

# THE TALE OF MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE



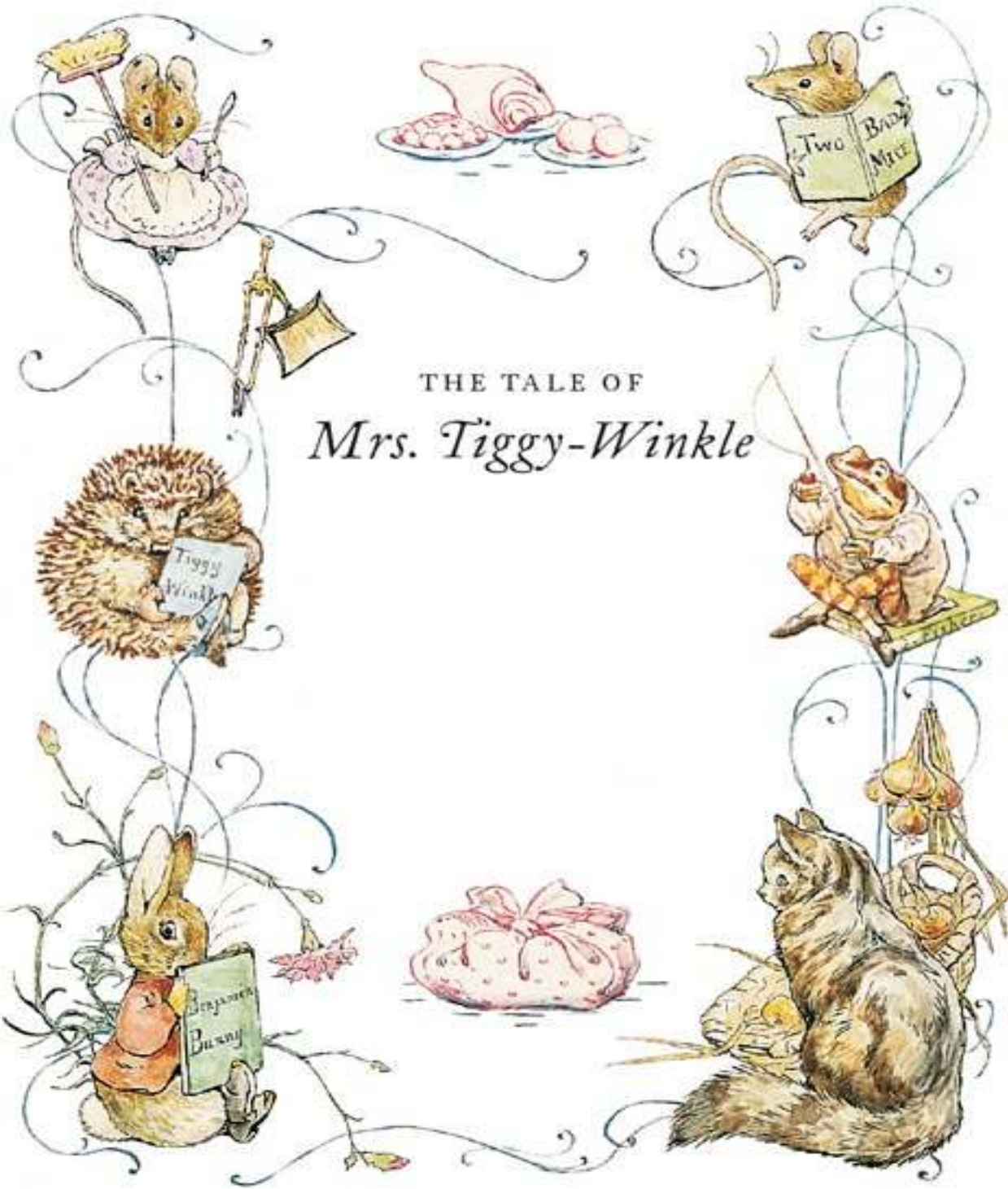
BEATRIX POTTER  
*The original and authorized edition*

**F. WARNE & CO.**

BEATRIX POTTER loved the countryside and she spent much of her otherwise conventional Victorian childhood ~~drawing and studying animals. Her passion for the natural world lay behind the creation of her famous series of little~~ books. A particular source of inspiration was the English Lake District where she lived for the last thirty years of her life as a farmer and land conservationist, working with the National Trust.

As a child Beatrix Potter had known a charming old Scottish country washerwoman called Kitty MacDonald. In *The Tale of Mrs. Tiggly-Winkle* the heroine, Lucie, meets a similar small, round, twinkly-eyed washerwoman; but this one has prickles under her cap and does the laundry for some surprising customers.

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THE TALE OF  
*Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle*





THE TALE OF  
MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE

BY  
BEATRIX POTTER



FREDERICK WARNE



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FOR THE





**O** NCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl called Lucie, who lived at a farm called Little-town. She was a good little girl — only she was always losing her pocket-handkerchiefs!

One day little Lucie came into the farm-yard crying — oh, she did cry so! “I’ve lost my pocket-handkin! Three handkins and a pinny! Have *you* seen them, Tabby Kitten?”

THE kitten went on washing her white paws; so Lucie asked a speckled hen —

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“Sally Henny-penny, have *you* found three pocket-handkins?”

But the speckled hen ran into a barn, clucking —

“I go barefoot, barefoot, barefoot!”





AND then Lucie asked Cock Robin sitting on a twig.

~~Cock Robin looked sideways at Lucie with his bright black eye, and he flew over a stile and away.~~

Lucie climbed upon the stile and looked up at the hill behind Little-town — a hill that goes up — up — into the clouds as though it had no top!

And a great way up the hill-side she thought she saw some white things spread upon the grass.



LUCIE scrambled up the hill as fast as her short legs would carry her; she ran along a steep path-way — up and up — until Little-town was right away down below — she could have dropped a pebble down the chimney!





PRESENTLY she came to a spring, bubbling out from the hill-side.

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Some one had stood a tin can upon a stone to catch the water — but the water was already running over, for the can was no bigger than an egg-cup! And where the sand upon the path was wet — there were foot-marks of a *very* small person.

Lucie ran on, and on.

THE path ended under a big rock. The grass was short and green, and there were  
~~clothes-props cut from bracken stems, with lines of plaited rushes, and a heap of~~  
tiny clothes pins — but no pocket-handkerchiefs!

But there was something else — a door! straight into the hill; and inside it some  
one was singing —

“Lily-white and clean, oh!  
With little frills between, oh!  
Smooth and hot — red rusty spot  
Never here be seen, oh!”







LUCIE knocked — once — twice, and interrupted the song. A little frightened voice called out “Who’s that?”

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Lucie opened the door: and what do you think there was inside the hill? — a nice clean kitchen with a flagged floor and wooden beams — just like any other farm kitchen. Only the ceiling was so low that Lucie’s head nearly touched it; and the pots and pans were small, and so was everything there.

THERE was a nice hot singey smell; and at the table, with an iron in her hand, stood a very stout short person staring anxiously at Lucie.

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Her print gown was tucked up, and she was wearing a large apron over her striped petticoat. Her little black nose went snuffle, snuffle, snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle, twinkle; and underneath her cap — where Lucie had yellow curls — that little person had PRICKLES!









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sample content of The Tale of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle (Peter Rabbit)

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