

THERE was once a **velveteen** rabbit, and in the **beginning** he was **really splendid**. He was fat and **bunchy**, as a **rabbit** should be; his coat was **spotted** brown and white, he had **real** thread **whiskers**, and his ears were lined with pink **sateen**. On **Christmas morning**, when he sat wedged in the top of the Boy's **stocking**, with a sprig of **holly** **between** his paws, the **effect** was **charming**.



***Christmas Morning***

There were **other** things in the **stocking**, nuts and **oranges** and a toy **engine**, and **chocolate almonds** and a **clockwork** mouse, but the **Rabbit** was quite the best of all. For at least two hours the Boy loved him, and then Aunts and **Uncles** came to **dinner**, and

there was a great **rust**ling of **tiss**ue **pa**per and **unwrapping** of **parcels**, and in the **exc**itement of **look**ing at all the new **presents** the **Velveteen** Rabbit was **forgotten**.