PAINTING AND DRAWING BOOK WITH TALE OF PETER RABBIT

BY BEATRIX POTTER

INSTRUCTIO

FOR THE YOUNG ARTIS

ON PAINTING. A medium soft brush
water is always to be used. When finished pai
brush; do not let it stand in the water. After u
using another, wash the brush.

Always try the paint on a piece of scrap paper the
get the right color. When starting to paint beg
corner of picture, painting downward and to the r
one color is dry before you apply the next.

COLORS and color mixing. Red, Blue and Yellow are the principal colors from which others are made. When you need Green mix Yellow and Blue; Orange, mix Yellow and Red; Purple, mix Red and Blue. Other colors can be made by experimenting, which you must learn to do.

PAINTING AND DRAWING BOOK

WITH TALE OF

PETER RABBIT

BY

BEATRIX POTTER

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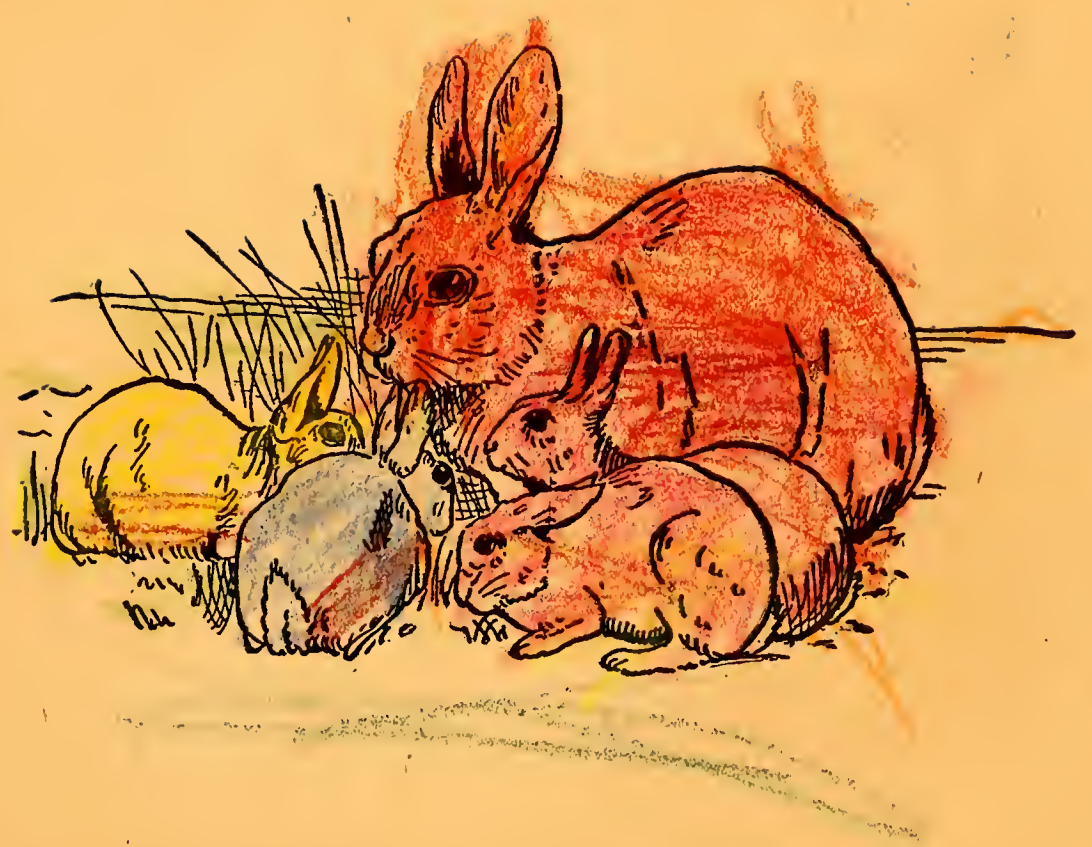
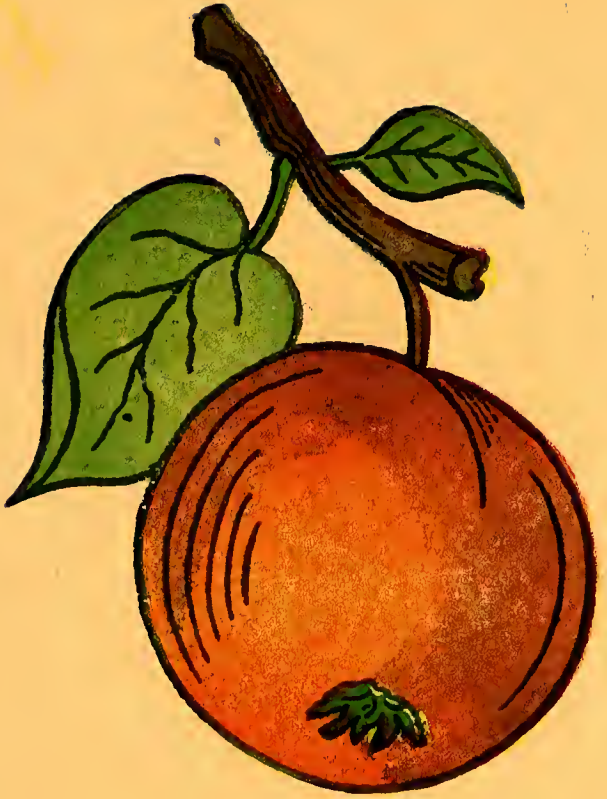
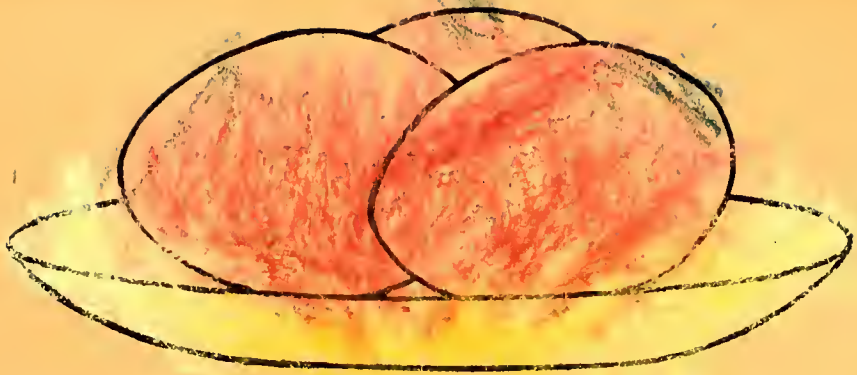
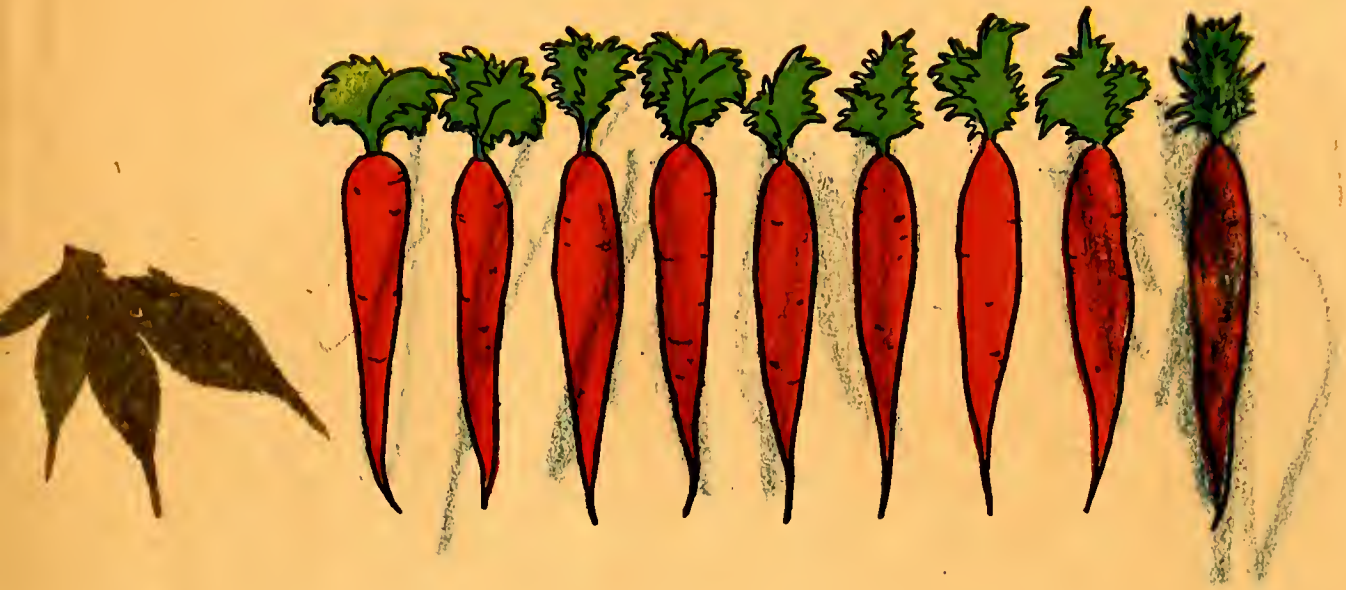
HURST & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

This book belongs to Herbert, aged 5 years, who commenced to paint it on ..... and finished .....



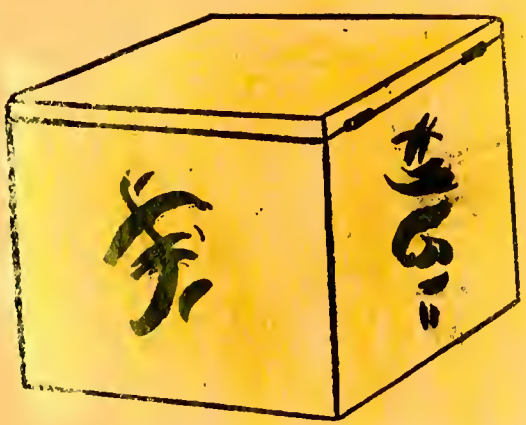






PETER RABBIT

ONCE upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-Tail, and Peter.



They lived with their mother in a sand-bank underneath the root of a very big Fir Tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden.

Your father had
an accident there;
he was put in a pie
by Mrs. McGregor.

Now run along,
and don't get
into mischief.
I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's.

She bought
a loaf of bread
and five
currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy
and Cotton-tail,
who were good
little bunnies,

went down
the lane
to gather
blackberries.

But Peter, who was
very naughty, ran
straight away to Mr.
McGregor's garden,

and

squeezed

under

the gate.

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes;

and then,
feeling rather sick,
he went to look
for some parsley.


NK

But round
the end of
a cucumber
frame.

whom should
he meet
but Mr.
McGregor!

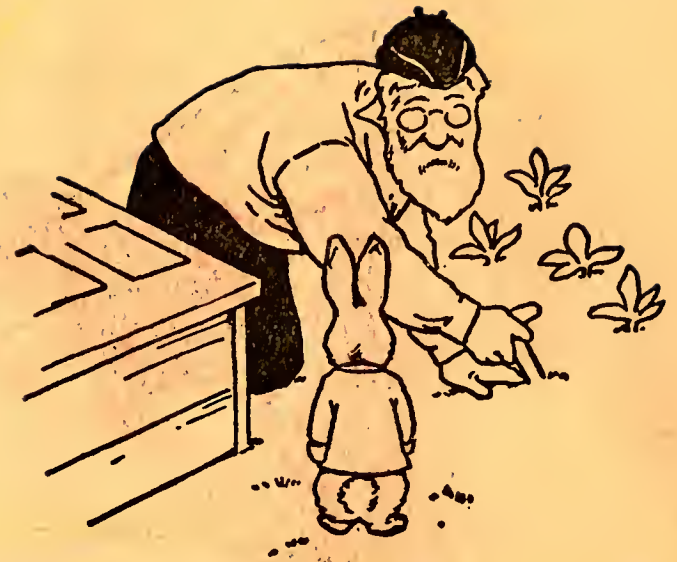
Mr. McGregor
was on
his hands
and knees

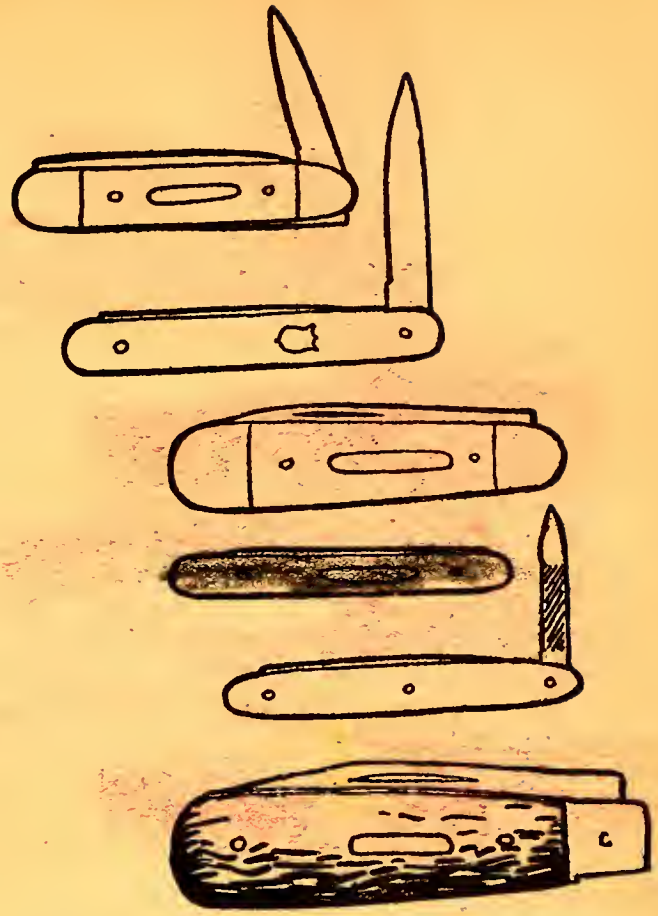
planting

out

young

cabbages,





but he

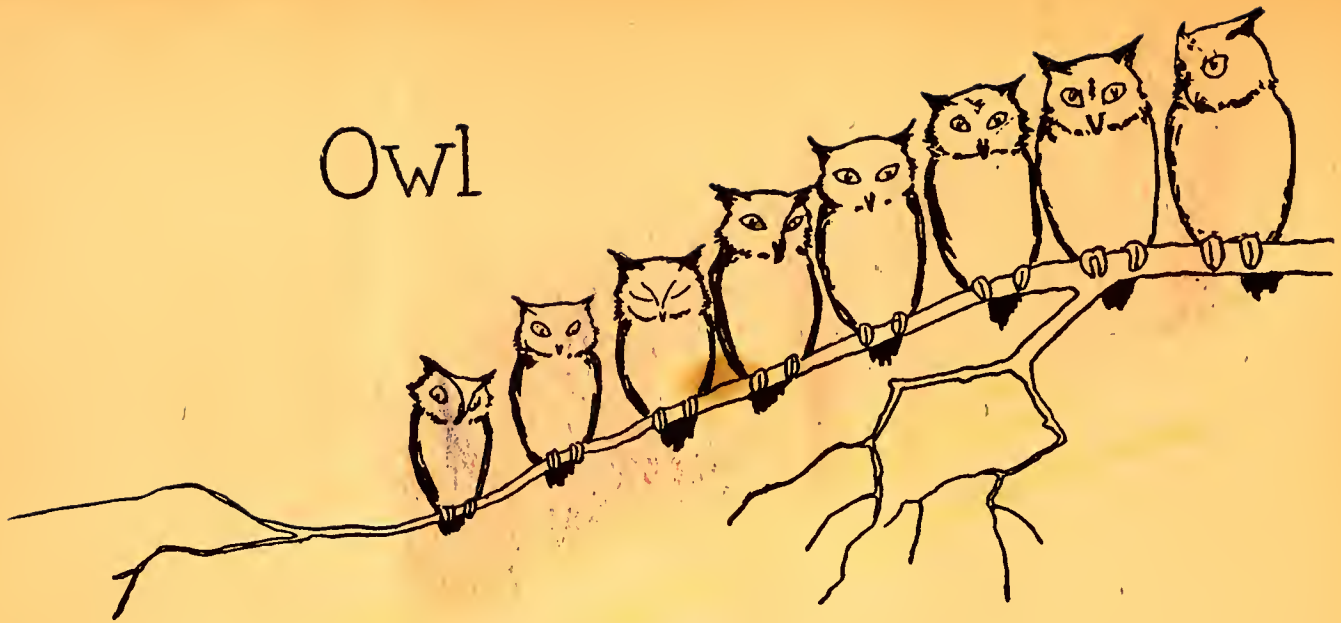
jumped up

and ran

after Peter,

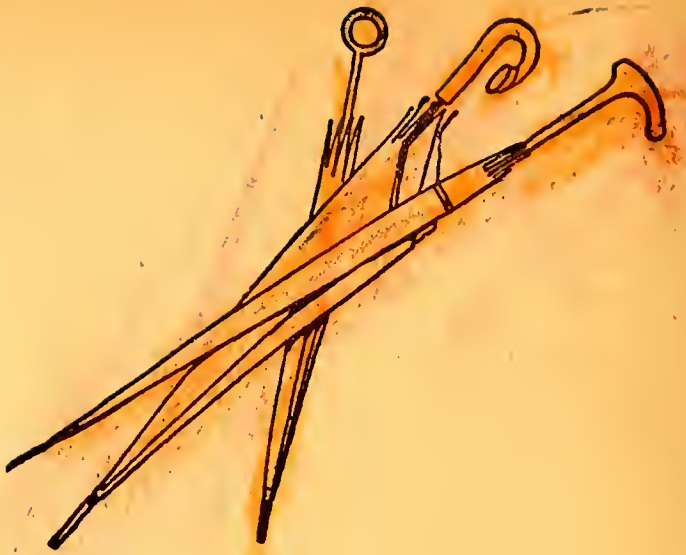
waving a
rake and
calling out,
"Stop, thief!"

Owl



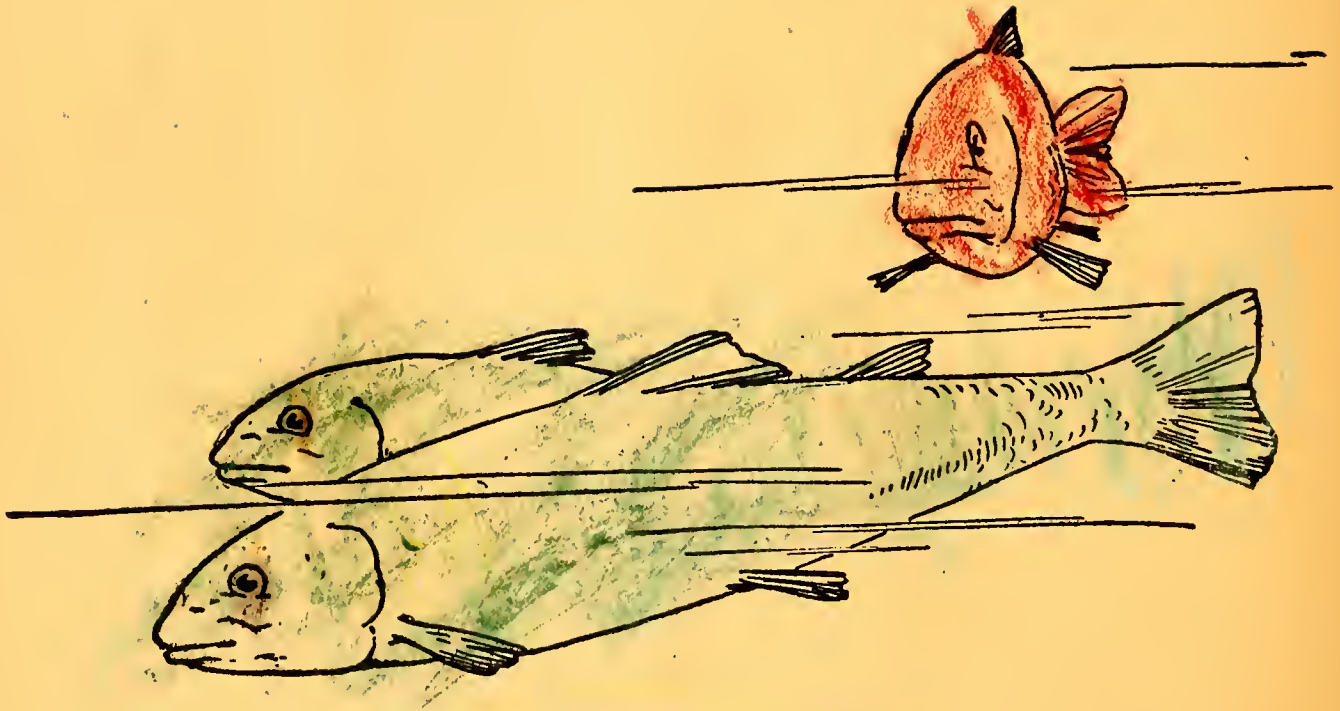
Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe among the potatoes.



After losing them he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net,

and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.



Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows,

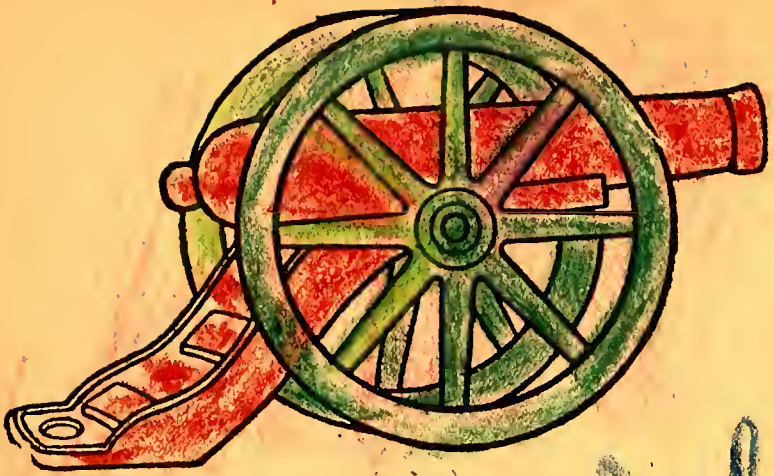
who flew to him
in great excitement,
and implored him
to exert himself.


IC

A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N
O P Q R S
T U V W X

Mr. McGregor came
up with a sieve,
which he intended
to pop upon
the top of Peter;

but Peter wriggled
out in time,
leaving his jacket
behind him.



And he rushed
into the tool-shed
and jumped
into a can.

It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower pot.

He began to turn them over, carefully looking under each. Presently Peter sneezed: —"Kerty-schoo!"

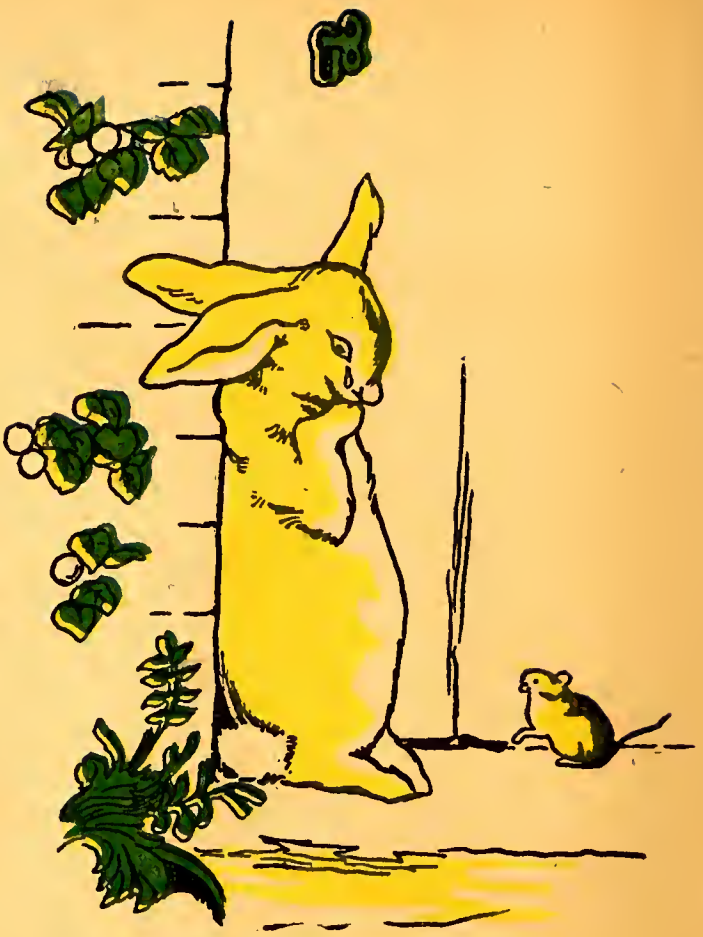
Mr. McGregor was
after him in no time
and tried to put
his foot on Peter,

who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

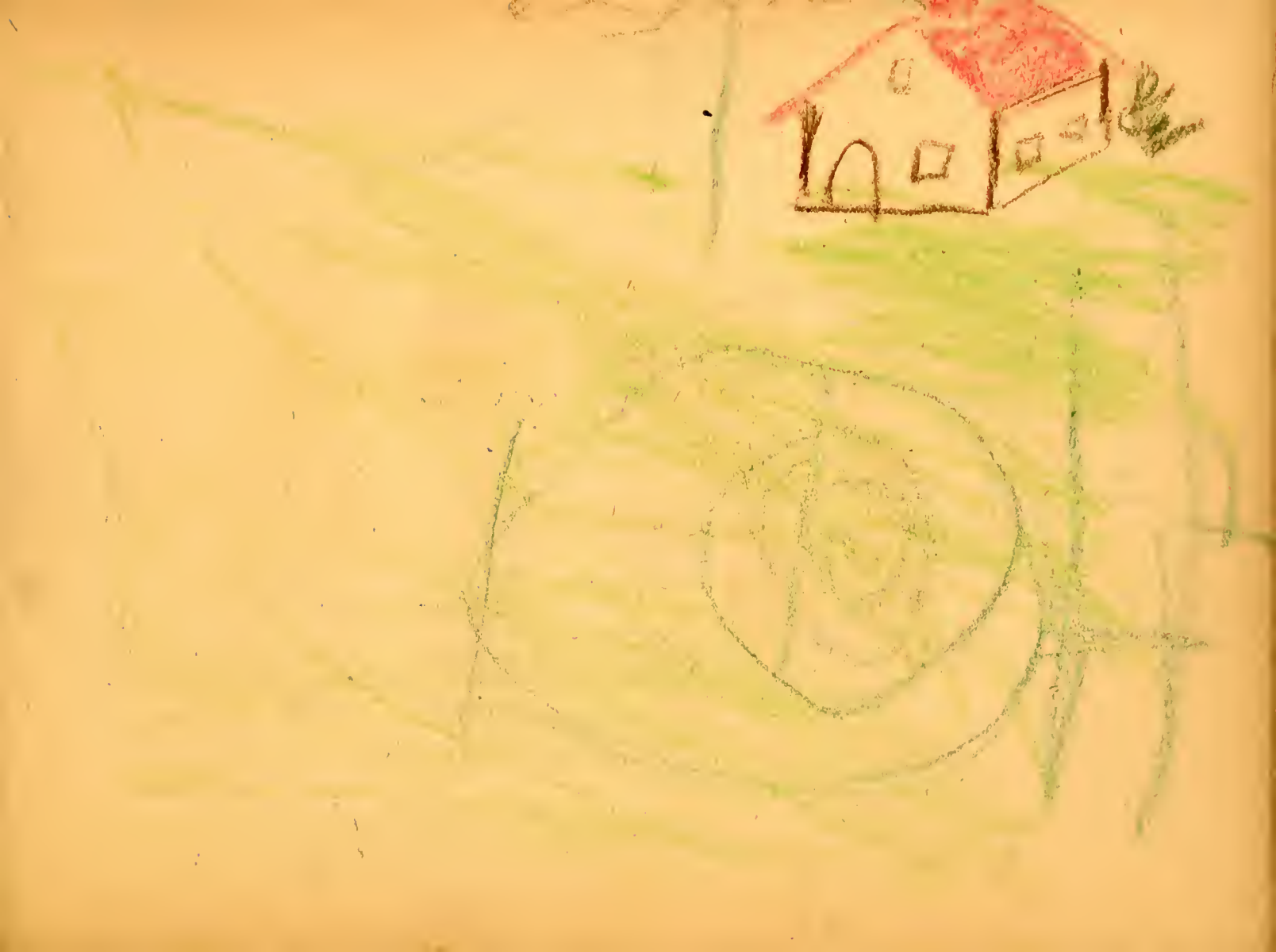
After a time he began to wander about, going lippity, lippity, not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.



An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood.

Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him, Peter began to cry.



Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water cans.

A white cat was staring at some gold fish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive.

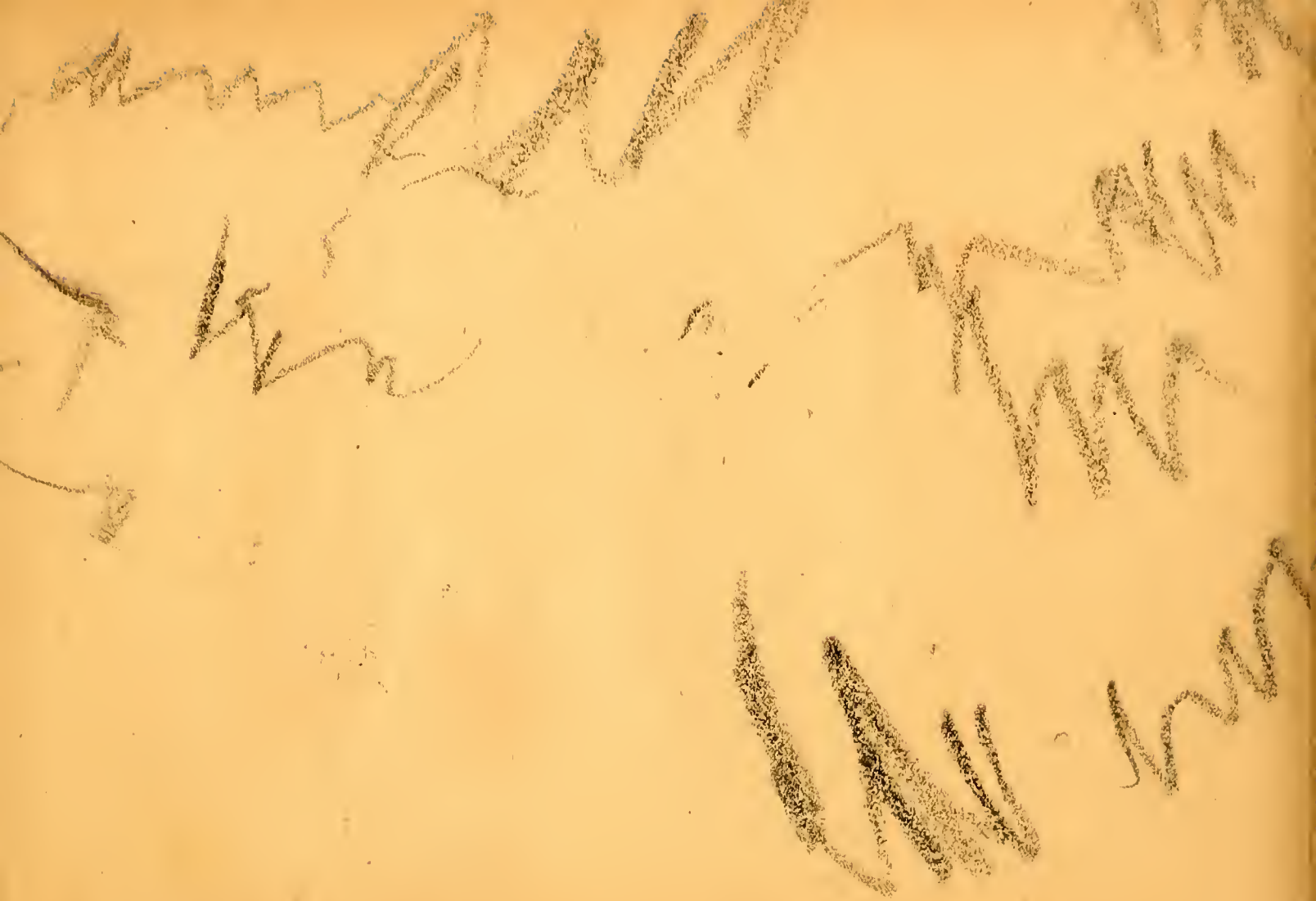
Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climed upon a wheel-barrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions.

His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate.

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes. Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care.

He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the woods outside the garden.



Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big tree.

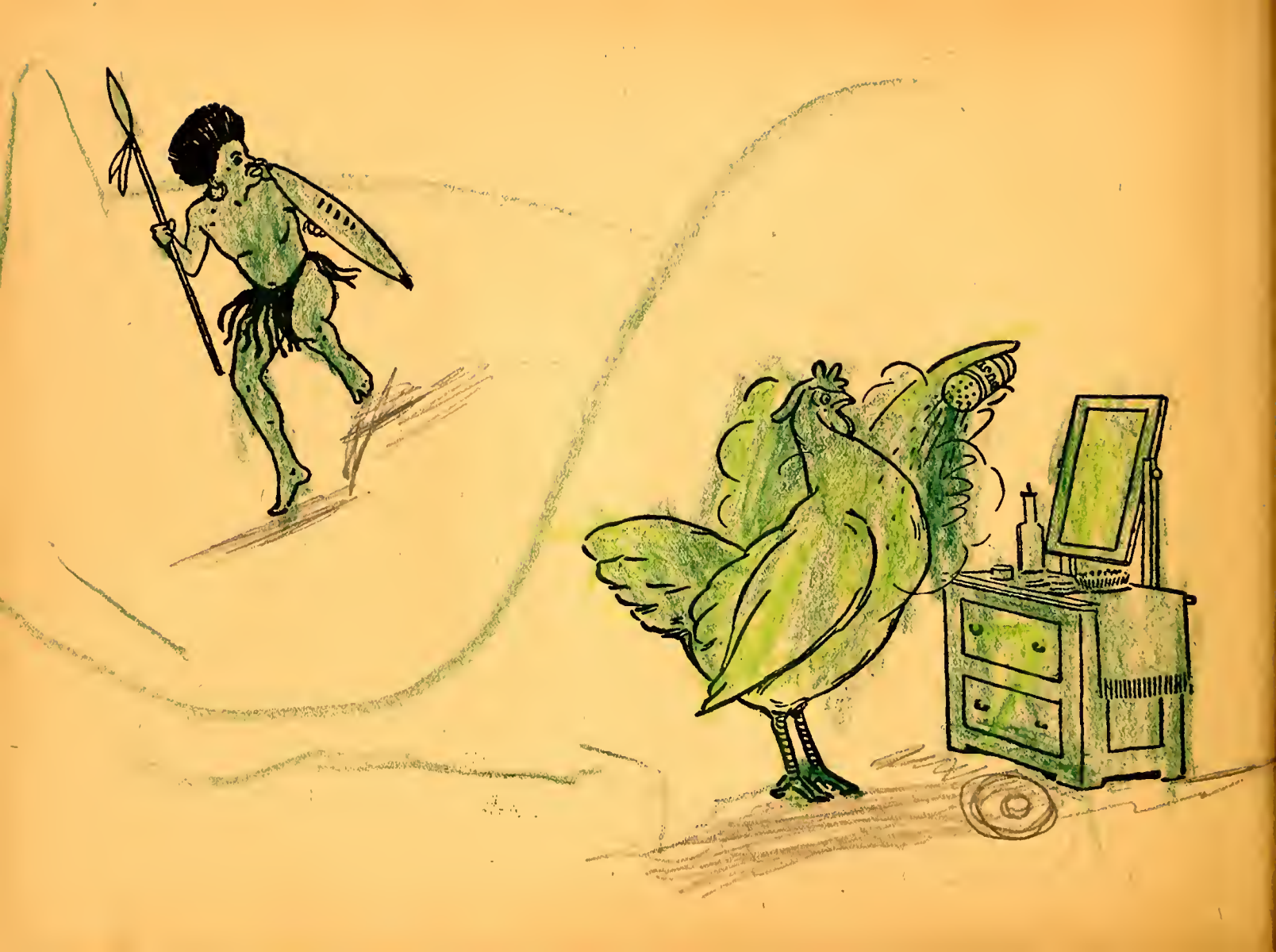
He was so tired that he hopped down upon the nice soft sand of the floor of the rabbit-hole and shut his eyes.

His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight.

I am very sorry to say
that Peter was
not very well
during the evening.

His mother put him to bed and made some camomile tea, and she gave a dose of it to Peter.

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."



But Flopsy,
Mopsy and
Cotton-tail had
bread and milk,

and

blackberries

for

supper.


A B C D E F
G H I J K L
M N O P Q R
S T U V W X

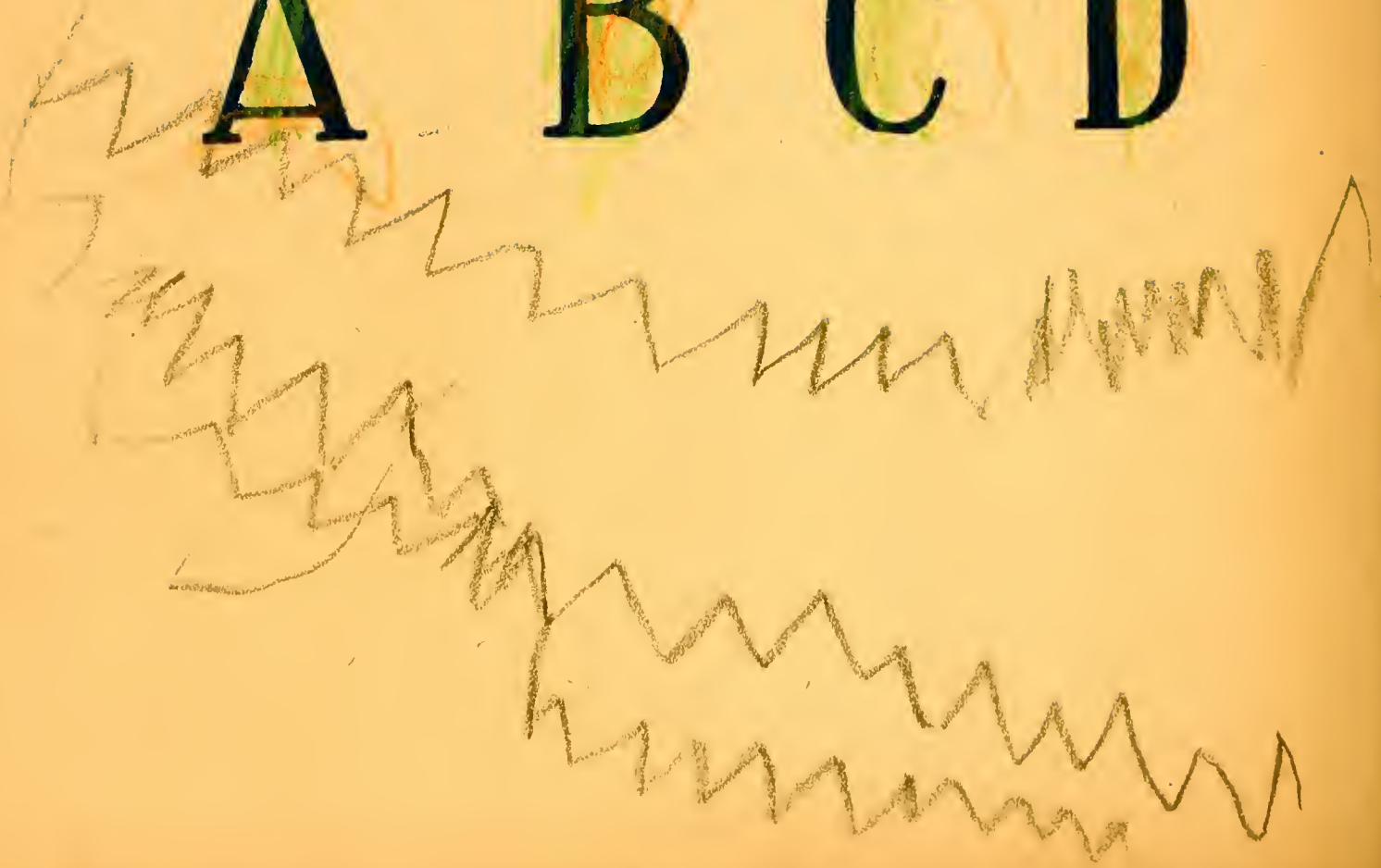
Mother Rabbit made some camomile tea.

Mr. McGregor was hoeing onions.


A B C D E
F G H I J K L
M
O P Q R
V W X Y Z

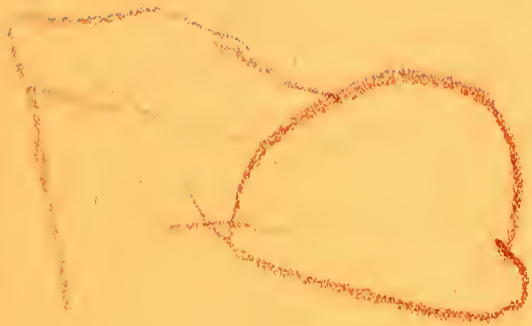
Peter was out of breath and trembling with fright.

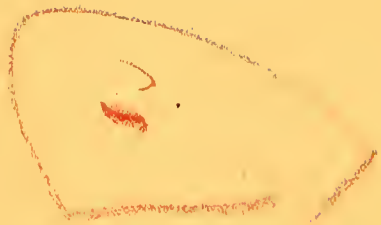
A B C D

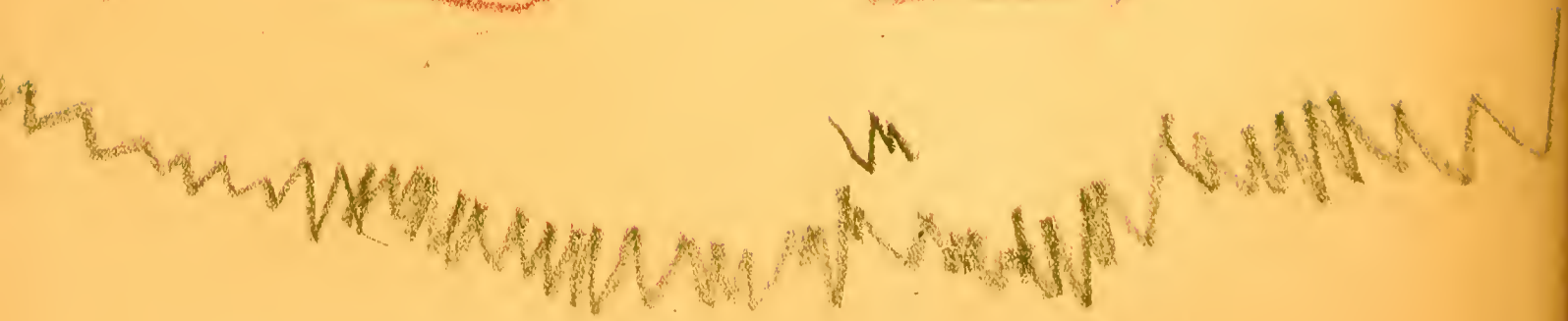


E F G H

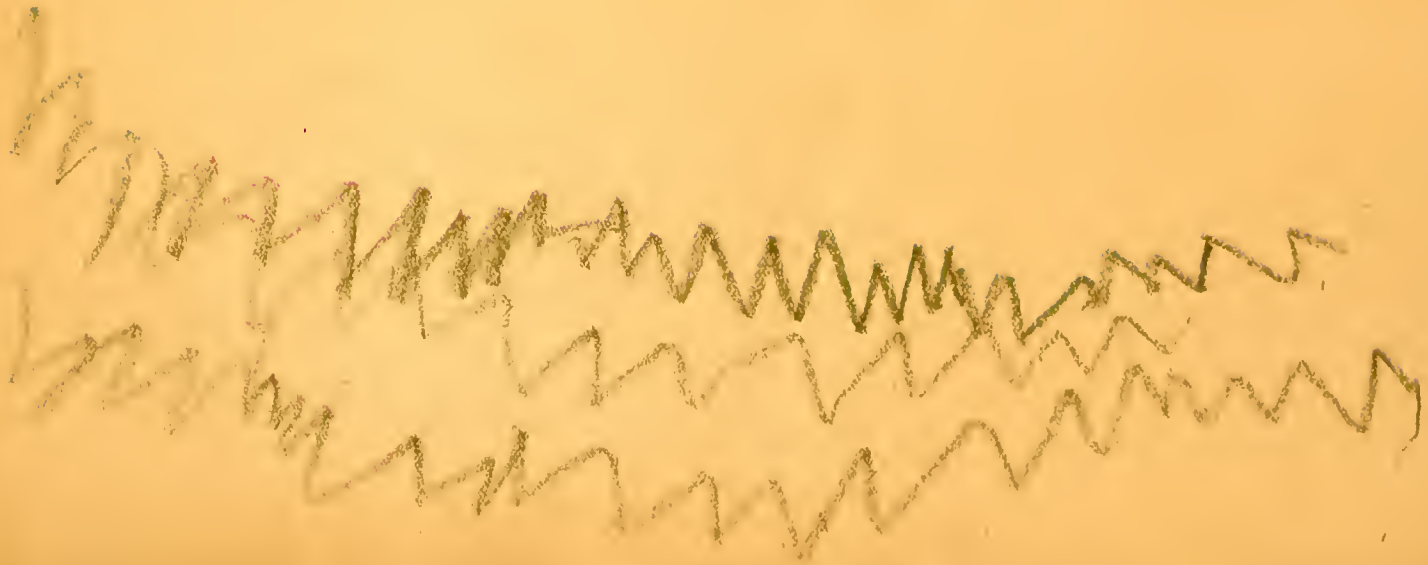
I J K L







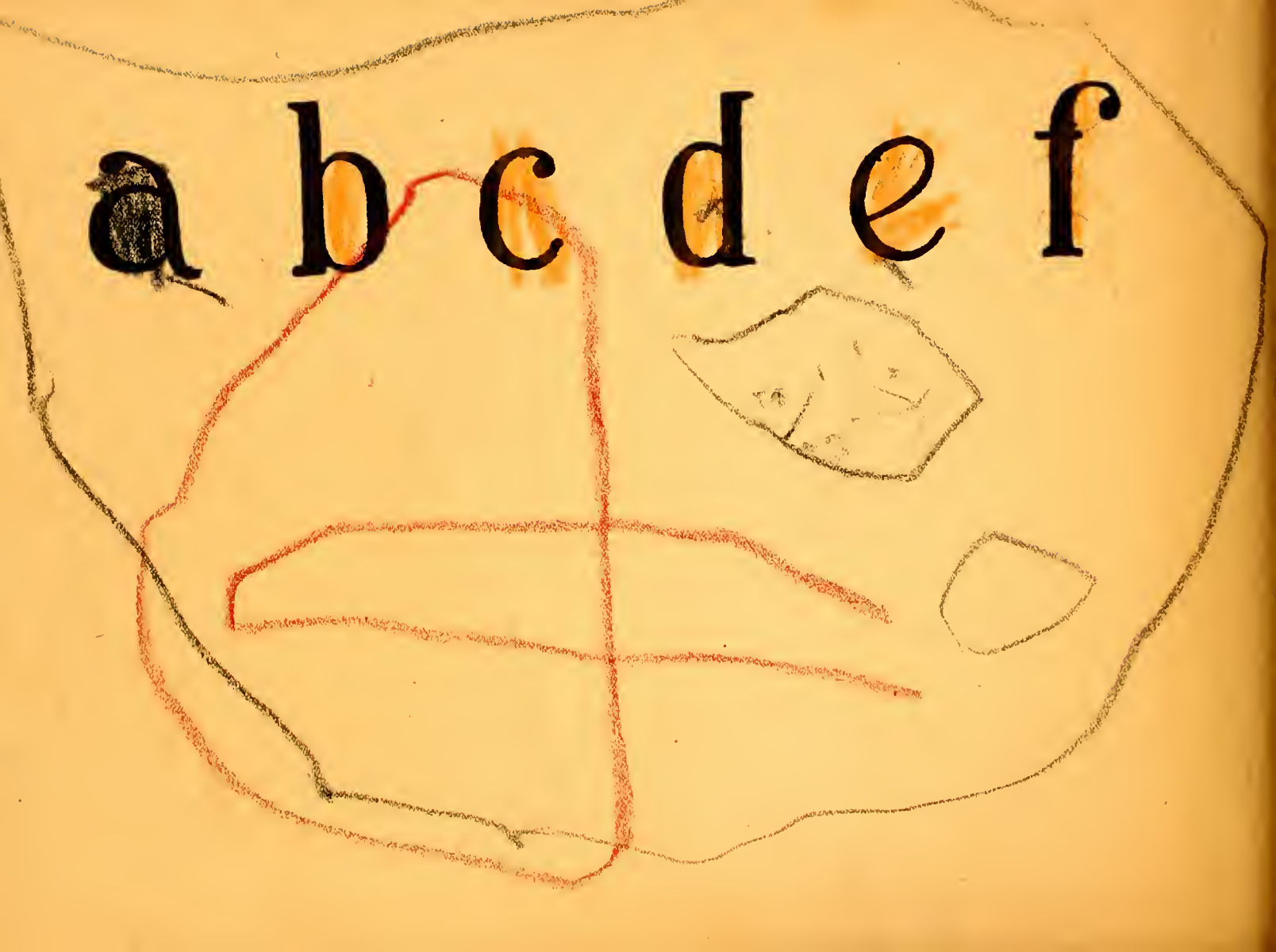
M N O P



Q R S T U

V W X Y Z

a b c d e f



g h i j k l

m n o p q r s

t u v w x y z