

Fanny Aunt

**The First Little Pet Book with
Ten Short Stories in Words of
Three and Four Letters**



Aunt Fanny

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Frances Elizabeth Barrow

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PREFACE TO MOTHERS

Many and many a time mothers have come to the author with the piteous plaint: "O Aunt Fanny! we are perfectly worn out with your 'Nightcaps,' 'Mittens,' and 'Socks;' we have read them to our little children, who have not yet conquered the compound mysteries of the alphabet, until we know them by heart; do, *do* write some books in words of one syllable, which they can read for themselves."

Now, I wonder if these good mothers can conceive what it is to write a story in words of one syllable, and make it interesting, sensible, and grammatical? If they can not, I entreat them to try a page or two of this utterly distracting style of composition; they will very soon have a realizing sense of the pleasing emotions of a lunatic confined in a strait-jacket. Above all, let them try a tale of joy or woe, all in words of three letters and less. Mother Goose could never have made her precious "high-diddle-diddle" nonsense in this way. I have tried frantically to spell "jolly" in three letters and "darling" in one syllable. How I have succeeded the books are submitted to show.

The mothers have wanted them, and I have written them – begging pardon of Mother Goose and Mr. Murray – and entreating that all short-comings, which in this case will mean all words too long, will be set down to want of power, not want of will, to delight and amuse the dear little darlings, the writing for whom is so rare a comfort to their loving

AUNT FANNY.

BAD OLD APE

One day Ned got a pie to eat. It was too hot, so he put it out in the air, on the lid of a big tin pot. And now he ran off to see his dog who had a pup, and his cat who had a kit.

The pup lay in a box. Ned had got hay to put in the box for a bed; the pup lay on the hay, and the kit lay on a bit of rug.

Ned did pat the pup on his ear, and say: "O you pet! let me hug you." By and by, he did pat the kit too, and say: "Kit, kit, kit, can you eat pie – can you? Let me go and get you a bit." So he ran to his pie – but, O my! it was not on the lid of the big tin pot.

"Why, who *can* it be who has got my pie?" Ned did say. "Did it fly up in the air?"

"Why, Hal! did *you* get my pie?"

"No, not I. It is a tom-tit you see – not a pie."

"O yes! so it is, a wee tom-tit. If I can get my pie, the tom-tit, and you and I can eat it."

He got up on top of the tin pot to see far off, and he did cry out: "O my! I see it now! I see my pie! The sly old ape has got it, and he has eat a big bit out of it, too! Oh! oh! he will eat it all up! How can I get at him?"

And now the sly old ape, who had the pie in his paw, saw Ned, and Ned did say: "Now for a run!" So he did run, and the sly old ape did run, and the dog did run, and the cat did run, and the pup did run, and the kit did run, and all did run, and it was fun.

The ape did say, "Che! che!" and ate the pie as he ran. Ned did say: "O you bad old ape! O you bad old ape!" The dog did say: "Bow wow! Bow wow!" The cat did say: "Mew, mew!" The pup did say: "Yap! yap!" and the kit did cry: "Eee, eee!" Was it not a big run?

And now, was it not too bad in the sly old ape? for you see he ate the pie all up. Ned did not get one bit, and the kit did not get one bit. O my!

Let me say to you, if you get a pie, and it is too hot to eat, do not put it on the top of a big tin pot, in the air, and go off to see a cat or a dog, for if you do, may be a sly old ape may get at the pie, and eat it all up.

MOP, THE PET CAT

I

O Ned! the sun
Is in the sky,
And you in bed —
O fie! O fie!

II

Get up, get up,
And go and run
Out in the air,
For it is fun.

III

Sit in my lap,
As you may do,
So I can tie
The bow for you.

IV

Now get the cap,
The new red top,
And let us go
To see old Mop,

V

My old pet cat,
Who has one eye —
For one is out,
Let me say why.

VI

One day a dog,
A bad old cur,
Did fly at Mop,
He bit her fur.

VII

He bit her ear;
How she did mew!
And all her leg,
He bit it too.

VIII

He dug his paw
Way in her eye,
And put it out,
And she did cry.

IX

"Oh! mew, mew, mew!
Fit! fit! ee! eeeee!
My eye is out!
I can not see!

X

"And I may die;
Say, can it be?"
And up she got
To mew to me.

XI

Oh! I was mad,
And I was sad,
For my pet cat
Was bit so bad.

XII

But off I ran,
And in a bag,
Of old and new,
I got a rag:

XIII

And I did say:
"Let me, I beg,
Tie the old rag
On the bad leg."

XIV

My old pet cat
So sad did lie,
And I did say:
"Oh! she may die!"

XV

Her eye was out,
And all the day
Up in my lap
My cat did lay.

XVI

She had a nap,
She had a sup,
And, by and by,
She did get up.

XVII

And now her leg
And fur are new,
And she can run
To me and you.

XVIII

The bad old dog
Did go a-way,
And in a pit
He hid all day.

XIX

As out he ran,
A man sat by —
He had a gun —
The dog did *die*!

XX

For the big man
Was sad for Mop,
And so his gun
Did go off – pop!

XXI

And now my Mop
All day can run,
And get her nap
Out in the sun;

XXII

Or eat all day;
And now you see
She is as fat
As fat can be.

XXIII

We can let Mop
Go to and fro,
For the bad dog,
Who bit her so,

XXIV

Did get a pop;
It was not fun,
For he did die,
By the pop gun.

XXV

Now Mop and you
And I can go
To spy a rat,
All in a row.

XXVI

But by one eye
Old Mop can spy
A rat as far
As you or I.

SAM, THE BAD BOY

A boy was out one day. It was Sam. He had his new hum top. He did say to his mam-ma: "Oh! see my top! Can I go out and try my new hum top?"

"Yes, my son, but do not go into the old hut."

"Oh! no, mam-ma," Sam did say; and out he ran in the air.

By and by, a big boy did run up to him and say: "Sam, let me try the top? oh! do."

Sam let the big boy try, and, O my! how the top did go! and did hum, hum, hum so, Sam did say it was a big bee.

But, oh! sad to say, the big boy did let the top fly off in-to the hut; and Sam did not do as he was bid, for he ran in to get it.

He saw an ax in the hut.

"Oh! see the ax," Sam did say, "I can try it on the old log, out in the lot; yes, I can see if it can cut."

Was he not a bad boy to say so? for his mam-ma did say to him one day: "You are but a bit of a boy; so you can not do as a big man can do. Do not get the ax; if you do, you may cut off a leg or an arm, and you may die; so do not go to the hut at all, and to-day, too, she did say: "Do not go to the hut."

But the bad boy got the ax, and ran out to the old log.

And now, oh! oh! I am sad to say the ax did not cut the log. No! it cut off Sam's big toe!

How he did cry and hop! His mam-ma ran out, and saw her boy out by the log; the ax was by him, and his big toe was off.

It is no fun at all to get a big toe cut off, for Sam had to lie in bed, and cry all day; and the pig ate up his big toe.

He can not buy a new toe. He has but one big toe now. So you see how bad it is not to do as you are bid.

BEN AND SUE, AND THE SEE-SAW

Can you go out to the see-saw to-day?" Sue did say to Ben.

"O yes, yes! Let me see if mam-ma will let us. Yes, we can go: so you put on a hat, and let me get my cap, and we can run all the way."

Ben got his cap off of the peg, and Sue got her hat out of a box; and the two ran off. Tip, the big dog, ran too.

On the top of the see-saw sat an old cat; she sat on it, to try to spy out a rat, who had hid. The cat did not see Tip; and, I am sad to say, he was now a bad dog; for he ran at her, and bit her in the leg.

The cat put up her paw to hit Tip, and Tip bit her in her ear; and the cat had to run off with a m-e-w! O my! was not Tip a bad dog?

And now Sue and Ben got on the see-saw. Sue did go up, up, up, and Ben did go up, up, up. And it was fun! Was it not?

Tip had his fun too, for he saw the rat. It had hid in a box by the see-saw, and the cat did not see it; but Tip did; and oh! how he did fly at it! He got it in his paw and bit it, so it did die. The rat did not say it was fun to be out at the see-saw, as Ben and Sue did. O no! It was no fun at all to be bit, and to die. Was it?

And now the sun was hot, and Ben and Sue got off the see-saw and ran up to the old red cow, to see her eat hay, and out to the pig sty to see the old fat pig, who ate all day.

"O my!" Sue did say, "see how fat the pig is! All she can do is to eat all day. I can not eat all day; can you Ben?"

"Why, no," Ben did say, "but I can eat one big pie in a day."

"Oh! so can I! Let us go in and ask mam-ma for a pie to eat now."

So the two ran, and Tip ran. And mam-ma *had* a pie; she cut it up for Sue and Ben to eat, and they did hop for joy and eat it all up.

"Did they? No! I can not say so, for Ben gave Tip, the dog, a big bit; and Sue did too. Ben was not a pig, and Sue was not a pig. So, you see, the two did not eat as the pig did; no! for Tip had his bit too.

Out on the log
The sly old cat
Did sit all day,
To get a rat.

But Tip, the dog,
Did run at her,
And in his paw
He got her fur.

She had to fly,
The sly old cat;
And now the dog
Has got the rat.

THE HEN AND FOX

My own fat hen
Did go one day
Out in the lot,
An egg to lay.

The day was hot;
A cow sat by,
And in her ear
Was a big fly.

"Buz, buz, buz, buz,"
The fly did go,
In the cow's ear,
And bit it so.

The cow did say,
"O moo! O moo!
Do go a-way,
O do! O do!

"Go to the pig,
You bad old fly,
Get out! get out!
O moo! O my!"

It did not go,
The bad old fly;
And now it lit
In the cow's eye.

Up she did hop!
And ran a-way;
And now my hen
Her egg did lay.

But oh! oh! oh!
A sly red fox,
Who was all hid
In an old box,

Did get my hen
And get her egg,
Tho' she did cry,
And she did beg.

But the red fox,
O me! O my!
He bit and bit,
So she did die.

He ate her up
In his old den:
He ate her up,
My own fat hen.

And I so sad
All day, did spy
To see the bad
Red fox go by.

I set a net,
And oh! I saw
The bad red fox
Put in his paw.

Now *he* did cry,
And *he* did beg,
But no! I had
Him by the leg.

To let him go
Was not to be,
And our old Dan
Did say to me:

"O the bad fox!
As I say 'one,'
I'll hit him – pop!
Out of my gun."

The fox did die,
And my new hen
Can lay an egg,
Or two, or ten.

For now no fox
Can eat my hen,
Or get her egg,
Or two, or ten.

BEN AND BOB

One day Ben did go up to his pa-pa, and say: "O pa-pa! my cap is so old, it is not fit to be put on; do buy me a new one!"

His pa-pa did say: "If you are not bad all day, I can say 'yes' to you, but if you are bad, the old cap will do for a bad boy."

But Ben was not bad; so his pa-pa got him the cap. It had fur on it. Ben put it on; and as it fit him, he ran out in the air, and did cry as he ran: "See my new cap! see my new cap!"

Far off, by an old log, he saw a fat hen. She was by her nest. In it was an egg. Ben ran up to her, and he did cry, "Sho! sho! sho!" till she did fly off. So he got the old hen's egg, and put it in the top of his cap. As he did so a boy ran up to him. It was Bob. "Hal-lo," Bob did say. "How do you do, Ben?" and he hit him a tap on the top of his cap. He did not see Ben put the egg in his cap; and, O my! the egg did go pop!! and it ran in his ear and his eye, and all on him from top to toe. His new cap was all egg too.

So you see how bad it was in him not to let the old fat hen and her egg be.

But he did not care a bit; for he and Bob ran off to see the men mow the hay. It lay in the hot sun to dry.

Bob lay on the hay, and the sun was so hot, that the end of his nose got red, and a big dog who was by the men saw the end of his nose, and ran and made a snap at it to eat it. But Ben did hop up, and he and Bob ran off.

Ben did go in to his mam-ma and say: "O mam-ma! we are so hot and so dry! do let us get a pie to eat and a big tin mug of wa-ter; and oh! may we put a big bit of ice in the tin mug?"

His mam-ma did say, Yes; and so Ben and Bob did eat the pie and had a lot of fun; for Ben bit his pie to look like a cat who had one leg, and Bob bit his pie in-to a dog who had one ear. He ate it all up; and Bob did say he had a dog-pie, and Ben had a cat-pie. Was it not fun?

But his pa-pa did say to him: "Why, Ben, how did you get all the egg on you?"

O how red Ben was! But he did not say a lie. O no! He did say: "Pa-pa, I got an egg and put it in the top of my new cap, but Bob did not see it, and he did tap the top of my cap, and the egg did go pop! all on me, and the top of my new cap is all egg. How can I get it off?"

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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