



Mister Rabbit! Oh, mister Rabbit! Oh dear, I'm sure he came this way. Do you suppose he could be hiding? Hmm...not here. I wonder... No, I suppose he must have... Oh! Why, what peculiar little figures! Tweedle Dee... and Tweedle Dum! Well, it's been nice to meet you.



Well, I must say, Algernon, that I think it is high time that Mr. Bunbury made up his mind whether he was going to live or die. This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd. Nor do I in any way approve of the modern sympathy with invalids. I consider it morbid. Illness of any kind is hardly a thing to be encouraged in others. Health is the primary duty of life. I am always telling that to your poor uncle, but he never seems to take much notice . . .



I don't know. I don't know what the problem is. I've been trying to write about the city, you know, my experiences here. Then I decided to write a love story, but that's not working out either. My hero sounds more like a clothing store dummy than a real live human being, and, from what I hear, editors aren't fond of black-mustachioed figures nowadays. I've been fighting with him for a week now, the stubborn mule.



I wanted those moments - few and far between as they were. I wanted whatever time and affection you could give me. No matter what it cost me. I felt like you found comfort in me. And maybe I wasn't your first choice, you know? But I was glad that I was somewhere on the list. I let it happen again and again, more times than I can even count.



I know you think I murdered your ferret, but—hey, stop crying. You're gonna make me cry too. And you (starts crying)—know—happens—when—we—both—start—oh! I'm doing it too now...Okay. Okay. What would Zena do?

Julia, your ferret ran away. He did. I know you don't want to believe me, but I know this, because...well, I saw him.



This morning a bird woke me up. It was a lark, or a peacock; something like that. So I said hello. And it vanished, flew away, the very moment I said hello! It was quite mysterious.

So do you know what I did? I went to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times, without stopping. And as I was brushing it, my hair turned mauve. No, honestly! Mauve! Then red.



That you don't recognize me by name is but the first of my complaints about my tale. Oh you know *me* alright. I'm the main character—in a tale titled with the name of one of the men in the story. But what's in a name? A lot. Especially if it's a man's name. This man's name is the answer to the question upon which rests the fate of myself and my newborn child. So his name is very powerful, it is very important. My name apparently is not.

