

“A Fishing Party”
by Thornton Burgess

Peter Rabbit sat on the edge of the Old Briar-patch trying to make up his mind whether to stay at home, which was the wise and proper thing to do, or to go call on some of the friends he had not yet visited. A sharp, harsh rattle caused him to look up to see a bird about a third larger than Welcome Robin, and with a head out of all proportion to the size of his body. He was flying straight towards the Smiling Pool, rattling harshly as he flew. The mere sound of his voice settled the matter for Peter. “It’s Rattles the Kingfisher,” he cried. “I

think I'll run over to the Smiling Pool and pay him my respects.”

So Peter started for the Smiling Pool as fast as his long legs could take him, lipperty-lipperty-lip. He had lost sight of Rattles the Kingfisher, and when he reached the back of the Smiling Pool he was in doubt which way to turn. It was very early in the morning and there was not so much as a ripple on the surface of the Smiling Pool. As Peter sat there trying to make up his mind which way to go, he saw coming from the direction of the Big River a great, broad-winged bird, flying slowly. He seemed to have no neck at all, but carried straight out behind him were two long legs.

“Longlegs the Great Blue Heron! I wonder if he is coming here,” exclaimed Peter. “I do hope so.”

Peter stayed right where he was and waited. Nearer and nearer came Longlegs. When he was right opposite Peter he suddenly dropped his long legs, folded his great wings, and alighted right on the edge of the Smiling Pool across from where Peter was sitting. If he seemed to have no neck at all when he was flying, now he seemed to be all neck as he stretched it to its full length. The fact is, his neck was so long that when he was flying he carried it folded back on his shoulders. Never before had Peter had such an opportunity to see Longlegs.

“The Lad Who Rode Sidesaddle”
by James Baldwin

When Daniel Webster was a child he lived in the country, far from any city. He was not strong enough to work on the farm like his brothers; but he loved books and study.

He was very young when he was first sent to school. The schoolhouse was two or three miles from home, but he did not mind the long walk through the woods and over the hills.

He soon learned all that his teacher could teach; for he was bright and quick, and had a good memory.

His father hoped that Daniel would grow up to be a wise and famous man.

“The Golden Goose”

By Andrew Lang

But Dullhead begged so hard to be allowed to go that at last his father said, “Very well, then—go. Perhaps when you have hurt yourself, you may learn to know better.” His mother only gave him a very plain cake made with water and baked in the cinders, and a bottle of sour milk.

When he got to the forest, he too met the little old man, who greeted him and said, “Give me a piece of your cake and a draught from your bottle; I am so hungry and thirsty.”

And Dullhead replied, “I’ve only got a cinder-cake and some sour beer,

but if you care to have that, let us sit down and eat.”

So they sat down, and when Dullhead brought out his cake he found it had turned into a fine rich cake, and the sour milk into creamy milk. Then they ate and drank, and when they had finished the little man said, “Now I will bring you luck, because you have a kind heart and are willing to share what you have with others. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and amongst its roots you’ll find something.” With that the little man took leave.

Then Dullhead fell to at once to hew down the tree, and when it fell he found amongst its roots a goose, whose

feathers were all of pure gold. He lifted it out, carried it off, and took it with him to an inn where he meant to spend the night.

Now the landlord of the inn had three daughters, and when they saw the goose they were filled with curiosity as to what this wonderful bird could be, and each longed to have one of its golden feathers.

The eldest thought, “No doubt I shall soon find a good opportunity to pluck out one of its feathers,” and the first time Dullhead happened to leave the room she caught hold of the goose by its wing. Lo and behold! Her fingers seemed to stick fast to the goose, and she could not take her hand away.