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WHITE RABBIT



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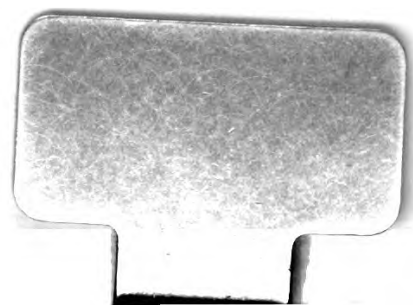
CECIL ALDIN
LETTER BOOK
SERIES



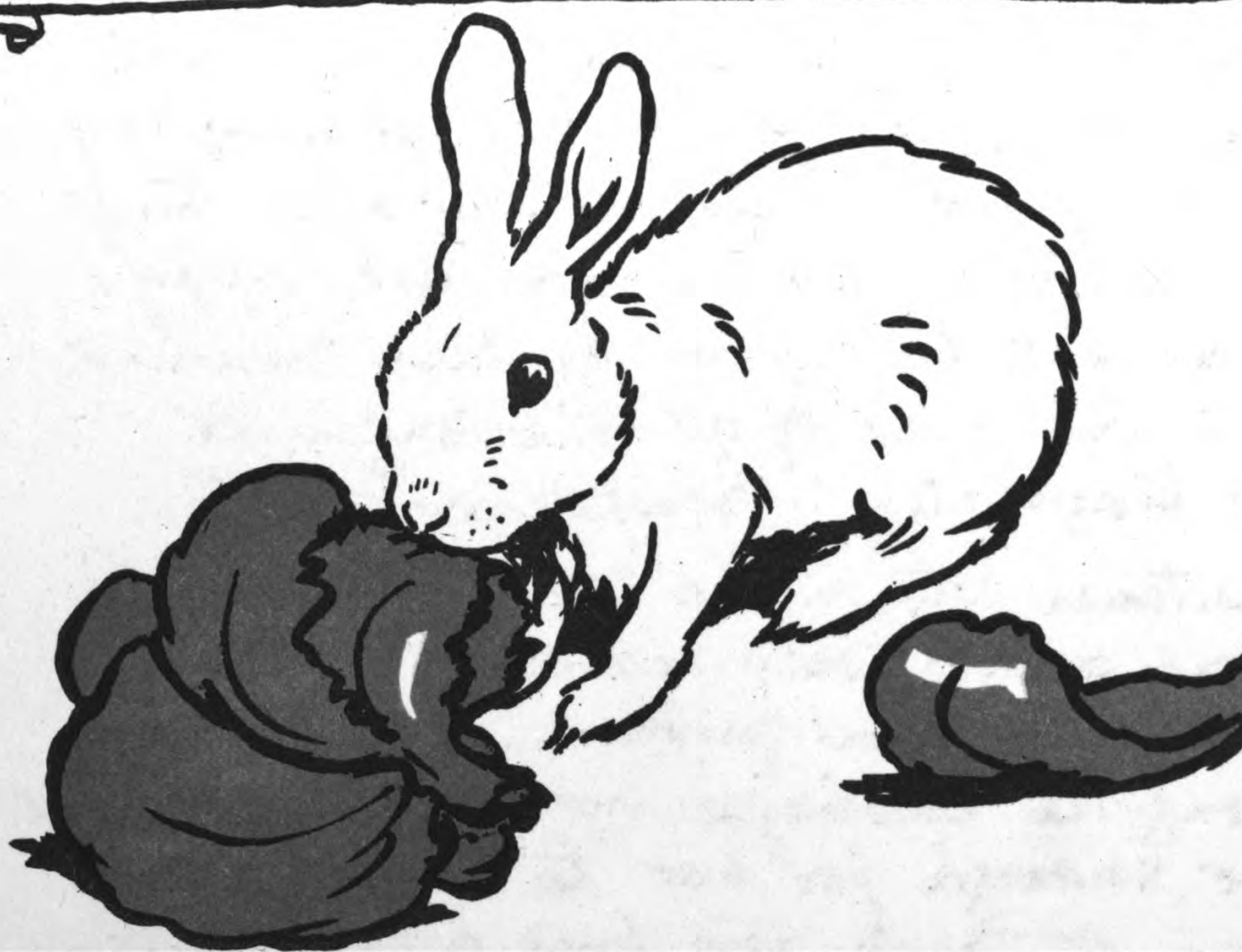
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WHITE-RABBIT



By **CECIL·ALDIN**

Humphrey·Milford : London

THE KENNELS,
PURLEY,
NR READING

My dear

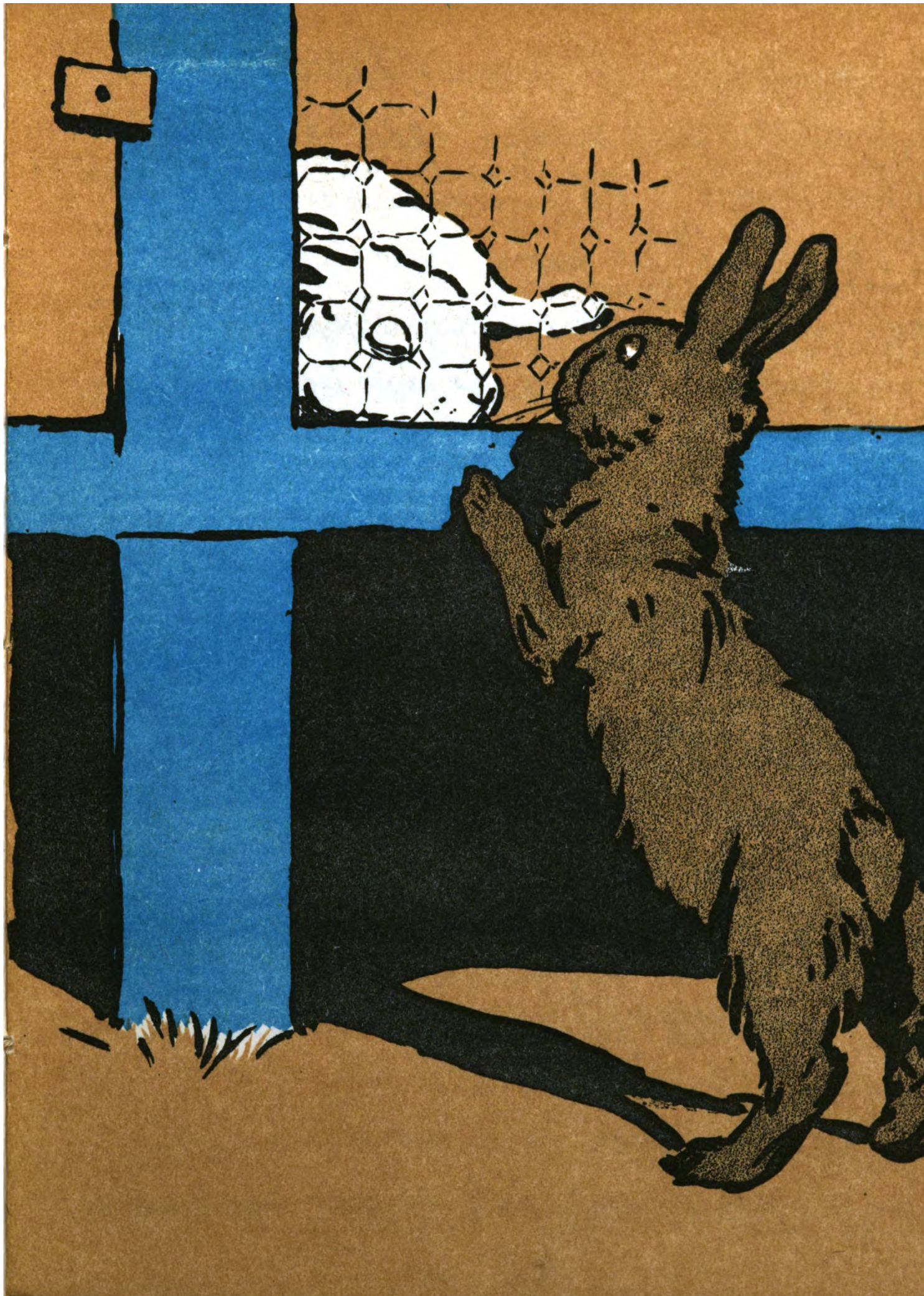
In this letter I am going to tell you about
white rabbit who was called Snowdrop.
Snowdrop lived in a little green hutch
at the bottom of my garden, and every day
she was fed on lettuces and other things
that she liked; but she was not happy.
She pined to be out in the sun running
about, but most of all she longed for
some playmates to romp about with.
Sometimes late in the evening she would
see one or two wild rabbits, who had got
into the kitchen garden, lopping about
among the cabbages, but they never came
near enough for her to speak to them.
Now in the park there lived a very handsome
black rabbit (he had once been a tame one
kept in a cage like Snowdrop, but had
got out of his cage & joined the wild ones,
and one evening he too came to the cabbages





in the kitchen garden.

right after night he came, but never came near poor Snowdrop, who thought what a handsome fellow he was; until finally she felt she was falling desperately in love with him. Weeks or weeks went by, until one evening she heard the plop-plop of a rabbit right under her hut. Her little nose began twitching (you know how rabbit's noses twitch in a most vacillated manner, and



She wondered if it were her Black Prince, the name she had given to her hero, who was coming to rescue her from her cage?

Very quietly Snowdrop crept to the wire netting at the front of her house & looked down. Her little heart beat very fast when she saw a black nose & the tips of two black ears sticking out from under her hutch.

Now, Snowdrop being so lonely, I should have expected her to begin talking to her visitor at once, but instead she went back into the darkest corner of her cage, & began washing her face with her little paws; and if she had had another frock (she only had the white one) I am sure she would have changed into it and put on her "Sunday

Black Rabbit underneath must have heard her moving about, although she did so as quietly as possible, because he sat up and listened, his little nose twitching as Snowdrop's had done. Then he stood up on his hind legs and came face to face with the beautiful Snowdrop apparently fast asleep at the front of her cage, as you see him on page 5 of my letter.

Now if you look very carefully at the picture I have drawn of her you will see that one eye is not quite shut, and although the Prince thought she was asleep, and thought he had at last found the Sleeping Beauty, we know that she could not have fallen off to sleep in the time, and that sleep was the last thing she was thinking about. The Prince did not know this, and he thought he had never seen a more beautiful rabbit.

For a long time he gazed at her until



Snowdrop opened both her eyes and gave a shy little cry as she saw the Prince's face quite close to her own. Hastily she jumped to her feet as the Prince apologized for the intrusion. "I have lost my way," said he, "and wonder if you could direct me to Bluebell copse." Snowdrop explained to him that she was a prisoner and never was allowed out of her hutch, but she thought that his direction would be the other side of the kitchen garden.

Now, ^{although} she soon told him all she could about the way he should go in order to get home, the black rabbit seemed in a hurry to start. He told Snowdrop that he had once been a prisoner like herself but had got out of his cage and joined the wild rabbits in the park; and what delighted Snowdrop more than anything was that he promised to get her out.

For over an hour he tried to open the door and break the wire netting, ^{but} with no avail, and in the end he had to return home, promising Snowdrop that he would come back on the following evening and try once more to get her out.

For the next three evenings he came, but with no better result.

On the fifth evening when he arrived the gardener's wheel-barrow was standing right in front of Snowdrop house.

Quickly he clambered up on to this, & began once more pulling at the netting with his paws.

Sitting on the side of this barrow he was able to get at it much better than by standing up on his hind legs and reaching it from the ground.

Finding he still could not move the wire,
he then tried again at the latch on the
door on the wooden part of the hutch

Now this latch was really
very simple to open.

It was just a piece of
thick leather, like this,
nailed on to the door. You twisted
round, and when you
got it, like this,

the door, of course, as
you and I would know,
flew open.

The black rabbit ~~was~~ twisted it round
and round and pulled and pushed, but
always when it was just like
this



or like this,



and of course it would not open
at last he gave it one final little

twist and sat up on the handle of the barrow to rest.

If you've ever sat on the handle of a wheel-barrow you'll know how difficult it is to balance on it, if you have both feet off the ground.

Suddenly the Black Prince lost his balance, and fell forward with a crash against the wooden door he had been trying for five evenings to open.

To his amazement open flew the door —

When giving the last twist to the latch he must have left is like this, and it only wanted a push to open it;



and he fell with half his body inside Snow drop's cage, and his hind legs dangling in mid-air.



Rushing towards him, she clasped him round the neck (as you see her doing on page 16), and saved him from falling to the ground.

Overwhelmed with gratitude for saving him from his dangerous position he there & then fell on his knees and begged Snowdrop to fly with him and be his wife.

On page 18 you will see him proposing to her.

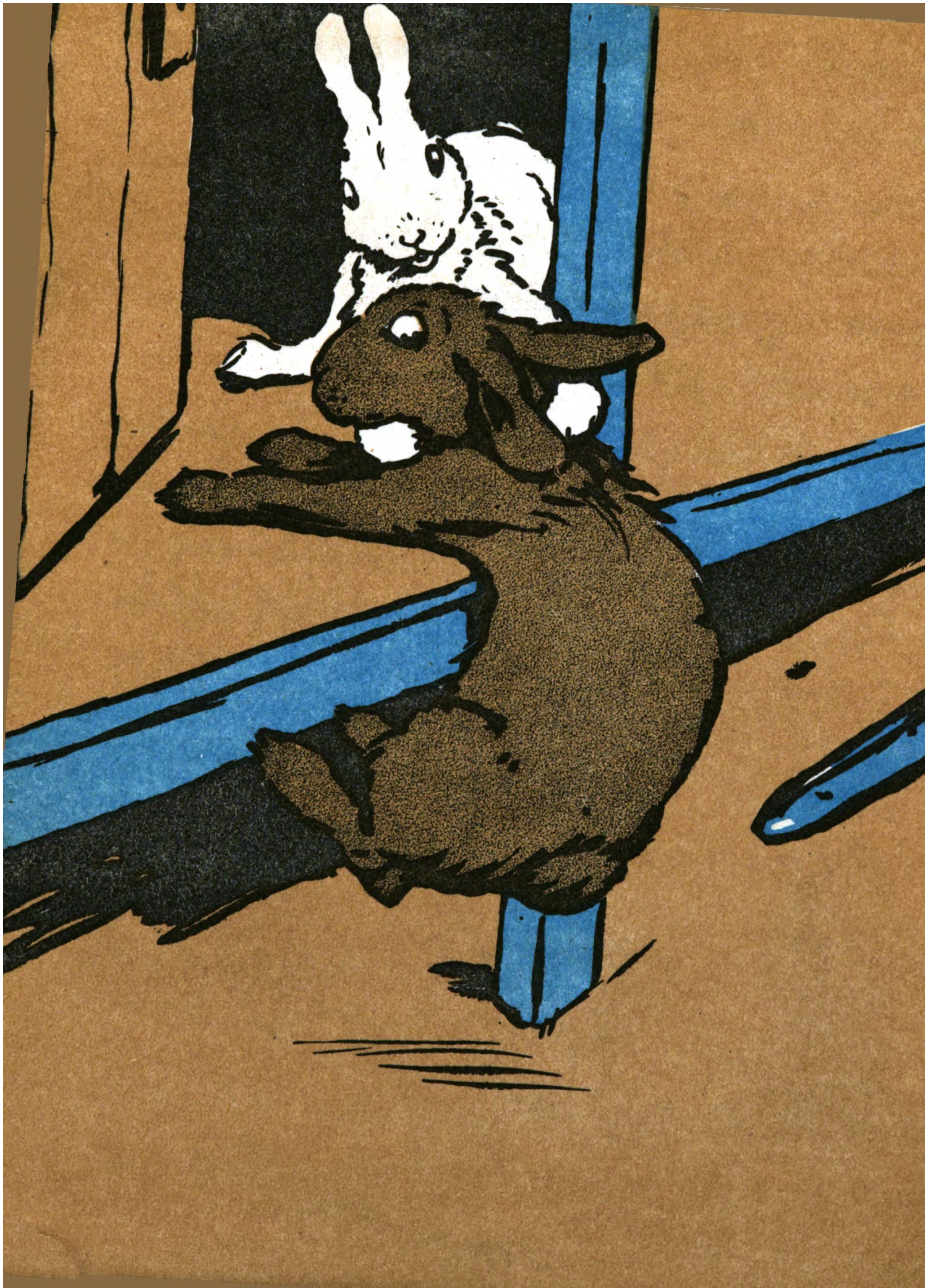
Then he helped her down from the hutch, and they started on their journey to Bluebell copse where the Prince lived.

When Snowdrop found herself outside her little wooden cage she was s

excited she did not know what to do with herself.

She rushed round and round in circles, nibbled at the young fresh grass, jumped in the air in great bounds, and kicked her heels up twice as high as The Prince's head. But you must remember she had never been outside her house before, and the delight of being engaged to the Prince & the warm sun light nearly sent her off her head.





Snowdrop got very tired before she got to the brow above the Prince's home; but on the top she stood up on her hind legs, & he led her towards the wild rabbits who were all waiting at the bottom of the hill.

This is Snowdrop & the Prince just going over the brow of the hill; but she was rather tired as you can see: she had never done any walking before.





On the next page you can see their arrival.

The Prince and Snowdrop were married and lived happily at Bluebell copse ever afterwards - just as a Prince and his Sweetheart always do, and she never regretted having left her wooden hutch at the bottom of the kitchen garden.

and now you've had all my letters - Black Billy, Pale Peter, Cock-o-lorum, Fuss puss, Ugly Duckling and this, the last, White Rabbit.

Yrs affectionate friend

Seal Admin

