

The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies

by Beatrix Potter adapted by EveryReader

Adapted to Lexile Level 300





People say lettuce makes you sleepy.

I do not get sleepy.

I am not a rabbit.

The Flopsy Bunnies got sleepy.



Benjamin Bunny grew up.
He married Flopsy Bunny.
They had many babies.
They were happy.



They were not careful with food.

All the children were Flopsy Bunnies.

Sometimes there was not enough food.

Benjamin borrowed cabbages from Peter Rabbit.



Peter had a small garden.
Sometimes Peter had none to share.
Then the Flopsy Bunnies went to a trash heap.
It was by Mr. McGregor's garden.



The trash heap had many things.
There were jam jars and paper bags.
There were piles of cut grass.
The grass tasted oily.



There were rotten squash and old boots.
One day they found big lettuces.
The lettuces had gone to seed.



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



Benjamin was not as sleepy.
Before he slept, he put on a paper bag.
It kept away the flies.



The little bunnies slept in warm sun.
Far away, the mower went clack-clack.
Flies buzzed by the wall.



A small old mouse looked in the jars.
Her name was Thomasina Tittlemouse.
She was a wood mouse.
She had a long tail.



She rustled over the paper bag.
She woke Benjamin Bunny.
The mouse said she was sorry.
She knew Peter Rabbit.



They talked under the wall.

They heard heavy steps above.

Suddenly Mr. McGregor dumped a sack.

He dumped cut grass on the bunnies.



Benjamin hid under his paper bag.

The mouse hid in a jam jar.

The little rabbits still slept.

They smiled in their sleep.



They did not wake up.

The lettuce made them very sleepy.

They dreamed that Mother Flopsy tucked them in.

She tucked them into a hay bed.



Mr. McGregor looked at the heap.

He saw little brown ear tips.

He stared for a while.

A fly landed on an ear.



The ear moved.

Mr. McGregor climbed on the heap.

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

He dropped them into his sack.



The bunnies kept dreaming of bed.
They moved a little, not waking.
Mr. McGregor tied the sack.
He left it on the wall.



He went to put away the mower.
While he was gone, Flopsy came.
She crossed the field.
She saw the sack and worried.



Where was everyone?

The mouse came out of the jar.

Benjamin took off the paper bag.

They told Flopsy the bad news.



Benjamin and Flopsy pulled the string.

They could not untie it.

Mrs. Tittlemouse had an idea.

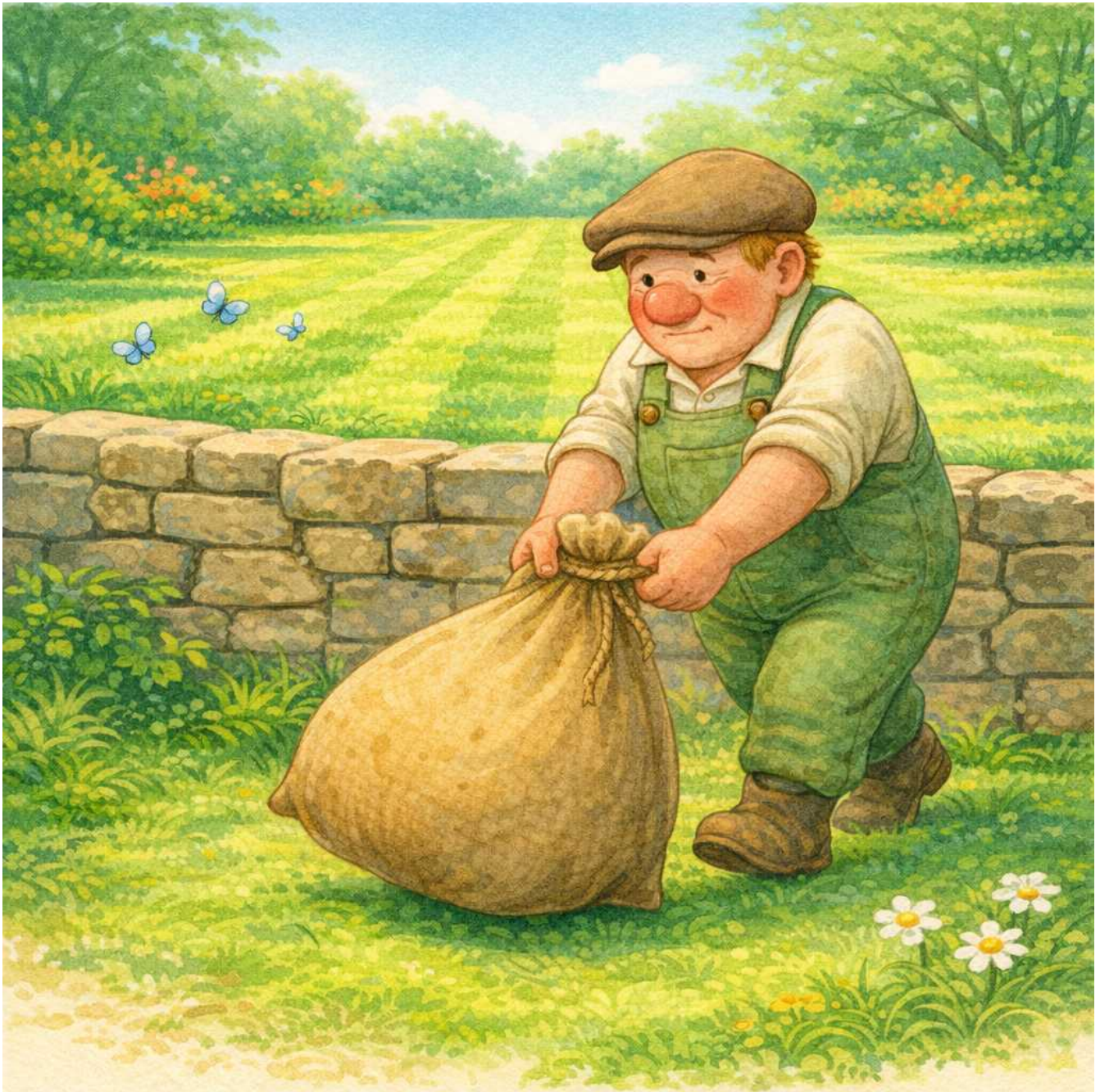
She nibbled a hole in the sack.



They pulled out the little rabbits.
They pinched them to wake them.
The parents filled the empty sack.
They put in three rotten squash.



They added an old shoe brush.
They added two rotten turnips.
Then they hid under a bush.
They watched and waited.



Mr. McGregor came back.

He picked up the sack.

He carried it low, like it was heavy.

The Flopsy Bunnies followed far behind.



He went into his house.

The bunnies crept to the window.

They listened from outside.

Mr. McGregor threw the sack down.



It hit the stone floor hard.
That would have hurt the bunnies.
They heard him pull his chair.
He laughed and counted again.



Mrs. McGregor heard him.

She asked, What is that?

Mr. McGregor said, Six little fat rabbits.

He counted on his fingers.



Do not be silly, said Mrs. McGregor.

What do you mean?

In the sack, said Mr. McGregor.

One, two, three, four, five, six!



The youngest bunny climbed to the sill.

Mrs. McGregor held the sack.

She felt six shapes inside.

They felt hard and different.



Not good to eat, she said.

The skins will line my old cloak.

Line your cloak? shouted Mr. McGregor.

I will sell them and buy tobacco.



Rabbit tobacco! said Mrs. McGregor.
I will skin them and cut off their heads.
She untied the sack.
She put in her hand.



She felt the vegetables.
She became very angry.
She said he did it on purpose.
Mr. McGregor was angry too.



A rotten squash flew out the window.

It hit the youngest bunny.

The bunny was hurt a little.

Benjamin and Flopsy saw this.



They went home at once.

Mr. McGregor got no tobacco.

Mrs. McGregor got no rabbit skins.

At Christmas, Mrs. Tittlemouse got a gift.



It was soft rabbit wool.

It made a cloak and a hood.

It made a fine muff.

It made warm mittens.