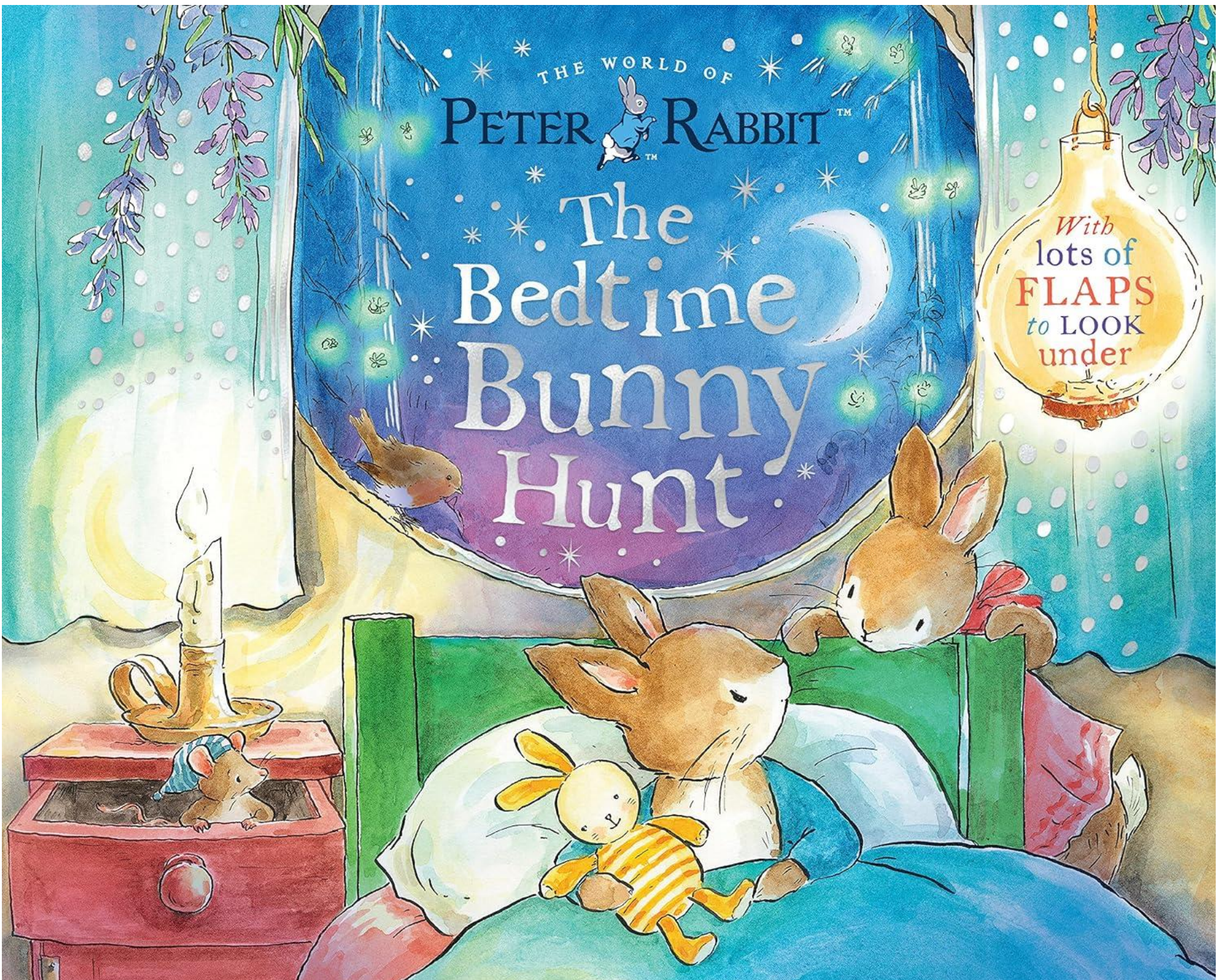


THE WORLD OF  
PETER RABBIT™

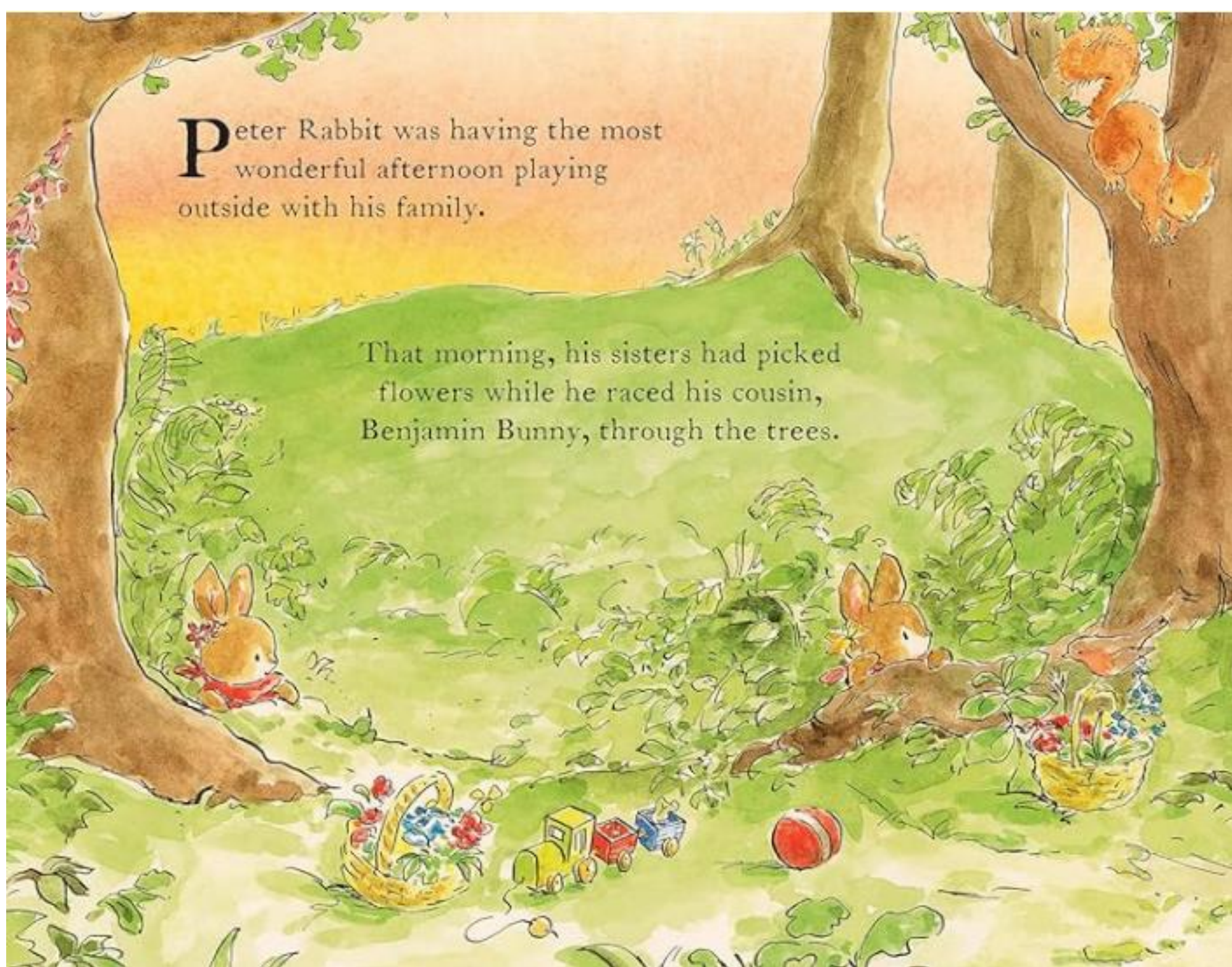
The  
Bedtime  
Bunny  
Hunt


With  
lots of  
**FLAPS**  
to LOOK  
under



**P**eter Rabbit was having the most wonderful afternoon playing outside with his family.

That morning, his sisters had picked flowers while he raced his cousin, Benjamin Bunny, through the trees.





After lunch they all brought their toys out in the sunshine, before deciding to play their favourite game. Taking it in turns to count, they ran all over the forest, hiding from each other.

Peter was **brilliant** at hiding – he knew lots of secret places.

Everyone went to put their toys away.




Mopsy's ball went back  
into the basket . . .

Some shiny new rocks were  
added to Flopsy's collection . . .



And Cotton-tail's train was  
placed on top of the table.

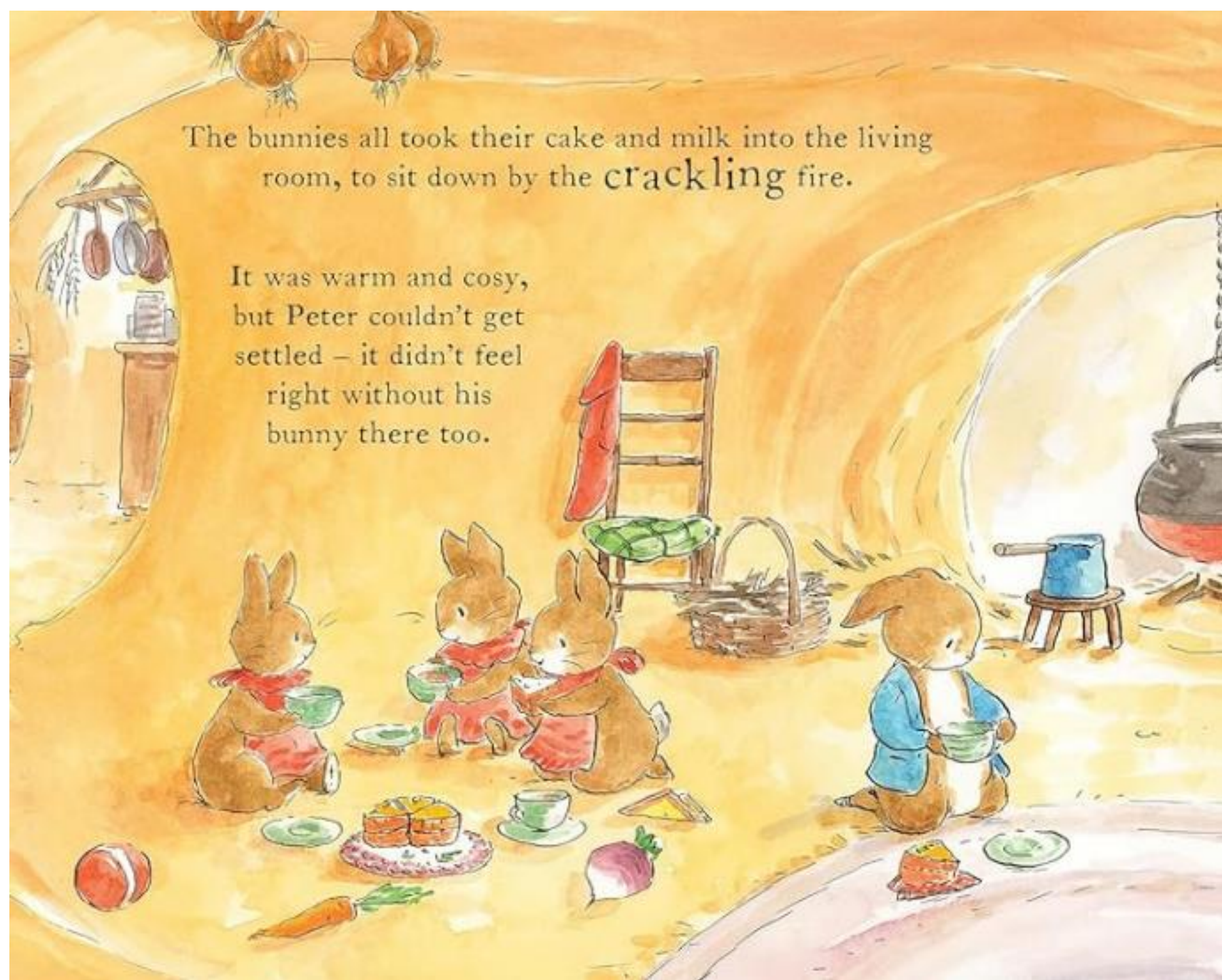
A watercolor illustration of Peter Rabbit in a messy bedroom. Peter is on the left, wearing a blue shirt, looking towards a bed on the right. The room is cluttered with books, a red apple, a ball of red yarn, and other items scattered on the floor. A wooden nightstand with a lit candle and a teacup is next to the bed. The walls are a warm yellow color.

Looking across to his bed,  
though, Peter realised  
something was missing.

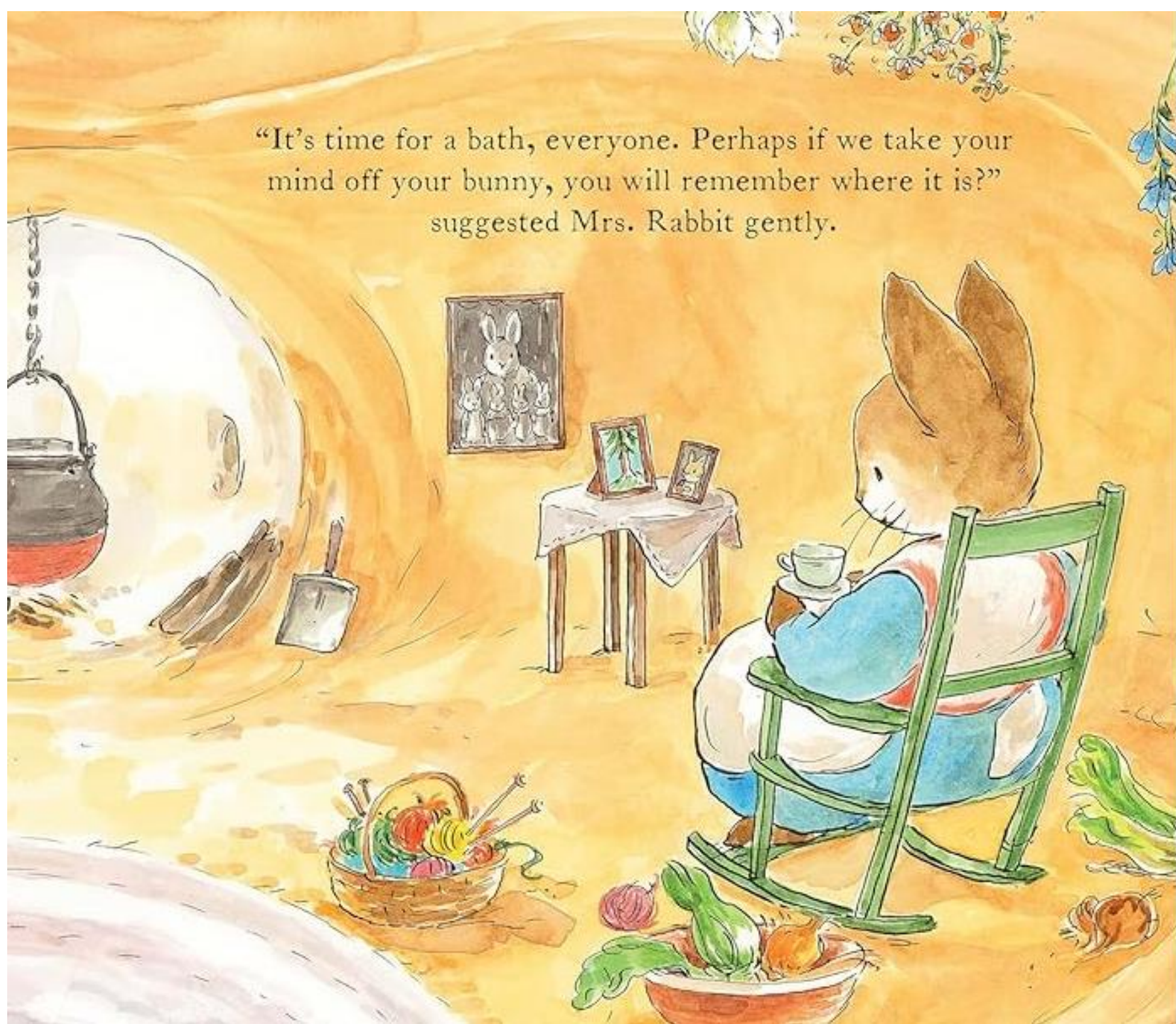
“My bunny!  
Where has it gone?”

The bunnies all took their cake and milk into the living room, to sit down by the crackling fire.

It was warm and cosy, but Peter couldn't get settled – it didn't feel right without his bunny there too.



“It’s time for a bath, everyone. Perhaps if we take your mind off your bunny, you will remember where it is?” suggested Mrs. Rabbit gently.



Peter threw the toys he'd found into the bath.

They made such a splash that the bubbles landed on his head!

“Oops! I look like I'm wearing Benjamin's hat now . . .”

His sisters giggled at him while Mrs Rabbit shook her head. “Come on, Peter – time to get clean, and don't forget to brush your teeth!”





He made sure to pay better attention as he got dry and combed his fur.



Then, as he brushed his teeth, he suddenly remembered something . . .

Mrs Rabbit found them still searching, with books piled all around them.

“What a mess!”  
she said. “How about we  
chose a bedtime story as  
we put these back?”

The sisters eagerly joined in,  
each picking up a book.  
But Peter couldn't focus  
on any of the stories.



“Peter, maybe you could borrow my bunny tonight?” Cotton-tail offered.



“No, thank you,”  
Peter said. He didn’t  
want his sisters to miss  
their bunnies too.

“I’m going to put on my  
nightcap,” he said sadly.

