          was very          naughty, ran          straight away to see          Mr. McGregor's          garden and       </p>		<p> <b>T</b>HEY lived with          their mother in          a wood-bank,          underneath the root of          a very big fir tree.          "Now, my dears,"          said old Mr. Rabbit          one morning, "You may       </p>	





<p>         It was a blue jacket with          three buttons, quite new.       </p> 	<p>         And get caught by the ears,          harnessed on the jacket.       </p> 		<p>         He          ate          some          Rutabagas       </p>
<p> <b>W</b>HO flew          in like an          great an-          cient and          imperial bird to          court himself.       </p> 	<p> <b>H</b>E got out one after another          the the cabbage and the          other vegetables.       </p> 	<p> <b>P</b>ETER was most          decidedly          right, he          nibbled all over the gar-          den, for he had forgotten          the path back to the gate.       </p> 	<p> <b>S</b>QUEEZED          under          the gate.       </p> 







<p>         Peter began to cry.       </p> 	<p> <b>H</b>E found a hole in a wall          and he was indeed not there          five or six years for a lot          of his rabbit companions.          Peter talked to himself and          said that was the best way          out for the rabbit who had          lost a leg for the gate but the          hole was a large one for most          rabbits and he was sure          that he could not answer. He only          shook his head at this.       </p>		<p> <b>J</b>UMPED into a          cart.       </p>
<p> <b>H</b>E went back towards the          wood-shed, but suddenly,          quite close to him, he          heard the noise of a low-scrat-          tle, scratch, scratch, scratch.          Peter scartened underneath the          bushes, but          presently an earth-          ing happened, he          came out and       </p> 		<p> <b>J</b>UMPED out of a window,          upsetting three plants,       </p>	<p> <b>M</b>R. MCGREGOR came          up with a saw which          he intended to pop on the top          of Peter, but Peter wiggled out          just in time.       </p> 

		<p>“I am not a rabbit.”</p> 	<p>She bought a hat of brown floss and the countess Flop, Mopsy and Cottontail who were good little bunnies went down the lane together.</p>
	<p>THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT</p> <p>Once upon a time there were four little rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter.</p> 	 <p>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 run over by a car &amp; he was killed by Mr. McGregor.”</p>	 <p>To gather blackberries.</p>

	<p>“I am not a rabbit.”</p> 	<p>“I am not a rabbit.”</p> 	<p>“I am not a rabbit.”</p> 
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		<p>From some ungodly monster      Till he got home to his      friends.</p> 	<p>From some ungodly monster      they looked behind him</p> 
		<p><b>F</b>LOPY: Mopsy and Cottontail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.</p>	<p>Climbed      upon      a wheel-      barrow,      and      popped      over.</p> 

 <p>Mr. McGregor saw the rabbit digging in the corner of the garden.</p>	<p>It was so tired that he stopped down upon the grass near the hole, and the rabbit took what he had done with his teeth.</p> 		<p>THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT</p> 
<p>THE first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor, looking at him. His back was turned towards Peter and beyond him was the gate!</p> <p>Peter got very quiet all the while, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight path 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.</p>	<p>It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had in a lifetime!</p> <p>I am I was not to say that Peter was not very sorry to hear this. His mother put him to bed and made some currant tea and she gave a dose of it to Peter! "Once more," she said at last, "sleep."</p> 		<p>PETER RABBIT</p> 