

The Tale of Peter Rabbit by Beatrix Potter
Reimagined by Herbert Midgley
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It was Saturday night and Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter were warned by their mother not to go to the bar and pick up bad girls.

"Those type of girls will only get you into trouble my sons," said Momma Rabbit.

Rather they should go to the library and study and talk to nice wholesome girls with high morals. And if there were pretty it would be because they were as beautiful on the inside as they were on the outside.

Flopsy, Mopsy and Cotton-tail all behaved and went to the library. However, Peter didn't.

Peter wanted to get his 'game' on and pick up the hottest chick in the bar called McGregor's. A rockin' punk band was playing there that night so Peter knew that there would be some fine chicks there that he could pickup.

So Peter put on his badest threads and went out on the pull. He didn't have any money for the cover and beer, so he sneaked into the bar without playing a cover.

"I'm too cool to pay a cover," said Peter Rabbit.

There he saw the hottest chick in the bar dressed all in white. Her name was Angel. She was a tall drink and was so fine to look at. So Peter went over to throw down his 'game'.

At first she wouldn't talk to Peter. But Peter knew that he had to have her and didn't give up. Finally she broke down and started to talk, smoke and drink with Peter. They had a great time together and started to kiss.

Mr. McGregor, the bar's owner saw this and went crazy!

"I'll get you Peter Rabbit if it be the last thing I ever do!" said Mr. McGregor.

So Mr. McGregor grabbed his baseball bat and started to swing at Peter's head.

Peter duck and kicked Mr. McGregor in his knee.

"If a man can't walk he can't fight," said Peter as he jumped around all excited.

Angel screamed out, "Hey jerk, that's my dad!"

Peter smiled at her and started to run out of the bar. Mr. McGregor and Angel chased him out of the bar. Before Peter got away Angel kicked him where the sun don't shine. Peter limbed away.

Peter finally made it back home at 3 am. His mother was still up knitting. His brothers have been home since 10 pm like there were told. Peter's mother didn't say anything. All she did was sit there and knit.

"Momma," said Peter Rabbit, "I'm sorry that I'm late."

She just sat there and knitted.

"I haven't had anything to eat, is there any food left for me?" asked Peter.

"Sorry son, your brothers and their new girlfriends which they met at the library ate it all. You're going to have to got to bed hungry," said Momma Rabbit.

"Ok, momma," said Peter as he started to walk to his bedroom. The door was locked.

"Oh no Peter, you live your life by your own rules. You can't live here anymore. It's time for you to leave my house and support yourself," said Momma Rabbit.

"Momma please," begged Peter. "I'm not ready to live on my own!"

"Yes you are. Bye Peter Rabbit. There's the door," said Momma Rabbit while sitting there knitting. "I did the same as you did when I was your age, that's how I got four children and no husband. I'd hoped that I bought you up better than how I was raised, I did the best that I could. Now it's time for you live your own life on your own. One day you'll understand."

Peter walked outside and sat on the porch. He didn't know where to go or what to do next. So he lied down and cried until morning.

When he woke up, he was back in his bed. His mother walked in to give him breakfast in bed with all his brothers and their hot moral girlfriends around him.

"What's all of this," cried out Peter!

"You learned your lesson last night, here take these letters," said Momma Rabbit.

Peter takes the letters and opens them up. The first one was from the Free Clinic. Peter has gotten an STD from one of the hot chicks he had kissed at the bars he frequent. The second one was from the one of the hot chicks he knew. Congratulations! Peter was a father of a brand new baby girl rabbit.

"Oh no," cried out Peter Rabbit! "My social life is over!"

Everyone laughed as they left his room to go outside to play and enjoy a tasty BBQ. Peter wasn't going to get to play outside for a long long time now.

Eighteen years later.

"Now Popsy make sure you don't go out to any bars," says the older Peter Rabbit. "Only thing you'll find there is trouble young lady!"

"I'll do what I want! You don't control me!" said Popsy Rabbit as she walks out and slams the door.

Peter Rabbit sits down and looks at a photo of his mother. "I understand now momma," said Peter Rabbit. "I understand."

THE END