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Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland

Lewis Carroll

Modern Greek — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1865

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Modern sounds: β is /v/, not /b/. ρ is a tapped or trilled r. Final σ becomes ς.

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m / μ · n / ν · p / π · t / τ · k / κ · f / φ · l / λ · r / ρ · s / σ · v / β · z / ζ · a / α · i / ι · o / ο · e / ε

27,261 of 27,261 eligible letters changed. Approximately 25.5% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

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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 μομεντ το thινκ abουτ στοππing herσelφ beφore she φουνd herσelφ φαλλing dowν a βery deeπ weλλ.

Either the weλλ was βery deeπ, or she φeλλ βery σlowλy, φor she had πleντy oφ τiμe as she wενt dowν το λooκ abουτ her aνd το wονder whaτ was going το haππεν νexτ. Φirστ, she τried το λooκ dowν aνd μaκe ouτ whaτ she was coμing το, buτ iτ was τoo darκ το σee aνything; theν she λooκed aτ the σides oφ the weλλ, aνd νοτiced thaτ they were φiλλed with cuπboards aνd booκ-sheλβes; here aνd there she σaw μaπs aνd πictures hung uπον πegs. She τooκ dowν a jar φroμ oνe oφ the sheλβes as she πaσσed; iτ was λabeλλed “ORANGE MARMAΛADE”, buτ το her greaτ disaππoiντμeντ iτ was eμπτy: she did νοτ λiκe το droπ the jar φor φear oφ κiλλing σoμebody uνderνeath, σo μaνaged το πuτ iτ iντo oνe oφ the cuπboards as she φeλλ πaστ iτ.

“Weλλ!” thoughτ Aλice το herσelφ, “aφτer σuch a φaλλ as this, I shaλλ thiνκ νothing oφ τuμbλing dowν σtairs! How braβe they’λλ aλλ thiνκ μe aτ hoμe! Why, I wouldν’τ σay aνything abουτ iτ, eβeν iφ I φeλλ oφφ the τoπ oφ the house!” (Which was βery λiκeλy τrue.)

Dowν, dowν, dowν. Would the φaλλ *veβer* coμe το aν eνd? “I woνder how μaνy μiλes I’βe φaλλeν by this τiμe?” she σaid aλoud. “I μuστ be geττing σoμewhere νear the ceντre oφ the earth. Λeτ μe σee: thaτ would be φour thousaνd μiλes dowν, I thiνκ—” (φor, you σee, Aλice had λearντ σeβeraλ things oφ this σorτ iν her λeσσons iν the σchooλrooμ, aνd though this was νοτ a *βery* good oππorτuνiτy φor showing oφφ her kνowλedge, as there was νo oνe το listen το her, στiλλ iτ was good πracτice το σay iτ oβer) “—yes, thaτ’s abουτ the righτ diστaνce—buτ theν I woνder whaτ Λaτiτude or Λongiτude I’βe goτ το?” (Aλice had νo idea whaτ Λaτiτude was, or Λongiτude either, buτ thoughτ they were νice graνd words το σay.)

Πreseντly she begaν agaiν. "I woνder iφ I shaλλ φaλλ righτ *through* the earth! How φuννy iτ'λλ σeeμ τo coμe ouτ aμong the πeoπle thaτ walκ with their heads dowνward! The Aντiπathies, I thiνκ—" (she was rather gλad there *was* νo oνe listening, this τiμe, as iτ didν'τ σouνd aτ aλλ the righτ word) "—buτ I shaλλ haβe τo aσκ theμ whaτ the νaμe oφ the couντry is, you kνow. Πlease, Ma'aμ, is this New Zealaνd or Auστraλia?" (aνd she τried τo curτσey as she σpoκe—φaνcy *curτσeying* as you're φalλing through the air! Do you thiνκ you could μaνage iτ?) "Aνd whaτ aν igνoraντ liττle girλ she'λλ thiνκ μe φor aσking! No, iτ'λλ νeβer do τo aσκ: πerhaπs I shaλλ σee iτ wriττeν uπ σoμewhere."

Dowν, dowν, dowν. There was νothing elσe τo do, σo Aλice σoov begaν τalking agaiν. "Divah'λλ μiss μe βery μuch τo-νighτ, I should thiνκ!" (Divah was the caτ.) "I hoπe they'λλ reμeμber her σaucer oφ μilκ aτ τea-τiμe. Divah μy dear! I wish you were dowν here with μe! There are νo μice iν the air, I'μ aφraid, buτ you μighτ caτch a baτ, aνd thaτ's βery liκe a μouse, you kνow. Buτ do caτs eaτ baτs, I woνder?" Aνd here Aλice begaν τo geτ rather σleeπy, aνd weντ oν σaying τo herσelφ, iν a dreaμy σorτ oφ way, "Do caτs eaτ baτs? Do caτs eaτ baτs?" aνd σoμeτiμes, "Do baτs eaτ caτs?" φor, you σee, as she couldν'τ aνσwer either queστioν, iτ didν'τ μuch μaττer which way she πuτ iτ. She φeλτ thaτ she was doζing oφφ, aνd had juστ beguν τo dreaμ thaτ she was walking haνd iν haνd with Divah, aνd σaying τo her βery earνeστly, "Now, Divah, τeλλ μe the τruth: did you eβer eaτ a baτ?" wheν σuddenly, thuμπ! thuμπ! dowν she caμe uπoν a heaπ oφ στicκs aνd dry λeaβes, aνd the φaλλ was oβer.

Aλice was νoτ a biτ hurτ, aνd she juμπed uπ oν τo her φeeτ iν a μoμenτ: she λooκed uπ, buτ iτ was aλλ darκ oβerhead; beφore her was aνother λong πaσσage, aνd the Whiτe Rabbiτ was στiλλ iν σighτ, hurrying dowν iτ. There was νoτ a μoμenτ τo be λoστ: 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."

Αvd σo iτ was ivdeed: she was vow ovly τev ivches high, avd her φace brightеved uπ aτ the thoughτ thaτ she was vow the righτ σiζe φor going through the λittle door ivto thaτ λobely gardev. Φirστ, howeβer, she waited φor a φew μivutes το σee iφ she was going το shrivκ avy φurther: she φelτ a λittle verβous abouτ this; “φor iτ μighτ evd, you kvow,” σaid Alice το herσelφ, “iv μy going ouτ alτogether, λike a cavdle. I wovder whaτ I should be λike thev?” Avd she τried το φavcy whaτ the φlaμe oφ a cavdle is λike aφτer the cavdle is blowv ouτ, φor she could vοτ reμeμber eβer haβing σeev σuch a thing.

Aφτer a whiλe, φivding thaτ vothing μore haππeved, she decided ov going ivτo the gardev aτ ovce; buτ, alas φor πoor Alice! whev she goτ το the door, she φouvd she had φorgoττev the λittle goldev κey, avd whev she wevτ bacκ το the τablе φor iτ, she φouvd she could vοτ ποσσibly reach iτ: she could σee iτ quite πlaivly through the glaσs, avd she τried her beστ το clіμb uπ ove oφ the legs oφ the τablе, buτ iτ was τoo σliππery; avd whev she had τired herσelφ ouτ with τrying, the πoor λittle thing σaτ dowv avd cried.

“Coμe, there’s vo use iv crying like thaτ!” σaid Alice το herσelφ, rather sharπly; “I adβise you το leaβe oφφ this μivute!” She geveralλy gaβe herσelφ βery good adβice, (though she βery σeldoμ φollowed iτ), avd σoμetiμes she σcolded herσelφ σo σeβerely as το bring τears ivτo her eyes; avd ovce she reμeμbered τrying το box her owv ears φor haβing cheated herσelφ iv a gaμe oφ croquet she was πlaying againστ herσelφ, φor this curious child was βery φovd oφ πretevding το be τwo πeoπle. “Buτ iτ’s vo use vow,” thoughτ πoor Alice, “το πretevd το be τwo πeoπle! Why, there’s hardly evough oφ μe leφτ το μake *ove* reσpectable πerσov!”

Σοον her eye φελλ ον a λιττλe gλασs box thaτ was λying uvder the τabλe: she oπeved iτ, avd φouvd iv iτ a βery σμαλλ caκe, ov which the words "EAT ME" were beautiφυλλy μarκed iv curravτs. "Welλ, I'λλ eaτ iτ," σaid Aλice, "avd iφ iτ μaκes μe grow λarger, I cav reach the κey; avd iφ iτ μaκes μe grow σμαλλer, I cav creeπ uvder the door; σo either way I'λλ geτ ivτo the gardev, avd I dov'τ care which haππevs!"

She aτe a λiττλe biτ, avd σaid avxiousλy τo herσelφ, "Which way? Which way?", holding her havd ov the τoπ oφ her head τo φeeλ which way iτ was growing, avd she was quiτe σurπrised τo φivd thaτ she reμaived the σaμe σiζe: τo be σure, this gevveraλλy haππevs whev ove eaτs caκe, buτ Aλice had goτ σo μuch ivτo the way oφ exπecting vothing buτ ouτ-oφ-the-way things τo haππev, thaτ iτ σeeμed quiτe duλλ avd στuπid φor λiφe τo go ov iv the coμμov way.

Σo she σeτ τo worκ, avd βery σoov φivished oφφ the caκe.

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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! Stop this moment, I tell you!” But she went on all the same,

shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, sir—" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking: "Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—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

νεβer geτ το τweντy aτ thaτ raτe! Howeβer, the Mυlτiπlicatioν Tabλe doesν'τ sigνiφy: λeτ's try Geography. Λoνdoν is the caπiταλ oφ Παris, aνd Παris is the caπiταλ oφ Roμe, aνd Roμe—νo, *thaτ's* aλλ wrong, I'μ certaiν! I μυsτ haβe beeν changed φor Mabeλ! I'λλ try aνd say '*How doth the λiττλe*—'" aνd she croσσed her haνds oν her λaπ as iφ she were saying λesσoνs, aνd begaν το reπeaτ iτ, bυτ her βoice σouνded hoarse aνd sτrange, aνd the words did νoτ coμe the saμe as they used το do:—

"How doth the λiττλe crocodiλe
Iμπroβe his shiving τaiλ,
Aνd πour the waters oφ the Niλe
Oν eβery goldeν scaλe!

"How cheerφυλλy he seems το griν,
How veaτly sπread his cλaws,
Aνd welcoμe λiττλe φishes iν
With geντly smiλing jaws!"

"I'μ sure those are νoτ the righτ words," said πoor Aλice, aνd her eyes φiλλed with τears againν as she weντ oν, "I μυsτ be Mabeλ aφτer aλλ, aνd I shaλλ haβe το go aνd λiβe iν thaτ poky λiττλe house, aνd haβe νexτ το νo τoys το πlay with, aνd oh! eβer so μany λesσons το learν! No, I'βe μade uπ μy μiνd abouτ iτ; iφ I'μ Mabeλ, I'λλ sτay dowν here! Iτ'λλ be νo use their πυττing their heads dowν aνd saying 'Coμe uπ againν, dear!' I shaλλ oνly looκ uπ aνd say 'Who aμ I theν? Teλλ μe thaτ φirsτ, aνd theν, iφ I λiκe being thaτ πersoν, I'λλ coμe uπ: iφ νoτ, I'λλ sτay dowν here τiλλ I'μ soμebody else'—bυτ, oh dear!" cried Aλice, with a sυddeν bυrsτ oφ τears, "I do wish they *would* πυτ their heads dowν! I aμ so *βery* τired oφ being aλλ aλoνe here!"

As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. "How *can* I have done that?" she thought. "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.

"That *was* a narrow escape!" said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; "and now for the garden!" and she ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, "and things are worse than ever," thought the poor child, "for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!"

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, "and in that case I can go back by railway," she said to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion, that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet 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

σuππose, by being drowνed iν μy owν τears! Thaτ *wiλλ* be a queer thing, τo be σure! Howeβer, eβerything is queer τo-day."

Juστ theν she heard σoμething σπlashing abouτ iν the ποoλ a λiττle way oφφ, aνd she σwaμ νearer τo μaκe ouτ whaτ iτ was: aτ φirστ she thoughτ iτ μuστ be a waλrus or hiππoποτaμus, buτ theν she reμeμbered how σμaλλ she was νow, aνd she σoον μade ouτ thaτ iτ was oνly a μouse thaτ had σliππed iν λiκe herσelφ.

"Would iτ be oφ aνy use, νow," thoughτ Aλice, "τo σpeaκ τo this μouse? Eβerything is σo ouτ-oφ-the-way dowν here, thaτ I should thiνκ βery λiκely iτ caν τalκ: aτ aνy raτe, there's νo harμ iν τrying." Σo she begaν: "O Mouse, do you kνow the way ouτ oφ this ποoλ? I aμ βery τired oφ σwiμμing abouτ here, O Mouse!" (Aλice thoughτ this μuστ be the righτ way oφ σpeaκing τo a μouse: she had νeβer doνe σuch a thing beφore, buτ she reμeμbered haβing σeeν iν her brother's Λaτiν Graμμar, "A μouse—oφ a μouse—τo a μouse—a μouse—O μouse!") The Mouse λooκed aτ her rather iνquisiτiβely, aνd σeeμed τo her τo wiνκ with oνe oφ iτs λiττle eyes, buτ iτ σaid νothing.

"Πerhaπs iτ doesν'τ uνderστaνd Engλish," thoughτ Aλice; "I daresay iτ's a Φreνch μouse, coμe oβer with Wiλλiaμ the Coνqueror." (Φor, with aλλ her kνowλedge oφ hisτory, Aλice had νo βery cλear νotioν how λong ago avything had haππeνed.) Σo she begaν againv: "Où eστ μa chaττe?" which was the φirστ σeντeνce iν her Φreνch λesσoν-booκ. The Mouse gaβe a σuddeν λeaπ ouτ oφ the waτer, aνd σeeμed τo quiβer aλλ oβer with φrighτ. "Oh, I beg your πardoν!" cried Aλice haστiλy, aφraid thaτ she had hurτ the πoor aνiμaλ's φeeλings. "I quiτe φorgoτ you didν'τ λiκe caτs."

"Noτ λiκe caτs!" cried the Mouse, iν a shriλλ, πassσioναte βoice. "Would *you* λiκe caτs iφ you were μe?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Alice in a soothing tone: "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she's such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. "We won't talk about her any more if you'd rather not."

"We indeed!" cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of his tail. "As if *I* would talk on such a subject! Our family always *hated* cats: nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!"

"I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. "Are you—are you fond—of—of dogs?" The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh, such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things—I can't remember half of them—and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and—oh dear!" cried Alice in a sorrowful tone, "I'm afraid I'be offended it again!" For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

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

σlowly back το her: its φace was quite παle (with πassιον, Alice thought), and it said in a low trembling βoice, “Let us get το 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 το go, φor the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had φallen 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 το the shore.

CHAPTER III. A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale

They were ivdeed a queer-looкing πarty thaτ asseмbled ov the bavк—the birds with draggled φeathers, the aviмals with their φur clinging close το theм, avd alλ driππing weτ, cross, avd uvcoмφortablе.

The φirsτ queστiov oφ course was, how το geτ dry agaiv: they had a covsulτatiov abouτ this, avd aφter a φew мivutes iτ seeмed quiτe vaτural το Alice το φivd herselφ talking φaмiliarly with theм, as iφ she had kvowv theм alλ her liφe. Ivdeed, she had quiτe a long arguмevτ with the Lory, who aτ lasτ τurved sulky, avd would ovly say, "I aм older thav you, avd мusτ kvow beττer;" avd this Alice would vοτ alλow withouτ kvowing how old iτ was, avd, as the Lory posiτiβely reφused το τelλ iτs age, there was vo мore το be said.

Aτ lasτ the Mouse, who seeмed το be a πersov oφ authoriτy amovg theм, calλed ouτ, "Siτ dowv, alλ oφ you, avd listen το мe! *I'll* soov мake you dry evough!" They alλ sat dowv aτ ovce, iv a large ring, with the Mouse iv the мiddle. Alice κepτ her eyes avxiously φixed ov iτ, φor she φelτ sure she would catch a bad cold iφ she did vοτ geτ dry βery soov.

"Aheм!" said the Mouse with av iмporτavτ air, "are you alλ ready? This is the drieστ thing I kvow. Silevce alλ rouvd, iφ you πlease! 'Wilλiaм the Covqueror, whose cause was φaβoured by theποπe, was soov subмiττed το by the Englіsh, who wavτed leaders, avd had beev oφ late much accuστoмed το usurπatiov avd covqueστ. Edwiv avd Morcar, the earls oφ Mercia avd Northuмbria—'"

“Ugh!” ѕaid the Λory, with a shiβer.

“I beg your πardονˈ” ѕaid the Mouse, φrowνing, bυτ βery πolίτelγ: “Did you ѕπeaκ?”

“Noτ I!” ѕaid the Λory haѕτilγ.

“I thoughτ you did,” ѕaid the Mouse. “—I πroceed. ‘Edwiν aνd Morcar, the earλs oφ Mercia aνd Northuμbria, decλared φor hiμ: aνd eβeν Στigaνd, the πaτrioτic archbishoπ oφ Caνterbury, φouνd iτ adβisabλe—’”

“Φouνd *whaτ*?” ѕaid the Ducκ.

“Φouνd *iτ*,” the Mouse reπlied rather croѕѕly: “oφ courѕe you kνow whaτ ‘iτ’ μeaνs.”

“I kνow whaτ ‘iτ’ μeaνs weλλ eνough, wheν *I* φiνd a thing,” ѕaid the Ducκ: “iτ’s geνeraλλy a φrog or a worμ. The queѕtioν is, whaτ did the archbishoπ φiνd?”

The Mouse did νoτ νoτice this queѕtioν, bυτ hurriedλy weντ oν, “‘—φouνd iτ adβisabλe τo go with Edgar Atheλing τo μeeτ Wiλλiaμ aνd oφφer hiμ the crowν. Wiλλiaμ’s coνducτ aτ φirѕτ was μoderaτe. Bυτ the iνѕolence oφ his Norμanѕ—’ How are you geττing oν νow, μy dear?” iτ coντiνued, τurνing τo Aλice as iτ ѕpoκe.

“As weτ as eβer,” ѕaid Aλice iν a μelaνcholy τone: “iτ doeѕν’τ ѕeeμ τo dry μe aτ aλλ.”

“Iν thaτ case,” ѕaid the Dodo ѕolemνly, rising τo iτs φeeτ, “I μoβe thaτ the μeeτing adjourν, φor the iμμediaτe adoπtioν oφ μore eνergeτic reμedies—”

“Σpeaκ Engλish!” ѕaid the Eagλeτ. “I doν’τ kνow the μeaνing oφ halφ those λong words, aνd, whaτ’s μore, I doν’τ beλieβe you do either!” Aνd the Eagλeτ beντ dowν iτs head τo hide a ѕμiλe: ѕoμe oφ the other birds τiττered audibλy.

"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 salt

watεr had νοτ gοτ ivτο iτ), avd havded thεμ rouvd as πriζes. There was exactλy ονe a-πiece, aλλ rouvd.

“Buτ she μuστ haβe a πriζe herσelφ, you kvow,” σaid the Mouse.

“Oφ coursε,” the Dodo reπλied βery graβeλy. “Whaτ elσe haβe you gοτ iv your πoσkeτ?” he wevτ ov, τurving τo Aλice.

“Ovλy a thiμbλe,” σaid Aλice σadλy.

“Havd iτ oβer here,” σaid the Dodo.

Thev they aλλ crowded rouvd her ovce μore, whiλe the Dodo σoλeμvλy πreseντed the thiμbλe, σaying “We beg your acceπτavce oφ this eλegavτ thiμbλe;” avd, whev iτ had φivished this shorτ σpeech, they aλλ cheered.

Aλice thoughτ the whoλe thing βery abσurd, buτ they aλλ λooκed σo graβe thaτ she did vοτ dare τo λaugh; avd, as she could vοτ thivκ oφ avything τo σay, she σiμpλy bowed, avd τooκ the thiμbλe, λooκing as σoλeμv as she could.

The vexτ thing was τo eaτ the coμφiτs: this caused σoμe voise avd covφusiov, as the λarge birds coμpλaived thaτ they could vοτ τaστe theirs, avd the σmaλλ oves choκed avd had τo be paττed ov the baσκ. Howeβer, iτ was oβer aτ λaστ, avd they σaτ dowv agaiv iv a ring, avd begged the Mouse τo τeλλ thεμ σoμething μore.

“You πroμised τo τeλλ μe your hiστory, you kvow,” σaid Aλice, “avd why iτ is you haτe—C avd D,” she added iv a whisπer, halφ aφraid thaτ iτ would be oφφevded agaiv.

“Mive is a λong avd a σad τaλe!” σaid the Mouse, τurving τo Aλice, avd σighing.

“Iτ *is* a λong τaiλ, cerτaivλy,” σaid Aλice, λooκing dowv with wovder aτ the Mouse’s τaiλ; “buτ why do you caλλ iτ σad?” Avd she κepτ ov puζζling abouτ iτ whiλe the Mouse was σpeaκing, σo thaτ her idea oφ the τaλe was σoμething λiκe this:—

"You are νοτ αττενding!" σaid the Mouse το Aλice σeβereλy. "Whaτ are you thivκing oφ?"

"I beg your πardov," σaid Aλice βery huμbλy: "you had goτ το the φiφth bevd, I thivκ?"

"I had *νοτ!*" cried the Mouse, sharπλy avd βery angriλy.

"A kvοτ!" σaid Aλice, aλways ready το μaκe herσelφ useφuλ, avd λooκing avxiouσλy abouτ her. "Oh, do λeτ μe heλπ το uvdo iτ!"

"I shaλλ do vothing oφ the σorτ," σaid the Mouse, geττing uπ avd walκing away. "You ivσuλτ μe by τalκing σuch vovσevσe!"

"I didv'τ μeav iτ!" πleaded πoor Aλice. "Buτ you're σo easiλy oφφevded, you kvow!"

The Mouse ovλy growλed iv reπλy.

"Πlease coμe baσκ avd φivish your σtory!" Aλice caλλed aφτer iτ; avd the others aλλ joived iv chorus, "Yes, πlease do!" buτ the Mouse ovλy shooκ iτs head iμπatieντλy, avd walκed a λiττle quicκer.

"Whaτ a πity iτ wouldv'τ σtay!" σighed the Λory, as σoov as iτ was quiτe ouτ oφ σighτ; avd av old Crab τooκ the oππorτuvity oφ σaying το her daughτer "Ah, μy dear! Λeτ this be a λeσσov το you veβer το λose *your* τeμπer!" "Hold your τongue, Ma!" σaid the young Crab, a λiττle σvaππishλy. "You're evough το τry the πaτievce oφ av oyστer!"

"I wish I had our Divah here, I kvow I do!" σaid Aλice aλoud, addreσσing vobody iv πarτicuλar. "She'd σoov φeτch iτ baσκ!"

"Avd who is Divah, iφ I μighτ βevture το aσκ the queσtiov?" σaid the Λory.

Aλice reπλied eagerλy, φor she was aλways ready το τalκ abouτ her πeτ: "Divah's our caτ. Avd she's σuch a caπitaλ ove φor caτching μice you cav'τ thivκ! Avd oh, I wish you could σee her

αφτer the birds! Why, she'λλ eατ a λiττλe bird as σoον as λooκ aτ iτ!"

This σpeech caused a reμarκabλe σenσatiον aμong the παrτy. Σoμe oφ the birds hurried oφφ aτ once: one old Magπie begaν wraππing itσelφ uπ βery careφuλλy, reμarking, "I reaλλy μuστ be geττing hoμe; the νighτ-air doesν't σuiτ μy throaτ!" aνd a Cavary caλλed ouτ iν a τreμbλing βoice το iτs childreν, "Coμe away, μy dears! Iτ's high τiμe you were aλλ iν bed!" Oν βarious πreτexτs they aλλ μoβed oφφ, aνd Aλice was σoον λeφτ aλone.

"I wish I hadν't μeντioned Divah!" she σaid το herσelφ iν a μelaνcholy τove. "Nobody σeeμs το λiκe her, dowν here, aνd I'μ σure she's the beστ caτ iν the world! Oh, μy dear Divah! I woνder iφ I shaλλ eβer σee you avy μore!" Aνd here πoor Aλice begaν το cry agaiν, φor she φelτ βery λoνely aνd λow-σpiriτed. Iν a λiττλe whiλe, howeβer, she agaiν heard a λiττλe παττering oφ φootστeπs iν the disτaνce, aνd she λooκed uπ eagerλy, halφ hoπing thaτ the Mouse had changed his μiνd, aνd was coμing bacκ το φivish his στory.

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 λαστ resource, she πυτ ονε αrμ ουτ οφ the wivdow, avd ονε φοοτ uπ the chiμvey, avd σaid το herσelφ "Now I caν do νο μore, whaτeβer haππevs. Whaτ *wiλλ* becoμe oφ μe?"

Λuckiλy φor Aλice, the λiττλe μagic bοττλe had νow had iτs φuλλ eφφecτ, avd she grew νο λarger: σtiλλ iτ was βery uvcoμφorτabλe, avd, as there σeeμed το be νο σorτ oφ chavce oφ her eβer geττing ouτ oφ the rooμ agaiv, νο wovder she φelτ uvhaππy.

"Iτ was μuch πleasavτer aτ hoμe," thoughτ πoor Aλice, "whev ονe waσv'τ aλways growing λarger avd σmaλλer, avd being ordered abouτ by μice avd rabbiτs. I alμoστ wish I hadv'τ gove dowv thaτ rabbiτ-hoλe—avd yeτ—avd yeτ—iτ's rather curious, you kvow, this σorτ oφ λiφe! I do wovder whaτ *cav* haβe haππeved το μe! Whev I used το read φairy-τaλes, I φavcied thaτ κivd oφ thing νeβer haππeved, avd νow here I aμ iv the μiddλe oφ ονe! There oughτ το be a booκ wriττev abouτ μe, thaτ there oughτ! Avd whev I grow uπ, I'λλ wriτe ονe—buτ I'μ growv uπ νow," she added iv a σorrowφuλ τove; "aτ λeaστ there's νο rooμ το grow uπ avy μore *here*."

"Buτ thev," thoughτ Aλice, "shaλλ I *veβer* geτ avy older thav I aμ νow? Thaτ'λλ be a coμφorτ, ονe way—veβer το be av old woμav—buτ thev—aλways το haβe λeσσovs το λearv! Oh, I shouldv'τ λiκe *thaτ!*"

"Oh, you φoolish Aλice!" she avσwered herσelφ. "How cav you λearv λeσσovs iv here? Why, there's hardλy rooμ φor *you*, avd νο rooμ aτ aλλ φor avy λeσσov-booκs!"

Avd σo she wevτ ov, τaκing φirστ ονe σide avd thev the other, avd μaking quiτe a covβerσatiov oφ iτ aλτogether; buτ aφτer a φew μivuτes she heard a βoice outσide, avd στοππed το listen.

“Mary Ann! Mary Ann!” said the voice. “Fetch me my gloves this moment!” Then came a little pattering oof feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but, as the door opened inwards, and Alice’s elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself “Then I’ll go round and get in at the window.”

“*That* you won’t!” thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit’s—“Pat! Pat! Where are you?” And then a voice she had never heard before, “Sure then I’m here! Digging for apples, yer honour!”

“Digging for apples, indeed!” said the Rabbit angrily. “Here! Come and help me out of *this!*” (Sounds of more broken glass.)

“Now tell me, Pat, what’s that in the window?”

“Sure, it’s an arm, yer honour!” (He pronounced it “arrum.”)

“An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!”

“Sure, it does, yer honour: but it’s an arm for all that.”

“Well, it’s got no business there, at any rate: go and take it away!”

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then; such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all!" "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again, and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could!* I'm sure *I* don't want to stay in here any longer!"

She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cartwheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: she made out the words: "Where's the other ladder?—Why, I hadn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other—Bill! fetch it here, lad!—Here, put 'em up at this corner—No, tie 'em together first—they don't reach half high enough yet—Oh! they'll do well enough; don't be particular—Here, Bill! catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash)—"Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who's to go down the chimney?—Nay, *I* shan't! *You* do it!—*That* I won't, then!—Bill's to go down—Here, Bill! the master says you're to go down the chimney!"

"Oh! So Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice to herself. "Shy, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal: this fireplace is narrow, to be sure; but I *think* I can kick a little!"

She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her: then, saying to herself "This is Bill," she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

The φirστ thing she heard was a geveraλ chorus oφ “There goes Biλλ!” thev the Rabbiτ’s βoice aλong—“Caτch hiμ, you by the hedge!” thev σilevce, avd thev avother covφusiov oφ βoices—“Hold uπ his head—Bravdy vow—Dov’τ choĸe hiμ—How was iτ, old φeλλow? Whaτ haππeved το you? Teλλ us aλλ abouτ iτ!”

Λaστ caμe a liττλe φeebλe, σqueaĸing βoice, (“Thaτ’s Biλλ,” thoughτ Aλice,) “Weλλ, I hardλy kvow—No μore, thavĸ ye; I’μ beττer vow—buτ I’μ a deaλ τoo φλuστered το τeλλ you—aλλ I kvow is, σομething coμes aτ με liĸe a Jacĸ-iv-the-box, avd uπ I goes liĸe a σĸy-rocĸeτ!”

“Σo you did, old φeλλow!” σaid the others.

“We μuστ burv the house dowv!” σaid the Rabbiτ’s βoice; avd Aλice caλλed ouτ as λoud as she could, “Iφ you do, I’λλ σeτ Divah aτ you!”

There was a dead σilevce ivσtaντλy, avd Aλice thoughτ το herσelφ, “I wovder whaτ they *wiλλ* do vexτ! Iφ they had avy σevσe, they’d τaĸe the rooφ oφφ.” Aφτer a μivuτe or τwo, they begav μoβing abouτ agaiv, avd Aλice heard the Rabbiτ σay, “A barrowφuλ wiλλ do, το begiv with.”

“A barrowφuλ oφ *what?*” thoughτ Aλice; buτ she had vοτ λong το doubτ, φor the vexτ μομεντ a shower oφ liττλe πebbλes caμe raττλing iv aτ the wivdow, avd σoμe oφ theμ hiτ her iv the φace. “I’λλ πuτ a στοπ το this,” she σaid το herσelφ, avd shouτed ouτ, “You’d beττer vοτ do thaτ agaiv!” which πroduced avother dead σilevce.

Aλice vοτiced with σoμe σurπrise thaτ the πebbλes were aλλ τurving ivτo liττλe caĸes as they λay ov the φloor, avd a brighτ idea caμe ivτo her head. “Iφ I eaτ ove oφ these caĸes,” she thoughτ,

"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 looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

She στretched herselφ uπ oν τiπtoe, avd πeeπed oβer the edge oφ the μushrooμ, avd her eyes iμμediatelγ μet those oφ a λarge bλue caterπillλar, thaτ was σitting oν the τoπ with itς arμs φolded, quietλy σmoking a λong hookah, avd taking νot the σmaλlest νotice oφ her or oφ avything elσe.

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 William,” 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 uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage, 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

That your eye was as steady as eβer;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I haβe answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't giβe yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said Alice, timidly; "some of the words haβe got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes.

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

"What size do you want to be?" it asked.

"Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily replied; "only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."

"I *don't* know," said the Caterpillar.

Alice said nothing: she had neβer beeη so much contradicted in her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper.

"Are you content now?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I should like to be a *little* larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice: "three inches is such a wretched height to be."

"It is a βery good height indeed!" said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

“Bυτ I’μ νοτ used το ιτ!” πleaded πoor Alice iν a πitεous τονe. Avd she thoughτ oφ herσelφ, “I wish the creatures wouldν’τ be σo easily oφφενded!”

“You’ll geτ used το iτ iν τiμe,” σaid the Caτerπillar; avd iτ πuτ the hooκah iντo iτs μouth avd begaν σμoκing agaiν.

This τiμe Alice waiτed πatieντly uντil iτ chose το σπeaκ agaiν. Iν a μiνuτe or τwo the Caτerπillar τooκ the hooκah ouτ oφ iτs μouth avd yawνed oνce or τwice, avd shooκ iτσelφ. Theν iτ goτ dowν oφφ the μushrooμ, avd crawled away iν the graσs, μerely reμarκing as iτ weντ, “Oνe σide will μaκe you grow τaller, avd the other σide will μaκe you grow shorτer.”

“Oνe σide oφ *whaτ?* The other σide oφ *whaτ?*” thoughτ Alice το herσelφ.

“Oφ the μushrooμ,” σaid the Caτerπillar, juστ as iφ she had aσκed iτ aloud; avd iν avother μoμeντ iτ was ouτ oφ σighτ.

Alice reμained looκing thoughτφully aτ the μushrooμ φor a μiνuτe, τrying το μaκe ouτ which were the τwo σides oφ iτ; avd as iτ was πerφecτly rouνd, she φouνd this a βery diφφiculτ queσtiov. Howeβer, aτ laστ she στreτched her arμs rouνd iτ as φar as they would go, avd broκe oφφ a biτ oφ the edge with each havd.

“Avd νow which is which?” she σaid το herσelφ, avd νibbled a liττle oφ the righτ-havd biτ το τry the eφφecτ: the νexτ μoμeντ she φelτ a βiolenτ blow uνderveath her chiν: iτ had στruck her φooτ!

She was a good deal φrighτeved by this βery σuddeν change, bυτ she φelτ thaτ there was νo τiμe το be loστ, as she was shriνking raπidly; σo she σeτ το worκ aτ oνce το eaτ σoμe oφ the other biτ. Her chiν was πreσσed σo cloσely againστ her φooτ, thaτ there was hardly rooμ το oπeν her μouth; bυτ she did iτ aτ laστ, avd μaνaged το σwallow a μorσel oφ the leφthavd biτ.

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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 *has* 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 curbing 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!"

"Serpent, I say again!" repeated the Pigeon, but in a more subdued tone, and added with a kind of sob, "I've tried every way, and nothing seems to suit them!"

“I haβev’τ the λeaστ idea whaτ you’re τalĸing abouτ,” σaid Aλice.

“I’βe τried the rooτs oφ τrees, avd I’βe τried bavĸs, avd I’βe τried hedges,” the Пigeov wevτ ov, withouτ aττevding το her; “buτ those σerπevτs! There’s vo πλeasing theμ!”

Aλice was μore avd μore πuζζλed, buτ she thoughτ there was vo use iv σaying avything μore τilλ the Пigeov had φivished.

“As iφ iτ waσv’τ τroubλe evough haτching the eggs,” σaid the Пigeov; “buτ I μuστ be ov the λooĸ-ouτ φor σerπevτs vighτ avd day! Why, I haβev’τ had a wivĸ oφ σleeπ these three weeĸs!”

“I’μ βery σorry you’βe beev avvoyed,” σaid Aλice, who was begivving το σee iτs μeaving.

“Avd juστ as I’d τaĸev the higheστ τree iv the wood,” covτivued the Пigeov, raising iτs βoice το a shrieĸ, “avd juστ as I was thivĸing I should be φree oφ theμ aτ λaστ, they μuστ veeds coμe wriggλing dowv φroμ the σĸy! Ugh, Σerπevτ!”

“Buτ I’μ *vοτ* a σerπevτ, I τelλ you!” σaid Aλice. “I’μ a—I’μ a—”

“Weλλ! *Whaτ* are you?” σaid the Пigeov. “I cav σee you’re τrying το ivβevτ σoμething!”

“I—I’μ a λiττλe girλ,” σaid Aλice, rather doubτφuλλy, as she reμeμbered the vuμber oφ changes she had gove through thaτ day.

“A λiĸeλy σtory ivdeed!” σaid the Пigeov iv a τove oφ the deeπeστ covτeμπτ. “I’βe σeev a good μavy λiττλe girλs iv μy τiμe, buτ veβer *ove* with σuch a veσĸ as thaτ! No, vo! You’re a σerπevτ; avd there’s vo use devying iτ. I σuππose you’λλ be τelλing μe vexτ thaτ you veβer τaστed av egg!”

“I *haβe* τaστed eggs, certaivλy,” σaid Aλice, who was a βery τruthφuλ child; “buτ λiττλe girλs eaτ eggs quiτe as μuch as σerπevτs do, you kvow.”

"I don't believe it," said the Pigeon; "but if they do, why then they're a kind of serpent, that's all I can say."

This was such a new idea to Alice, that she was quite silent for a minute or two, which gave the Pigeon the opportunity of adding, "You're looking for eggs, I know *that* well enough; and what does it matter to me whether you're a little girl or a serpent?"

"It matters a good deal to *me*," said Alice hastily; "but I'm not looking for eggs, as it happens; and if I was, I shouldn't want *yours*: I don't like them raw."

"Well, be off, then!" said the Pigeon in a sulky tone, as it settled down again into its nest. Alice crouched down among the trees as well as she could, for her neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and every now and then she had to stop and untwist it. After a while she remembered that she still held the pieces of mushroom in her hands, and she set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height.

It was so long since she had been anything near the right size, that it felt quite strange at first; but she got used to it in a few minutes, and began talking to herself, as usual. "Come, there's half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to 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

νibbλing aτ the righthavd biτ agaiv, avd did νoτ βevture το go νear the house τiλλ she had broughτ herσelφ dowν το νive ivches 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; secondly, because they're making such a noise

inside, no one could possibly hear you." And certainly there *was* a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

"Please, then," said Alice, "how am I to get in?"

"There might be some sense in your knocking," the Footman went on without attending to her, "if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were *inside*, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know." He was looking up into the sky all the time he was speaking, and this Alice thought decidedly uncivil. "But perhaps he can't help it," she said to herself; "his eyes are so *very* nearly at the top of his head. But at any rate he might answer questions.—How am I to get in?" she repeated, aloud.

"I shall sit here," the Footman remarked, "till tomorrow—"

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head: it just grazed his nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind him.

"—or next day, maybe," the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

"How am I to get in?" asked Alice again, in a louder tone.

"*Are* you to get in at all?" said the Footman. "That's the first question, you know."

It was, no doubt: only Alice did not like to be told so. "It's really dreadful," she muttered to herself, "the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive one crazy!"

The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity for repeating his remark, with variations. "I shall sit here," he said, "on and off, for days and days."

"But what am *I* to do?" said Alice.

"Anything you like," said the Footman, and began whistling.

"Oh, there's no use in talking to him," said Alice desperately: "he's perfectly idiotic!" And she opened the door and went in.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment's pause. The only things in the kitchen that did not sneeze, were the cook, and a large cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

"Please would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:—

"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 gibing 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, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?" when it grunted again, so very loudly 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."

“Bυτ I dον’τ wαντ το go αμονg μad πεοπλe,” Αλice reμαrκed.

“Oh, you cαν’τ heλπ thατ,” σaid the Cατ: “we’re αλλ μad here. I’μ μad. You’re μad.”

“How do you kνow I’μ μad?” σaid Αλice.

“You μυστ be,” σaid the Cατ, “or you wouldν’τ haβe coμe here.”

Αλice didν’τ thiνκ thaτ προβed iτ aτ αλλ; howeβer, she weντ oν “Aνd how do you kνow thaτ you’re μad?”

“To begiν with,” σaid the Cατ, “a dog’s νοτ μad. You graντ thaτ?”

“I συππose σo,” σaid Αλice.

“Weλλ, theν,” the Cατ weντ oν, “you σee, a dog growλs wheν iτ’s angry, aνd wags iτs ταiλ wheν iτ’s πleased. Now *I* growλ wheν I’μ πleased, aνd wag μy ταiλ wheν I’μ angry. Thereφore I’μ μad.”

“*I* caλλ iτ πurring, νοτ growλing,” σaid Αλice.

“Caλλ iτ whaτ you λiκe,” σaid the Cατ. “Do you πλay croqueτ with the Queeν το-day?”

“I should λiκe iτ βery μuch,” σaid Αλice, “bυτ I haβeν’τ beeν iνβiτed yeτ.”

“You’λλ σee μe there,” σaid the Cατ, aνd βaνished.

Αλice was νοτ μuch σurπrised aτ this, she was geττing σo used το queer things haππeνing. Whiλe she was λooκing aτ the πλace where iτ had beeν, iτ σuddenλy aππeared agaiν.

“By-the-bye, whaτ becaμe oφ the baby?” σaid the Cατ. “I’d νearλy φorgoττeν το aσκ.”

“Iτ τurνed iντο a πig,” Αλice quieτλy σaid, juστ as iφ iτ had coμe bacκ iν a νaτuraλ way.

“I thoughτ iτ would,” σaid the Cατ, aνd βaνished agaiν.

Αλice waiτed a λiττλe, halφ exπecτing το σee iτ agaiν, bυτ iτ did νοτ aππear, aνd aφτer a μiνuτe or τwo she walκed oν iν the

direction in which the March Hare was said to libe. "I'be 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 rabing 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 banishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

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

"Well! I'be often seen a cat without a griv," thought Alice; "but a griv without a cat! It's the most curious thing I eber 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: eben then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself "Suppose it should be rabing mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

CHAPTER VII. A Mad Tea-Party

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. “Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,” thought Alice; “only, as it’s asleep, I suppose it doesn’t mind.”

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: “No room! No room!” they cried out when they saw Alice coming. “There’s *plenty* of room!” said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

“Have some wine,” the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. “I don’t see any wine,” she remarked.

“There isn’t any,” said the March Hare.

“Then it wasn’t very civil of you to offer it,” said Alice angrily.

“It wasn’t very civil of you to sit down without being invited,” said the March Hare.

“I didn’t know it was *your* table,” said Alice; “it’s laid for a great many more than three.”

“Your hair wants cutting,” said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

“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 haβεν'τ the σlightεστ idea," σaid the Haττer.

"Nor I," σaid the March Hare.

Alice σighed wearilγ. "I thinκ you μightdo σomething beττer with the τiμe," she σaid, "thaν waστe iτ iν aσking riddλes thaτ haβe νo aνσwers."

"Iφ you kνew Tiμe as weλλ as I do," σaid the Haττer, "you wouldν'τ talκ abouτ waστing *iτ*. Iτ's *hiμ*."

"I doν'τ kνow whaτ you μeaν," σaid Alice.

"Oφ courσe you doν'τ!" the Haττer σaid, τoσσing his head coντeμπτuouσly. "I dare σay you νeβer eβeν σpoκe τo Tiμe!"

"Perhaps νoτ," Alice cautiouσly reπlied: "buτ I kνow I haβe τo beaτ τiμe whev I λearν μusic."

"Ah! thaτ accouντs φor iτ," σaid the Haττer. "He woν'τ στaνd beating. Now, iφ you oνly κeπτ oν good τerμs with hiμ, he'd do alμoστ aνything you λiκed with the cλoκ. Φor iνστance, συππose iτ were νive o'cλoκ iν the μorving, juστ τiμe τo begiν λeσσons: you'd oνly haβe τo whisper a hiντ τo Tiμe, aνd rouνd goes the cλoκ iν a τwiνκling! Halφ-παστ one, τiμe φor diννer!"

("I oνly wish iτ was," the March Hare σaid τo iτσelφ iν a whisper.)

"Thaτ would be gravd, certaiνly," σaid Alice thoughτφully: "buτ thev—I shouldν'τ be hungry φor iτ, you kνow."

"Noτ aτ φirστ, perhaps," σaid the Haττer: "buτ you could κeep iτ τo halφ-παστ one as λong as you λiκed."

"Is thaτ the way *you* μanage?" Alice aσκed.

The Haττer shooκ his head μourνfully. "Noτ I!" he reπlied. "We quarrelλed λaστ March—juστ beφore *he* wenτ μad, you kνow—" (πoiντing with his τea σpoον aτ the March Hare,) "—iτ

was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"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.

"Συππose we change the σubjecτ," the March Hare iντerruπτed, yawνing. "I'μ geττing τired oφ this. I βoτe the young λady τellς us a στory."

"I'μ aφraid I doν'τ kνow oνe," σaid Aλice, rather aλarμed aτ the πroποsaλ.

"Theν the Dorμouse shaλλ!" they both cried. "Waκe uπ, Dorμouse!" Aνd they πiνched iτ oν both σides aτ oνce.

The Dorμouse σlowλy oπeνed his eyes. "I waσν'τ aσleeπ," he σaid iν a hoarσe, φeebλe βoice: "I heard eβery word you φellows were σaying."

"Teλλ us a στory!" σaid the March Hare.

"Yes, πlease do!" πleaded Aλice.

"Aνd be quicκ abouτ iτ," added the Haττer, "or you'λλ be aσleeπ agaiν beφore iτ's doνe."

"Oνce uπoν a τiμe there were three λiττle σisτers," the Dorμouse begaν iν a greaτ hurry; "aνd their νaμes were Eλσie, Λacie, aνd Tiλλie; aνd they λiβed aτ the boττoμ oφ a weλλ—"

"Whaτ did they λiβe oν?" σaid Aλice, who aλways τooκ a greaτ iντeresτ iν queσtioνs oφ eaτing aνd drivκing.

"They λiβed oν τreaclе," σaid the Dorμouse, aφτer thiνκing a μiνuτe or τwo.

"They couldν'τ haβe doνe thaτ, you kνow," Aλice geντly reμarκed; "they'd haβe beeν iλλ."

"Σo they were," σaid the Dorμouse; "*βery* iλλ."

Aλice τried τo φaνcy τo herσelφ whaτ σuch aν extraordivary way oφ λiβing would be λiκe, buτ iτ πuζζled her τoo μuch, σo she weντ oν: "Buτ why did they λiβe aτ the boττoμ oφ a weλλ?"

"Taκe σoμe μore τea," the March Hare σaid τo Aλice, βery earνeστly.

“I’βe had νothing yeτ,” Aλice reπλied iν aν oφφενded τονe, “σo I caν’τ τake μore.”

“You μeaν you caν’τ take *λesσ*,” σaid the Haττer: “iτ’s βery easy το take *μore* thaν νothing.”

“Nobody aσked *your* oπiνion,” σaid Aλice.

“Who’s μaking πersonaλ reμarks νow?” the Haττer aσked τriuμphaντλy.

Aλice did νoτ quite knοw whaτ το σay το this: σo she heλπed herσelφ το σoμe τea aνd bread-aνd-buττer, aνd theν τurνed το the Dorμouse, aνd reπeaτed her queσtioν. “Why did they λiβe aτ the bοττoμ oφ a weλλ?”

The Dorμouse agaiν τook a μiνute or τwo το thiνk abouτ iτ, aνd theν σaid, “Iτ was a τreaclе-weλλ.”

“There’s νo σuch thing!” Aλice was begiννing βery angriλy, buτ the Haττer aνd the March Hare weντ “Sh! sh!” aνd the Dorμouse σulkiλy reμarked, “Iφ you caν’τ be ciβiλ, you’d beττer φiνish the σtory φor yourσelφ.”

“No, πlease go oν!” Aλice σaid βery huμbλy; “I woν’τ iντerruπτ agaiν. I dare σay there μay be *oνe*.”

“Oνe, iνdeed!” σaid the Dorμouse iνdigναντλy. Howeβer, he coνσeντed το go oν. “Aνd σo these three λiττλe σisters—they were λearνing το draw, you kνow—”

“Whaτ did they draw?” σaid Aλice, quiτe φorgeττing her πroμise.

“Treaclе,” σaid the Dorμouse, withouτ coνσidering aτ aλλ this τiμe.

“I waντ a cλeaν cuπ,” iντerruπτed the Haττer: “λeτ’s aλλ μoβe oνe πlace oν.”

He μoβed oν as he σποκe, avd the Dorμouse φollowed hiμ: the March Hare μoβed iντo the Dorμouse's πlace, avd Alice rather uvwillingly τook the πlace oφ the March Hare. The Hatter was the ovly ove who gοτ avy adβavtage φroμ the change: avd Alice was a good deal worσe oφφ thav beφore, as the March Hare had juστ uπσeτ the μilκ-jug iντo his πlaτe.

Alice did vοτ wish το oφφevd the Dorμouse agaiv, σo she begav βery cautiouσly: "Buτ I dov't uvderστavd. Where did they draw the τreacle φroμ?"

"You cav draw waτer ouτ oφ a waτer-welλ," σaid the Haττer; "σo I should thivκ you could draw τreacle ouτ oφ a τreacle-welλ—eh, στuπid?"

"Buτ they were *iv* the welλ," Alice σaid το the Dorμouse, vοτ choosing το vοτice this lαστ reμarκ.

"Oφ courσe they were," σaid the Dorμouse; "—welλ iv."

This avσwer σo covφused πoor Alice, thaτ she leτ the Dorμouse go ov φor σoμe τiμe withouτ ivτerruπting iτ.

"They were learving το draw," the Dorμouse wevτ ov, yawving avd rubbing iτs eyes, φor iτ was geττing βery σleeπy; "avd they drew alλ μavver oφ things—eβerything thaτ begivs with av M—"

"Why with av M?" σaid Alice.

"Why vοτ?" σaid the March Hare.

Alice was σilevτ.

The Dorμouse had closed iτs eyes by this τiμe, avd was going oφφ iντo a doζe; buτ, ov being πivched by the Haττer, iτ woκe uπ agaiv with a liττle shrieκ, avd wevτ ov: "—thaτ begivs with av M, σuch as μouse-traπs, avd the μoov, avd μeμory, avd μuchvesσ—you kvow you σay things are "μuch oφ a

μuchνeσs”—did you eβer σee σuch a thing as a drawing oφ a μuchνeσs?”

“Reaλλy, νow you aσκ μe,” σaid Aλice, βery μuch coνφused, “I doν’τ thiνκ—”

“Theν you shouldν’τ τalκ,” σaid the Haττer.

This πiece oφ rudeνeσs was μore thaν Aλice could bear: she goτ uπ iν greaτ disguστ, aνd walκed oφφ; the Dorμouse φeλλ aσleeπ iνσtaντly, aνd νeither oφ the others τooκ the λeaστ νoτice oφ her going, though she λooκed bacκ oνce or τwice, halφ hoπing thaτ they would caλλ aφter her: the λaστ τiμe she σaw theμ, they were τrying το πuτ the Dorμouse iντo the τeaποτ.

“Aτ aνy raτe I’λλ νeβer go *there* agaiν!” σaid Aλice as she πicκed her way through the wood. “Iτ’s the στuπideστ τea-πarτy I eβer was aτ iν aλλ μy λiφe!”

Juστ as she σaid this, she νoτiced thaτ oνe oφ the τrees had a door λeading righτ iντo iτ. “Thaτ’s βery curious!” she thoughτ. “Buτ eβerything’s curious τoday. I thiνκ I μay as weλλ go iν aτ oνce.” Aνd iν she weντ.

Oνce μore she φouνd herσelφ iν the λong haλλ, aνd cλose το the λiττλe gλaσs τabλe. “Now, I’λλ μaνage beττer this τiμe,” she σaid το herσelφ, aνd begaν by τaκing the λiττλe goldeν κey, aνd uνλocκing the door thaτ λed iντo the gardeν. Theν she weντ το worκ νibbλing aτ the μushrooμ (she had κeπτ a πiece oφ iτ iν herποσκeτ) τiλλ she was abouτ a φooτ high: theν she walκed dowν the λiττλe πaσσage: aνd *theν*—she φouνd herσelφ aτ λaστ iν the beauτiφuλ gardeν, aμong the brighτ φλower-beds aνd the cooλ φouνtaiνs.

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 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 Fibe, 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.

"Idiοτ!" σaid the Queeν, τοσσing her head iμπatieντλy; aνd, τurνing τo Aλice, she weντ oν, "Whaτ's your νaμe, child?"

"My νaμe is Aλice, σo πlease your Majeστy," σaid Aλice βery πoλiτeλy; buτ she added, τo herσelφ, "Why, they're oνλy a πacκ oφ cards, aφτer aλλ. I veedν'τ be aφraid oφ theμ!"

"Aνd who are *these?*" σaid the Queeν, πoiντing τo the three gardevers who were λying rouνd the rose-τree; φor, you σee, as they were λying oν their φaces, aνd the πaττerν oν their baccκs was the σaμe as the reστ oφ the πacκ, she could νoτ τeλλ whether they were gardevers, or σoldiers, or courτiers, or three oφ her owν childreν.

"How should *I* kνow?" σaid Aλice, σurπrised aτ her owν courage. "Iτ's νo busiνeσs oφ *μive*."

The Queeν τurνed criμσoν with φury, aνd, aφτer gλaring aτ her φor a μoμeντ λiκe a wild beaστ, σcreaμed "Oφφ with her head! Oφφ—"

"Noνσeνσe!" σaid Aλice, βery λoudλy aνd decidedλy, aνd the Queeν was σiλeντ.

The King λaid his haνd uπoν her arμ, aνd τiμidλy σaid "Coνσider, μy dear: she is oνλy a child!"

The Queeν τurνed angriλy away φroμ hiμ, aνd σaid τo the Kνaβe "Turν theμ oβer!"

The Kνaβe did σo, βery careφuλλy, with oνe φooτ.

"Geτ uπ!" σaid the Queeν, iν a shriλλ, λoud βoice, aνd the three gardevers iνσtaντλy juμπed uπ, aνd begaν bowing τo the King, the Queeν, the royaλ childreν, aνd eβerybody elσe.

"Λeaβe oφφ thaτ!" σcreaμed the Queeν. "You μaκe μe giddy." Aνd theν, τurνing τo the rose-τree, she weντ oν, "Whaτ *haβe* you beeν 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 πlayers aλλ πlayed aτ ονce withouτ waiτing φor τurνs, quarreλling aλλ the whiλe, aνd φighτing φor the hedgehogs; aνd iν a βery shorτ τiμe the Queeν was iν a φurious πassσion, aνd weντ σtaμπing abouτ, aνd shouτing “Oφφ with his head!” or “Oφφ with her head!” abouτ ονce iν a μiνuτe.

Aλice begaν το φeeλ βery uνeasy: το be σure, she had νοτ as yeτ had aνy disπuτe with the Queeν, buτ she kνew thaτ iτ μighτ haππeν aνy μiνuτe, “aνd theν,” thoughτ she, “whaτ would beσoμe oφ μe? They’re dreadφuλλy φονd oφ beheading πeoπle here; the greaτ woνder is, thaτ there’s aνy oνe λeφτ aλiβe!”

She was λooκing abouτ φor σoμe way oφ eσcaπe, aνd woνdering whether she could geτ away withouτ being σeeν, wheν she νοτiced a curious aππearaνce iν the air: iτ πuζζλed her βery μuch aτ φirστ, buτ, aφτer waτching iτ a μiνuτe or τwo, she μade iτ ouτ το be a griν, aνd she σaid το herσelφ “Iτ’s the Cheshire Caτ: νow I shaλλ haβe σoμebody το τalκ το.”

“How are you geττing oν?” σaid the Caτ, as σoον as there was μouth eνough φor iτ το σpeaκ with.

Aλice waiτed τiλλ the eyes aππeared, aνd theν νodded. “Iτ’s νo use σpeaκing το iτ,” she thoughτ, “τiλλ iτs ears haβe coμe, or aτ λeaστ oνe oφ theμ.” Iν aνother μiνuτe the whoλe head aππeared, aνd theν Aλice πuτ dowν her φlaμingo, aνd begaν aν accouντ oφ the gaμe, φeeλing βery gλad she had σoμeone το listen το her. The Caτ σeeμed το thiνκ thaτ there was eνough oφ iτ νow iν σighτ, aνd νo μore oφ iτ aππeared.

“I doν’τ thiνκ they πλay aτ aλλ φairλy,” Aλice begaν, iν rather a coμπlaiving τoνe, “aνd they aλλ quarreλ σo dreadφuλλy oνe caν’τ hear oνeselφ σpeaκ—aνd they doν’τ σeeμ το haβe aνy ruλes iν πarτiculaλar; aτ λeaστ, iφ there are, νobody aττeνds το theμ—aνd you’βe νo idea how coνφusing iτ is aλλ the things being aλiβe; φor

ινστανce, there's the arch I'βe gοτ το go through νexτ walкing abouτ aτ the other eνd oφ the grouνd—aνd I should haβe croqueτed the Queeν's hedgehog juστ νow, onλy iτ raν away wheν iτ σaw μive coμing!"

"How do you λiкe the Queeν?" σaid the Caτ iν a λow βoice.

"Noτ aτ aλλ," σaid Aλice: "she's σo exτreμeλy—" Juστ theν she νoτiced thaτ the Queeν was cλose behiνd her, listening: σo she weντ oν, "—λiкeλy το wiν, thaτ iτ's hardλy worth whiλe φiνishing the gaμe."

The Queeν σμiλed aνd πaσσed oν.

"Who *are* you τalкing το?" σaid the King, going uπ το Aλice, aνd λooкing aτ the Caτ's head with greaτ curiosiτy.

"Iτ's a φrieνd oφ μive—a Cheshire Caτ," σaid Aλice: "aλλow μe το iντroduce iτ."

"I doν'τ λiкe the λooк oφ iτ aτ aλλ," σaid the King: "howeβer, iτ μay кiss μy haνd iφ iτ λiкes."

"I'd rather νoτ," the Caτ reμarкed.

"Doν'τ be iμπerτinenτ," σaid the King, "aνd doν'τ looк aτ μe λiкe thaτ!" He goτ behiνd Aλice as he σpoкe.

"A caτ μay looк aτ a кing," σaid Aλice. "I'βe read thaτ iν σoμe booк, buτ I doν'τ reμeμber where."

"Weλλ, iτ μuστ be reμoβed," σaid the King βery decidedλy, aνd he caλλed the Queeν, who was πaσσing aτ the μoμenτ, "My dear! I wish you would haβe this caτ reμoβed!"

The Queeν had onλy one way oφ σeττλing aλλ diφφiculτies, greaτ or σmaλλ. "Oφφ with his head!" she σaid, withouτ eβeν looкing rouνd.

"I'λλ φeτch the executioner μyselφ," σaid the King eagerλy, aνd he hurried oφφ.

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 quiet, and looked very uncomfortable.

The moment Alice appeared, she was appealed to by all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to her, though, as they all spoke at once, she found it very hard indeed to make out exactly what they said.

The executioner's argument was, that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from: that he had

νeβer had το do σuch a thing beφore, avd he waσv'τ going το begiv aτ *his* τiμe oφ λiφe.

The King's arguμevτ was, thaτ avything thaτ had a head could be beheaded, avd thaτ you werev'τ το τalκ vovσevσe.

The Queev's arguμevτ was, thaτ iφ σoμething waσv'τ dove abouτ iτ iv λeσs thav vo τiμe she'd haβe eβerybody execuτed, aλλ rouvd. (Iτ was this λaστ reμarκ thaτ had μade the whoλe παrτy λooκ σo graβe avd avxious.)

Aλice could thivκ oφ vothing elσe το σay buτ "Iτ beλongs το the Ducheσs: you'd beττer aσκ *her* abouτ iτ."

"She's iv πrisov," the Queev σaid το the executiover: "φeτch her here." Avd the executiover wevτ oφφ λiκe av arrow.

The Caτ's head begav φading away the μoμevτ he was gove, avd, by the τiμe he had coμe baσκ with the Ducheσs, iτ had evτireλy disaππeared; σo the King avd the executiover rav wildλy uπ avd dowv λooκing φor iτ, whiλe the reστ oφ the παrτy wevτ baσκ το the gaμe.

CHAPTER IX. The Mock Turtle's Story

"You cav't thivκ how glad I aμ το σee you agaiv, you dear old thing!" σaid the Duchesσs, as she τucκed her arμ affectiovately ivto Alice's, avd they walκed offφ together.

Alice was βery glad το φivd her iv σuch a πleasavτ τemπer, avd thoughτ το herσelφ thaτ πerhaπs iτ was ovly the πeππer thaτ had μade her σo σaβage whev they μeτ iv the κitchev.

"Whev *I'μ* a Duchesσs," she σaid το herσelφ, (voτ iv a βery hoπeful τove though), "I wov't haβe avy πeππer iv μy κitchev *aτ all*. Σouπ does βery well withouτ—Maybe it's always πeππer thaτ μaκes πeoπle hoτ-τemπered," she wevτ ov, βery μuch πleased aτ haβing φouvd ouτ a vew κivd oφ rule, "avd βivegar thaτ μaκes theμ σour—avd caμomile thaτ μaκes theμ bitter—avd—avd barley-σugar avd σuch things thaτ μake childrev σweeτ-τemπered. I ovly wish πeoπle kvew *that*: thev they wouldv't be σo στingy abouτ iτ, you kvow—"

She had quite φorgottev the Duchesσs by this τiμe, avd was a little startled whev she heard her βoice close το her ear. "You're thivκing abouτ σomething, μy dear, avd thaτ μaκes you φorgeτ το talκ. I cav't tell you juσt vow whaτ the μoral oφ thaτ is, buτ I shall remember iτ iv a biτ."

"Πerhaπs iτ hasv't ove," Alice βentured το remarκ.

"Tuτ, τuτ, child!" σaid the Duchesσs. "Eβerything's goτ a μoral, iφ ovly you cav φivd iτ." Avd she σqueeζed herσelφ uπ closer το Alice's σide as she σποκe.

Alice did voτ μuch liκe κeeπing σo close το her: φirστ, because the Duchesσs was *βery* ugly; avd σecovdly, because she was exactly the righτ heighτ το reστ her chiv uπov 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 *that* 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. And the moral of that is—'The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.'"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Alice, who had not attended to this last remark, "it's a vegetable. It doesn't look like one, but it is."

"I quite agree with you," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is—'Be what you would seem to be'—or if you'd like it put more simply—'Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.'"

"I think I should understand that better," Alice said very politely, "if I had it written down: but I can't quite follow it as you say it."

"That's nothing to what I could say if I chose," the Duchess replied, in a pleased tone.

"Pray don't trouble yourself to say it any longer than that," said Alice.

"Oh, don't talk about trouble!" said the Duchess. "I make you a present of everything I've said as yet."

"A cheap sort of present!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they don't give birthday presents like that!" But she did not venture to say it out loud.

"Thinking again?" the Duchess asked, with another dig of her sharp little chin.

"I've a right to think," said Alice sharply, for she was beginning to feel a little worried.

"Just about as much right," said the Duchess, "as pigs have to fly; and the m—"

Bυτ here, το Aλice's greaτ σurπrise, the Ducheσs's βoice died away, eβeν iν the μiddλe oφ her φaβouriτe word 'μoraλ,' aνd the arμ thaτ was λivκed iντo hers begaν το τreμbλe. Aλice λooκed uπ, aνd there στood the Queeν iν φroντ oφ theμ, with her arμs φolded, φrowνing λiκe a thuνderστorμ.

"A φive day, your Majeστy!" the Ducheσs begaν iν a λow, weaκ βoice.

"Now, I giβe you φair warνing," shouτed the Queeν, σtaμπing oν the grouνd as she σpoκe; "either you or your head μuστ be oφφ, aνd thaτ iν abouτ halφ νo τiμe! Taκe your choice!"

The Ducheσs τooκ her choice, aνd was goνe iν a μoμeντ.

"Λeτ's go oν with the gaμe," the Queeν σaid το Aλice; aνd Aλice was τoo μuch φrighτeνed το σay a word, bυτ σlowλy φollowed her baσκ το the croquеτ-grouνd.

The other gueστs had τaκeν adβaντage oφ the Queeν's abσeνce, aνd were reστing iν the shade: howeβer, the μoμeντ they σaw her, they hurried baσκ το the gaμe, the Queeν μereλy reμarκing thaτ a μoμeντ's deλay would coστ theμ their λiβes.

Aλλ the τiμe they were πλaying the Queeν νeβer λeφτ oφφ quarreλλing with the other πλayers, aνd shouτing "Oφφ with his head!" or "Oφφ with her head!" Those whoμ she σeντeνced were τaκeν iντo cuστody by the σoldiers, who oφ courσe had το λeaβe oφφ being arches το do this, σo thaτ by the eνd oφ halφ aν hour or σo there were νo arches λeφτ, aνd aλλ the πλayers, exceπτ the King, the Queeν, aνd Aλice, were iν cuστody aνd uνder σeντeνce oφ executioν.

Theν the Queeν λeφτ oφφ, quiτe ouτ oφ breath, aνd σaid το Aλice, "Haβe you σeeν the Mocκ Turτλe yeτ?"

"No," σaid Aλice. "I doν'τ eβeν kνow whaτ a Mocκ Turτλe is."

“Iτ’s the thing Mocκ Turτλe Σouπ is μade φroμ,” σaid the Queeν.

“I νeβer σaw oνe, or heard oφ oνe,” σaid Aλice.

“Coμe oν, theν,” σaid the Queeν, “avd he shaλλ τeλλ you his hisτory.”

As they walκed oφφ τogether, Aλice heard the King σay iν a λow βoice, τo the coμπaνy geνeraλλy, “You are aλλ πardoνed.” “Coμe, *thaτ’s* a good thing!” she σaid τo herσelφ, φor she had φeλτ quiτe uνhaππy aτ the νuμber oφ executioνs the Queeν had ordered.

They βery σoον caμe uπoν a Gryphoν, λying φaστ aσleeπ iν the σuν. (Iφ you doν’τ kνow whaτ a Gryphoν is, λooκ aτ the πicture.) “Uπ, λaζy thing!” σaid the Queeν, “avd τaκe this young λady τo σee the Mocκ Turτλe, avd τo hear his hisτory. I μuστ go bacκ avd σee aφτer σoμe executioνs I haβe ordered;” avd she walκed oφφ, λeaβing Aλice aλoνe with the Gryphoν. Aλice did νoτ quiτe λiκe the λooκ oφ the creature, buτ oν the whoλe she thoughτ iτ would be quiτe as σaφe τo σtay with iτ as τo go aφτer thaτ σaβage Queeν: σo she waiτed.

The Gryphoν σaτ uπ avd rubbed iτs eyes: theν iτ waτched the Queeν τiλλ she was ouτ oφ σighτ: theν iτ chucκλed. “Whaτ φuν!” σaid the Gryphoν, halφ τo iτσelφ, halφ τo Aλice.

“Whaτ *is* the φuν?” σaid Aλice.

“Why, *she*,” σaid the Gryphoν. “Iτ’s aλλ her φaνcy, thaτ: they νeβer executes νobody, you kνow. Coμe oν!”

“Eβerybody σays ‘coμe oν!’ here,” thoughτ Aλice, as she weντ σlowλy aφτer iτ: “I νeβer was σo ordered abouτ iν aλλ μy λiφe, νeβer!”

They had νoτ goνe φar beφore they σaw the Mocκ Turτλe iν the disτaνce, σiττing σad avd λoνeλy oν a λiττλe λedge oφ rocκ, avd, as they caμe νearer, Aλice could hear hiμ σighing as iφ his heaτ

would breaκ. She πitied hiμ deeπly. "Whaτ is his σorrow?" she aσκed the Gryphoν, aνd the Gryphoν aνσwered, βery νearly iν the σaμe words as beφore, "Iτ's alλ his φaνcy, thaτ: he haσν'τ goτ νo σorrow, you kνow. Coμe oν!"

Σo they weντ uπ το the Mocκ Turτle, who looκed aτ theμ with λarge eyes φulλ oφ τears, buτ σaid νothing.

"This here young λady," σaid the Gryphoν, "she waντs φor το kνow your hiστory, she do."

"I'λλ τelλ iτ her," σaid the Mocκ Turτle iν a deeπ, hoλλow τone: "σiτ dowν, both oφ you, aνd doν'τ σpeaκ a word τiλλ I'βe φiνished."

Σo they σaτ dowν, aνd νobody σpoκe φor σoμe μiνutes. Aλice thoughτ το herσelφ, "I doν'τ σee how he caν *eβer* φiνish, iφ he doeσν'τ begiν." Buτ she waiτed πatieντly.

"Oνce," σaid the Mocκ Turτle aτ λaστ, with a deeπ σigh, "I was a reaλ Turτle."

These words were φoλλowed by a βery λong σiλence, broκeν oνly by aν occasioναλ excλaμatioν oφ "Hjcκrrh!" φroμ the Gryphoν, aνd the coνσταντ heaβy σobbing oφ the Mocκ Turτle. Aλice was βery νearly getτing uπ aνd σaying, "Thaνκ you, σir, φor your iντereστing στory," buτ she could νoτ heλπ thiνking there *μuστ* be μore το coμe, σo she σaτ στiλλ aνd σaid νothing.

"Wheν we were λiττle," the Mocκ Turτle weντ oν aτ λaστ, μore calμly, though στiλλ σobbing a λiττle νow aνd theν, "we weντ το σchoοl iν the σea. The μaστer was aν old Turτle—we used το caλλ hiμ Torτoise—"

"Why did you caλλ hiμ Torτoise, iφ he waσν'τ oνe?" Aλice aσκed.

“We cαllεd hiμ Torτoise because he τaughτ us,” σaid the Mocκ Turτlε angriλy: “reaλλy you are βery duλλ!”

“You oughτ τo be ashaμed oφ yourσelφ φor aσκing σuch a σiμπlε queστioν,” added the Gryphoν; aνd thεν they both σaτ σilεντ aνd λooκed aτ πoor Aλice, who φelτ ready τo σiνκ iντo the earth. Aτ λaστ the Gryphoν σaid τo the Mocκ Turτlε, “Driβe oν, old φellow! Doν’τ be aλλ day abouτ iτ!” aνd he weντ oν iν these words:

“Yes, we weντ τo σchooλ iν the σea, though you μayν’τ beλieβe iτ—”

“I νeβer σaid I didν’τ!” iντerruπτed Aλice.

“You did,” σaid the Mocκ Turτlε.

“Hold your τongue!” added the Gryphoν, beφore Aλice could σπeaκ agaiν. The Mocκ Turτlε weντ oν.

“We had the beστ oφ educatiovs—iν φacτ, we weντ τo σchooλ eβery day—”

“*I’βe* beeν τo a day-σchooλ, τoo,” σaid Aλice; “you νeedν’τ be σo πroud as aλλ thaτ.”

“With exτras?” aσκed the Mocκ Turτlε a λiττlε aνxiouσly.

“Yes,” σaid Aλice, “we λearνed Φreνch aνd μusic.”

“Aνd washing?” σaid the Mocκ Turτlε.

“Certaiνly νoτ!” σaid Aλice iνdigνaντly.

“Ah! thεν yours waσν’τ a reaλλy good σchooλ,” σaid the Mocκ Turτlε iν a τoνe oφ greaτ reλieφ. “Now aτ *ours* they had aτ the eνd oφ the biλλ, ‘Φreνch, μusic, *aνd washing*—exτra.’”

“You couldν’τ haβe waντed iτ μuch,” σaid Aλice; “λiβing aτ the boττoμ oφ the σea.”

"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 Writing, 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 *that* 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."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon: "I went to the Classics master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

“I νeβer weντ το hiμ,” the Mocκ Turτλe σaid with a σigh: “he τaughτ Λaughing aνd Grieφ, they used το σay.”

“Σo he did, σo he did,” σaid the Gryphoν, σighing iν his τurν; aνd both creatures hid their φaces iν their παws.

“Aνd how μaνy hours a day did you do λeσσons?” σaid Aλice, iν a hurry το change the σubjecτ.

“Teν hours the φirστ day,” σaid the Mocκ Turτλe: “νive the νexτ, aνd σo oν.”

“Whaτ a curious πλaν!” excλaiμed Aλice.

“Thaτ’s the reasoν they’re caλλed λeσσons,” the Gryphoν reμarκed: “because they λeσσeν φroμ day το day.”

This was quiτe a νew idea το Aλice, aνd she thoughτ iτ oβer a λiττλe beφore she μade her νexτ reμarκ. “Theν the eλeβenth day μuστ haβe beeν a hoλiday?”

“Oφ courσe iτ was,” σaid the Mocκ Turτλe.

“Aνd how did you μavage oν the τwelφth?” Aλice weντ oν eagerλy.

“Thaτ’s eνough abouτ λeσσons,” the Gryphoν iνterruπτed iν a βery decided τone: “τeλλ her σoμething abouτ the gaμes νow.”

CHAPTER X. The Lobster Quadrille

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice, and tried to speak, but for a minute or two sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon: and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:—

"You may not have lived much under the sea—" ("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—" (Alice began to say "I once tasted—" but checked herself hastily, and said "No, never") "—so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the sea-shore—"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—"

"*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"—you advance twice—"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said: "advance twice, set to partners—"

"—change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the—"

“The lobsters!” shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

“—as far out to sea as you can—”

“Swim after them!” screamed the Gryphon.

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

“Change lobsters 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 lobsters, 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 tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied "Too far, too far!" and gave a look asкance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"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 other 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. Now you know.”

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

"Σολες αvd eελs, οφ courσe," the Gryphov reπlied rather iμπatievτly: "avy shriμπ could haβe τold you thaτ."

"Iφ I'd beev the whiτing," σaid Alice, whose thoughτs were στilλ ruvving ov the σong, "I'd haβe σaid το the πorπoise, 'Keeπ bacκ, πlease: we dov'τ wavτ *you* with us!'"

"They were obliged το haβe hiμ with theμ," the Mocκ Turτle σaid: "vo wise φish would go avywhere withouτ a πorπoise."

"Wouldv'τ iτ reaλly?" σaid Alice iv a τove oφ greaτ σurπrise.

"Oφ courσe vοτ," σaid the Mocκ Turτle: "why, iφ a φish caμe το *μe*, avd τold μe he was going a journey, I should σay 'With whaτ πorπoise?'"

"Dov'τ you μeav 'πurπose'?" σaid Alice.

"I μeav whaτ I σay," the Mocκ Turτle reπlied iv av oφφevded τove. Avd the Gryphov added "Coμe, leτ's hear σoμe oφ *your* adβventures."

"I could τell you μy adβventures—begivving φroμ this μorving," σaid Alice a liττle τiμidly: "buτ iτ's vo use going bacκ το yeσterday, because I was a diφφerevτ perσov thev."

"Exπlaiv all thaτ," σaid the Mocκ Turτle.

"No, vo! The adβventures φirστ," σaid the Gryphov iv av iμπatievτ tove: "exπlavatiovs τaκe σuch a dreadφul τiμe."

Σo Alice begav τelling theμ her adβventures φroμ the τiμe whev she φirστ σaw the Whiτe Rabbiτ. She was a liττle verβous abouτ iτ juστ aτ φirστ, the τwo creatures goτ σo cloσe το her, ove ov each σide, avd opeved their eyes avd μouths σo *βery* wide, buτ she gaived courage as she wevτ ov. Her listeners were perφectly quieτ τilλ she goτ το the πarτ abouτ her reπeaτing "*You are old, Φather Williaμ*," το the Caτerπillar, avd the words all coμing

diφφerενt, avd thev the Mocκ Turτλe drew a λong breath, avd σaid "Thaτ's βery curious."

"Iτ's aλλ abouτ as curious as iτ caν be," σaid the Gryphov.

"Iτ aλλ caμe diφφerενt!" the Mocκ Turτλe reπeaτed thoughτφuλλy. "I should λiκe το hear her τry avd reπeaτ σomething vow. Teλλ her το begiv." He λooκed aτ the Gryphov as iφ he thoughτ iτ had σomε κivd oφ authoriτy oβer Aλice.

"Στavd uπ avd reπeaτ *''Tis the βoice oφ the σluggard,*'" σaid the Gryphov.

"How the creatures order ove abouτ, avd μaκe ove reπeaτ λesσovs!" thoughτ Aλice; "I μighτ as weλλ be aτ σchoολ aτ ovce." Howeβer, she goτ uπ, avd begav το reπeaτ iτ, buτ her head was σo φuλλ oφ the Λobστer Quadriλλe, thaτ she hardλy kvew whaτ she was σaying, avd the words caμe βery queer ivdeed:—

"'Tis the βoice oφ the Λobστer; I heard hiμ decλare,
"You haβe baκed μe τoo browv, I μuστ σugar μy hair."
As a ducκ with iτs eyeλids, σo he with his vose
Triμs his beλτ avd his buττovs, avd τurvs ouτ his τoes."

[λaτer editiovs covτivued as φoλλows
Whev the σavds are aλλ dry, he is gay as a λarκ,
Avd wiλλ taλκ iv covτeμπτuous τoves oφ the Sharκ,
Buτ, whev the τide rises avd sharκs are arouvd,
His βoice has a τiμid avd τreμuλous σouvd.]

"Thaτ's diφφerενt φroμ whaτ *I* used το σay whev I was a child," σaid the Gryphov.

"Weλλ, I veβer heard iτ beφore," σaid the Mocκ Turτλe; "buτ iτ σouvds uvcoμμov vovσevσe."

Αlice σaid νothing; she had σaτ dowν with her φace iν her haνds, woνdering iφ aνything would *eβer* haππeν iν a νaτuraλ way agaiν.

"I should λiκe το haβe iτ exπlaived," σaid the Mocκ Turτλe.

"She caν'τ exπlaiν iτ," σaid the Gryphoν haστiλy. "Go oν with the νexτ βerσe."

"Buτ abouτ his τoes?" the Mocκ Turτλe πerσisτed. "How *could* he τurν theμ ouτ with his νose, you kνow?"

"Iτ's the φirστ πositioν iν daνcing." Αlice σaid; buτ was dreadφuλλy πuζζλed by the whoλe thing, aνd λonged το change the σubjecτ.

"Go oν with the νexτ βerσe," the Gryphoν reπeaτed iμπatieντλy: "iτ begiνs '*I πaσσed by his gardeν*.'"

Αlice did νoτ dare το disobey, though she φelτ σure iτ would aλλ coμe wrong, aνd she weντ oν iν a τreμbλing βoice:—

"I πaσσed by his gardeν, aνd μarκed, with oνe eye,
How the Owλ aνd the Paνther were sharing a πie—"

[λaτer editioνs coντiνued as φoλλows
The Paνther τooκ πie-cruστ, aνd graβy, aνd μeaτ,
Whiλe the Owλ had the dish as iτs share oφ the τreaτ.
Wheν the πie was aλλ φiνished, the Owλ, as a booν,
Was κiνdλy πerμiττed το poσκeτ the σpooν:
Whiλe the Paνther receiβed kνiφe aνd φorκ with a growλ,
Aνd coνcλuded the baνquеτ—]

"Whaτ *is* the use oφ reπeaτing aλλ thaτ στuφφ," the Mocκ Turτλe iντerruπτed, "iφ you doν'τ exπlaiν iτ as you go oν? Iτ's by φar the μoστ coνφusing thing *I* eβer heard!"

“Yes, I thινκ you’d bεττer λeaβe oφφ,” σaid the Gryphov: avd Aλice was ονλy τoo gλad τo do σo.

“Shaλλ we τry avother φigure oφ the Λobστer Quadriλλe?” the Gryphov wevτ ov. “Or would you λiκe the Mocκ Turτλe τo σing you a σong?”

“Oh, a σong, πlease, iφ the Mocκ Turτλe would be σo κivd,” Aλice reπλied, σo eagerλy thaτ the Gryphov σaid, iv a rather oφφevded τove, “Hμ! No accouvτing φor τaστes! Σing her ‘*Turτλe Σoup*,’ wiλλ you, old φeλλow?”

The Mocκ Turτλe σighed deeπλy, avd begav, iv a βoice σoμetiμes choκed with σobs, τo σing this:—

“Beautiφul Σoup, σo rich avd greev,
Waiting iv a hoτ tureev!
Who φor σuch daivties would vot στooπ?
Σoup oφ the eβeving, beautiφul Σoup!
Σoup oφ the eβeving, beautiφul Σoup!
Beau—ootiφul Σoo—ooπ!
Beau—ootiφul Σoo—ooπ!
Σoo—ooπ oφ the e—e—eβeving,
Beautiφul, beautiφul Σoup!

“Beautiφul Σoup! Who cares φor φish,
Gaμe, or avy other dish?
Who would vot giβe aλλ elσe φor two π
evvyworth ovλy oφ beautiφul Σoup?
Pevvyworth ovλy oφ beautiφul Σoup?
Beau—ootiφul Σoo—ooπ!
Beau—ootiφul Σoo—ooπ!
Σoo—ooπ oφ the e—e—eβeving,
Beautiφul, beauti—ΦUΛ ΣOUΠ!”

"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 Knαβe oφ Heαrts, he στole those ταrts,
Aνd τooκ theμ quiτe away!"

"Coνσider your βerdicτ," the King σaid τo the jury.

"Noτ yeτ, νoτ yeτ!" the Rabbiτ haστilγ iντerruπτed. "There's a greaτ deaλ τo coμe beφore thaτ!"

"Caλλ the φirστ wiτneσs," σaid the King; aνd the Whiτe Rabbiτ bλew three bλaστs oν the τruμπeτ, aνd caλλed ouτ, "Φirστ wiτneσs!"

The φirστ wiτneσs was the Haττer. He caμe iν with a τeacuπ iν oνe haνd aνd a πiece oφ bread-aνd-buττer iν the other. "I beg πardoν, your Majeστy," he begaν, "φor bringing these iν: buτ I hadν'τ quiτe φiνished μy τea wheν I was σeντ φor."

"You oughτ τo haβe φiνished," σaid the King. "Wheν did you begiν?"

The Haττer λooκed aτ the March Hare, who had φoλλowed hiμ iντo the courτ, arμ-iν-arμ with the Dorμouse. "Φourτeeνth oφ March, I *thiνκ* iτ was," he σaid.

"Φiφτeeνth," σaid the March Hare.

"Σixτeeνth," added the Dorμouse.

"Wriτe thaτ dowν," the King σaid τo the jury, aνd the jury eagerλy wroτe dowν aλλ three daτes oν their σλaτes, aνd theν added theμ uπ, aνd reduced the aνσwer τo shiλλings aνd πeνce.

"Taκe oφφ your haτ," the King σaid τo the Haττer.

"Iτ isν'τ μive," σaid the Haττer.

"*Στoλeν!*" the King excλaiμed, τurνing τo the jury, who iνσtaντλy μade a μeμoraνduμ oφ the φacτ.

"I κeeπ theμ το σelλ," the Haττer added as aν exπlανatioν; "I'βe νove oφ μy owν. I'μ a haττer."

Here the Queeν πut oν her σpecτacles, aνd begaν σtaring aτ the Haττer, who τurνed πale aνd φidgeτed.

"Giβe your eβideνce," σaid the King; "aνd doν'τ be νerβous, or I'λl haβe you executed oν the σpoτ."

This did νoτ σeeμ το eνcourage the wiτνesσ aτ alλ: he keπτ shiφting φroμ oνe φooτ το the other, λooκing uνeasilγ aτ the Queeν, aνd iν his coνφusioν he biτ a λarge πiece ouτ oφ his τeacuπ iνσtead oφ the bread-aνd-buττer.

Juστ aτ this μoμeνt Alice φelτ a βery curious σeνσatioν, which πuζζled her a good deal uνtil she μade ouτ whaτ iτ was: she was beginνing το grow λarger againν, aνd she thoughτ aτ φirστ she would geτ uπ aνd leaβe the courτ; buτ oν σecoνd thoughτs she decided το reμaiν where she was as λong as there was rooμ φor her.

"I wish you wouldν'τ σqueeζe σo," σaid the Dorμouse, who was σiττing νexτ το her. "I caν hardλy breathe."

"I caν'τ helπ iτ," σaid Alice βery μeeκly: "I'μ growing."

"You'βe νo righτ το grow *here*," σaid the Dorμouse.

"Doν'τ τalκ νonσeνσe," σaid Alice μore boldly: "you kνow you're growing τoo."

"Yes, buτ *I* grow aτ a reasonabλe πace," σaid the Dorμouse: "νoτ iν thaτ ridiculous φashioν." Aνd he goτ uπ βery σulκily aνd croσσed oβer το the other σide oφ the courτ.

Alλ this τiμe the Queeν had νeβer leφτ oφφ σtaring aτ the Haττer, aνd, juστ as the Dorμouse croσσed the courτ, she σaid το oνe oφ the oφφicers oφ the courτ, "Bring μe the liστ oφ the σingers

iv the λαστ covcert!" ov which the wretched Hattter τrembled so, that he shook both his shoes off.

"Gibe your ebidevce," the King repeated angrily, "or I'll have you executed, whether you're verbous or vot."

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began, iv a trembling boice, "—avd I hadv't beguv my tea—vot abobe a week or so—avd what with the bread-avd-butter getting so thiv—avd the twivkling of the tea—"

"The twivkling of the *what?*" said the King.

"It *began* with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course twivkling begivs with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a duvce? Go ov!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter wevt ov, "avd most things twivkled after that—ovly the March Hare said—"

"I didv't!" the March Hare ivterrupted iv a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I devy it!" said the March Hare.

"He devies it," said the King: "leabe out that part."

"Well, at avy rate, the Dormouse said—" the Hatter wevt ov, looking avxiously rouvd to see if he would devy it too: but the Dormouse devied vothing, being fast asleep.

"After that," covtivued the Hatter, "I cut some more bread-avd-butter—"

"But what did the Dormouse say?" ove of the jury asked.

"That I cav't remember," said the Hatter.

"You *must* remember," remarked the King, "or I'll have you executed."

The μiserabλe Haττer droππed his τeacuπ aνd bread-aνd-buττer, aνd weντ dowν oν oνe kνee. "I'μ a πoor μaν, your Majeστy," he begaν.

"You're a *βery* πoor *σpeaκer*," σaid the King.

Here oνe oφ the guiνea-πigs cheered, aνd was iμμediaτeλy σuππreσσed by the oφφicers oφ the courτ. (As thaτ is rather a hard word, I wiλλ juστ exπλaiν τo you how iτ was doνe. They had a λarge caνβas bag, which τied uπ aτ the μouth with σtrings: iντo this they σliππed the guiνea-πig, head φirστ, aνd theν σaτ uπoν iτ.)

"I'μ gλad I'βe σeeν thaτ doνe," thoughτ Aλice. "I'βe σo often read iν the νewσπaπers, aτ the eνd oφ τriaλs, 'There was σoμe aττeμπτ aτ aππλause, which was iμμediaτeλy σuππreσσed by the oφφicers oφ the courτ,' aνd I νeβer uνderστood whaτ iτ μeaντ τiλλ νow."

"Iφ thaτ's aλλ you kνow abouτ iτ, you μay σtaνd dowν," coντiνued the King.

"I caν't go νo λower," σaid the Haττer: "I'μ oν the φλoor, as iτ is."

"Theν you μay *σiτ* dowν," the King reπλied.

Here the other guiνea-πig cheered, aνd was σuππreσσed.

"Coμe, thaτ φiνished the guiνea-πigs!" thoughτ Aλice. "Now we shaλλ geτ oν beττer."

"I'd rather φiνish μy τea," σaid the Haττer, with aν aνxious λooκ aτ the Queeν, who was reading the λisτ oφ σingers.

"You μay go," σaid the King, aνd the Haττer hurriedλy λeφτ the courτ, withouτ eβeν waiτing τo πuτ his shoes oν.

"—aνd juστ τaκe his head oφφ ouτσide," the Queeν added τo oνe oφ the oφφicers: buτ the Haττer was ouτ oφ σighτ beφore the oφφicer could geτ τo the door.

"Caλλ the νexτ wiτneσs!" σaid the King.

The νεxτ wiτνeσs was the Ducheσs's cooκ. She carried the πeππer-box iν her haνd, aνd Aλice gueσσed who iτ was, eβeν beφore she goτ iντo the courτ, by the way the πeoπle νear the door begaν σneeζing aλλ aτ once.

"Giβe your eβidence," σaid the King.

"Shaν'τ," σaid the cooκ.

The King λooκed anxiouσλy aτ the Whiτe Rabbiτ, who σaid iν a λow βoice, "Your Majeστy μuστ croσs-exaμine *this* wiτneσs."

"Weλλ, iφ I μuστ, I μuστ," the King σaid, with a μeλancholy air, aνd, aφτer φolding his arμs aνd φrowning aτ the cooκ τiλλ his eyes were νearλy ouτ oφ σighτ, he σaid iν a deeπ βoice, "Whaτ are τarτs μade oφ?"

"Πeππer, μoστλy," σaid the cooκ.

"Treacλe," σaid a σleeπy βoice behiνd her.

"Coλλar thaτ Dorμouse," the Queeν shrieκed ouτ. "Behead thaτ Dorμouse! Turν thaτ Dorμouse ouτ oφ courτ! Συππreσs hiμ! Πiνch hiμ! Oφφ with his whiskers!"

Φor σoμe μinuτes the wholе courτ was iν coνφusion, geττing the Dorμouse τurνed ouτ, aνd, by the τiμe they had σeττλed dowν againν, the cooκ had disaππeared.

"Neβer μiνd!" σaid the King, with aν air oφ greaτ reλieφ. "Caλλ the νexτ wiτνeσs." Aνd he added iν aν uνdertoνe το the Queeν, "Reaλλy, μy dear, *you* μuστ croσs-exaμine the νexτ wiτνeσs. Iτ quiτe μaκes μy φorehead ache!"

Aλice waτched the Whiτe Rabbiτ as he φuμbλed oβer the λisτ, φeeλing βery curious το σee whaτ the νexτ wiτνeσs would be λiκe, "—φor they haβeν'τ goτ μuch eβidence *yeτ*," she σaid το herσelφ. Iμagiνe her σurπrise, whеν the Whiτe Rabbiτ read ouτ, aτ the τoπ oφ his shriλλ λiττle βoice, the νaμe "Aλice!"

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.

“Whaτ do you kvow abouτ this busivesѕ?” the King ѕaid τo Alice.

“Nothing,” ѕaid Alice.

“Nothing *whaτeβer?*” πerѕisτed the King.

“Nothing whaτeβer,” ѕaid Alice.

“Thaτ’s βery imporτanτ,” the King ѕaid, τurving τo the jury. They were juѕτ begivving τo wriτe this dowv ov their ѕlaτes, whev the Whiτe Rabbiτ ivτerruπτed: “*Uv*imporτanτ, your Majeѕτy meavs, oφ courѕe,” he ѕaid iv a βery reѕpectφul τove, buτ φrowving avd making φaces aτ hiμ as he ѕpoke.

“*Uv*imporτanτ, oφ courѕe, I meanτ,” the King haѕτily ѕaid, avd wevτ ov τo hiμѕelφ iv av uvdertove,

“imporτanτ—uvimporτanτ—uvimporτanτ—imporτanτ—” as iφ he were τrying which word ѕouvded beѕτ.

Soμe oφ the jury wroτe iτ dowv “imporτanτ,” avd ѕoμe “uvimporτanτ.” Alice could ѕee this, as she was vear evough τo look oβer their ѕlaτes; “buτ iτ doeѕv’τ maττer a biτ,” she thoughτ τo herѕelφ.

Aτ this μomevτ the King, who had beev φor ѕoμe τime buѕily wriτing iv his voτe-book, cackled ouτ “Silevce!” avd read ouτ φroμ his book, “Rule Forτy-τwo. *Alл persovs more thav a mile high τo leaβe the courτ.*”

Eβerybody looked aτ Alice.

“*I’μ* voτ a mile high,” ѕaid Alice.

“You are,” ѕaid the King.

“Nearly τwo miles high,” added the Queev.

“Well, I shav’τ go, aτ avy raτe,” ѕaid Alice: “besides, thaτ’s voτ a regular rule: you ivβevτed iτ juѕτ vow.”

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

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

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; "this paper has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said 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," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a geνeraλ clαππing oφ hαvds aτ this: iτ was the φirστ reaλλy cλeβer thing the King had σaid thaτ day.

“Thaτ *προβes* his guiλτ,” σaid the Queeν.

“Iτ προβes νothing oφ the σorτ!” σaid Aλice. “Why, you doν’τ eβeν kνow whaτ they’re abouτ!”

“Read theμ,” σaid the King.

The Whiτe Rabbiτ πuτ oν his σpecτacλes. “Where shaλλ I begiν, πλease your Majeστy?” he aσked.

“Begiν aτ the begiννing,” the King σaid graβeλy, “aνd go oν τiλλ you coμe το the eνd: theν στop.”

These were the βerσes the Whiτe Rabbiτ read:—

“They τold μe you had beeν το her,
Aνd μeντioνed μe το hiμ:
She gaβe μe a good characτer,
Buτ σaid I could νoτ σwiμ.

He σeντ theμ word I had νoτ goνe
(We kνow iτ το be τrue):
Iφ she should πush the μaττer oν,
Whaτ would becoμe oφ you?

I gaβe her oνe, they gaβe hiμ τwo,
You gaβe us three or μore;
They aλλ reτurνed φroμ hiμ το you,
Though they were μiνe beφore.

Iφ I or she should chaνce το be
Iνβoλβed iν this aφφair,
He τruστs το you το σeτ theμ φree,

Exactly as we were.

My votion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."

"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; "so now let the jury—"

"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice, (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him), "I'll give him sixpence. *I* don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."

The jury all wrote down on their slates, "*She* doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it," but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

"If there's no meaning in it," said the King, "that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know," he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; "I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. "—*said I could not swim*—" you can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to 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.)

“Αλλ right, σο φar,” σaid the King, avd he wevt ov μuttering oβer the βersoes to hiμselφ: “‘*We kvow it to be true*—’ that’s the jury, oφ coursoe—‘*I gaβe her ove, they gaβe hiμ two*—’ why, that μust be what he did with the tarts, you kvow—”

“But, it goes ov ‘*they alλ returved φroμ hiμ to you,*’” σaid Alice.

“Why, there they are!” σaid the King triuμphavtly, poivting to the tarts ov the table. “Nothing cav be clearer thav *that*. Thev agaiv—‘*beφore she had this φit*—’ you veβer had φits, μy dear, I thivk?” he σaid to the Queev.

“Neβer!” σaid the Queev φuriously, throwing av ivkstavd at the Liζard as she σpoke. (The uvφortuvate little Bill had left oφφ writing ov his slate with ove φinger, as he φouvd it μade vo μark; but he vow hastily begav agaiv, using the ivk, that was trickling dowv his φace, as long as it lasted.)

“Thev the words dov’t *φit* you,” σaid the King, looking rouvd the court with a σmile. There was a dead σilevce.

“It’s a puv!” the King added iv av oφφevded tove, avd eβerybody laughed, “Let the jury covσider their βerdict.” the King σaid, φor about the twevtieth time that day.

“No, vo!” σaid the Queev. “Sevtevce φirst—βerdict afterwards.”

“Stuφφ avd vovσevse!” σaid Alice loudly. “The idea oφ haβing the sevtevce φirst!”

“Hold your tongue!” σaid the Queev, turving purple.

“I wov’t!” σaid Alice.

“Oφφ with her head!” the Queev shouted at the top oφ her βoice. Nobody moβed.

“Who cares φor you?” σaid Alice, (she had grown to her φull σize by this time). “You’re vothing but a pack oφ cards!”

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister; "Why, what a long sleep you've had!"

"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly: but now run in to your tea; it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:—

First, she dreamed of little Alice herself, and once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers—she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool—she could hear the rattle of the teacups as

the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farm-yard—while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.

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