



NOW, my  
dears," said

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."

