

# The Tale of Mr. Jeremy Fisher

by Beatrix Potter adapted by EveryReader

Adapted to Lexile Level 300





Once there was a frog.  
His name was Mr. Jeremy Fisher.  
He lived in a small, damp house by a pond.





Yellow buttercups grew all around.  
The floor was wet in his pantry.  
It was wet in the back hall.





Mr. Jeremy liked to get his feet wet.  
No one scolded him.  
He never caught a cold.





One day he looked out.  
He saw big drops of rain splash in the pond.  
He felt happy.





"I will get some worms," he said.

"I will go fishing."

"I will catch little fish for my dinner."



"If I catch more than five, I will invite my friends."

"Mr. Alderman Ptolemy Tortoise and Sir Isaac Newton."

"The Alderman eats salad."





Mr. Jeremy put on a raincoat and shiny boots.  
He took his fishing rod and his basket.  
He hopped to the place where he kept his  
boat.





His boat was round and green, like a lily leaf.  
It was tied to a plant in the middle of the  
pond.



He pushed the boat into open water with a long reed.

"I know a good place for little fish," he said.





He stuck the pole in the mud.  
He tied the boat to it.  
Then he sat cross-legged.



He set up his line.

He had a small red float.

His rod was a strong stalk of grass.





His line was a long white horsehair.  
He tied a little, wiggly worm on the end.



Rain ran down his back.  
For almost an hour, he stared at the red  
float.





"This is getting dull."

"I want lunch," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.



He pushed back to the water plants.  
He took lunch from his basket.





"I will eat a butterfly sandwich."

"I will wait for the rain to stop," he said.



A big water beetle came up under the lily leaf.

It pinched the toe of his boot.





Mr. Jeremy pulled up his legs.  
He kept eating his sandwich.





Once or twice he heard a rustle.  
He heard a splash in the rushes by the pond.  
"I hope that is not a rat," he said.





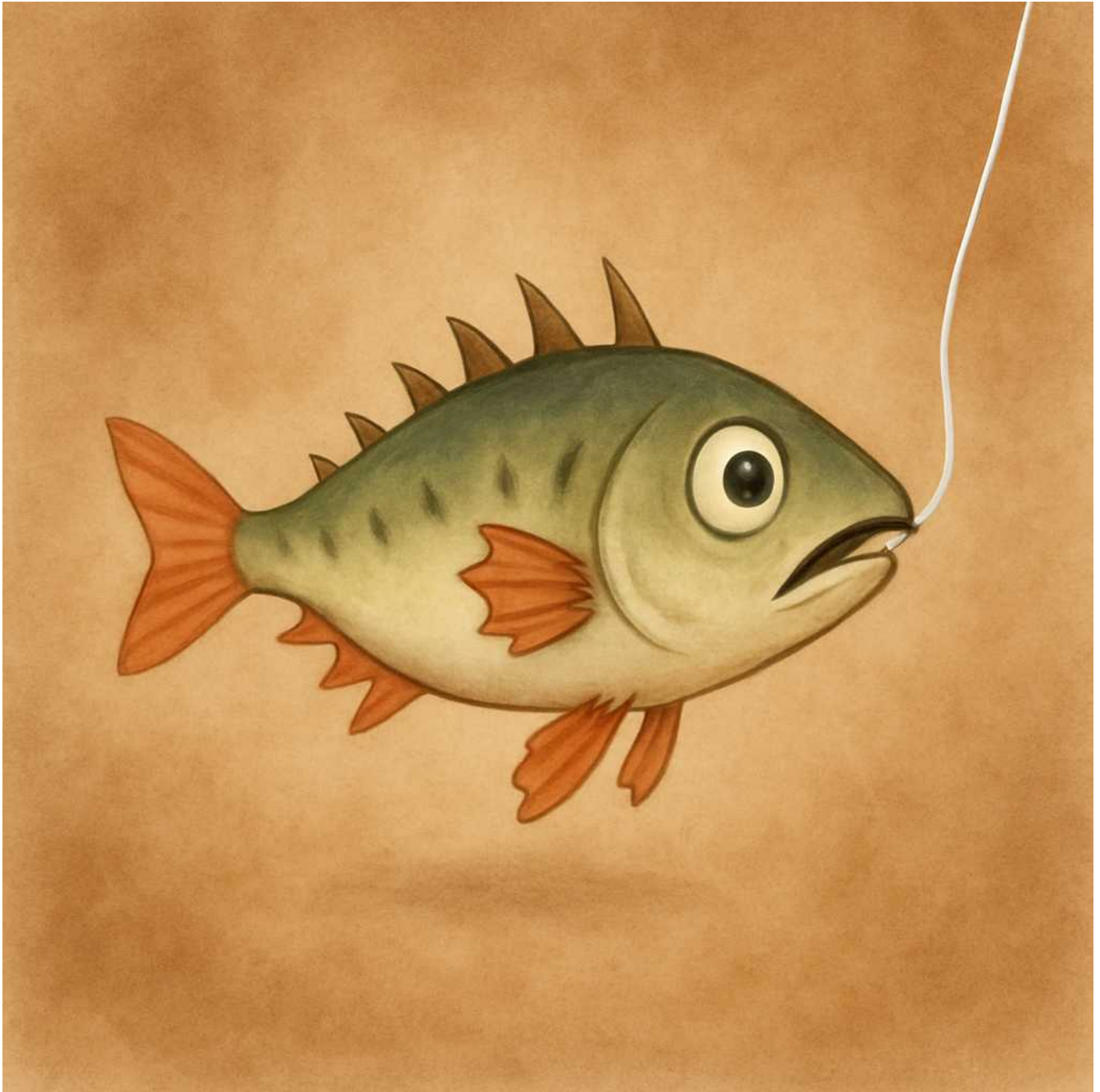
"I should move."

Mr. Jeremy pushed the boat out a little way.  
He dropped in the bait.



Right away there was a bite.  
The float bobbed hard.  
"A minnow! I have a minnow!" he cried.





He pulled up his rod.  
But it was not a minnow.  
It was a small, prickly fish called a  
stickleback.



It had sharp spines.  
The prickly fish flopped in the boat.  
It pricked and snapped until it was out of  
breath.





Then it jumped back into the water.  
A school of tiny fish poked up their heads.  
They laughed at Mr. Jeremy Fisher.





He sat sadly on the edge of his boat.  
He sucked his sore fingers.  
He looked down into the water.





Then a much worse thing happened.  
A huge trout came up with a big splash.  
It grabbed Mr. Jeremy in its mouth.



"Ow! Ow! Ow!" cried Mr. Jeremy.  
The trout turned and dived to the bottom.





But the trout did not like the taste of the raincoat.

In less than half a minute, it spat him out.

It only swallowed Mr. Jeremy's boots.



Mr. Jeremy popped up to the top of the water like a cork.

He swam as fast as he could to the edge of the pond.





He climbed out on the first bank he found.  
He hopped home across the meadow.  
His boots had been eaten.



"What good luck that it was not a pike!" said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

"I have lost my rod and my basket."

"It does not matter."





"I will never go fishing again."  
He put bandages on his sore fingers.  
His friends came to dinner.



He could not give them fish.  
But he had other food in his pantry.





Sir Isaac Newton wore a black and gold vest.  
Mr. Alderman Ptolemy Tortoise brought a  
salad in a string bag.



They did not eat minnows.

They ate a roasted grasshopper with ladybug sauce.

Frogs think this is a fine treat.





But I (the narrator) think it probably tasted gross!  
The End.