Chapter 1.
Down the **Rab**bit-Hole

Alice was **be**gin**ning** to get **ver**y tired of **sit**ting by her **sis**ter on the bank, and of **hav**ing **noth**ing to do: once or twice she had peeped **in**to the book her **sis**ter was **read**ing, but it had no **pic**tures or **con**ver**sa**tions in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought **Al**ice "**with**out **pic**tures or **con**ver**sa**tions?"

So she was **con**sid**er**ing in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel **ver**y **sleep**y and **stu**pid), **wheth**er the **pleas**ure of **mak**ing a **dai**sy-chain would be worth the **trou**ble of **get**ting up and **pick**ing the **dai**sies, when **sud**den**ly** a White **Rab**bit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was **noth**ing so *very* **re**mark**a**ble in that; nor did **Al**ice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the **Rab**bit say to **it**self, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" (when she thought it

over **af**ter**wards**, it **oc**curred to her that sh**e** ought to have **won**dered at this, but at the t**i**me it all s**ee**med qu**i**te **nat**ural); but when the **Rab**bit **ac**t**ual**ly *took a watch out of its **w**__a__**ist**c__o__at-**pock**et*, and looked at it, and then **hur**ri__e__d on, **Al**ice **start**ed to her f__ee__t, for it flashed **a**cross her m**i**nd that sh**e** had **nev**er **be**fore s__ee__n a **rab**bit with **ei**ther a **w**__a__**ist**c__o__at-**pock**et, or a watch to t__a__ke out of it, and **burn**ing with **cu**ri**osity**, sh**e** ran **a**cross the fi__e__ld **af**ter it, and **for**tu**nate**ly was just in t**i**me to s__ee__ it pop down a large **rab**bit-h__o__le **un**der the hedge.