

ONE morning a little rabbit sat on a bank.

He pricked his ears and listened to the trit-trot, trit-trot of a pony.

A gig was coming along the road; it was driven by Mr. McGregor, and beside him sat Mrs. McGregor in her best bonnet.



AS soon as they had passed, little Benjamin Bunny slid down into the road, and set off--with a hop, skip, and a jump--to call upon his relations, who lived in the wood at the back of Mr. McGregor's garden.