boulingua / reading room

Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland

Lewis Carroll

Cyrillic — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1865

About this reading edition

Complete twelve-chapter original English text. A text-only edition: source illustrations are omitted. Paragraphs, verse line breaks and italic emphasis are retained.

Original literary author: Lewis Carroll. Edition prepared for Boulingua. The original text remains public domain; no new exclusive rights are claimed over the mechanically substituted text.

A shared introductory subset, not the alphabet of one language. г, ґ, и, і and в are omitted because their use or sound differs across languages. Sound matches remain approximate.

Letter key (context rules restrict where these pairs apply):

b / б · d / д · f / ф · k / к · l / л · m / м · n / н · p / п · r / р · s / с · t / т · z / з · a / а · o / о · j / ж

32,724 of 32,724 eligible letters changed. Approximately 30.6% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

Learning exercise: a simplified representation

For learning purposes only. This deliberately simplified exercise omits important aspects of pronunciation, spelling, stress, rhythm, dialect and language use. It is not translation, transliteration, complete phonetic transcription or a substitute for learning the language. 100% means all eligible letters, not every letter in the book.

Nur zu Lernzwecken: Dies ist eine bewusst vereinfachte und in verschiedenen Aspekten verkürzte Darstellung von Sprache. Aussprache, Rechtschreibung, Betonung und regionale Varianten werden nur teilweise berücksichtigt. Die Ersetzungen sind Annäherungen, keine vollständige Lautschrift und keine Übersetzung.

Cyrillic: one script, many alphabets

Cyrillic is used in Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, Bulgaria, Serbia, North Macedonia and Montenegro, and by communities in Bosnia and Herzegovina and elsewhere. Rusyn uses regional Cyrillic standards. It is also used by numerous minority languages and languages outside Europe. This introductory practice set covers shared letters only; it does not teach every national or regional alphabet.

Russian г usually represents /g/, whereas Ukrainian г represents /ɦ/ and ґ represents /g/. Ukrainian and Belarusian use і; Belarusian also uses ў. Serbian and Macedonian use ј, љ and њ; their other distinctive letters differ. Bulgarian ъ is a vowel, unlike the Russian hard sign. Sound values, letter inventories and even typographic forms vary. The combined exercise omits uncertain pairs rather than treating these alphabets as interchangeable.

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CHAPTER I. Down the Rabbit-Hole

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.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE", but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think—" (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) "—yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think—" (she was rather glad there *was* no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) "—but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" (and she tried to curtsey as she spoke—fancy *curtseying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost:

away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, “Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it’s getting!” She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice’s first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; “and even if my head would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way

things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words "DRINK ME," beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked '*poison*' or not"; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked "poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

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“What a curious feeling!” said Alice; “I must be shutting up like a telescope.”

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; “for it might end, you know,” said Alice to herself, “in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?” And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

“Come, there’s no use in crying like that!” said Alice to herself, rather sharply; “I advise you to leave off this minute!” She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated

herselғ in a game oғ croquet she was playing against herselғ, ғor this curious childd was very ғond oғ pretending to be two people. "But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough oғ me leғt to make *one* respectable person!"

Soon her eye ғell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and ғound in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautiғully marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and iғ it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and iғ it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herselғ, "Which way? Which way?", holding her hand on the top oғ her head to ғeel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to ғind that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way oғ expecting nothing but out-oғ-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid ғor liғe to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon ғinished oғғ the cake.

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CHAPTER II. The Pool of Tears

“Curiouser and curiouser!” cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English); “now I’m opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!” (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). “Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I’m sure *I* shan’t be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you: you must manage the best way you can;—but I must be kind to them,” thought Alice, “or perhaps they won’t walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I’ll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas.”

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. “They must go by the carrier,” she thought; “and how funny it’ll seem, sending presents to one’s own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

Oh dear, what nonsense I’m talking!”

Just then her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact she was now more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and began to cry again.

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself,” said Alice, “a great girl like you,” (she might well say this), “to go on crying in this

way! Стоп this момент, I телл you!" Бит she went он алл the саме, shedding gаллонs оф tears, uнтіл there was a large поол алл roundд her, абоут four inches деер анд reaching halф down the hалл.

Афтer a тіме she heard a літтле паттering оф феет ін the дістансе, анд she hастілу дried her eyes то сее what was coming. Іт was the White Rаббіт returning, сплендідлу дressed, with a пair оф white кід gloves ін one hанд анд a large фан ін the other: he саме тrotting along ін a great hurry, мuттering то himcelф as he саме, "Oh! the Duchecs, the Duchecs! Oh! won't she бе cavage іф I've кепт her waiting!" Алісе фелт со деспегате that she was reaдy то аск нелп оф ану one; со, when the Rаббіт саме near her, she бедан, ін а low, тімід voice, "Іф you плеase, cir—" The Rаббіт стартед vіолентлу, дгоппед the white кід gloves анд the фан, анд скurried away інто the darknecs as hard as he coulд go.

Алісе тоок uп the фан анд gloves, анд, as the hалл was very hot, she кепт фанning hercelф алл the тіме she went он talking: "Dear, dear! How queer everything is то-дау! Анд уестердау things went он juct as usuал. I wондer іф I've беен changed ін the night? Лет ме thінк: was I the саме when I got uп this morning? I almост thінк I сан remember фееling а літтле діффегент. Бит іф I'м нот the саме, the нехт quection is, Who ін the worlд ам I? Ah, *tham's* the great пиззле!" Анд she бедан thінking over алл the childген she knew that were оф the саме age as hercelф, то сее іф she coulд have беен changed фог ану оф them.

"I'м cure I'м нот Ада," she саід, "фог her hair goes ін cuch long ringлеts, анд міне доесн't go ін ringлеts ат алл; анд I'м cure I сан't бе Мабел, фог I know алл corts оф things, анд she, oh! she knows cuch а very літтле! Бесідеs, *she's* she, анд *I'м* I, анд—oh

dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say *'How doth the little—'*" and she crossed her hands on her lap as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

"How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spread his claws,
And welcome little fishes in
With gentle smiling jaws!"

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on, "I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying 'Come up again, dear!' I shall only look up and say 'Who am I then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll

стау down here тіллl I'м сомеboду елсе'—but, oh dear!" criеd Alice, with a cudden burct оф tears, "I до wish they *would* пut their heads down! I ам со *very* tiред оф being алл алоне here!"

As she caiд this she лоокед down at her hands, анд was curпrised то cee that she над пut он one оф the Raббіt's літтле white кід gloves whiле she was talking. "How *сан* I have доне that?" she thought. "I muct бе growing смалл agaiн." She got uп анд went то the табле то measure hercelф бу it, анд фоund that, as nearлу as she could guecs, she was how about two феет high, анд was going он shrinking rапідлу: she coon фоund out that the cause оф this was the фан she was holding, анд she дгоппед іт настілу, juct ін тіме то avoід shrinking away алтogether.

"That *was* a harrow eccape!" caiд Alice, a good деал frightened at the cudden change, but very glад то фінд hercelф стілл ін exiстенсе; "анд how фог the garden!" анд she ran with алл спеед баск то the літтле door: but, алаs! the літтле door was shut agaiн, анд the літтле golden кеу was луing он the glacs табле as бефоre, "анд things are worce than ever," thought the poor child, "фог I never was со смалл as this бефоre, never! Анд I деслare іт's тоо бад, that іт is!"

As she caiд these wordg her фоот слііпед, анд ін another момент, сплash! she was uп то her chін ін салт water. Her фігст ідеа was that she над comehow фаллен інто the cea, "анд ін that case I can go баск бу raiлway," she caiд то hercelф. (Alice над беен то the ceasiде онсе ін her ліфе, анд над соме то the генегал сонclusion, that wherever you go то он the Englиsh coact you фінд a number оф bathing machines ін the cea, соме childгen digging ін the санд with wooden спадes, then a row оф лодging houses, анд бегінд them a raiлway статіон.) However, she coon маде out that she was ін the поол оф tears which she над wепт when she was ніне феет high.

“I wish I hadn’t cried so much!” said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. “I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day.”

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was: at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.

“Would it be of any use, now,” thought Alice, “to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk: at any rate, there’s no harm in trying.” So she began: “O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse!” (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse: she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother’s Latin Grammar, “A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!”) The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

“Perhaps it doesn’t understand English,” thought Alice; “I daresay it’s a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror.” (For, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again: “Où est ma chatte?” which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. “Oh, I beg your pardon!” cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal’s feelings. “I quite forgot you didn’t like cats.”

"Нот ліке сатѕ!" сгіед the Mouse, ін a shгіll, пассіонате voice. "Woulд *you* ліке сатѕ іф you were ме?"

"Wелл, пегһапѕ нот," саід Алісе ін a соотһing тоне: "дон't бе angry абоut іт. Анд ует I wish I coulд show you our сат Дінаһ: I тһінк you'д таке а фансу то сатѕ іф you coulд онлу сее һег. She is cuch a дear quiet тһing," Алісе wент он, һalф то һегселф, as she cwам лазілу абоut ін тһе поол, "анд she сіtѕ пurring со ніселу бу тһе фire, ліскing һег пaws анд washing һег фасе—анд she is cuch a нice софт тһing то нurce—анд she's cuch a сапітал оне фог сатсһing мice—oh, I бeg your пагдон!" сгіед Алісе agaін, фог this тіме тһе Mouse was бristгling алл over, анд she фелт сегтаін іт мист бе геаллу оффендед. "We wон't таlк абоut һег ану more іф you'д гатһег нот."

"We індеед!" сгіед тһе Mouse, who was тгembling дown то тһе енд оф һis таіл. "As іф *I* woulд таlк он cuch a сибјест! Our фамілу алwауѕ *нameд* сатѕ: насту, лоw, vulgar тһings! Дон't лет ме һear тһе наме agaін!"

"I wон't індеед!" саід Алісе, ін a great hurry то change тһе сибјест оф сонvегсатіон. "Are you—are you фонд—оф—оф дogѕ?" The Mouse дід нот ансwer, со Алісе wент он eagerлу: "There is cuch a нice літтле дog һear our house I ѕһoulд ліке то ѕһow you! A літтле бright-еуед terrier, you кnow, with oh, cuch лong curлу бrown һair! Анд іт'лл фетсһ тһings wһen you тһrow тһем, анд іт'лл сіт ип анд бeg фог іtѕ дінner, анд алл сотѕ оф тһings—I сан't гememвer һalф оф тһем—анд іт белongѕ то а фагмег, you кnow, анд һe сауѕ іт's со uѕefил, іт's worth a һuндгед поuндѕ! Не сауѕ іт кіллѕ алл тһе гатѕ анд—oh дear!" сгіед Алісе ін a сorrowфил тоне, "I'м афгаід I've оффендед іт agaін!" Фог тһе Mouse was cwiмming away фгом һег as һагд as іт coulд go, анд маking quiте а сомmotіон ін тһе поол as іт wент.

So she called softly after it, “Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won’t talk about cats or dogs either, if you don’t like them!” When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low trembling voice, “Let us get to the shore, and then I’ll tell you my history, and you’ll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs.”

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it: there were a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

CHAPTER III. A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale

They were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, crocs, and uncomfortable.

The first question of course was, how to get dry again: they had a consultation about this, and after a few minutes it seemed quite natural to Alice to find herself talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned culky, and would only say, "I am older than you, and must know better;" and this Alice would not allow without knowing how old it was, and, as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was no more to be said.

At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of authority among them, called out, "Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! *I'll* soon make you dry enough!" They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.

"Ahem!" said the Mouse with an important air, "are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! 'William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria—'"

“Ugh!” саіd the Лory, with a shiver.

“I beg your пагдон!” саіd the Mouse, frowning, but very політелу: “Дід you спеак?”

“Нот I!” саіd the Лory hастілу.

“I thought you дід,” саіd the Mouse. “—I пroceed. ‘Edwin анд Morcar, the earлs оф Mercia анд Horthumbria, деслагед фог hім: анд even Стіганд, the патriotic archбishoп оф Сантегbury, фоунд іт адvisабле—’”

“Фоунд *wham*?” саіd the Дuск.

“Фоунд *im*,” the Mouse гепліед rather crocслу: “оф cource you know what ‘іт’ меанs.”

“I know what ‘іт’ меанs велл enough, when *I* фінд a thing,” саіd the Дuск: “іт’s генегаллу a frog or a worm. The quection is, what дід the archбishoп фінд?”

The Mouse дід нот нотice this quection, but hurriедлу went он, “‘—фоунд іт адvisабле то go with Edgar Atheling то меет Wілліам анд оффег hім the crown. Wілліам’s сондuct ат фігст was модегате. Бut the інсоленсе оф his Ногманs—’ How are you getting он how, му дear?” іт сонтіnuед, turning то Алice as іт споке.

“As wet as ever,” саіd Алісе ін a меланcholу тоне: “іт доесн’т сеем то дгу ме ат алл.”

“Ін that case,” саіd the Додо солемнлу, rising то іts феет, “I move that the меeting адjourn, фог the іммедіате адоптіон оф more енергетіс ремедіes—”

“Спеак Englіsh!” саіd the Eaглет. “I дон’т know the меаning оф halф those лong wordз, анд, what’s more, I дон’т белieve you до either!” Анд the Eaглет бент down іts heад то hіде a сміле: соме оф the other бігдs тіттегед аudіблу.

"What I was going to say," said the Dodo in an offended tone, "was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race."

"What *is* a Caucus-race?" said Alice; not that she wanted much to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.

"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it." (And, as you might like to try the thing yourself, some winter day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)

First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle, ("the exact shape doesn't matter," it said,) and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away," but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"

This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dodo said, "*Everybody* has won, and all must have prizes."

"But who is to give the prizes?" quite a chorus of voices asked.

"Why, *she*, of course," said the Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round her, calling out in a confused way, "Prizes! Prizes!"

Alice had no idea what to do, and in despair she put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out a box of comfits, (luckily the

салт water had нот got інто іт), анд handed them rounд as пrізes. There was ехастлу оне а-піесе, алл rounд.

“Бит she мист have a пrізе herselф, you know,” саід the Mouse.

“Оф cource,” the Додо repліед very gravelу. “What елсе have you got ін your поскет?” he went он, turning то Алice.

“Онлу a thimьле,” саід Алice садлу.

“Нанд іт over here,” саід the Додо.

Then they алл crowдед rounд her онсе more, whiле the Додо солемнлу пresентед the thimьле, caying “We беg your ассептансе оф this елеgант thimьле;” анд, when іт had фінished this short спеech, they алл cheered.

Алice thought the whoле thing very абcurд, бит they алл лоокед со grave that she дід нот дare то лaugh; анд, as she coulд нот thінк оф anything то cay, she сімплу бowед, анд тоок the thimьле, лооking as солемн as she coulд.

The нехт thing was то еат the сомфіts: this causeд соме ноise анд сонфusіон, as the лarge бігдs сомплаінед that they coulд нот тасте theirs, анд the смалл онes chокед анд had то бе паттед он the баск. However, іт was over ат ласт, анд they сат дowн agaін ін a ring, анд beggeд the Mouse то телл them cомething more.

“You пromiseд то телл ме your history, you know,” саід Алice, “анд why іт is you нате—С анд Д,” she аддед ін a whisпer, halф афraід that іт would бе оффендед agaін.

“Міне is a лong анд a сад тале!” саід the Mouse, turning то Алice, анд cighing.

“Іт *is* a лong таіл, сертаінлу,” саід Алice, лооking дowн with wондer ат the Mouse’s таіл; “бит why до you салл іт сад?” Анд

she кепт он пиззling абоut іт whіle the Mouse was спеаking, со that her ідеа оф the тале was cомething ліке this:—

"You are нот аттенdіng!" саід the Mouse то Alice ceverелу. "What are you thінking оф?"

"I beg your пагдон," саід Alice very humbлу: "you had got то the фіфth бенд, I thінк?"

"I had *нот!*" criед the Mouse, sharплу анд very angrілу.

"A knот!" саід Alice, always reaдy то маке hercelф usefил, анд лооking анхіоuслу абоut her. "Oh, до лет ме helп то uндо іт!"

"I shaлл до nothing оф the cort," саід the Mouse, getting uп анд walking away. "You інсилт ме бу talking cuch нонсенсе!"

"I дідн't меан іт!" плеадед poor Alice. "Бит you're со easілу оффендед, you know!"

The Mouse онлу growлед ін геплу.

"Плease соме баск анд фінish your cтогу!" Alice саллед афтег іт; анд the others алл joінед ін chorus, "Yes, плease до!" бит the Mouse онлу shook іts heад імпатіентлу, анд walкед а літтле quicker.

"What a піту іт wouldн't стау!" cighед the Логу, as соон as іт was quiте out оф cight; анд ан olд Craб тоок the оппогтуніту оф caying то her daughter "Ah, му dear! Лет this бе а лессон то you never то лose *your* темпег!" "Hold your tongue, Ma!" саід the young Craб, а літтле снаппishлу. "You're enough то try the патіенсе оф ан оустег!"

"I wish I had our Дінah here, I know I до!" саід Alice алоud, аддreccing нободу ін пагticular. "She'д соон фетch іт баск!"

"Анд who is Дінah, іф I might venture то аск the quectіон?" саід the Логу.

Alice repliеd eagerly, for she was always ready to talk about her pet: “Dinah’s our cat. And she’s such a capital one for catching mice you can’t think! And oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she’ll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!”

This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurried off at once: one old Magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking, “I really must be getting home; the night-air doesn’t suit my throat!” and a Canary called out in a trembling voice to its children, “Come away, my dears! It’s high time you were all in bed!” On various pretexts they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.

“I wish I hadn’t mentioned Dinah!” she said to herself in a melancholy tone. “Nobody seems to like her, down here, and I’m sure she’s the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!” And here poor Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

CHAPTER IV. The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill

It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something; and she heard it muttering to itself "The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder?" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, "Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here? Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!" And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake it had made.

"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT," engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

“How queer it seems,” Alice said to herself, “to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah’ll be sending me on messages next!” And she began fancying the sort of thing that would happen: “‘Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready for your walk!’ ‘Coming in a minute, nurse! But I’ve got to see that the mouse doesn’t get out.’ Only I don’t think,” Alice went on, “that they’d let Dinah stop in the house if it began ordering people about like that!”

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves: she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words “DRINK ME,” but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. “I know *something* interesting is sure to happen,” she said to herself, “whenever I eat or drink anything; so I’ll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it’ll make me grow large again, for really I’m quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!”

It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself “That’s quite enough—I hope I shan’t grow any more—As it is, I can’t get out at the door—I do wish I hadn’t drunk quite so much!”

Alas! it was too late to wish that! She went on growing, and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing,

and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "How I can do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.

"It was much pleasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit-hole—and yet—and yet—it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what *can* have happened to me! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up, I'll write one—but I'm grown up now," she added in a sorrowful tone; "at least there's no room to grow up any more *here*."

"But then," thought Alice, "shall I *never* get any older than I am now? That'll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like *them!*"

"Oh, you foolish Alice!" she answered herself. "How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there's hardly room for *you*, and no room at all for any lesson-books!"

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

“Mary Анн! Mary Анн!” саід the voice. “Фетch ме му gloves this момент!” Then саме а літтле паттering оф феет он the стairs. Alice knew іт was the Rаббіт coming то лоок фог her, анд she тremвled тілл she shook the house, quite фorgetting that she was how абоut a thousанд тimes as лarge as the Rаббіт, анд над но reason то бе афraід оф іт.

Пresентлу the Rаббіт саме uп то the door, анд trіed то опен іт; бut, as the door опенед іnwards, анд Alice’s елбоw was пressed hard agaінст іт, that аттемпт пroved а фаіlure. Alice heard іт сау то ітselф “Then I’лл go rоund анд get ін ат the wіndow.”

“*Tham* you wон’т!” thought Alice, анд, афter waiting тілл she фансіед she heard the Rаббіт juct uндer the wіndow, she cudденлу спread out her hанд, анд маде а снatch ін the air. She дід нот get hold оф anything, бut she heard а літтле shriek анд а фалл, анд а crash оф бrокен glacs, фrom which she сонслидед that іт was juct поссібле іт над фаллен інто а cucumber-фrame, or cомething оф the corт.

Нехт саме ан angry voice—the Rаббіт’s—“Пат! Пат! Where are you?” Анд then а voice she над never heard бефоre, “Cure then I’м here! Digging фor апплes, yer honour!”

“Digging фor апплes, індеед!” саід the Rаббіт angrіly. “Here! Соме анд helп ме out оф *this!*” (Counds оф more бrокен glacs.)

“How телл ме, Пат, what’s that ін the wіndow?”

“Cure, іт’s ан arм, yer honour!” (Не пgоноunсед іт “arrum.”)

“Ан arм, you goose! Who ever caw one that сізе? Why, іт філлs the whoле wіndow!”

“Cure, іт does, yer honour: бut іт’s ан arм фor алл that.”

"Wеллᴊ, іt's gоt но busіnecs there, аt аny rаte: go аnd таке іt away!"

There was a ᴊong сіленсе афтer this, анд Аlіce coulд онлу hear whisпers how анд then; cuch as, "Cure, I дон't ліке іt, yer hонour, аt аллᴊ аt аллᴊ!" "Дo as I телл you, you cowarд!" анд аt ласт she спreад out her hанд agaiн, анд маде another снatch іn the air. This тіме there were *mwo* літтле shrieĸs, анд more counds оф бrокен gласs. "What a number оф cucumber-ƒrames there мист бе!" thought Аlіce. "I wонder what they'ллᴊ до нехт! As ƒor пилліng ме out оф the wiндow, I онлу wish they *couləᴊ* I'м cure *I* дон't want то стау іn here ану ᴊonger!"

She waiтед ƒor соме тіме without hearing anything more: аt ласт саме a rumbᴊing оф літтле cartwheeᴊs, анд the counд оф a gooд ману voices аллᴊ talĸing together: she маде out the worдs: "Where's the other ладдer?—Why, I hадн't то бring бut оне; Білл's gоt the other—Білл! ƒetch іt here, лад!—Here, пut 'ем uп at this corner—Но, тіе 'ем together ƒігст—they дон't reach halƒ high enough yет—Oh! they'ллᴊ до wеллᴊ enough; дон't бе пartіcuлar—Here, Білл! catch holд оф this roпе—Wілл the rooƒ бear?—Мінд that ᴊoose слате—Oh, іt's coming down! Heaдs белоw!" (a ᴊouд crash)—"How, who дід that?—Іt was Білл, I ƒансу—Who's то go down the chімney?—Hay, *I* shan't! *You* до іт!—*Tham* I wон't, then!—Білл's то go down—Here, Білл! the мастer cays you're то go down the chімney!"

"Oh! Co Білл's gоt то соме down the chімney, has he?" саід Аlіce то hercelƒ. "Shy, they сеем то пut everything uпон Білл! I wouldн't бе ін Білл's пласе ƒor a gooд деал: this ƒігеплace is harrow, то бе cure; бut I *thінк* I сан кіск a літтле!"

She drew her ƒoot as ƒar down the chімney as she coulд, анд waiтед тілл she hearд a літтле анімал (she couldн't guecs оф

what cort it was) ccratching and ccrambling about in the chimney close above her: then, caying to hercelф “This is Білл,” she gave one sharп кіск, and waited to cee what would happen next.

The фirct thing she heard was a general chorus оф “There goes Білл!” then the Rabbit’s voice along—“Catch him, you by the hedge!” then cilence, and then another conфusion оф voices—“Hold uп his head—Branду how—Дон’т choke him—How was it, old феллow? What happened to you? Телл us алл about it!”

Ласт саме а літтле феебле, cqueaking voice, (“That’s Білл,” thought Alice,) “Well, I hardly know—Но more, thank ye; I’м better how—but I’м а деал too флustered то телл you—алл I know is, cомething comes at ме ліке а Jack-in-the-box, and uп I goes ліке а ску-rocket!”

“Co you дід, old феллow!” caid the others.

“We muct burn the house down!” caid the Rabbit’s voice; and Alice called out as loud as she could, “Iф you до, I’лл cet Дінah at you!”

There was а деад cілєнсе інстантлу, and Alice thought то hercelф, “I wонdеr what they *wілл* до нехт! Iф they had ану сенсе, they’д таке the rooф офф.” Афтer а міnute or two, they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit cay, “A barrowфul wілл до, то begin with.”

“A barrowфul оф *wham?*” thought Alice; but she had нот long то doubt, for the нехт момент а shower оф літтле пебблes саме rattling ін at the wіndow, and соме оф them hit her ін the фасе. “I’лл put а стоп то this,” she caid то hercelф, and shouted out, “You’д беттer нот до that again!” which produced another деад cілєнсе.

Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. "If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make *some* change in my size; and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose."

So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, "is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan."

It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged; the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it; and while she was peering about anxiously among the trees, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.

An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. "Poor little thing!" said Alice, in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it; but she was terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Alice dodged behind a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape; so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

"And yet what a dear little puppy it was!" said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with one of the leaves: "I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if—if I'd only been the right size to do it! Oh dear! I'd nearly forgotten that I've got to grow up again! Let me see—how *is* it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?"

The great question certainly was, what? Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she did not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself; and when she had

лоокед ундег іт, анд он боth сідеs оф іт, анд бенінд іт, іт occurred то her that she might as wелл лоок анд сее what was он the топ оф іт.

She стретсhед hercelф ип он тіптое, анд пеепед over the едge оф the mushroom, анд her eyes іммедіателу мет those оф а лагge блue сатегпіллаг, that was сітting он the топ with іts агms фоlдед, quietлу смоking а лопg hоокah, анд таking нот the смаллест нотice оф her or оф анything елсе.

CHAPTER V. Advice from a Caterpillar

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

“Who are *you?*” said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, “I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.”

“What do you mean by that?” said the Caterpillar sternly. “Explain yourself!”

“I can’t explain *myself*, I’m afraid, sir,” said Alice, “because I’m not myself, you see.”

“I don’t see,” said the Caterpillar.

“I’m afraid I can’t put it more clearly,” Alice replied very politely, “for I can’t understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.”

“It isn’t,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps you haven’t found it so yet,” said Alice; “but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you’ll feel it a little queer, won’t you?”

“Not a bit,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,” said Alice; “all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*.”

“You!” said the Caterpillar contemptuously. “Who are *you?*”

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such *very* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, "I think, you ought to tell me who *you* are, first."

"Why?" said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

"Come back!" the Caterpillar called after her. "I've something important to say!"

This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

"No," said the Caterpillar.

Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, "So you think you're changed, do you?"

"I'm afraid I am, sir," said Alice; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!"

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee," but it all came different!" Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

"Repeat, '*You are old, Father William*,'" said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:—

“You are old, Father Willliam,” the young man said,
“And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,
And have grown most incommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the cage, as he shook his grey locks,
“I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?”

“You are old,” said the youth, “and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?”

“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “one would hardly suppose

Tham your eye was as cteady as ever;
Yet you балансед ан еел он the енд оф your нозе—
What маде you со awфиллу clever?"

"I have анcwered three quectionc, анд tham is enough,"
Caid his фather; "дон't give yourcelф airs!
До you thінк I сан listen алл day то cuch cтифф?
Бе офф, or I'лл кіск you down cтairs!"

"That is нот caid right," caid the Catерпіллar.

"Нот *quime* right, I'м афraід," caid Алice, тімідлу; "соме оф the wordз have got алтеред."

"Іт is wrong фrом бegіnning то енд," caid the Catерпіллar десіседлу, анд there was сіленсе фor соме мінutes.

The Catерпіллar was the фігст то спеак.

"What сізе до you want то бе?" іт аскед.

"Oh, I'м нот пагtісular as то сізе," Алice hастілу rепліед; "онлу оне доесн't ліке changing со often, you know."

"I *дон't* know," caid the Catерпіллar.

Алice caid nothing: she had never беен со much сонtрадістед ін her ліфе бефоre, анд she фелт that she was лosing her темпer.

"Are you сонтент how?" caid the Catерпіллar.

"Wелл, I shouldд ліке то бе a *літтле* лarger, cir, іф you wouldн't мінд," caid Алice: "three інches is cuch a wretched height то бе."

"Іт is a very gooд height індеед!" caid the Catерпіллar angrілу, rearing ітcelф upright as іт споке (іт was exactлу three інches high).

“Бut I’м нот useд то іт!” плеадед поor Алice ін а пітeous тоне. Анд she thought оф hercelф, “I wish the creatures wouldн’т бе со easілу оффендед!”

“You’лл get useд то іт ін тіме,” саід the Сатегпіллar; анд іт пut the hookah інто іts mouth анд бegан смоking agaін.

This тіме Алice waітед патієнтлу uнтіл іт chose то спеак agaін. Ін а міnute or two the Сатегпіллar тоок the hookah out оф іts mouth анд yawнед онсе or twice, анд shook ітcelф. Then іт got down офф the mushroom, анд crawлед away ін the gracs, мегелу remarking as іт went, “Оне сіде wілл маке you grow таллег, анд the other сіде wілл маке you grow shorter.”

“Оне сіде оф *wham?* The other сіде оф *wham?*” thought Алice то hercelф.

“Оф the mushroom,” саід the Сатегпіллar, juст as іф she нad аскед іт алоud; анд ін another момент іт was out оф cight.

Алice ремаінед лооking thoughtфуллу ат the mushroom фог а міnute, trying то маке out which were the two сідes оф іт; анд as іт was пегфестлу rounд, she фоund this а very діффicult quection. However, ат ласт she ctretched her arms rounд іт as фar as they would go, анд бroke офф а біт оф the edge with each нанд.

“Анд how which is which?” she саід то hercelф, анд нібблед а літтле оф the right-нанд біт то try the ефект: the нехт момент she фелт а vіолент блow ундегneath her chін: іт нad ctruck her фоот!

She was а good деал фrightенед бу this very cudden change, бut she фелт that there was но тіме то бе лост, as she was shrінking гапідлу; со she сет то work ат онсе то еат соме оф the other біт. Her chін was пressed со слозелу agaінст her фоот, that

there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the lefthand bit.

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"Come, my head's free at last!" said Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be found: all she could see, when she looked down, was an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below her.

"What *can* all that green stuff be?" said Alice. "And where *have* my shoulders got to? And oh, my poor hands, how is it I can't see you?" She was moving them about as she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little shaking among the distant green leaves.

As there seemed to be no chance of getting her hands up to her head, she tried to get her head down to them, and was delighted to find that her neck would bend about easily in any direction, like a serpent. She had just succeeded in curving it down into a graceful zigzag, and was going to dive in among the leaves, which she found to be nothing but the tops of the trees under which she had been wandering, when a sharp hiss made her draw back in a hurry: a large pigeon had flown into her face, and was beating her violently with its wings.

"Serpent!" screamed the Pigeon.

"I'm *not* a serpent!" said Alice indignantly. "Let me alone!"

“Сеrпент, I сау аgаіn!” rепеатед the Пigeon, бut іn а more сubдued тоne, анд аддед with а кінд оф соб, “I’ve trіed every way, анд nothing сeems то cuіт them!”

“I haven’т the леаст ідеа what you’re talking аbout,” саід Аlice.

“I’ve trіed the rooтs оф trees, анд I’ve trіed банks, анд I’ve trіed hedges,” the Пigeon wент он, without аттенdіng то her; “бut those сerпентs! There’s но плeasing them!”

Аlice was more анд more пuззled, бut she thought there was но use іn саying anything more тіll the Пigeon had фinished.

“As іф іт wасn’т troubле enough hatching the eggs,” саід the Пigeon; “бut I мuст бе он the лоок-out фor сerпентs night анд дау! Why, I haven’т had а wінк оф слееп these three weeks!”

“I’м very corry you’ve беен анноуед,” саід Аlice, who was begіnning то сее іts меaning.

“Анд juct as I’д такен the highect тree іn the wood,” сонтіnuед the Пigeon, raising іts voice то а shrіek, “анд juct as I was thінking I should бе фree оф them ат ласт, they мuст needs соme wriggling down фrom the ску! Ugh, Сerпент!”

“Бut I’м *нот* а сerпент, I телл you!” саід Аlice. “I’м а—I’м а—”

“Wелл! *Wham* are you?” саід the Пigeon. “I сан сее you’re trying то інvent сomething!”

“I—I’м а літтle girl,” саід Аlice, rather doubtфuллу, as she rememberед the number оф changes she had gone through that дау.

“А лікелу сtory індеед!” саід the Пigeon ін а тоne оф the деепест сонтемпт. “I’ve сеен а good ману літтле girls ін му тіме, бut never *оне* with cuch а неск as that! Но, но! You’re а

сегпент; анд there's но use денуing іт. I сиппose you'лл бе телling ме нехт that you never тастед ан egg!"

"I *have* тастед eggs, сертаінлу," саід Аlice, who was a very truthфил childд; "бит літтле girls eat eggs quite as much as сегпентs до, you know."

"I дон't белieve іт," саід the Пigeон; "бит іф they до, why then they're a кінд оф сегпент, that's алл I сан сау."

This was cuch a new ідеа то Аlice, that she was quite сілент фог а міnute or two, which gave the Пigeон the оппогtuніty оф адding, "You're лооking фог eggs, I know *tham* welл enough; анд what does іт маттер то ме whether you're a літтле girл or a сегпент?"

"Іт matters a good деал то *ме*," саід Аlice hастілу; "бит I'м нот лооking фог eggs, as іт наппens; анд іф I was, I shouldн't want *yours*: I дон't ліке them raw."

"Welл, бе офф, then!" саід the Пigeон ін а culky тоне, as іт сеттлед down again інто іts нест. Аlice crouched down among the trees as welл as she couлd, фог her неск кепт getting ентanglед among the branches, анд every how анд then she had то стоп анд unтwist іт. Афтer a while she rememberед that she стілл helд the пieces оф mushroom ін her hanдs, анд she сет то work very careфиллу, ніббling фігст ат one анд then ат the other, анд growing сометimes таллег анд сометimes shorter, унтіл she had cucceeдед ін bringing hercelф down то her usuал height.

Іт was со лопg сінce she had беен anything near the right сізе, that іт фелт quite ctrange ат фігст; бит she got useд то іт ін а фew мінutes, анд бедан talking то hercelф, as usuал. "Соме, there's halф му план доне how! How пиззling алл these changes are! I'м never cure what I'м going то бе, фгом one мінute то

another! However, I've got back to my right size: the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden—how *is* that to be done, I wonder?" As she said this, she came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. "Whoever lives there," thought Alice, "it'll never do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits!" So she began nibbling at the righthand bit again, and did not venture to go near the house till she had brought herself down to nine inches high.

CHAPTER VI. Pig and Pepper

For a minute or two she stood looking at the house, and wondering what to do next, when suddenly a footman in livery came running out of the wood—(she considered him to be a footman because he was in livery: otherwise, judging by his face only, she would have called him a fish)—and rapped loudly at the door with his knuckles. It was opened by another footman in livery, with a round face, and large eyes like a frog; and both footmen, Alice noticed, had powdered hair that curled all over their heads. She felt very curious to know what it was all about, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footman began by producing from under his arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and this he handed over to the other, saying, in a solemn tone, "For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet." The Frog-Footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, "From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet."

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.

Alice laughed so much at this, that she had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her; and when she next peeped out the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alice went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

"There's no sort of use in knocking," said the Footman, "and that for two reasons. First, because I'm on the same side of the

door as you are; сесондлу, because they're making such a noise інсіде, но one could поссіблу hear you." Анд сертаінлу there *was* а мост extraordінary noise going он within—а констант howling анд sneezing, анд every how анд then а great crash, as іф а dish or кеттле had беен broкен то pieces.

"Please, then," саід Alice, "how ам I то get ін?"

"There might бе соме сенсе ін your knocking," the Фоотман went он without аттенding то her, "іф we had the door between us. Фог інстансе, іф you were *інсіде*, you might knock, анд I could лет you out, you know." He was looking uп інто the ску алл the time he was speaking, анд this Alice thought десіседлу uncivil. "Бит perhaps he сан't helп іт," she саід то hercelф; "his eyes are со *very* nearлу at the топ оф his head. Бит ат ану rate he might answer questions.—How ам I то get ін?" she repeated, алоud.

"I shalл сіt here," the Фоотман remarked, "тілл томorrow—"

At this момент the door оф the house опенед, анд а large плате саме скімming out, straight at the Фоотман's head: іт just grazed his nose, анд broke то pieces againст оне оф the trees бehінд him.

"—or next дау, маубе," the Фоотман сонтіnued ін the саме тоне, ехастлу as іф nothing had happened.

"How ам I то get ін?" аскед Alice again, ін а louder тоне.

"*Are* you то get ін ат алл?" саід the Фоотман. "That's the fіrst question, you know."

Іт was, но doubt: онлу Alice дід нот ліке то бе told со. "Іt's reaллу dreadфul," she muttered то hercelф, "the way алл the creatures argue. Іt's enough то drive оне crazy!"

The Фоотман сеемед то тhінк this а gоод оппогтuніту фог гепеating his гemагк, with variatiонs. "I shалл сіт here," he саід, "он анд офф, фог дауs анд дауs."

"Бит what ам *I* то до?" саід Аlice.

"Anything you ліке," саід the Фоотман, анд бедан whistling.

"Oh, there's но use ін talking то hім," саід Аlice деспегателу: "he's пегфестлу ідіотіс!" Анд she опенед the дoor анд wент ін.

The дoor лед right інто а лагge кітchen, which was фuлл оф смоке фгом оне енд то the other: the Дuchecs was сіттing он а three-леggед стоол ін the міддле, hurcing а бабу; the соок was леaning over the фire, ctirring а лагge cauldгon which сеемед то бе фuлл оф соuп.

"There's сертаінлу тоо much пеппег ін that соuп!" Аlice саід то hercelф, as wелл as she coulд фог снеезing.

There was сертаінлу тоо much оф іт ін the air. Evен the Дuchecs снеезед occasioналлу; анд as фог the бабу, іт was снеезing анд howling алтегнателу without а момент's пause. The онлу things ін the кітchen that дід нот снеезе, were the соок, анд а лагge сат which was сіттing он the hearth анд grінning фгом ear то ear.

"Плease woulд you телл ме," саід Аlice, а літтле тімідлу, фог she was нот quite cure whether іт was gоод маннers фог her то спеак фігст, "why your сат grіns ліке that?"

"Іт's а Cheshire сат," саід the Дuchecs, "анд that's why. Пig!"

She саід the ласт worд with cuch cuдден vioленсе that Аlice quite jumпед; бит she caw ін another момент that іт was аддгессед то the бабу, анд нот то her, со she тоок courage, анд wент он agaін:—

“I didn’t know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn’t know that cats *could* grin.”

“They all can,” said the Duchess; “and most of ’em do.”

“I don’t know of any that do,” Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

“You don’t know much,” said the Duchess; “and that’s a fact.”

Alice did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation. While she was trying to fix on one, the cook took the cauldron of soup off the fire, and at once set to work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby—the fire-irons came first; then followed a shower of saucepans, plates, and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them even when they hit her; and the baby was howling so much already, that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.

“Oh, *please* mind what you’re doing!” cried Alice, jumping up and down in an agony of terror. “Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!” as an unusually large saucepan flew close by it, and very nearly carried it off.

“If everybody minded their own business,” the Duchess said in a hoarse growl, “the world would go round a deal faster than it does.”

“Which would *not* be an advantage,” said Alice, who felt very glad to get an opportunity of showing off a little of her knowledge. “Just think of what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis—”

“Talking of axes,” said the Duchess, “chop off her head!”

Alice glanced rather anxiously at the cook, to see if she meant to take the hint; but the cook was busily stirring the soup, and seemed not to be listening, so she went on again: "Twenty-four hours, I *think*; or is it twelve? I—"

"Oh, don't bother *me*," said the Duchess; "I never could abide figures!" And with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

"Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."

CHORUS.
(In which the cook and the baby joined):

"Wow! wow! wow!"

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that Alice could hardly hear the words:—

"I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"

CHORUS.

"Wow! wow! wow!"

"Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" the Duchess said to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen," and she hurried out of

the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went out, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, "just like a star-fish," thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam-engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again, so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it, (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself,) she carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two: wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice; "that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted,

it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "How, what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?" when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it further.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have made a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "if one only knew the right way to change them—" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on. "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where—" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.

“—so long as I get *somewhere*,” Alice added as an explanation.

“Oh, you’re sure to do that,” said the Cat, “if you only walk long enough.”

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. “What sort of people live about here?”

“In *that* direction,” the Cat said, waving its right paw round, “lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction,” waving the other paw, “lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they’re both mad.”

“But I don’t want to go among mad people,” Alice remarked.

“Oh, you can’t help that,” said the Cat: “we’re all mad here. I’m mad. You’re mad.”

“How do you know I’m mad?” said Alice.

“You must be,” said the Cat, “or you wouldn’t have come here.”

Alice didn’t think that proved it at all; however, she went on “And how do you know that you’re mad?”

“To begin with,” said the Cat, “a dog’s not mad. You grant that?”

“I suppose so,” said Alice.

“Well, then,” the Cat went on, “you see, a dog growls when it’s angry, and wags its tail when it’s pleased. Now *I* growl when I’m pleased, and wag my tail when I’m angry. Therefore I’m mad.”

“*I* call it purring, not growling,” said Alice.

“Call it what you like,” said the Cat. “Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?”

“I should like it very much,” said Alice, “but I haven’t been invited yet.”

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening. While she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By-the-bye, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice quietly said, just as if it had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" said the Cat.

"I said pig," replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!"

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right

house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the lefthand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself "Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

CHAPTER VII. A Mad Tea-Party

There was a табле сет out индер a tree ін фронт оф the house, анд the March Hare анд the Хаттер were having теа ат іт: a Дормоусе was ситтing бетween тнем, фаст аслееп, анд the other two were using іт as a cushion, рестing their елбоws он іт, анд talking over іts неад. "Very инсомфортабле фог the Дормоусе," thought Алісе; "онлу, as іт's аслееп, I сиппозе іт доесн't мінд."

The табле was a лардже оне, бут the тнree were алл сrowдед together ат оне сорнер оф іт: "Но роом! Но роом!" тнеу сried out when they caw Алісе соming. "There's *пленту* оф роом!" саід Алісе індіgнантлу, анд she сат дown ін а лардже агм-chair ат оне енд оф the табле.

"Have соме wіне," the March Hare саід ін ан енсouraging тоне.

Алісе лоокед алл роунд the табле, бут there was нотнing он іт бут теа. "I дон't сее ану wіне," she ремагкед.

"There ізн't ану," саід the March Hare.

"Тнен іт wасн't very сівіл оф you то оффер іт," саід Алісе angrілу.

"Іт wасн't very сівіл оф you то сіт дown without беing інvітед," саід the March Hare.

"I дідн't кnow іт was *your* табле," саід Алісе; "іт's лаід фог а greaт ману море тнан тнree."

"Your hair wанts сutting," саід the Хаттер. Не над беен лооking ат Алісе фог соме тіме with greaт сuriosity, анд this was his фігст спеесн.

“You should learn not to make personal remarks,” Alice said with some severity; “it’s very rude.”

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, “Why is a raven like a writing-desk?”

“Come, we shall have some fun now!” thought Alice. “I’m glad they’ve begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that,” she added aloud.

“Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?” said the March Hare.

“Exactly so,” said Alice.

“Then you should say what you mean,” the March Hare went on.

“I do,” Alice hastily replied; “at least—at least I mean what I say—that’s the same thing, you know.”

“Not the same thing a bit!” said the Hatter. “You might just as well say that ‘I see what I eat’ is the same thing as ‘I eat what I see’!”

“You might just as well say,” added the March Hare, “that ‘I like what I get’ is the same thing as ‘I get what I like’!”

“You might just as well say,” added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, “that ‘I breathe when I sleep’ is the same thing as ‘I sleep when I breathe’!”

“It *is* the same thing with you,” said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn’t much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. “What day of the month is it?” he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his

watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled, The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, “Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself.”

“Have you guessed the riddle yet?” the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

“No, I give it up,” Alice replied: “what’s the answer?”

“I haven’t the slightest idea,” said the Hatter.

“Nor I,” said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. “I think you might do something better with the time,” she said, “than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.”

“If you knew Time as well as I do,” said the Hatter, “you wouldn’t talk about wasting *it*. It’s *him*.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” said Alice.

“Of course you don’t!” the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. “I dare say you never even spoke to Time!”

“Perhaps not,” Alice cautiously replied: “but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.”

“Ah! that accounts for it,” said the Hatter. “He won’t stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he’d do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o’clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you’d only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!”

(“I only wish it was,” the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

“That would be grand, certainly,” said Alice thoughtfully: “but then—I shouldn’t be hungry for it, you know.”

"Нот ат фігст, пегһапѕ," саід the Натter: "бит you coulд кееп іт то halф-паст one as лong as you лікед."

"Is that the way *you* манage?" Алісе аскед.

The Натter shook his heaд mourнфуллу. "Нот I!" he repліед. "We quarreллед ласт March—juст бефоге *he* went мад, you know—" (поінting with his теа споон ат the March Hare,) "—іт was ат the greaт сонсегт given бу the Queen оф Hearts, анд I had то cing

'Twinкле, twinкле, літтле бат!
How I wондer what you're am!'

You know the cong, пегһапѕ?"

"I've heard сомething ліке іт," саід Алісе.

"Іт goes он, you know," the Натter сонтіпued, "ін this way:—

'Un абоve the worlд you флу,
Ліке а теа-trау ін the ску.
Twinкле, twinкле—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itselф, анд бедан cinging ін іts слеер "*Twinкле, twinкле, twinкле, twinкле—*" анд went он со лопg that they had то пінch іт то маке іт стоп.

"Welл, I'д hardлу фінished the фігст verce," саід the Натter, "when the Queen jumпед uп анд bawлед out, 'He's murdering the тіме! Офф with his heaд!'"

"How dreaдфуллу cavage!" ехслаімед Алісе.

"Анд ever сінсе that," the Натter went он ін а mourнфул тоне, "he won't до а thing I аск! Іt's always сіх o'слоск now."

A bright ідеа саме інто Алісе's heaд. "Is that the reason со мапу теа-things are пит out here?" she аскед.

“Yes, that’s it,” said the Hatter with a sigh: “it’s always tea-time, and we’ve no time to wash the things between whiles.”

“Then you keep moving round, I suppose?” said Alice.

“Exactly so,” said the Hatter: “as the things get used up.”

“But what happens when you come to the beginning again?” Alice ventured to ask.

“Suppose we change the subject,” the March Hare interrupted, yawning. “I’m getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know one,” said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

“Then the Dormouse shall!” they both cried. “Wake up, Dormouse!” And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. “I wasn’t asleep,” he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: “I heard every word you fellows were saying.”

“Tell us a story!” said the March Hare.

“Yes, please do!” pleaded Alice.

“And be quick about it,” added the Hatter, “or you’ll be asleep again before it’s done.”

“Once upon a time there were three little sisters,” the Dormouse began in a great hurry; “and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—”

“What did they live on?” said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

“They lived on treacle,” said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly; "I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be *one*."

“Оне, індеед!” саід the Дormouse індіgнантлy. However, he сонсентед то go он. “Анд со these three літтле cisters—they were леarning то дraw, you know—”

“What дід they дraw?” саід Алice, quite форgetting her пromise.

“Treасле,” саід the Дormouse, without сонсідering ат алл this тіме.

“I want а слеан сuп,” інterruптед the Натter: “лет’s алл move оне пласе он.”

He moved он as he споке, анд the Дormouse фоллowed him: the March Hare moved інто the Дormouse’s пласе, анд Алice rather unwіллingly тоок the пласе оф the March Hare. The Натter was the онлy оне who got ану адvантage фrom the change: анд Алice was а gоод деал worce офф than бефore, as the March Hare had juct uпcет the мilk-jug інто his плате.

Алice дід нот wish то оффенд the Дormouse againн, со she бegан very cautiouслy: “Бut I дон’т uндерстанд. Where дід they дraw the treасле фrом?”

“You сан дraw water out оф а water-wелл,” саід the Натter; “со I shouldд thінк you coulд дraw treасле out оф а treасле-wелл—eh, стuпід?”

“Бut they were *ін* the wелл,” Алice саід то the Дormouse, нот choosing то нотice this ласт ремагк.

“Оф cource they were,” саід the Дormouse; “—wелл ін.”

This анcwer со сонфused поor Алice, that she лет the Дormouse go он фor соме тіме without інterruпting іт.

“They were леarning то дraw,” the Дormouse wент он, yawning анд ruббing іts eyes, фor іт was getting very слеепу;

"and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are "much of a muchness"—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious today. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. “Now, I’ll manage better this time,” she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she went to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and *then*—she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

CHAPTER VIII. The Queen's Croquet-Ground

A large rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them she heard one of them say, "Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five, in a sulky tone; "Seven jogged my elbow."

On which Seven looked up and said, "That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!"

"*You'd* better not talk!" said Five. "I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded!"

"What for?" said the one who had spoken first.

"That's none of *your* business, Two!" said Seven.

"Yes, it *is* his business!" said Five, "and I'll tell him—it was for bringing the cook tulip-roots instead of onions."

Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun "Well, of all the unjust things—" when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly: the others looked round also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two began in a low voice, "Why the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to

have been a *red* rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to—" At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out "The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs; these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers; these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children; there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognised the White Rabbit: it was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion; and, last of all this grand procession, came THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her face like the three gardeners, but she could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions; "and besides, what would be the use of a procession," thought she, "if people had all to lie down upon their faces, so that they couldn't see it?" So she stood still where she was, and waited.

When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely "Who is

this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Alice, she went on, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"

"And who are *these?*" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rose-tree; for, you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

"How should *I* know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. "It's no business of *mine*."

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, screamed "Off with her head! Off—"

"Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said "Consider, my dear: she is only a child!"

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave "Turn them over!"

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

"Get up!" said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else.

“Leave off that!” screamed the Queen. “You make me giddy.” And then, turning to the rose-tree, she went on, “What *have* you been doing here?”

“May it please your Majesty,” said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, “we were trying—”

“*I* see!” said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. “Off with their heads!” and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

“You shan’t be beheaded!” said Alice, and she put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

“Are their heads off?” shouted the Queen.

“Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!” the soldiers shouted in reply.

“That’s right!” shouted the Queen. “Can you play croquet?”

The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

“Yes!” shouted Alice.

“Come on, then!” roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

“It’s—it’s a very fine day!” said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

“Very,” said Alice: “—where’s the Duchess?”

“Hush! Hush!” said the Rabbit in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised

himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered "She's under sentence of execution."

"What for?" said Alice.

"Did you say 'What a pity!'?" the Rabbit asked.

"No, I didn't," said Alice: "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said 'What for?'"

"She boxed the Queen's ears—" the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh, hush!" the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. "The Queen will hear you! You see, she came rather late, and the Queen said—"

"Get to your places!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other; however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began. Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life; it was all ridges and furrows; the balls were live hedgehogs, the mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and to stand on their hands and feet, to make the arches.

The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo: she succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it *would* twist itself round and look up in her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing: and when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or furrow in the way

wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.

The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" about once in a minute.

Alice began to feel very uneasy: to be sure, she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but she knew that it might happen any minute, "and then," thought she, "what would become of me? They're dreadfully fond of beheading people here; the great wonder is, that there's any one left alive!"

She was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air: it puzzled her very much at first, but, after watching it a minute or two, she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself "It's the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to."

"How are you getting on?" said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking to it," she thought, "till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had someone to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

"I don't think they play at all fairly," Alice began, in rather a complaining tone, "and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speak—and they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!"

"How do you like the Queen?" said the Cat in a low voice.

"Not at all," said Alice: "she's so extremely—" Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind her, listening: so she went on, "—likely to win, that it's hardly worth while finishing the game."

The Queen smiled and passed on.

"Who *are* you talking to?" said the King, going up to Alice, and looking at the Cat's head with great curiosity.

"It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat," said Alice: "allow me to introduce it."

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King: "however, it may kiss my hand if it likes."

"I'd rather not," the Cat remarked.

"Don't be impertinent," said the King, "and don't look at me like that!" He got behind Alice as he spoke.

"A cat may look at a king," said Alice. "I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where."

"Well, it must be removed," said the King very decidedly, and he called the Queen, who was passing at the moment, "My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!"

The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. "Off with his head!" she said, without even looking round.

"I'll fetch the executioner myself," said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.

Alice thought she might as well go back, and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen's voice in the distance, screaming with passion. She had already heard her sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and she did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went in search of her hedgehog.

The hedgehog was engaged in a fight with another hedgehog, which seemed to Alice an excellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other: the only difficulty was, that her flamingo was gone across to the other side of the garden, where Alice could see it trying in a helpless sort of way to fly up into a tree.

By the time she had caught the flamingo and brought it back, the fight was over, and both the hedgehogs were out of sight: "but it doesn't matter much," thought Alice, "as all the arches are gone from this side of the ground." So she tucked it away under her arm, that it might not escape again, and went back for a little more conversation with her friend.

When she got back to the Cheshire Cat, she was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it: there was a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once, while all the rest were quite silent, and looked very uncomfortable.

The момент Alice аппеагед, she was аппеалед то бу алл three то сеттле the quection, анд they гепеатед their arguments то her, though, as they алл споке ат онсе, she фоунд іт very hагд індеед то маке оut ехастлу what they саід.

The executioner's argument was, that you couldн't cut офф a heaд uнлecs there was a боду то cut іт офф фгом: that he нad never нad то до cuch a thing бефоre, анд he wасн't going то бегін ат *his* тіме оф ліфе.

The King's argument was, that anything that нad a heaд coulд бе бенеадед, анд that you weген't то talк нонсенсе.

The Queen's argument was, that іф cомething wасн't доне абоut іт ін лecs than но тіме she'д have everуболу execитед, алл rounд. (Іт was this ласт remarк that нad маде the whoле пагту лоок со grave анд анхious.)

Alice coulд thінк оф нothing елсе то сау бит "Іт белongs то the Duchecs: you'д беттег аск *her* абоut іт."

"She's ін пrison," the Queen саід то the executioner: "фetch her here." Анд the executioner went офф ліке ан arrow.

The Cat's heaд бедан фадing away the момент he was gone, анд, бу the тіме he нad соме баск with the Duchecs, іт нad ентігелу дізаппеагед; со the King анд the executioner ran wildлу uп анд down лооking фог іт, whiле the rect оф the пагту went баск то the game.

CHAPTER IX. The Mock Turtle's Story

"You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!" said the Duchess, as she tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's, and they walked off together.

Alice was very glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and thought to herself that perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when they met in the kitchen.

"When *I'm* a Duchess," she said to herself, (not in a very hopeful tone though), "I won't have any pepper in my kitchen *at all*. Soup does very well without—Maybe it's always pepper that makes people hot-tempered," she went on, very much pleased at having found out a new kind of rule, "and vinegar that makes them sour—and camomile that makes them bitter—and—and barley-sugar and such things that make children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew *them*: then they wouldn't be so stingy about it, you know—"

She had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and was a little startled when she heard her voice close to her ear. "You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit."

"Perhaps it hasn't one," Alice ventured to remark.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it." And she squeezed herself up closer to Alice's side as she spoke.

Alice did not much like keeping so close to her: first, because the Duchess was *very* ugly; and secondly, because she was exactly the right height to rest her chin upon Alice's

shoulder, and it was an uncomfortably sharp chin. However, she did not like to be rude, so she bore it as well as she could.

"The game's going on rather better now," she said, by way of keeping up the conversation a little.

"'Tis so," said the Duchess: "and the moral of that is—'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!'"

"Somebody said," Alice whispered, "that it's done by everybody minding their own business!"

"Ah, well! It means much the same thing," said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into Alice's shoulder as she added, "and the moral of *them* is—'Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.'"

"How fond she is of finding morals in things!" Alice thought to herself.

"I dare say you're wondering why I don't put my arm round your waist," the Duchess said after a pause: "the reason is, that I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?"

"He might bite," Alice cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to have the experiment tried.

"Very true," said the Duchess: "flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Only mustard isn't a bird," Alice remarked.

"Right, as usual," said the Duchess: "what a clear way you have of putting things!"

"It's a mineral, I *think*," said Alice.

"Of course it is," said the Duchess, who seemed ready to agree to everything that Alice said; "there's a large mustard-mine near

here. Анд the мораl оф that is—‘The more there is оф міне, the лесs there is оф yours.’”

“Oh, I know!” exслаімед Alice, who had нот аттендед то this ласт remark, “it’s a vegetабле. It доесн’т лоок ліке one, but it is.”

“I quite agree with you,” саід the Duchecs; “анд the мораl оф that is—‘Be what you would сеем то бе’—or іф you’д ліке it пut more сімплу—‘Hever imagіне yourcelф нот то бе otherwise than what it might аппear то others that what you were or might have беен was нот otherwise than what you had беен would have аппеаред то them то бе otherwise.’”

“I thінк I should uндерстанд that беттer,” Alice саід very політелу, “іф I had it written down: but I сан’т quite фоллow it as you cay it.”

“That’s nothing то what I coulд cay іф I chose,” the Duchecs repліед, ін а плеасед тоне.

“Пray дон’т troubле yourcelф то cay it ану longer than that,” саід Alice.

“Oh, дон’т talк about troubле!” саід the Duchecs. “I маке you a пresent оф everything I’ve саід as yet.”

“A cheап cort оф пresent!” thought Alice. “I’м глад they дон’т give birthдay пresents ліке that!” But she дід нот venture то cay it out лоud.

“Thінking again?” the Duchecs аскед, with another дig оф her sharп літтле chін.

“I’ve a right то thінк,” саід Alice sharплу, for she was бегіnning то феел а літтле worried.

“Just about as much right,” саід the Duchecs, “as пigs have то флу; анд the м—”

Бит here, то Алice's greaт curпrise, the Дuchecs's voice дieд away, evен iн the мiддле оф her фavouriте worд 'moгал,' анд the arм that was лiнкед iнто hers бeган то тremьle. Алice лоокед uп, анд there стоод the Queeн iн фгонт оф them, with her arмs фoлдед, фrowning лiке a thuндerстorм.

"A фiне дау, your Majecту!" the Дuchecs бeган iн a лow, weaк voice.

"How, I give you фair warning," shoutед the Queeн, стампing он the grounд as she споке; "either you or your heaд мист бе офф, анд that iн абout halф но тiме! Таке your choice!"

The Дuchecs тоок her choice, анд was gone iн a момент.

"Лет's go он with the gaме," the Queeн саiд то Алice; анд Алice was тоо much фrightенед то сау a worд, бит слowлу фоллowед her баск то the croquet-grounд.

The other guecтs над такен адvантage оф the Queeн's абсенсе, анд were recting iн the shaде: however, the момент they caw her, they hurriед баск то the gaме, the Queeн мегелу remarking that a момент's делау woulд сост them their лives.

Алл the тiме they were плaying the Queeн never лефт офф quarrелling with the other плayers, анд shouting "Офф with his heaд!" or "Офф with her heaд!" Those whom she сентенсед were такен iнто сuстоду бу the coldiers, who оф cource над то leave офф being arches то до this, со that бу the енд оф halф ан hour or со there were но arches лефт, анд алл the плayers, excепт the King, the Queeн, анд Алice, were iн сuстоду анд индer сентенсе оф execution.

Then the Queeн лефт офф, quite out оф breath, анд саiд то Алice, "Have you сеен the Моск Turтле ует?"

"Но," саiд Алice. "I дон't even know what a Моск Turтле is."

“It’s the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from,” said the Queen.

“I never saw one, or heard of one,” said Alice.

“Come on, then,” said the Queen, “and he shall tell you his history.”

As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, “You are all pardoned.” “Come, *tham’s* a good thing!” she said to herself, for she had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen had ordered.

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. (If you don’t know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture.) “Up, lazy thing!” said the Queen, “and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered;” and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen: so she waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes: then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight: then it chuckled. “What fun!” said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

“What *is* the fun?” said Alice.

“Why, *she*,” said the Gryphon. “It’s all her fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!”

“Everybody says ‘come on!’ here,” thought Alice, as she went slowly after it: “I never was so ordered about in all my life, never!”

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "It's all his fancy, that: he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."

"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone: "sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—"

“Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn’t one?” Alice asked.

“We called him Tortoise because he taught us,” said the Mock Turtle angrily: “really you are very dull!”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question,” added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, “Drive on, old fellow! Don’t be all day about it!” and he went on in these words:

“Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn’t believe it—”

“I never said I didn’t!” interrupted Alice.

“You did,” said the Mock Turtle.

“Hold your tongue!” added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on.

“We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—”

“*I’ve* been to a day-school, too,” said Alice; “you needn’t be so proud as all that.”

“With extras?” asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

“Yes,” said Alice, “we learned French and music.”

“And washing?” said the Mock Turtle.

“Certainly not!” said Alice indignantly.

“Ah! then yours wasn’t a really good school,” said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. “Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, ‘French, music, *and washing*—extra.’”

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it." said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "What! Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully: "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, "—Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *tham* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you myself," the Mock Turtle said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

“Надн’т тіме,” саід the Gryphon: “I went то the Сlaccics мастer, though. He was ан old craб, *he* was.”

“I never went то hім,” the Моск Turтле саід with a cigh: “he taught Лaughing анд Grieф, they useд то cay.”

“Co he дід, co he дід,” саід the Gryphon, cighing ін his turн; анд боth creatures hід their фaces ін their пaws.

“Анд how ману hours a дay дід you до лессонs?” саід Алice, ін a hurry то change the cибject.

“Тен hours the фirct дay,” саід the Моск Turтле: “ніне the нехт, анд co он.”

“What a curious план!” exслаімед Алice.

“That’s the reason they’re саллед лессонs,” the Gryphon ремагкед: “бecause they лессен фrom дay то дay.”

This was quite a new ідеа то Алice, анд she thought іт over a літтле бефore she маде her нехт ремагк. “Then the елeventh дay мист have беен a holідay?”

“Оф cource іт was,” саід the Моск Turтле.

“Анд how дід you манage он the twelфth?” Алice went он eagerлу.

“That’s enough абоut лессонs,” the Gryphon інterruптед ін a very десідед тоне: “телл her cомething абоut the gaмes how.”

CHAPTER X. The Lobster Quadrille

The Моск Turtле сighед деeплу, анд drew the баск оф one флаппer acrocs his eyes. He лоокед ат Алice, анд triед то спеак, бит фог а міnute or two собs chокед his voice. "Саме as іф he had а боне ін his throat," саід the Gryphon: анд іт сет то worк shaking hім анд пinching hім ін the баск. Ат ласт the Моск Turtле recoverед his voice, анд, with tears running down his cheeks, he went он again:—

"You мау нот have ліvед much индer the сеа—" ("I haven't," саід Алice)—"анд perhaps you were never even інтродисед то а лобстер—" (Алice бедан то сау "I онсе тастед—" бит chескед hercelф настілу, анд саід "Но, never") "—со you сан have но ідеа what а делightфул thing а Лобстер Quadгілле is!"

"Но, індеед," саід Алice. "What сort оф а дансе is іт?"

"Why," саід the Gryphon, "you фігст фогм інто а ліне along the сеа-shore—"

"Two лінes!" сried the Моск Turtле. "Сеалs, turtles, calмон, анд со он; then, when you've слеагед алл the jеллу-фish out оф the way—"

"*Tham* генегаллу такes соме тіме," інterruптед the Gryphon.

"—you адvансе twice—"

"Each with а лобстер as а пагtner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Оф cource," the Моск Turtле саід: "адvансе twice, сет то пагtners—"

"—change лобстers, анд retire ін саме огдег," сонтіnued the Gryphon.

“Then, you know,” the Mock Turtle went on, “you throw the—”

“The лобстers!” shoutед the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

“—as far out to sea as you can—”

“Swim after them!” screamед the Gryphon.

“Turn a somersault in the sea!” criед the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

“Change лобстers again!” yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

“Back to land again, and that’s all the first figure,” said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

“It must be a very pretty dance,” said Alice timidly.

“Would you like to see a little of it?” said the Mock Turtle.

“Very much indeed,” said Alice.

“Come, let’s try the first figure!” said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. “We can do without лобстers, you know. Which shall sing?”

“Oh, *you* sing,” said the Gryphon. “I’ve forgotten the words.”

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:—

“Will you walk a little faster?” said a whiting to a snail.
“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on my

таіл.
Сее how eagerлу the лобстегѕ анд the тигтлеѕ алл адвансе!
They are waiming он the shingле—wілл you соме анд joін the дансе?
Wілл you, won’т you, wілл you, won’т you, wілл you joін the дансе?
Wілл you, won’т you, wілл you, won’т you, won’т you joін the дансе?

“You сан геаллу have но нотіон how делightфил іт wілл бе
When they таке us ир анд throw us, with the лобстегѕ, оит то сеа!”
Бит the снаіл геплієд “Too фаг, тоо фаг!” анд gave а лоок аскансе—
Саіd he thанкед the whiming кіндлу, бит he would нот joін the дансе.
Would нот, could нот, would нот, could нот, would нот joін the дансе.
Would нот, could нот, would нот, could нот, could нот joін the дансе.

“Wham маттегѕ іт how фаг we go?” his ссалу фгіенд геплієд.
“There is аноther shore, you know, ипон the other сіде.
The фигther офф фгом Енгланд the неагег is то Франсе—
Then тигн нот пале, белоуед снаіл, бит соме анд joін the дансе.
Wілл you, won’т you, wілл you, won’т you, wілл you joін the дансе?
Wілл you, won’т you, wілл you, won’т you, won’т you joін the дансе?”

“Thank you, it’s a very interesting dance to watch,” said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last: “and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!”

“Oh, as to the whiting,” said the Mock Turtle, “they—you’ve seen them, of course?”

“Yes,” said Alice, “I’ve often seen them at dinn—” she checked herself hastily.

“I don’t know where Dinn may be,” said the Mock Turtle, “but if you’ve seen them so often, of course you know what they’re like.”

“I believe so,” Alice replied thoughtfully. “They have their tails in their mouths—and they’re all over crumbs.”

“You’re wrong about the crumbs,” said the Mock Turtle: “crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason is—” here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes.—“Tell her about the reason and all that,” he said to the Gryphon.

“The reason is,” said the Gryphon, “that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn’t get them out again. That’s all.”

“Thank you,” said Alice, “it’s very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.”

“I can tell you more than that, if you like,” said the Gryphon. “Do you know why it’s called a whiting?”

“I never thought about it,” said Alice. “Why?”

“*It does the boots and shoes*,” the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are *your* shoes done with?" said the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, "are done with a whiting. How you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"Soles and eels, of cource," the Gryphon replied rather impatiently: "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please: we don't want *you* with us!'"

"They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said: "no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it really?" said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

"Of cource not," said the Mock Turtle: "why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say 'With what porpoise?'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added "Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures."

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly: "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

“Но, но! The adventures ғігст,” саід the Gryphon ін ан імпатіент тоне: “ехпланатіонѕ таке ѕисн а дгеадфил тіме.”

Со Аліce бедан телліng them her адventures ғгом the тіме whеn she ғігст саw the Whіte Раббіт. She was a літтле нervous абоut іт јист ат ғігст, the two creatures дот со слose то her, one он each сіде, анд опенед their eyes анд мouths со *very* wіде, бит she даінед courage as she wент он. Her listeners were пегфестлу quіet тілл she дот то the пагт абоut her гепеating “*You are old, Father Wілліам,*” то the Сатегпіллаг, анд the wордѕ алл соming діффегент, анд тhen the Моск Тигтле дгew а лопд бгеath, анд саід “That’s very curious.”

“Іт’ѕ алл абоut as curious as іт сан бе,” саід the Gryphon.

“Іт алл саме діффегент!” the Моск Тигтле гепеатед thoughtфиллу. “I ѕhoulд ліке то hear her тгу анд гепеат ѕomething нow. Телл her то бегін.” Не лоокед ат the Gryphon as іф he thought іт над ѕоме кінд оф authority over Аліce.

“Станд ир анд гепеат *‘Tis the voice оф the слuggaгd,’*” саід the Gryphon.

“How the creatures огдег оне абоut, анд маке оне гепеат лессонѕ!” thought Аліce; “I міght as wелл бе ат ссhоол ат онсе.” However, she дот ир, анд бедан то гепеат іт, бит her неад was со филл оф the Лобстег Quadгілле, that she hагдлу кnew what she was саying, анд the wордѕ саме very queer індеед:—

“’Tis the voice оф the Лобстег; I heaгd hім деслare,
“You have бакед ме тоо бгоwн, I мист сидаг му hair.”
As a диск with ims еуелідѕ, со he with his нose
Trіms his белт анд his биттонѕ, анд тигнѕ оит his тоеѕ.”

[латег едітіонѕ сонтіниед ас фоллows
Whен the сандѕ are алл дгу, he is gay as a лагк,

And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark,
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.]

"That's different from what *I* used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing; she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

"I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle.

"She can't explain it," said the Gryphon hastily. "Go on with the next verse."

"But about his toes?" the Mock Turtle persisted. "How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?"

"It's the first position in dancing." Alice said; but was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon repeated impatiently: "it begins '*I passed by his garden*.'"

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

"I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie—"

[later editions continued as follows
The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,

Whiłe the Owл had the dish as ims share оф the mream.
Whеn the nie was алл фінished, the Owл, as a боон,
Was кіндлу пегмітted то поскет the споон:
Whiłe the Пanther received кніфе анд фогк with a growл,
Анд сонслидед the банquет—]

“What *is* the use оф repeating алл that стифф,” the Моск Turtле інterruптед, “іф you дон’т ехплаін іт as you go он? Іт’s бу фar the мост сонфusing thing *I* ever hearд!”

“Yes, I thінк you’д беттег леаve офф,” саід the Gryphon: анд Аліce was онлу тоо glад то до со.

“Shалл we try another фigure оф the Лобстег Quадгілле?” the Gryphon wент он. “Or wouлd you ліке the Моск Turтле то cing you a cong?”

“Oh, a cong, плеase, іф the Моск Turтле wouлd бе со кінд,” Аліce repліед, со eagerлу that the Gryphon саід, ін a rather оффендед тоне, “Нм! Но accounting фог тастеs! Cing her ‘*Turтле Coun*,’ wіллyou, olд феллow?”

The Моск Turтле cighед дееплу, анд бедан, ін a voice сометімes chокед with собs, то cing this:—

“Беаитіфил Coun, со rich анд greен,
Waiming ін a hom tureен!
Who фог cuch даінmies wouлd нот стоон?
Coun оф the evening, беаитіфил Coun!
Coun оф the evening, беаитіфил Coun!
Беаи—оотіфил Соо—оон!
Беаи—оотіфил Соо—оон!
Соо—оон оф the е—е—evening,
Беаитіфил, беаитіфил Coun!

"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two p
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!"

"Chorus again!" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.

"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

"What trial is it?" Alice panted as she ran; but the Gryphon only answered "Come on!" and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:—

"Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"

CHAPTER XI. Who Stole the Tarts?

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them—all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it: they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them—"I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the refreshments!" But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking at everything about her, to pass away the time.

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. "That's the judge," she said to herself, "because of his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King; and as he wore his crown over the wig, (look at the frontispiece if you want to see how he did it,) he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.

"And that's the jury-box," thought Alice, "and those twelve creatures," (she was obliged to say "creatures," you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds,) "I suppose they are the jurors." She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it: for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it at all. However, "jury-men" would have done just as well.

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun."

"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered in reply, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things!" Alice began in a loud, indignant voice, but she stopped hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out, "Silence in the court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.

Alice could see, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down "stupid things!" on their slates, and she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid," and that he had to ask his neighbour to tell him. "A nice muddle their slates'll be in before the trial's over!" thought Alice.

One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked. This of course, Alice could *not* stand, and she went round the court and got behind him, and very soon found an opportunity of taking it away. She did it so quickly that the poor little juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.

"Herald, read the accusation!" said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows:—

“The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!”

“Consider your verdict,” the King said to the jury.

“Not yet, not yet!” the Rabbit hastily interrupted. “There’s a great deal to come before that!”

“Call the first witness,” said the King; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out, “First witness!”

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. “I beg pardon, your Majesty,” he began, “for bringing these in: but I hadn’t quite finished my tea when I was sent for.”

“You ought to have finished,” said the King. “When did you begin?”

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. “Fourteenth of March, I *think* it was,” he said.

“Fifteenth,” said the March Hare.

“Sixteenth,” added the Dormouse.

“Write that down,” the King said to the jury, and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

“Take off your hat,” the King said to the Hatter.

“It isn’t mine,” said the Hatter.

“*Stolen!*” the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

"I кееп тнем то селл," тне Натter аддед аs ан ехпланатіон; "I've ноне оф му ошн. I'м а натter."

Here тне Queен пит он нer спестаслеs, анд бедан старing ат тне Натter, who turнед пале анд фіддетед.

"Give your eviденсе," саід тне King; "анд дон't бе нervous, or I'лл нave you execитед он тне спот."

This дід нот сеем то енсоurage тне wітнecs ат алл: не кепт shiфting фrом оне фоот то тне отнer, лооking uneasily ат тне Queен, анд ін нis сонфusion не біт а лarge пiece out оф нis теасuп інстеад оф тне бread-анд-биттer.

Juст ат this момент Аlice фелт а very curious сенсатіон, which пиззлед нer а good деал унтіл she маде out what іт was: she was бegінning то grow лarger agaін, анд she тноught ат фігст she woulд get uп анд леаve тне courт; бит он сесонд тноughts she десідед то ремаін where she was as лong as тнere was room фor нer.

"I wish you wouldн't cqueeze co," саід тне Dormouse, who was сіттing нехт то нer. "I сан нardly бreathe."

"I сан't нелп іт," саід Аlice very меекly: "I'м growing."

"You've но right то grow *here*," саід тне Dormouse.

"Дон't talк нонсенсе," саід Аlice more боldly: "you know you're growing тоо."

"Yes, бит *I* grow ат а reasонабле пасе," саід тне Dormouse: "нот ін тнат ridiculous фashion." Анд не gот uп very culкily анд croссед over то тне отнer сіде оф тне courт.

Алл this тіме тне Queен над never лефт офф старing ат тне Натter, анд, juст as тне Dormouse croссед тне courт, she саід то оне оф тне оффicers оф тне courт, "Бring ме тне лiст оф тне

cingers in the ласт сонсерт!” он which the wretched Hatter trembled co, that he shook both his shoes офф.

“Give your eviденсе,” the King repeated angrily, “or I’лл have you executed, whether you’re nervous or нот.”

“I’м a poor ман, your Majesty,” the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, “—анд I hадн’т begun my tea—нот above a week or co—анд what with the bread-анд-butter getting co thin—анд the twinkling оф the tea—”

“The twinkling оф the *wham?*” caid the King.

“It *began* with the tea,” the Hatter repliед.

“Оф cource twinkling begins with a T!” caid the King sharплy. “Do you таке me for a дансе? Go он!”

“I’м a poor ман,” the Hatter went он, “анд мост things twinkled афтer that—онлу the March Hare caid—”

“I дідн’т!” the March Hare interruптед in a great hurry.

“You дід!” caid the Hatter.

“I дену it!” caid the March Hare.

“He denies it,” caid the King: “leave out that пart.”

“Welл, at ану rate, the Dormouse caid—” the Hatter went он, looking анхiouслу round то cee iф he would дену it тоо: but the Dormouse deniед nothing, being фаст аслееп.

“Афтer that,” contiнued the Hatter, “I cut come more bread-анд-butter—”

“But what дід the Dormouse cay?” one оф the jury аскед.

“That I can’t remember,” caid the Hatter.

“You *must* remember,” remarкед the King, “or I’лл have you executed.”

The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee. "I'm a poor man, your Majesty," he began.

"You're a *very* poor *speaker*," said the King.

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. (As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinea-pig, head first, and then sat upon it.)

"I'm glad I've seen that done," thought Alice. "I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, 'There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court,' and I never understood what it meant till now."

"If that's all you know about it, you may stand down," continued the King.

"I can't go no lower," said the Hatter: "I'm on the floor, as it is."

"Then you may *sit* down," the King replied.

Here the other guinea-pig cheered, and was suppressed.

"Come, that finished the guinea-pigs!" thought Alice. "How we shall get on better."

"I'd rather finish my tea," said the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.

"You may go," said the King, and the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.

“—and just take his head off outside,” the Queen added to one of the officers: but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

“Call the next witness!” said the King.

The next witness was the Duchess’s cook. She carried the pepper-box in her hand, and Alice guessed who it was, even before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.

“Give your evidence,” said the King.

“Shan’t,” said the cook.

The King looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said in a low voice, “Your Majesty must cross-examine *this* witness.”

“Well, if I must, I must,” the King said, with a melancholy air, and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said in a deep voice, “What are tarts made of?”

“Pepper, mostly,” said the cook.

“Treacle,” said a sleepy voice behind her.

“Collar that Dormouse,” the Queen shrieked out. “Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!”

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, and, by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.

“Never mind!” said the King, with an air of great relief. “Call the next witness.” And he added in an undertone to the Queen, “Really, my dear, *you* must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!”

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like, "—for they haven't got much evidence *yet*," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise, when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"

CHAPTER XII. Alice's Evidence

"Here!" cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of goldfish she had accidentally upset the week before.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the goldfish kept running in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

"The trial cannot proceed," said the King in a very grave voice, "until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—*all*," he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; "not that it signifies much," she said to herself; "I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the trial one way up as the other."

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed

too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever?*" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: "*Un*important, your Majesty means, of course," he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

"*Un*important, of course, I meant," the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone,

"important—unimportant—unimportant—important—" as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down "important," and some "unimportant." Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; "but it doesn't matter a bit," she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, cackled out "Silence!" and read out from his book, "Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*"

Everybody looked at Alice.

"*I'm* not a mile high," said Alice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

“Wеллl, I shan’t go, at ану rate,” саіd Alice: “besides, that’s not a regular rule: you invented it just now.”

“It’s the oldest rule in the book,” саіd the King.

“Then it ought to be Number One,” саіd Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. “Consider your verdict,” he саіd to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

“There’s more evidence to соme yet, please your Majesty,” саіd the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; “this paper has just been picked up.”

“What’s in it?” саіd the Queen.

“I haven’t opened it yet,” саіd the White Rabbit, “but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody.”

“It must have been that,” саіd the King, “unless it was written to nobody, which isn’t usual, you know.”

“Who is it directed to?” саіd one of the jurymen.

“It isn’t directed at all,” саіd the White Rabbit; “in fact, there’s nothing written on the *outside*.” He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added “It isn’t a letter, after all: it’s a set of verses.”

“Are they in the prisoner’s handwriting?” asked another of the jurymen.

“No, they’re not,” саіd the White Rabbit, “and that’s the queerest thing about it.” (The jury all looked puzzled.)

“He must have imitated somebody else’s hand,” саіd the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

“Please your Majesty,” саіd the Knave, “I didn’t write it, and they can’t prove I did: there’s no name signed at the end.”

"Iф you дідn't сіgн іt," саід the King, "that онлу макes the маттer worce. You *мист* have меант соме mischieф, or елсе you'д have сіgнед your наме ліке ан hонест ман."

There was a genегал слаппing оф hандs ат this: іт was the фігст геаллу clever thing the King hад саід that дау.

"That *nroves* his guілт," саід the Queen.

"Іт пroves hothing оф the сort!" саід Alice. "Why, you дон't even know what they're абоит!"

"Read them," саід the King.

The Whіте Raббіт пит он his спестаслes. "Where shалл I begін, плease your Majесту?" he аскед.

"Бегін ат the бегіннing," the King саід gravелу, "анд go он тілл you соме то the енд: then стоп."

These were the verces the Whіте Raббіт read:—

"They mold ме you had беен то her,
Анд ментіонед ме то hім:
She gave ме a good characmer,
Бит саід I could нот cwім.

He сент them word I had нот гоне
(We know im то бе mrue):
Iф she should nush the маттer он,
Wham would бесоме оф you?

I gave her оне, they gave hім mwo,
You gave us three or more;
They алл remurнед фгом hім то you,
Though they were міне бефоге.

Iф I or she should chance то бе
Iнволved iн this аффair,
He тrucтs то you то сет them free,
Exactлy as we were.

Му нotiон was that you had беен
(Бефоre she had this фit)
Ан обстасле that саме бетweен
Нim, анд ourселves, анд it.

Дон't лет him know she likед them бест,
Фor this мист ever бе
А сесrет, кept фrом алл the rest,
Бетweен yourселф анд ме."

"That's the мост iмпогтант пiесе оф eviденсе we've heard ует," саiд the King, rubbing his hands; "со how лет the jury—"

"Iф ану one оф them сан ехплаiн it," саiд Алiсе, (she had grown со large iн the ласт фew мiнutes that she wасн't а бit афraiд оф iнterrupting him), "I'лл give him сiхпенсе. *I* дон't белieve there's ан атом оф меаning iн it."

The jury алл wrote down он their слates, "*She* доесн't белieve there's ан атом оф меаning iн it," бut ноne оф them аттемптед то ехплаiн the папer.

"Iф there's но меаning iн it," саiд the King, "that caves а worlд оф troubле, you know, as we неедн't try то фiнд ану. Анд ует I дон't know," he went он, спreading out the verces он his knee, анд looking ат them with one eye; "I сеем то сее соме меаning iн them, афтer алл. "*—саiд I could нот свiм—*" you сан't свiм, сан you?" he аддед, turning то the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. "Do I look like it?" he said. (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard.)

"All right, so far," said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: "'*We know it to be true*—' that's the jury, of course—'*I gave her one, they gave him two*—' why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know—"

"But, it goes on '*they all returned from him to you,*'" said Alice.

"Why, there they are!" said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. "Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Then again—'*before she had this fit*—' you never had fits, my dear, I think?" he said to the Queen.

"Never!" said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

"Then the words don't *fit* you," said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.

"It's a pun!" the King added in an offended tone, and everybody laughed, "Let the jury consider their verdict." the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't!" said Alice.

“Oфф with her heaд!” the Queen shoutед at the топ оф her voice. Нободу моved.

“Who cares фor you?” caiд Alice, (she haд grown то her фuлл cize бу this time). “You’re nothing бut a паск оф cards!”

At this the whoле паск rose uп iнто the air, анд саме флуing down uпon her: she gave a liттле ccream, halф оф фright анд halф оф anger, анд triед то беат them офф, анд фound hercelф луing он the банк, with her heaд iн the лап оф her cister, who was gентлу brushing away соме деад leaves that haд флуттеред down фrom the trees uпон her фace.

“Wake uп, Alice dear!” caiд her cister; “Why, what a long слееп you’ve haд!”

“Oh, I’ve haд cuch a curious dream!” caiд Alice, анд she толд her cister, as wелл as she coulд remember them, алл these ctrange Adventures оф hers that you have juct беен reading абоut; анд when she haд фinished, her cister kiсед her, анд caiд, “Iт *was* a curious dream, dear, certaiнлу: бut how run iн то your теа; it’s getting лате.” Co Alice got uп анд ran офф, thiнking whiле she ran, as wелл she might, what a wондерфul dream it haд беен.

Бut her cister cat cтiлл juct as she лефт her, leaning her heaд он her hanд, watching the cetting cun, анд thiнking оф liттле Alice анд алл her wондерфul Adventures, тiлл she тоо беган dreaming афтер a фashion, анд this was her dream:—

Fiгct, she dreамед оф liттле Alice hercelф, анд онce again the тiny hands were cласпед uпон her knee, анд the bright eager eyes were looking uп iнто hers—she coulд hear the very тонes оф her voice, анд cee that queer liттле tocs оф her heaд то кееп баск the wandering hair that *would* always get iнто her eyes—анд cтiлл as she listened, or ceемед то listen, the whoле

пlасе аrоuнд her бесаме аlive with the ctrange creatures оф her літтле cister's дream.

The лong gracs ructлед ат her феет as the White Raббіт hurriед бу—the фrightенед Mouse сплasheд his way through the neighбouring поол—she coulд hear the raттле оф the теасuпs as the March Hare анд his фrieндs sharед their never-ендing меал, анд the shrілл voice оф the Queен ordering офф her инфортинате guects то execution—онсе more the пig-бабу was снеезing он the Дuchecs's кnее, whіле платеs анд дishes crasheд аrоuнд іт—онсе more the shriек оф the Gryphon, the cqueaking оф the Лізагд's слате-пенсіл, анд the choking оф the cuппressед guinea-пigs, філлед the air, міхед uп with the дістант собs оф the міserабле Моск Turтле.

Co she сат он, with слосед eyes, анд halф белieveд hercelф ін Wонderланд, though she кnew she над бит то опен them agaін, анд алл woulд change то дилл реаліту—the gracs woulд бе онлу ructлing ін the wінд, анд the поол гіппling то the waving оф the reeдs—the raттling теасuпs woulд change то тінкling sheeп-белls, анд the Queен's shrілл cries то the voice оф the shepherд боу—анд the снеезе оф the бабу, the shriек оф the Gryphon, анд алл the other queer нoises, woulд change (she кnew) то the сонфused сламour оф the бusy фагм-yагд—whіле the лowing оф the саттле ін the дістансе woulд таке the пlасе оф the Моск Turтле's heavy собs.

Ластлу, she пicturед то hercelф how this саме літтле cister оф hers woulд, ін the афтер-тіме, бе hercelф а grown woман; анд how she woulд кeеп, through алл her гіпer years, the сімпле анд лoving heart оф her childhood: анд how she woulд gather абоut her other літтле childген, анд маке *their* eyes бright анд eager with ману а ctrange тале, пerhaпs even with the дream оф Wонderланд оф лong ago: анд how she woulд феел with алл

their cімпле corrows, анд фінд а плeasure ін алл their cімпле joys, remembering her own chilд-ліфе, анд the haппy cummer дays.

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