

For a long time he lived in the toy cupboard, and no one thought very much about him. He was naturally shy, and being only made of velvet, some of the more expensive toys quite snubbed him. The mechanical toys were very superior, and looked down upon everyone else; they were full of modern ideas, and pretended they were real. The model boat, who had



lived through 2 seasons and lost most of his paint, caught the tons from them and never missed an opportunity of referring to his rigging in technical terms. The Rabbit couldn't claim to be a model of anything, for he didn't know the real rabbits existed; he thought they were all stuffed with sawdust like himself, and he understood that sawdust was quite out-of-date.



and should never be mentioned in modern circles. Even Timothy, the jointed wooden lion, who was made by the disabled soldiers, and should have had broader views, put on airs and pretended he was connected with government. Between them all the poor little Rabbit was made to feel himself very insignificant and commonplace, and the only person who was kind to him was Skin Horse.



The skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces.