



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*¹. I am going out.'

¹ get into mischief — потрапити в біду



Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and umbrella, and went through the wood to *the baker's*². She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

² the baker's — хлібний магазин



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!