

THE TALE OF
JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK



BY
BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO.

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THE FAIRY OF GLOSTER

MRS. TITTLE-MOUSE

The Nightingale

Tom Kitten

PETER'S RABBIT



TIGGY WINKLE

THE BAD MICE

FLOESY BUNNIE

FLOESY BUNNIE

FLOESY BUNNIE

FLOESY BUNNIE

FLOESY BUNNIE

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The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck

Beatrix Potter

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F. Warne & co.

New York

1908

*A FARMYARD TALE
FOR
RALPH AND BETSY*



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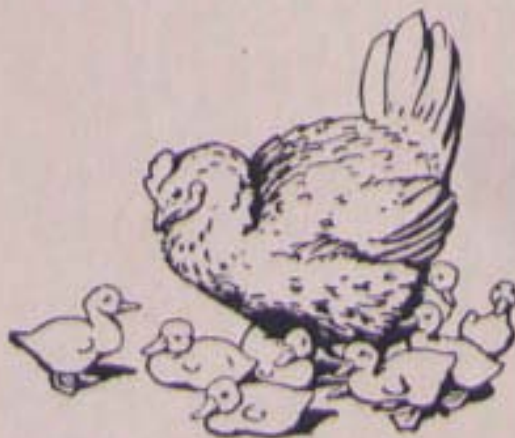


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Author of
"The Tale of Peter Rabbit," &c.



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WHAT a funny sight it is
to see a brood of ducklings
with a hen!

-- Listen to the story of
Jemima Puddle-duck, who was
annoyed because the farmer's
wife would not let her hatch
her own eggs.

HER sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Puddle-duck, was perfectly willing to leave the hatching to some one else -- "I have not the patience to sit on a nest for twenty-eight days; and no more have you, Jemima. You would let them go cold; you know you would!"

"I wish to hatch my own eggs; I will hatch them all by myself," quacked Jemima Puddle-duck.





SHE tried to hide her eggs;
but they were always found
and carried off.

Jemima Puddle-duck
became quite desperate. She
determined to make a nest
right away from the farm.

SHE set off on a fine spring
afternoon along the cart-
road that leads over the hill.

She was wearing a shawl
and a poke bonnet.





WHEN she reached the top of the hill, she saw a wood in the distance.

She thought that it looked a safe quiet spot.

JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK
was not much in the habit
of flying. She ran downhill a
few yards flapping her shawl,
and then she jumped off into
the air.



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SHE flew beautifully when she had got a good start.

She skimmed along over the tree-tops until she saw an open place in the middle of the wood, where the trees and brushwood had been cleared.

JEMIMA alighted rather heavily, and began to waddle about in search of a convenient dry nesting-place. She rather fancied a tree-stump amongst some tall fox-gloves.

But -- seated upon the stump, she was startled to find an elegantly dressed gentleman reading a newspaper.

He had black prick ears and sandy coloured whiskers.

"Quack?" said Jemima Puddle-duck, with her head and her bonnet on one side --
"Quack?"





THE gentleman raised his eyes above his newspaper and looked curiously at Jemima --

"Madam, have you lost your way?" said he. He had a long bushy tail which he was sitting upon, as the stump was somewhat damp.

Jemima thought him mighty civil and handsome. She explained that she had not lost her way, but that she was trying to find a convenient dry nesting-place.

"AH! is that so? indeed!" said the gentleman with sandy whiskers, looking curiously at Jemima. He folded up the newspaper, and put it in his coat-tail pocket.

Jemima complained of the superfluous hen.

"Indeed! how interesting! I wish I could meet with that fowl. I would teach it to mind its own business!"





"BUT as to a nest -- there is no difficulty: I have a sackful of feathers in my woodshed. No, my dear madam, you will be in nobody's way. You may sit there as long as you like," said the bushy long-tailed gentleman.

He led the way to a very retired, dismal-looking house amongst the fox-gloves.

It was built of faggots and turf, and there were two broken pails, one on top of another, by way of a chimney.

"THIS is my summer residence; you would not find my earth -- my winter house -- so convenient," said the hospitable gentleman.

There was a tumble-down shed at the back of the house, made of old soap-boxes. The gentleman opened the door, and showed Jemima in.





THE shed was almost quite full of feathers -- it was almost suffocating; but it was comfortable and very soft.

Jemima Puddle-duck was rather surprised to find such a vast quantity of feathers. But it was very comfortable; and she made a nest without any trouble at all.

WHEN she came out, the sandy whiskered gentleman was sitting on a log reading the newspaper -- at least he had it spread out, but he was looking over the top of it.

He was so polite, that he seemed almost sorry to let Jemima go home for the night. He promised to take great care of her nest until she came back again next day.

He said he loved eggs and ducklings; he should be proud to see a fine nestful in his wood-shed.





JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK
came every afternoon; she
laid nine eggs in the nest.
They were greeny white and
very large. The foxy gentleman
admired them immensely.
He used to turn them over
and count them when Jemima
was not there.

At last Jemima told him
that she intended to begin to
sit next day -- "and I will bring
a bag of corn with me, so that
I need never leave my nest
until the eggs are hatched.
They might catch cold," said
the conscientious Jemima.

"MADAM, I beg you not to trouble yourself with a bag; I will provide oats. But before you commence your tedious sitting, I intend to give you a treat. Let us have a dinner-party all to ourselves!

"May I ask you to bring up some herbs from the farm-garden to make a savoury omelette? Sage and thyme, and mint and two onions, and some parsley. I will provide lard for the stuff-lard for the omelette," said the hospitable gentleman with sandy whiskers.





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JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK
was a simpleton: not even
the mention of sage and onions
made her suspicious.

She went round the farm-
garden, nibbling off snippets
of all the different sorts of
herbs that are used for stuffing
roast duck.

AND she waddled into the kitchen, and got two onions out of a basket.

The collie-dog Kep met her coming out, "What are you doing with those onions? Where do you go every afternoon by yourself, Jemima Puddle-duck?"

Jemima was rather in awe of the collie; she told him the whole story.

The collie listened, with his wise head on one side; he grinned when she described the polite gentleman with sandy whiskers.





HE asked several questions about the wood, and about the exact position of the house and shed.

Then he went out, and trotted down the village. He went to look for two fox-hound puppies who were out at walk with the butcher.

JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK
went up the cart-road for
the last time, on a sunny afternoon.
She was rather burdened
with bunches of herbs
and two onions in a bag.

She flew over the wood, and
alighted opposite the house of
the bushy long-tailed gentleman.





HE was sitting on a log;
he sniffed the air, and
kept glancing uneasily round
the wood. When Jemima
alighted he quite jumped.

"Come into the house as
soon as you have looked at
your eggs. Give me the herbs
for the omelette. Be sharp!"

He was rather abrupt.
Jemima Puddle-duck had
never heard him speak like
that.

She felt surprised, and
uncomfortable.

WHILE she was inside she
heard pattering feet
round the back of the shed.
Some one with a black nose
sniffed at the bottom of the
door, and then locked it.

Jemima became much
alarmed.





A MOMENT afterwards
there were most awful
noises -- barking, baying,
growls and howls, squealing
and groans.

And nothing more was ever
seen of that foxy-whiskered
gentleman.

PRESENTLY Kep opened the door of the shed, and let out Jemima Puddle-duck.

Unfortunately the puppies rushed in and gobbled up all the eggs before he could stop them.

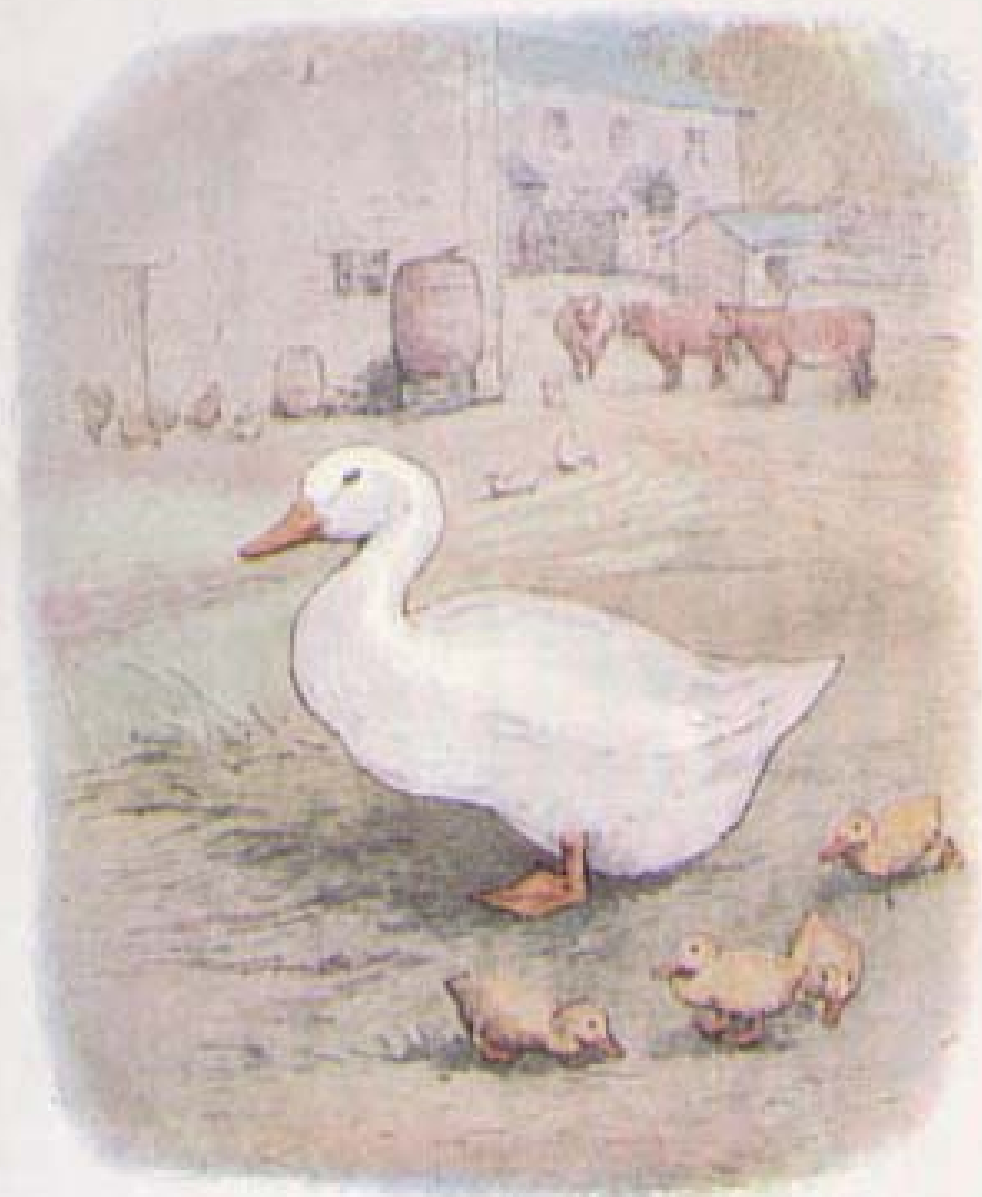
He had a bite on his ear and both the puppies were limping.



JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK
was escorted home in tears
on account of those eggs.



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SHE laid some more in June,
and she was permitted to
keep them herself: but only
four of them hatched.

Jemima Puddle-duck said
that it was because of her
nerves; but she had always
been a bad sitter.

The End.

