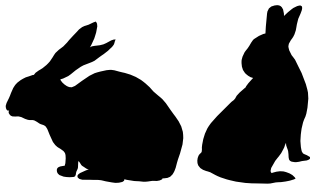


## Chapter 3

*Summer*

That was a wonderful Summer!

Near the house where they lived there was a wood, and in the long June evenings the Boy liked to go there after tea to play. He took the Velveteen Rabbit with him, and before he wandered off to pick flowers, or play at brigands<sup>1</sup> among the trees, he always made the Rabbit a little nest somewhere among the bracken<sup>2</sup>, where he would be quite cosy<sup>3</sup>, for he was a kind-hearted little boy and he liked Bunny to be comfortable. One evening, while the Rabbit was lying there alone, watching the ants that ran to and fro between his velvet paws in the

---

<sup>1</sup> *play at brigands*—play Cops and Robbers.

<sup>2</sup> *bracken*—ferns.

<sup>3</sup> *cosy*—comfortable and warm. Sounds like ‘**koze-ee**’

grass, he saw two strange beings creep out of the tall bracken near him.

They were rabbits like himself, but quite furry and brand-new. They must have been very well made, for their seams didn’t show at all, and they changed shape in a queer way when they moved; one minute they were long and thin and the next minute fat and bunched, instead of always staying the same like he did. Their feet padded softly on the ground, and they crept quite close to him, twitching their noses, while the Rabbit stared hard to see which side the clockwork stuck out, for he knew that people who jump generally have something to wind them up. But he couldn’t see it. They were evidently a new kind of rabbit altogether.

They stared at him, and the little Rabbit stared back. And all the time their noses twitched.

‘Why don’t you get up and play with us?’ one of them asked.

‘I don’t feel like it,’ said the Rabbit, for he didn’t want to explain that he had no clockwork.

‘Ho!’ said the furry rabbit. ‘It’s as easy as anything.’ And he gave a big hop sideways and stood on his hind<sup>1</sup> legs.

‘I don’t believe you can!’ he said.

---

<sup>1</sup> *hind*—back.