

# **The Tale of Peter Rabbit**

by Beatrix Potter adapted by EveryReader

Adapted to Lexile Level 200







Once there were four little rabbits.  
Their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail,  
and Peter.





They lived with their mother.  
They lived in a sand bank.  
It was under a very big fir tree.



One morning Mother Rabbit spoke.  
"You may go in the fields."  
"Or go down the lane."





Do not go into Mr. McGregor's garden.  
Your father had an accident there.  
Mrs. McGregor put him in a pie.



Run along now.  
Do not get into trouble.  
I am going out.





Mother Rabbit took a basket and an umbrella.  
She went through the wood to the baker.



She bought a loaf of brown bread.  
She bought five buns.





Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail were good.  
They went down the lane.  
They picked blackberries.





But Peter was naughty.  
He ran to Mr. McGregor's garden.  
He squeezed under the gate.





First he ate lettuces and beans.  
Then he ate radishes.  
He felt sick.



He went to look for parsley.  
He went around a cucumber plant.  
He met Mr. McGregor.





Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees.  
He was planting cabbages.  
He jumped up.



He ran after Peter.  
He waved a rake.  
He shouted, "Stop, thief!"





Peter was very scared.  
He ran all over the garden.  
He forgot the way to the gate.



He lost one shoe in the cabbages.  
He lost the other shoe in the potatoes.





Then he ran on four legs.  
He went faster.  
But he ran into a gooseberry net.





The big buttons on his jacket got stuck.  
His jacket was blue with shiny buttons.  
It was new.





Peter thought he was lost.  
He cried.  
Some sparrows heard him.



They flew to him.  
They told him to try hard.  
They told him to get free.





Mr. McGregor came with a sieve.  
He would put it over Peter.  
Peter wriggled out just in time.



He left his jacket behind.  
He ran into the shed.  
He jumped into a can.





It looked like a good place to hide.  
But it had a lot of water.



Mr. McGregor knew Peter was in the shed.  
He turned over flowerpots.  
He looked under each one.





Peter sneezed.

Achoo!

Mr. McGregor ran after him.



Mr. McGregor tried to step on Peter.  
Peter jumped out a window.  
He upset three plants.





The window was too small for Mr. McGregor.  
He was tired.  
He went back to work.



Peter sat down to rest.  
He shook with fear.  
He was out of breath.





He was wet from the can.  
He did not know the way to go.  
After a while he walked slowly.



He looked all around.  
He found a door in a wall.  
But it was locked.





There was no room for a fat little rabbit to go under it.



An old mouse ran in and out over the step.  
She carried peas and beans to her family in  
the wood.





Peter asked her the way to the gate.  
She had a big pea in her mouth.  
She could not answer.



She only shook her head.  
Peter began to cry.





He tried to go straight across the garden.  
He got more and more mixed up.  
Soon he came to a pond.



Mr. McGregor filled his cans there.  
A white cat sat and stared at the goldfish.  
She was very still.





The tip of her tail twitched now and then.  
Peter did not speak to her.  
He walked away.



He had heard about cats from his cousin.  
His cousin was little Benjamin Bunny.





He went back toward the shed.  
Suddenly he heard a hoe.  
Scratch, scratch.





He hid under the bushes.

When nothing happened, he came out.

He climbed on a garden cart and looked over.





He saw Mr. McGregor hoeing onions.  
Mr. McGregor's back was to Peter.  
Beyond him was the gate.



Peter got down very quietly.  
He ran as fast as he could.  
He ran along a straight path.





He ran behind the black-currant bushes.  
Mr. McGregor saw him at the corner.  
Peter did not care.



He slipped under the gate.

He was safe in the wood.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes.





He made a scarecrow.  
It would frighten the blackbirds.



Peter did not stop running.  
He did not look back.  
He got home to the big fir tree.





He was very tired.  
He fell down on the soft sand on the floor.  
He shut his eyes.



His mother was cooking.  
She wondered where his clothes were.





It was the second jacket and pair of shoes.  
Peter had lost them in two weeks.



Peter was not well that evening.





His mother put him to bed.  
She made some herb tea.



She gave Peter one spoonful at bedtime.  
Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail had bread and  
milk.





They had blackberries for supper.  
The end.