

PRESENTLY a fly settled
on one of them and it
moved.

Mr. McGregor climbed down
on to the rubbish heap—

“One, two, three, four! five!
six leetle rabbits!” said he as
he dropped them into his sack.
The Flopsy Bunnies dreamt
that their mother was turning
them over in bed. They stirred
a little in their sleep, but still
they did not wake up.