

THE TALE OF  
SAMUEL WHISKERS

OR  
THE ROLY-POLY PUDDING



BY  
BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO. LTD.

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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.

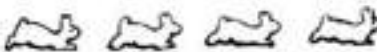


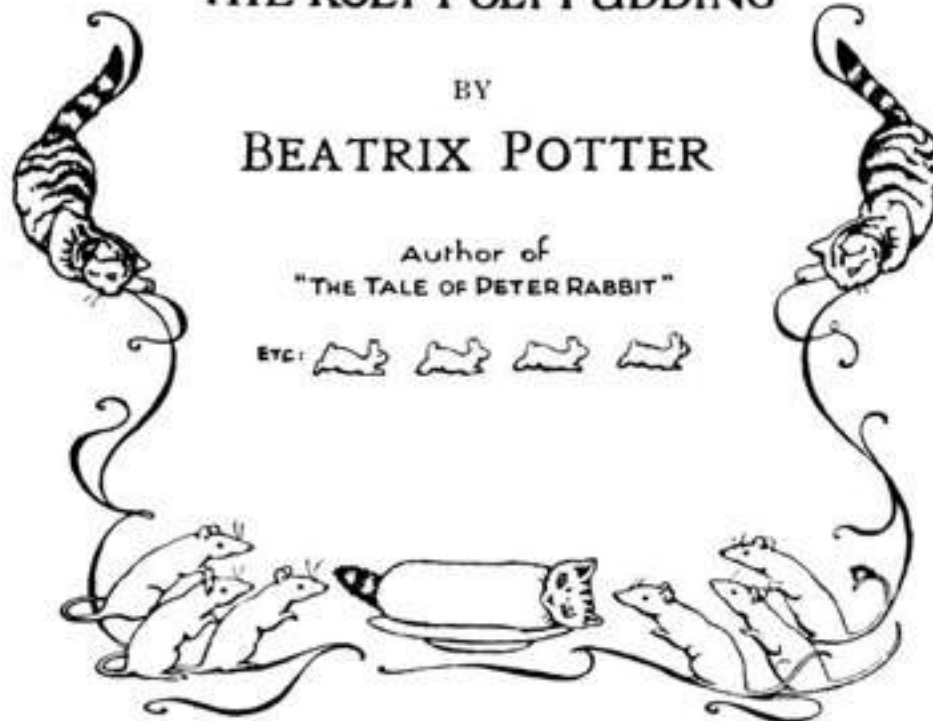
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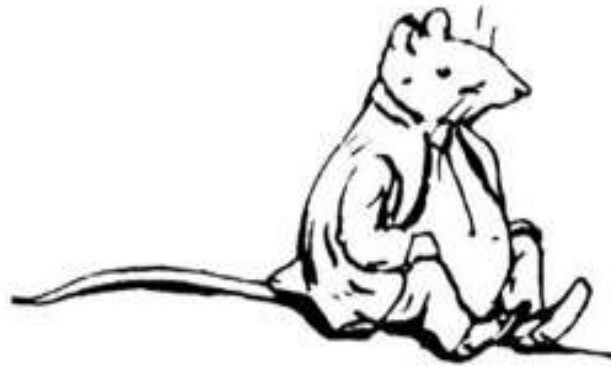
Author of  
"THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT"

ETC: 



FREDERICK WARNE

**THE TALE OF**  
**SAMUEL WHISKERS**  
Or,  
**THE ROLY POLY PUDDING**



IN REMEMBRANCE OF  
"SAMMY,"  
THE INTELLIGENT PINK-EYED REPRESENTATIVE  
OF  
A PERSECUTED (BUT IRREPRESSIBLE) RACE  
AN AFFECTIONATE LITTLE FRIEND,  
AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED  
THIEF



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Frederic Warne

First Published in 1908

Originally published in the USA  
as *The Roly-Poly Pudding*





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



Once upon a time  
there was an old cat,  
called Mrs.  
Tabitha Twitchit,



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit,  
was an anxious parent.

She used to lose  
her kittens  
continually,  
and whenever  
they were lost,  
they always  
got into mischief!



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

On baking day she determined  
to shut them up in a cupboard.

She caught Moppet and Mittens,  
but she could not  
find Tom anywhere.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

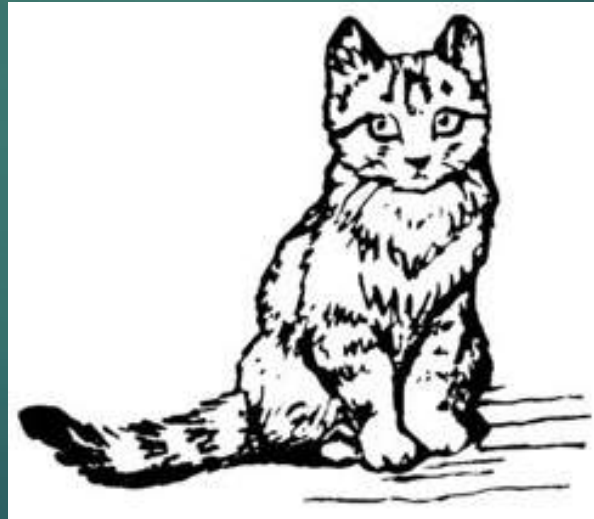


Mrs. Tabitha went up  
and down  
all over the house,  
mewing for Tom Kitten.

She looked in the pantry  
under the staircase,  
and she searched the best  
spare bedroom that was all  
covered up with dust sheets.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

She went right upstairs  
and looked into the attics,  
but she could not find him anywhere.





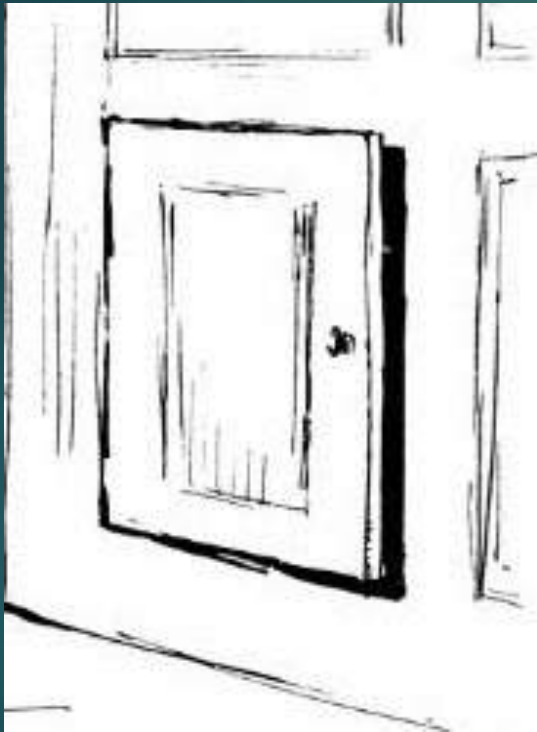
# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

The old house was full of cupboards and passages.

The walls were thick,  
and there used to be  
queer noises inside them,  
as if there might be  
a little secret staircase.



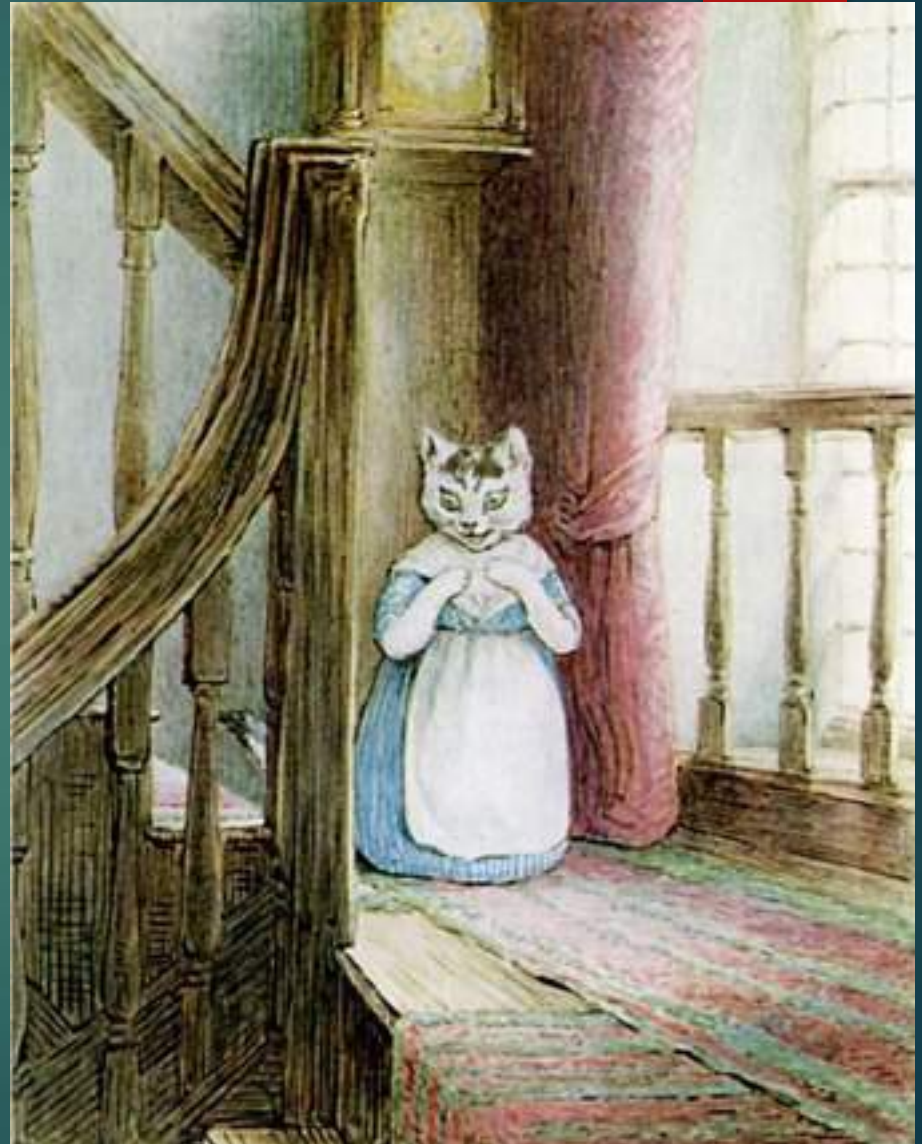
# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



Certainly there were  
odd little  
jagged doorways  
in the wainscot,  
and things  
disappeared at night,  
especially  
cheese and bacon.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Mrs. Tabitha  
became  
more and more  
distracted,  
  
and  
mewed  
dreadfully.





# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

While their mother  
was searching the house,

Moppet and Mittens  
had got into mischief.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



The cupboard door was not locked,  
so they pushed it open and came out.

They went straight to the dough  
which was set to rise in a pan  
before the fire.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

They patted it with their  
little soft paws, "Shall we make  
dear little muffins?"  
said Mittens to Moppet.





# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

But just at that moment  
somebody knocked  
at the front door,

Frightened, Moppet jumped  
into the flour barrel.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

Mittens ran away to the dairy and hid in an empty jar on the stone shelf where the milk pans stand.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



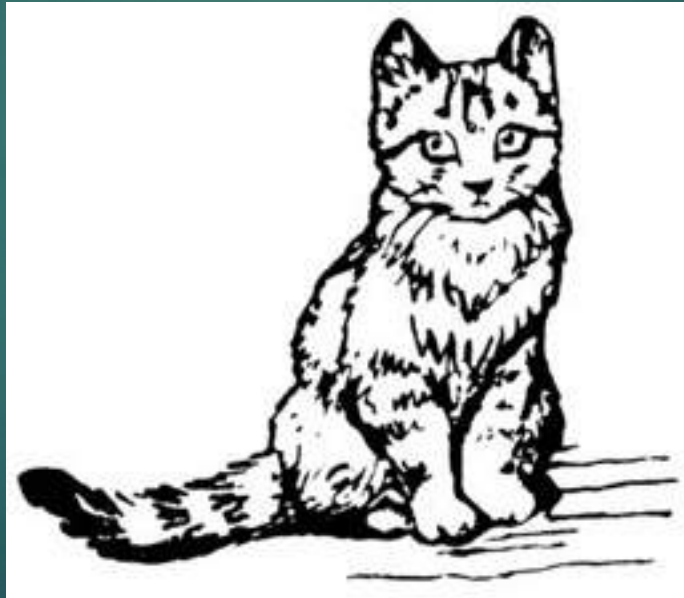
The visitor  
was a neighbour,  
Mrs. Ribby.

She had called  
to borrow some  
yeast.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

Mrs. Tabitha came downstairs  
mewing dreadfully,  
"Come in, Cousin Ribby,  
come in, and sit ye down!"



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

I'm in sad trouble, Cousin Ribby,"  
Said Tabitha, shedding tears.  
"I've lost my dear son Thomas;  
I'm afraid the rats have got him."

She wiped her eyes  
with her apron.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



"He's a bad kitten,  
Cousin Tabitha;

He made a cat's cradle  
of my best bonnet  
last time  
I came to tea.

Where have you looked  
for him?"

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"All over the house!

There are too many rats for me."  
said Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit.

"What a thing  
it is to have  
an unruly family!"





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"I'm not afraid of rats;  
I will help you to find him;  
and whip him too!



What is all  
that soot  
in the fender?"

The chimney  
wants sweeping."

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

“Oh, dear me, Cousin Ribby, now Moppet and Mittens are gone!”

“They both got out of the cupboard in the wainscot!”



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Ribby and Tabitha set to work  
to search the house thoroughly again.



They poked  
under the beds  
with  
Ribby's umbrella,  
and  
they rummaged  
in cupboards.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"Yes, it is infested with rats,"  
said Tabitha tearfully.

"I caught seven young ones  
in the back kitchen,  
and we had them  
for dinner  
last Saturday.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

And once I saw the old father rat,  
an enormous old rat.

I was just going to  
jump upon him,  
when he showed  
his yellow teeth at me  
and whisked down the hole."



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Ribby and Tabitha  
searched and searched.

They both heard  
a curious roly-poly noise  
under the attic floor.



But there  
was nothing  
to be seen.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

They returned to the kitchen.

"Here's one of your kittens  
at least," said Ribby,  
dragging Moppet out  
of the  
flour barrel.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

They shook the flour off her  
and set her down  
on the kitchen floor.

She seemed to be in a terrible fright.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"Oh! Mother, Mother,"  
said Moppet,

"there's been an old woman rat

in the kitchen,  
and  
she's stolen  
some  
of the dough!"



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



The two cats ran  
to look at  
the dough pan.

Sure enough  
there were marks  
of little  
scratching fingers,  
and a lump of dough  
was gone!

# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

"Which way did she go, Moppet?"

But Moppet had been too frightened  
to peep out of the barrel again.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

Ribby and Tabitha took her with them  
to keep her safely in sight,  
while they went on with their search.



They went  
into the dairy.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

The first thing they found  
was Mittens,  
hiding in an empty jar.



They tipped  
up the jar,  
and she  
scrambled out.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"Oh! Mother, Mother,"  
said Mittens,

"there's been an old man rat

in the dairy,  
and  
he's stolen  
a pat of butter  
and  
the rolling pin!"



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Ribby and Tabitha  
looked at one another.



A rolling-pin  
and butter!  
Oh, my poor  
son Thomas!"  
exclaimed Tabitha,  
wringing her paws.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



"A rolling-pin?"  
said Ribby.

"Did we not hear  
a roly-poly noise  
in the attic  
when we were  
looking  
into that chest?"



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Ribby and Tabitha  
rushed upstairs again.

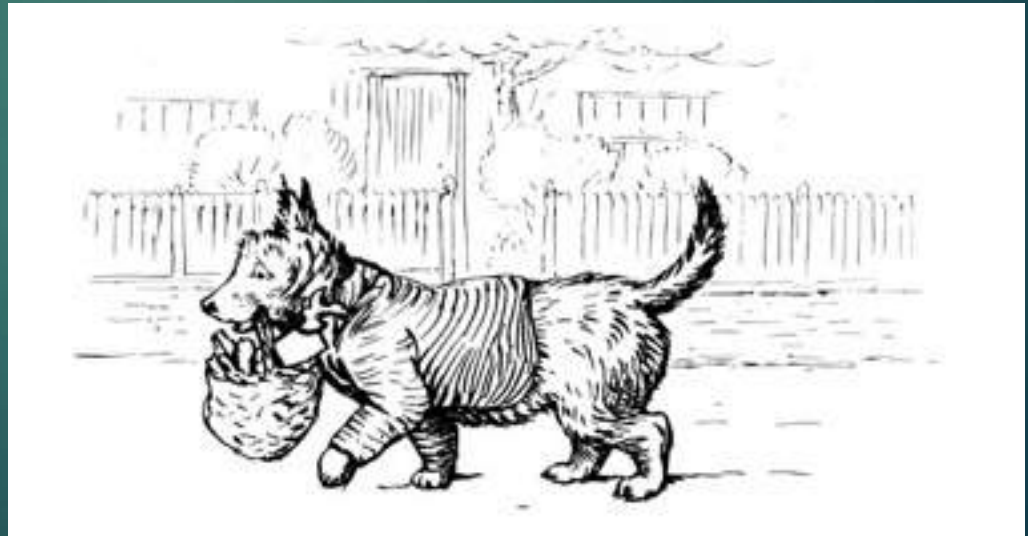


Sure enough the roly-poly noise  
was still going on quite distinctly  
under the attic floor.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"This is serious, Cousin Tabitha,"  
said Ribby.

"We must send for John Joiner at once,  
with a saw."



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Now this is what has been  
happening to Tom Kitten,  
and it shows how very  
unwise it is  
to go up a chimney  
in a very old house,



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Where a person  
does not know his way,  
  
and  
  
where there are  
enormous rats.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Tom Kitten did not want  
to be shut up in a cupboard.

When he saw  
that his mother  
was going to bake,  
he determined to hide.

He looked about for a  
nice convenient place,  
and he fixed upon the chimney.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



The fire had  
only just  
been lighted,  
and it was not hot;

but there was a  
white choky  
smoke  
from the  
green sticks.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Tom Kitten got upon  
the fender and looked up.

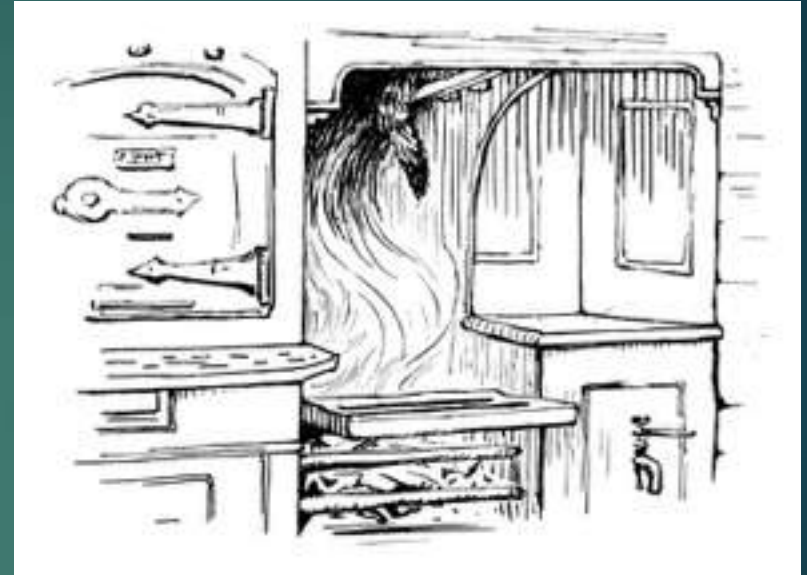
It was a big,  
old-fashioned fire-place.

The chimney itself  
was wide enough inside  
for a man to stand up and walk about.

So there was plenty of room  
for a little Tom Cat.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



He jumped right up  
into the fire-place,  
balancing himself  
upon the iron bar  
where the kettle hangs.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Tom Kitten took another big jump  
off the bar,  
and landed on a ledge  
high up inside the chimney,  
knocking down  
some soot  
into the fender.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

Tom Kitten coughed and choked  
with the smoke;  
and he could hear the sticks beginning  
to crackle and burn in the fire-place  
down below.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



"I cannot go back.

If I slipped  
I might fall  
in the fire  
and singe my  
beautiful tail  
and my  
little blue jacket."



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



So he made up  
his mind  
to climb right  
to the top,

and get out  
on the slates,  
and try to catch  
sparrows.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***



The chimney was  
a very big  
old-fashioned one.

It was built  
in the days  
when people  
burnt logs of wood  
upon the hearth.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

The chimney stack  
stood up  
above the roof  
like a  
little stone tower,  
and the daylight  
shone down from the top,  
under the slanting slates  
that kept out the rain.



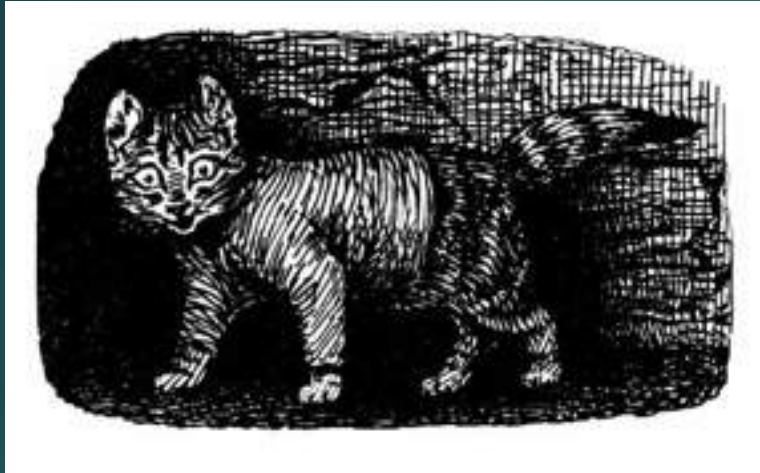
# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Tom Kitten was getting very frightened!



He climbed  
up,  
and up,  
and up.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



Then he waded sideways  
through inches of soot.

He was like  
a little chimney sweep.

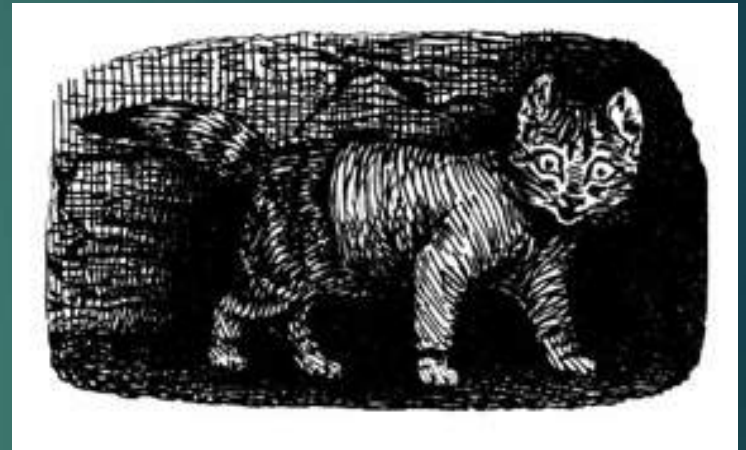


# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

It was most confusing  
in the dark.

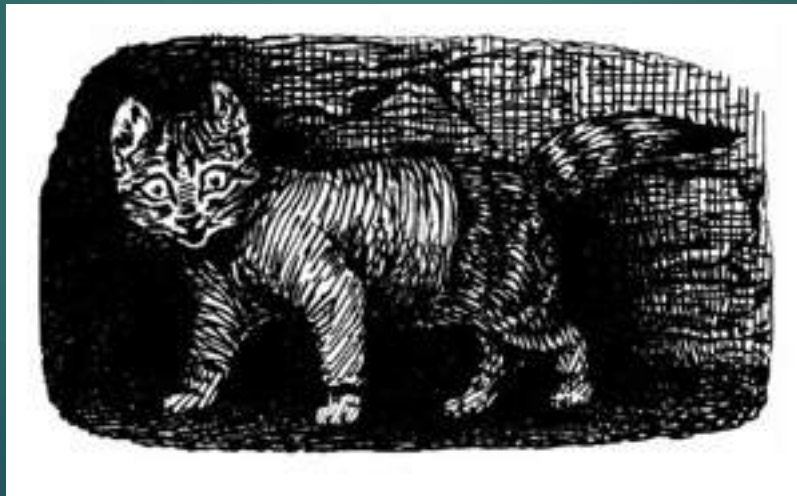
One flue seemed  
to lead into another.

There was less smoke,  
but Tom Kitten felt quite lost.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

He scrambled up and up; but before  
he reached the chimney top  
he came to a place  
where somebody had loosened  
a stone in the wall.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



There were  
some  
mutton bones  
lying about.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"This seems funny,"  
said Tom Kitten.

"Who has been  
gnawing bones  
up here  
in the chimney?"

I wish I had never come!





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

And what a funny smell?

It is something like mouse;  
only dreadfully strong.

It makes me sneeze,"  
said Tom Kitten.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

He squeezed through the hole  
in the wall, and dragged  
himself along a most  
uncomfortably tight passage,  
where there was scarcely any light.

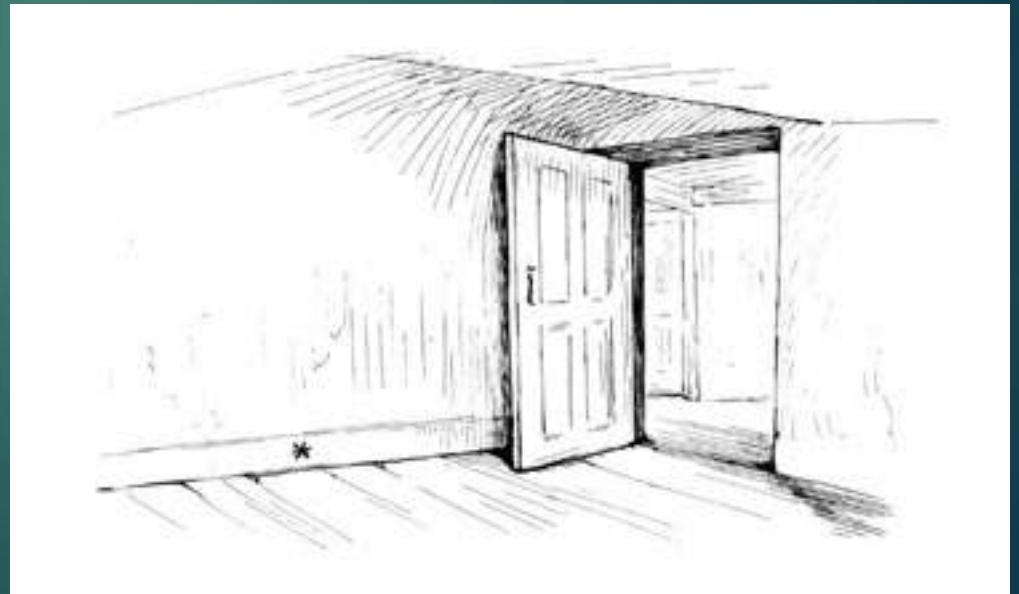


# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

He groped his way  
carefully for several yards;

He was at the back of  
the skirting-board  
in the attic,

where there is  
a little mark \*  
in the picture.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



All at once  
he fell head  
over heels  
in the dark,  
down a hole,  
and landed  
on a heap of  
very dirty  
rags.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

When Tom Kitten picked himself up  
and looked about him.

He found himself  
in a place that he had  
never seen before,

although he had  
lived in the house all his life.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

It was a very small stuffy fusty room, with boards, and rafters, and cobwebs, and lath and plaster.

Opposite to him,  
as far away  
as he could sit,  
was  
an enormous rat.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"What do you mean  
by tumbling  
into my bed  
all covered  
with smuts?"  
said the rat,  
chattering  
his teeth.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

"Please sir,  
the chimney wants sweeping,"  
said poor Tom Kitten.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"Anna Maria! Anna Maria!"  
squeaked the rat.



There was a pattering noise  
and an old woman rat  
poked her head round a rafter.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



All  
in a minute  
she rushed  
upon  
Tom Kitten.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Before Tom knew  
what was happening,

his coat  
was pulled off,

and he was rolled  
up in a bundle,

and tied with string  
in very hard knots.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Anna Maria did the tying.

The old rat watched her  
and took snuff.

When she had finished,  
they both sat  
staring at him  
with their mouths open.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"Anna Maria," said the old man rat  
(whose name was Samuel Whiskers),

"make me a  
kitten dumpling  
roly-poly pudding  
for my dinner."



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

"It requires dough and a pat of butter,  
and a rolling-pin," said Anna Maria,  
considering Tom Kitten  
with her head on one side.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

The two rats consulted together  
for a few minutes.

"Make it properly with breadcrumbs,"  
said Samuel Whiskers."



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"Nonsense! Butter and dough,"  
replied Anna Maria.

Then they went away.





# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

Samuel Whiskers got through  
a hole in the wainscot,  
and went boldly down  
the front staircase to the dairy  
to get the butter.

He did not  
meet anybody.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

He made a second journey  
for the rolling-pin.

He pushed it  
in front of him  
with his paws,  
like a brewer's man  
trundling a barrel.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



He could hear  
Ribby and Tabitha  
talking,  
but they were busy  
lighting the candle  
to look into  
the clothes chest.

They did not  
see him.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Anna Maria went down  
by way of the skirting-board  
and a window shutter to the kitchen  
to steal the dough.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

She borrowed a small saucer,  
and scooped up the dough  
with her paws.

She did not  
observe Moppet.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

While Tom Kitten was left alone  
under the floor of the attic,  
he wriggled about  
and tried to mew for help.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



But his mouth was full of soot  
and cobwebs, and he was tied up  
in such very tight knots,  
he could not make anybody  
hear him.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



Except a spider,  
who came out  
of a crack  
in the ceiling  
and examined  
the knots  
critically,  
from a  
safe distance.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

It was a judge of knots because  
it had a habit of tying up  
unfortunate blue-bottles.



It did not offer  
to assist him.

Tom Kitten wriggled  
and squirmed  
until he was  
quite exhausted.

# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

Presently the rats came back  
and set to work to make him  
into a dumpling.

First they smeared him with butter,  
and then  
they rolled him  
in the dough.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"Will not the string  
be very indigestible,  
Anna Maria?"  
inquired Samuel Whiskers.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Anna Maria said that  
it was of no consequence.”

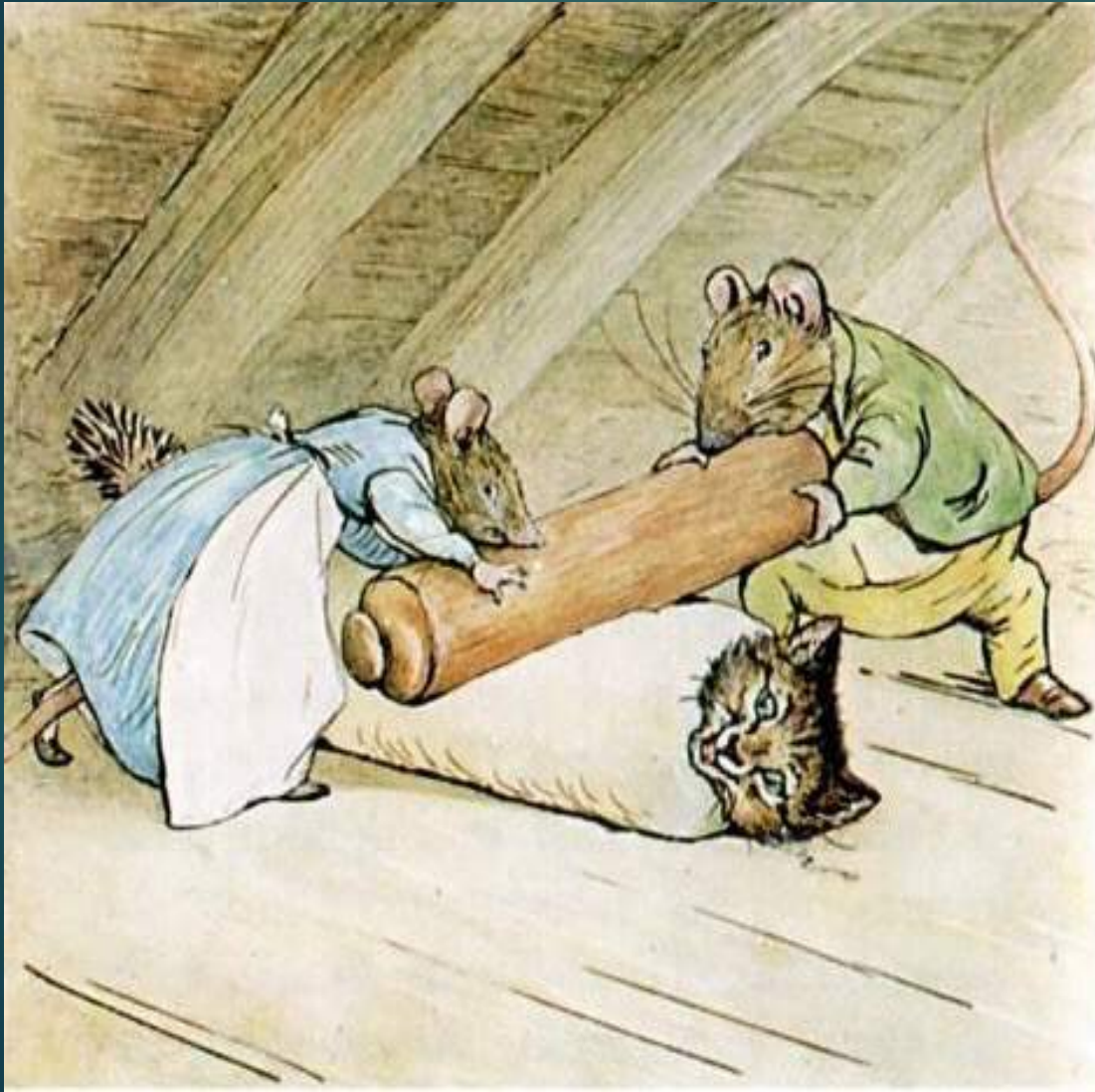


But she wished  
that Tom Kitten  
would hold his  
head still,  
as it disarranged  
the pastry.

She laid hold of his ears.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



Tom Kitten  
bit  
and spat,  
and mewed  
and wriggled.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



The rats each  
held an end  
and the  
rolling-pin  
went  
roly-poly-roly,  
roly-poly-roly.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"His tail is sticking out!  
You did not fetch enough  
dough, Anna Maria."

"I fetched as much  
as I could carry,"  
replied Anna Maria.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"I do not think,"  
said Samuel Whiskers,  
pausing to take a look  
at Tom Kitten,



"I do not think  
it will be  
a good pudding.  
It smells sooty."



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Anna Maria was about to argue the point, when all at once there began to be other sounds up above.



The rasping noise of a saw;



and the noise  
of a little dog,  
scratching  
and yelping!

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

The rats dropped the rolling-pin,  
and listened attentively.

"We are discovered and interrupted,  
Anna Maria;

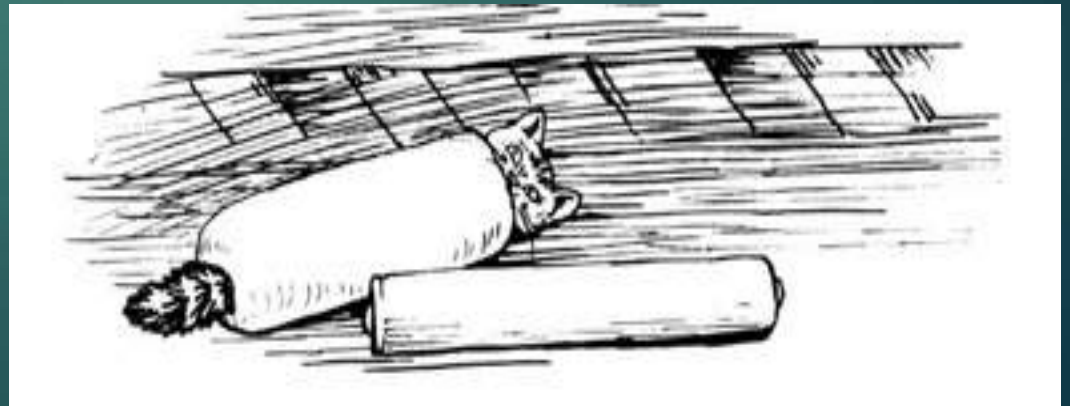
let us collect our property  
and other people's,  
and depart at once."



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

"I fear that we shall be obliged to leave this pudding."

"But I am persuaded that the knots would have proved indigestible, whatever you may urge to the contrary."



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



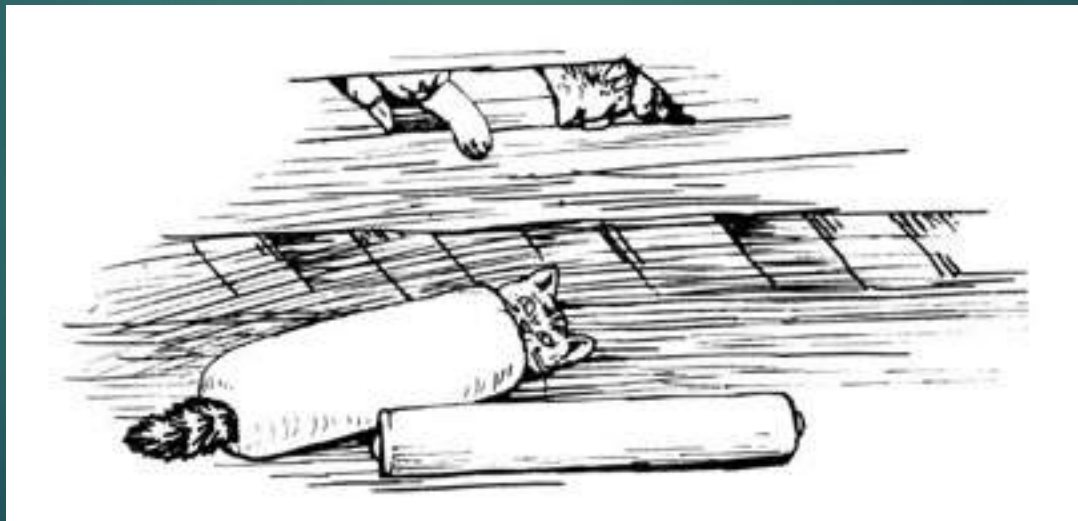
"Come away at once and help me to tie up some mutton bones in a counterpane," said Anna Maria.

"I have got half a smoked ham hidden in the chimney."



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

So it happened that by the time John Joiner had got the plank up, there was nobody under the floor except the rolling-pin and Tom Kitten in a very dirty dumpling!



## ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

But there was a strong smell of rats;  
and John Joiner spent the rest of  
the morning sniffing and whining,  
and wagging his tail, and going  
round and round with his head  
in the hole like a gimlet.

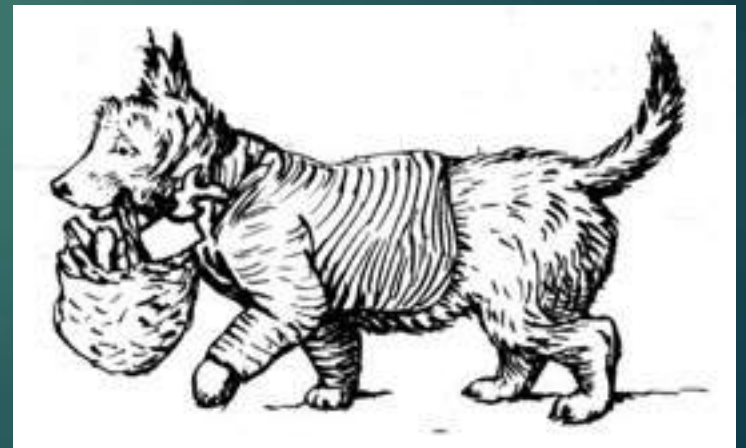


# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

Then he nailed the plank down again  
and put his tools in his bag,  
and came downstairs.

The cat family had quite recovered.

They invited him  
to stay to dinner.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



They had  
been obliged  
to put  
Tom Kitten  
into a  
hot bath  
to get  
the butter off.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

The dumpling had been peeled off  
Tom Kitten,  
and  
made separately  
into a bag pudding,  
with currants in it  
to hide the smuts.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

John Joiner smelt the pudding;  
but regretted he couldn't  
stay to dinner,



he had just  
finished making  
a wheel-barrow  
for Miss Potter,  
and she had  
ordered two  
hen-coops.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



“And I saw  
Mr. Samuel  
Whiskers  
and his wife  
on the run,  
with big bundles  
on a little  
wheel-barrow,  
which looked,  
very like mine.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

They were just turning in  
at the gate to the barn  
of Farmer Potatoes.

Samuel Whiskers  
was puffing  
and out of breath.

Anna Maria was still  
arguing in shrill tones.





# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



She seemed  
to have  
a quantity  
of luggage.

I am sure  
I never gave her leave  
to borrow my wheel-barrow!

# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

They went into the barn,  
and hauled their parcels  
with a bit of string  
to the top of the hay mow.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

After that,  
there were no more rats  
for a long time  
at Tabitha Twitchit's.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



As for  
Farmer Potatoes,  
he has been  
driven  
nearly  
distracted.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***

There are rats, and rats, and rats  
in his barn!



They eat up  
the chicken food,  
and steal  
the oats and bran,  
and make holes  
the meal bags.

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

And they are all descended  
from Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Whiskers,

children,

grand-children,

great, great,  
grand-children.



# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***



There is  
no end  
to them!

# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*



Moppet and Mittens  
have grown up  
into very good  
rat-catchers.

They go out  
rat-catching  
in the village,  
and they find plenty  
of employment.



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

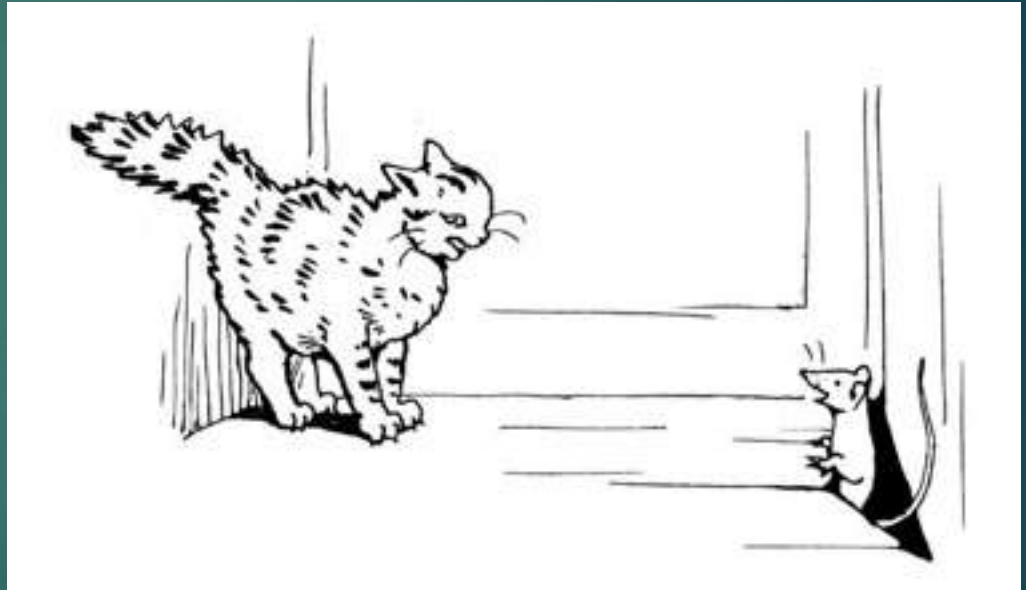
They charge so much a dozen,  
and earn their living  
very comfortably.

They hang up  
the rats' tails  
in a row  
on the barn door,  
to show how many  
they have caught  
- dozens and dozens of them.



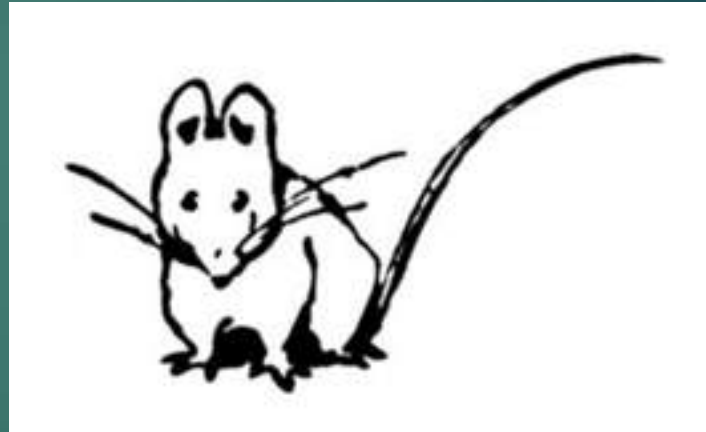
# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

But Tom Kitten  
has always been afraid  
of rats;



# *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers*

He never  
dares face  
anything  
that is  
bigger than



... a mouse

# ***The Tale of Samuel Whiskers***



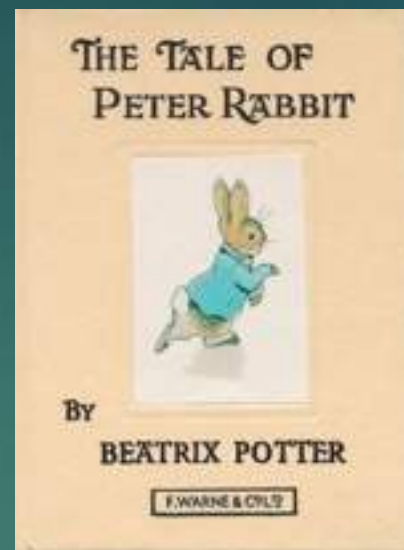
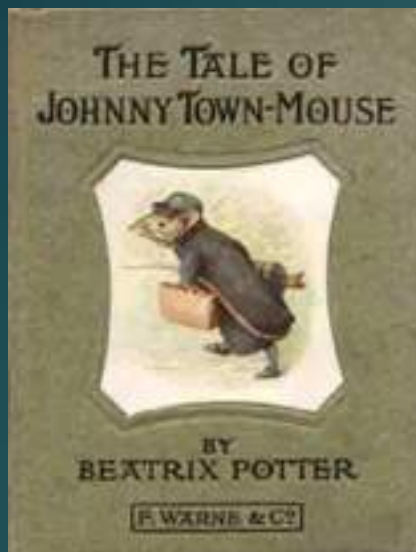
***THE END***



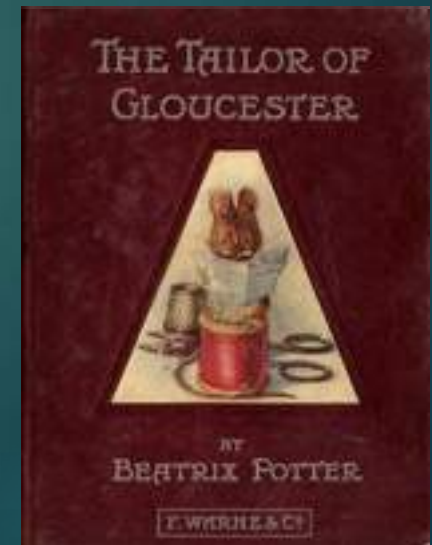
**See also:**  
***The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse***



**Beatrix Potter**



***Beatrix Potter available soon at the  
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