

**GORDON
ELIZABETH**

WATERMELON
PETE AND
OTHERS

Elizabeth Gordon
Watermelon Pete and Others

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Elizabeth Gordon

Watermelon Pete and Others

*Once there was a little bird,
With flashing wings of blue,
Who told to me the stories, dears,
Which I have told to you.*

WATERMELON PETE

Once there was a little darky boy, and his name was Watermelon Pete. They called him Watermelon Pete because his mouth was just the shape of a *big*, slice of *ripe* watermelon.

One night when old Mr. Moon was looking in Watermelon Pete's window, and shining so bright that he couldn't go to sleep at *all*, all at once he began to feel hungry. And he said, "Oh, dear, I wish I had a nice *big* piece of watermelon to eat!"

And then a naughty little Blackie, who was sitting on Watermelon Pete's bedpost, just *hoping* that he would want to get out of bed and get into mischief, said, "I know where there are some watermelons. Farmer Brown has some down in his watermelon patch."

And Watermelon Pete *listened* to what the naughty little Blackie said, and then he *crawled* out of bed, and ran, oh, so fast, down to the fence, and *scrooged* through a hole in the fence, and ran – pitter-patter, with his little bare black feet – down the path to the watermelon vines.

Then he ate, and he ate, and he *ate*, so many watermelons! And by and by he went to sleep under a watermelon vine. And Mr. Moon went to bed.

Then pretty soon old Mr. Rooster woke up and said, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo! Farmer Brown, I'm calling you-oo-o! It's time to get up!"

So Farmer Brown got up and dressed himself, and went out of doors. And then Farmer Brown said, "Well, I guess I'll go and see my watermelons." And when he got there he said, "Why!" just like that. "Why, where are all my lovely watermelons?"

Then little Mrs. Hoppy Toad came out from under a burdock leaf where she lived, and said in her funny little way-up-high voice, "Farmer Brown, I know who ate your watermelons!"

"Do you, Mrs. Hoppy Toad?" said Farmer Brown. "And will you tell me who it is?"

"Oh, yes, Farmer Brown," said little Mrs. Hoppy Toad, in her little way-up-high voice. "Watermelon Pete ate your watermelons, and he is asleep under your vines."

And then Watermelon Pete woke, and he was so *frightened*, because he had been naughty, that he ran pitter-patter, pitter-patter, up the path, and *what do you think?*

He was so full of watermelon that he could *not* get back through the hole in the fence, and Farmer Brown caught him! And the naughty Blackie just sat on a fence post and *laughed* because he had made Watermelon Pete get into mischief!

And Watermelon Pete said, "Please, Farmer Brown, please don't punish me, and I will *never* eat your watermelons *any more!*"

And Farmer Brown said, "All right, Watermelon Pete, I will let you off this time. But you must never listen to that naughty Blackie again. Now go and get the cow and milk her, and then come to breakfast."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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