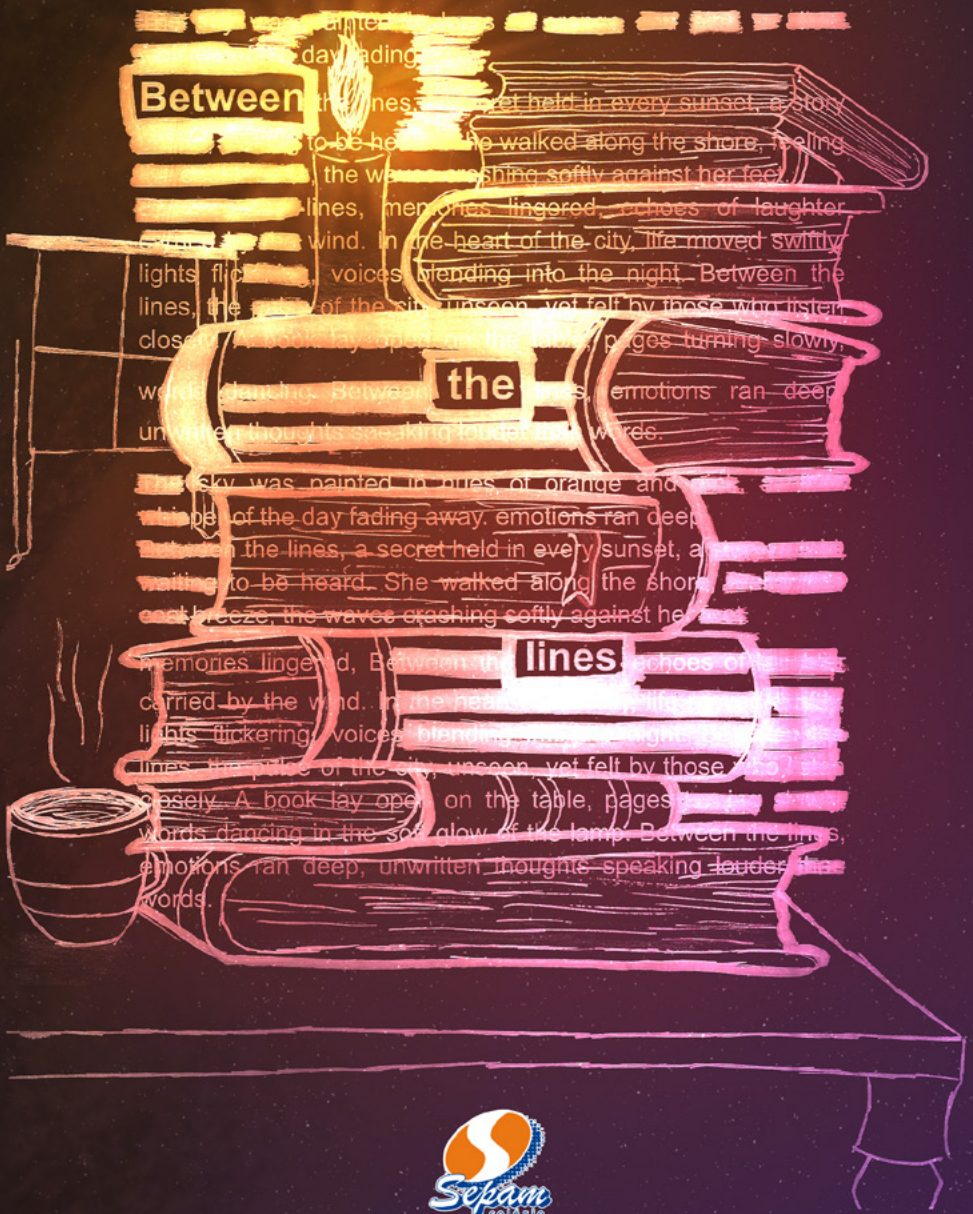
Coletâneas Sepam 2024

Between the lines

8th grade



Between the lines

Texts of 8th grade students

SEPAM Literature Project
2024 Edition

TEXTS 8th grade students
SUPERVISOR TEACHER Matheus Segalla Frare
COVER Lucas Landmann Grabicoski
DESIGN EY Comunicação
Paulo Diego Kuzar

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O Colégio Pontagrossense – SEPAM tem a honra de desenvolver junto aos alunos do ensino fundamental – anos finais o projeto literário Coletâneas Sepam, uma iniciativa que busca estimular os discentes à prática da escrita, mostrando-lhes que cada um possui habilidades e competências discursivas únicas, as quais podem ser vistas e esmiuçadas no texto, visando, sobretudo, valorizá-las.

Desde 2017, o projeto Coletâneas Sepam integra a disciplina de Produção Textual com escritas multifacetadas e gêneros diversificados. A partir de 2019, a língua inglesa entrou em cena, para enriquecer ainda mais as produções. Com propostas inéditas e criativas, os alunos do 8º e 9º ano compõem um livro duplo, ou seja, com duas vertentes, portando textos distintos, em português e inglês.

Neste projeto, a identidade e a subjetividade dos alunos não estão somente na escrita, mas também nas produções artísticas deles, as quais tornam a obra completa mais vivaz e dialógica tanto para quem produz, quanto para quem recebe a mensagem apresentada. Diante desta missão, as aulas de Arte tornam-se verdadeiros ateliês surpreendentes e comprometidos com a proposta do projeto.

Vale ressaltar que o Coletâneas Sepam corresponde a uma ferramenta pedagógica que visa dar asas às palavras tecidas na sala de aula, invadindo outros espaços e encantando desconhecidos leitores, sem deixar à margem a essência e a verdade do aluno escritor, assim como os conhecimentos e as experiências de cada um. Estes são fatores preservados durante as várias revisões, externas e internas, as quais são realizadas durante o processo de construção dos materiais.

O compromisso do Coletâneas Sepam e do Colégio Sepam é respeitar o aprendiz escritor e o processo evolutivo dele, dentro e fora da sala de aula, na formação de uma trajetória incomparável.

Convida-se a todos para embarcarem nesta viagem literária e se permitirem explorar outros mundos, tendo como norteadora uma eficaz ferramenta: a leitura.

Prof. Marcela Marabeli Pagano de Oliveira
Idealizadora do Projeto em 2017

Equipe realizadora do Projeto Coletâneas SEPAM – 2024

Profª. Adriana Canavez

Profª. Ana Caroline Cavanhari Neumann

Profª. Ana Rosely Troyner Yamamoto

Profª. Cláudia Regina Mongruel

Prof. Élio Antunes

Profª. Giselle Gehlen

Prof. Jacob Elias Dura Cavagnari

Profª. Jaqueline Maria Zanluchi

Profª. Letícia Araujo Chaves

Profª. Marcela Marabeli Pagano de Oliveira

Prof. Matheus Segalla Frare

Profª. Sônia Maria Mongruel

Preface

In the hands of a young reader, words take on new meaning. This book is a testament to that magic. Inside these pages, you'll find a collection of blackout poetry created by 8th grade students—a series of original works born from timeless classics of English literature. With only a marker in hand, these young poets have uncovered hidden verses and unexpected meanings by selectively "blacking out" parts of the original text.

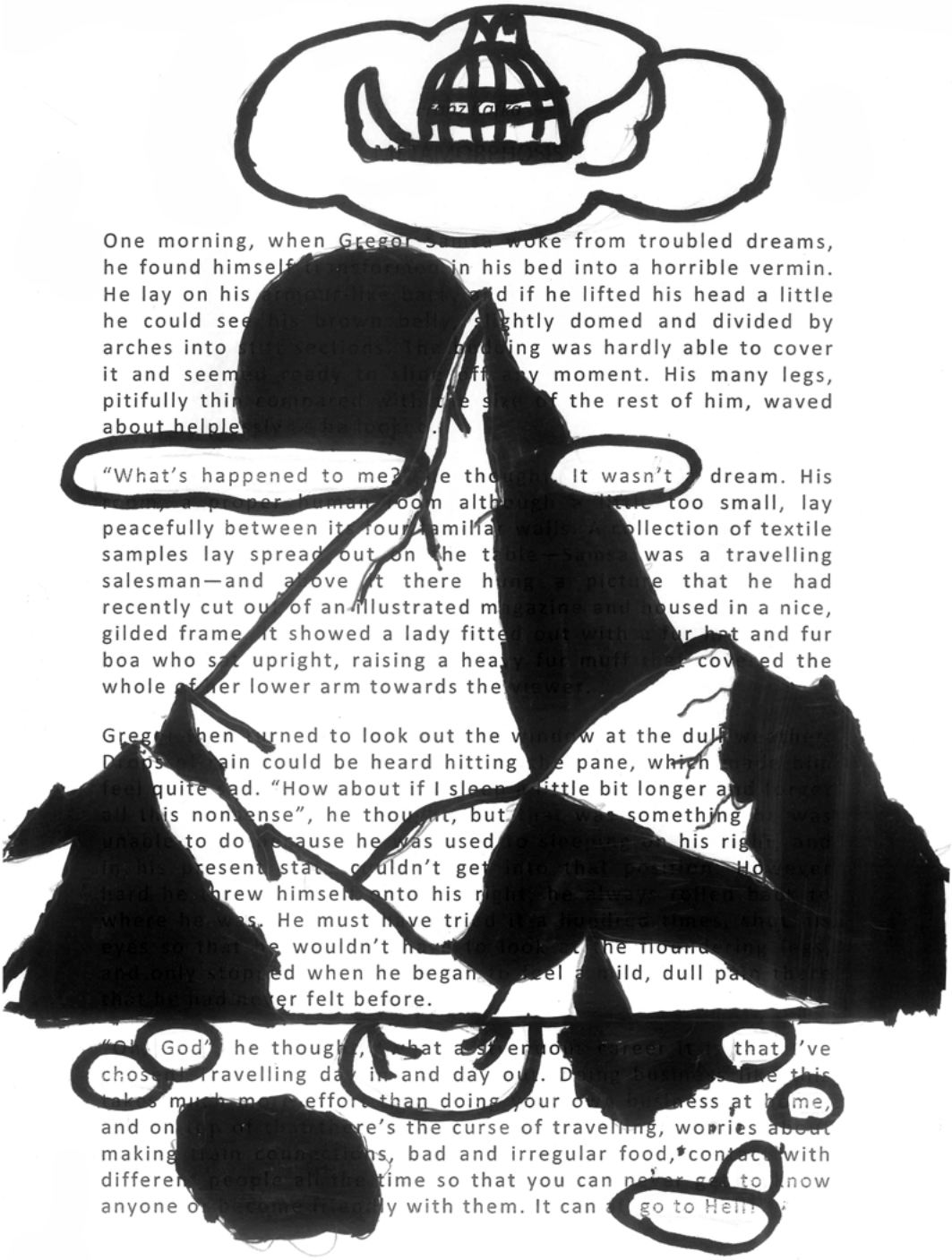
Through this creative process, new expressions of creativity and insight arise, giving us a glimpse of the relationships between the minds of others and the written words we are so accustomed to.

These are the classics used as canvases for our students' works:

- Alice's Adventures in Wonderland – Lewis Carroll
- Little Women – Louisa May Alcott
- Metamorphosis – Franz Kafka
- Peter Pan – J.M. Barrie
- The Wonderful Wizard of Oz – L. Frank Baum

We invite you to discover how an exercise in subtraction can lead to wonderful bursts of creation.

Mr. Matheus S. Frare
English Teacher



One morning, when Gregor S[illegible] woke from troubled dreams, he found himself [illegible] in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his [illegible]d if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, [illegible]ghtly domed and divided by arches into [illegible] sections. The [illegible]ing was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked.

"What's happened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table—Samsa was a travelling salesman—and above it there hung a picture that he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer.

Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather. Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which [illegible] him feel quite sad. "How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all this nonsense", he thought, but that was something he was unaccustomed to doing because he was used to sleeping on his right, and in his present state couldn't get into that position. However hard he threw himself onto his right, he always rolled back to where he was. He must have tried it a hundred times, shut his eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at the floundering legs, and only stopped when he began to feel a mild, dull pain there, a pain that he had never felt before.

"Oh God", he thought, "what a strenuous career it is that I've chosen, travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much more effort than doing your own business at home, and on top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell!"

Lewis Carroll

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

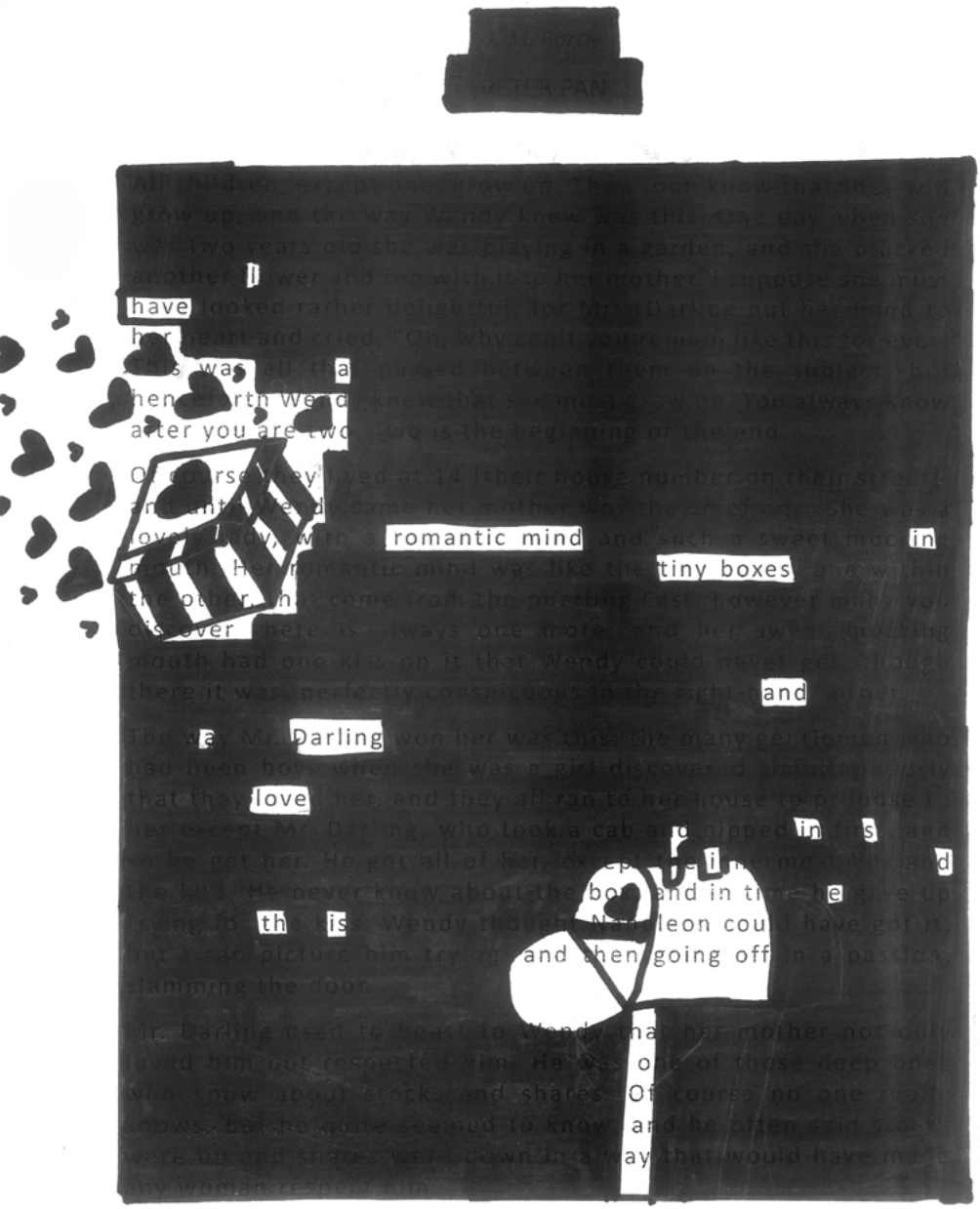
Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice "without pictures or conversations?"

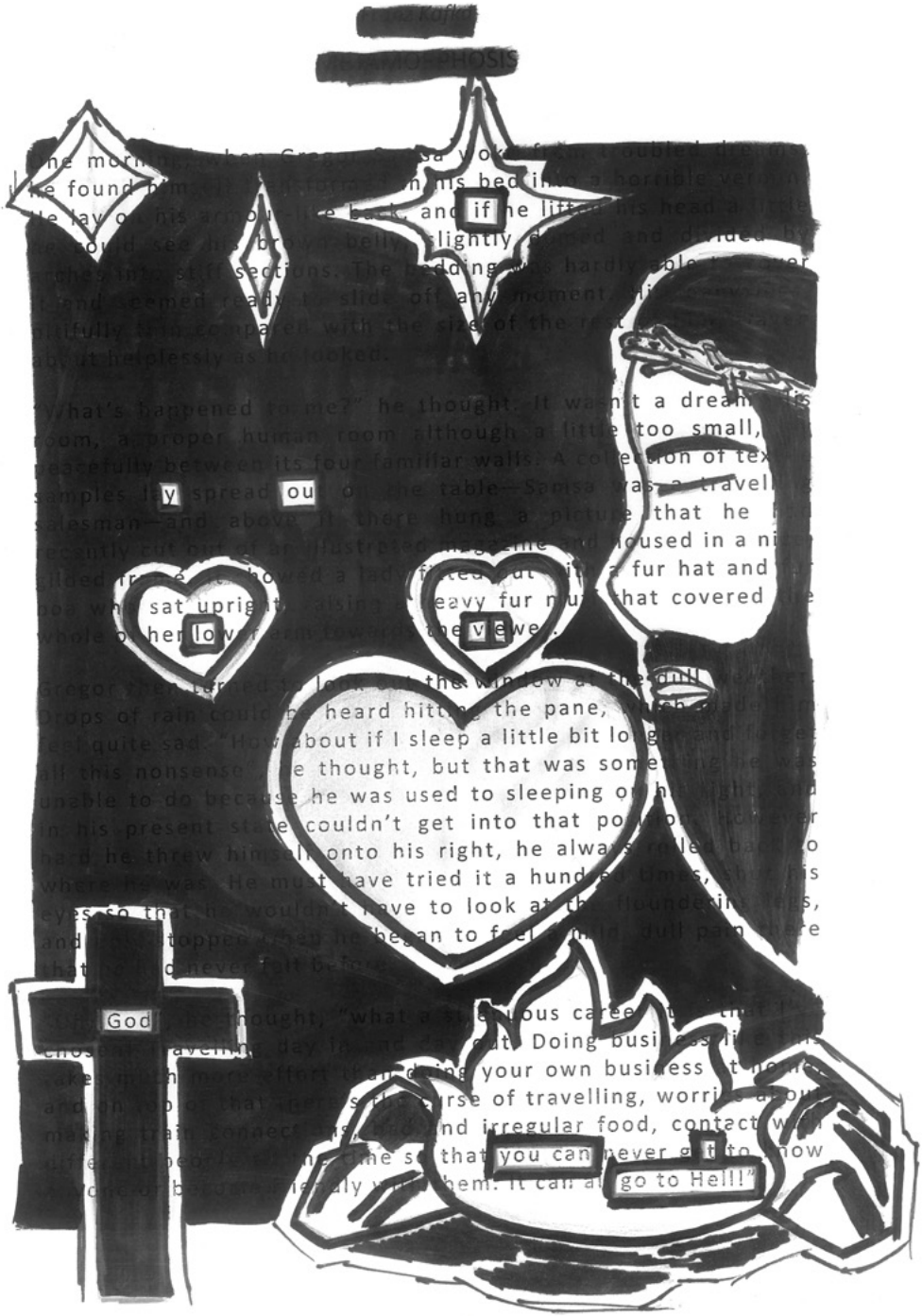
So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable 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 Rabbit 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.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

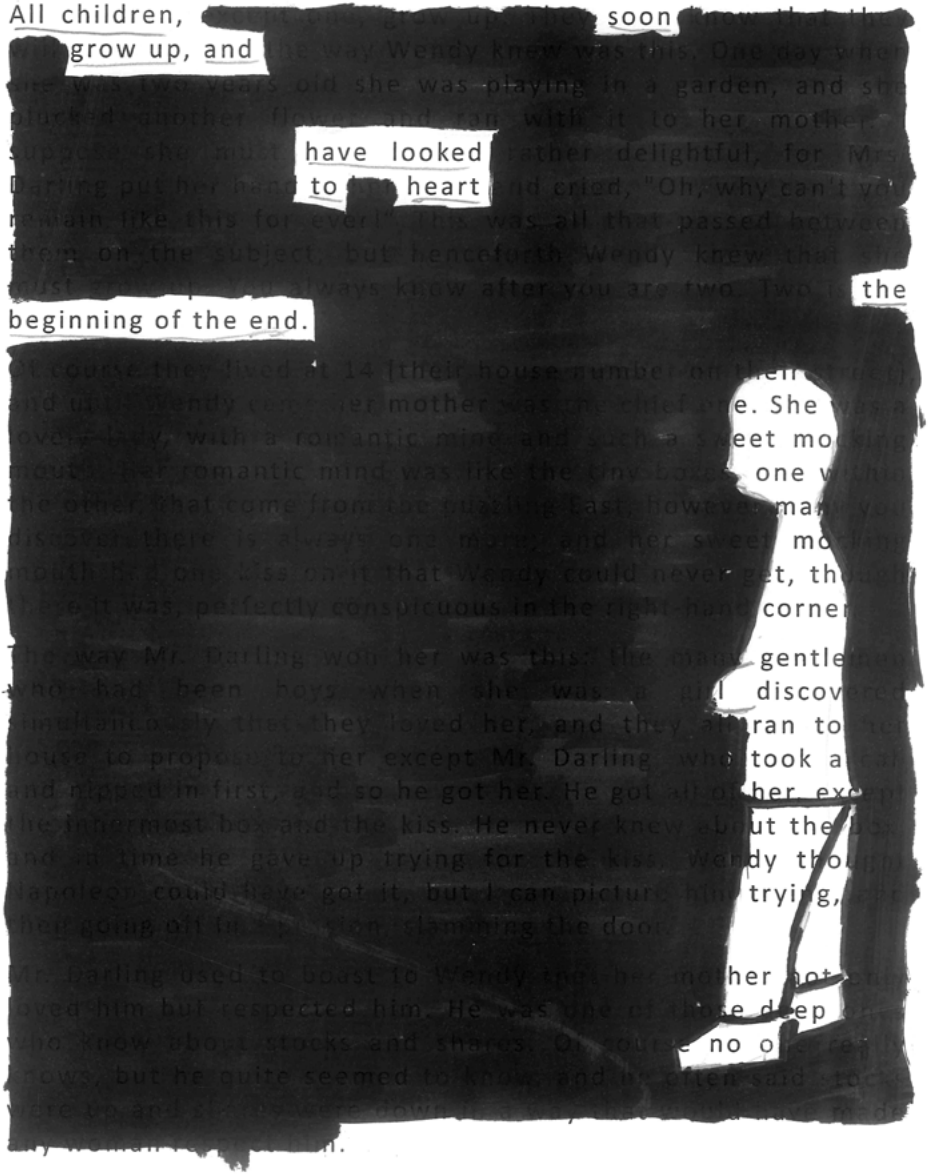
The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

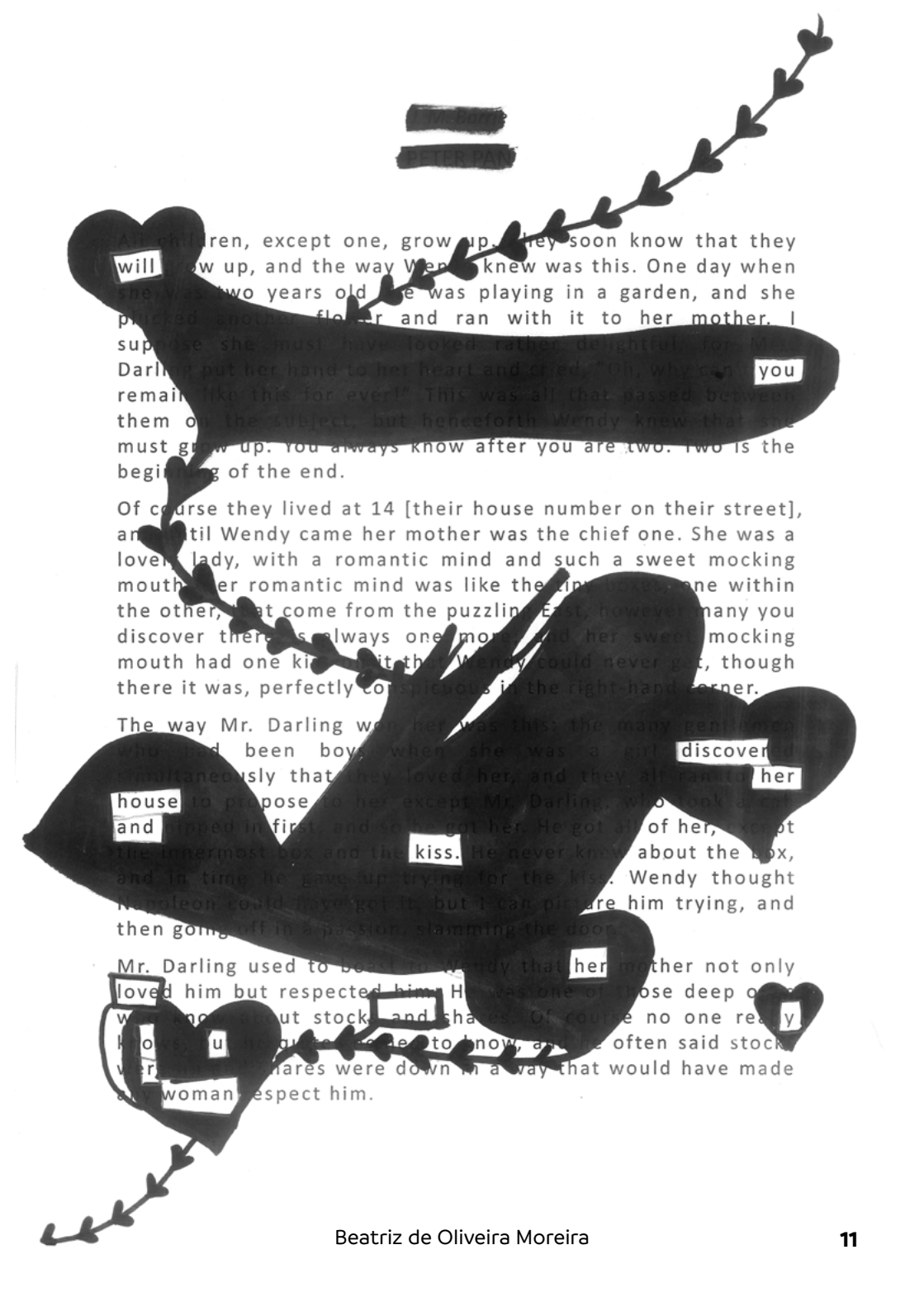

PETER PAN
have
romantic mind
tiny boxes
and
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God
go to Hell!

J. M. Barrie

PETER PAN





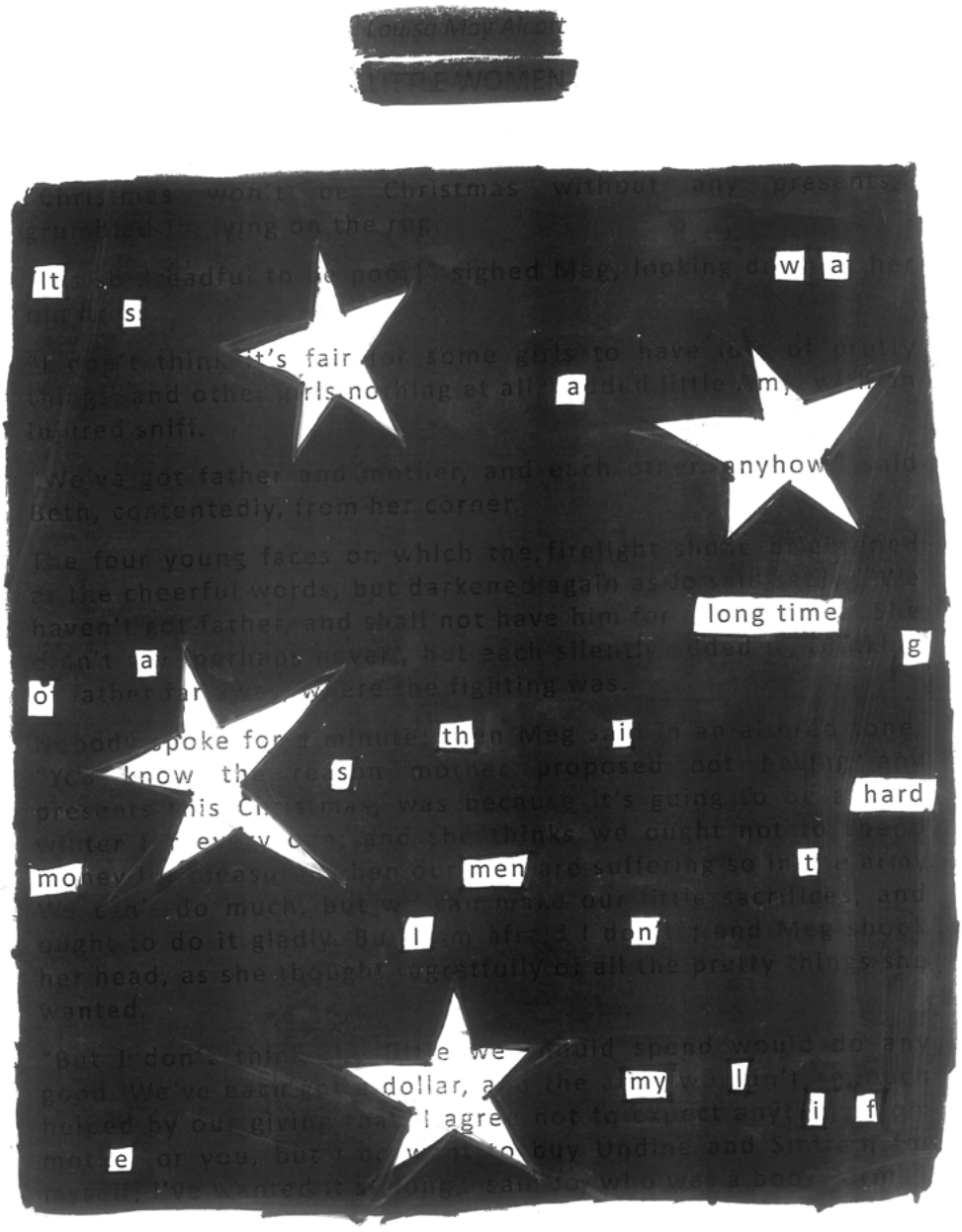
PETER PAN

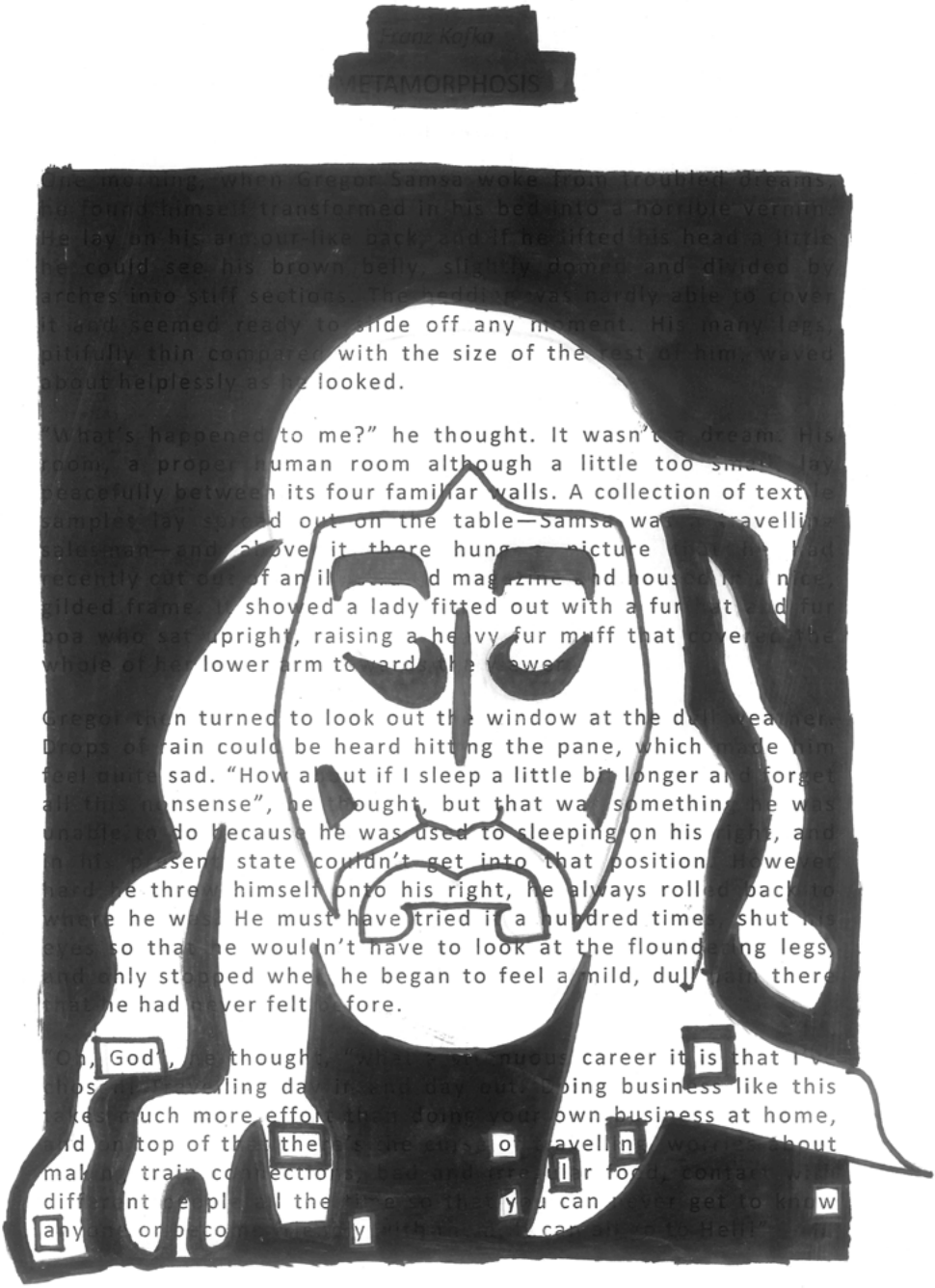
All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

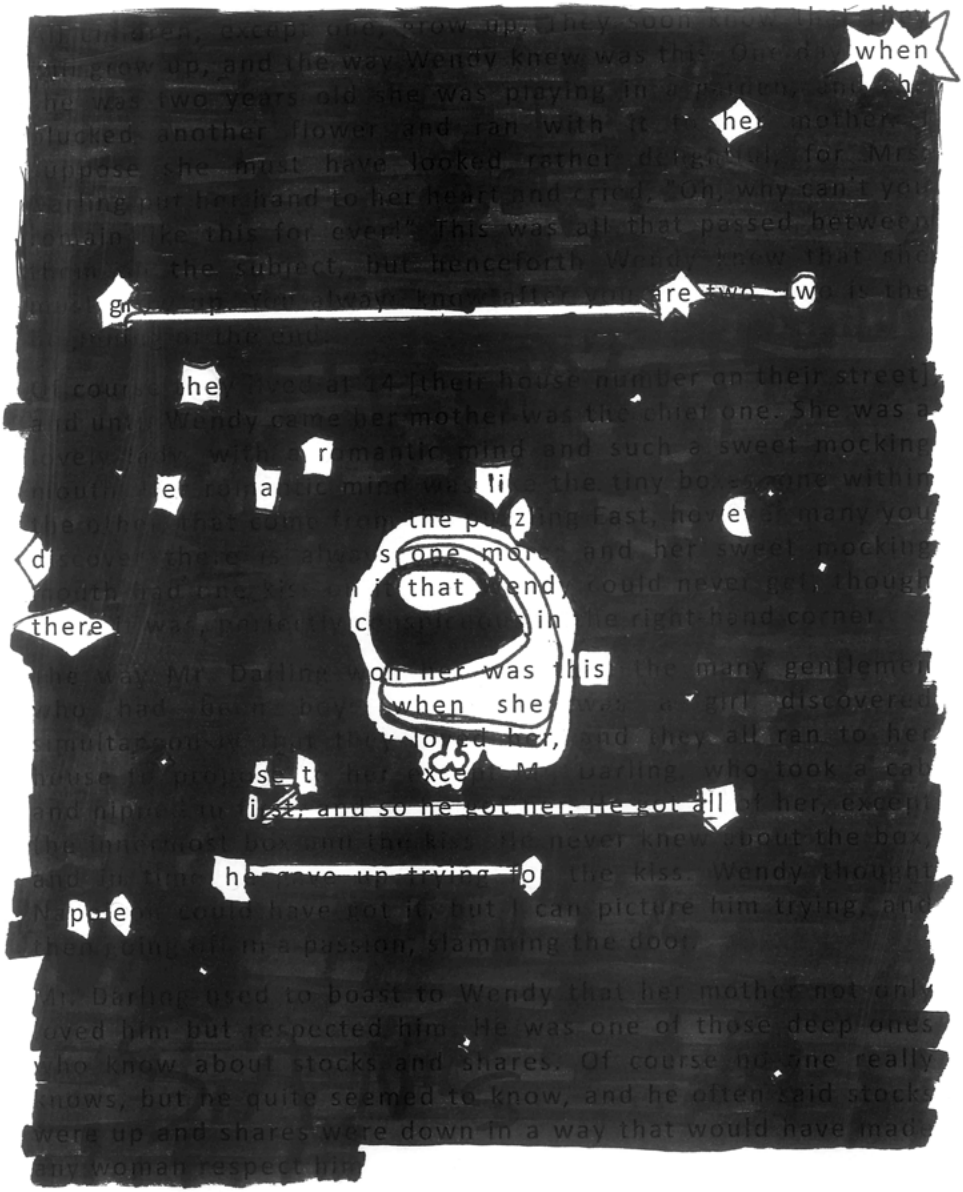
Of course they lived at 14 [their house number on their street], and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the inside of an egg within the other, and it came from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more, and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner.

The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all raced to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and got in first and so he got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a passion, slamming the door.

Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but the vulgar pretend to know, and Mr. often said stocks were up, or shares were down in a way that would have made any woman respect him.


Louisa May Alcott
LITTLE WOMEN
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Franz Kafka
METAMORPHOSIS


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"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

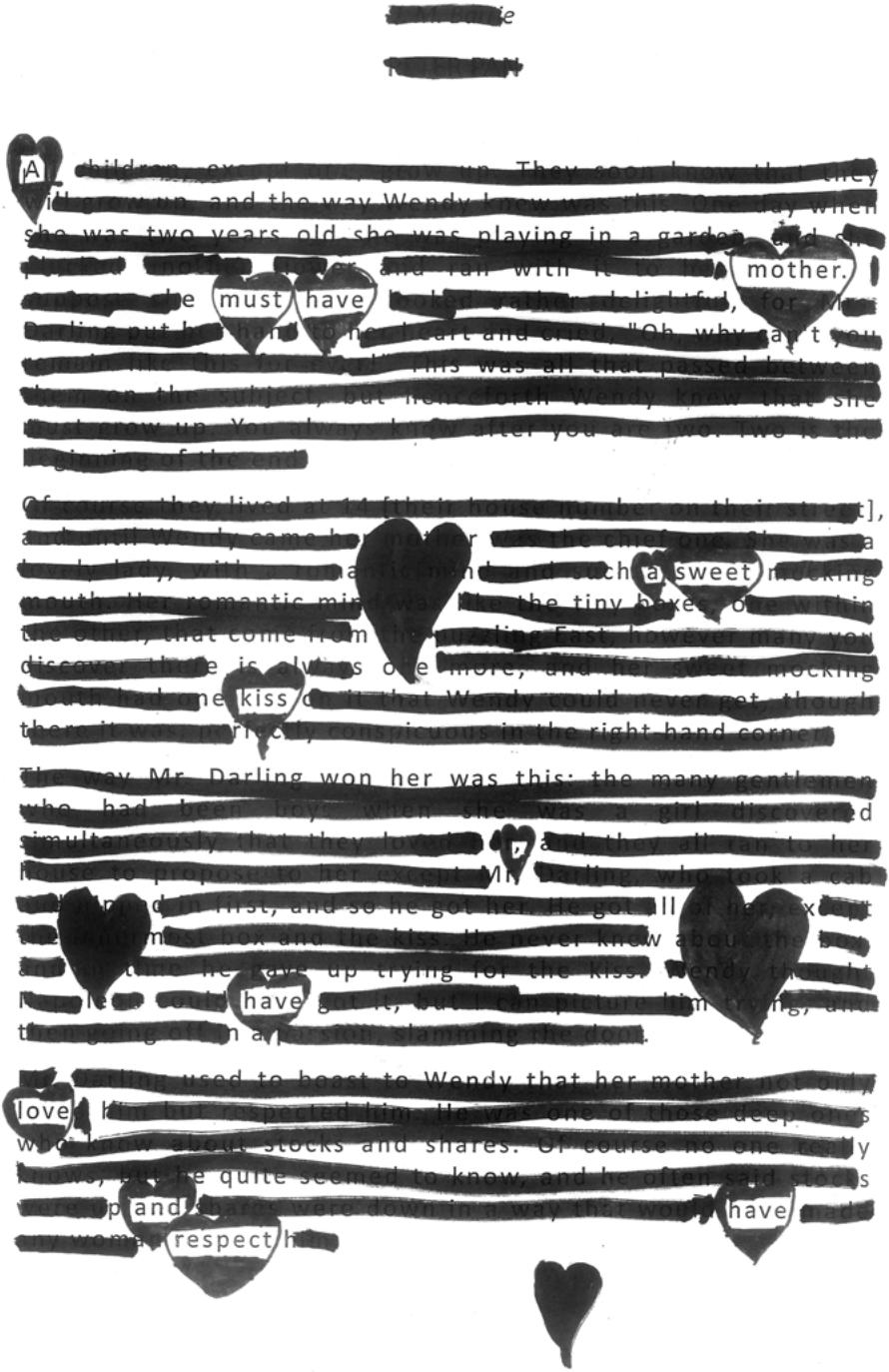
"I don't think it's fair for some girls to have lots of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all," added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

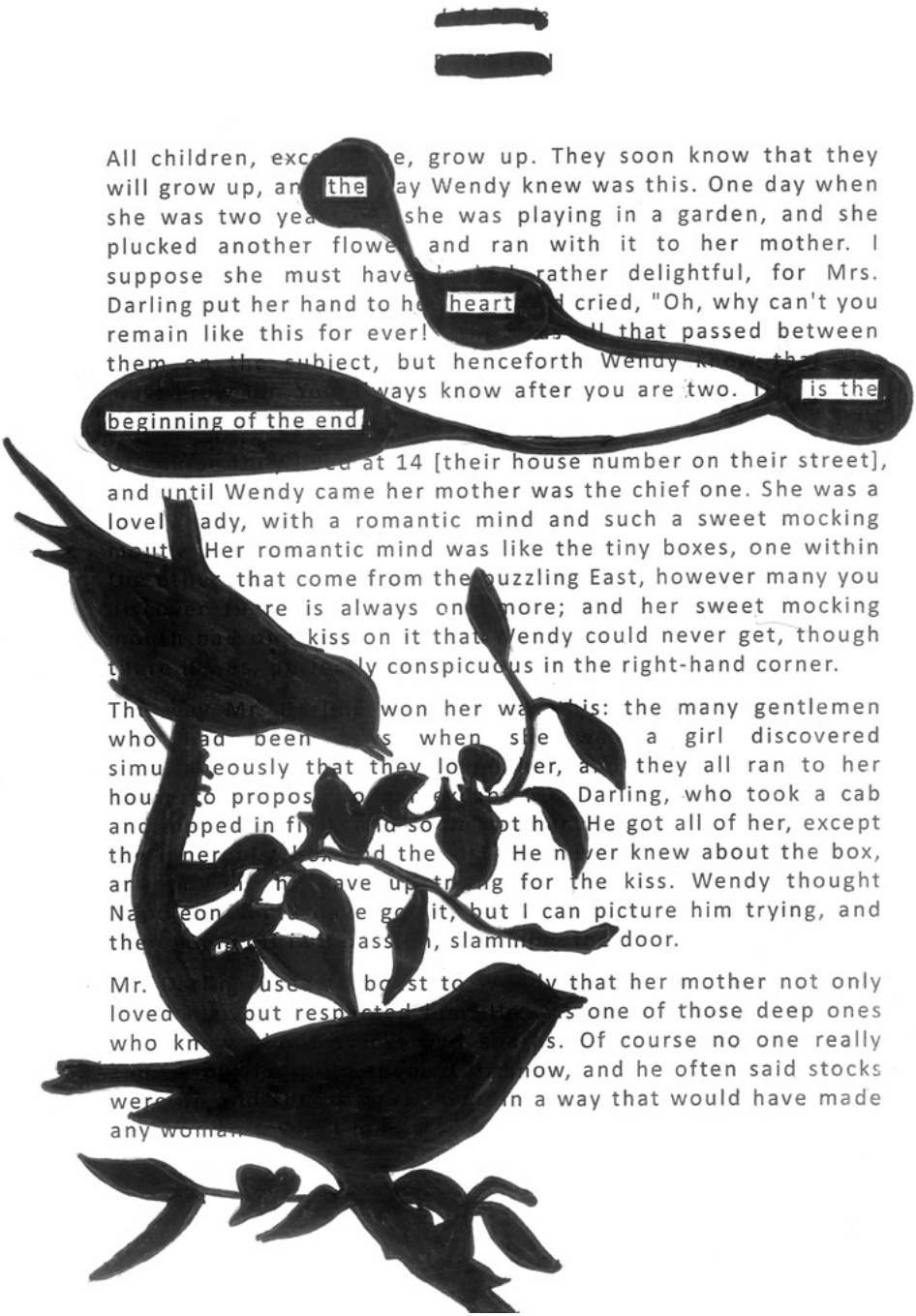
"We've got father and mother, and each other, anyhow," said Beth, contentedly, from her corner.

The four young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the cheerful words, but darkened again as Meg said sadly, "We haven't got father, and shall not have him for a long time." She didn't say 'perhaps never', but each silently added it, thinking of father far away, where the fighting was.

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said in an altered tone, "You know the reason mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas, was because it's going to be a hard winter for every one; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army. We can't do much, but we can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do them gladly. But I am afraid I don't"; and Meg shook her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

"But I don't think the little we should spend would do any good. We've each got a dollar, and the army wouldn't be much helped by our giving that. I agree not to expect anything from mother or you, but I do want to buy Undine and Sintram for myself; I've wanted it so long," said Jo, who was a bookworm.


mother.
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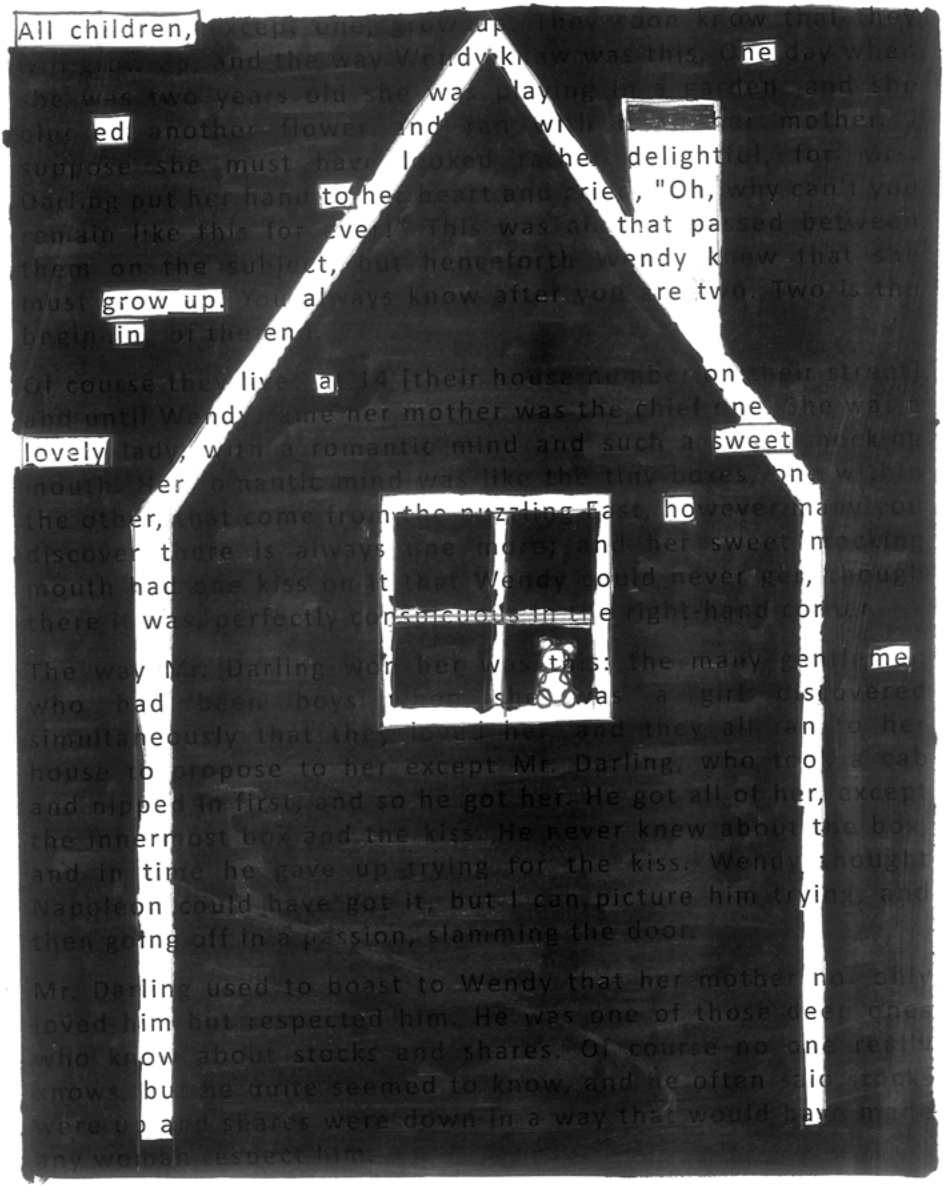


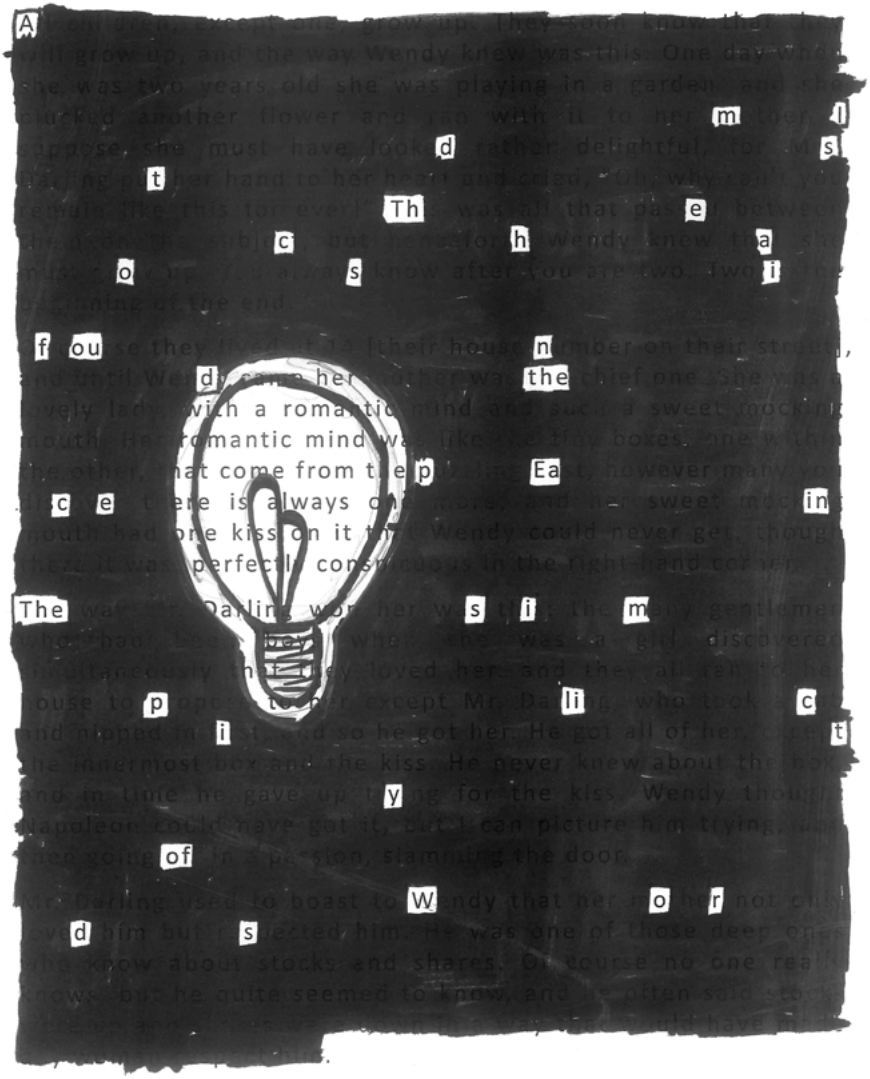
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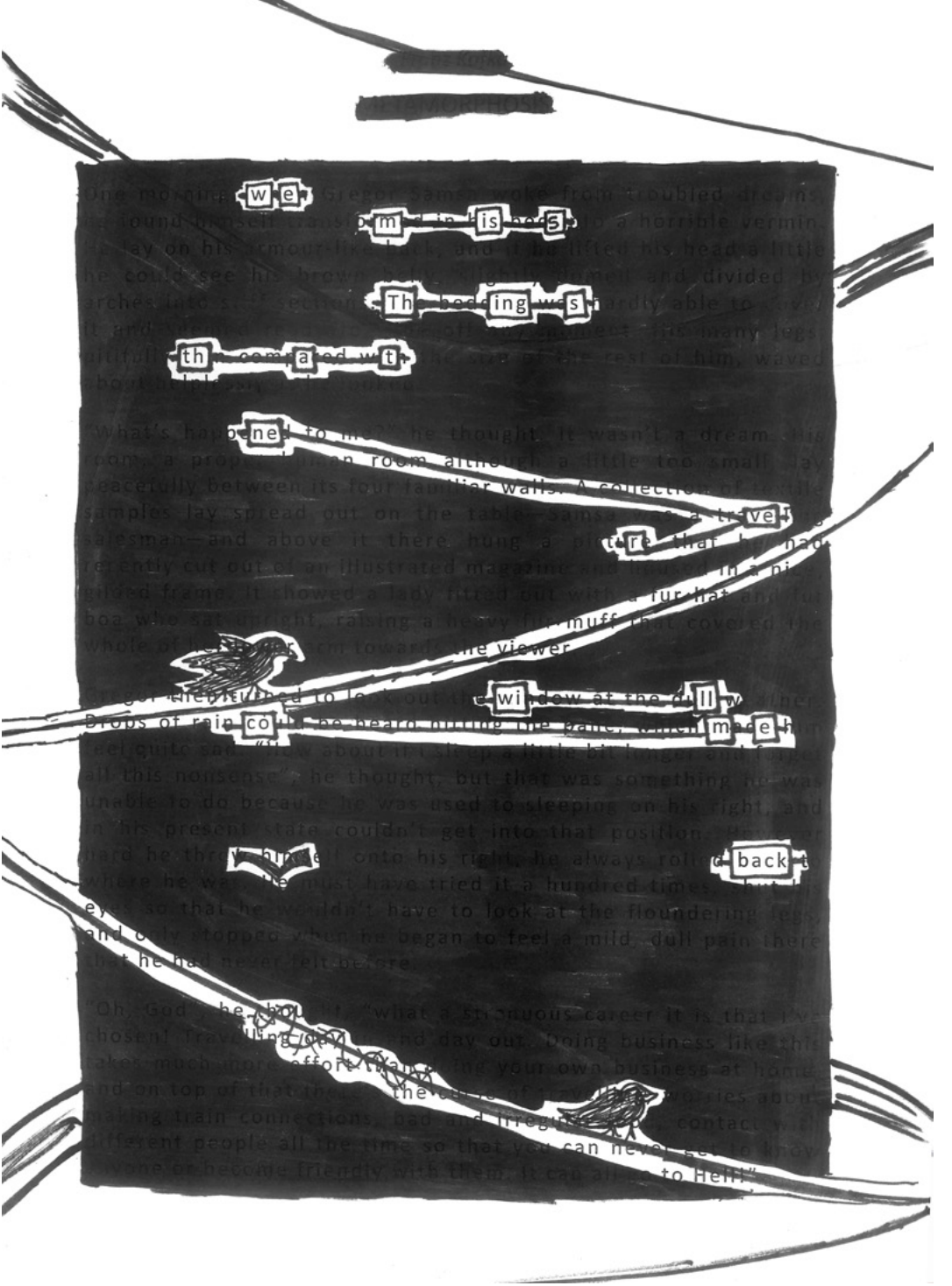
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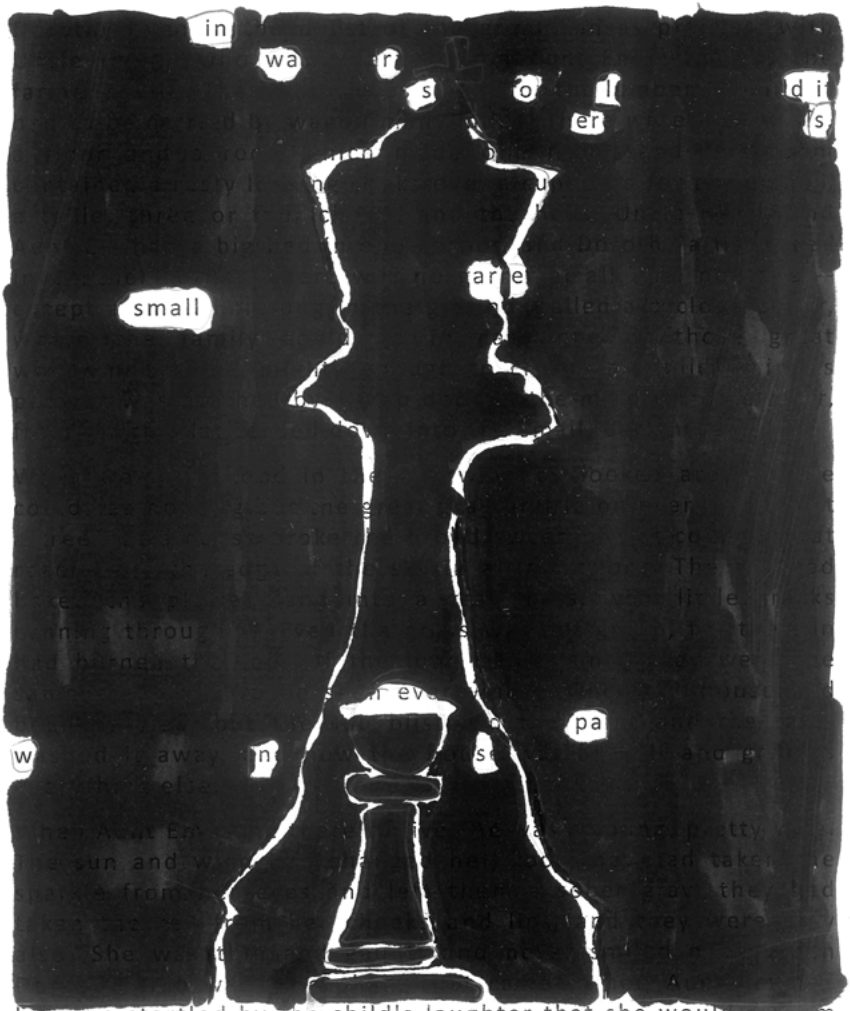
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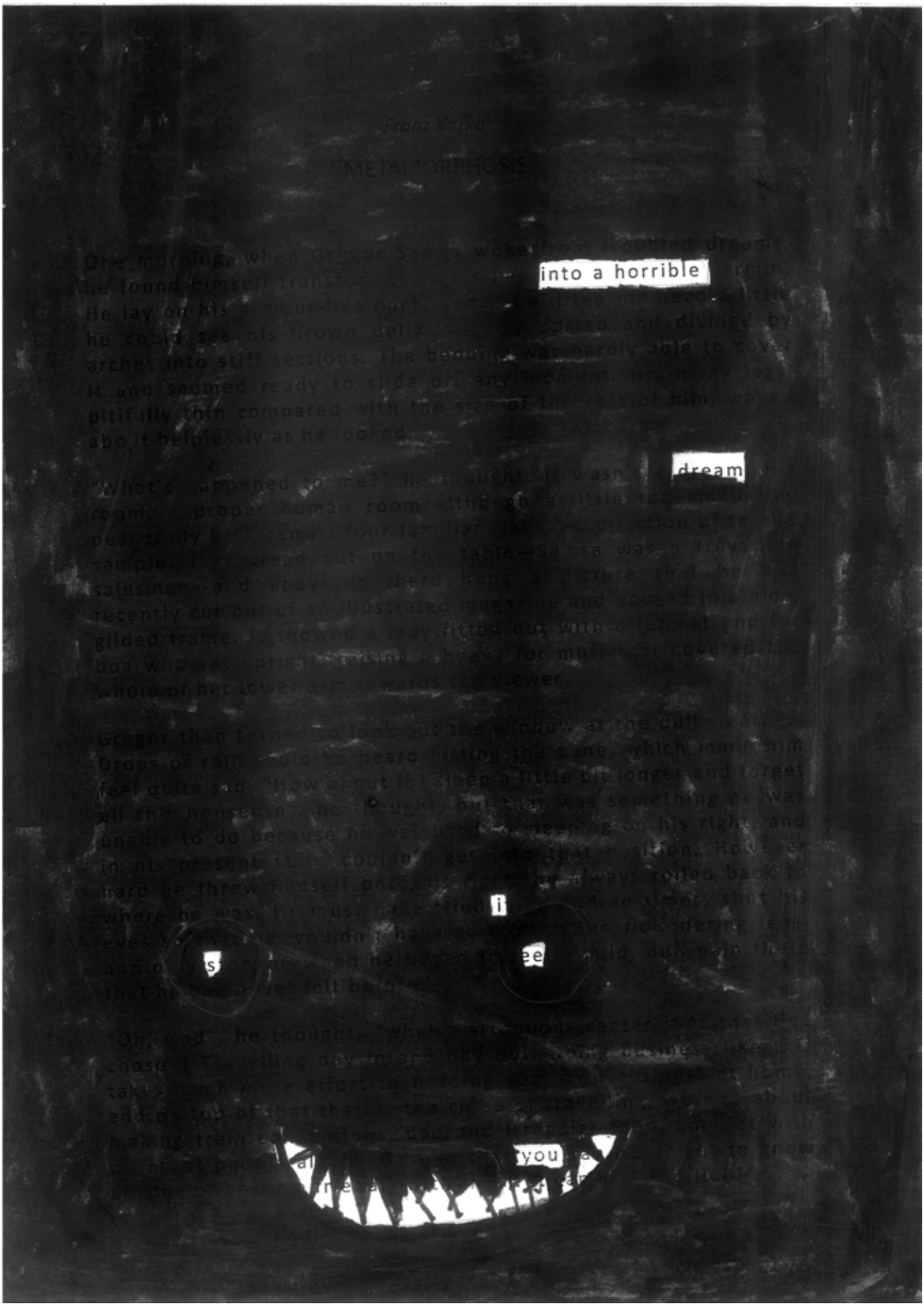

All children,
grow up.
lovely




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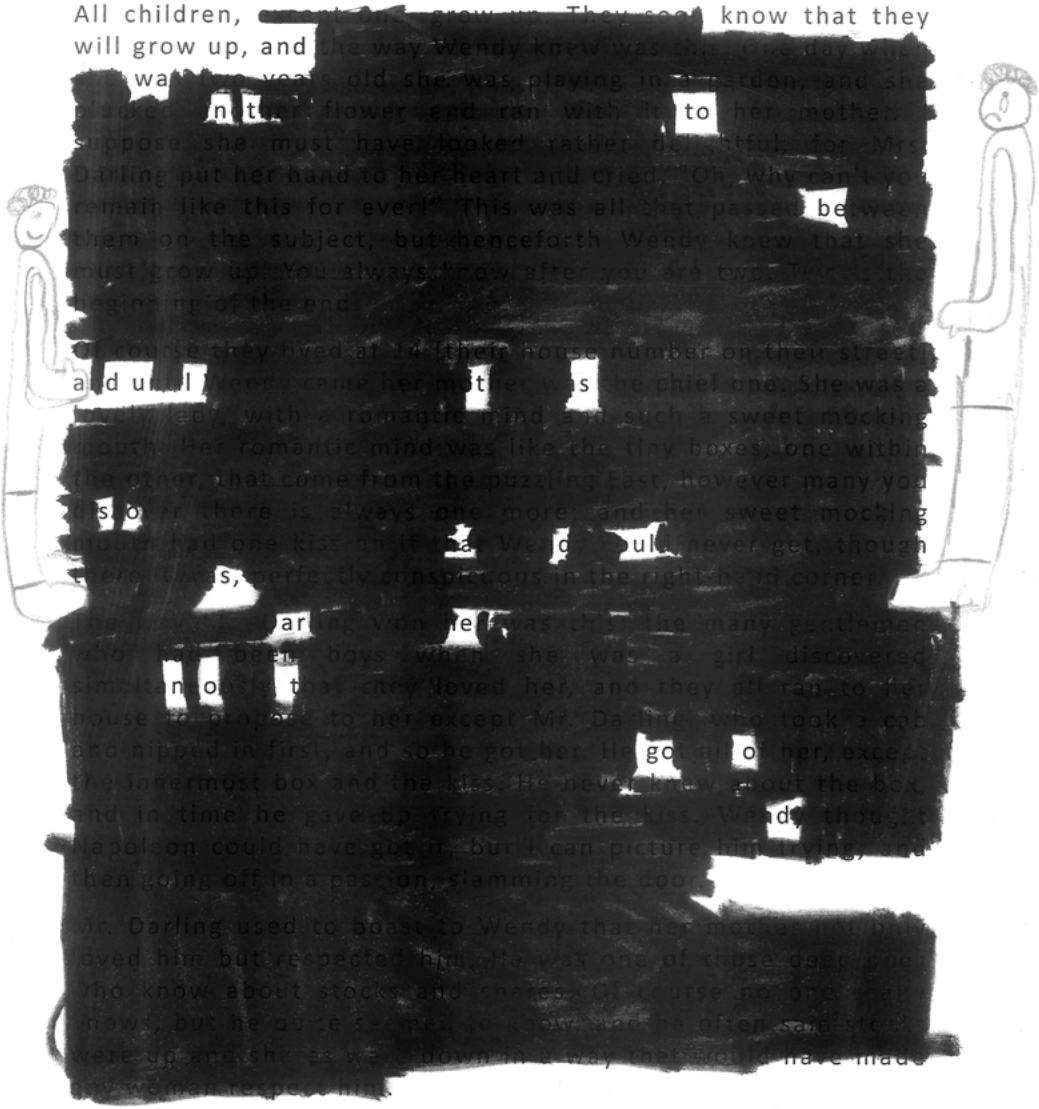


been so startled by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh at.


into a horrible
dream
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you

J. M. Barrie

PETER PAN



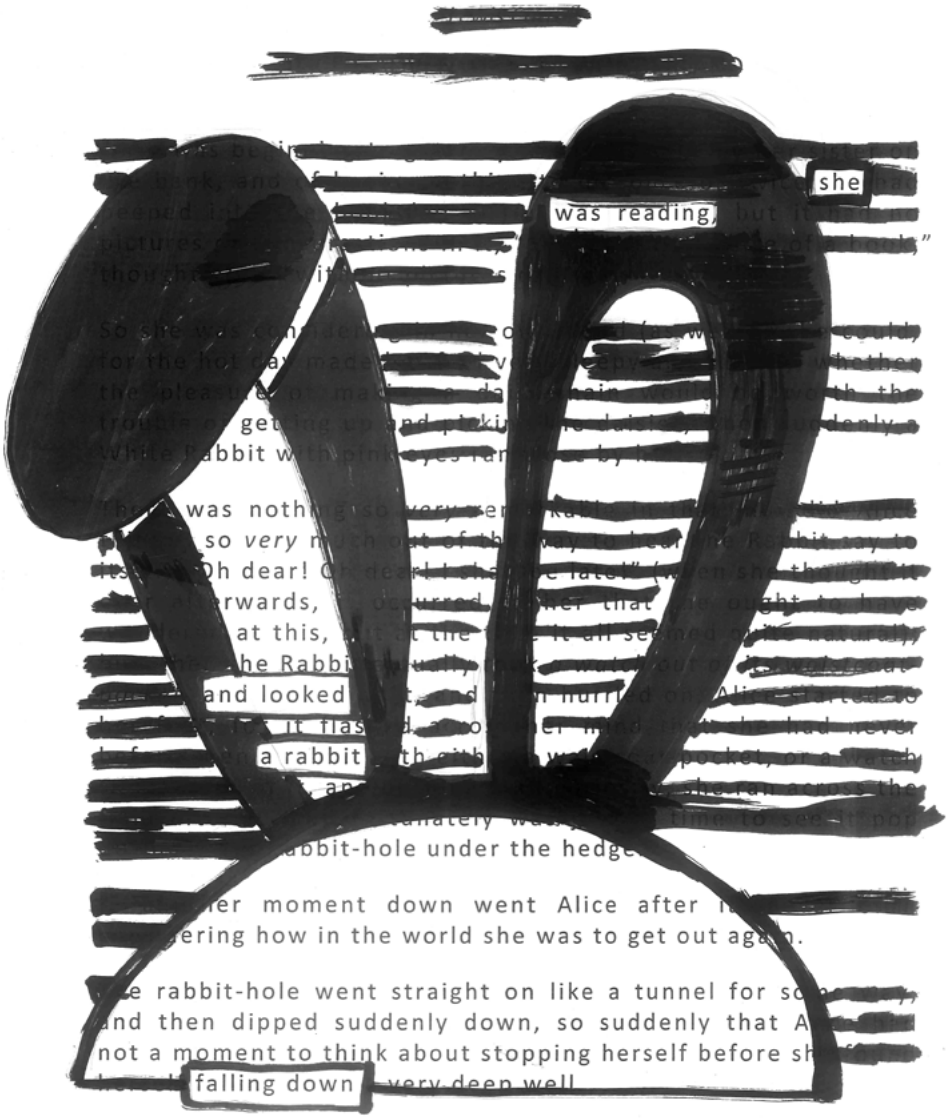
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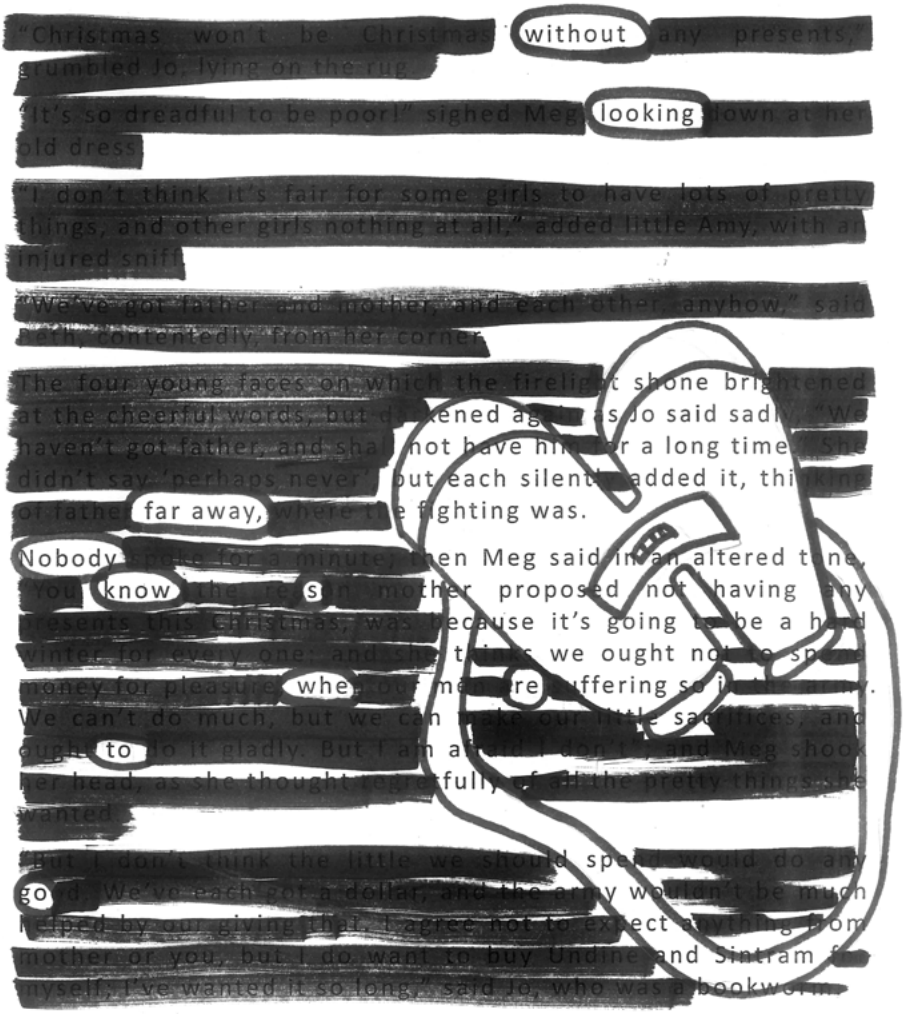
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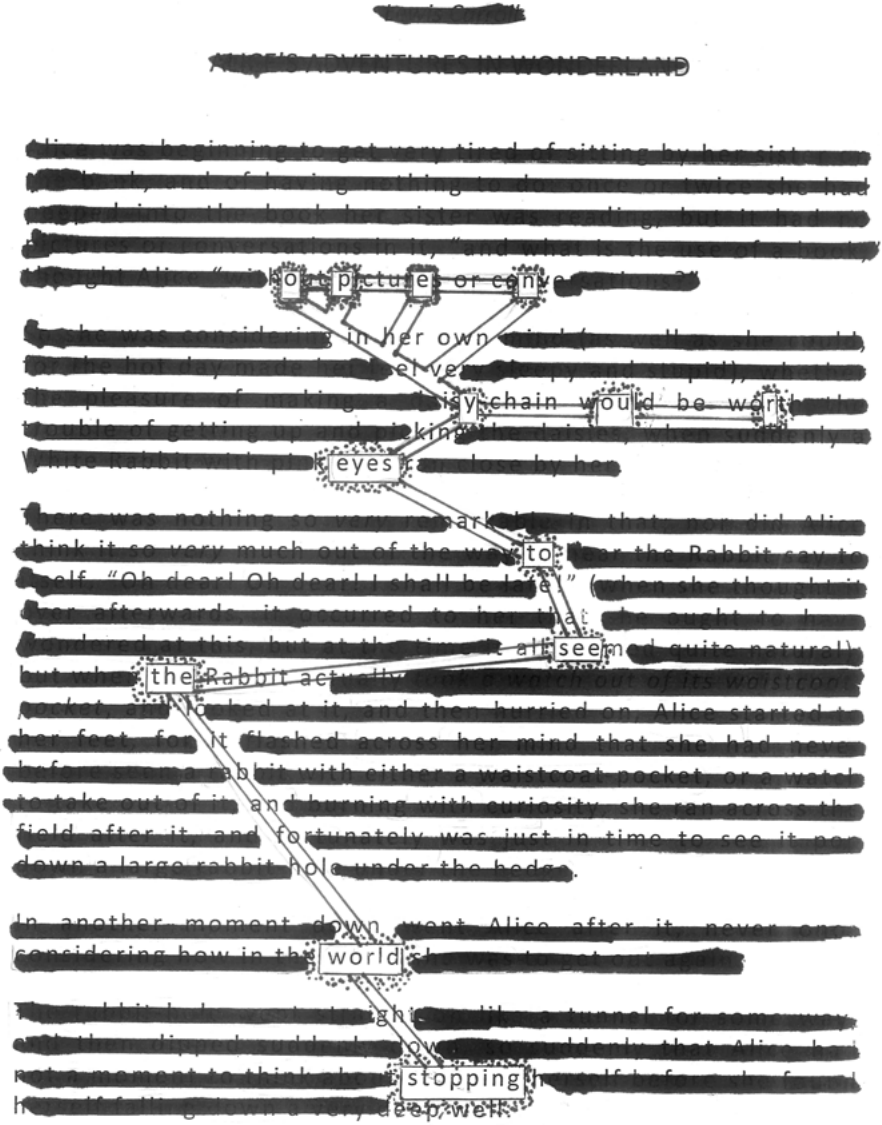
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she
was reading,
falling down

Louisa May Alcott

LITTLE WOMEN




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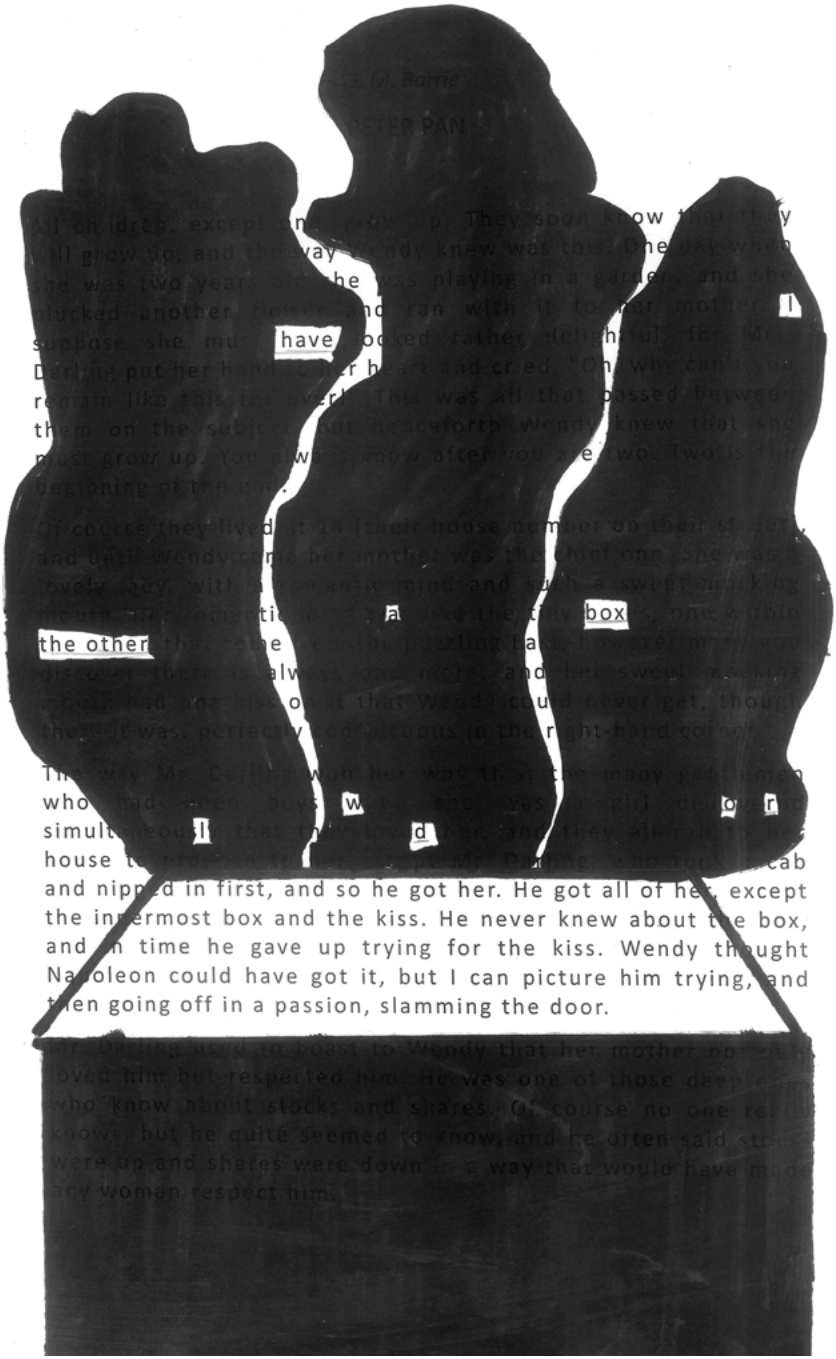
METAMORPHOSIS

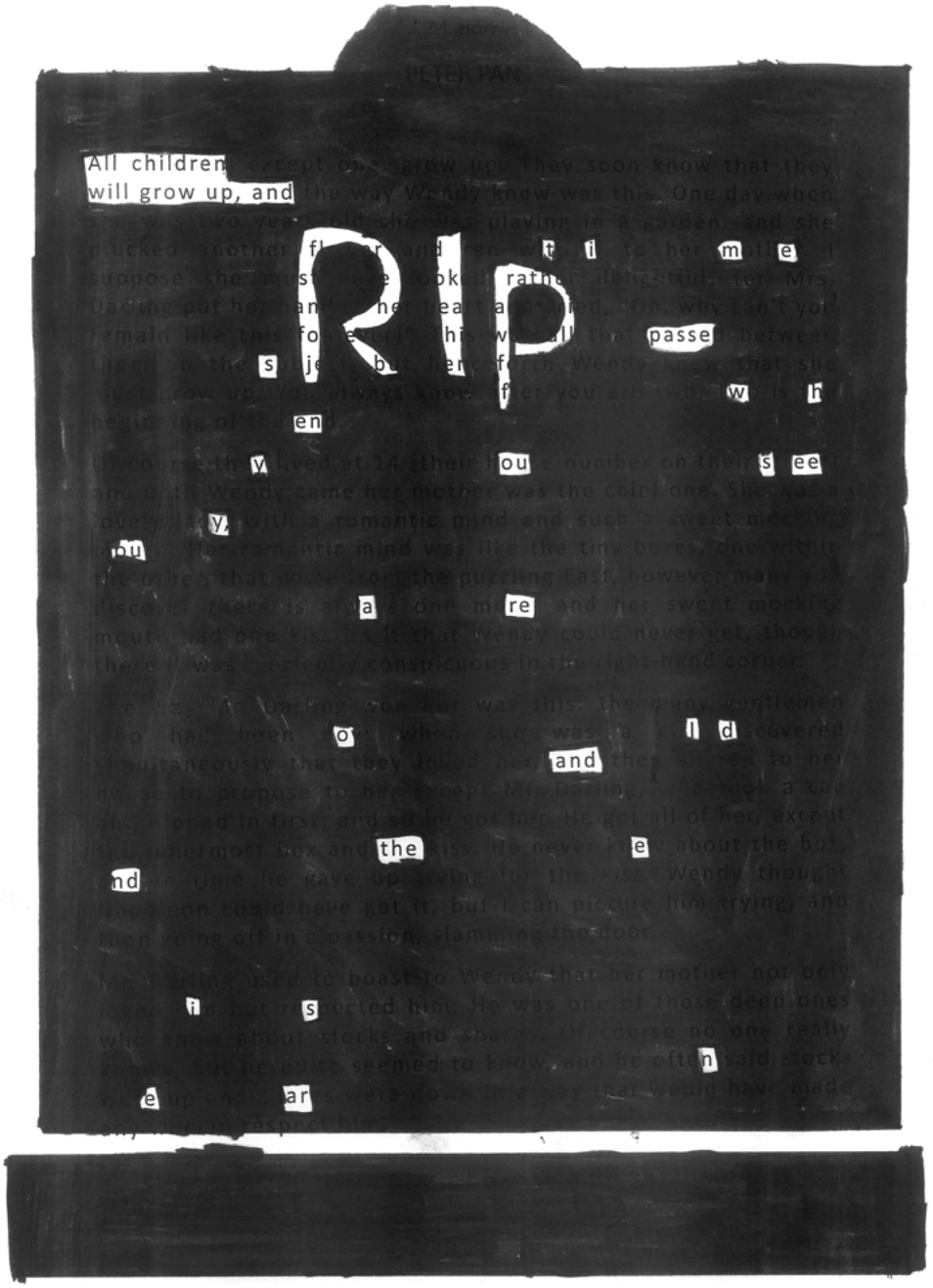
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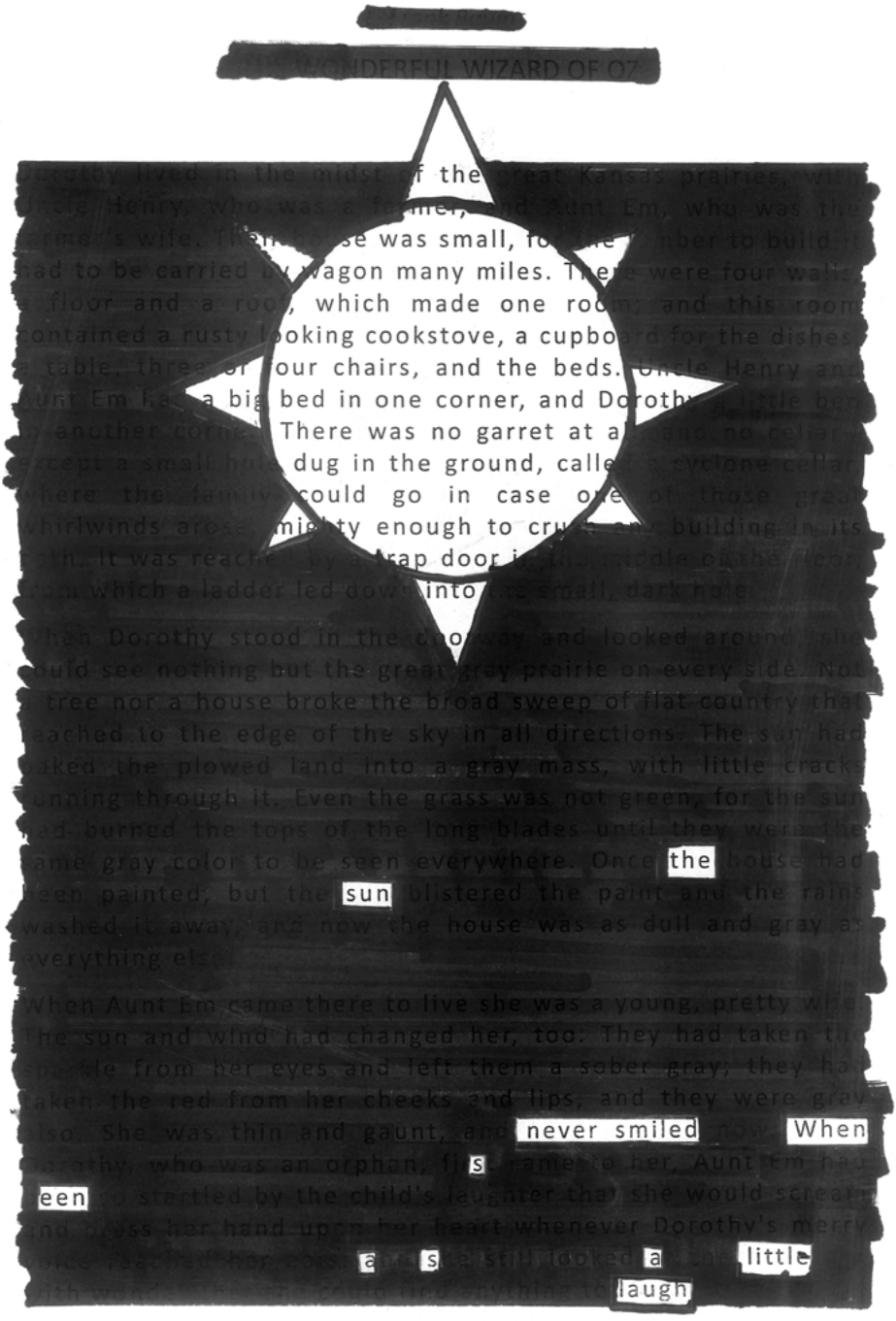
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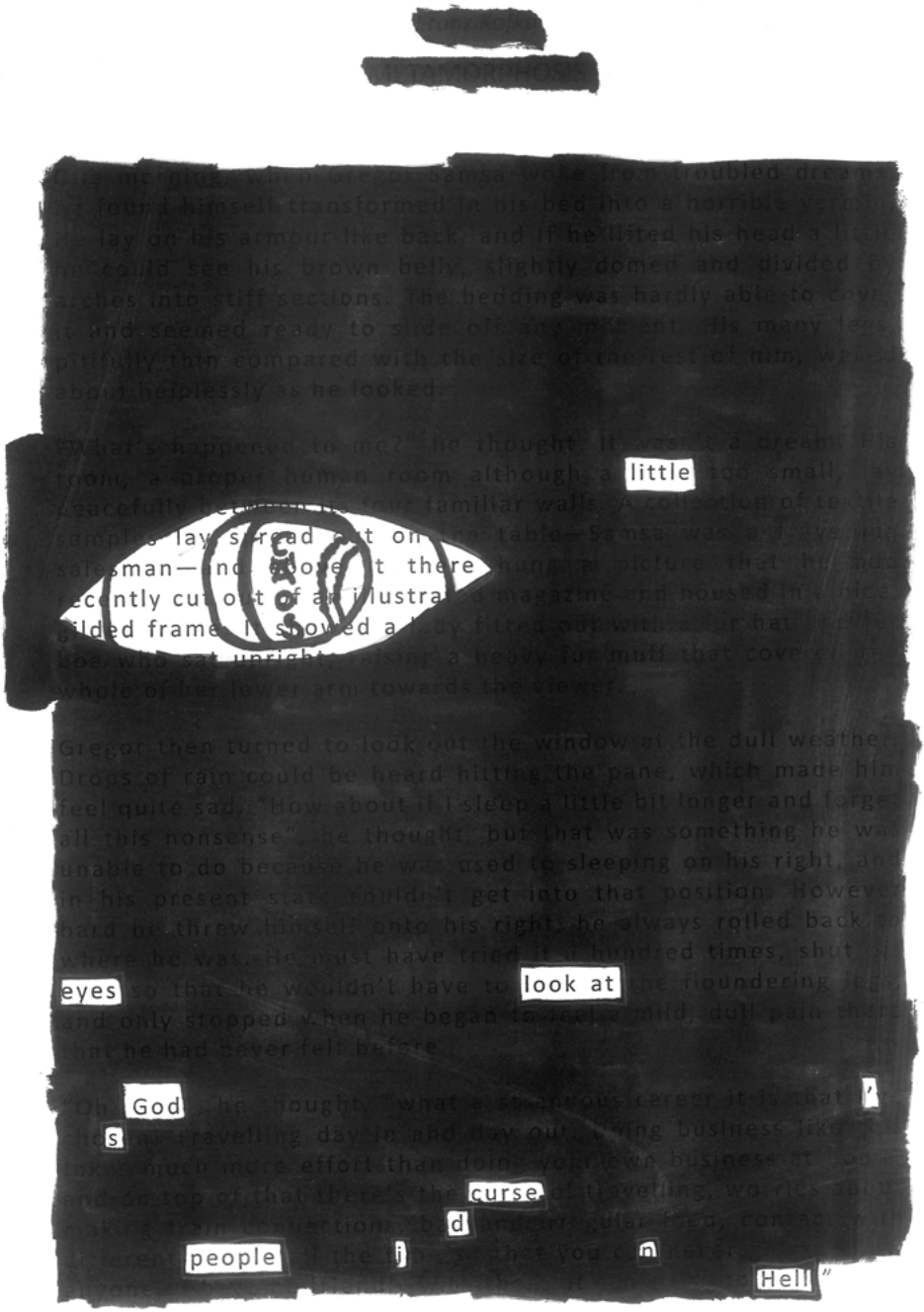
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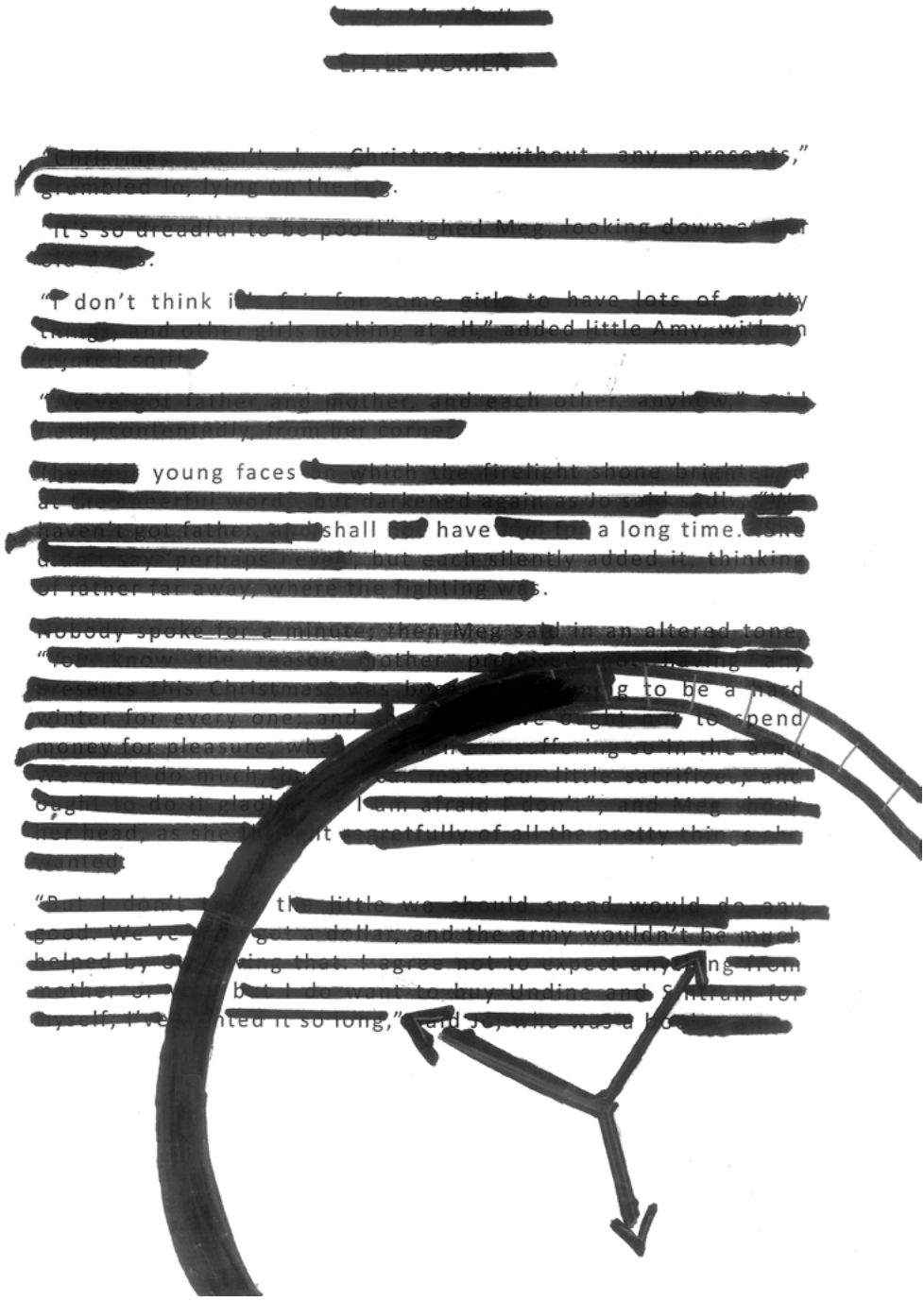
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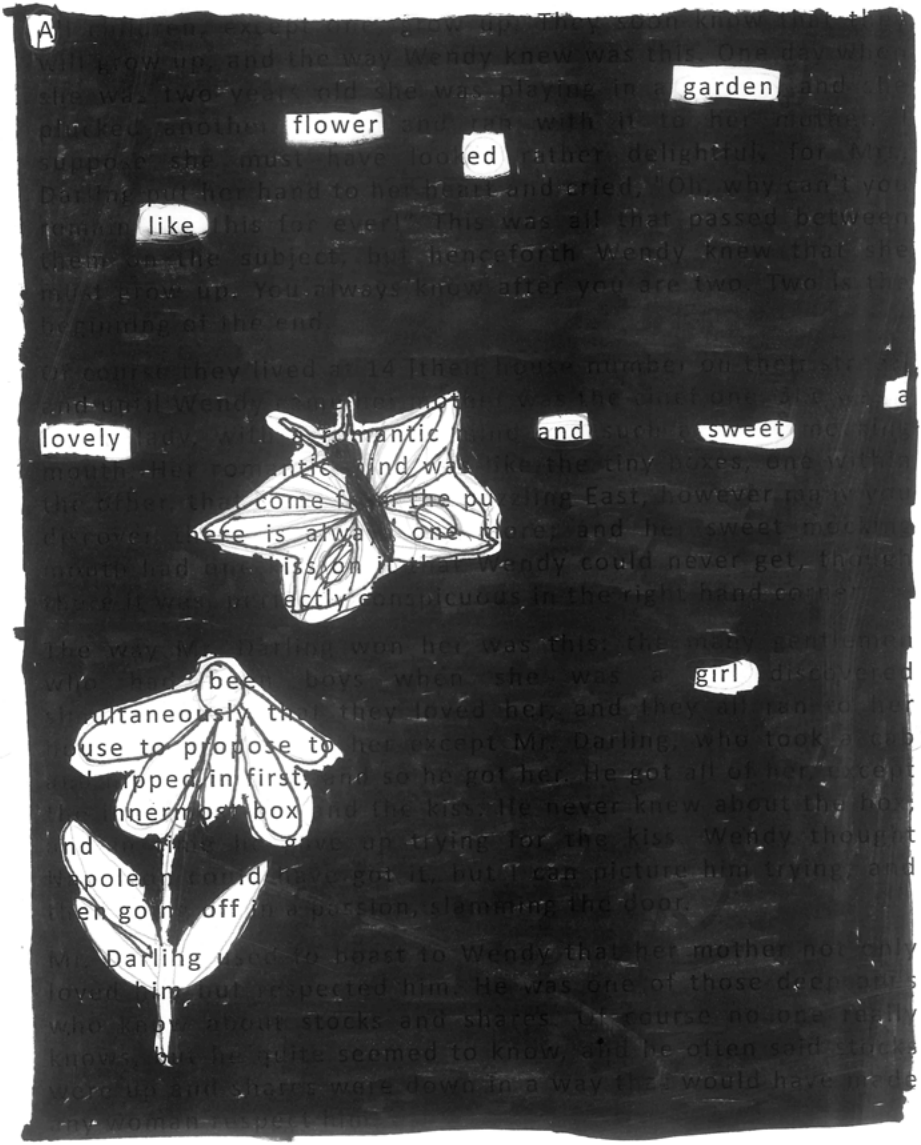

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box
and nipped in first, and so he got her. He got all of her, except
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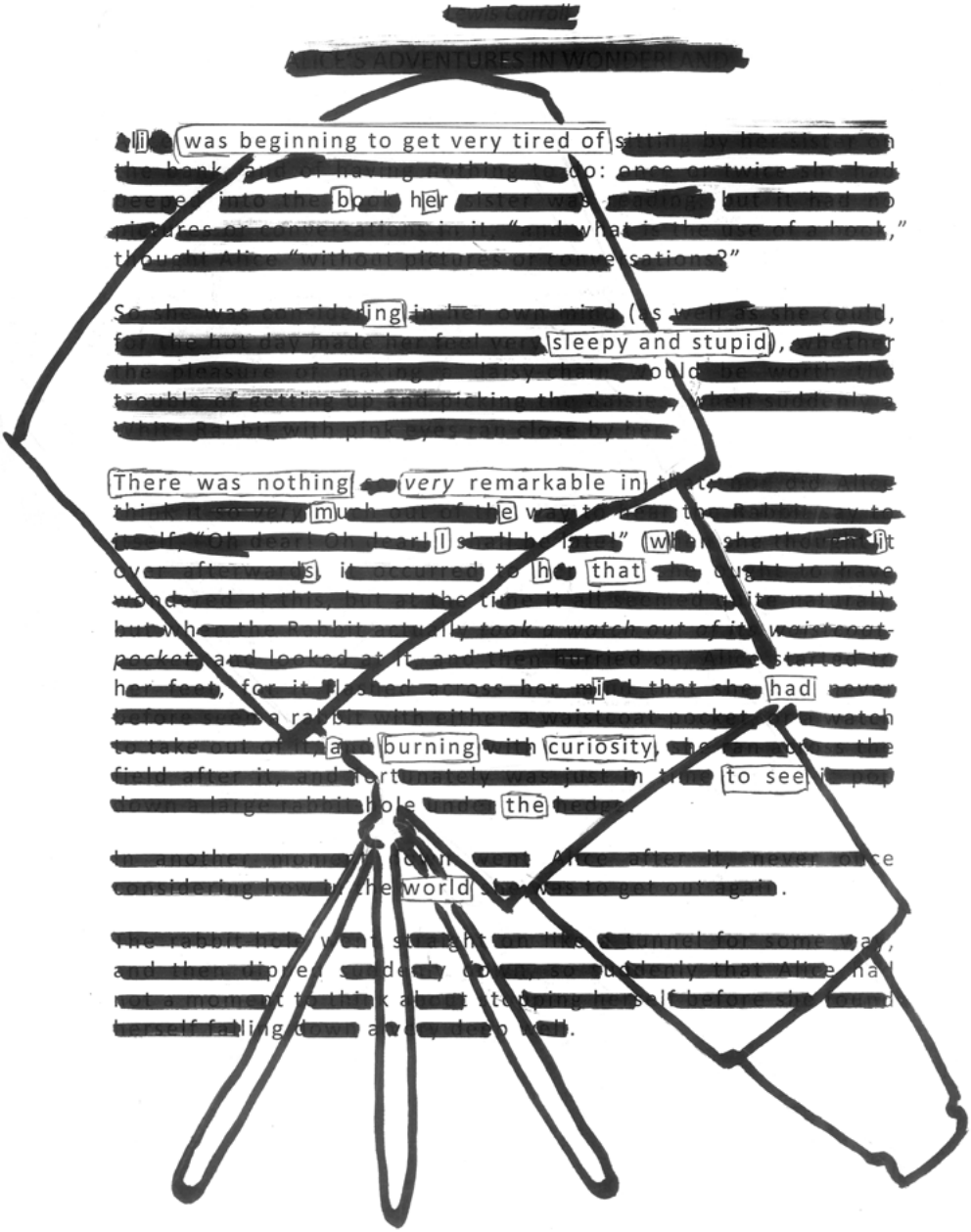

All children
will grow up, and
RIP


WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ
f the
se was small, fo
wagon many miles.
floor and a roo, which made one roo
ooking cookstove, a cupbo
our chairs, and the beds.
a big bed in one corner, and Doroth
There was no garret at a
dug in the ground, calle
could go in case o
mi ty enough to cr
rap door
into
the
sun
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When
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little
eyes
look at
God
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Hell"

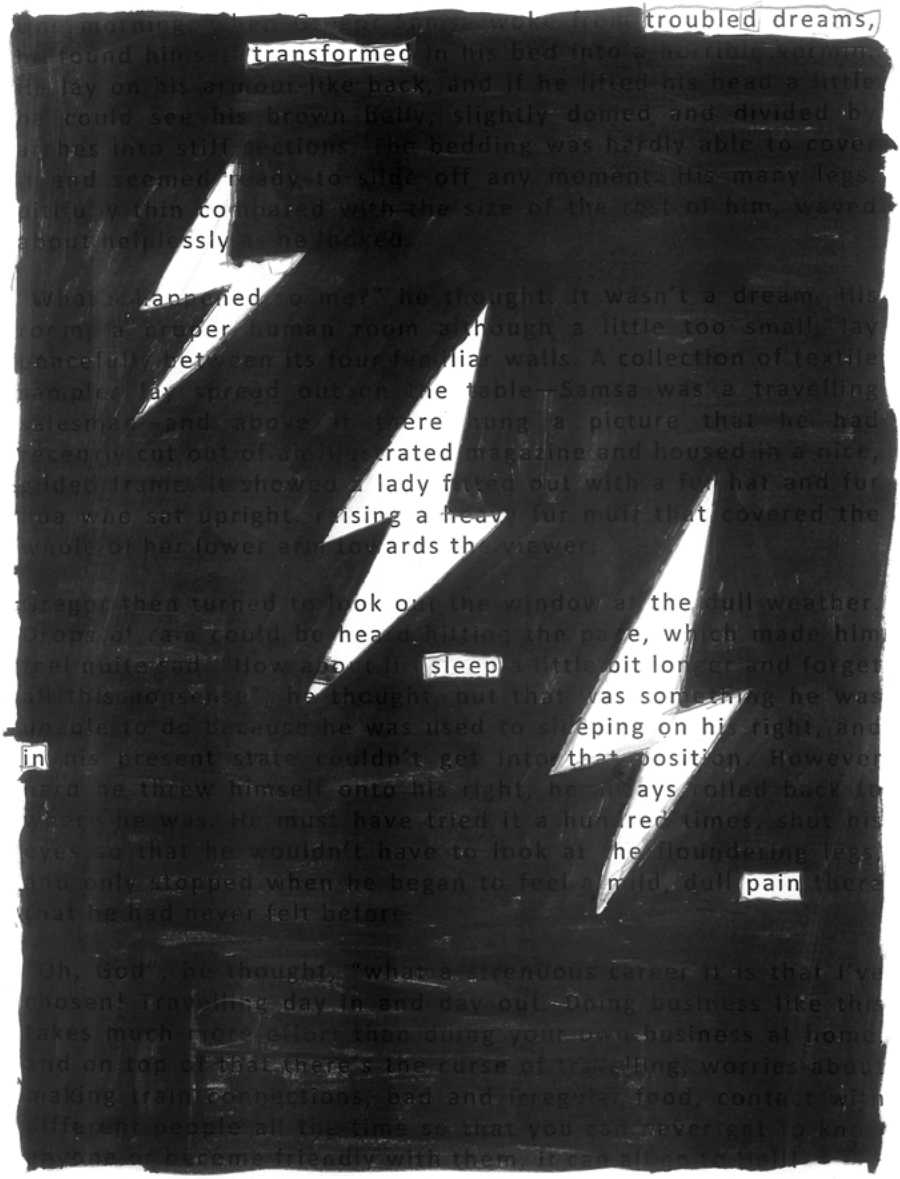



garden
flower
ed
like
lovely
and
sweet
girl


was beginning to get very tired of
sleepy and stupid
There was nothing
very
remarkable in
had
burning
curiosity
to see
the
world

Franz Kafka

METAMORPHOSIS



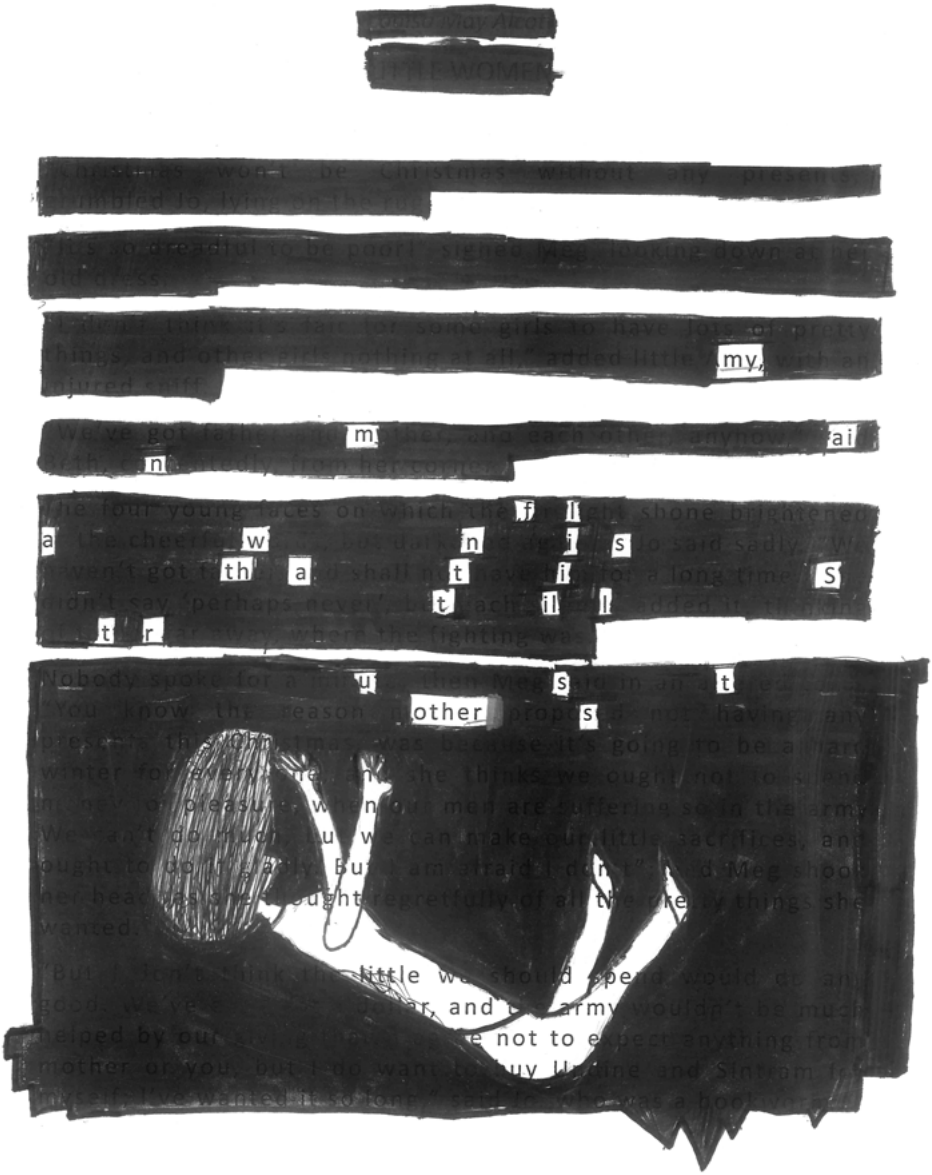


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Of course they lived at 14 [illegible] and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was lovely, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth has one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was perfectly conspicuous in the right hand corner.

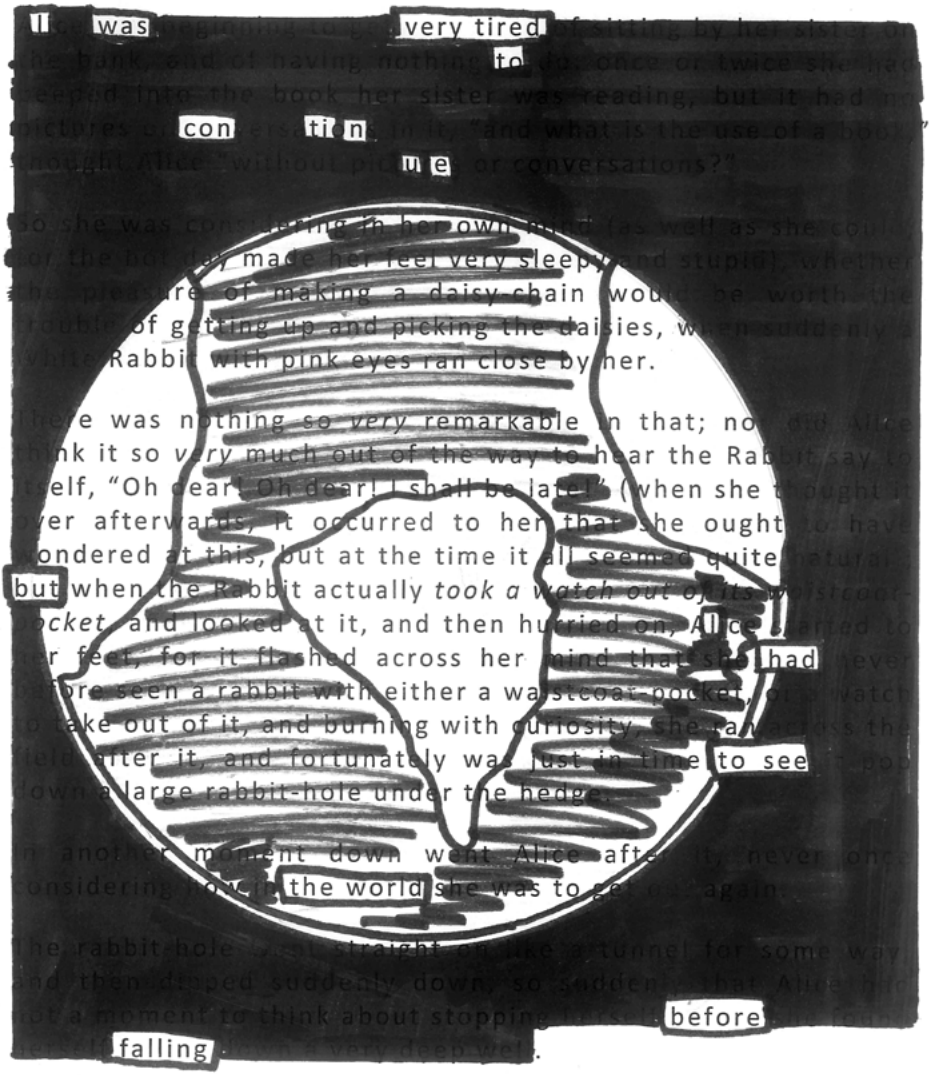
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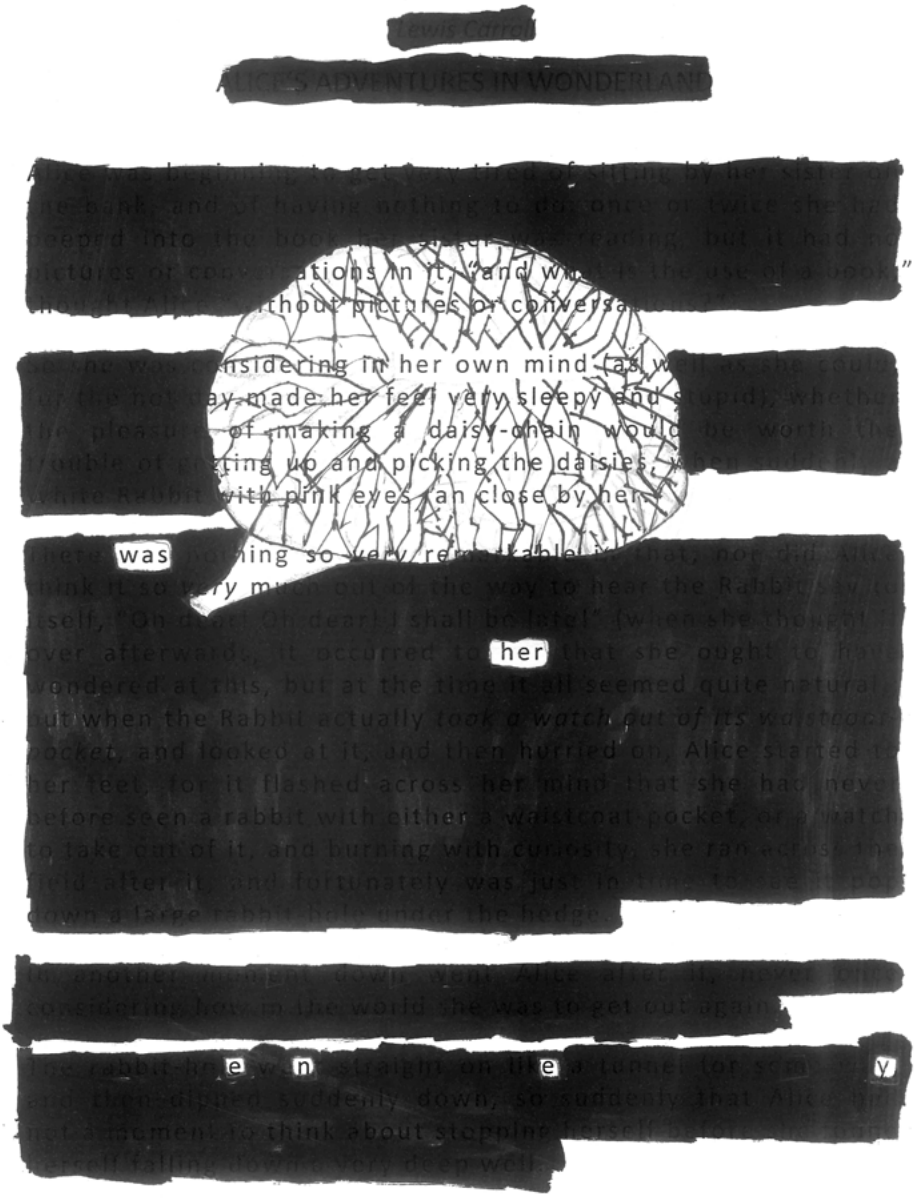
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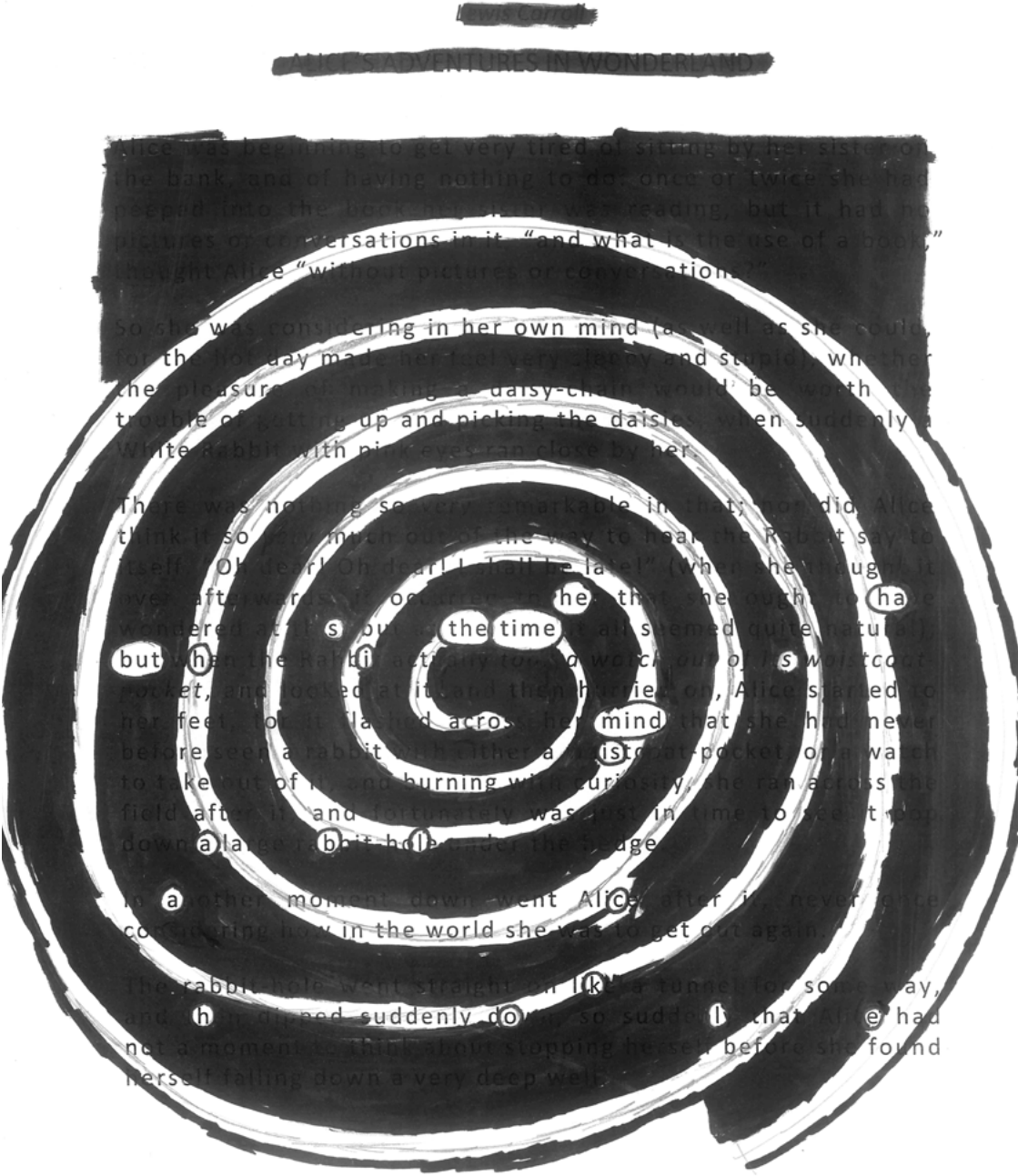


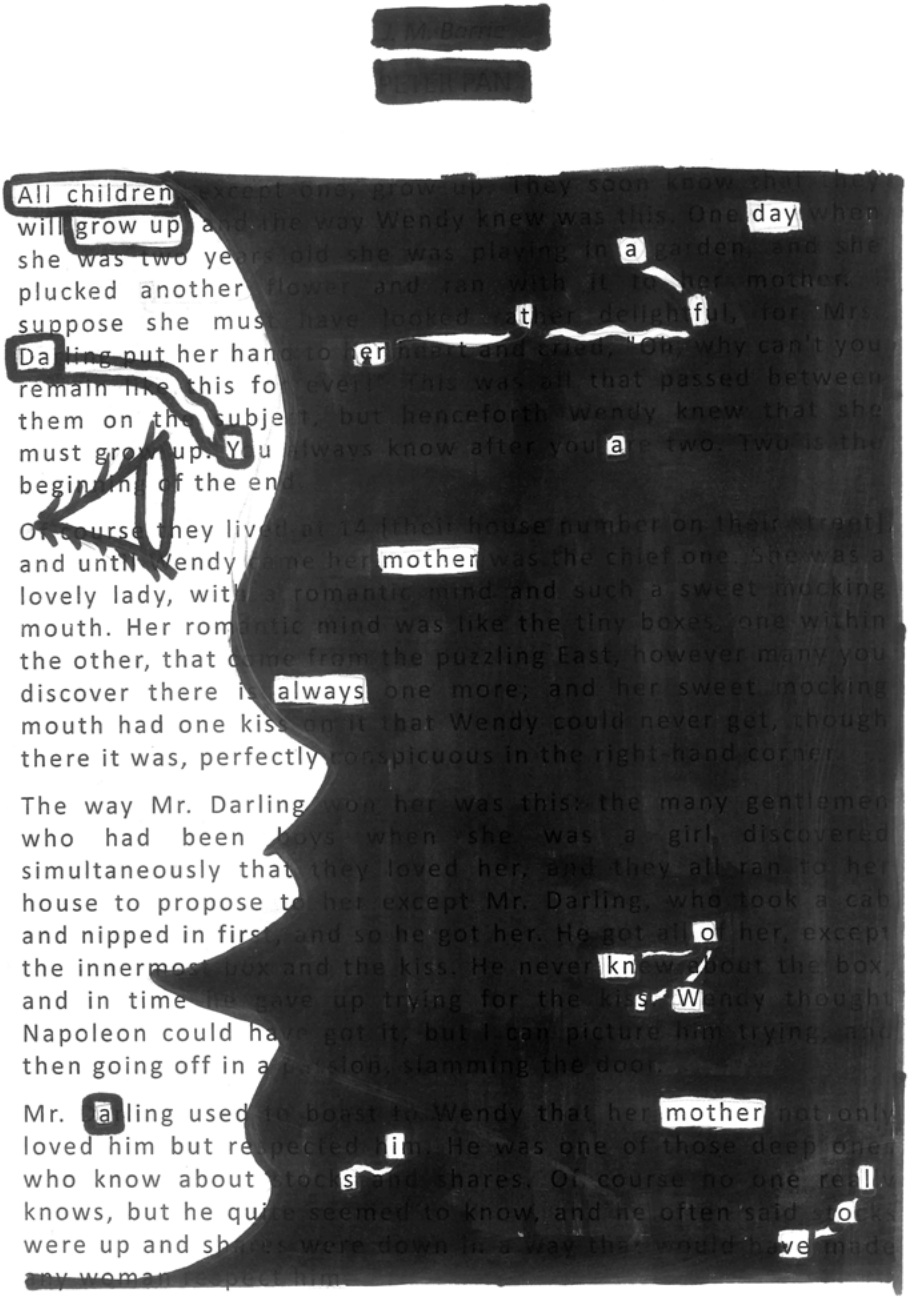
~~Lewis Carroll~~

~~ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND~~



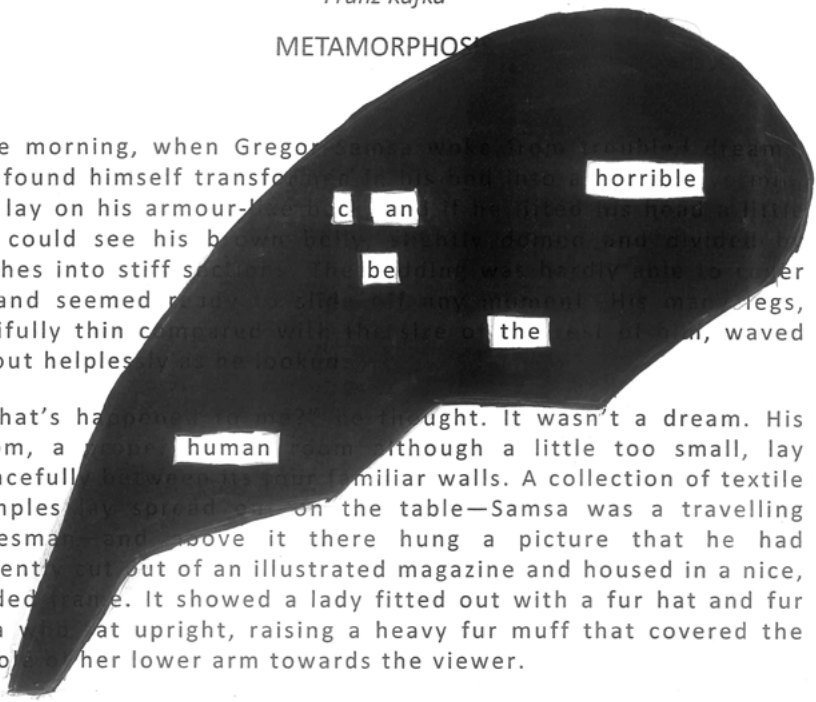

was
her




All children
will grow up
day
a
mother
always

Franz Kafka

METAMORPHOS

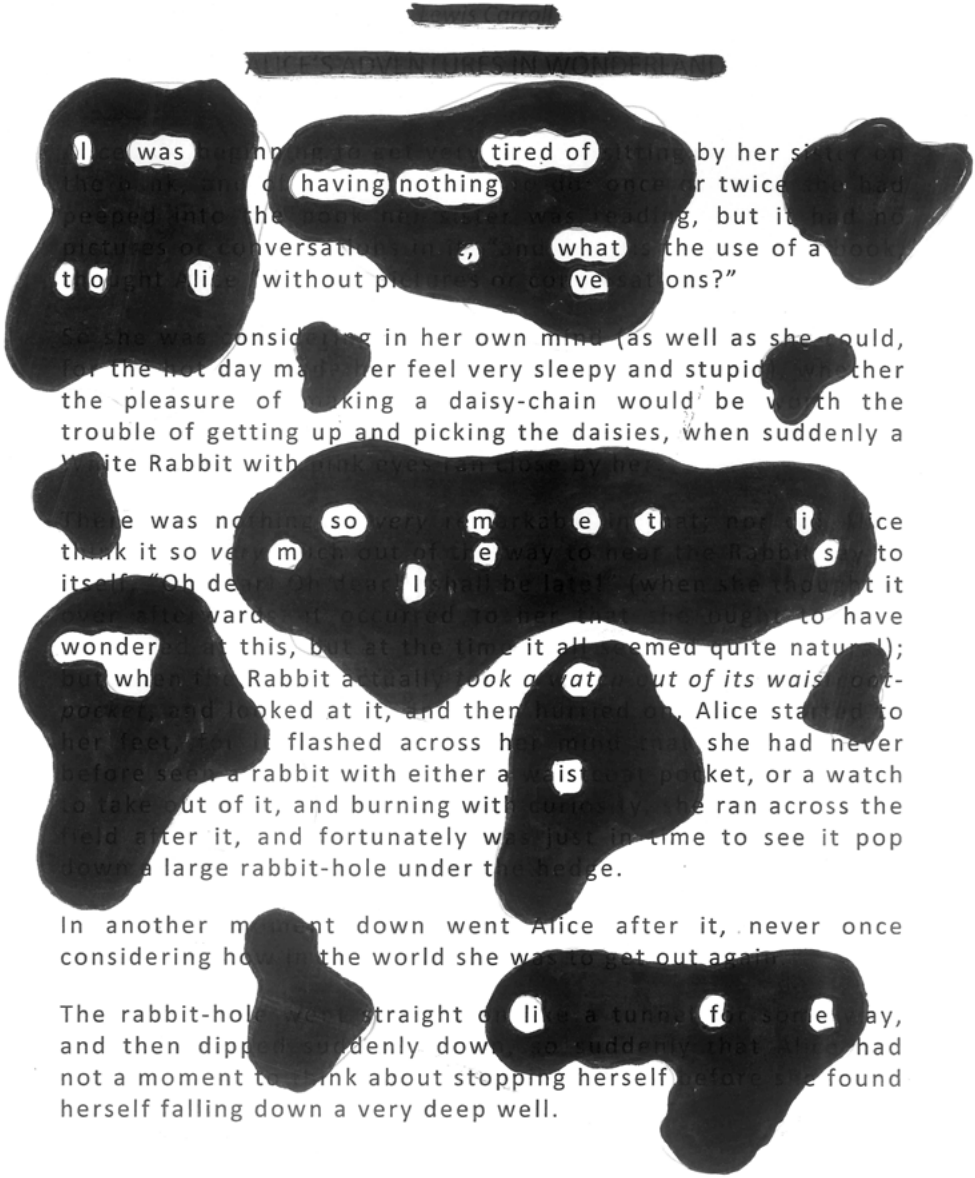


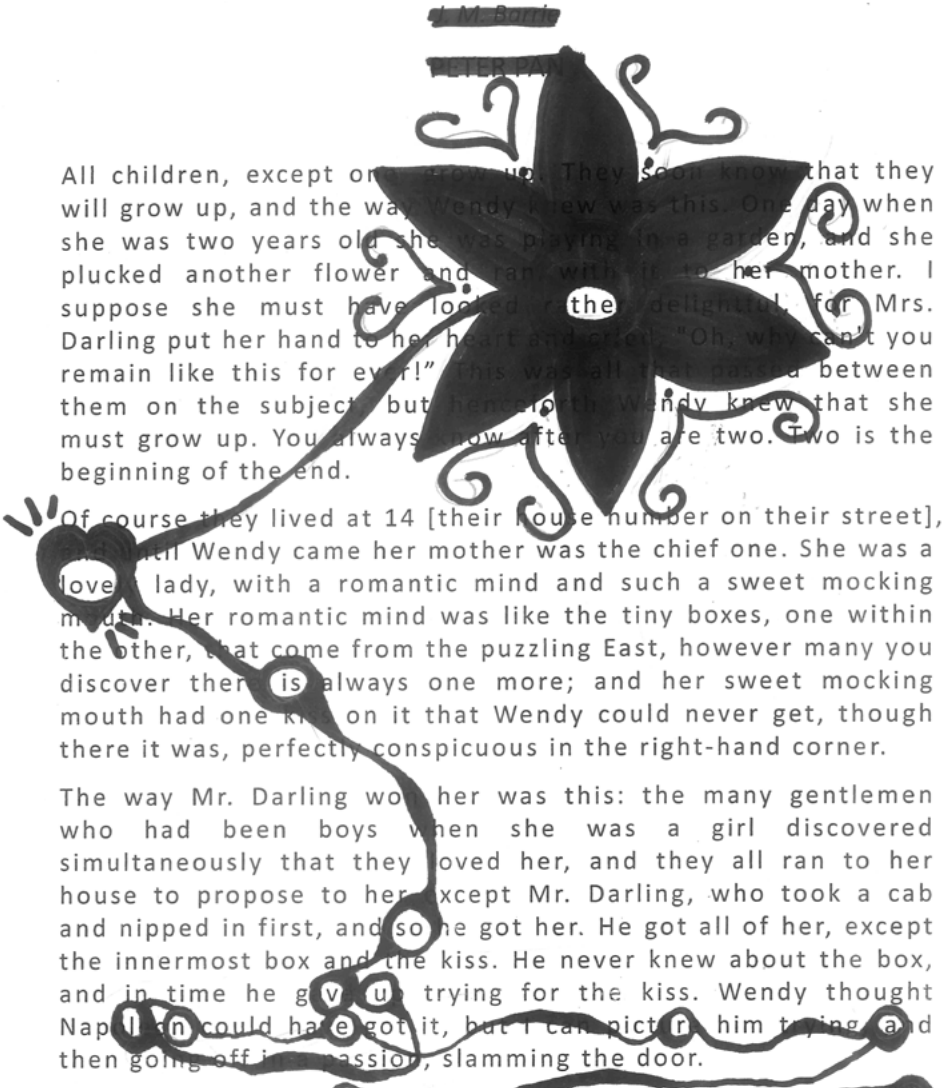
One morning, when Grego Samsa woke from troubled dream he found himself transfo ed in his bed into a horrible He lay on his armour-l c an he could see his b bowed be shaped dome and divided arches into stiff s be ding was hardly able to cover it and seemed r to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin c pared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helples as he looked

"What's ha pened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a human om, although a little too small, lay peacefull between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table—Samsa was a travelling salesma —and above it there hung a picture that he had recent cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded fra e. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whol her lower arm towards the viewer.

Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather. Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which made him feel quite sad. "How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all this nonsense", he thought, but that was something he was unable to do because he was used to sleeping on his right and in his present state couldn't get int position. However hard he threw himself onto his ri t, he always rolled back to where he was. He must have tr d it a hundred times, shut his eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at the floundering legs, and only stop ed when he began to feel a mild dull pain there that he had never before

"Oh, God," he thought, "what a strenuous career it is that I've chosen travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much more effo than doing your own business at home, and on top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell!"


was
tired of
having nothing
what
the use of a
without
so
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Alice
In another
down went Alice after it, never once
The rabbit-hole
and then
had
herself falling down a very deep well.



J. M. Barrie

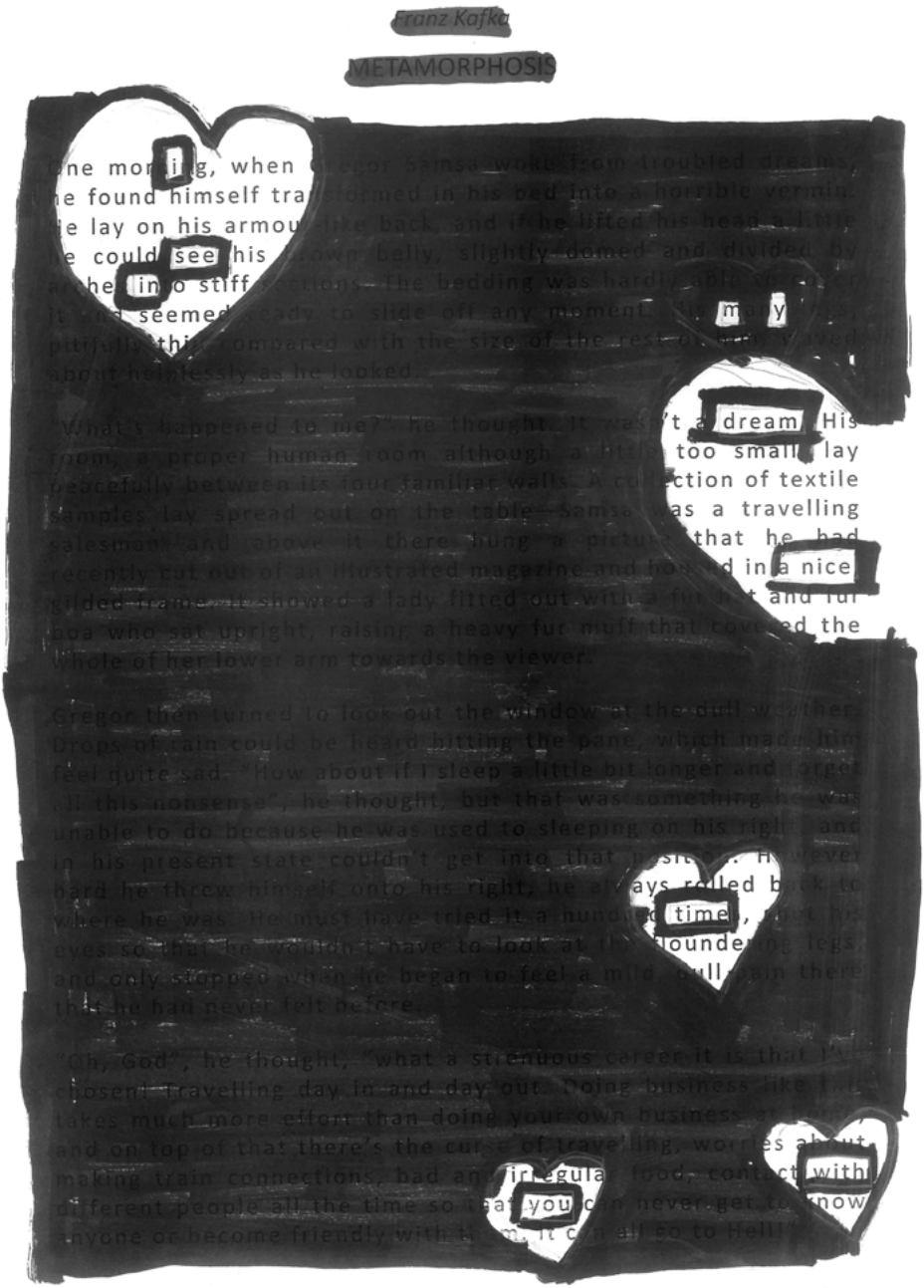
PETER PAN

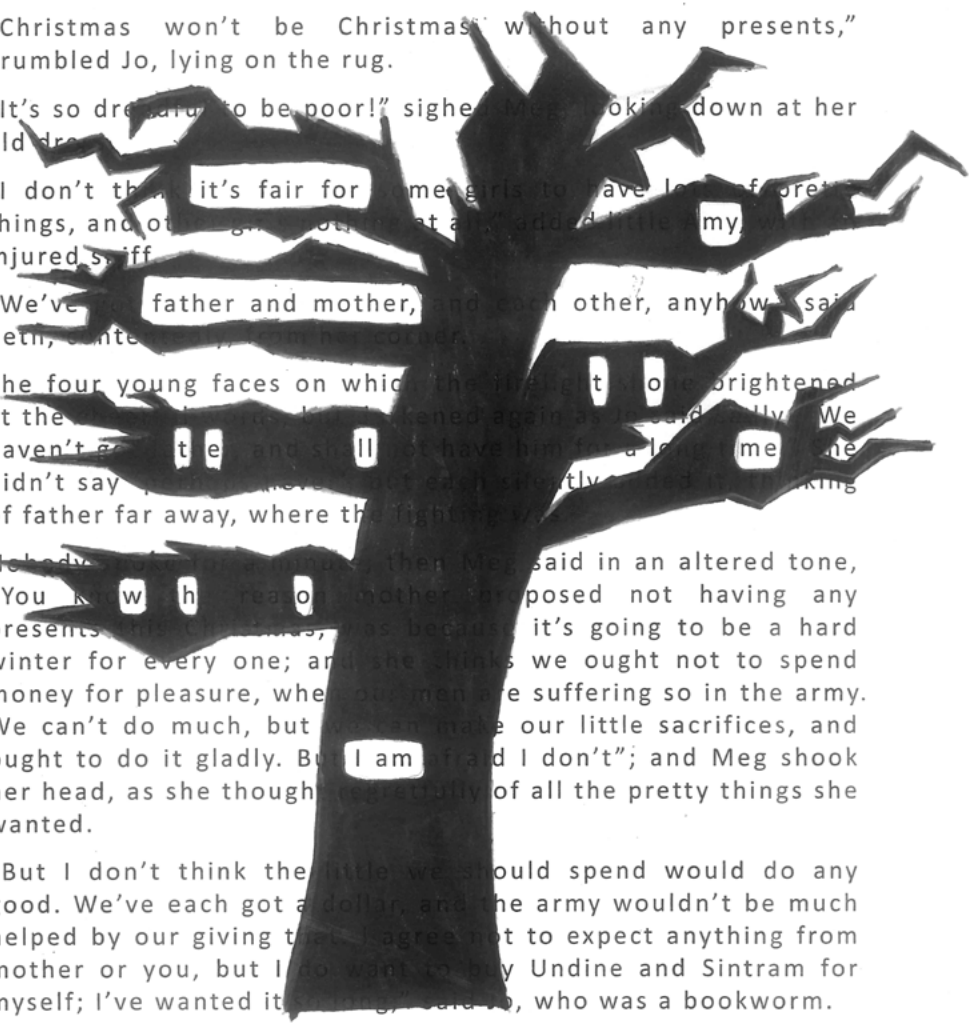
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Franz Kafka
METAMORPHOSIS



"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

"I don't think it's fair for some girls to have lots of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all," added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

"We've father and mother, and each other, anyhow," said Beth, contentedly, from her corner.

The four young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the words, but darkened again as Jo said sadly, "We haven't father and shall not have him for a long time." She didn't say she thought they all missed him most just then, but each silently added it, thinking of father far away, where the fighting was.

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said in an altered tone, "You know the reason mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas, was because it's going to be a hard winter for every one; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army. We can't do much, but we can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I am afraid I don't"; and Meg shook her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

"But I don't think the little we should spend would do any good. We've each got a dollar, and the army wouldn't be much helped by our giving that. I agree not to expect anything from mother or you, but I do want to buy Undine and Sintram for myself; I've wanted it so long," said Jo, who was a bookworm.

Lewis Carroll

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Alice 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 'without pictures or conversations?'

without

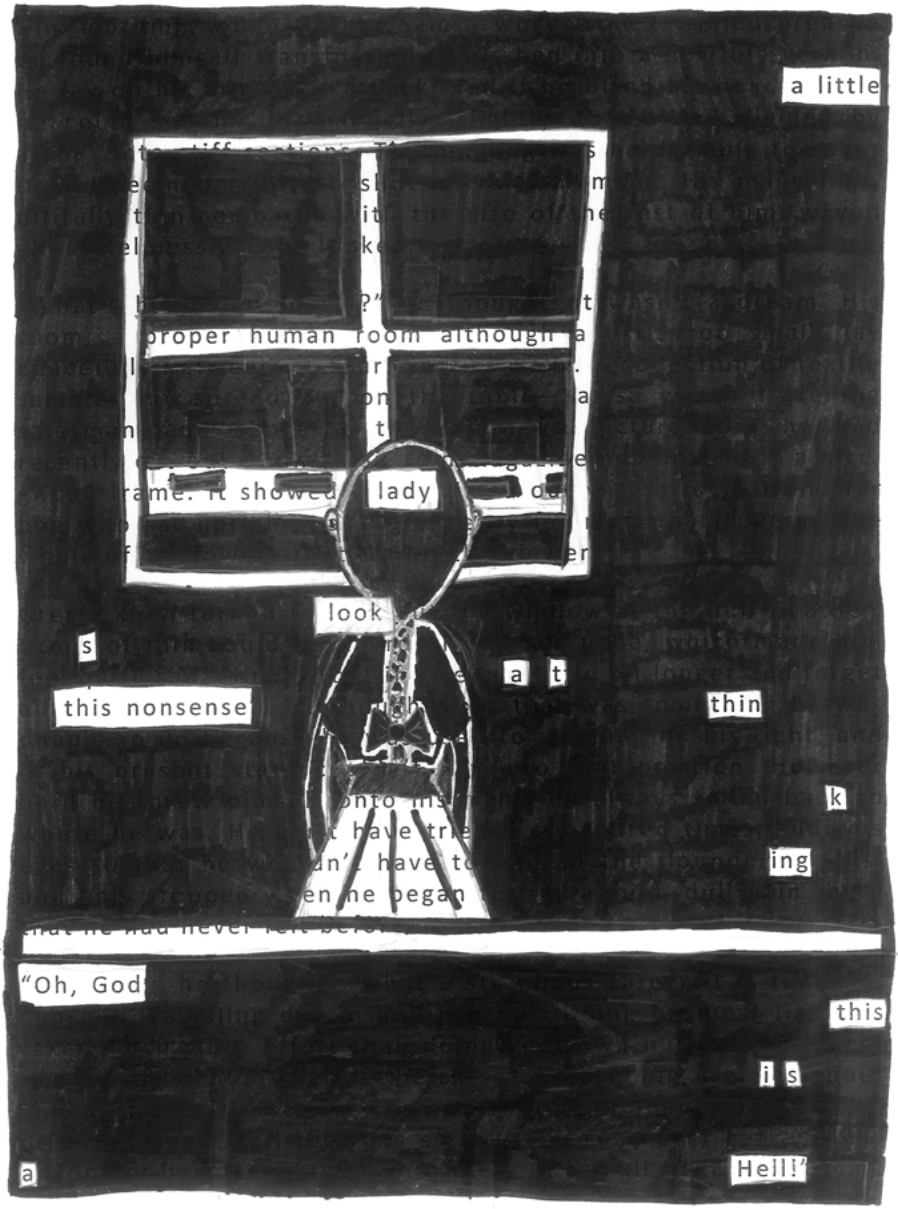
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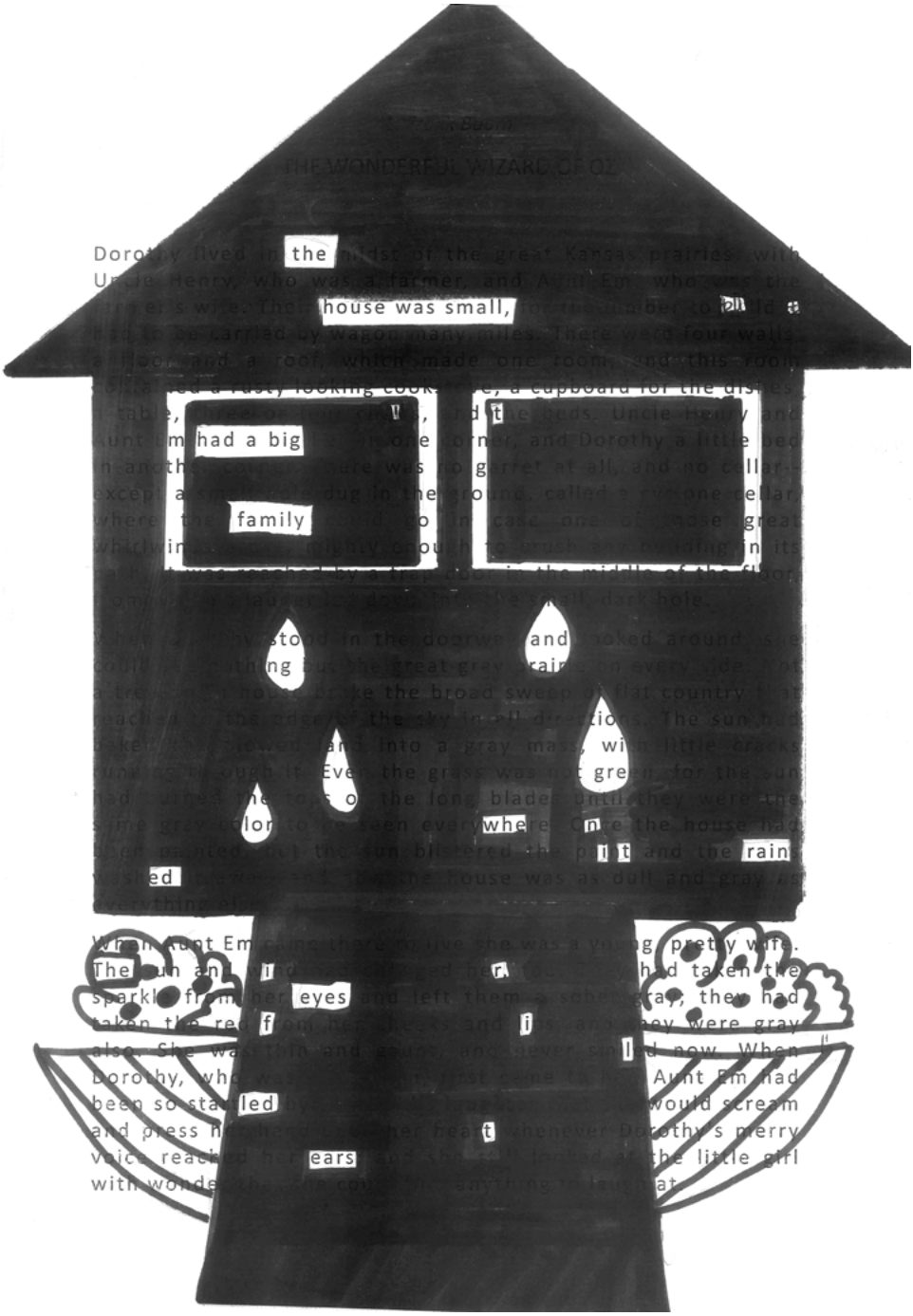
So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

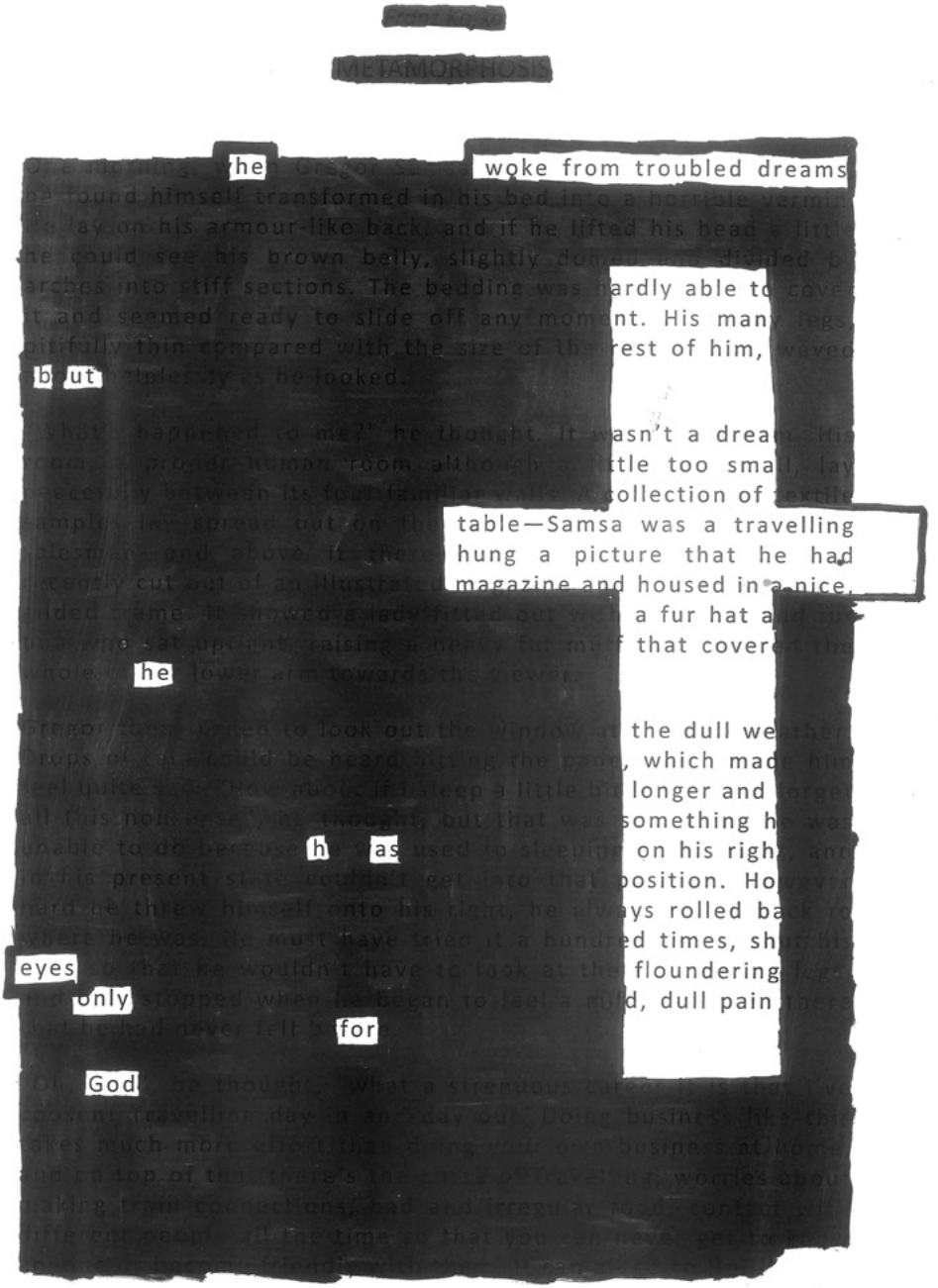
There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit 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.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.


a little
proper human room although
lady
look
this nonsense
thin
k
ing
"Oh, God
this
i s
a
Hell!'


THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ
Dorothy lived in the
house was small,
had a big
family
and
eyes
ears


METAMORPHOSIS
he
woke from troubled dreams
found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin
lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a litt
could see his brown belly, slightly dom divided b
arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cove
t and seemed ready to slide off any mom nt. His man legs
itifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved
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pleplessly as he looked.
happened to me?' he thought. It wasn't a drea
proper human room although ttle too sma
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table—Samsa was a travelling
hung a picture that he had
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a fur hat a
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J. M. Barrie

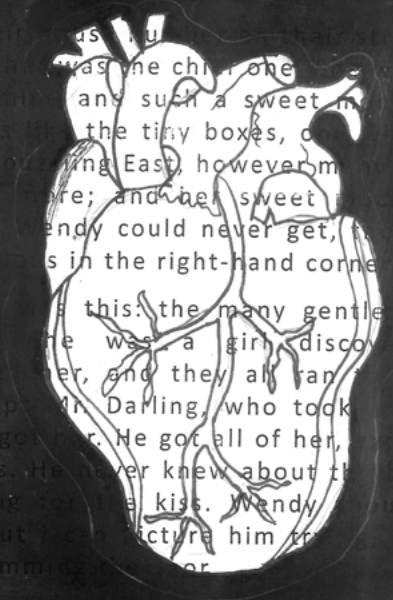
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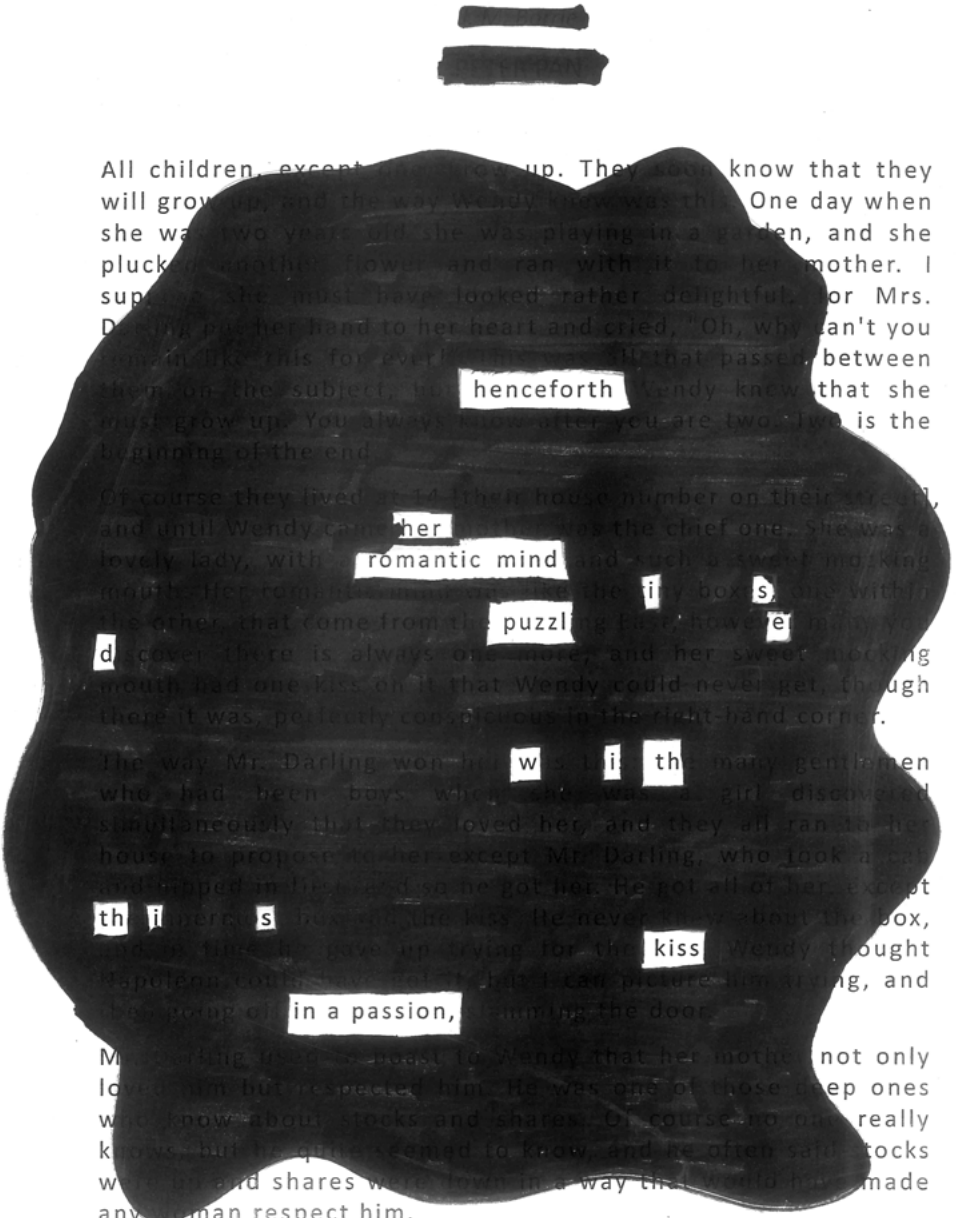
Her romantic mind

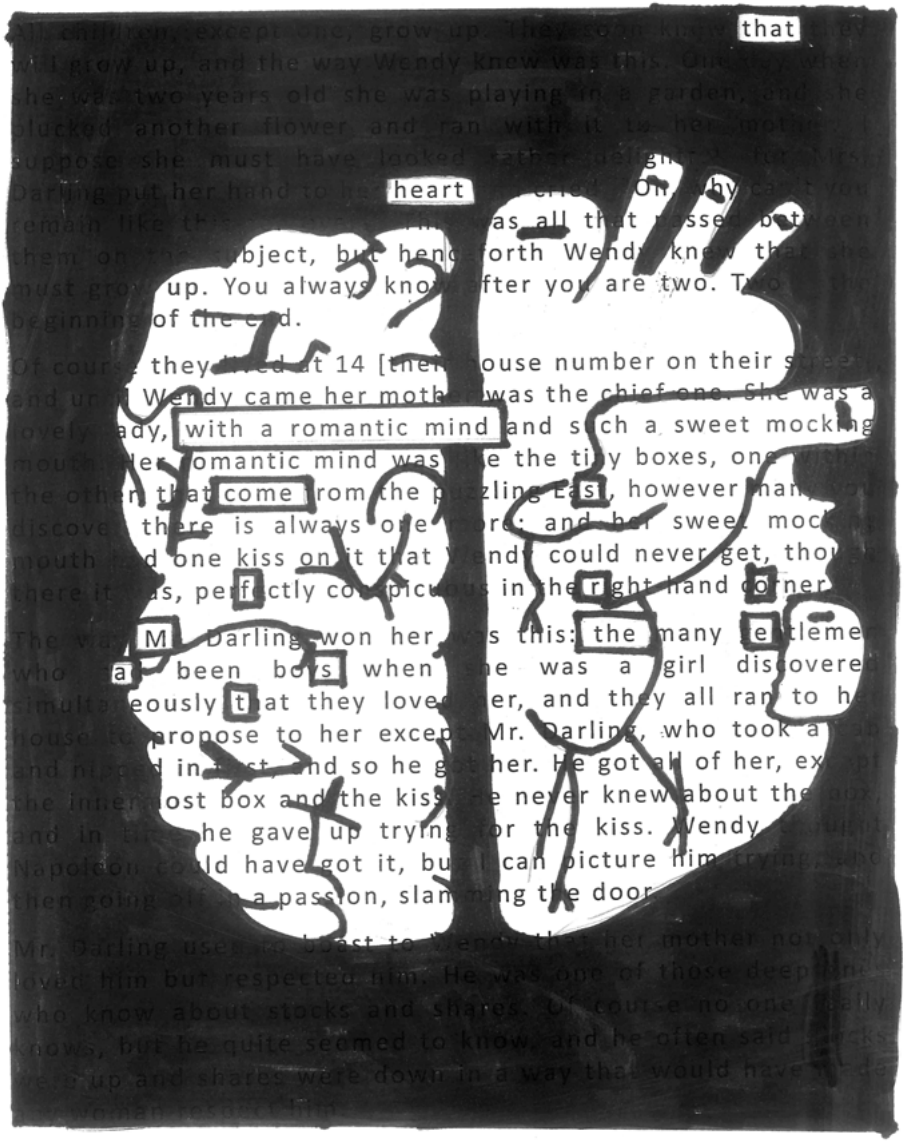


only

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henceforth
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romantic mind
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in a passion,


that
heart
with a romantic mind

Lewis Carroll

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

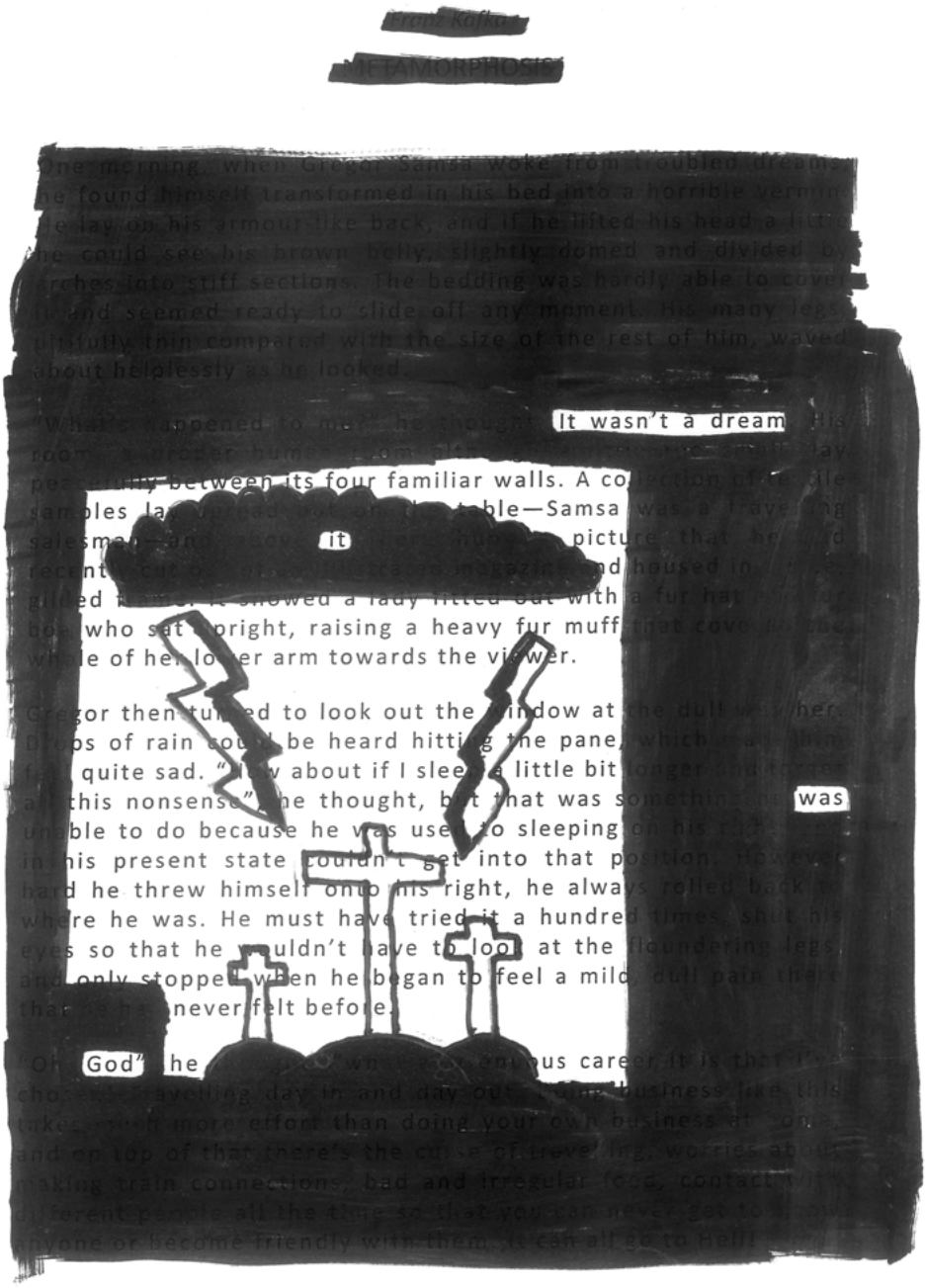
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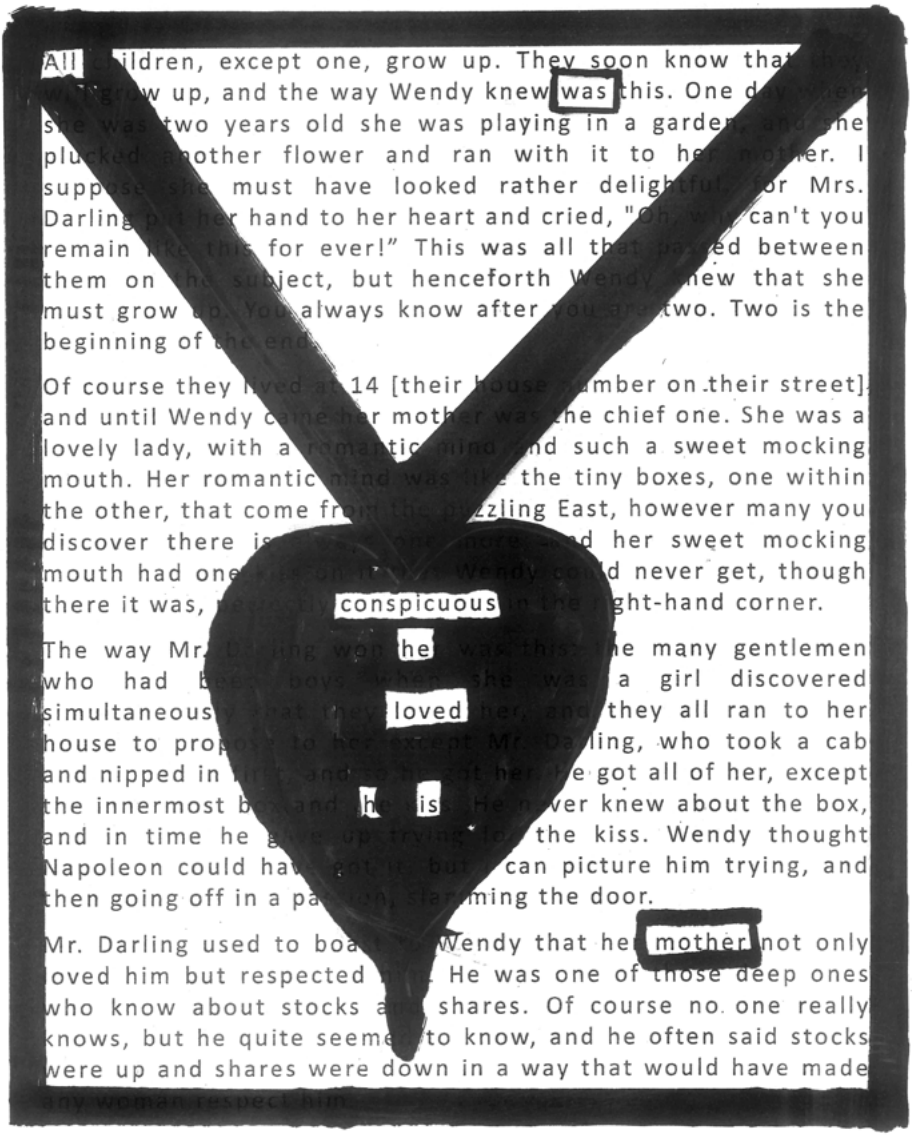
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Kafka
METAMORPHOSIS
It wasn't a dream
it
was
God

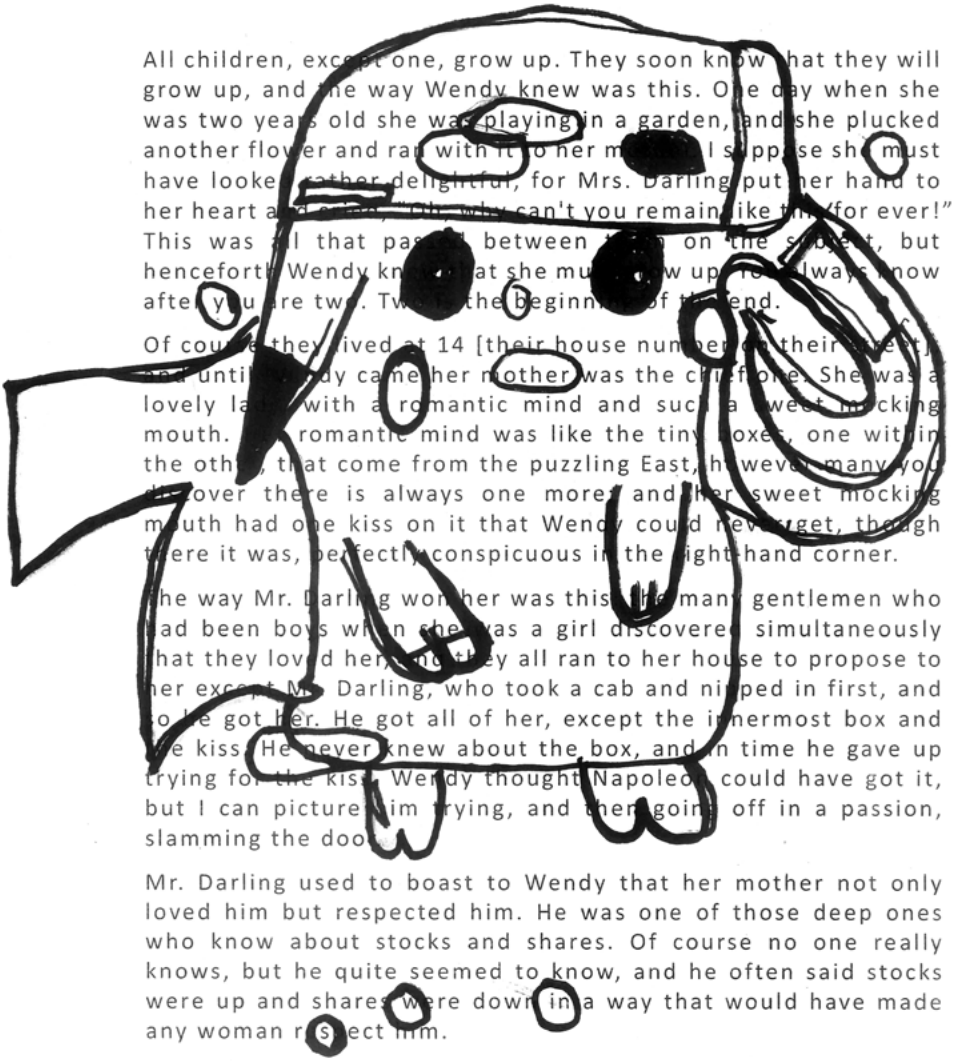
J. M. Barrie

PETER PAN



J. M. Barrie

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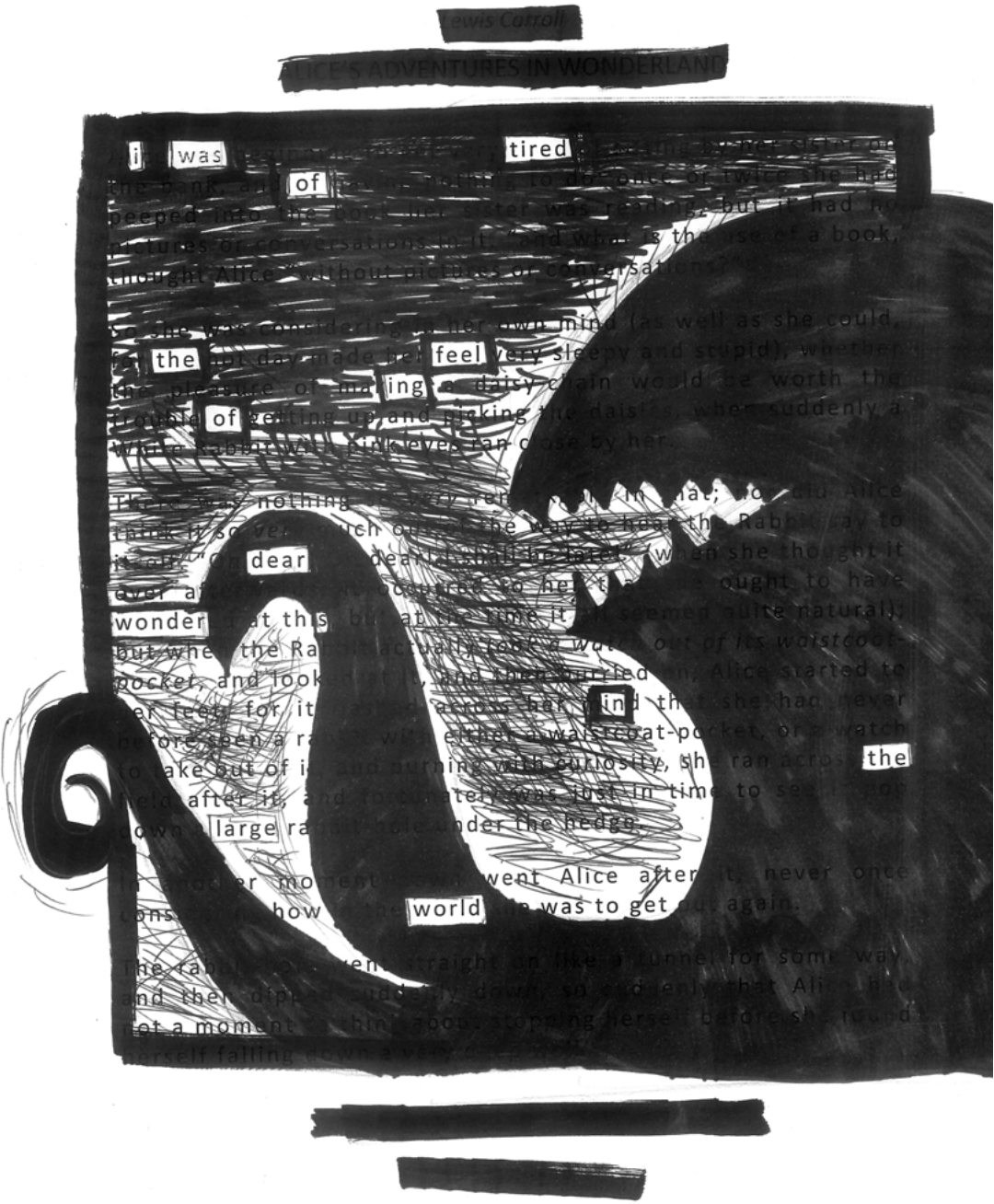


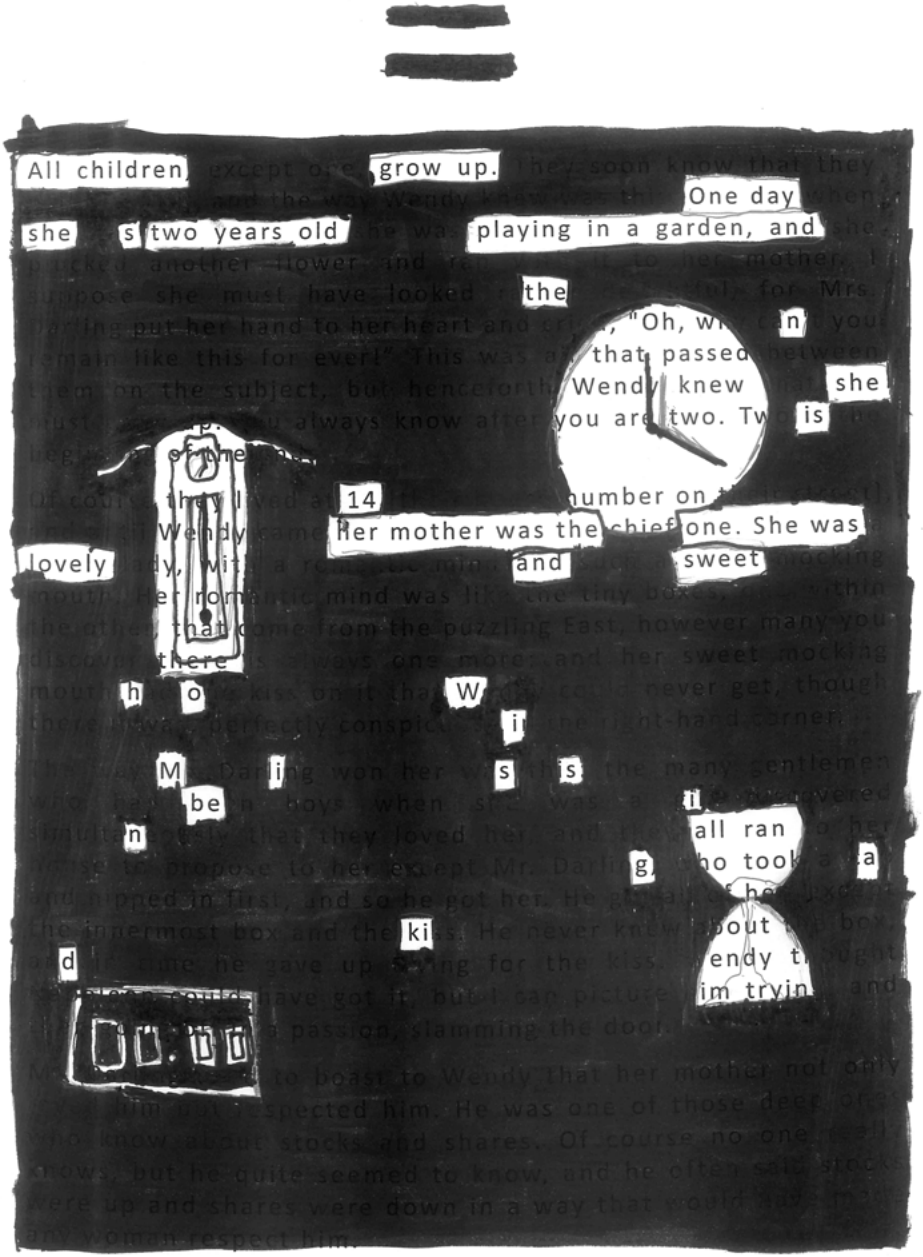
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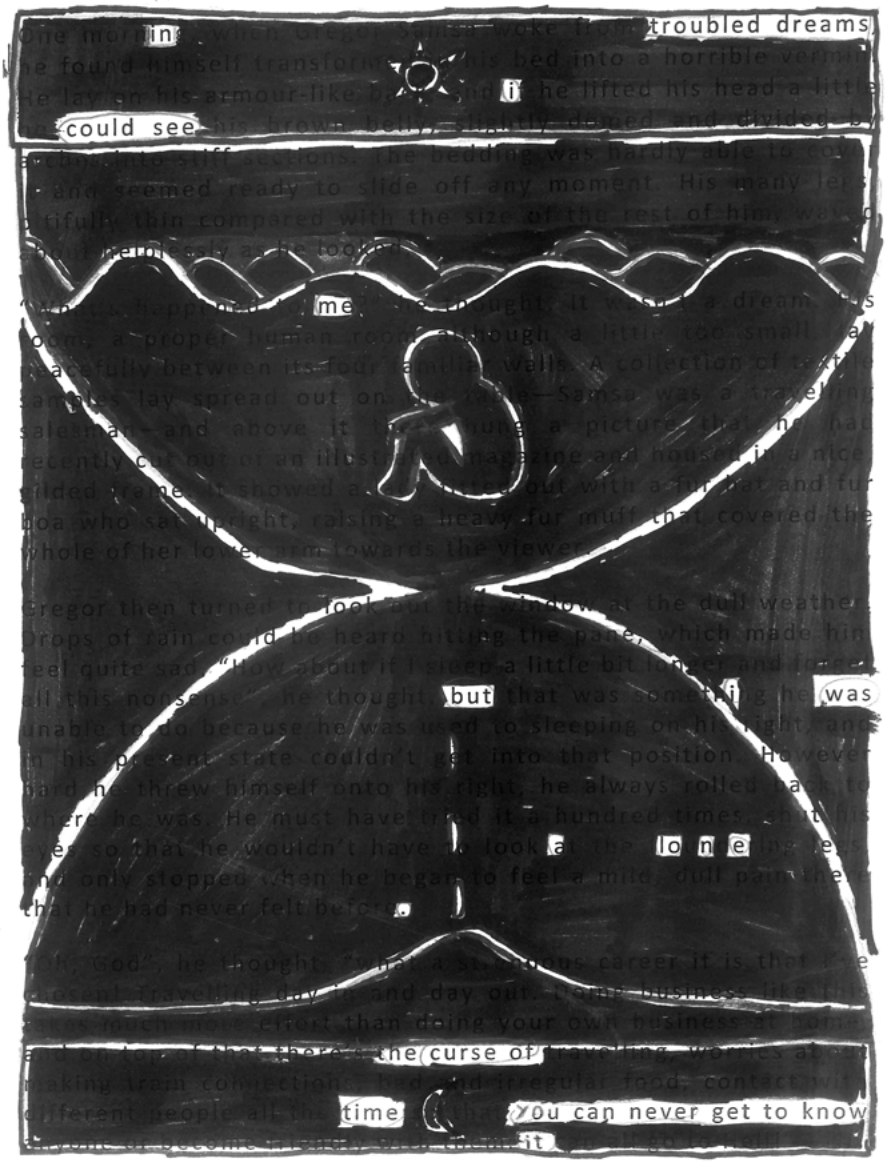
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Lewis Carroll
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND
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All children
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One day
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Wendy knew
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Her mother was the chief one. She was
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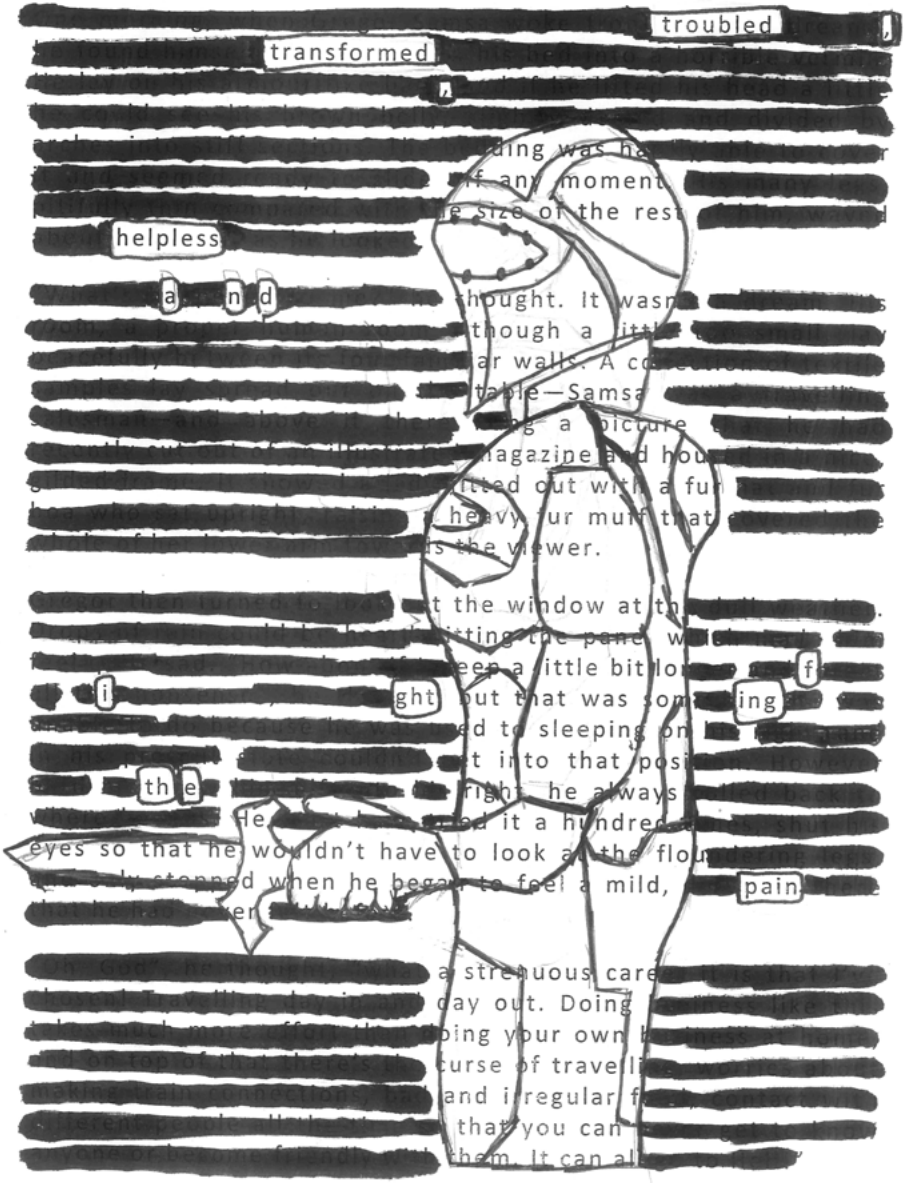
Franz Kafka

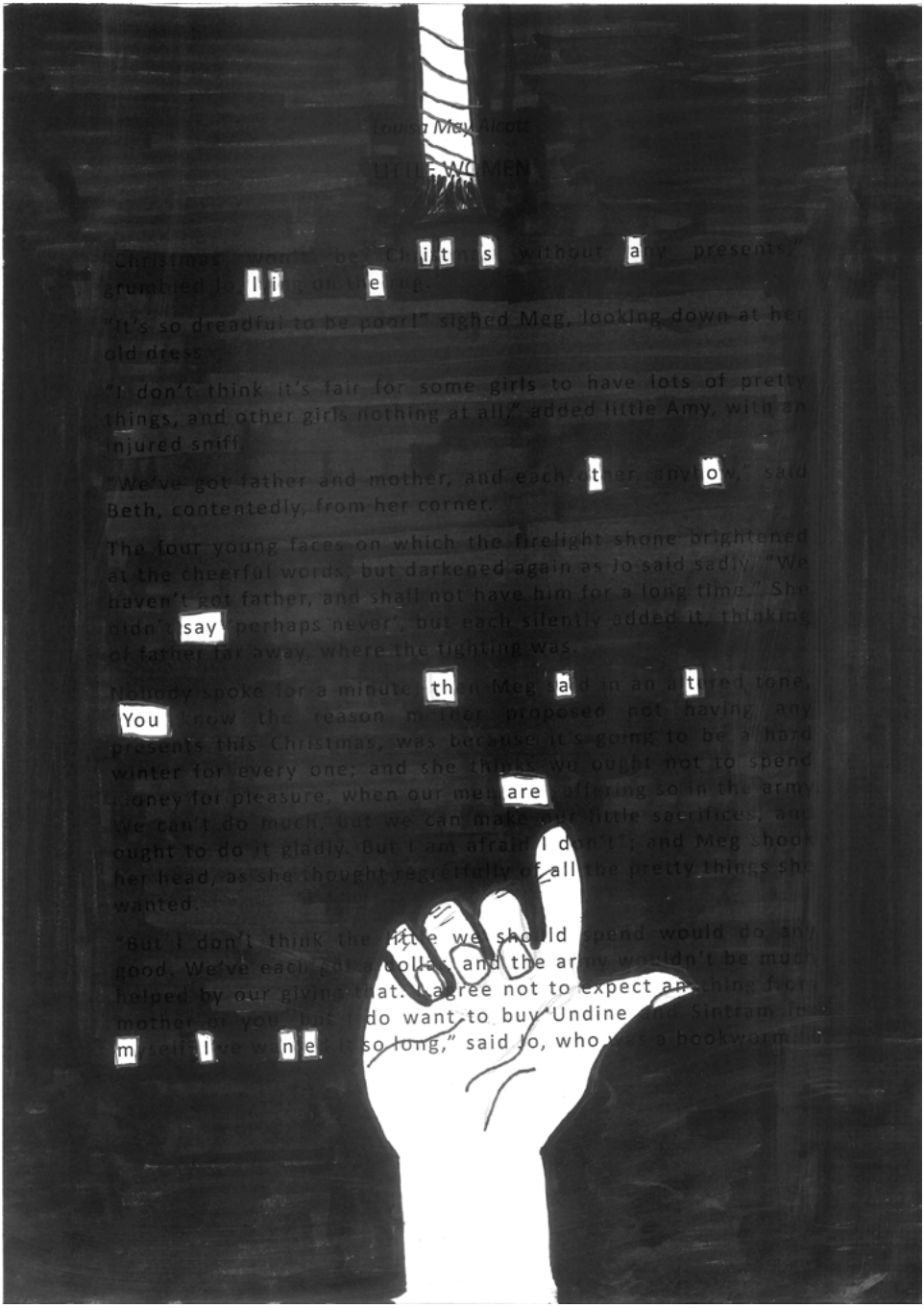
METAMORPHOSIS



Franz Kafka

METAMORPHOSIS

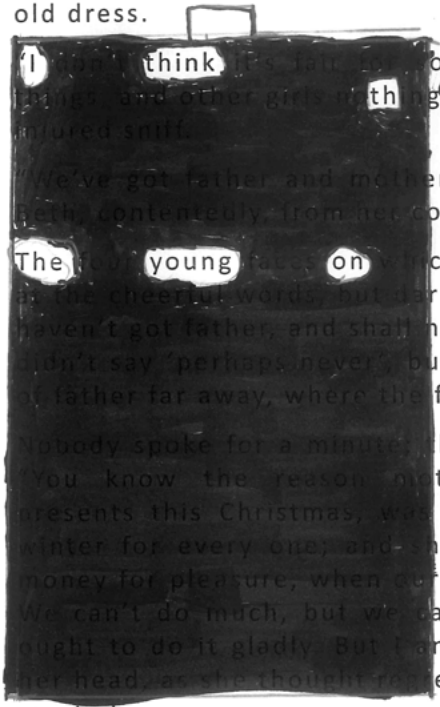



Louisa May Alcott
LITTLE WOMEN
Christmas
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presents
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"But I don't think the little we should spend would do any good. We've each got a dollar, and the army wouldn't be much helped by our giving that. I agree not to expect anything from mother or you, but I do want to buy Undine and Sintram for myself. I've wished for it so long," said Jo, who was a bookworm.
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“Christmas won’t be Christmas without any presents,” grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

“It’s so dreadful to be poor!” sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.



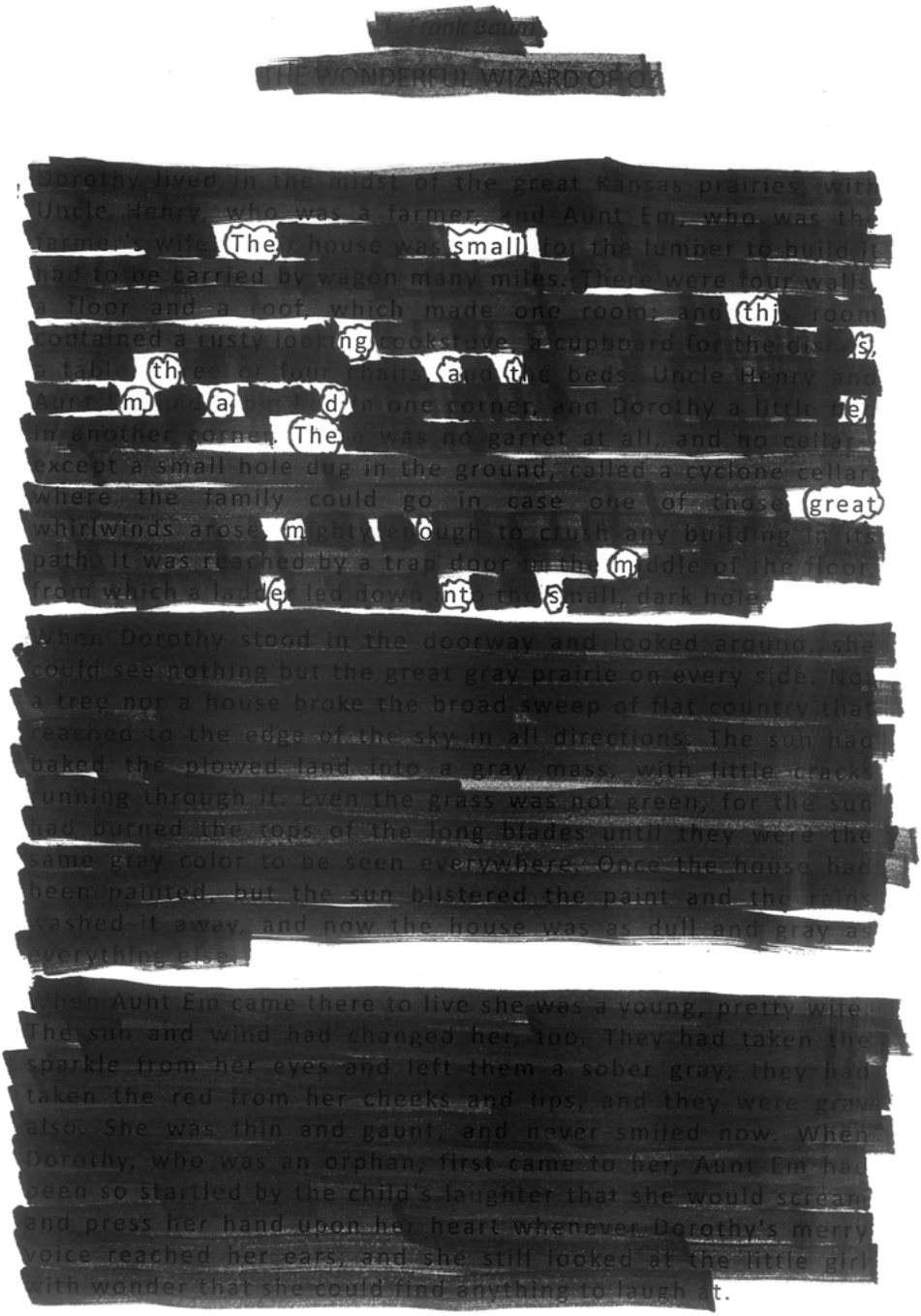
“I don’t think it’s fair for some girls to have lots of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all,” added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

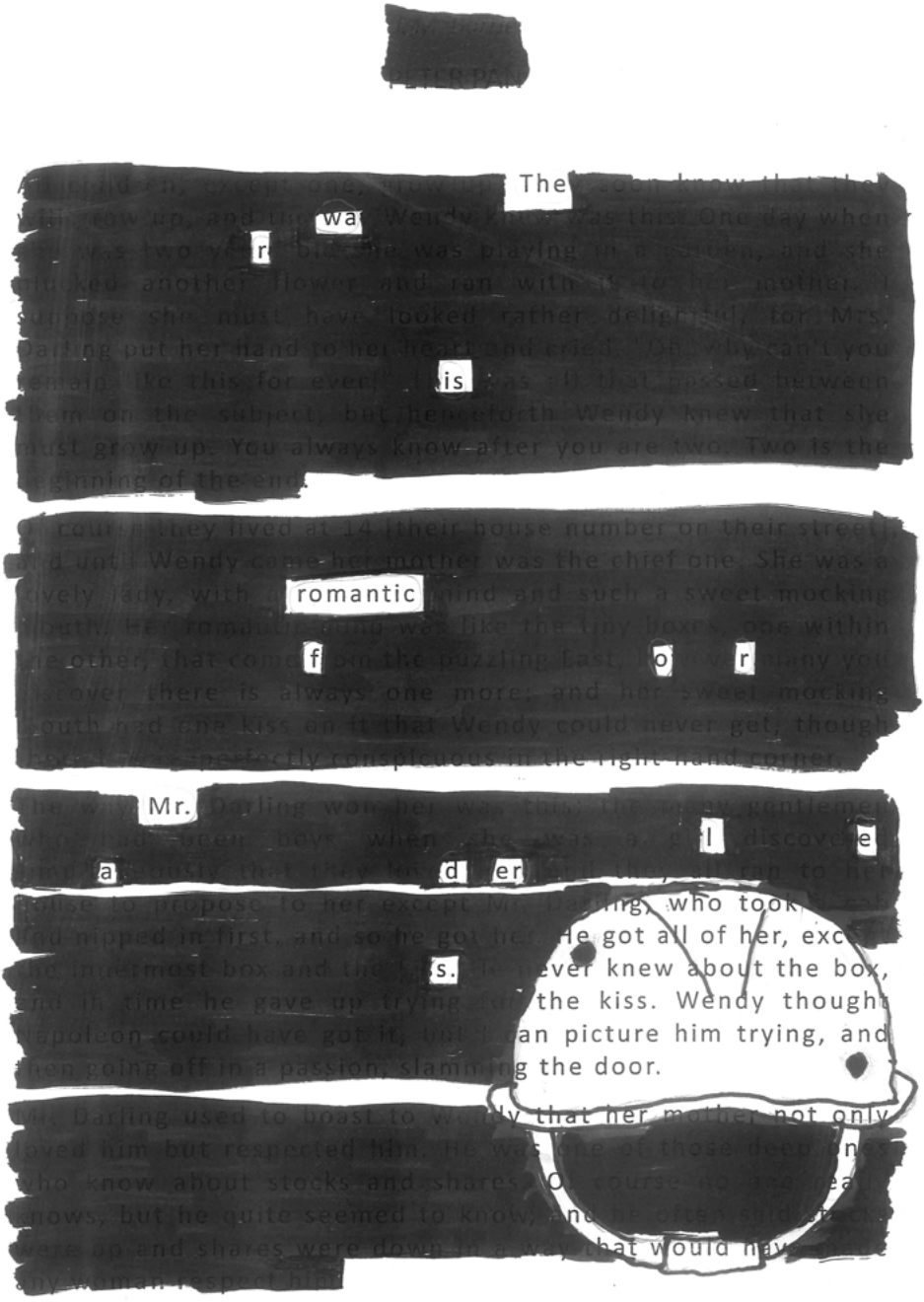
“We’ve got father and mother, and each other, anyhow,” said Beth, contentedly, from her corner.

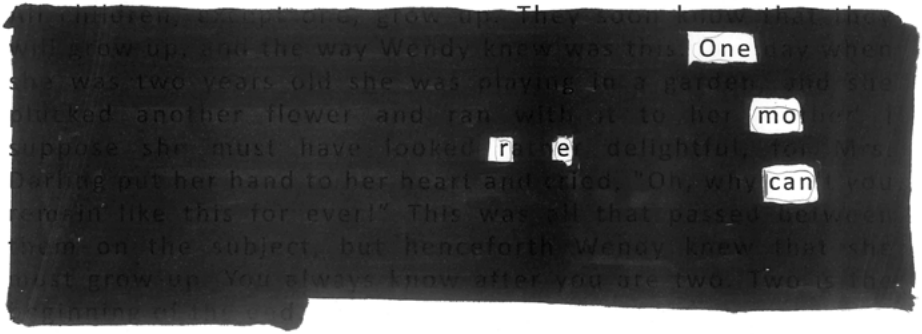
The other young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the cheerful words, but darkened again as Jo said sadly, “We haven’t got father, and shall not have him for a long time.” She didn’t say ‘perhaps never’, but each silently added it, thinking of father far away, where the fighting was.

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said in an altered tone, “You know the reason mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas, was because it’s going to be a hard winter for every one; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army. We can’t do much, but we can make little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I am afraid I don’t”; and Meg shook her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

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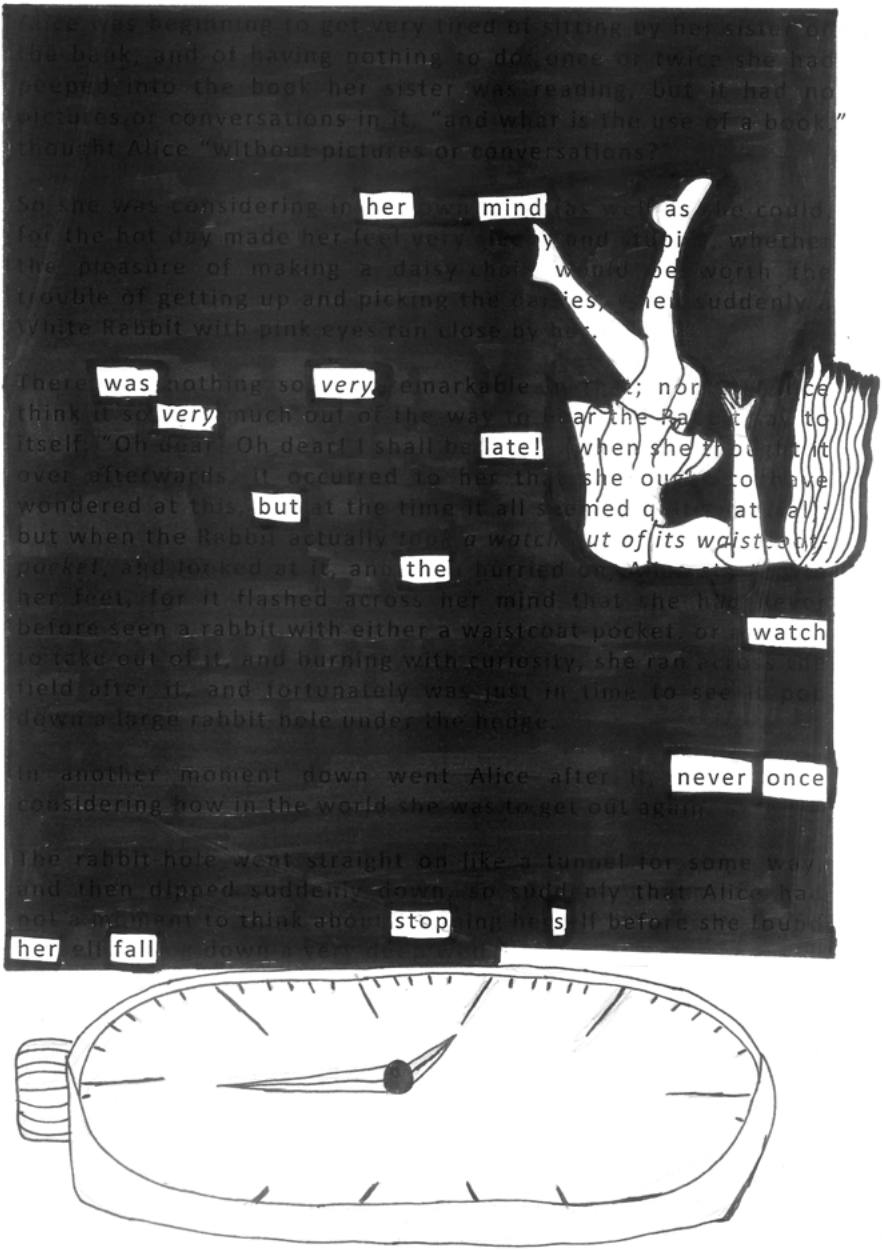

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romantic
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who took
He got all of her, exc
ever knew about the box,
the kiss. Wendy thought
an picture him trying, and
g the door.
that her mother not only
that would hav



Of course they lived at 14 [their house number on their street], and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner.

The way Mr. D as this: the man who had b e was a gir discover d simultaneous that they loved er, and they a r house to pro Mr. Darling, who took a c and nipped in fi got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box a kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a passion, slamming the door.

Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stock shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite se me o know, and he often said stocks were up and shares we down in a way that would have made any woman respect him.


her
mind
was
very
late!
but
the
watch
never
once
stop
her
fall

Louisa May Alcott

LITTLE WOMEN

Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents, grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

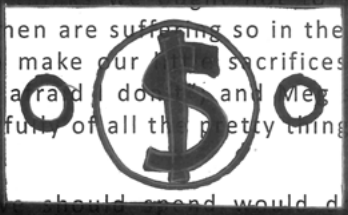
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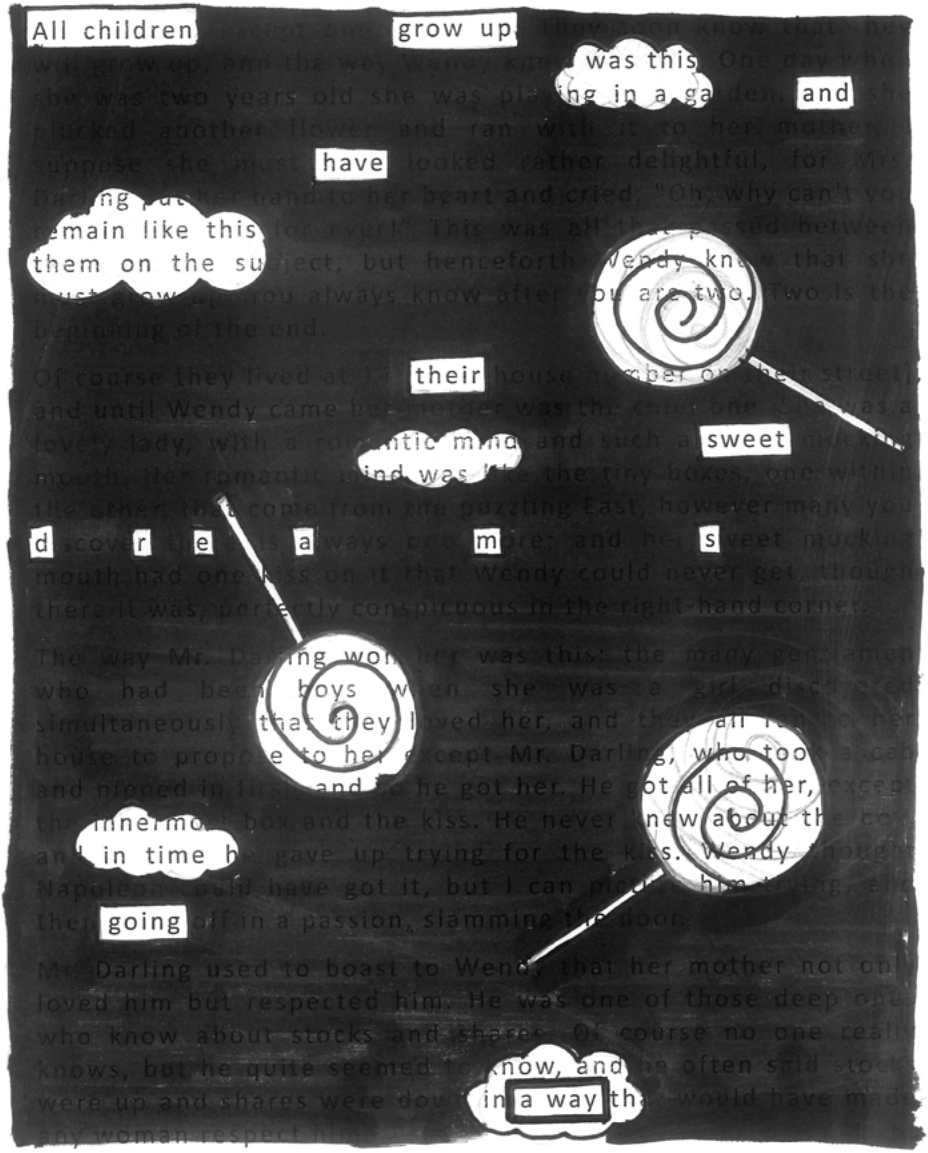
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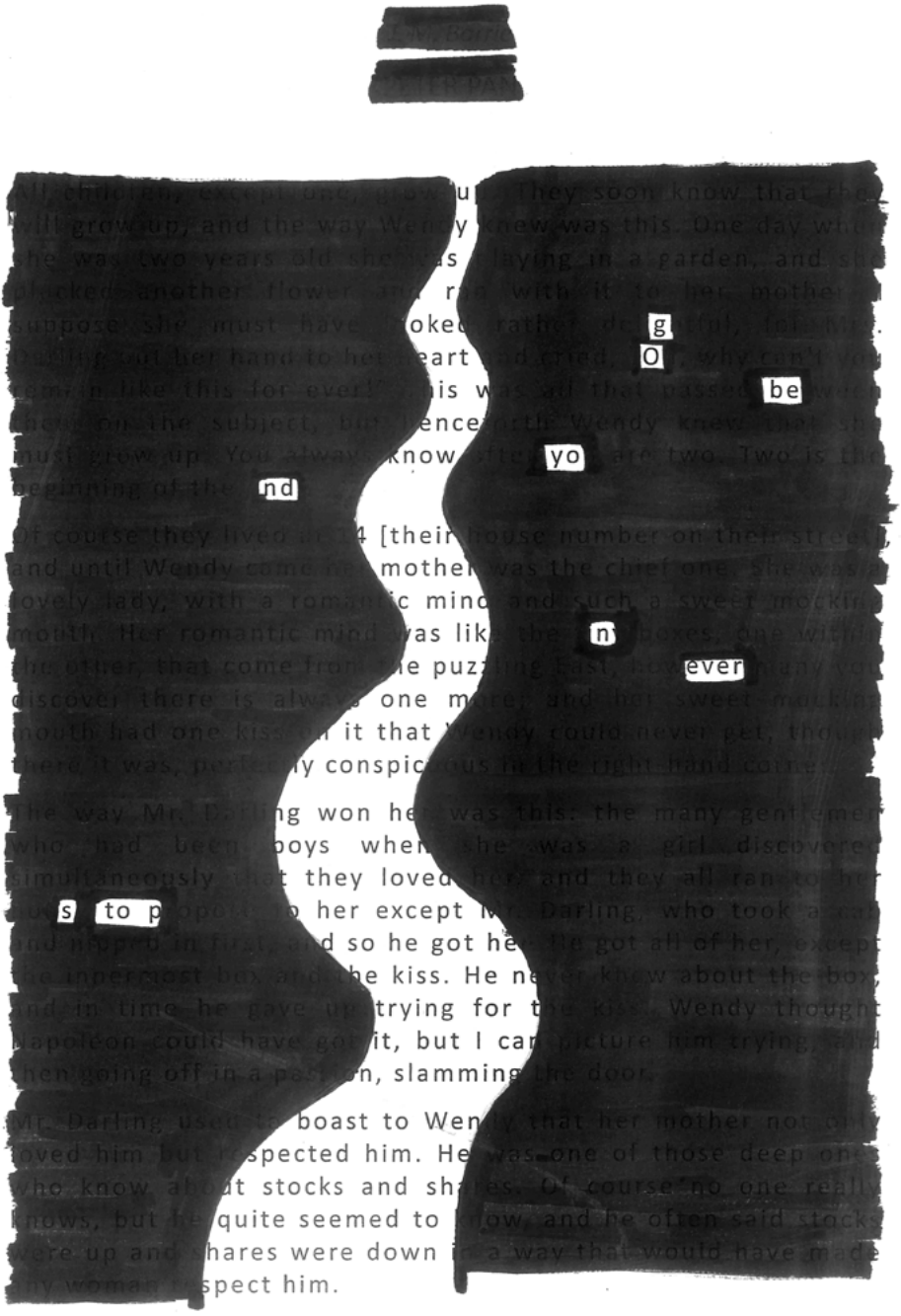
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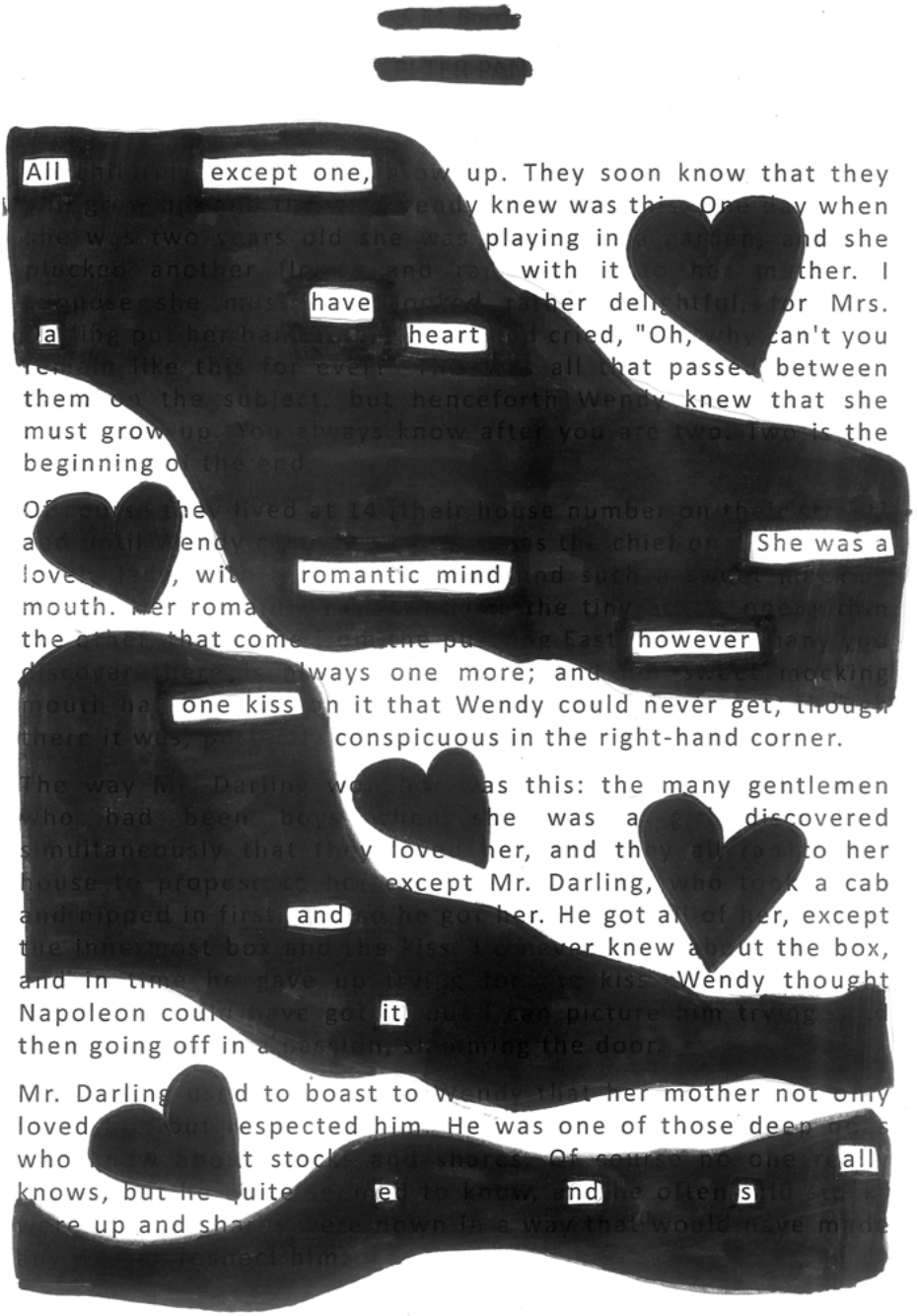
Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said in an altered tone, "You know the reason mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas, was because it's going to be a hard winter for every one; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army. We can't do much, but we can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I am afraid I don't, and I want to, when I look her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

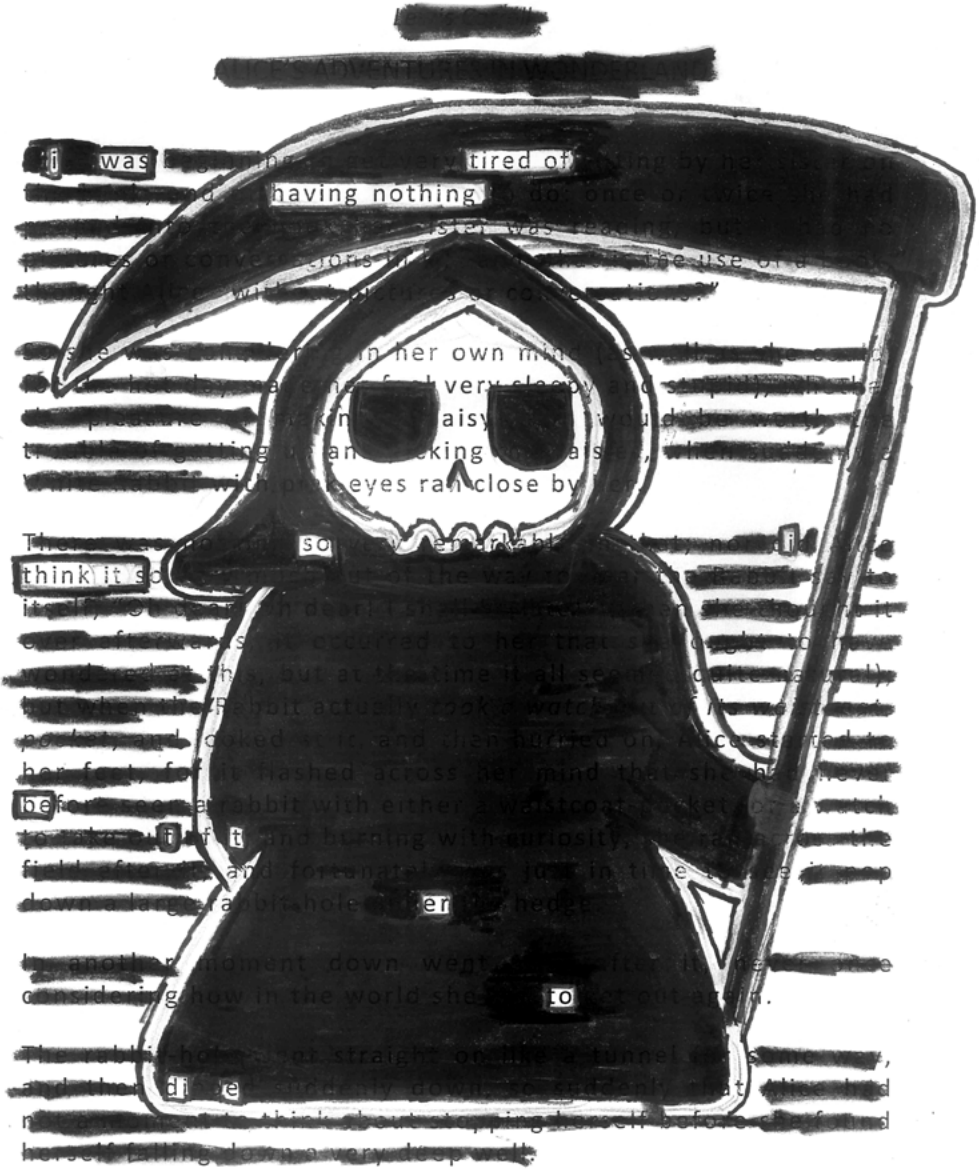


"But I don't think the little we should spend would do any good. We've each got a dollar, and the army wouldn't be much helped by our giving that. I agree not to expect anything from mother or you, but I do want to buy Undine and Sintram for myself; I've wanted it so long," said Jo, who was a bookworm.


All children
grow up.
was this
and
have
their
sweet
d r e a m s
going
in a way

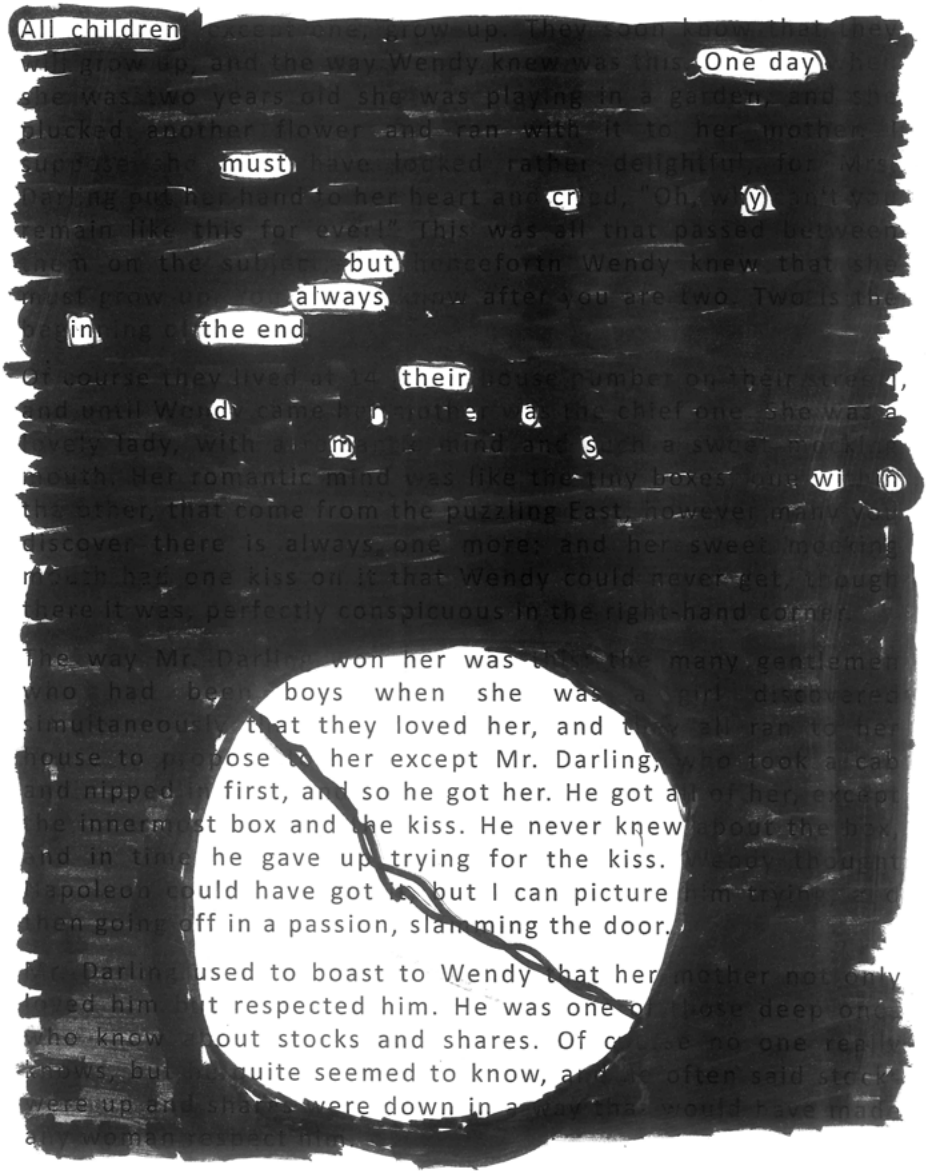

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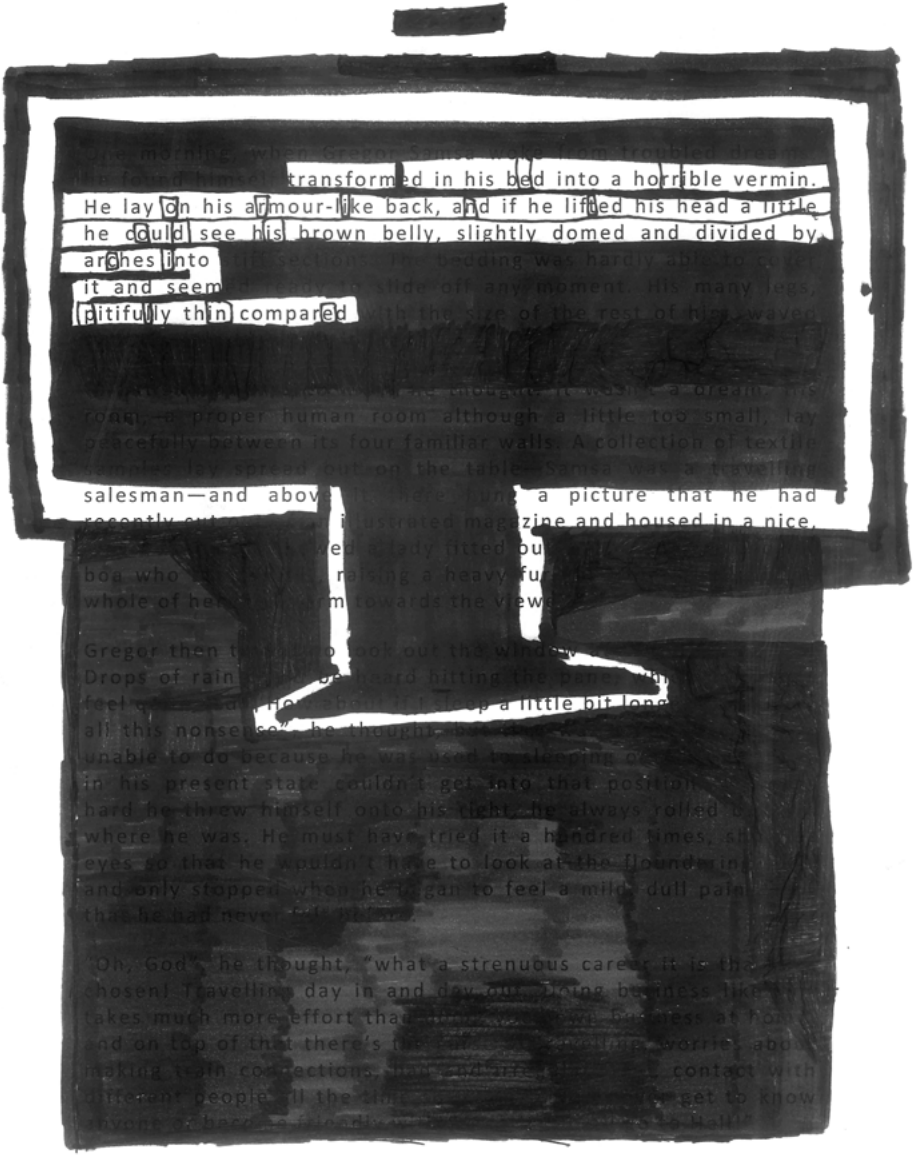

All
except one,
up. They soon know that they
knew was this. One day when
playing in
and she
with it
her mother. I
have
her delightful, for Mrs.
a
heart
cried, "Oh, why can't you
all that passed between
them
knew that she
must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the
beginning
She was a
romantic mind
however
one kiss
conspicuous in the right-hand corner.
as this: the many gentlemen
was
discovered
simultaneously that they love
her, and they all
to her
except Mr. Darling, who took a cab
and
her. He got all of her, except
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knew about the box,
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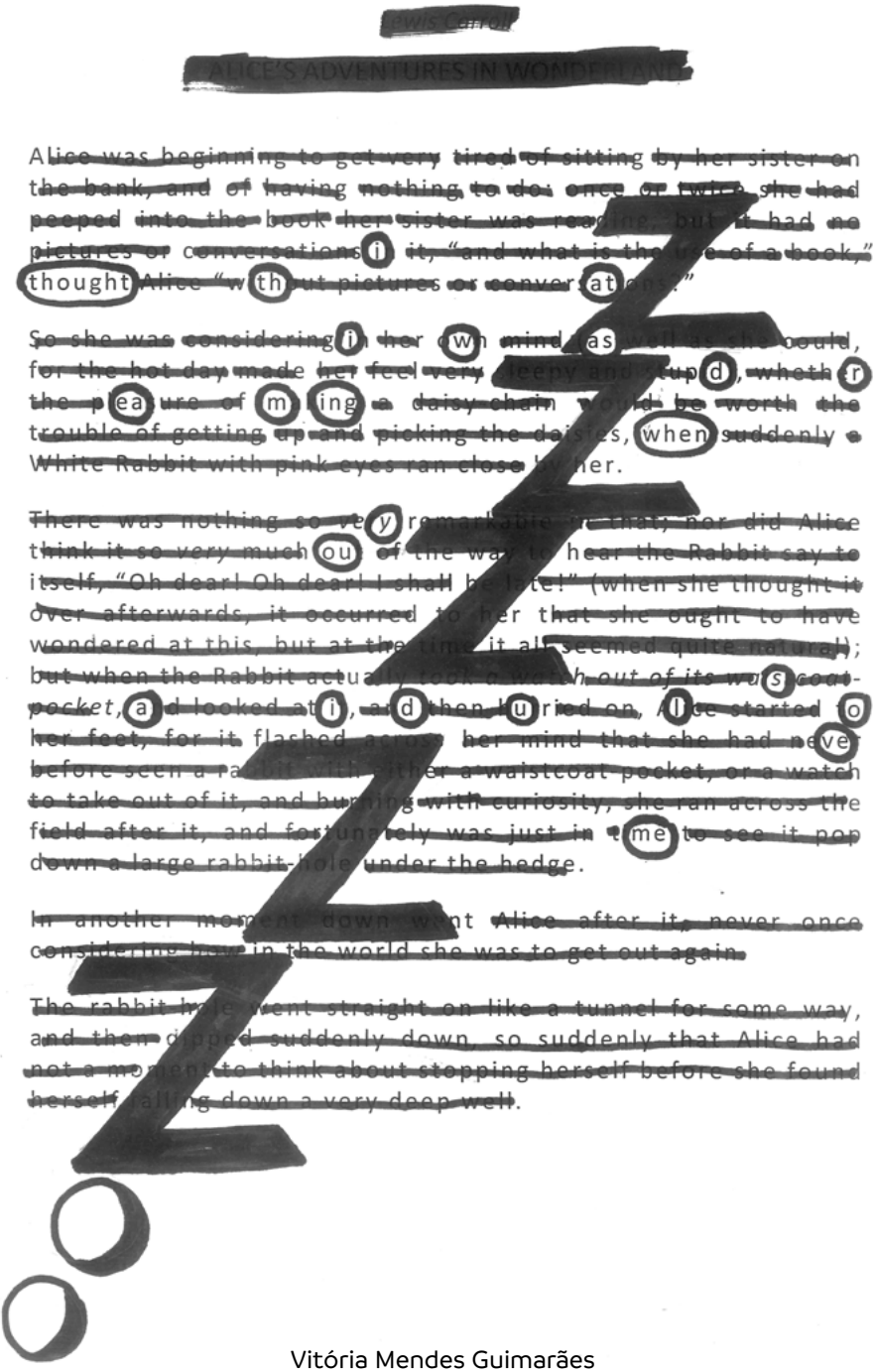

was
tired of
having nothing
eyes ran close by
so
think it
her
to
dive

J. M. Barrie

PETER PAN




transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin.
He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little
he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by
arches into
it and seem
pitifully thin compared
salesman—and abov
a picture that he had
zine and housed in a nice,
boa who
whole of he
Drops of rain
a little bit long
unable to do because he was used to sleeping
in his present state couldn't get into that
where he was. He must have tried it a hundred times,
eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at the floundering
and only stopped when he began to feel a mild, dull
Oh, God, he thought, "what a strenuous
chosen! Travelling day in and day out
takes much more effort
and on top of that there's
making
different people all the
contact with
get to know



Lewis Carroll

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Alice 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 "without pictures or conversation?"

So she was considering 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 Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable 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 Rabbit 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.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.