

The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies

by Beatrix Potter adapted by EveryReader

Adapted to Lexile Level 200





Eating too much lettuce can make you sleepy.
I do not get sleepy from lettuce.
I am not a rabbit.
But lettuce made the Flopsy Bunnies very sleepy.



Benjamin Bunny grew up.
He married a girl bunny, Flopsy.
They had many babies.



They were happy.

They were not careful with food.

People called the babies the Flopsy Bunnies.



Sometimes there was not enough to eat.
Benjamin went to Peter Rabbit to get cabbages.
Peter had a garden for young plants.
Sometimes Peter had no cabbages to share.



When there was no food, the Flopsy Bunnies went to a trash heap.

It was in the ditch outside Mr. McGregor's garden.



The trash heap had many things.

There were jam jars.

There were paper bags.



There were big piles of cut grass.
A machine cut the grass.
There were rotten squash and old boots.



One day there were many big lettuces.
The lettuces had grown tall.
They had flowers.



The Flopsy Bunnies ate and ate.
Soon they felt very sleepy.
One by one, they lay down on the cut grass and
slept.



Benjamin was not as sleepy as the children.
Before he slept, he put a paper bag on his head.
He did this to keep away the flies.



The little bunnies slept in the warm sun.
Far away, a grass cutter made a clack sound.
Blue flies buzzed on the wall.



A small mouse looked at the trash.
She stood near the jam jars.
Her name was Thomasina Tittlemouse.



She was a wood mouse.

She had a long tail.

She walked over the paper bag.



The bag made a noise and woke Benjamin.

The mouse said, "I am sorry."

She said she knew Peter Rabbit.



Benjamin and the mouse talked under the wall.
Then they heard heavy steps above them.
All at once, Mr. McGregor dumped a sack of cut
grass on the sleeping bunnies!



Benjamin hid under his paper bag.

The mouse hid in a jam jar.

The little rabbits smiled in their sleep under the grass.



They did not wake up.

The lettuce made them very sleepy.

They dreamed that their mother, Flopsy, tucked them into a hay bed.



Mr. McGregor looked down after he emptied the sack.

He saw little brown ear tips sticking up in the grass.
He looked for a long time.



A fly sat on an ear.

The ear moved.

Mr. McGregor climbed down to the trash heap.



"One, two, three, four, five, six little rabbits!" he said.

He dropped them into his sack.

The bunnies dreamed their mother turned them over in bed.



They moved a little, but they did not wake.
Mr. McGregor tied the sack with string.
He left the sack on the wall.



Then he went to put away the grass cutter.

While he was gone, Mrs. Flopsy Bunny came across the field.

She looked at the sack.



She wondered where her family was.

The mouse came out of the jam jar.

Benjamin took the paper bag off his head.



They told Flopsy what had happened.
Benjamin and Flopsy pulled at the string.
They could not open the sack.



Mrs. Tittlemouse had a good idea.
She chewed a small hole in one bottom corner of the
sack.
They pulled the little rabbits out.



They pinched the rabbits gently to wake them up.
The parents filled the empty sack.
They put in three rotten squash.



They put in one old black brush.

They put in two bad turnips.

Then everyone hid under a bush and watched.



Mr. McGregor came back.

He picked up the sack and carried it away.

He held it low.



It looked heavy.

The Flopsy Bunnies followed, but not too close.

They watched him go into his house.



They crept to the window to listen.
Mr. McGregor threw the sack on the stone floor.
If the bunnies had been inside, it would have hurt
them.



They heard him pull his chair.

He laughed and counted.

"One, two, three, four, five, six little rabbits!"



Mrs. McGregor said, "What is that? What did they spoil now?"

Mr. McGregor said, "One, two, three, four, five, six little fat rabbits!"

"Do not be silly," said Mrs. McGregor.



"What do you mean?"

"In the sack! One, two, three, four, five, six!" said Mr. McGregor.

The youngest Flopsy Bunny climbed onto the window sill.



Mrs. McGregor took the sack.
She felt the shapes inside.
She said, "I feel six."



"But they feel hard."

"They are all different shapes."

"They must be old rabbits."



"Not good to eat."

"But the skins can line my old cloak."

"Line your cloak?" shouted Mr. McGregor.



"I will sell them and buy tobacco!"

"Rabbit tobacco! I will skin them and cut off their heads," said Mrs. McGregor.

She untied the sack.



She put her hand inside.

She felt the vegetables.

She became very angry.



She said Mr. McGregor had done it on purpose.
Mr. McGregor was angry too.
A rotten squash flew out the kitchen window.



It hit the youngest Flopsy Bunny.
The little rabbit was hurt a bit.
Benjamin and Flopsy saw this.



They thought it was time to go home.
Mr. McGregor did not get his tobacco.
Mrs. McGregor did not get rabbit skins.



At Christmas, Thomasina Tittlemouse got a present.
It was enough rabbit wool for a cloak and a hood.
It was a fine muff.
And warm mittens.