

Al-
 ice was
 beginning to
 get very tired of
 sitting by her sister
 on the bank, and of having
 nothing to do: once or twice she
 had peeped into the book her sister was
 reading, but it had no pictures or
 conversations in it, “and what
 is the use of a book,”
 thought Alice “with-
 out pictures or
 conversa-
 tion?”

So she was con-
 sidering in her own mind (as
 well as she could, for the hot
 day made her feel very sleepy and
 stupid), whether the pleasure of
 making a daisy-chain would be
 worth the trouble of getting up
 and picking the daisies, when
 suddenly a White Rab-
 bit with pink eyes
 ran close by
 her.

There was nothing so *very* re-
 markable in that; nor did Alice
 think it so *very* much out of the
 way to hear the Rabbit say to itself,
 “Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!”
 (when she thought it over afterwards, it
 occurred to her that she ought to
 have wondered at this, but at the
 time it all seemed quite natural);
 but when the Rab- bit actually *took*
a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket,
 and looked at it, and then hurried
 on, Alice started to her feet, for it
 flashed across her mind that she had
 never before seen a rabbit with either a
 waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it,
 and burning with curiosity, she ran across
 the field after it, and fortunately was
 just in time to see it pop down a
 large rabbit-hole under the hedge.