

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.