THE TALE OF JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK



BEATRIX POTTER

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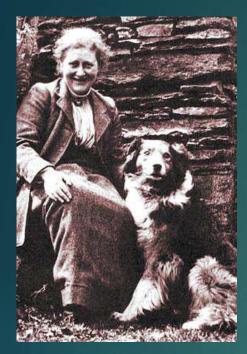
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Beatrix Potter (1866 - 1943)

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.

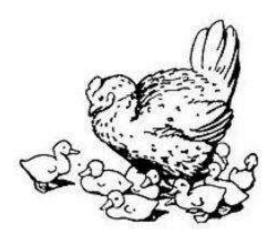
THE TALE OF

JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK

BY

BEATRIX POTTER

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



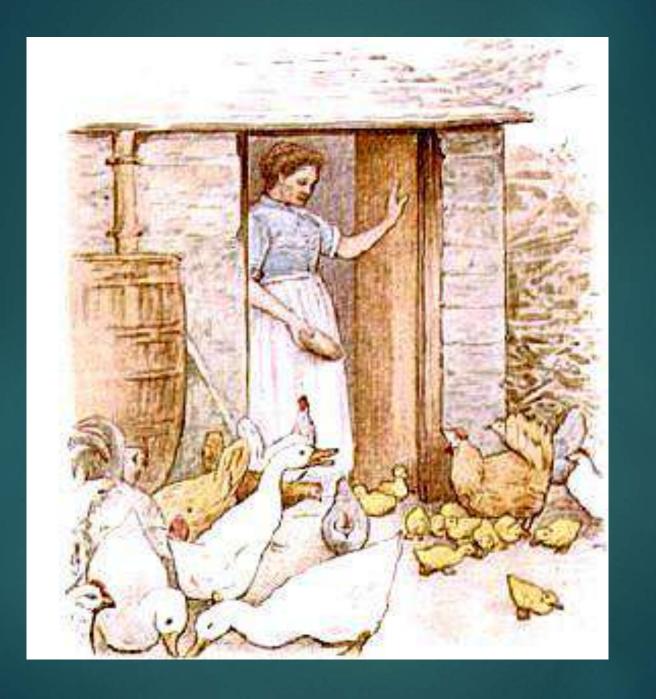
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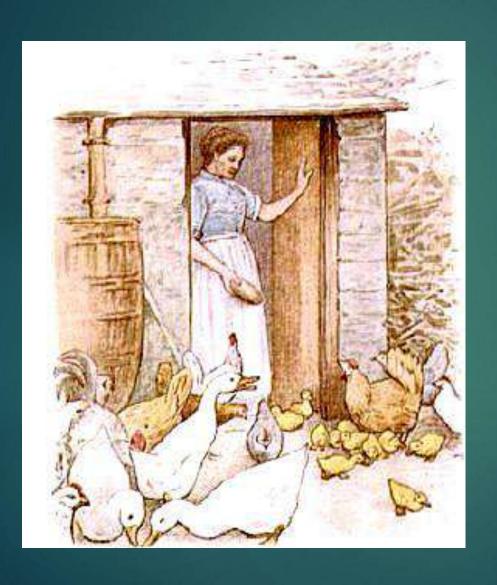
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A
farmyard tale
for Ralph
and Betsy

Frederic Warne First Published in 1908





What a funny sight it is

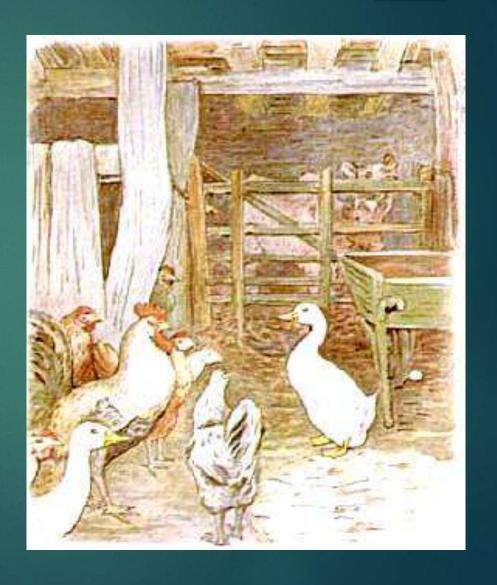
to see a brood of ducklings with a hen!

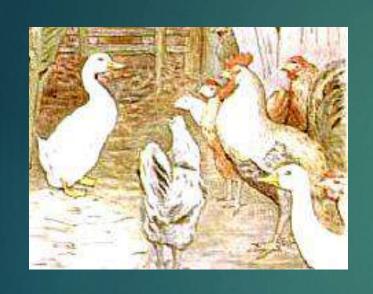
This tale, is the story of Jemima Puddle-Duck,

who was annoyed because the farmer's wife would not let her hatch her own eggs.



Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebeccah Puddle-Duck, was perfectly willing to leave the hatching to someone else

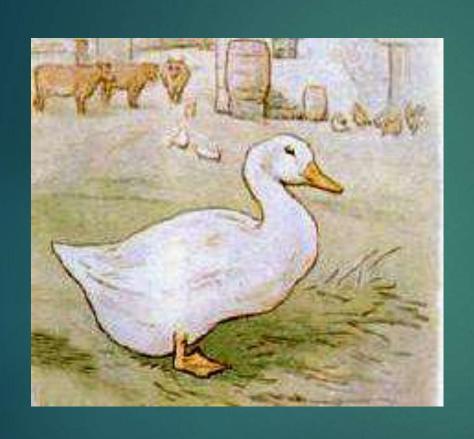




"I have not the patience to sit on a nest for twenty-eight days;

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.

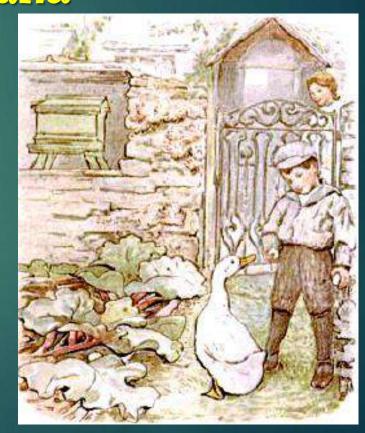
She tried to hide her eggs;

but they were always found

and carried off.

Jemima Puddle-Duck became quite desperate.

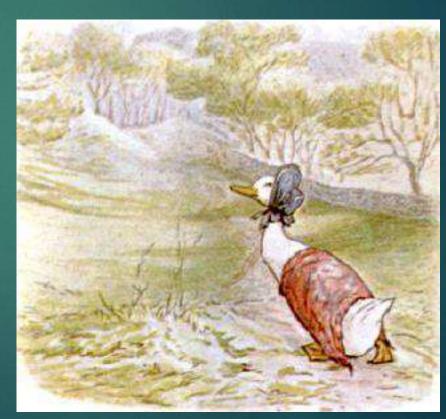
She determined to make a nest, right away from the farm.

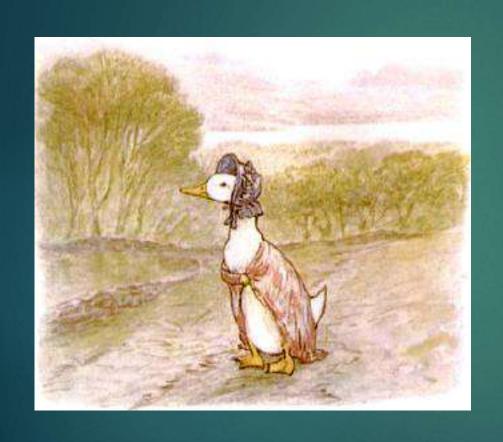


She set off on a fine spring afternoon along the cart-road that leads

over the hill.

She was wearing a shawl and a poke bonnet.





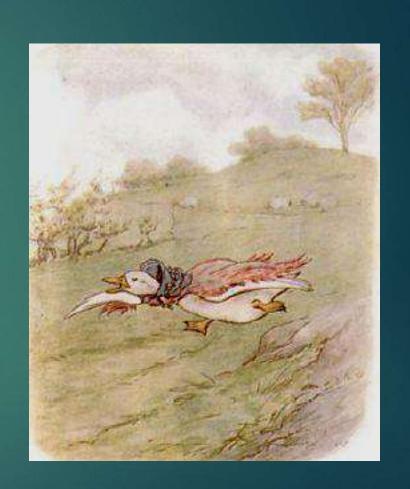
When she reached the top of the hill, she saw a wood in the distance.

She thought 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,

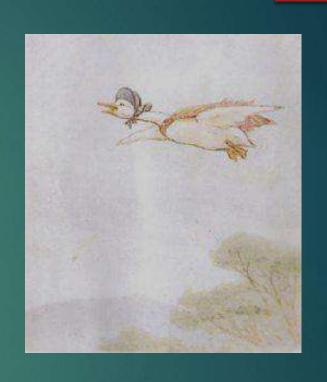
and then she jumped off into the air.



She flew beautifully, once she had got a good start.

She skimmed along over the tree-tops until she saw

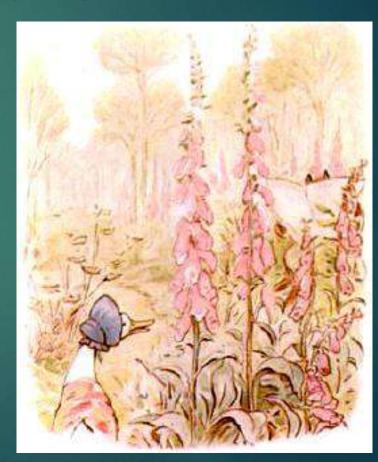




Jemima alighted rather heavily, and began to waddle about

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?"

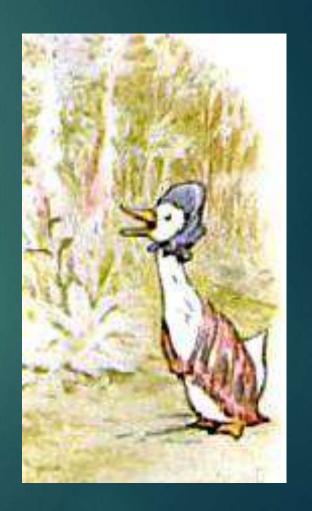
said he.



He had a long bushy tail which he was sitting upon, as the stump was somewhat damp.

Jemima thought him mighty civil and handsome.

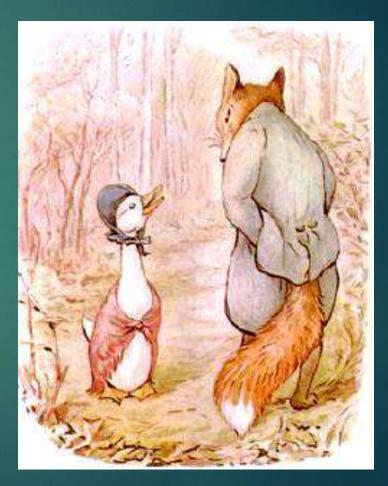
She explained that she had not lost her way, but that she was trying to find a convenient dry nesting-place.



"Ah! is that so? indeed!"

said the gentleman with sandy whiskers, looking curiously at Jemima.

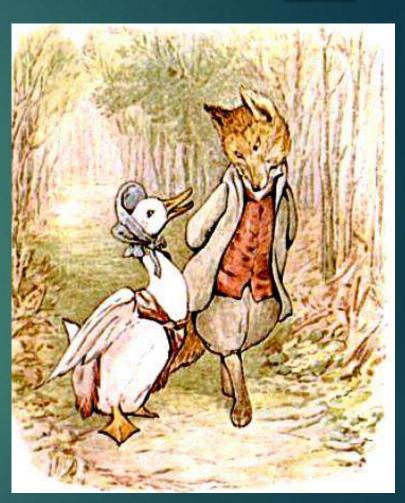
He folded up the newspaper, and put it in his coat-tail pocket.



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 sack full of feathers in my woodshed.

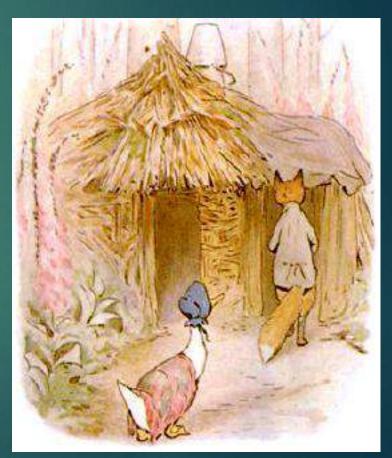
No, my dear madam, you will be in nobody's way.

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

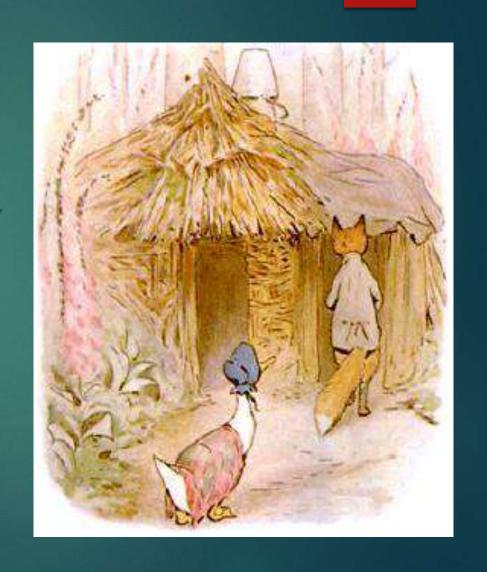
amongst the fox-gloves.

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;

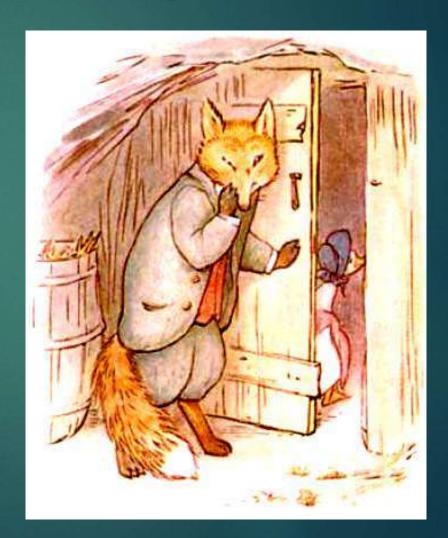
you would not find my earth, my winter house, so convenient," said the hospitable gentleman.



There was a tumble-down shed

at the back of the house, made of old soap-boxes.

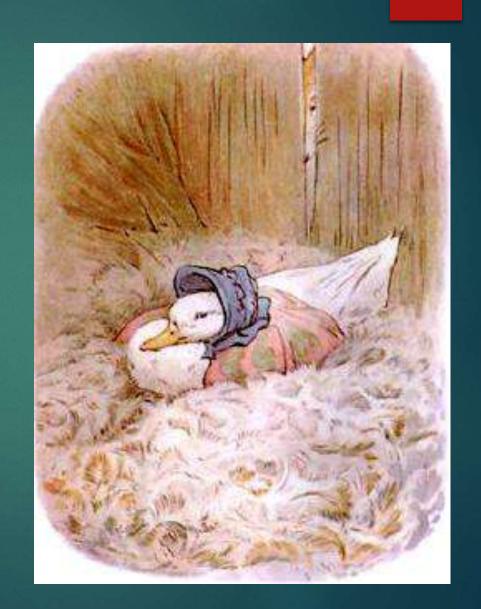
The gentleman opened the door, and showed Jemima in.



The shed was almost quite full of feathers,

it was almost suffocating;

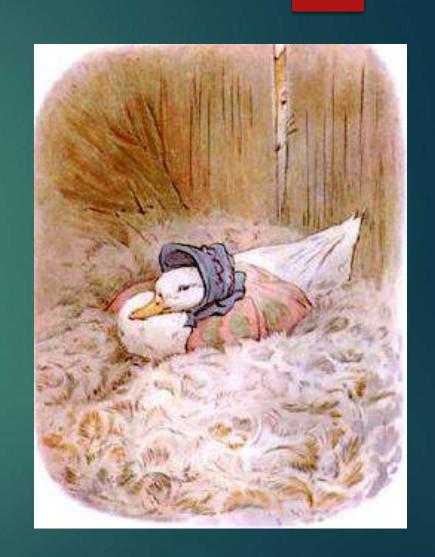
but it was comfortable and very soft.



Jemima Puddle-Duck was rather surprised to find such a vast quantity of feathers.

But it was very comfortable;

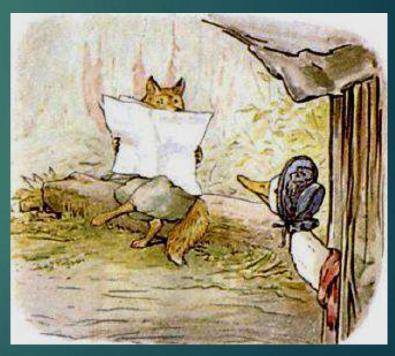
and she made a nest without any trouble at all.



When she came out, the sandy whiskered gentleman was sitting on a log reading the newspaper,

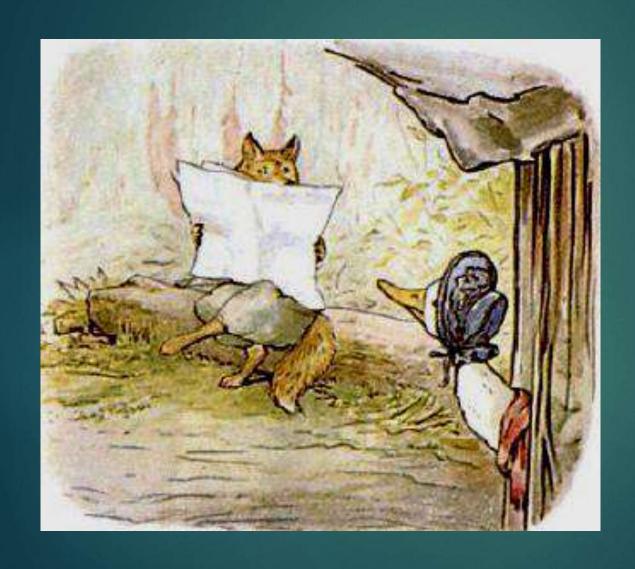
at least, he had it spread out,

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;

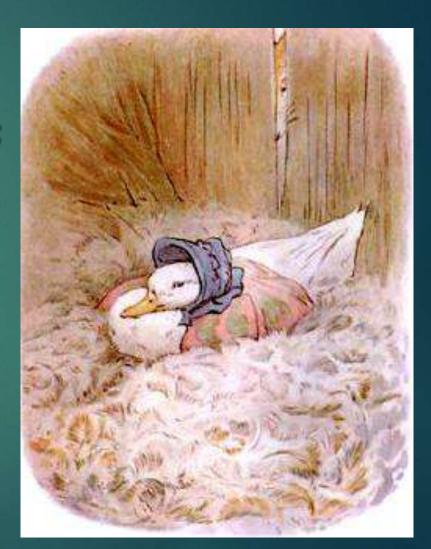
he should be proud to see a fine nest-full in his wood-shed.



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,

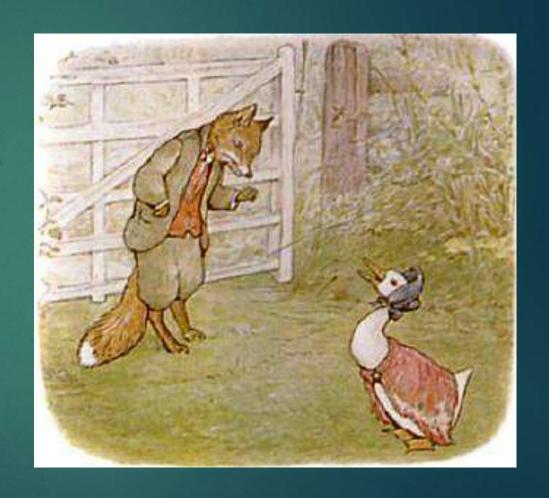
"and I will bring a bag of corn with me, so that I need never leave my nest until the eggs are hatched.



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!

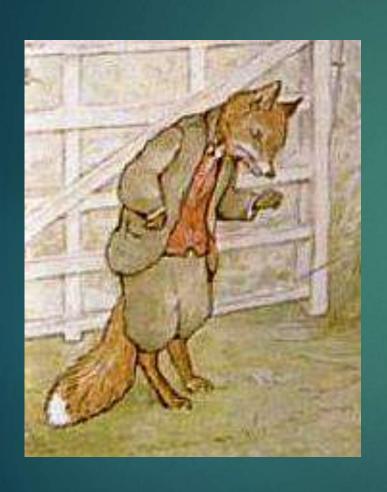
May I ask you to bring up some herbs from the farm-garden

to make a savoury omelette?

Sage and thyme, and mint,

two onions, and some parsley.





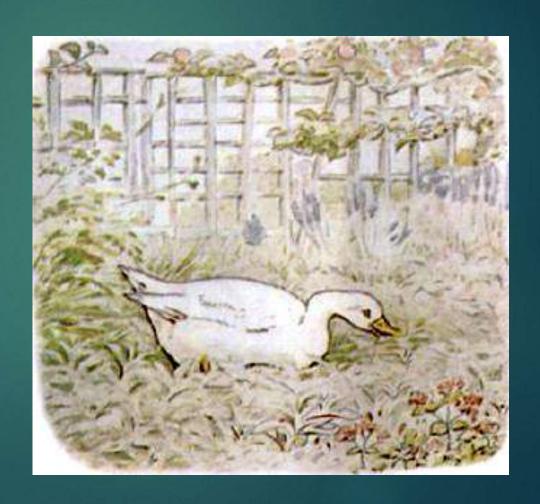
I will provide lard for the stuff—

lard for the omelette,"

said the hospitable gentleman with sandy whiskers.

Jemima Puddle-Duck was a simpleton:

not even the mention of sage and onions made her suspicious.



She went round the farm-garden,

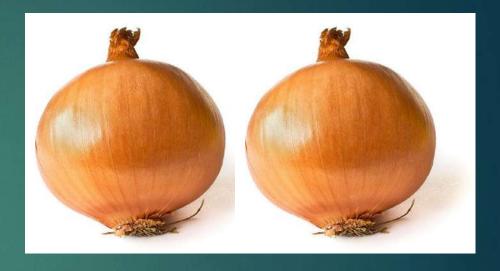
nibbling off snippets of all the different sorts of herbs

used for stuffing roast duck.



And she waddled into the kitchen,

and got two onions out of a basket.



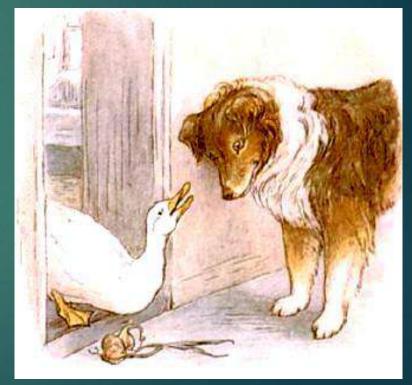
The collie-dog Kep met her coming out.



"What are you doing with those onions?

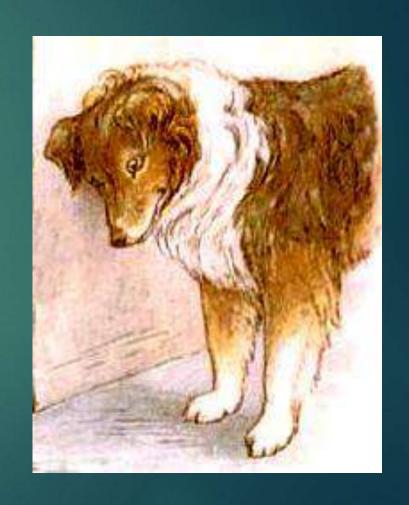
Where do you go every afternoon by yourself, Jemima Puddle-Duck?"

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



The collie listened, with his wise head on one side;

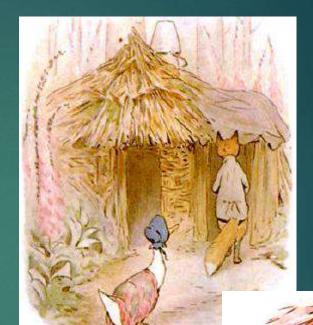
he grinned when she described the polite gentleman with sandy whiskers.



He asked several questions about the wood,

and about the exact position of the house

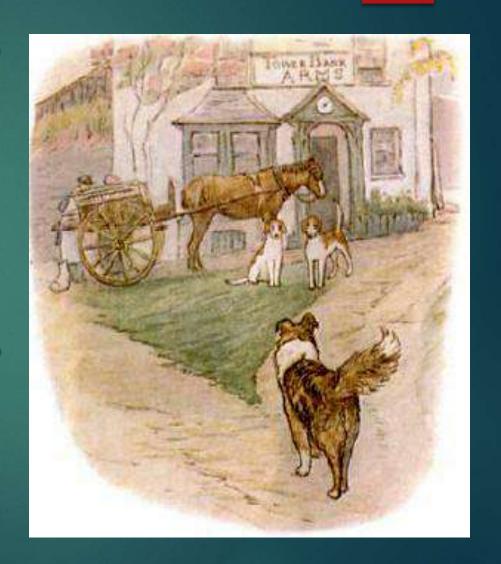
and shed.



Then he went out, and trotted down the village.

He went to look for two fox-hound puppies

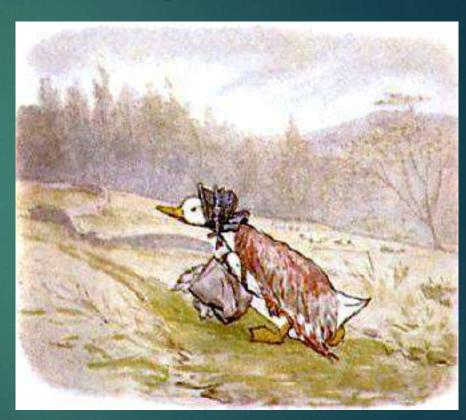
who were out at walk with the butcher.



Jemima Puddle-Duck went

up the cart-road for the last time, on a sunny afternoon.

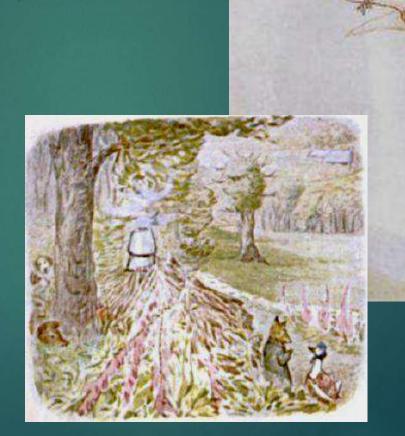
She was rather burdened with bunches of herbs and two onions in a bag.



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.

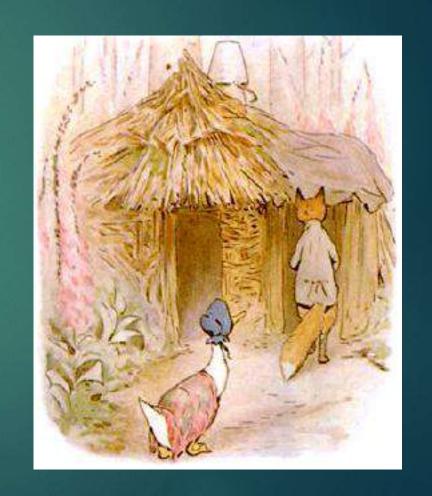
When Jemima alighted he quite jumped.

"Come into the house

as soon as you have looked at your eggs.

Give me the herbs for the omelette.

Be sharp!"

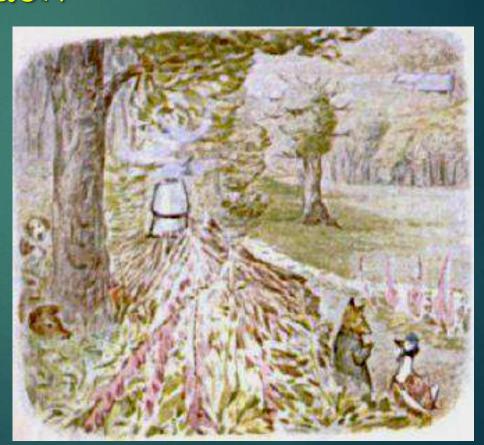


He was rather abrupt.

Jemima Puddle-Duck

had never heard him speak like that.

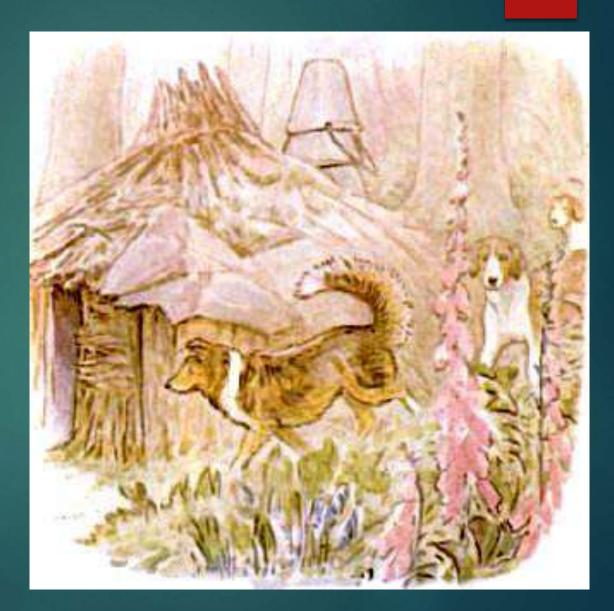
She felt surprised, and uncomfortable.



While she was inside

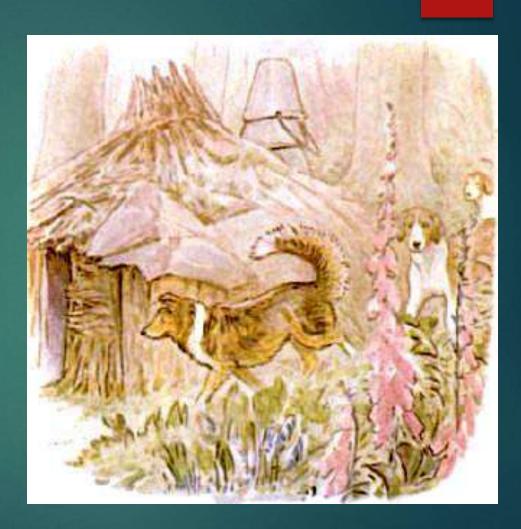
she heard a pattering of feet,

come round the back of the shed.



Someone,
with a
black nose,
sniffed
at the bottom
of the door,

and then locked it.



Jemima became much alarmed.

A moment afterwards there were the 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.

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

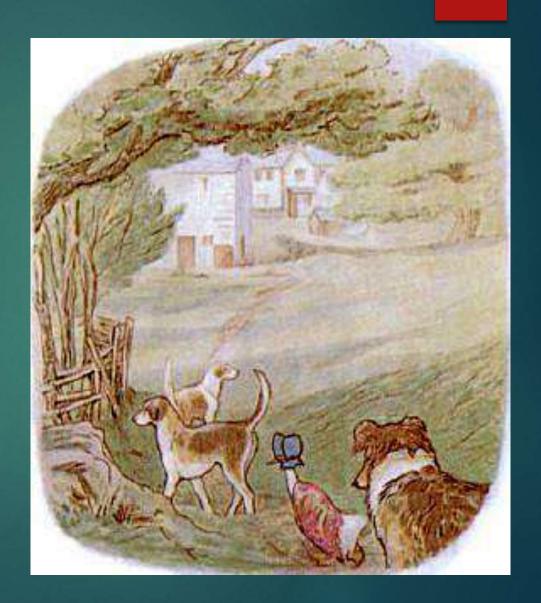


Unfortunately the puppies rushed in

and gobbled up all the eggs before he could stop them.



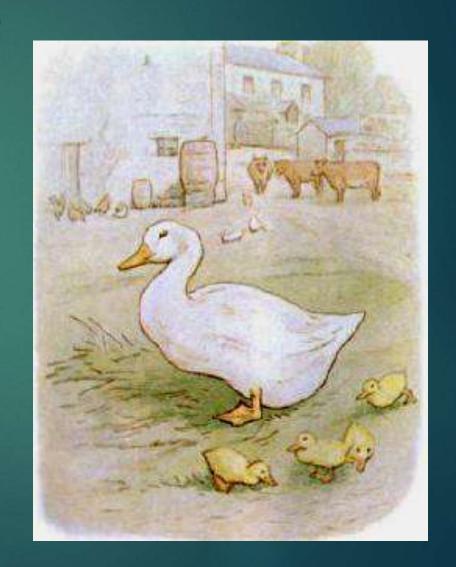
Jemima
Puddle-Duck
was escorted
home in tears
on account
of those eggs.



She laid some more eggs in June,

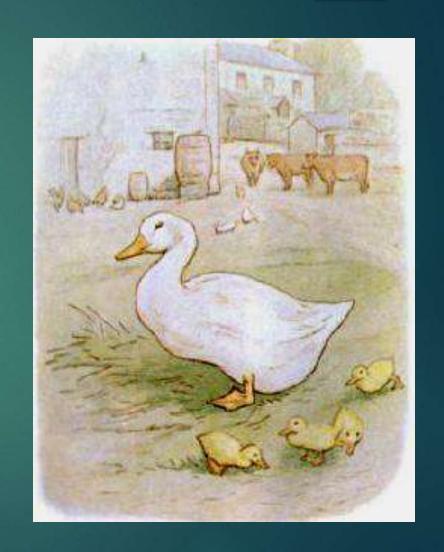
and she was permitted to keep them herself:

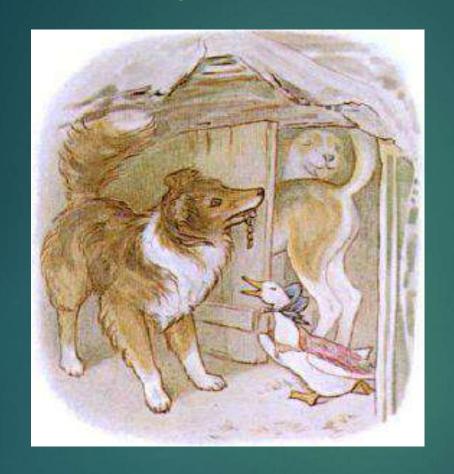
but only four of them hatched.



Jemima Puddle-Duck said it was because of her nerves;

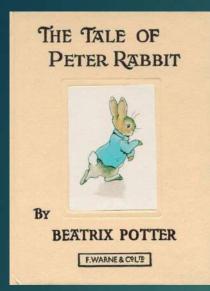
but she had always been a bad sitter.

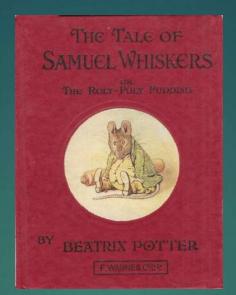


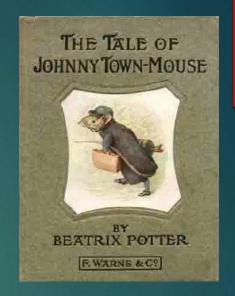


THE END

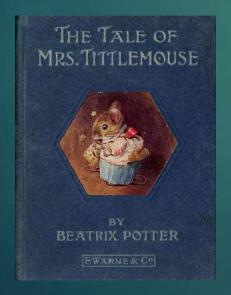
Frederic Warne First Published in 1908

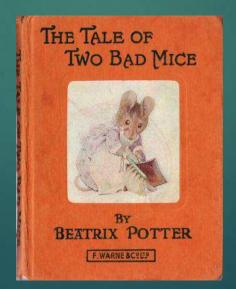


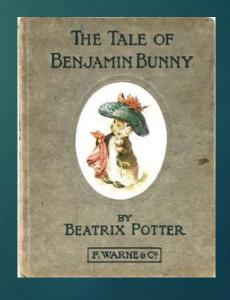




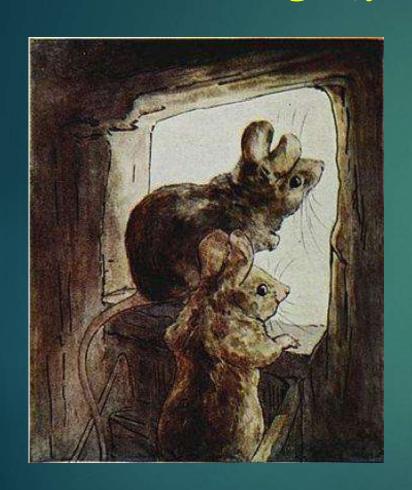
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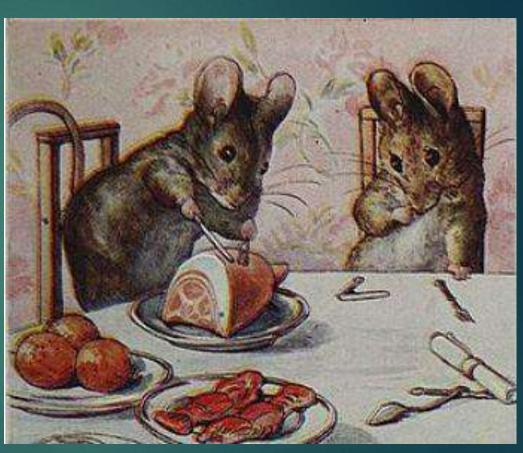






The Tale of Two Bad Mice Beatrix Potter





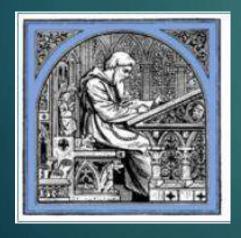
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