

Say _ _ _ _ _

“There once was a velveteen rabbit, and in the beginning, he was really splendid. He was fat and bunched, as a rabbit should be...”

N E V E R

_____ broken a bone
_____ stung by a bee
_____ slept past the alarm
_____ missed a practice
_____ say

“For a long time, he lived in the cupboard or on the nursery floor, and no one thought very much about him...”

N E V E R

_____ grounded
_____ up past curfew
_____ snuck out
_____ got a speeding ticket
_____ say

“He was naturally shy, and being only velveteen, some of the more expensive toys quite snubbed him...”

Between them all the poor little Rabbit was made to feel himself very insignificant and commonplace, and the only person who was kind at all to him was the Skin Horse...”

N E V E R

_____ gotten drunk
_____ been high
_____ leapt without looking
_____ stepped out of line
_____ say

“The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others...”

He was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys, and would _____ turn into anything else...”

N E V E R

----- been rejected
----- asked
----- been in love
----- been loved
----- say

“‘What is REAL?’ asked the Rabbit one day... ‘Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?’

‘Real isn’t how you are made, said the Skin Horse. ‘It’s a thing that happens to you...’

N E V E R

----- say I didn’t fail
----- say I didn’t try
----- say I didn’t learn
----- say I was afraid to fall
----- say I walked through life and nothing more

‘Does it hurt?’ asked the Rabbit.

‘Sometimes,’ said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. ‘When you are Real you don’t mind being hurt...’

Nothing gained from a lack of
Experience, no need for stitches, no
Vulnerability. No need to sew me back up,
Even bursting at the seams, I’m minted. No mistakes, no
Regrets.

“Does it happen all at once, like being wound up,’ he asked, ‘or bit by bit?’

‘It doesn’t happen all at once,’ said the Skin Horse. ‘You become. It takes a long time. That’s why it doesn’t happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept...’

No one

Ever hears the scream from a cotton mouth, the

Velveteen stays stuffing,

Escapes the story book.

----- wears,
----- becomes

Real

“I suppose you are real?’ said the Rabbit. And then he wished he had not said it, for he thought the Skin Horse Might be sensitive. But the Skin Horse only smiled.

‘...that was a great many years ago; but once you are Real you can’t become unreal again. It lasts

for always.’”

or -----