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# THE TALE OF JEREMY FISHER



BY  
MRS. M. G. TRIX POTTER

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THE TALE  
OF  
MR. JEREMY FISHER





THE TALE OF  
MR. JEREMY FISHER

BY  
BEATRIX POTTER

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



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FOR  
STEPHANIE  
FROM  
COUSIN B.



ONCE upon a time there was a frog called Mr. Jeremy Fisher ; he lived in a little damp house amongst the buttercups at the edge of a pond.

THE water was all slippery-sloppy in the larder and in the back passage.

But Mr. Jeremy liked getting his feet wet ; nobody ever scolded him, and he never caught a cold !







HE was quite pleased when  
he looked out and saw  
large drops of rain, splashing  
in the pond—

“I WILL get some worms and go fishing and catch a dish of minnows for my dinner,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher. “If I catch more than five fish, I will invite my friends Mr. Alderman Ptolemy Tortoise and Sir Isaac Newton. The Alderman, however, eats salad.”





MR. JEREMY put on a macintosh, and a pair of shiny goloshes ; he took his rod and basket, and set off with enormous hops to the place where he kept his boat.

THE boat was round and green, and very like the other lily-leaves. It was tied to a water-plant in the middle of the pond.







MR. JEREMY took a reed pole, and pushed the boat out into open water. "I know a good place for minnows," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

**M**R. JEREMY stuck his pole into the mud and fastened the boat to it.

Then he settled himself cross-legged and arranged his fishing tackle. He had the dearest little red float. His rod was a tough stalk of grass, his line was a fine long white horse-hair, and he tied a little wriggling worm at the end.





THE rain trickled down his back, and for nearly an hour he stared at the float.

“This is getting tiresome, I think I should like some lunch,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

HE punted back again amongst the water-plants, and took some lunch out of his basket.

“I will eat a butterfly sandwich, and wait till the shower is over,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.







A GREAT big water-beetle  
came up underneath the  
lily leaf and tweaked the toe  
of one of his goloshes.

Mr. Jeremy crossed his legs  
up shorter, out of reach, and  
went on eating his sandwich.

ONCE or twice something moved about with a rustle and a splash amongst the rushes at the side of the pond.

“I trust that is not a rat,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher; “I think I had better get away from here.”





MR. JEREMY shoved the boat out again a little way, and dropped in the bait. There was a bite almost directly; the float gave a tremendous bobbit!

“A minnow! a minnow! I have him by the nose!” cried Mr. Jeremy Fisher, jerking up his rod.

**B**UT what a horrible surprise! Instead of a smooth fat minnow, Mr. Jeremy landed little Jack Sharp the stickleback, covered with spines!







THE stickleback floundered about the boat, pricking and snapping until he was quite out of breath. Then he jumped back into the water.

AND a shoal of other little  
fishes put their heads  
out, and laughed at Mr.  
Jeremy Fisher.





AND while Mr. Jeremy sat  
disconsolately on the  
edge of his boat—sucking his  
sore fingers and peering down  
into the water—a *much* worse  
thing happened; a really  
*frightful* thing it would have  
been, if Mr. Jeremy had not  
been wearing a macintosh!

A GREAT big enormous trout came up—ker-pflop-p-p-p! with a splash—and it seized Mr. Jeremy with a snap, “Ow! Ow! Ow!”—and then it turned and dived down to the bottom of the pond!







**B**UT the trout was so displeased with the taste of the macintosh, that in less than half a minute it spat him out again ; and the only thing it swallowed was Mr. Jeremy's goloshes.

MR. JEREMY bounced up to the surface of the water, like a cork and the bubbles out of a soda water bottle; and he swam with all his might to the edge of the pond.





HE scrambled out on the first bank he came to, and he hopped home across the meadow with his macintosh all in tatters.

“WHAT a mercy that was not a pike!” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher. “I have lost my rod and basket; but it does not much matter, for I am sure I should never have dared to go fishing again!”







HE put some sticking plaster on his fingers, and his friends both came to dinner. He could not offer them fish, but he had something else in his larder.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON  
wore his black and gold  
waistcoat,



AND Mr. Alderman Ptolemy  
Tortoise brought a salad  
with him in a string bag.





AND instead of a nice dish of minnows—they had a roasted grasshopper with lady-bird sauce ; which frogs consider a beautiful treat ; but *I* think it must have been nasty !

THE END









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