

# THE TALE OF JOHNNY TOWN-MOUSE



BY  
BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO.

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# *Beatrix Potter (1866 - 1943)*



Helen Beatrix Potter was an English writer, illustrator, natural scientist, and conservationist best known for her children's books featuring animals. She was interested in every branch of natural science save astronomy. Botany was a passion for most Victorians and nature study was a popular enthusiasm. Beatrix loved collecting fossils, studying archaeological artefacts from London excavations, and interested in entomology. In all these areas she drew and painted her specimens with increasing skill.

By the 1890s her scientific interests centred on mycology. First drawn to fungi because of their colours and evanescence in nature and her delight in painting them.

Curious as to how fungi reproduced, she began microscopic drawings of fungus spores (the agarics) and in 1895 developed a theory of their germination.

# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

First Published in 1918  
By Frederic Warne







To Aesop in the shadows

# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Johnny  
Town-mouse  
was born in a  
cupboard.



Timmie Willie,  
a country mouse,  
was born  
in a garden.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Timmie Willie was a little country mouse who went to town by mistake in a hamper.

The gardener sent vegetables to town once a week by carrier; he packed them in a big hamper.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

The gardener left  
the hamper  
by the garden gate,  
so that the carrier  
could pick it up  
when he passed.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Timmie Willie  
crept in  
through a hole  
in the wicker-work,

and after eating  
some peas,  
Timmie Willie  
fell fast asleep.

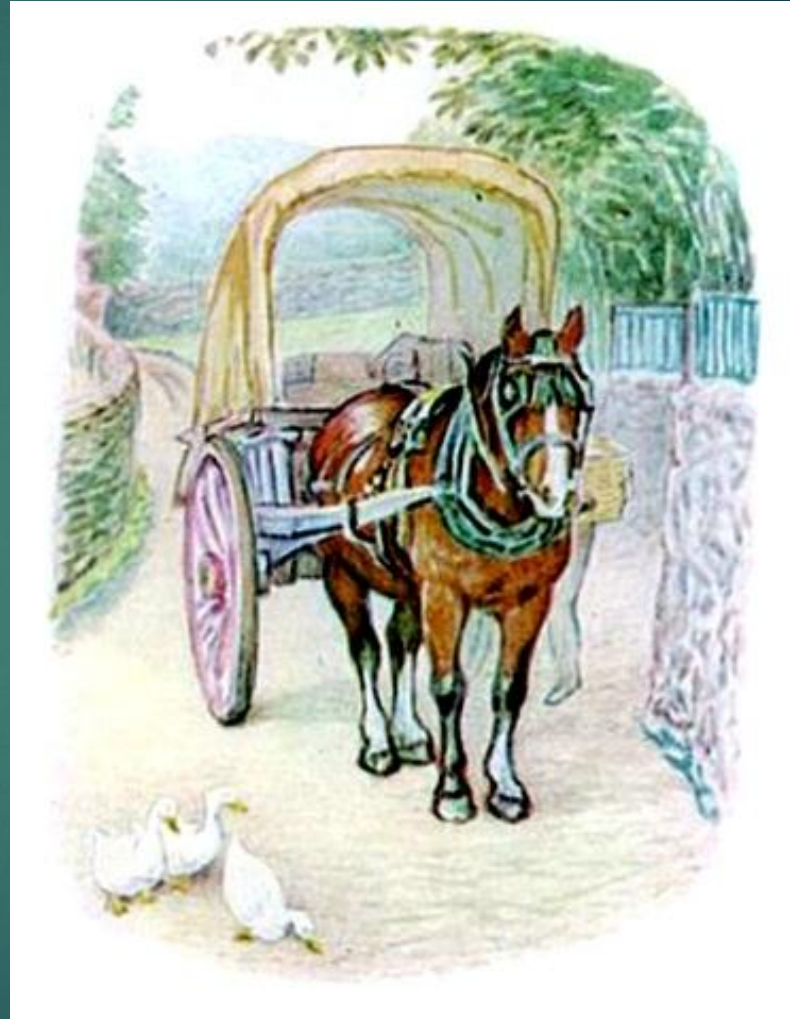




# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

He awoke  
in a fright, while  
the hamper was  
being lifted into  
the carrier's cart.

He ducked as  
other packages  
were thrown in.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Then there was a jolting,  
and a clattering of horse's feet;

for miles and miles,  
jolt-jolt-jolt!

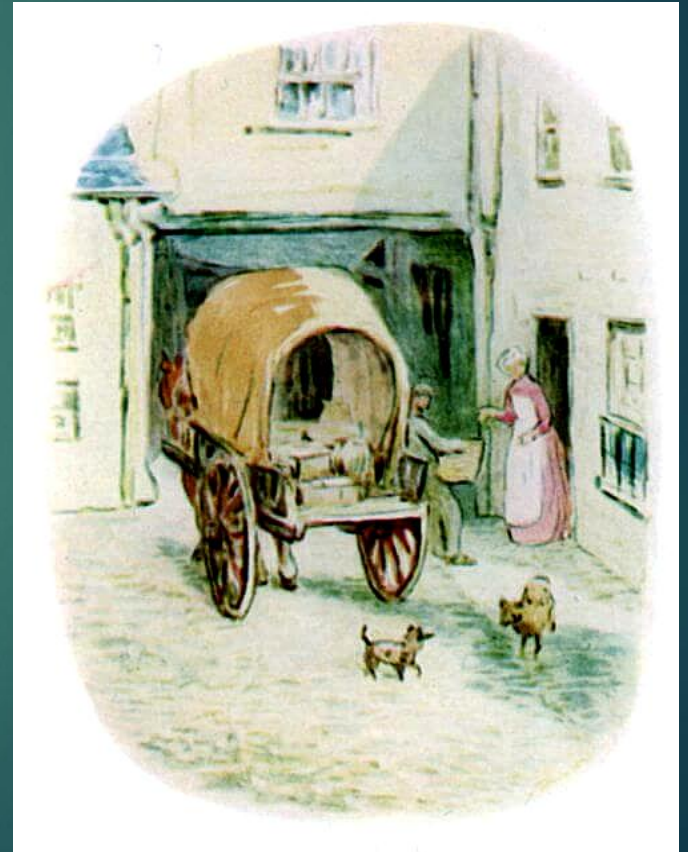
Timmie Willie  
trembled amongst  
the jumbled up  
vegetables.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

At last the cart stopped at a house,  
where the hamper was taken out,  
carried in,  
and set down.

The cook gave  
the carrier sixpence;  
the back door banged,  
and the cart  
rumbled away.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

But there was no quiet;  
there seemed to be hundreds  
of carts passing by.

Timmie Willie,  
who had lived  
all his life  
in a garden,  
was almost  
frightened to death.

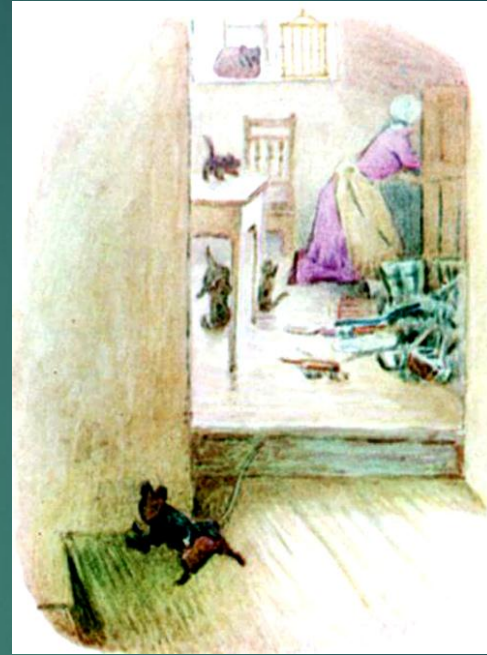


# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Dogs barked and  
boys whistled  
in the street;

the cook laughed,  
the parlour maid ran  
up and down-stairs;

a canary sang  
like a steam engine.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Presently  
the cook opened  
the hamper  
and began to  
unpack the  
vegetables.

Out sprang  
the terrified  
Timmie Willie.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Up jumped the cook  
onto a chair,  
exclaiming

"A mouse! a mouse!

Fetch me the poker,  
Sarah!"

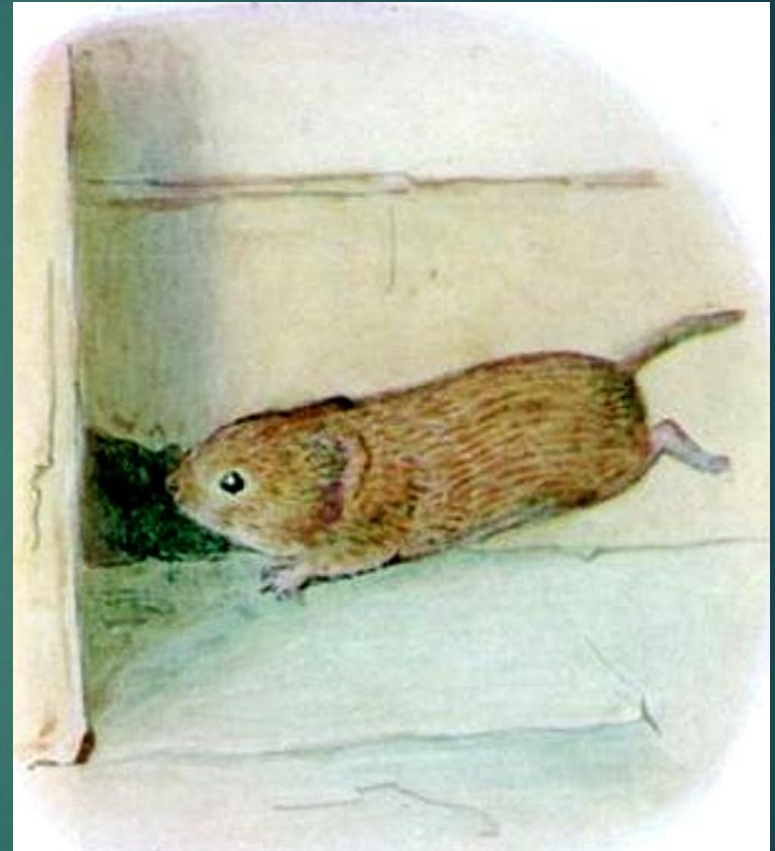
Call the cat!



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

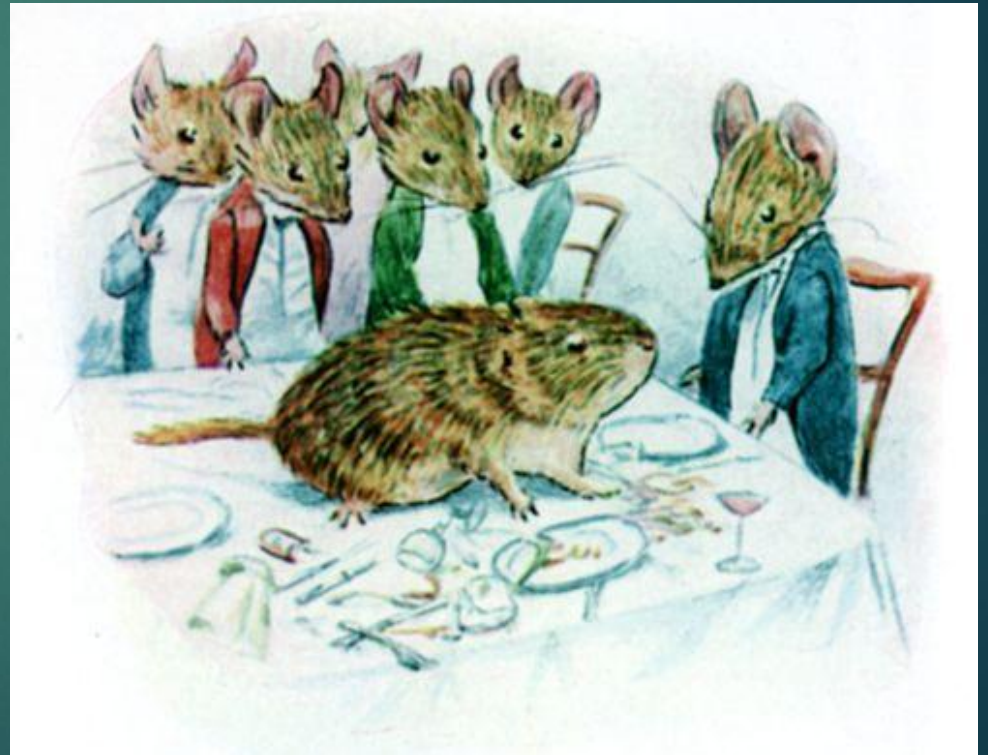
Timmie Willie  
did not wait  
for Sarah  
with the poker;

He rushed along  
the skirting board  
till he came  
to a little hole,  
and in he popped.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

He dropped half a foot,  
(6 inches or about 15 centimetres)  
and crashed  
into the middle  
of a mouse  
dinner party,  
breaking  
three glasses.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"Who in the world is this?"  
inquired Johnny Town-Mouse,

but after the first  
exclamation  
of surprise  
he instantly  
recovered  
his manners.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

With the utmost politeness he introduced Timmie Willie to nine other mice.

They all had long tails and white neckties.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Timmie Willie's  
own tail  
was insignificant.



Johnny Town-Mouse  
and his friends noticed it;  
but they were too well bred  
to make personal remarks;



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Only one of them  
asked Timmie Willie,

“Have you ever  
been in a trap?”



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

The dinner was of eight courses;  
not much of anything,  
but truly elegant.

All the dishes  
were  
unknown  
to  
Timmie Willie.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Timmie Willie was a little afraid  
of tasting them;

but he was  
very hungry,

and very anxious  
to behave with  
company manners.

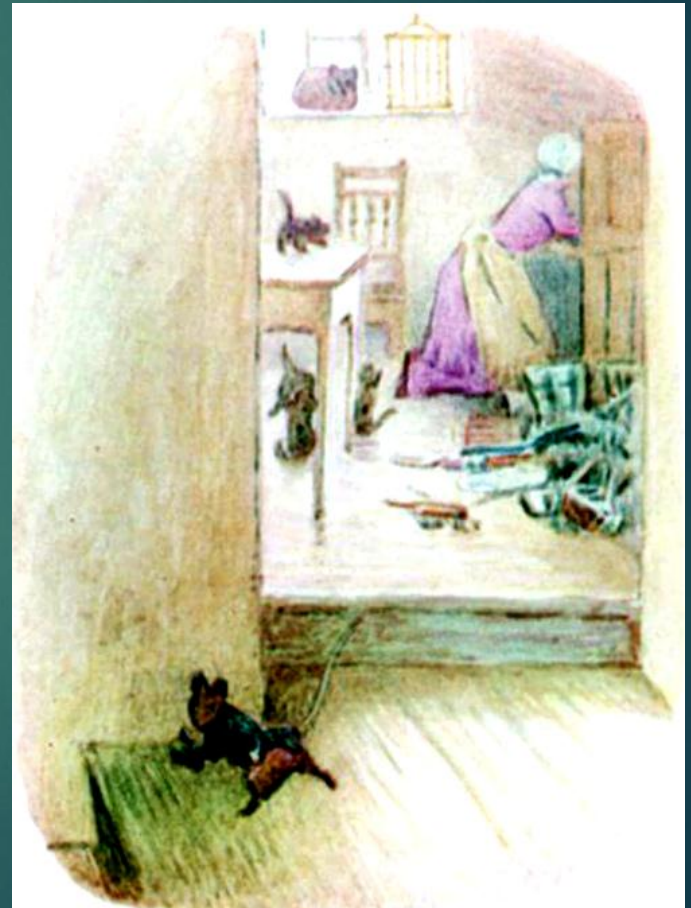




# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

The continual noise upstairs  
made him so nervous,  
that he dropped  
a plate.

"Never mind,  
the plates  
don't belong  
to us,"  
said Johnny.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"Why don't those youngsters come back with the dessert?"

It should be explained that two young mice, who were waiting on the others, went for skirmishes upstairs.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

They went  
to the kitchen  
between courses.

Several times  
they had come  
tumbling in,  
squeaking  
and laughing.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Timmie Willie learnt with horror  
that they were being  
chased by the cat.

His appetite failed,  
he felt faint.

“Would you like  
some trifle?” asked  
Johnny Town-Mouse.

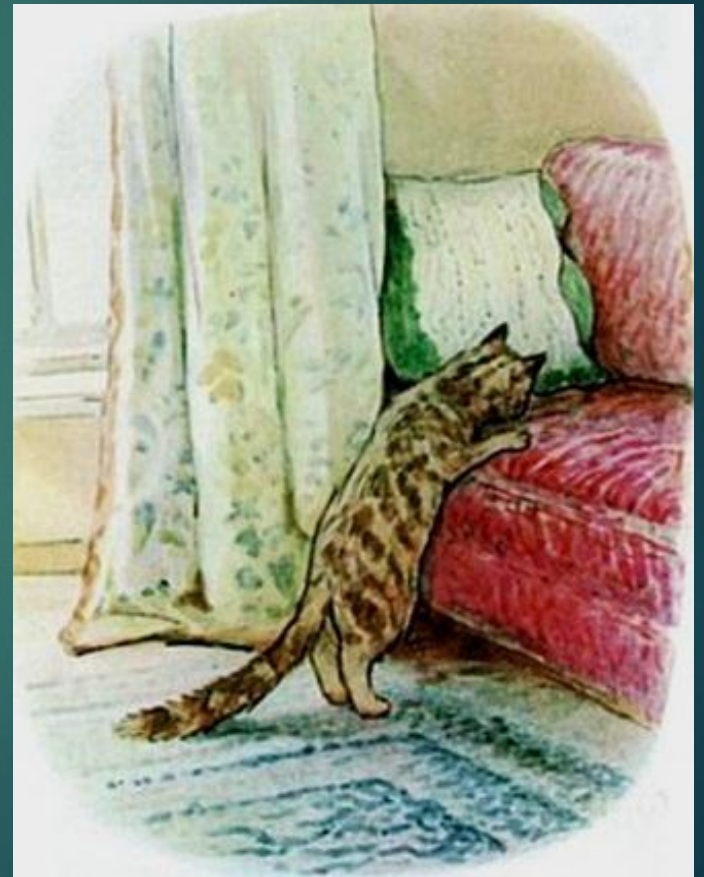


# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"No? Would you rather go to bed?"



I will show you  
a most comfortable  
sofa pillow."



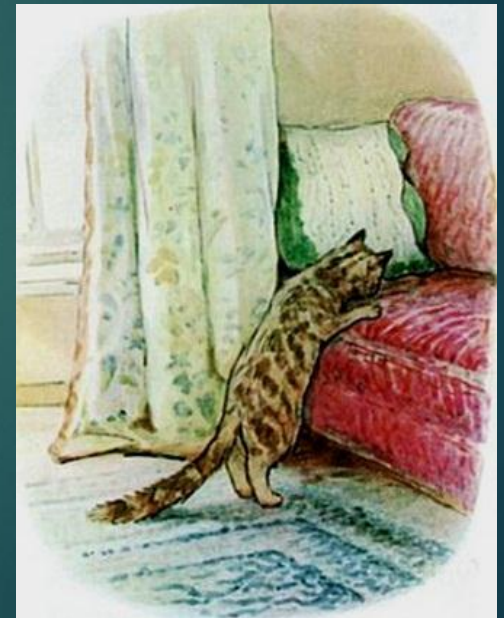
# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

The sofa pillow had a hole in it.

Johnny Town-Mouse quite honestly recommended it as the best bed, kept exclusively for visitors.

But the sofa smelt of cat.

Timmie Willie preferred to spend a miserable night under the fender.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

It was just the same next day.

An excellent breakfast  
was provided for mice  
accustomed  
to eat bacon;

but Timmie Willie  
had been reared on roots and salad.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Johnny Town-mouse  
and his friends  
scooted about  
under the floors,

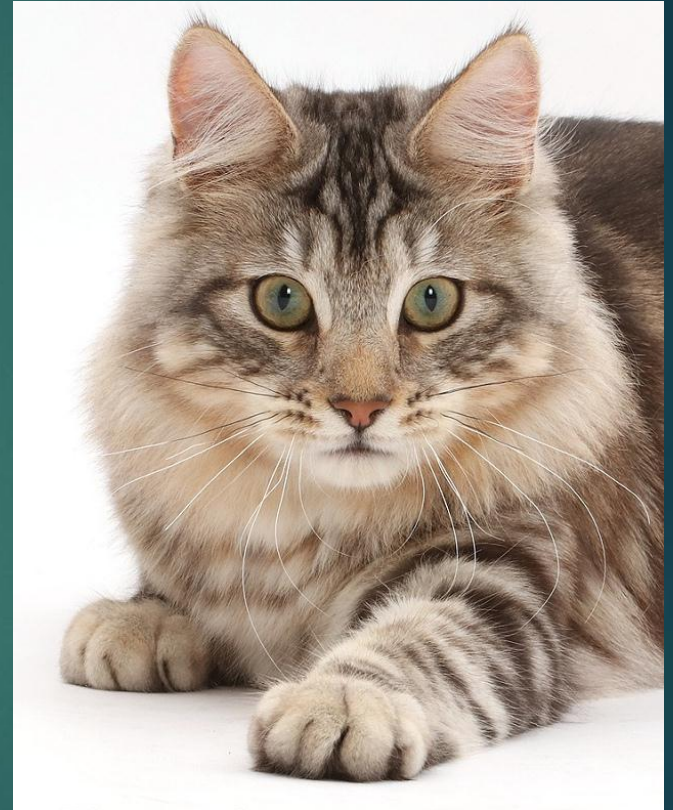
and came  
boldly out  
all over the house  
in the evening.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

One particularly  
loud crash had been  
caused by Sarah  
tumbling downstairs  
with the tea-tray;

there were crumbs  
and sugar  
and smears of jam  
to be collected, in spite of the cat.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Timmy Willie  
longed to be at home  
in his peaceful  
nest in a sunny bank.

The food disagreed  
with him;  
the noise prevented  
him from sleeping.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

In a few days he grew so thin  
that Johnny Town-Mouse  
noticed it and questioned him.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

He listened to  
Timmie Willie's  
story and inquired  
about the garden.



"It sounds rather a dull place?

What do you do when it rains?"



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"When it rains, I sit in my  
little sandy burrow and shell corn  
and seeds from my Autumn store.

I peep out at  
the thrushes  
and blackbirds  
on the lawn,  
and my friend,  
Cock Robin.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

And when the sun comes out again,  
you should see my garden  
and the flowers, roses  
and pinks and pansies,

No noise except  
the birds and bees,  
and the lambs  
in the meadows."



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"There goes  
that cat again!"  
exclaimed  
Johnny  
Town-Mouse.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

When they had taken refuge  
in the coal-cellar  
he resumed  
the conversation;  
"I confess  
I am a little  
disappointed;  
we have endeavoured  
to entertain you,  
Timothy William."



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"Oh yes, yes, you have been most kind;

but I do  
feel so ill,"  
said  
Timmie  
Willie.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"It may be that your teeth  
and digestion are unaccustomed  
to our food.

Perhaps it might be wiser  
for you to return  
in the hamper."



"Oh? Oh!" cried Timmy Willie.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"Why of course,  
for that matter  
we could have  
sent you back  
last week,"  
said Johnny  
rather huffily.

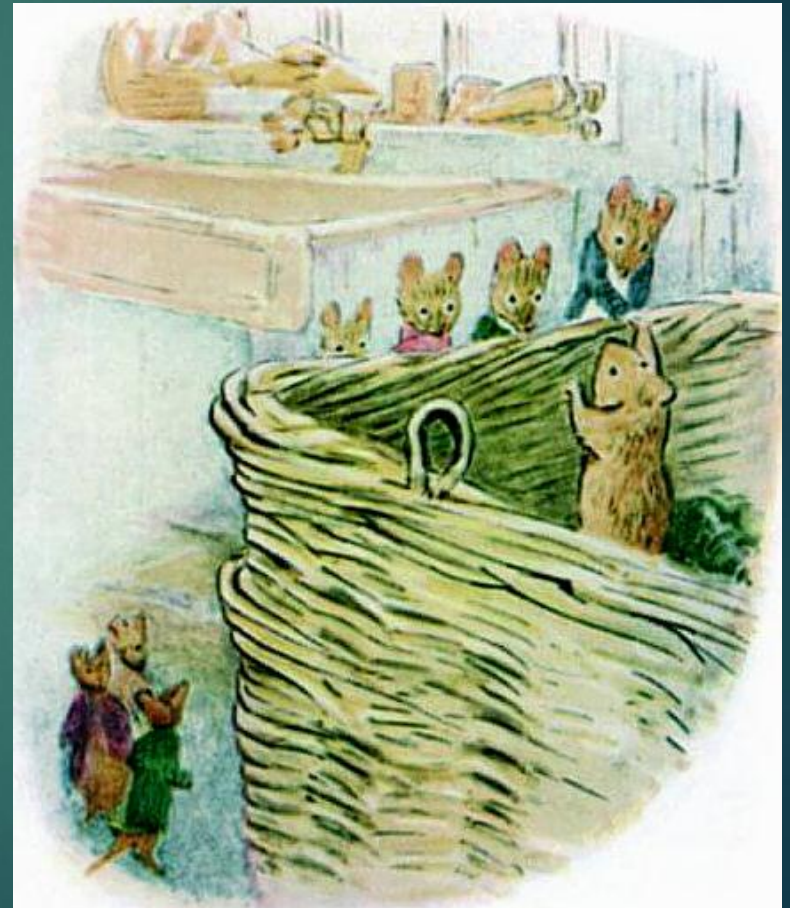


"Did you not know that the hamper  
goes back empty on Saturdays?"

# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

So Timmie Willie said good-bye  
to his new friends.

He hid  
in the hamper,  
with a  
crumb of cake  
and  
a withered  
cabbage leaf.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

and after  
much jolting,

he was  
set down  
safely  
in his own  
garden.



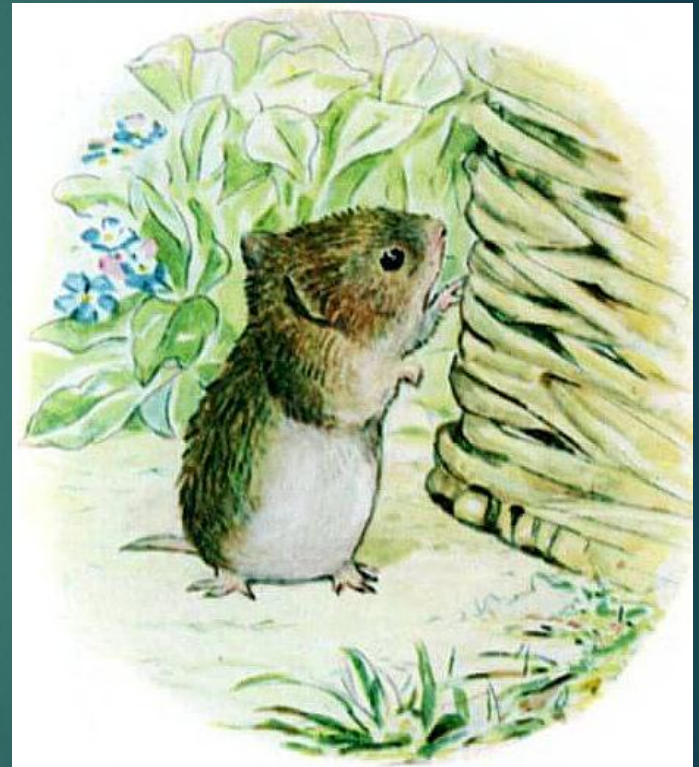


# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Sometimes on Saturdays he went  
to look at the hamper  
lying by the gate;

but he knew better  
than to get in again.

Nobody got out,  
though  
Johnny Town-Mouse  
had half promised a visit.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

The winter passed; the sun  
came out again;

Timmie Willie sat  
by his burrow  
warming  
his little fur coat  
and sniffing the  
smell of violets  
and spring grass.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

He had nearly forgotten  
his visit to town,

when up the  
sandy path  
all spick and span  
with a brown  
leather bag  
came  
Johnny Town-Mouse!

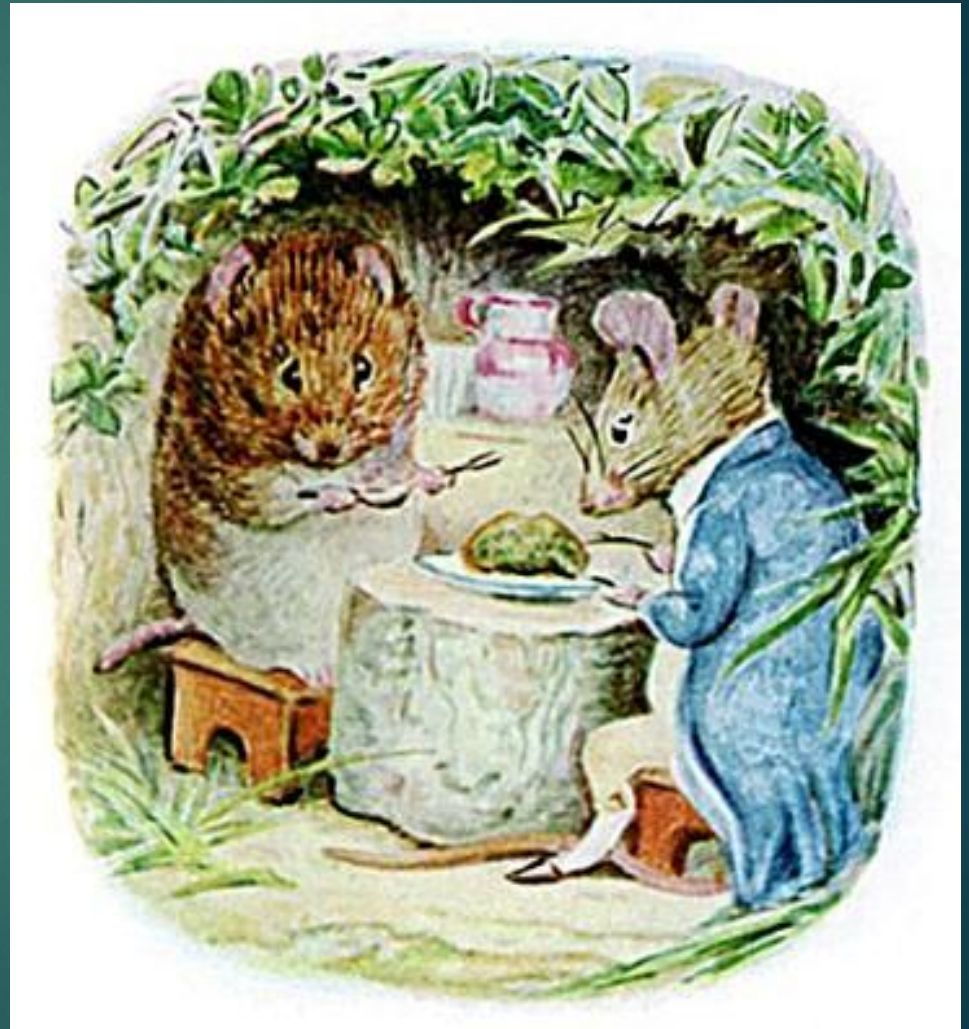




# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Timmie Willie  
received him  
with open arms.

"You have come  
at the best time;  
we will have  
herb pudding  
and sit  
in the sun."

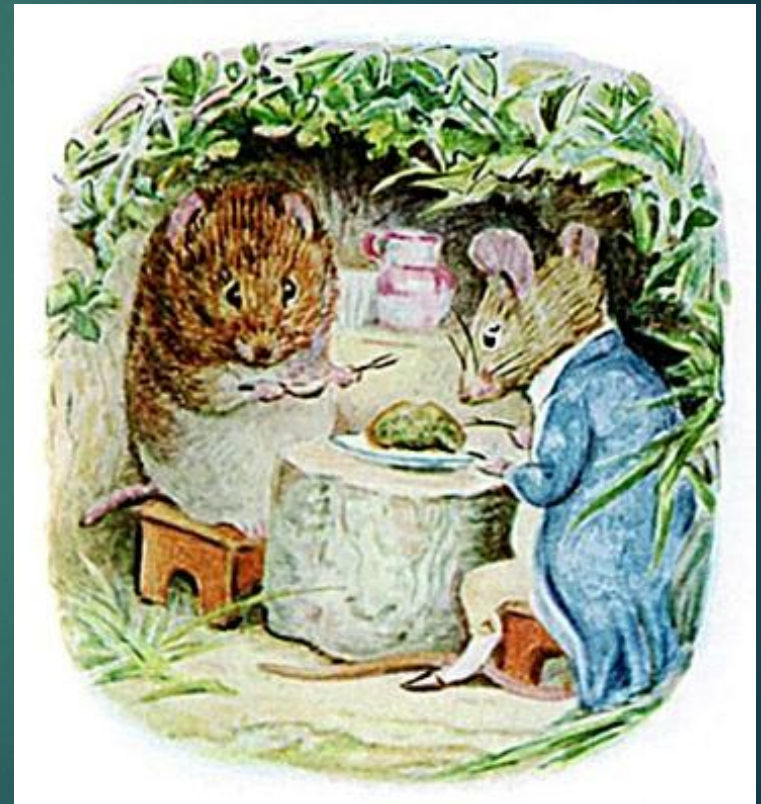


# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"Hmm! it is a little damp,"  
said Johnny Town-Mouse,

who had to carry  
his tail, under his arm,  
out of the mud.

"What is that  
fearful noise?"  
he started violently.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"That?" said  
Timmie Willie,  
"is only a cow;

I will beg  
a little milk.

They are quite  
harmless,  
unless they happen to  
lie down upon you."





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

Johnny explained why he was paying his visit so early in the season;

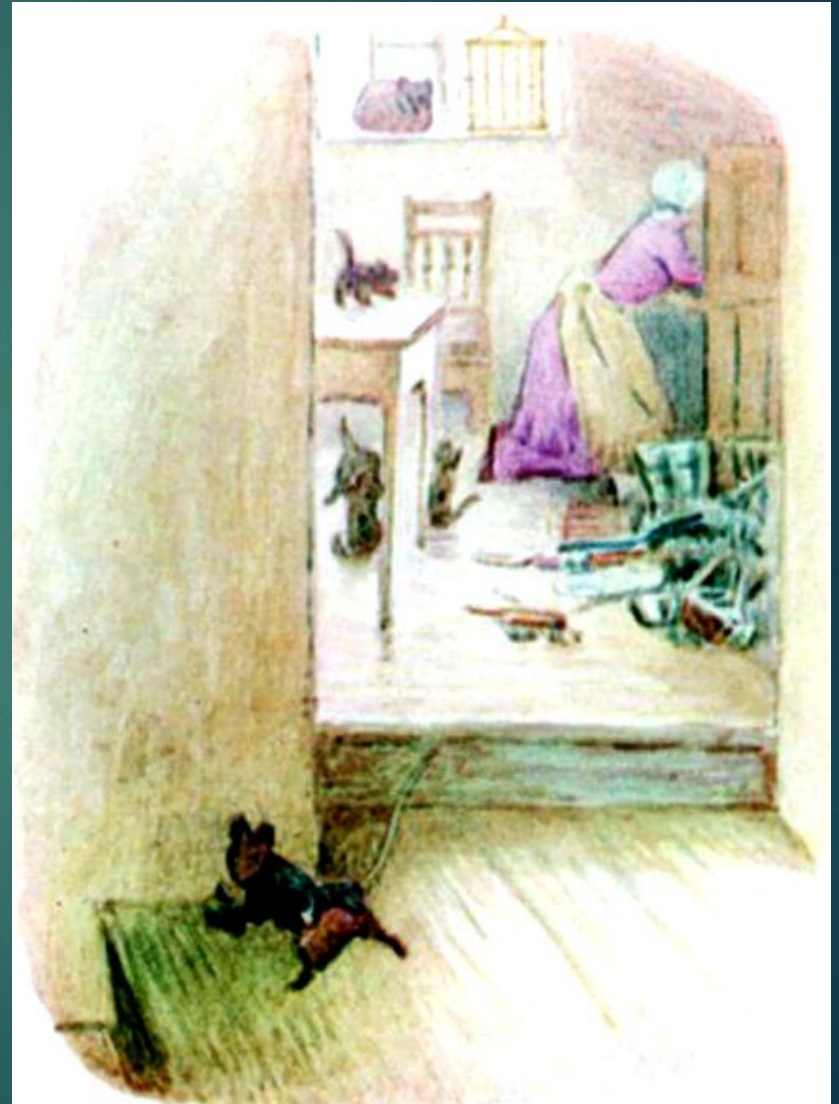
His family  
had gone  
to the sea-side  
for Easter.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

The cook was doing  
spring cleaning  
on \*board wages,  
with particular  
instructions  
to clear out  
the mice.

\*food and board,  
not money.



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

There were four kittens now,  
and the cat had killed the canary.

"They say  
we did it;  
but I know  
better,"  
said  
Johnny  
Town-Mouse.



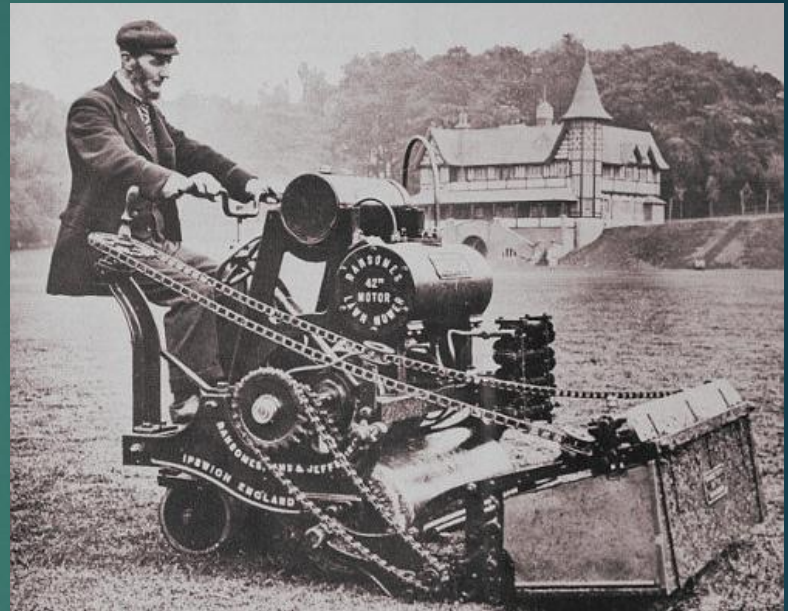


# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"Whatever is that fearful racket?"

"That is only  
the lawn-mower;  
I will fetch some  
of the grass clippings  
presently  
to make your bed.

I am sure you should  
settle in the country, Johnny."



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"Hmm!

We shall see  
by Tuesday week;

the hamper  
is stopped  
while they are  
at the sea-side."



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

"I am sure you will never want to live in town again," said Timmie Willie.





# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

But he did.

He went back  
in the very  
next hamper  
of vegetables;

he said  
it was too quiet!!



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

One place suits one person,  
another place suits another person.

Timmie - the country.



Johnny - the city



# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*

One place suits one person,  
another place suits another person.

Beatrix Potter - the country.



Kiwi Opa - the city

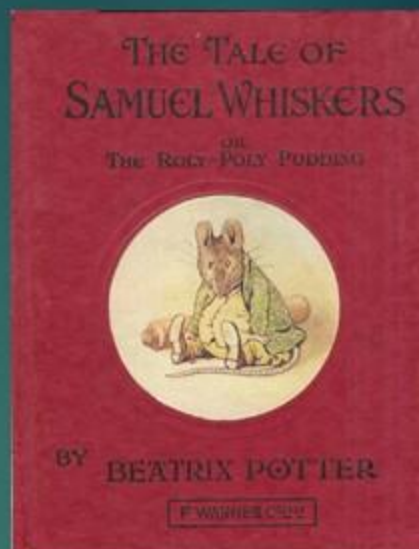
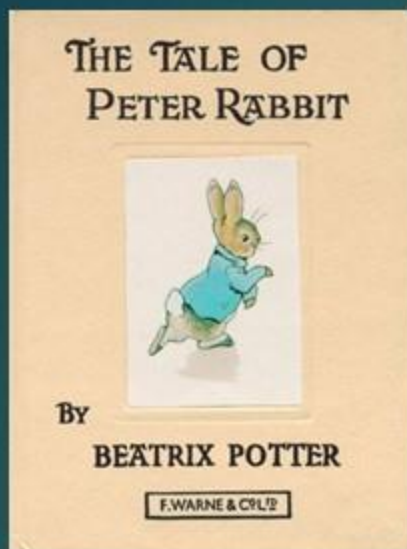




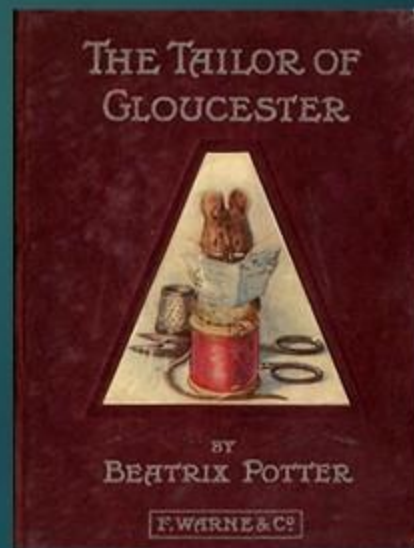
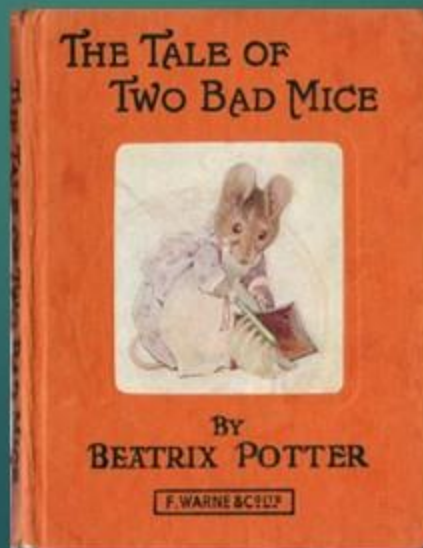
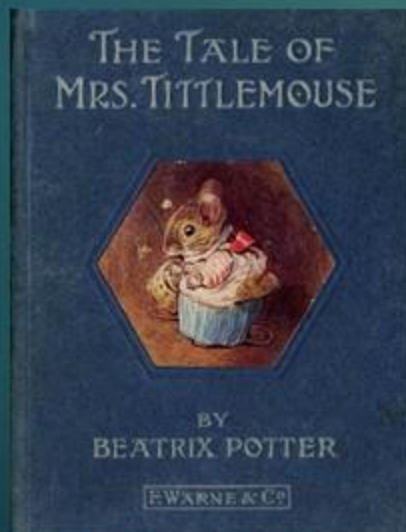
# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*



THE  
END



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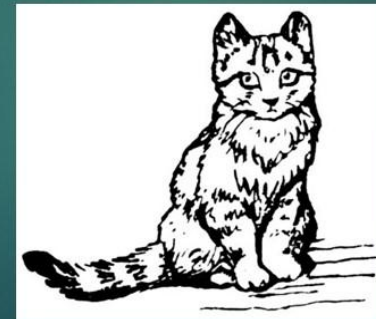


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Soon to be released

# *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*



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