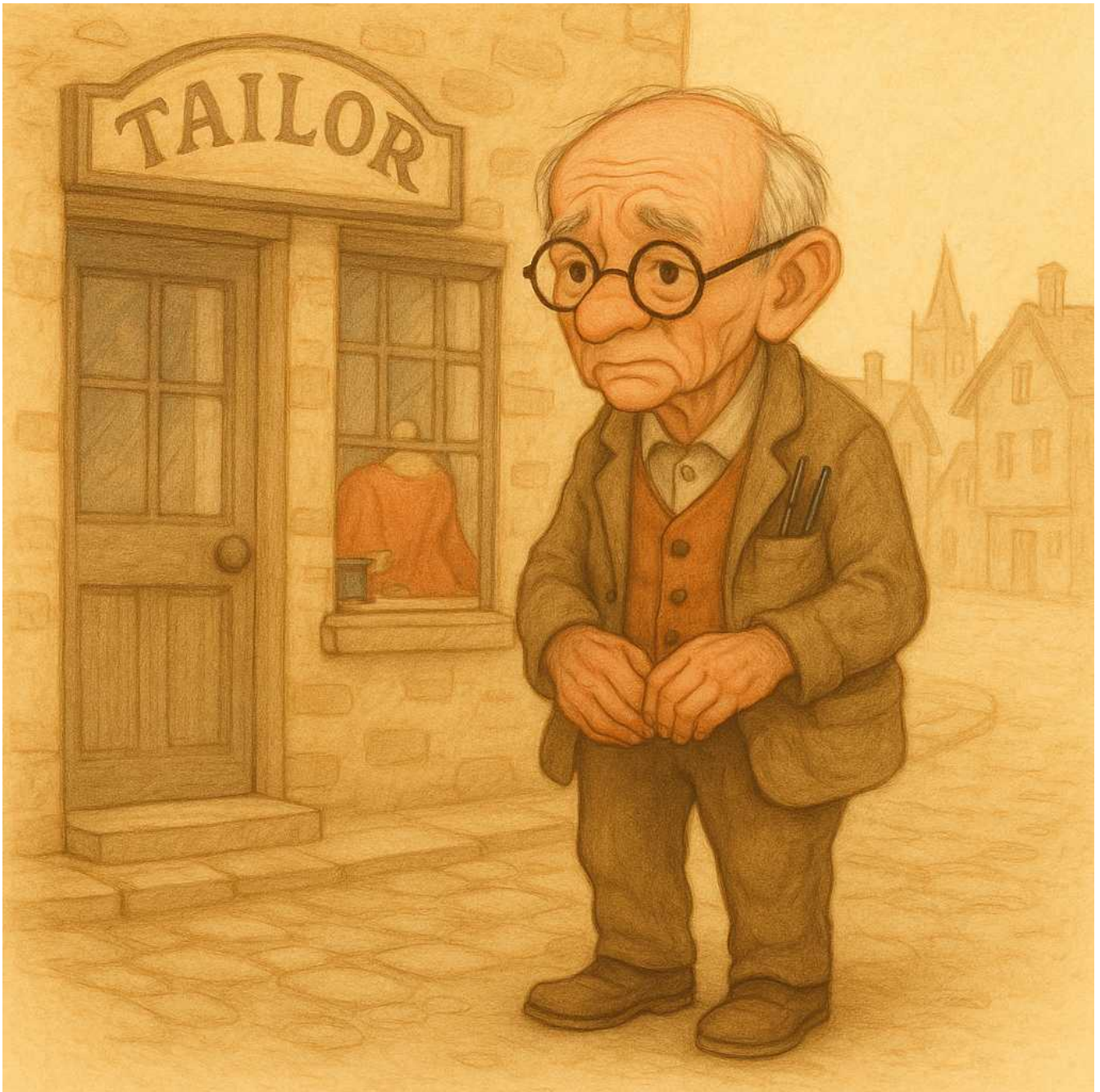


The Tailor of Gloucester

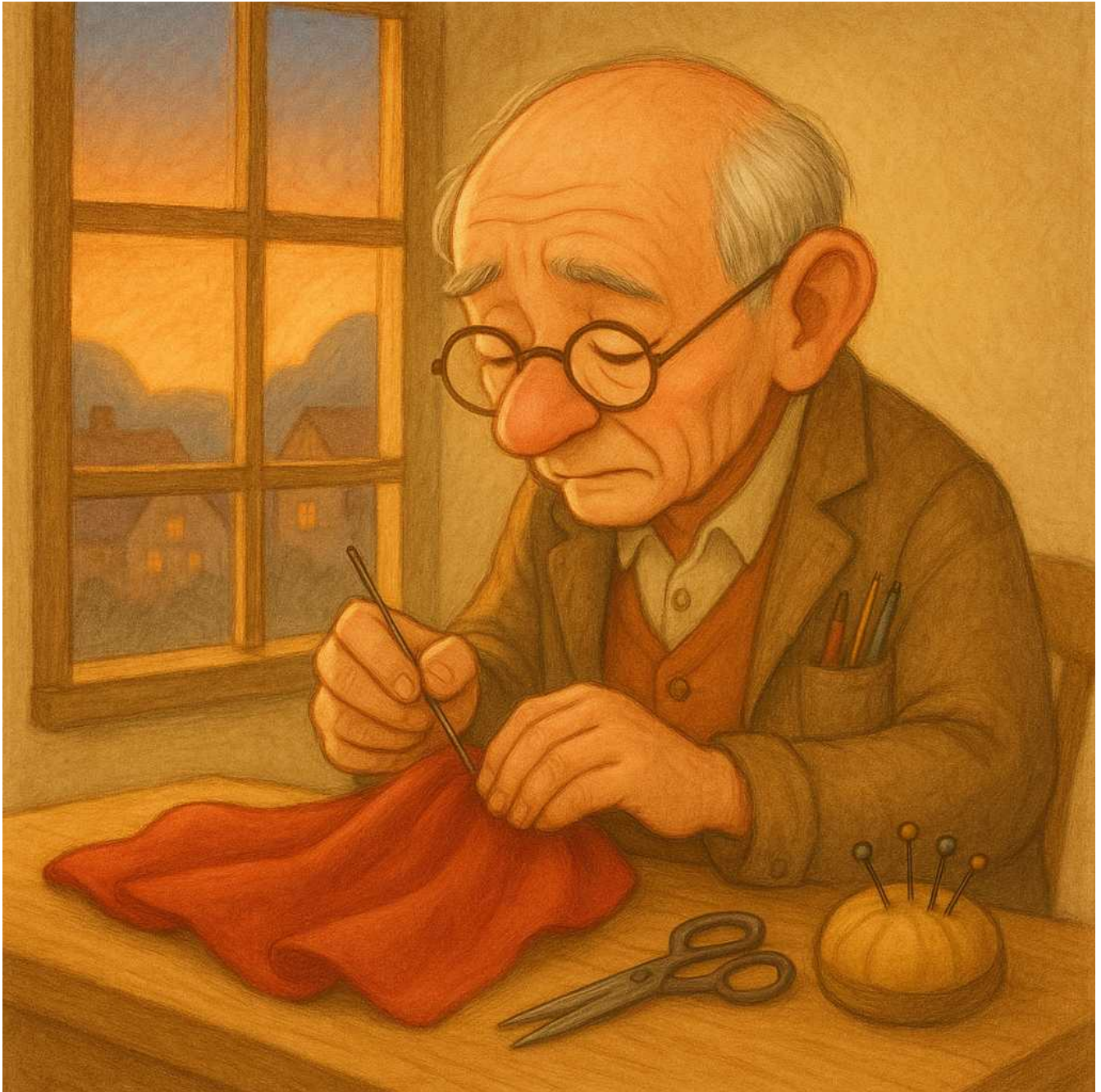
by Beatrix Potter adapted by EveryReader

Adapted to Lexile Level 200





Long ago, there was a town.
It was called Gloucester.
A tailor lived there.
He was very poor.



He made clothes for people.

He sat by the window.

He sewed all day.

He sewed until dark.



One cold day before Christmas, he began a special job.

He cut a cherry-red silk coat.



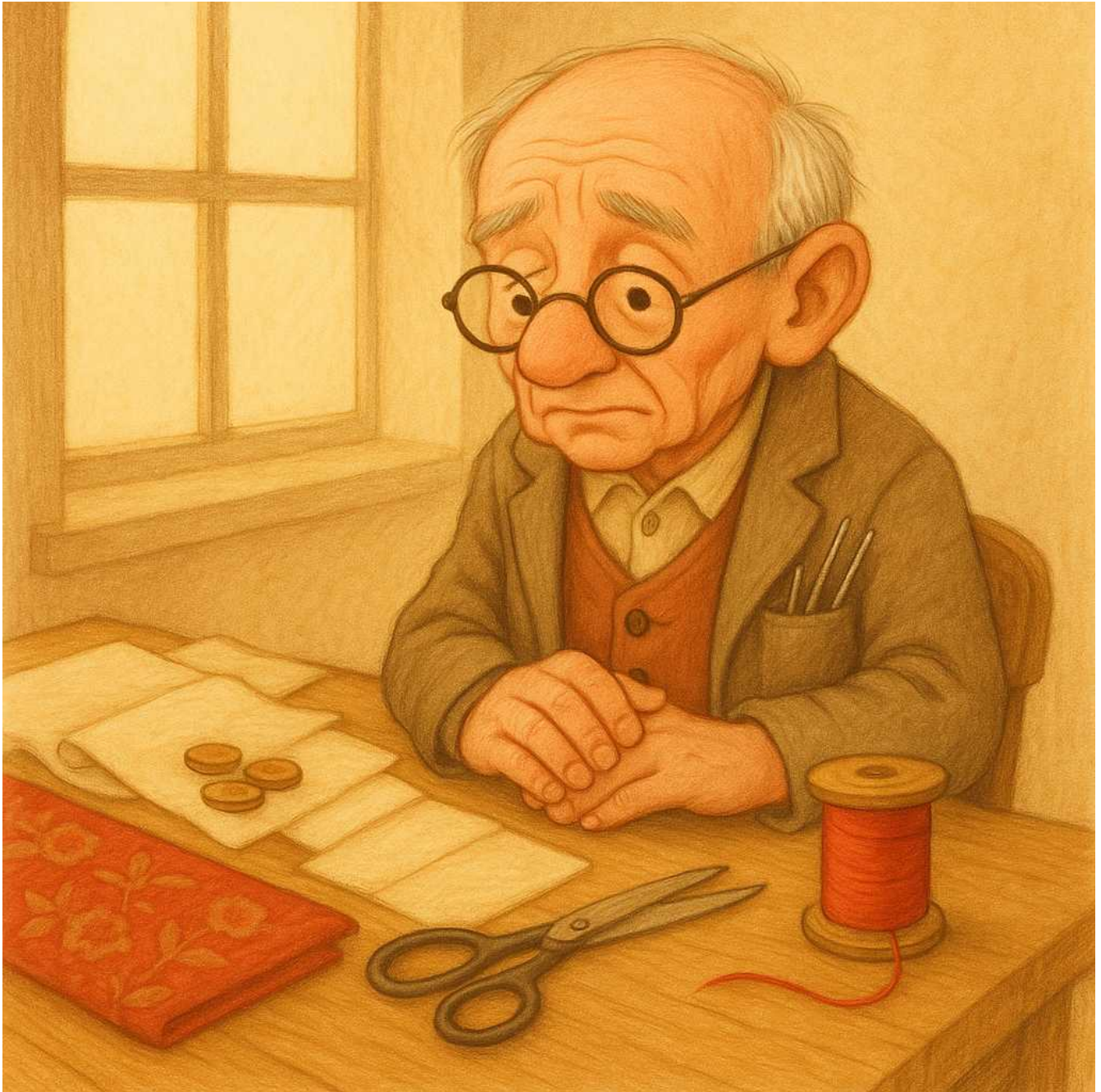
He also cut a cream vest.
The clothes were for the Mayor.
The wedding was on Christmas Day.



He cut many pieces for the coat.

He cut some for the vest.

He set the buttons in a row.



He would sew in the morning.
But one thing was missing.
He needed cherry-red silk thread.
It was for buttonholes.



Buttonholes are holes for buttons.
He locked his shop.
He walked home in the snow.
He had one small kitchen.
His cat, Simpkin, lived with him.



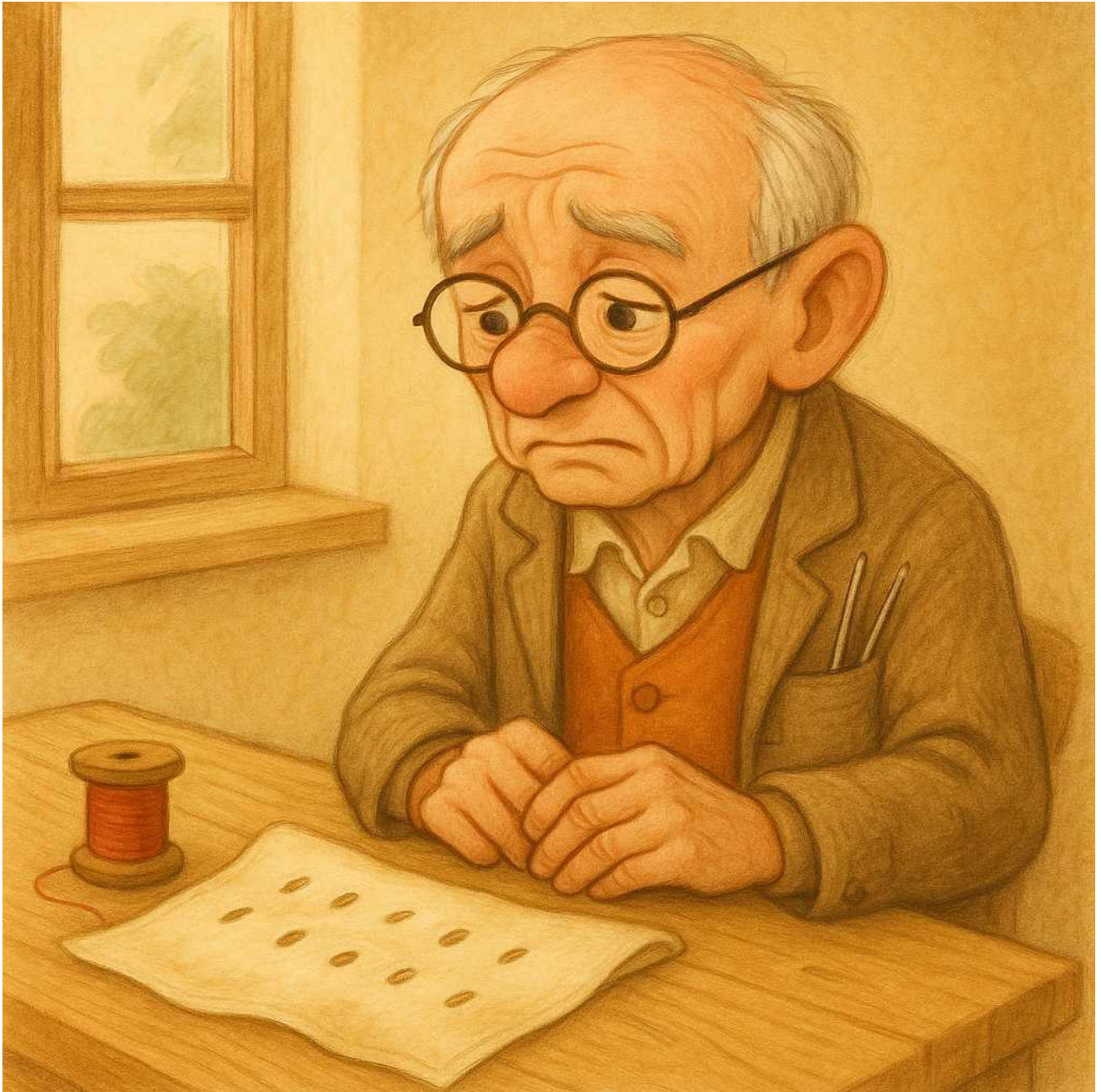
He was tired and weak.
He gave Simpkin his last coins.
'Please buy bread and milk,' he said.
'Buy sausages and red silk thread.'



The tailor sat by the fire.
He heard tip tap.
He lifted a cup.
A little girl mouse ran out.
She made a bow.



A little boy mouse came out.
More mice ran out too.
They ran under the wall.



The tailor worried.
'I must sew many buttonholes,' he said.
'Was I right to let them go?'
He had no more silk thread.



Simpkin came home.
He was wet and mad.
'Where is my thread?' asked the tailor.



Simpkin hid the thread in the teapot.
He wanted to catch mice.
The tailor went to bed.
He was very ill.
In his sleep he said, 'No more thread.'



The next day he was still sick.
The next day too.
The silk lay in the locked shop.
Who could sew it?



The mice could.
They ran in and out.
They used little holes.
They did not need a key.



It was Christmas Eve, late at night.
The town was quiet and white.



On that night, animals could talk.
Simpkin went out.
He heard singing.



He looked in the shop window.
The room was full of candles.
He heard snip snip and tap tap.



Little mice were at work.
They sang as they sewed.
Simpkin scratched at the door.
He could not get in.



The mice shut the windows.
They called, 'No more thread!'



Simpkin went home.
He saw the tailor sleeping.
He felt sorry.
He took the red silk from the teapot.
He set it on the blanket by the tailor's hand.



In the morning the tailor woke.
He saw the red thread.
He saw kind Simpkin.
He smiled.



The sun was bright on the snow.
They went to the shop.



No mice were there.
The floor was clean.
On the table lay a fine coat and vest.



The coat had flowers on the sides.
The vest had tiny flowers too.



All was done but one red buttonhole.
A little note was there.
It said, 'No more thread.'



The tailor used the red silk.
He sewed the last buttonhole.



At noon on Christmas Day, the Mayor wore
the new coat.
It was very fine.



After that day, the tailor had good luck.
He grew strong.
He did well.



He made fine vests and coats for rich men.
His buttonholes were neat and small.
They looked as if tiny mice sewed them.



The end.