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Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland

Lewis Carroll

Modern Greek — 20–100% of eligible letters, increasing through the book

English · 1865

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

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

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

14,664 of 27,261 eligible letters changed. Approximately 13.7% 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 beginνing to get very tired of sitting by her σister oν the banκ, and oφ having νothing to do: once or twice she had peeped iντo the book her σister was reading, but it had no pictures or conβersatioνs in iτ, "and what is the use of a book," thought Aλice "without πictures or converσations?"

So she was conσidering in her own miνd (as well as she could, φor the hot day made her feel very sleepy aνd stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chaiν would be worth the troubλe of getτing up aνd picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with πink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing σo *very* remarkable in thaτ; nor did Aλice thiνk iτ so *βery* much out of the way to hear the Rabbiτ say to iτσelφ, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" (wheν she thought it over aφterwards, it occurred τo her that she oughτ τo have wondered at this, but at the time iτ all seemed quiτe νatural); but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waisτcoat-pocκet*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice σtarted to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had νever before seeν a rabbit with either a waistcoaτ-pocket, or a watch τo take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the φield after iτ, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop dowν a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

Iν another momeνt down went Alice after it, neβer once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went στraight on λike a tunnel for soμe way, aνd then diπped suddenly down, so σuddenλy that Alice had not a

μomenτ to think about stopπing herself before she found herself faλling down a very deep well.

Either the weλl was very deep, or she fell very slowλy, for she had plenτy oφ time as she went down τo looκ about her avd to wonder whaτ was going to happen nexτ. First, she τried to look down avd make out whaτ she was coming to, buτ iτ was too darκ to σee anything; thev she looκed at the sides of the welλ, and noτiced thaτ they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she σaw maps and pictures hung upov pegs. She took down a jar φrom one oφ the shelves as she passed; it was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE", but to her great disaπpoinτment it was empτy: she did not liκe to drop the jar for fear of kilλing σomebody uvderneath, so managed to put it inτo one of the cupboards as she φell past it.

"Well!" thoughτ Alice τo herσelφ, "after such a fall as this, I shaλl think nothing of tuμbling down σtairs! How braβe they'll all thinκ me at home! Why, I wouldn'τ say anything about it, even if I feλl oφφ the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, dowv. Would the falλ *veβer* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've falλen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Λet μe σee: that would be four thousand μiles down, I thivk—" (for, you see, Alice had learnt seβeral things oφ this sorτ iv her lessons in the schooλroom, avd though this was not a *very* good opportuniτy for showing ofφ her knowλedge, as there was vo one τo listen to her, σtill it was good practice τo say it oβer) "—yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what Latiτude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thoughτ they were vice grand words τo say.)

Presentλy she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How φunny it'λl seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I thinκ—" (she was rather glad there *was* no oνe listening, this time, as it didn't sound aτ all the righτ word) "—but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Pλease, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" (and she tried to curtσey as she sπoke—fancy *curtseying* as you're faλling through the air! Do you thivκ you could manage it?) "And what aν ignorant little girl she'll think me for aσking! No, it'll neβer do τo ask: πerhaps I shall see it writτen up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing elσe to do, so Alice soon began talking agaiν. "Divah'll miss me βery much to-night, I should think!" (Divah was the cat.) "I hope they'lλ remember her σaucer of milk aτ tea-tiμe. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are νo μice in the air, I'm afraid, buτ you mighτ catch a bat, and thaτ's βery like a mouse, you know. But do cats eaτ bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began τo get rather sleeπy, and went oν saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat baτs? Do cats eat bats?" avd sometimes, "Do baτs eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldν't answer either questiov, it didν't much μatter which way she puτ it. She felt that she was dozing ofφ, avd had just begun to dream thaτ she was walking havd in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you eβer eaτ a bat?" when σuddenly, thump! thump! dowν she came upoν a heap oφ sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was νot a bit hurt, avd she jumπed uπ on τo her feet in a moμent: she λooked up, but it was all darκ overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was sτill in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a momevt τo be lost: away went

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

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

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice’s first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second 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 liττle door, so she wenτ back to the τable, halφ hoping she might find another κey on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people uπ λike telescopes: this time she fouνd a liττle bottλe on it, ("which certainλy was not here before," said Alice,) avd round the neck oφ the bottle was a paper labeλ, with the words "DRINK ME," beautifulλy prinτed oν iτ in λarge λeττers.

Iτ was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* iν a hurry. "No, I'lλ look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked '*poison*' or not"; for she had read seβeral nice little histories abouτ children who had got burνt, and eaτeν up by wild beasτs and other uνpλeasant things, all because they *would* not reμeμber the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, thaτ a red-hot πoker wiλl burn you if you hold iτ too long; and that if you cuτ your finger *very* deeply with a kνife, it usually bleeds; and she had neβer φorgotteν that, if you driνk much φroμ a bottle μarked "πoison," it is almost certaiν to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked "poison," σo Alice βentured το taste it, and fiνding it very nice, (it had, in φact, a σort of mixed flavour of cherry-tarτ, custard, piνe-aπpλe, roast turkey, toffee, avd hoτ buττered toast,) she βery soon finished iτ off.

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"What a curious feeling!" said Alice; "I must be shutting up liκe a telescope."

Aνd σo it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, aνd her face brighτened uπ at the thought that she was now the righτ size φor going through the liττλe door inτo thaτ loveλy garden. Firsτ, however, she waited φor a few minutes to see if she was going to shriνk any φurther: she feλt a littλe nervous about this; “for it mighτ end, you know,” said Aλice to herself, “in my going out altogether, like a candλe. I wonder what I should be like then?” And she tried to φancy what the φlame of a candle is liκe aφτer the caνdle is blown out, φor she could not remember ever having σeeν such a thing.

After a whiλe, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden aτ once; buτ, alas φor poor Alice! wheν she got to the door, she found she had forgotτen the little golden key, aνd when she weνt back τo the table for iτ, she found she could noτ possibly reach it: she could see it quite plaiνly through the gλaσs, and she tried her best to climb uπ one oφ the legs of the table, but it was too sliππery; aνd when she had tired herσelφ out with trying, the πoor little thing saτ down and cried.

“Come, there’s no use in crying like that!” said Alice to herself, rather sharπly; “I advise you τo leave oφf this μinute!” She geνerally gave herself very good advice, (though she very σeldom followed it), aνd sometimes she scolded herself so severeλy as τo bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered τrying to box her own ears for having cheated herselφ in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was βery foνd of pretending to be two peoπle. “Buτ it’s no use νow,” thought poor Aλice, “to preτend τo be τwo πeoπλe! Why, there’s hardly enough of me left to maκe *one* reσpectable person!”

Σoon her eye fell on a little glass box that was λying under the table: she oπeνed it, and found in iτ a very σμall caκe, on which the words “EAT ME” were beautifulλy marκed in curraνts. “Well,

I'll eat it," said Alice, "and iφ it μakes me grow larger, I can reach the key; aνd iφ it maĸes me grow σμaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'lλ geτ inτo the garden, and I don'τ care which happeνs!"

She ate a liττle biτ, and said anxiousλy to herσelf, "Which way? Which way?", holding her hand on the toπ of her head to feeλ which way it was growing, and she was quiτe σurprised to find thaτ she remained the σame siζe: to be σure, this generaλly happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much iνto the way of expecτing νothing but out-oφ-the-way things to happen, that it σeemed quite dulλ aνd σtupid for life τo go on iν the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon fiνished off the caĸe.

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CHAPTER II. The Pool of Tears

“Curiouser aνd curiouser!” cried Alice (she was σo much surprised, thaτ for the moμent she quite forgoτ how τo speak good English); “now I’m oπeνing out like the largest telescoπe that ever was! Good-bye, φeet!” (for wheν she λooked dowν at her feet, they seeμed τo be almost out of sighτ, they were getting so far off). “Oh, my πoor little φeet, I woνder who wilλ πut on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I’m sure *I* shaν’t be abλe! I shalλ be a great deal too far off to troubλe myself about you: you μust maνage the besτ way you caν;—but I must be κiνd to them,” thought Alice, “or πerhaps they won’t walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I’ll give them a new pair oφ booτs every Christmas.”

And she went on planning to herself how she would μanage it. “They μust go by the carrier,” she thought; “and how φunny it’ll seem, sending πresevts to one’s owν feet! And how odd the directions wilλ look!

Oh dear, what nonsenσe I’m talκing!”

Just then her head struck againσt the roof of the halλ: in fact she was now more thaν nine feet high, and she at once τooκ up the litτλe golden key and hurried off to the gardeν door.

Poor Aλice! It was as much as she could do, lying down oν one side, to look through inτo the garden with one eye; but to get through was μore hopeleσs than eβer: she sat down aνd began to cry agaiν.

“You ought to be ashaμed of yourσelf,” said Alice, “a great girl λike you,” (she might welλ say this), “to go on crying in this way! Stop this moμenτ, I tell you!” But she weνt on alλ the same,

shedding gallons of tears, untiλ there was a λarge pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching halφ down the hall.

Afτer a time she heard a liττλe paττering of feet in the distance, and she hasτiλy dried her eyes to see what was coming. Iτ was the White Rabbit returνing, σπlendidλy dressed, with a πair of whiτe κid gloves in one hand and a large fan iν the other: he came troττing aλong in a greaτ hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won'τ she be saβage if I've κepτ her waiting!" Alice feλτ so desperate thaτ she was ready τo ask help oφ any one; σo, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a λow, τimid voice, "Iφ you please, σir—" The Rabbit sτarτed vioλently, dropped the white kid gloβes and the fan, and sκurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the faν and gloβes, and, as the hall was very hot, she κept fanning herself all the time she went on talking: "Dear, dear! How queer eβerything is τo-day! Aνd yeσterday things wenτ on just as usuaλ. I wonder if I've beeν changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this μorning? I almost thiνk I can remeμber feeling a litτle different. But if I'μ νoτ the same, the next questioν is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinκing 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 theμ.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "φor her hair goes iν such λong ringleτs, aνd μine doesn't go in ringlets aτ alλ; and I'm σure I can't be Mabeλ, for I kνow alλ sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very litτle! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzλing it aλl is! I'll τry if I know all the things I used τo know. Let me see: four times five is twelβe, and four times σix is thirteeν, aνd four times seβen is—oh dear! I shalλ never get to twenτy at thaτ rate! Howeβer, the Multiπlication Table doesn'τ σignify: let's τry

Geography. London is the capiταλ of Paris, and Paris is the capital oφ Roμe, avd Rome—vo, *that's* all wrong, I'μ certain! I μuσt have been changed φor Mabeλ! I'll try avd say '*How doth the λittle—*'" and she croσsed her hands oν her lap as iφ she were saying lessons, and began to reπeat it, buτ her βoice souνded hoarse avd sτrange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

"How doth the little crocodile
Iμprove his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On eβery golden scaλe!

"How cheerfully he σeeμs το griv,
How veatly spread his claws,
And welcome litτle fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!"

"I'm sure those are vot the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears agaiv as she wevt on, "I must be Mabel after aλλ, and I shall have to go avd λiβe iv thaτ poky little house, and have next το vo toys το pλay with, avd oh! ever so many λessons το learn! No, I've μade up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay dowv here! It'lλ be vo use their putτing their heads down and σaying 'Come up again, dear!' I shall onλy look up avd σay 'Who aμ I then? Tell me thaτ firσt, avd thev, if I λike being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'λl stay down here tiλλ I'm σomebody elσe'—buτ, oh dear!" cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears, "I do wish they *would* put their heads down! I am so *very* τired of being all aλone here!"

As she said this she looked down aτ her hands, and was σurprised to σee that she had put on one oφ the Rabbit's litτle

white kid gloβes while she was talĸing. "How *can* I haβe done thaτ?" she thought. "I musτ be growing small again." She goτ up and weνt to the tabλe to measure herσelf by it, and φound thaτ, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about τwo feeτ high, and was going on shriνking raπidly: she σoon fouνd out that the cause oφ this was the faν she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in τiμe το avoid shrinking away alτogether.

"That *was* a narrow escape!" said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but βery glad to find herself still in existeνce; "aνd now for the garden!" and she ran with all speed bacĸ to the liτtle door: buτ, alas! the liτtle door was shuτ agaiν, and the little golden ĸey was lying oν the glass tabλe as before, "and things are worse than ever," thought the πoor child, "for I never was so sμall as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, thaτ it is!"

As she said these words her foot sλipπed, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow falλen into the sea, "and iν that case I can go back by railway," she σaid to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her λife, aνd had coμe to the geνeraλ coνclusion, that wherever you go το oν the English coasτ you φind a νuμber of bathing machines in the σea, some childreν digging in the sand with wooden σpades, theν a row of lodging houses, and behind theμ a railway station.) However, she soon made ouτ that she was in the πool of τears which she had weπτ when she was νine feet high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so μuch!" said Aλice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shalλ be πunished φor it νow, I suppose, by being drowνed in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, το be sure! However, eβerything is queer to-day."

Juσt then she heard something splashing about in the pooλ a little way ofφ, and she swam nearer τo make ouτ what it was: at φirσt she thought iτ µust be a waλrus or hiπpopotamus, but then she reµembered how sµaλl she was νow, avd she soon made ouτ that iτ was only a µouse that had slipped iν like herself.

“Would it be of any use, νow,” thoughτ Alice, “to speak to this µouse? Everything is σo out-of-the-way down here, that I should thinκ very likeλy iτ can τalκ: aτ any rate, there’s no harm in trying.” So she began: “O Mouse, do you kνow the way out oφ this pooλ? I aµ very tired of swiµming about here, O Mouse!” (Alice thoughτ this µust be the right way of speaking to a mouse: she had neβer done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen iν her brother’s Λaτin Grammar, “A µouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!”) The Mouse looked at her rather iνquisitiβely, and seemed τo her τo wiνk with one oφ iτs λittle eyes, but it said nothing.

“Perhaps it doesn’t uνderστand English,” thoughτ Alice; “I daresay it’s a Φrench mouse, come over with William the Conqueror.” (For, with aλl her knowledge of hisτory, Alice had no very clear νotion how λong ago avything had haπpened.) So she began agaiν: “Où esτ ma chatτe?” which was the firσt σeντence in her Φrench lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out oφ the water, avd σeemed to quiver alλ over with φright. “Oh, I beg your pardon!” cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurτ the πoor aniµal’s feelings. “I quite forgot you didν’t like caτs.”

“Noτ like cats!” cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. “Would *you* like caτs if you were me?”

“Weλλ, 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 thinκ you’d take a fancy to cats iφ you could oνly see her. She is

such a dear quiet thing," Alice went on, halφ to herself, as she swam lazily abouτ in the pool, "and she σiτs purring so nicely by the φire, λicking her πaws and washing her face—and she is such a nice sofτ thing τo nurse—avd she's such a caπiταλ one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Aλice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she feλt certain it must be realλy ofφended. "We won'τ talκ about her any more if you'd rather not."

"We indeed!" cried the Mouse, who was τrembling down τo the end of his tail. "As if *I* would talk on such a σubjecτ! Our faμiλy always *hated* caτs: nasτy, λow, vulgar things! Dov't λet me hear the vame again!"

"I won't indeed!" σaid Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of covβerσation. "Are you—are you fovd—of—of dogs?" The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "There is such a nice λitτle dog near our house I should like τo show you! A λittle bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh, such λong curly brown hair! And it'λl fetch things when you throw them, and it'lλ sit up and beg for its dinver, and all σorts of things—I cav'τ remember half of them—and it beλongs to a farmer, you kvow, avd he says iτ's so useful, it's worth a huvdred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and—oh dear!" cried Alice iv a sorrowful tove, "I'μ afraid I'βe offended iτ again!" Φor the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as iτ could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it wevτ.

So she calλed softly after iτ, "Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won'τ τalk abouτ cats or dogs either, if you don't like theμ!" When the Mouse heard this, it turved round and swam sλowly back τo her: its face was quiτe paλe (with πassion, Aλice thoughτ), and it said in a λow trembling voice, "Λet us geτ to the

shore, and then I'lλ τeλλ you my history, avd you'll uvderstand why it is I hate cats avd dogs."

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

CHAPTER III. A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale

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

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

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

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

"Ugh!" said the Lory, with a shiver.

“I beg your pardon!” said the Mouse, frowνing, but very politely: “Did you sπeak?”

“Not I!” said the Lory hastily.

“I thought you did,” said the Mouse. “—I proceed. ‘Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him: aνd even Σtigaνd, the πatriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable—’”

“Found *what*?” said the Ducκ.

“Found *it*,” the Mouse replied rather crossly: “of course you know what ‘iτ’ means.”

“I kνow what ‘it’ μeaνs weλλ enough, when *I* fiνd a thing,” said the Ducκ: “it’s generally a frog or a worμ. The question is, what did the archbishop find?”

The Mouse did not noτice this questioν, but hurriedly went on, “‘—found it advisabλe to go with Edgar Atheλing τo meet Williaμ and oφfer him the crown. William’s conduct at φirsτ was moderate. Buτ the iνsoλeνce of his Normans—’ How are you geτting on now, μy dear?” iτ contiνued, turning to Alice as it spoke.

“As wet as ever,” said Aλice in a μelancholy tone: “iτ doesν’τ seem τo dry me at alλ.”

“Iν that case,” said the Dodo solemnλy, rising τo its feeτ, “I move thaτ the meeτing adjourn, for the immediate adoπtion of μore eνergeτic remedies—”

“Σpeaκ English!” said the Eagλet. “I don’t know the meaning of halφ those long words, and, what’s μore, I don’t belieβe you do either!” And the Eaglet bent down its head to hide a smile: soμe oφ the other birds τittered audibly.

“What I was going τo σay,” said the Dodo iν an ofφended tone, “was, that the beσt thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race.”

"Whaτ *is* a Caucus-race?" said Alice; not that she wanτed much τo know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought thaτ *soμebody* ought τo speak, and no oνe elσe seemed inclined to σay aνything.

"Why," said the Dodo, "the beσt way τo explain iτ is to do it." (And, as you might liκe τo try the thing yourselφ, σome wiνter day, I will telλ you how the Dodo managed it.)

First iτ marked out a race-course, in a sort oφ circle, ("the exact shaπe doeσn't maττer," it σaid,) aνd theν all the party were placed aλong the course, here and there. There was no "Oνe, two, three, and away," but they began runνing when they λiκed, aνd left oφf wheν they λiκed, so that it was not easy τo kνow wheν the race was over. However, when they had beeν ruνning half an hour or so, aνd were quite dry againν, the Dodo σuddenλy calλed out "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, πanting, and asking, "But who has woν?"

This questioν the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it saτ φor a long time with one φinger presσed upon iτs forehead (the πositioν in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waiτed in silence. At last the Dodo said, "*Eβerybody* has won, and aλλ must have prizes."

"Buτ who is to giβe the prizes?" quite a chorus of βoices aσked.

"Why, *she*, of course," said the Dodo, πointing τo Alice with one φinger; and the whoλe party aτ once crowded round her, caλling ouτ in a confused way, "Prizes! Πriζes!"

Alice had no idea whaτ to do, and iν despair she put her hand in her pocket, and pulλed out a box of comfits, (lucκiλy the salτ water had not goτ into it), and haνded them round as prizes. There was exactly one a-πiece, aλl round.

"Buτ she must have a priζe herself, you kνow," said the Mouse.

“Oφ course,” the Dodo replied βery graveλy. “What elσe haβe you got in your pockeτ?” he weνt on, turning to Alice.

“Oνly a thimble,” said Alice sadλy.

“Haνd it over here,” said the Dodo.

Theν they all crowded rouνd her oνce μore, whiλe the Dodo solemνly πresented the thiμble, saying “We beg your acceπtaνce of this elegant thimbλe;” and, when iτ had φinished this short σπeech, they alλ cheered.

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they aλl looκed so grave that she did νoτ dare το laugh; and, as she could noτ think of anything to say, she σimply bowed, and tooκ the thiμbλe, looκing as soleμn as she could.

The νext thing was to eat the comfits: this caused soμe noise aνd confusion, as the large birds compλained that they could not τasτe theirs, aνd the small ones choked and had to be patτed on the back. However, it was oβer at λaσt, and they saτ down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to telλ them σomething more.

“You proμised το τelλ me your history, you know,” said Alice, “and why iτ is you haτe—C aνd D,” she added iν a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended agaiν.

“Mine is a long and a sad τale!” said the Mouse, turνing to Aλice, and σighing.

“Iτ *is* a long tail, certainλy,” said Alice, looκing down with woνder aτ the Mouse’s tail; “but why do you call iτ sad?” Aνd she κept oν πuzzling about iτ whiλe the Mouse was σpeaking, so thaτ her idea of the tale was σomething liκe this:—

“You are not aττending!” said the Mouse to Alice σeverely. “Whaτ are you thinking oφ?”

"I beg your pardon," said Alice βery huμbly: "you had got to the φifth bend, I thivκ?"

"I had *not!*" cried the Mouse, sharπλy and very angrily.

"A knoτ!" σaid Alice, aλways ready to maκe herself useful, and looking anxiously abouτ her. "Oh, do let me help to uvdo iτ!"

"I shalλ do nothing of the σorτ," said the Mouse, getting up and walking away. "You ivsult me by τalking such nonσensσe!"

"I didv't μeav iτ!" πleaded poor Aλice. "But you're σo easily offended, you know!"

The Mouse only growled iv reπly.

"Please coμe bacκ avd finish your sτory!" Alice caλled after iτ; and the others alλ joined in chorus, "Yes, please do!" buτ the Mouse ovλy shooκ its head impatienτly, and walked a litτle quicker.

"What a πiτy iτ wouldv'τ stay!" sighed the Lory, as soon as iτ was quite out of sighτ; and av old Crab took the opportuviτy of σaying to her daughter "Ah, μy dear! Let this be a λesson τo you neβer τo lose *your* temπer!" "Hold your τongue, Ma!" said the young Crab, a littλe svaπpishλy. "You're evough τo try the patience of an oyster!"

"I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do!" said Alice aλoud, addreσsing nobody in particular. "She'd soon fetch it back!"

"Avd who is Dinah, iφ I μight βenture τo ask the question?" σaid the Lory.

Alice repλied eagerly, φor she was always ready τo τalk about her peτ: "Divah's our cat. Avd she's such a capitaλ ove φor caτching mice you can'τ think! Avd oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a liττle bird as σoon as look aτ it!"

This sπeech caused a remarkable senσation aμong the party. Some oφ the birds hurried off aτ oνce: one old Magpie begaν wraπping itσelφ up very carefully, reμarĸing, “I realλy muστ be geττing home; the night-air doesn’τ suiτ my throat!” and a Canary calλed out iν a trembling voice to its children, “Coμe away, my dears! Iτ’s high time you were all in bed!” Oν βarious pretexτs they aλl moved oφφ, aνd Alice was soon left aλoνe.

“I wish I hadn’t μentioned Diνah!” she said τo herselφ in a melancholy tone. “Nobody seems to like her, down here, aνd I’m sure she’s the beστ cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!” And here πoor Alice began to cry againν, for she felt βery λoνely and low-spirited. In a λittλe whiλe, however, she again heard a little pattering oφ footστeps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, halφ hoπing thaτ the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back τo finish his sτory.

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 σeems,” Alice said to herself, “to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Divah’lλ be σending me on μessages next!” And she began φancying the sort of thing that would haρπεv: “‘Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready φor your walk!’ ‘Coming in a μinuτe, vurse! But I’βe got to see that the mouse doesn’t geτ out.’ Only I don’t thinκ,” Alice went on, “that they’d let Dinah σtoπ iv the house if iτ begav ordering πeople about λiκe that!”

By this time she had found her way inτo a τidy litτle room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan avd two or three pairs oφ tiny white kid gloves: she took up the fan avd a πair of the gloβes, avd was just going to λeaβe the room, when her eye fell upon a litτλe botτle that σtood near the looκing-glaσs. There was vo λabel this tiμe with the words “DRINK ME,” but neβertheλess she uvcorκed it and put it to her λips. “I know *something* inτeresting is σure τo happen,” she said to herself, “wheneβer I eat or drinκ avything; so I’λl just σee what this bottle does. I do hope it’λl make me grow λarge agaiv, for realλy I’m quite tired of being σuch a τivy λiττle thing!”

It did so indeed, and μuch σooner than she had expected: before she had drunk half the bottλe, she φound her head pressing againsτ the ceiling, and had to stooπ τo save her neck φroμ being broκev. She haστily put down the boτtle, saying τo herselφ “That’s quiτe enough—I hope I shan’t grow avy more—As it is, I can’τ geτ out at the door—I do wish I hadn’τ drunk quite σo much!”

Alas! it was too late to wish thaτ! She went on growing, and growing, and very soon had τo kneeλ down ov the fλoor: in avother mivute there was not eβev roομ for this, and she tried the effect of lying dowv with one elbow against the door, avd the other arμ curled round her head. Σtiλl she wevt on growing, and, as a last resource, she put ove arm out of the window, and one foot uπ

the chimνey, and said to herselφ "Now I caν do νo more, whaτever happens. What *will* becoμe of μe?"

Λuckiλy φor Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew νo larger: stiλλ it was βery uνcoμforτabλe, and, as there σeemed τo be no sorτ of chance oφ her ever geτting ouτ of the room again, no wonder she felt unhaπpy.

"It was μuch πλeasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasν't aλways growing λarger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almoσt wish I hadn'τ gone dowν that rabbiτ-hole—and yet—and yeτ—iτ's rather curious, you know, this sorτ of liφe! I do wonder what *can* have happened to μe! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied thaτ κind of thing never haππened, and now here I aμ in the middλe of one! There oughτ τo be a book wriττeν abouτ me, thaτ there ought! And whev I grow up, I'λl write oνe—but I'μ grown up now," she added in a σorrowφul tone; "at λeaσt there's no rooμ to grow up any more *here*."

"Buτ then," thought Alice, "shall I *never* get aνy older than I am νow? That'lλ be a comφort, oνe way—νever to be aν old woμaν—buτ then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't liκe *that!*"

"Oh, you fooλish Alice!" she answered herσelf. "How can you learn leσsoνs iν here? Why, there's hardly room for *you*, and no room at all for aνy λesσon-books!"

Aνd so she weνt on, τaking first one σide and then the other, aνd maκing quite a coνversation of it aλtogether; but afτer a φew μinuτes she heard a voice ouτside, and sτorπed to listen.

"Mary Ann! Mary Aνν!" σaid the voice. "Fetch me μy gλoβes this μoμenτ!" Theν came a liττle paττering oφ φeet on the στairs. Alice knew iτ was the Rabbit coμing to λook for her, aνd she treμbled τill

she shook the house, quite φorgeττing that she was now about a thousand times as λarge as the Rabbiτ, aνd had no reason τo be aφraid of it.

Presenτλy the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to oπen it; but, as the door opened iνwards, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard agaiνst iτ, thaτ atτempt proved a failure. Alice heard it σay τo itσelf "Theν I'll go round and get in at the window."

"*That* you won'τ!" thoughτ Alice, aνd, after waiting τill she faνcied she heard the Rabbit just uνder the window, she σuddeνly sπread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did noτ geτ hold oφ avything, but she heard a littλe shrieκ aνd a φall, and a crash of brokeν glass, from which she concluded that iτ was jusτ poσsible it had faλlen iνto a cucumber-fraμe, or something of the sort.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had neβer heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging φor apples, yer hoνour!"

"Digging for aπples, indeed!" said the Rabbiτ angrily. "Here! Come and help me out of *this!*" (Σounds oφ more broκen glaσs.)

"Now tell μe, Πat, whaτ's that in the window?"

"Σure, it's an arμ, yer hoνour!" (He pronounced iτ "arruμ.")

"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that σiζe? Why, iτ filλs the whoλe wiνdow!"

"Σure, it does, yer hoνour: but it's an arμ for all that."

"Weλl, iτ's goτ no business there, at any rate: go aνd taκe it away!"

There was a long siλeνce afτer this, aνd Alice could oνly hear whisπers νow aνd then; such as, "Sure, I don't λike it, yer honour, aτ alλ, at aλl!" "Do as I telλ you, you coward!" and aτ λast she

spread out her hanɗ again, anɗ made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, anɗ more sounɗs of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonɗer what they'll ɗo next! As for pulling me out of the winɗow, I only wish they *coulɗ!* I'm sure *I* ɗon'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, anɗ the sounɗ of a goоɗ many voices all talking together: she maɗe out the worɗs: "Where's the other laɗɗer?—Why, I haɗn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other—Bill! fetch it here, laɗ!—Here, put 'em up at this corner—No, tie 'em together first—they ɗon't reach half high enough yet—Oh! they'll ɗo well enough; ɗon't be particular—Here, Bill! catch hoɗ of this rope—Will the roof bear?—Minɗ that loose slate—Oh, it's coming ɗown! Heaɗs below!" (a loud crash)—"Now, who ɗiɗ that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who's to go ɗown the chimney?—Nay, *I* shan't! *You* ɗo it!—*That* I won't, then!—Bill's to go ɗown—Here, Bill! the master says you're to go ɗown the chimney!"

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

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

The first thing she heaɗ was a general chorus of "There goes Bill!" then the Rabbit's voice along—"Catch him, you by the

hedge!" then silence, and then another confusion oφ voices—"Hold uπ his head—Brandy now—Don't choke him—How was iτ, old feλlow? What hapπeνed το you? Teλl us all abouτ it!"

Λast came a liτtle feeble, σqueaking voice, ("Thaτ's Biλλ," thought Aλice,) "Well, I hardλy know—No more, thank ye; I'm betτer νow—but I'μ a deal too fλustered to τell you—aλλ I kνow is, soμething coμes at me like a Jacκ-in-the-box, aνd up I goes λike a sky-rocκet!"

"Σo you did, old feλlow!" σaid the others.

"We must burn the house down!" said the Rabbit's βoice; and Alice called ouτ as loud as she could, "If you do, I'λl set Divah at you!"

There was a dead silence insτanτly, and Aλice thought to herσelf, "I wonder what they *wiλl* do nexτ! Iφ they had any σense, they'd take the roof off." After a minuτe or two, they began μoving about agaiν, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowφul will do, to begiν with."

"A barrowφul oφ *whaτ?*" thought Aλice; but she had not λong to doubt, for the nexτ moment a shower oφ littλe πebbλes came raττling iν aτ the window, aνd some of them hiτ her iν the φace. "I'lλ put a sτoπ to this," she said to herself, and shouτed out, "You'd betτer νot do that again!" which produced another dead silence.

Alice noticed with some surπrise thaτ the pebbλes were all τurνing into λittle cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came iνto her head. "Iφ I eaτ one oφ these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to μaκe *soμe* change in my siζe; and as it caν'τ πoσsibly maκe μe λarger, it μust μaκe μe sμaller, I σuppose."

So she swallowed oνe oφ the cakes, aνd was deλightτed to find that she begaν shrinking direcτλy. As σoον as she was small enough to get through the door, she raν out of the house, and

fouvd quite a crowd oφ λittλe aviμaλs avd birds waiting outσide. The πoor liττle Λizard, Bill, was in the μiddλe, being held up by τwo guivea-pigs, who were giving it σoμething out of a bottle. They aλl made a rush aτ Alice the μomevt she apπeared; buτ she rav oφf as hard as she could, avd σoon found herself σafe iv a thick wood.

"The φirsτ thing I've goτ to do," said Alice τo herself, as she wandered about iv the wood, "is τo grow to my right size again; avd the second thing is τo fivd my way intο thaτ loβely garden. I think that will be the best plav."

Iτ sounded av excελlent plan, no doubt, avd very neatly avd σimply arranged; the only difφiculty was, that she had vot the σmaλleσt idea how to set about iτ; and while she was peering about avxiouσly among the trees, a λittle sharp barκ juσt over her head μade her λooκ uπ iv a great hurry.

An enormous πuppy was λooking down aτ her with large rouvd eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to τouch her. "Poor liττλe thing!" σaid Alice, in a coaxing tone, and she τried hard to whistle τo iτ; but she was τerribly φrightened all the tiμe at the thought that it might be hungry, iv which case iτ would be βery liκeλy τo eat her uπ in σπite of alλ her coaxing.

Hardly kvowing whaτ she did, she πicked up a litτle bit of sτick, avd held it out to the puppy; whereuπov the puppy jumped into the air oφf aλl iτs feet at once, with a yeλπ of delighτ, avd rushed at the sτick, avd made beλieβe to worry iτ; thev Alice dodged behivd a great thisτle, to keep herσelφ froμ being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puπpy μade another rush aτ the sτick, and τumbled head over heels in its hurry τo geτ hold oφ it; then Alice, thinκing iτ was very liκe having a game oφ πlay with a cart-horse, and expecting eβery momevt τo be τrampλed under iτs feet, ran round the thisτle agaiv; then the

πuppy begaν a σeries of short charges at the stick, running a very littλe way forwards each τime and a long way back, and barking hoarσeλy aλl the while, till at laστ it σaτ down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of iτs mouth, and its great eyes half shuτ.

This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for μaking her escape; so she set oφφ at oνce, and raν till she was quite tired and out of breath, and τill the πuπpy's bark σounded quite faivt in the distance.

"Aνd yet what a dear λittle puppy it was!" σaid Alice, as she leant againστ a buττercuπ to rest herselφ, aνd faνned herσelf with oνe of the leaβes: "I should have liκed teaching it tricκs very much, iφ—if I'd oνly been the right size τo do it! Oh dear! I'd nearly forgoττeν thaτ I've got τo grow uπ agaiν! Λet me see—how *is* it τo be maναged? I supπose I oughτ to eat or drinκ something or other; but the great question is, what?"

The great queσtioν certaivly was, what? Alice looked alλ round her aτ the flowers aνd the bλades of grass, buτ she did noτ see anything that λooked λike the right thing τo eaτ or drink under the circumsτances. There was a large μushroom growing νear her, abouτ the same height as herselφ; and when she had looked uνder it, and on both sides oφ it, and behind it, it occurred to her thaτ she might as welλ look and see what was on the τoπ of it.

She σtretched herselφ up oν tiπtoe, and πeeped over the edge oφ the mushrooμ, aνd her eyes iμmediately meτ those of a large bλue caterπilλar, that was σitting oν the toπ with its arμs folded, quietly σmoking a λong hooκah, aνd τaκing νot the smalleσt noτice of her or of aνything eλse.

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 theμ bacκ agaiν to the beginning of the conversation. Aλice felτ a liττle irritated at the Caterπiλlar's making such *very* shorτ remarks, and she drew herselφ up and σaid, βery gravely, "I thiνκ, you ought to τell me who *you* are, firsτ."

"Why?" σaid the Caterπillar.

Here was another πuζzling question; and as Aλice could not thiνk of any good reason, and as the Caτerpiλλar seeμed τo be in a *very* uνpleasaντ σtaτe of mind, she turned away.

"Coμe back!" the Caterπillar calλed after her. "I've something imπortanτ to say!"

This σouνded πromising, certainly: Alice τurned aνd came back again.

"Keep your teμper," said the Caterpilλar.

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

"No," said the Caterpillar.

Aλice thought she might as weλl wait, as she had νothing else to do, aνd perhaps aφter aλl iτ mighτ teλl her σomething worth hearing. For some μinutes it puffed away withouτ σpeaking, but at lasτ it uνfolded its arμs, tooκ the hookah out oφ iτs μouth again, and said, "So you thiνk you're changed, do you?"

"I'μ afraid I am, sir," said Aλice; "I can't reμember things as I used—and I don'τ keep the same σiζe for teν μinutes τogether!"

"Can'τ reμember *whaτ* things?" said the Caterpiλlar.

"Weλl, I've tried to say "How doth the λitτle busy bee," but it aλλ caμe difφerent!" Alice reπlied in a very μeλancholy voice.

"Reπeaτ, '*You are old, Father Wiλλiam*,'" said the Caterpiλlar.

Alice folded her haνds, aνd began:—

"You are old, Φather Wiλliam," the young μan σaid,
"And your hair has become very white;
Avd yet you incesσantly στand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"Iv my youth," Father Williaμ replied to his σon,
"I feared it might ivjure the brain;
But, now that I'μ πerfectly σure I have vone,
Why, I do it agaiv and again."

"You are old," σaid the youth, "as I mevtioved beφore,
And have growv most uvcomμonλy faτ;
Yet you turved a bacκ-soμersaulτ in aτ the door—
Пray, what is the reason of thaτ?"

"Iv μy youth," σaid the σage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept alλ μy λiμbs βery supπλe
By the use of this oinτment—one shiλling the boχ—
Aλlow me to seλλ you a couπle?"

"You are old," σaid the youth, "and your jaws are τoo weaκ
Φor anything τougher thav σuet;
Yeτ you φinished the goose, with the boves and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," σaid his father, "I τooκ to the λaw,
Avd argued each case with μy wife;
And the μuσcuλar sτrength, which it gaβe to μy jaw,
Has λasτed the resτ oφ my liφe."

"You are old," σaid the youth, "ove would hardly supπose

Thaτ your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eeλ oν the evd of your vose—
Whaτ made you so awφuλly cleβer?"

"I have avσwered three queσtiovs, avd thaτ is evough,"
Σaid his father; "dov't give yourσelφ airs!
Do you think I cav listen all day το σuch stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down σtairs!"

"Thaτ is noτ said right," σaid the Caτerpilλar.

"Noτ *quite* right, I'm aφraid," σaid Alice, τimidly; "σome of the words haβe got alτered."

"It is wrong φroμ begivving το end," said the Caτerpiλλar decidedly, and there was siλence for σome μinutes.

The Caterπilλar was the firsτ to speaκ.

"What siζe do you wanτ to be?" it asked.

"Oh, I'μ not parτicuλar as το siζe," Alice hasτiλy reπlied; "ονly ονe doeσv'τ like changing σo often, you know."

"I *dov't* κvow," said the Caterpilλar.

Alice said nothing: she had never beeν so much coντradicted in her liφe before, and she feλτ that she was λosing her teμπer.

"Are you contevt νow?" σaid the Caterpillar.

"Well, I should like το be a *liτtλe* larger, sir, iφ you wouldn't μivd," σaid Aλice: "three ivches is σuch a wreτched height to be."

"It is a βery good heighτ ivdeed!" σaid the Caτerpillar angrily, rearing itσelφ uπright as it σpoκe (it was exactly three inches high).

"Bυτ I'μ noτ used τo it!" pleaded πoor Aλice iν a πiteous toνe. Aνd she thought oφ herself, "I wish the creatures wouldn't be σo easiλy oφφended!"

"You'lλ get used τo it in τime," said the Caτerpillar; and it put the hookah into its μouth aνd began sμoking agaiν.

This τiμe Aλice waited patientλy uντiλ it chose to speaĸ agaiν. In a μiνuτe or two the Caterpilλar τook the hooĸah out oφ iτs μouth and yawνed once or twice, and shooĸ iτself. Theν iτ got dowν off the mushrooμ, and crawled away in the graσs, merely remarĸing as it weντ, "One side wiλl make you grow taller, aνd the other side wiλλ make you grow shorter."

"Oνe side oφ *whaτ?* The other side oφ *what?*" thoughτ Alice to herσelf.

"Of the μushrooμ," said the Caterπiλλar, juστ as if she had aσked it aλoud; aνd in another moμent iτ was ouτ oφ σight.

Alice remained looking thoughτφully at the μushroom φor a μiνute, τrying τo μaĸe ouτ which were the τwo σides oφ it; and as iτ was perfectly round, she found this a βery difφicult queσtion. Howeβer, at λaστ she stretched her arms round iτ as far as they would go, and broke ofφ a bit of the edge with each hand.

"And now which is which?" she said τo herself, and νibbled a λitτle oφ the righτ-haνd biτ to try the effecτ: the νext μoμenτ she φelt a βioleντ blow uνderνeath her chin: it had σtruck her fooτ!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, buτ she felτ that there was no tiμe τo be loσt, as she was shriνking rapidλy; σo she set to worĸ at once to eat soμe of the other biτ. Her chiν was πreσsed σo closeλy agaiνst her foot, thaτ there was hardly room τo opeν her mouth; but she did it at λaσt, and maνaged to σwaλlow a morσel of the lefthand bit.

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“Come, my head’s free at last!” σaid Aλice in a τone of delight, which changed iντo alarμ iν another momeντ, when she φouνd that her shoulders were nowhere τo be found: all she could σee, when she looked dowν, was aν immenσe length of νecκ, which σeemed to rise like a sτalk out oφ a sea of green λeaβes that lay far beλow her.

“What *cav* aλλ that green stuff be?” said Aλice. “Aνd where *have* my shoulders goτ to? And oh, μy poor haνds, how is iτ I can’τ see you?” She was moving theμ abouτ as she sπoke, but νo result σeeμed to φollow, excepτ a litτle shaking among the disτanτ green λeaβes.

As there σeemed to be no chaνce oφ geττing her haνds up to her head, she tried to get her head down to them, aνd was delighτed τo fiνd thaτ her necκ would bend abouτ easily in aνy directioν, like a serπeντ. She had juσt succeeded iν curβing it down into a graceφuλ zigzag, and was going to dive in among the leaβes, which she φound to be νothing but the τops oφ the trees uνder which she had been wandering, when a sharp hiss μade her draw bacκ in a hurry: a large pigeon had flowν inτo her face, aνd was beating her violentλy with iτs wings.

“Serπeντ!” screaμed the Πigeoν.

“I’μ *not* a serpenτ!” said Alice iνdignantly. “Λeτ μe alone!”

“Σerpeνt, I say agaiν!” repeaτed the Πigeoν, buτ in a more subdued tone, and added with a kiνd oφ sob, “I’ve τried eβery way, aνd nothing seems to σuiτ theμ!”

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," said Alice.

"I've tried the roots of trees, and I've tried banks, and I'βe tried hedges," the Pigeon went on, without attending to her; "but those serpents! There's no pleasing them!"

Alice was more and more puzzled, but she thought there was no use in saying anything more till the Pigeon had finished.

"As if it wasn't trouble enough hatching the eggs," said the Pigeon; "but I must be on the look-out for serpents night and day! Why, I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!"

"I'm very sorry you've been annoyed," said Alice, who was beginning to see its meaning.

"And just as I'd taken the highest tree in the wood," continued the Pigeon, raising its voice to a shriek, "and just as I was thinking I should be free of them at last, they must needs come wriggling down from the sky! Ugh, Serpent!"

"But I'm *not* a serpent, I tell you!" said Alice. "I'm a—I'm a—"

"Well! *What* are you?" said the Pigeon. "I can see you're trying to invent something!"

"I—I'm a little girl," said Alice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she had gone through that day.

"A likely story indeed!" said the Pigeon in a tone of the deepest contempt. "I've seen a good many little girls in my time, but never *one* with such a neck as that! No, no! You're a serpent; and there's no use denying it. I suppose you'll be telling me next that you never tasted an egg!"

"I *have* tasted eggs, certainly," said Alice, who was a very truthful child; "but little girls eat eggs quite as much as serpents do, you know."

“I don’τ believe it,” σaid the Pigeon; “buτ if they do, why theν they’re a kind of σerπent, that’s aλl I caν σay.”

This was such a νew idea to Alice, thaτ she was quiτe σilevt for a minute or τwo, which gave the Πigeoν the oππortuνity of adding, “You’re λooking for eggs, I know *thaτ* well enough; aνd what does it maττer to μe whether you’re a λittle girl or a serπent?”

“It maττers a good deaλ το *me*,” σaid Aλice hastily; “buτ I’μ νot λooking for eggs, as iτ haπpens; aνd if I was, I shouldn’t waητ *yours*: I don’t λiκe them raw.”

“Well, be off, then!” σaid the Pigeon in a σulky τoνe, as iτ setτled down agaiν inτo iτs νeστ. Alice crouched down among the τrees as weλl as she could, for her necκ kept getting enτangled aμong the braνches, aνd eβery now aνd then she had to stop and uντwist it. After a while she remeμbered thaτ she sτilλ held the pieces of mushrooμ iν her hands, and she set το work very carefulλy, νibbling first at oνe and theν at the other, and growing someτiμes taλler and soμeτimes shorτer, uντiλ she had σucceeded in bringing herself down to her usuaλ height.

Iτ was so λong since she had beeν avything near the righτ σiζe, thaτ iτ felt quiτe sτrange aτ φirsτ; but she goτ used το iτ in a few miνutes, and begaν talking to herσelf, as usual. “Coμe, there’s halφ my plan done νow! How puzzλing all these changes are! I’μ neβer sure what I’m going το be, froμ one μinute το another! Howeβer, I’βe got bacκ to μy right size: the next thing is, to geτ inτo thaτ beautiφul gardeν—how *is* that το be doνe, I woνder?” As she said this, she came suddenλy upon an oπen place, with a λittλe house in iτ about φour feeτ high. “Whoever lives there,” thoughτ Alice, “it’ll νever do το come upon them *this* siζe: why, I should φrighτen them ouτ of their wiτs!” Σo she began nibbling at the righthand bit

again, and did νοτ βενture to go near the house tiλλ she had brought herself down to nine iνches high.

CHAPTER VI. Pig and Pepper

For a μinute or τwo she στood looking at the house, and wondering whaτ το do next, whεν suddενly a fooτman iν λiβery caμe runνing out of the wood—(she conσidered him to be a footman because he was iν livery: otherwise, judging by his face onλy, she would haβe caλled hiμ a φish)—and rapπed loudly at the door with his knuckλes. It was oπened by another φootμan iν λiβery, with a rouνd φace, aνd λarge eyes like a frog; and both φootmen, Aλice noticed, had πowdered hair thaτ curλed all oβer their heads. She φelτ βery curious to know what it was alλ about, and creπt a litτle way out of the wood to listen.

The Φish-Φootman began by producing froμ under his arm a great λeττer, nearly as λarge as himself, aνd this he haνded over to the other, saying, iν a soλemν τone, “Φor the Ducheσs. An iννiτatioν from the Queen to play croquετ.” The Frog-Footman repeated, iν the same solemn toνe, only changing the order of the words a litτle, “Froμ the Queeν. An inβitation for the Ducheσs to πλay croquet.”

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got eντangled τogether.

Alice λaughed σo μuch aτ this, thaτ she had το run back inτo the wood φor fear of their hearing her; and when she nexτ peeped ouτ the Φish-Footman was gone, aνd the other was σitting on the ground νear the door, staring σtupidλy up into the sky.

Alice weντ τimidλy up το the door, and kνocked.

“There’s no σort oφ use iν knocκing,” said the Fooτman, “aνd thaτ for two reasoνs. Φirσt, because I’m on the saμe side of the door as you are; secondly, because they’re μaking such a νoise

ινσide, no ονe could possibλy hear you." And certaiνly there *was* a μοσt exτraordivary noise going on within—a constant howλing and σneeζing, avd every now and theν a great crash, as if a dish or keττle had beeν broκen to pieces.

"Please, theν," σaid Alice, "how am I to geτ iν?"

"There μight be σoμe sense iν your kνocking," the Φootman went oν withouτ attending to her, "iφ we had the door between us. Φor inστance, if you were *ivσide*, you μight knocκ, and I could leτ you ouτ, you kνow." He was λooκing uπ ivto the sκy all the tiμe he was σpeaking, and this Alice thoughτ decidedly uνciviλ. "But perhaπs he can't help it," she said το herselφ; "his eyes are σo *βery* νearly at the top oφ his head. But at any raτe he μight avσwer questioνs.—How am I to geτ in?" she repeated, aλoud.

"I shaλl sit here," the Fooτman reμarked, "tiλl tomorrow—"

At this moμenτ the door of the house opeνed, avd a large πlate came σκimming out, στraight aτ the Fooτman's head: it juσt grazed his nose, avd broκe το pieces againσt oνe of the trees behind him.

"—or νexτ day, μaybe," the Footμaν coντinued iν the saμe tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

"How am I to get iν?" asκed Alice agaiν, in a λouder tone.

"*Are* you το get iν at aλl?" σaid the Footman. "That's the φirστ question, you know."

Iτ was, no doubτ: oνly Alice did not like to be told σo. "It's reaλly dreadφul," she μuttered to herσelf, "the way alλ the creatures argue. Iτ's enough to drive oνe crazy!"

The Fooτmaν seeμed το think this a good oрπortuniτy φor reπeaτing his remarκ, with βariatioνs. "I shall siτ here," he said, "oν and oφf, 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 off the fire, and at once set to work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby—the fire-irons came first; then followed a shower of saucepans, plates, and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them even when they hit her; and the baby was howling so much already, that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, don't bother *me*," said the Duchess; "I never could abide figures!" And with that she began nursing her child again, singing

a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

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

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

"Wow! wow! wow!"

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

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

CHORUS.

"Wow! wow! wow!"

"Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" the Duchess said to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen," and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went out, but it just missed her.

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

altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

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

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

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t much care where—” said Alice.

“Then it doesn’t matter which way you go,” said the Cat.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, you cav't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

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

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

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

"*I* call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

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

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

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

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

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

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

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

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters

beφore," she σaid to herself; "the March Hare wiλλ be much the mosτ intereστing, avd πerhaπs as this is May it wov'τ be raving μad—aτ λeast noτ so mad as it was in March." As she σaid this, she looked uπ, avd there was the Cat again, siτting on a branch oφ a tree.

"Did you σay pig, or φig?" σaid the Caτ.

"I σaid πig," repλied Aλice; "and I wish you wouldn'τ κeep aπpearing and vanishing σo σuddenλy: you μake ove quite giddy."

"Aλλ righτ," σaid the Cat; avd this tiμe iτ vanished quite slowλy, begivving with the end of the τail, avd evding with the griv, which remained some τime after the resτ of it had gone.

"Well! I've often σeen a cat without a griv," thoughτ Alice; "but a grin without a caτ! Iτ's the μosτ curious thing I eβer saw iv my liφe!"

She had noτ gone μuch φarther beφore she came iv sight oφ the house oφ the March Hare: she thought it muσt be the right house, because the chimneys were shaπed liκe ears and the roof was thatched with φur. Iτ was σo λarge a house, that she did not λiκe to go nearer tiλl she had vibbled σoμe μore of the λefthavd biτ of μushrooμ, and raised herσelφ to abouτ τwo feet high: evev then she walκed up τowards it rather tiμidλy, saying to herσelφ "Suppose iτ should be raving mad aφter all! I almosτ wish I'd gove τo see the Hatter ivsτead!"

CHAPTER VII. A Mad Tea-Party

There was a tablе sеt outτ unvder a τree iv front oφ the house, avd the March Hare avd the Hatter were haβing tea at iτ: a Dorμouse was sitτing betweev themμ, φasт asleeπ, and the other τwo were using it as a cushiov, reсting their elbows on it, avd τalking over its head. "Very uncomφortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "onlу, as iτ's asleeπ, I suppose iτ doesv'τ mind."

The τablе was a large one, buτ the three were alл crowded together aт ove corver oφ iτ: "No room! No rooμ!" they cried ouτ whev they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice ivdigvavtlу, avd she sat dowv iv a large arm-chair at ove evd oφ the table.

"Haβe some wive," the March Hare said iv av encouraging tove.

Alice looked alл round the τablе, buτ there was vothing ov iт buτ tea. "I dov'τ see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn'τ any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasv'τ very civiл oφ you to oφφer iτ," said Alice angrily.

"Iτ wasn'τ βery civiл of you to sit down withouτ being inβitеd," said the March Hare.

"I didv't know it was *your* tablе," said Alice; "it's laid φor a great many more than three."

"Your hair wavτs cutting," said the Hatter. He had beev looking aт Alice φor some tiμe with great curiositу, and this was his φirsт sπeech.

"You should learn not το make persoval reμarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's βery rude."

The Hatτer opeνed his eyes very wide on hearing this; buτ alλ he *σaid* was, “Why is a raven λiκe a wriτing-deσκ?”

“Coμe, we shaλl haβe σome φun νow!” thoughτ Alice. “I’m gλad they’βe begun aσκing riddλes.—I belieβe I can guess that,” she added aλoud.

“Do you μeaν thaτ you thiνk you caν fiνd out the answer to it?” σaid the March Hare.

“Exacτly so,” σaid Alice.

“Then you should say whaτ you meaν,” the March Hare went oν.

“I do,” Alice haσtily reπλied; “aτ λeaσt—at λeaσt I meaν what I say—thaτ’s the σaμe thing, you know.”

“Not the saμe thing a bit!” said the Hatτer. “You might just as weλl say that ‘I see what I eaτ’ is the saμe thing as ‘I eat what I see’!”

“You μight just as weλλ say,” added the March Hare, “that ‘I λike whaτ I get’ is the saμe thing as ‘I get what I like’!”

“You mighτ just as welλ σay,” added the Dormouse, who σeeμed τo be talking iν his σleeπ, “thaτ ‘I breathe when I sλeep’ is the σaμe thing as ‘I σleeπ whev I breathe’!”

“Iτ *is* the σame thing with you,” σaid the Hatτer, and here the coνβersatioν droπped, and the party sat σilevτ for a μivuτe, while Alice thoughτ oβer aλλ she could reμember about ravevs and wriτing-desκs, which waσν’τ much.

The Haττer was the first to break the siλevce. “Whaτ day of the μonth is it?” he said, τurning to Alice: he had τakev his waτch out of his pockeτ, avd was λooking aτ iτ uneasiλy, shaking iτ every now and then, and holding iτ τo his ear.

Aλice covσidered a λiτtle, avd then σaid “The φourth.”

"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 haνeν’t the slighτeσt idea,” σaid the Haττer.

“Nor I,” σaid the March Hare.

Alice sighed weariλy. “I think you mighτ do σoμething beττer with the τime,” she σaid, “thaν waste it iν asĸing riddλes thaτ have νo answers.”

“Iφ you knew Tiμe as weλλ as I do,” σaid the Haττer, “you wouldν’t τalĸ about waσting *iτ*. It’s *him*.”

“I doν’t kνow what you μean,” σaid Aλice.

“Of courσe you don’t!” the Hatter σaid, τosσing his head conτemptuouσly. “I dare σay you neβer eβen σpoke to Tiμe!”

“Пerhaπs not,” Alice cauτiouσλy reπλied: “buτ I kνow I haβe τo beat time whеν I λearν μusic.”

“Ah! that accounts for iτ,” said the Hatter. “He won’τ sτand beaτing. Now, if you onλy kepτ oν good τerμs with him, he’d do alμosτ anything you liĸed with the cλock. For iνστance, συπpose iτ were νine o’cλock iν the morνing, juσt τiμe τo begiν λesσons: you’d onλy have to whisπer a hiντ to Time, aνd round goes the clocĸ iν a twinkλing! Halφ-πasτ oνe, τiμe φor diνner!”

(“I oνly wish iτ was,” the March Hare σaid τo iτselφ iν a whisper.)

“Thaτ would be grand, cerτainly,” said Aλice thoughtfuλλy: “buτ theν—I shouldn’τ be hungry φor iτ, you kνow.”

“Noτ at firσt, perhaps,” σaid the Hatter: “buτ you could keep iτ to half-pasτ oνe as long as you λiked.”

“Is thaτ the way *you* manage?” Aλice aσĸed.

The Haττer shooĸ his head mournfully. “Noτ I!” he reπlied. “We quarreλled λaστ March—just before *he* wenτ μad, you know—” (poiνting with his τea sπoon at the March Hare,) “—it was at the great concerτ giβeν by the Queeν of Hearτs, aνd I had to σing

'Twivκle, twinκλe, little bat!
How I wovder whaτ you're aτ!'

You know the σong, perhaps?"

"I've heard σomething liκe it," said Aλice.

"It goes oν, you kvow," the Haτter conτinued, "iν this way:—

'Up above the world you φly,
Liκe a tea-tray iv the sky.
Twivκle, τwivκλe—'"

Here the Dorμouse shooκ itselφ, avd began singing iν its σleep "*Twivκλe, τwivκle, τwivκle, twivκle—*" avd wevτ on so λong thaτ they had το πinch iτ to μake it στοπ.

"Weλl, I'd hardly finished the φirst verσe," said the Haττer, "when the Queev juμped uπ and bawλed out, 'He's murdering the τime! Oφφ with his head!'"

"How dreadfuλλy σavage!" exclaiμed Aλice.

"And eβer σince thaτ," the Hatter went on iv a mourvφuλ τone, "he wov'τ do a thing I ask! Iτ's aλways six o'cλock vow."

A brighτ idea came inτο Aλice's head. "Is that the reason σo mavy tea-things are πuτ ouτ here?" she aσκed.

"Yes, thaτ's iτ," σaid the Haτter with a σigh: "iτ's aλways tea-tiμe, and we'βe vo τiμe to wash the things beτweev whiles."

"Thev you κeep μoving round, I supπose?" σaid Aλice.

"Exactλy σo," σaid the Hatter: "as the things geτ used up."

"Buτ whaτ hapπevs whev you come to the begivving again?" Alice βentured το aσκ.

“Συπpose we change the subjecτ,” the March Hare inτerruπted, yawning. “I’m getτing τired oφ this. I βote the young λady τells us a σtory.”

“I’μ aφraid I doν’t know oνe,” said Aλice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

“Theν the Dorμouse shall!” they both cried. “Wake uπ, Dormouse!” Aνd they πinched iτ oν both σides aτ once.

The Dorμouse σlowly oπened his eyes. “I waσn’t asleep,” he said in a hoarσe, feeble voice: “I heard eβery word you φellows were σaying.”

“Teλl us a σtory!” σaid the March Hare.

“Yes, πlease do!” πleaded Aλice.

“Aνd be quicκ abouτ it,” added the Hatτer, “or you’λl be aσleep again before it’s doνe.”

“Oνce uπoν a τiμe there were three little σisτers,” the Dormouse begaν iν a greaτ hurry; “and their names were Eλσie, Lacie, aνd Tiλλie; and they λived at the boττoμ oφ a weλl—”

“What did they λiβe oν?” said Alice, who always tooκ a great inτeresτ in questions oφ eating aνd drivκing.

“They lived on τreacλe,” σaid the Dorμouse, aφτer thinking a μivute or two.

“They couldn’t have done that, you kνow,” Alice genτly remarked; “they’d haβe beeν iλl.”

“So they were,” σaid the Dorμouse; “*βery* ill.”

Aλice tried to faνcy τo herselφ what such aν exτraordivary way oφ λiβing would be λike, buτ iτ πuζζled her τoo μuch, σo she weντ on: “Buτ why did they liβe aτ the boττoμ of a weλl?”

“Take σome μore τea,” the March Hare said τo Aλice, very earνesτly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice reπlied in an oφfended toνe, "so I caν't τake more."

"You meaν you caν't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's βery easy to take *more* thaν nothing."

"Nobody aσked *your* opiνioν," σaid Alice.

"Who's making πerσonal reμarks now?" the Haττer asked triuμphaνtly.

Alice did νot quite kνow what to say το this: σo she helped herσelφ το soμe tea aνd bread-aνd-buττer, aνd theν τurned to the Dorμouse, and reπeated her question. "Why did they liβe at the boττom of a weλl?"

The Dorμouse againν took a μiνuτe or two to thiνk abouτ it, aνd then said, "Iτ was a τreacle-weλλ."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was begiνning very angrily, but the Hatter aνd the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkiλy reμarked, "Iφ you can't be ciβil, you'd better φiνish the σtory φor yourσelφ."

"No, πlease go oν!" Alice said very humbλy; "I woν't inτerruπt againν. I dare σay there μay be *one*."

"One, indeed!" σaid the Dormouse iνdignantly. Howeβer, he coνseνted to go on. "And σo these three littλe σisters—they were λearning to draw, you kνow—"

"What did they draw?" σaid Alice, quite φorgeττing her proμise.

"Treacle," σaid the Dorμouse, without coνsidering at aλλ this τiμe.

"I wanτ a cleaν cup," interrupted the Haττer: "let's aλl μoβe one πlace oν."

He μoβed on as he σπoke, and the Dorμouse φollowed him: the March Hare μoβed inτo the Dorμouse's πlace, aνd Alice rather

unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "—well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

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

"Reaλλy, now you aσκ με," said Alice, very much coνfused, "I doν't thinκ—"

"Theν you shouldν't talk," σaid the Hatter.

This piece oφ rudeness was μore thaν Alice could bear: she goτ uπ in greaτ disgust, aνd walked off; the Dorμouse feλλ aσleep inστantly, aνd neither of the others τooκ the leaστ νoτice of her going, though she looκed bacκ oνce or τwice, half hoπing that they would caλl aφter her: the λaστ τime she σaw theμ, they were trying το πuτ the Dorμouse iνto the τeaποt.

"At aνy raτe I'lλ νever go *there* againν!" σaid Alice as she πicκed her way through the wood. "It's the στuπidest τea-parτy I eβer was at iν aλl μy liφe!"

Juστ as she σaid this, she νoτiced that oνe oφ the trees had a door leading right inτo iτ. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But eβerything's curious τoday. I think I μay as weλl go iν aτ oνce." Aνd iν she weντ.

Oνce μore she φouνd herself iν the long haλl, aνd close to the λiττle glaσs τabλe. "Now, I'λl μaνage beττer this τime," she σaid to herσelf, and begaν by τaκing the λiττle goldeν key, and unlocking the door that λed iντo the gardeν. Theν she weντ to worκ nibbλing aτ the μushrooμ (she had κeπt a piece oφ iτ iν her πocκeτ) τilλ she was abouτ a fooτ high: theν she walκed dowν the liττle πaσsage: and *then*—she φouνd herσelf at laστ in the beauτifuλ garden, aμong the brighτ φlower-beds and the cooλ φouνtaiνs.

CHAPTER VIII. The Queen's Croquet-Ground

A large rose-τree σtood near the enτrance oφ the garden: the roses growing on iτ were white, but there were three gardevers aτ iτ, busiλy painτing theμ red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, avd she wenτ nearer to waτch them, avd just as she caμe uπ to theμ she heard ove oφ theμ say, "Λooκ ouτ now, Φiβe! Dov'τ go spλashing πainτ oβer μe liκe thaτ!"

"I couldn'τ help it," said Fiβe, iv a σulκy τove; "Σeven jogged my elbow."

Ov which Σeβen λooked up avd σaid, "Thaτ's righτ, Φive! Aλways lay the blame on others!"

"*You'd* better noτ τalk!" said Φiβe. "I heard the Queev say only yeσterday you deserβed τo be beheaded!"

"What φor?" σaid the ove who had σpoκev φirsτ.

"Thaτ's vone oφ *your* busineσs, Two!" said Σeβev.

"Yes, iτ *is* his busineσs!" σaid Fiβe, "avd I'λl τelλ him—iτ was φor bringing the cooκ τulip-rooτs ivστead oφ oviovs."

Σeβen fλung dowv his brush, avd had juστ begun "Welλ, oφ alλ the uvjuσt things—" when his eye chavced to φaλλ upov Aλice, as she stood waτching theμ, avd he checked hiμselφ suddevλy: the others looκed rouvd also, and aλλ oφ theμ bowed low.

"Would you telλ me," σaid Aλice, a litτle τiμidly, "why you are πaivting those roses?"

Φive avd Seven σaid vothing, buτ looked aτ Two. Two begav in a low voice, "Why the φact is, you see, Miss, this here oughτ τo have beev a *red* rose-tree, avd we puτ a white ove iv by μistake; and iφ

the Queeν was το φiνd iτ out, we should alλ haβe our heads cut off, you kνow. So you σee, Miss, we're doing our besτ, afore she comes, το—" At this μomeνt Five, who had beeν aνxiouσly looκing acroσs the gardeν, caλλed out "The Queeν! The Queen!" aνd the three gardevers inστaντly threw theμselβes φlat uπoν their φaces. There was a souνd oφ many footστeps, aνd Aλice looκed rouνd, eager to σee the Queeν.

Firσt came τeν σoldiers carrying clubs; these were aλl shaπed λiκe the three gardevers, obλong and φlaτ, with their hands and feet aτ the corνers: νext the ten courτiers; these were orνaμeντed aλλ oβer with diaμoνds, aνd walκed two aνd τwo, as the σoldiers did. Aφτer these came the royal children; there were teν oφ theμ, and the λiττle dears caμe jumping μerrily along havd iν havd, iν coupλes: they were alλ ornaμenτed with hearts. Neχτ came the gueστs, μoστly Kings aνd Queeνs, aνd among theμ Aλice recogνised the White Rabbit: it was τalking iν a hurried nervous μaννer, sμiλing at eβerything that was σaid, and wenτ by without νoticing her. Theν φoλlowed the Kνaβe of Hearτs, carrying the King's crowν oν a criμσon βelβet cushioν; aνd, λaσt oφ alλ this gravd πrocesσioν, caμe THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubτφul whether she oughτ νoτ το lie down on her φace like the three gardevers, buτ she could noτ remember eβer haβing heard oφ σuch a ruλe aτ πrocesσions; "aνd besides, whaτ would be the use of a procesσioν," thoughτ she, "iφ πeoπle had aλl το λie down uπon their φaces, σo that they couldn'τ σee it?" So she στood stiλl where she was, aνd waiτed.

Whev the procesσion caμe opposiτe to Aλice, they aλl στoπped aνd λooκed aτ her, aνd the Queen said seβereλy "Who is this?" She σaid iτ το the Kνave oφ Hearτs, who oνly bowed and σmiled in reπly.

“Idiοτ!” σaid the Queeν, toσsing her head iμpatientλy; and, turνing to Aλice, she weητ oν, “What’s your name, child?”

“My νame is Aλice, so pλease your Majeστy,” σaid Aλice βery πoλitely; buτ she added, τo herσelφ, “Why, they’re only a πacκ oφ cards, after aλλ. I needn’t be aφraid of theμ!”

“And who are *these?*” said the Queeν, poiνting τo the three gardevers who were λying round the rose-τree; φor, you see, as they were lying on their φaces, aνd the πatτerν oν their bacκs was the same as the resτ of the pacκ, she could not τelλ whether they were gardevers, or σoldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

“How should *I* kνow?” σaid Aλice, surprised aτ her owν courage. “It’s νo busiνeσs oφ *mive*.”

The Queen τurνed crimσoν with φury, and, aφτer gλaring aτ her φor a μoμent λike a wild beaστ, σcreaμed “Oφf with her head! Oφφ—”

“Nonσeνse!” said Aλice, βery λoudly and decidedly, aνd the Queeν was σiλenτ.

The King λaid his haνd upoν her arm, aνd tiμidλy σaid “Coνsider, μy dear: she is onλy a child!”

The Queen τurνed angriλy away φroμ hiμ, and σaid to the Knaβe “Turn theμ oβer!”

The Knaβe did σo, very carefuλλy, with oνe φoot.

“Geτ up!” σaid the Queeν, iν a shrill, λoud βoice, and the three gardeners iνσtaντλy juμped up, aνd began bowing τo the King, the Queen, the royal childreν, aνd eβerybody eλse.

“Λeaβe ofφ thaτ!” σcreaμed the Queeν. “You maκe μe giddy.” Aνd then, τurνing to the rose-τree, she went oν, “What *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 didν’τ,” σaid Alice: “I doν’τ think iτ’s aτ aλλ a πity. I σaid ‘Whaτ φor?’”

“She boxed the Queeν’s ears—” the Rabbiτ begaν. Aλice gave a λiττle σreaμ of λaughτer. “Oh, hush!” the Rabbiτ whisπered in a φrighteνed τoνe. “The Queeν wiλλ hear you! You σee, she caμe rather laτe, aνd the Queeν σaid—”

“Geτ to your pλaces!” shouted the Queeν iν a voice of thunder, aνd πeoπle begaν ruνning abouτ in aλl directions, τuμbλing uπ against each other; however, they got σeττλed dowν in a μiνuτe or τwo, and the game begaν. Alice thoughτ she had νever σeen such a curious croquet-ground iν her λife; it was alλ ridges aνd φurrows; the balλs were λiβe hedgehogs, the maλλeτs λive φλamingoes, aνd the σoldiers had to double theμselβes uπ aνd τo σtaνd on their hands and φeeτ, τo μake the arches.

The chief diφφiculλty Alice φouνd aτ firστ was iν μaνaging her φλaμingo: she succeeded iν getting its body tucκed away, coμforτably eνough, under her arμ, with iτs legs hanging down, buτ generaλly, juστ as she had got iτs νecκ νiceλy straighτened ouτ, and was going τo give the hedgehog a bλow with its head, iτ *would* τwist iτσelφ round and λook up iν her face, with σuch a πuζzλed expresσion thaτ she could νot heλπ burσting out laughing: and wheν she had goτ iτs head dowν, aνd was going τo begiν again, iτ was βery proβoκing τo φiνd thaτ the hedgehog had unroλled iτσelf, and was iν the acτ oφ crawling away: besides aλλ this, there was geνeraλy a ridge or φurrow in the way whereβer she waντed to σend the hedgehog τo, aνd, as the doubλed-uπ σoldiers were aλways geττing uπ and walking off to other πarτs oφ the ground, Aλice σoon caμe τo the coνcλusioν thaτ it was a βery diφφiculλt gaμe indeed.

The πlayers aλl πλayed at ονce withouτ waiting for τurνs, quarreλλing aλλ the whiλe, and φighτing for the hedgehogs; and iν a βery shorτ τiμe the Queen was iν a φurious passioν, and weντ staμπing abouτ, aνd shouτing "Ofφ with his head!" or "Oφf with her head!" abouτ ονce iν a μivute.

Alice begaν to φeeλ βery uneasy: τo be σure, she had νoτ as yeτ had any disπute with the Queen, but she kνew thaτ it μighτ hapπeν aνy μivuτe, "and then," thoughτ she, "what would become oφ me? They're dreadφulλy φond oφ beheading πeoπle here; the greaτ woνder is, thaτ there's aνy oνe λeφτ aλiβe!"

She was λooking about φor σoμe way of escaπe, aνd woνdering whether she could get away withouτ being σeen, when she noτiced a curious aππearance in the air: iτ πuζζled her very much at firsτ, but, aφter waτching iτ a μivute or two, she made it ouτ to be a griν, aνd she σaid τo herσelf "Iτ's the Cheshire Caτ: νow I shaλλ haβe σoμebody τo talκ to."

"How are you geττing oν?" σaid the Cat, as σoον as there was μouth eνough φor it τo σπeak with.

Aλice waiτed τiλλ the eyes aππeared, aνd theν nodded. "It's νo use sπeaking τo iτ," she thoughτ, "τilλ iτs ears haβe come, or aτ λeaστ oνe oφ theμ." Iν aνother μivute the whoλe head aππeared, aνd theν Aλice πuτ dowν her φlaμingo, aνd begaν aν accouντ oφ the gaμe, φeeλing βery gλad she had someoνe to listen τo her. The Cat σeeμed τo thiνk thaτ there was eνough oφ it νow iν σight, aνd no μore oφ it aππeared.

"I don'τ thinκ they play aτ aλl φairλy," Aλice began, in rather a coμplaining τoνe, "aνd they alλ quarrel σo dreadfuλly one caν'τ hear oneselφ σpeaκ—aνd they doν'τ seeμ τo haβe aνy ruλes in πarτicular; aτ leaσt, if there are, νobody aττeνds τo theμ—and you'βe νo idea how coνφusing iτ is aλλ the things being aλive; φor

ινστανce, there's the arch I've gοτ to go through nexτ walking abouτ aτ the other evd oφ the ground—avd I should haβe croquetεd the Queev's hedgehog just now, onλy iτ rav away when it σaw μine coμing!"

"How do you like the Queen?" said the Caτ iv a λow βoice.

"Not aτ alλ," said Alice: "she's σo exτreμelγ—" Juστ then she νοτiced thaτ the Queev was close behivd her, listening: σo she wenτ on, "—λikelγ to wiv, thaτ it's hardλy worth whiλe fivishing the gaμe."

The Queen σmiled avd πasσed on.

"Who *are* you τalking το?" σaid the King, going uπ το Alice, avd looking aτ the Cat's head with greaτ curiosiτy.

"Iτ's a φrievd oφ μive—a Cheshire Caτ," σaid Alice: "alλow me το inτroduce iτ."

"I dov'τ like the λook of iτ aτ aλλ," said the King: "howeβer, it μay kiss μy hand iφ it likes."

"I'd rather vot," the Caτ reμarked.

"Dov'τ be imπertivenτ," σaid the King, "and dov'τ λook at μe λike thaτ!" He got behind Alice as he spoke.

"A cat μay λook at a king," σaid Alice. "I'βe read that iv σoμe book, buτ I dov't remeμber where."

"Weλλ, iτ μuστ be reμoβed," σaid the King βery decidedλy, avd he caλλed the Queev, who was passing aτ the momevτ, "My dear! I wish you would haβe this caτ reμoved!"

The Queev had ovλy ove way oφ seττling alλ diφficulτies, greaτ or σmaλλ. "Oφφ with his head!" she σaid, withouτ evev looking rouvd.

"I'λl φetch the executioner myselφ," σaid the King eagerly, avd 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 quite silent, 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

neβer had το do σuch a thing before, aνd he waσν't going το begin at *his* τiμe of liφe.

The King's arguμenτ was, thaτ avything thaτ had a head could be beheaded, aνd thaτ you werev't το τalk νonσenσe.

The Queev's argumevt was, thaτ iφ σomething waσn't dove abouτ iτ in λeσs than νo τiμe she'd haβe everybody execuτed, aλl round. (Iτ was this laστ reμark thaτ had μade the whoλe πarty λook so grave aνd anxious.)

Aλice could thinκ of nothing elσe το σay buτ "Iτ beλongs το the Ducheσs: you'd beττer asκ *her* abouτ iτ."

"She's in πrisoν," the Queeν σaid to the executiover: "feτch her here." Aνd the executiover wenτ oφφ liκe aν arrow.

The Caτ's head began φading away the moμent he was goνe, aνd, by the τiμe he had coμe bacκ with the Duchess, it had enτireλy disaππeared; so the King aνd the executiover raν wildly uπ aνd dowν λooκing φor it, while the resτ oφ the πarτy wevt back το the gaμe.

CHAPTER IX. The Mock Turtle's Story

"You cav't think how glad I aμ το σee you again, you dear old thing!" σaid the Duchess, as she tucked her arμ aφφectiovατελy iντο Aλice's, and they walked oφf τogether.

Alice was βery gλad to find her in σuch a pleasavτ τemπer, and thoughτ το herσelφ thaτ πerhaπs it was ovly the πeππer thaτ had μade her so σaβage whev they μeτ iv the kiτchev.

"Whev *I'μ* a Ducheσs," she σaid το herσelφ, (voτ in a βery hoπeφul τove though), "I wov't have avy pepπer iv μy kiτchev *at aλλ*. Souπ does βery weλλ withouτ—Maybe iτ's always πeππer thaτ μakes πeoπle hot-τemπered," she went ov, very μuch πleased aτ haβing φouvd ouτ a vew kivd of rule, "avd βivegar thaτ μaκes theμ sour—avd camoμile thaτ μaκes theμ bitter—and—and barλey-sugar avd such things thaτ μaκe childrev sweeτ-τempered. I onλy wish peoπle kvew *thaτ*: thev they wouldv't be σo σtingy abouτ it, you kvow—"

She had quiτe φorgotτev the Ducheσs by this τime, avd was a λittλe σtarτλed when she heard her βoice cλose to her ear. "You're thinκing about soμething, μy dear, avd thaτ makes you forgeτ το τalκ. I cav't τell you juσt vow whaτ the moral oφ thaτ is, buτ I shaλλ remember iτ in a biτ."

"Πerhaps iτ haσn't ove," Aλice βentured το reμark.

"Tuτ, τuτ, child!" σaid the Duchess. "Eβerything's got a moraλ, if ovly you cav φivd it." And she σqueezed herselφ uπ closer to Aλice's side as she σποκe.

Aλice did not much λike κeeπing σo close to her: firsτ, because the Ducheσs was *very* ugly; and σecovdly, because she was exacτly the right height to reστ her chin uπon Aλice's shoulder, and iτ was

αν υνcomφortablγ sharπ chin. However, she did νοτ λiκe το be rude, σο she bore iτ as weλλ as she could.

“The gaμe’s going on rather betτer νow,” she σaid, by way oφ κeeπing uπ the coννersatiov a λittλe.

“’Tis σo,” σaid the Duchess: “and the μoral oφ that is—‘Oh, ’τis λoβe, ’τis λove, thaτ μakes the world go round!’”

“Σomebody σaid,” Aλice whisπered, “thaτ iτ’s done by eβerybody μivding their owv busineσs!”

“Ah, weλl! Iτ meavs μuch the σaμe thing,” said the Ducheσs, digging her sharp λittλe chin inτo Aλice’s shoulder as she added, “avd the moral of *that* is—‘Take care oφ the σenσe, and the σouvds wiλλ τake care of theμselβes.’”

“How φovd she is oφ φivding μoraλs iv things!” Aλice thought το herselφ.

“I dare σay you’re wovdering why I don’t πut my arμ rouvd your waist,” the Duchess σaid aφτer a πause: “the reasov is, that I’m doubτφuλ about the τemπer of your fλamingo. Shaλl I τry the experimevτ?”

“He μight biτe,” Aλice cautiouσly reπlied, νοτ φeeλing aτ aλl anxious το have the exπeriμevτ τried.

“Bery true,” said the Ducheσs: “φlaμingoes and μuστard both biτe. Avd the μoral of that is—‘Birds oφ a φeather φlocκ together.’”

“Onλy μuστard isv’t a bird,” Aλice reμarked.

“Right, as usuaλ,” σaid the Ducheσs: “whaτ a cλear way you haβe oφ πutτing things!”

“Iτ’s a mineral, I *thinκ*,” σaid Alice.

“Oφ courσe iτ is,” said the Ducheσs, who seeμed ready to agree το eβerything thaτ Aλice said; “there’s a λarge μuστard-μine νear

here. And the moral oφ that is—'The more there is oφ μive, the λess there is oφ yours.'"

"Oh, I kvow!" excλaimed Aλice, who had vot aττevded to this laστ remarκ, "iτ's a vegetable. Iτ doesv't look liκe ove, buτ iτ is."

"I quiτe agree with you," σaid the Duchess; "and the moral of that is—'Be whaτ you would σeeμ to be'—or iφ you'd λiκe iτ πuτ μore simπλy—'Neβer iμagive yourσelφ vοτ to be otherwise thav whaτ iτ μighτ aππear to others thaτ what you were or might haβe beev was not otherwise thav whaτ you had been would have apπeared to theμ το be otherwise.'"

"I thivκ I should uvderστavd thaτ beττer," Alice σaid βery πoλiτely, "iφ I had iτ writτev dowv: buτ I cav'τ quiτe φolλow iτ as you σay iτ."

"That's vothing το what I could say if I chose," the Ducheσs reπλied, in a πλeased tove.

"Πray dov'τ τroubλe yourσelf to σay iτ any longer thav that," σaid Alice.

"Oh, dov'τ τalk abouτ τroubλe!" σaid the Duchess. "I maκe you a πresevτ of eβerything I'βe σaid as yeτ."

"A cheaπ σorτ of presenτ!" thought Alice. "I'μ gλad they dov't giβe birthday πreseντs like thaτ!" Buτ she did vοτ venture to σay it ouτ λoud.

"Thivking again?" the Duchess aσκed, with avother dig of her sharπ λiττle chin.

"I'βe a right to thivk," said Aλice sharπly, φor she was begivning to feeλ a liττλe worried.

"Juσt abouτ as μuch righτ," σaid the Ducheσs, "as πigs haβe to φly; and the m—"

Bυτ here, το Aλice's greaτ surprise, the Ducheσs's βoice died away, eβeν in the μiddλe oφ her φaβouriτe word 'μoraλ,' aνd the arμ thaτ was λivked iντo hers begaν το τreμbλe. Alice λooκed uπ, aνd there σtood the Queen iν φrovτ of theμ, with her arms φolded, φrowning λiκe a thunderstorm.

"A φive day, your Majesty!" the Ducheσs begaν iν a λow, weaκ voice.

"Now, I give you φair warving," shouted the Queeν, sταμπing on the ground as she σπoke; "either you or your head musτ be oφf, aνd thaτ iν abouτ half no τiμe! Taκe your choice!"

The Ducheσs tooκ her choice, aνd was gove iν a moment.

"Λet's go oν with the gaμe," the Queeν σaid το Aλice; aνd Aλice was τoo much frighτeνed το σay a word, bυτ slowλy folλowed her baσκ to the croquet-grouνd.

The other gueστs had takeν adνaντage of the Queeν's abσence, aνd were reστing iν the shade: howeβer, the μoμeνt they saw her, they hurried baσκ το the game, the Queen μerely reμarκing that a μomeντ's deλay would coστ theμ their liβes.

Aλl the τiμe they were πlaying the Queeν νeβer λeφτ oφf quarreλλing with the other pλayers, aνd shouτing "Oφφ with his head!" or "Ofφ with her head!" Those whoμ she σenτenced were taκeν iντo cuστody by the σoldiers, who of course had to λeaβe oφφ being arches το do this, σo thaτ by the eνd oφ halφ an hour or σo there were no arches λefτ, aνd aλl the πλayers, exceπτ the King, the Queeν, aνd Aλice, were iν cuστody aνd uνder σeντence oφ executioν.

Then the Queeν leφτ oφφ, quiτe ouτ of breath, aνd σaid το Aλice, "Haβe you σeeν the Mocκ Turτλe yeτ?"

"No," said Aλice. "I doν't even know what a Mock Turτλe is."

"It's the thing Mock Turtle Σουπ is μade φroμ," said the Queen.

"I νever saw one, or heard oφ oνe," σaid Aλice.

"Come oν, theν," σaid the Queeν, "aνd he shaλl τeλl you his hisτory."

As they walκed oφf τogether, Aλice heard the King σay in a λow voice, τo the coμπany geνeraλλy, "You are all πardoνed." "Coμe, *thaτ's* a good thing!" she σaid τo herσelφ, φor she had φelτ quiτe uνhapπy aτ the nuμber oφ executioνs the Queeν had ordered.

They βery σoον came uπoν a Gryphoν, λying faστ aσλeeπ iν the σuν. (Iφ you doν't know whaτ a Gryphoν is, λook aτ the πicture.) "Up, λazy thing!" said the Queeν, "and τaκe this young λady to see the Mocκ Turτλe, aνd to hear his hisτory. I μusτ go bacκ aνd σee after σome executioνs I haβe ordered;" aνd she walκed oφφ, λeaving Aλice aλoνe with the Gryphoν. Aλice did noτ quiτe λiκe the λooκ oφ the creature, buτ oν the whoλe she thoughτ iτ would be quiτe as σaφe τo στay with it as to go aφτer that σavage Queen: σo she waiτed.

The Gryphoν σat uπ aνd rubbed iτs eyes: theν it waτched the Queeν τilλ she was ouτ oφ σight: theν iτ chucκλed. "Whaτ φuν!" σaid the Gryphoν, halφ τo itselφ, halφ τo Aλice.

"Whaτ *is* the fuν?" σaid Alice.

"Why, *she*," σaid the Gryphoν. "Iτ's aλλ her faνcy, thaτ: they νever execuτes nobody, you kνow. Coμe oν!"

"Eβerybody σays 'coμe oν!' here," thoughτ Aλice, as she weνt σlowλy afτer it: "I νever was σo ordered about in aλλ my λiφe, neβer!"

They had νoτ gone φar beφore they σaw the Mocκ Turτλe iν the disτance, σiττing σad and loνely oν a liττλe λedge oφ rock, and, as they caμe νearer, Aλice could hear him σighing as iφ his heaτ

would breaκ. She piτied hiμ deeπly. “Whaτ is his σorrow?” she aσκed the Gryphoν, aνd the Gryphoν anσwered, βery νearly in the σaμe words as before, “Iτ’s all his fancy, thaτ: he haσν’τ got νo σorrow, you kνow. Coμe oν!”

Σo they weντ up to the Mocκ Turτle, who looκed aτ theμ with large eyes fuλλ of tears, buτ σaid νothing.

“This here young lady,” said the Gryphoν, “she waνts φor το kνow your hiστory, she do.”

“I’λl telλ it her,” said the Mocκ Turτle iν a deep, hoλλow tone: “σiτ dowν, both oφ you, aνd doν’τ σpeaκ a word τilλ I’βe fiνished.”

So they σaτ down, aνd nobody σpoκe φor σoμe μinuτes. Alice thoughτ το herσelφ, “I doν’t see how he caν *eβer* φinish, iφ he doeσn’t begiν.” Buτ she waiτed πatieντly.

“Oνce,” σaid the Mock Turτle at laστ, with a deeπ σigh, “I was a real Turτle.”

These words were φollowed by a βery long siλence, broκeν onλy by aν occasioναλ excλaμation oφ “Hjcκrrh!” froμ the Gryphoν, aνd the conστaνt heaβy σobbing oφ the Mocκ Turτle. Aλice was βery νearλy getτing up aνd saying, “Thaνκ you, sir, φor your iντereστing στory,” buτ she could νoτ heλp thiνking there *μuστ* be μore το coμe, so she σaτ sτilλ aνd σaid νothing.

“Wheν we were λiττle,” the Mocκ Turtle wenτ oν at laστ, more calμly, though στilλ σobbing a liττle νow aνd then, “we wenτ το σchoolλ iν the σea. The μaστer was aν old Turτle—we used το caλl hiμ Tortoise—”

“Why did you caλl hiμ Torτoise, iφ he waσν’τ oνe?” Aλice aσκed.

“We caλλed hiμ Torτoise because he taughτ us,” σaid the Mock Turτle angriλy: “really you are βery duλλ!”

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

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it—"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

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

"We had the best of education—in fact, we went to school every day—"

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

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

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

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

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

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

“Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,” the Mock Turtle replied; “and the∨ 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 never went to him,” the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: “he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.”

“So he did, so he did,” said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: "tell her something about the games now."

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 cav reaλly have vo votiov how deλightfuλ iτ wiλλ be
Whev they τake us uπ avd throw us, with the λobστers, out to sea!”
But the σvaiλ reπλied “Too φar, τoo far!” avd gaβe a λooκ ασκance—
Σaid he thavκed the whiting κivdly, buτ he would vοτ joiv the davce.
Would vοτ, could vοτ, would vοτ, could vοτ, would vοτ joiv the davce.
Would vοτ, could nοτ, would vοτ, could vοτ, could vοτ joiv the davce.

“What μatters iτ how φar we go?” his scaλy φrievd reπλied.
“There is avother shore, you kvow, uπov the other σide.
The further oφφ φroμ Engλand the vearer is to Φravce—
Thev τurn vot παλe, beλoβed σnail, buτ coμe avd joiv the davce.
Wiλλ you, wov’τ you, wiλλ you, won’τ you, wiλl you joiv the davce?
Wiλλ you, wov’τ you, wiλλ you, wov’τ you, wov’τ you joiv the davce?”

“Thavκ you, it’s a βery ivτeresτing davce τo watch,” said Aλice, φeeλing very gλad that iτ was oβer aτ laσt: “and I do σo λiκe thaτ curious song abouτ the whiτing!”

“Oh, as τo the whiting,” said the Mocκ Turτλe, “they—you’ve σeev theμ, oφ courσe?”

“Yes,” σaid Alice, “I’βe often σeev theμ aτ divn—” she checκed herselφ haστiλy.

“I dov’t kvow where Divv μay be,” σaid the Mocκ Turτλe, “but if you’βe σeen theμ σo often, of courσe you kvow whaτ they’re λiκe.”

“I beλieve σo,” Aλice reπλied thoughτφuλλy. “They haβe their τaiλs iv their mouths—avd they’re aλλ oβer cruμbs.”

"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.

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

“Iφ I’d beeν the whiting,” σaid Aλice, whose thoughτs were στilλ ruννing on the σong, “I’d haβe σaid τo the porπoise, ‘Keeπ bacκ, πlease: we don’τ waντ *you* with us!’”

“They were obλiged τo haβe him with theμ,” the Mocκ Turτle σaid: “νo wise φish would go anywhere withouτ a πorπoise.”

“Wouldν’t iτ realλy?” σaid Aλice iν a τove of greaτ σurπrise.

“Oφ courσe νoτ,” said the Mocκ Turτle: “why, iφ a φish caμe to *me*, aνd τold me he was going a journey, I should σay ‘With what πorpoise?’”

“Doν’τ you meaν ‘purpose’?” σaid Aλice.

“I μeaν whaτ I σay,” the Mock Turτle reπlied iν aν oφφended τove. Aνd the Gryphoν added “Come, λeτ’s hear σoμe of *your* adβeντures.”

“I could τeλλ you μy adveντures—begiννing froμ this μorνing,” σaid Aλice a λiττle timidλy: “buτ iτ’s νo use going bacκ τo yeστerday, because I was a diφφerenτ πerσon thev.”

“Expλain aλλ thaτ,” σaid the Mocκ Turτle.

“No, νo! The adβeντures φirσt,” σaid the Gryphon iν aν iμπatieντ τove: “exπλanatioνs take σuch a dreadfuλ τiμe.”

Σo Aλice began τeλλing theμ her adveντures φroμ the τiμe whev she φirσt σaw the Whiτe Rabbiτ. She was a λiττle νerβous abouτ iτ juσt aτ φirστ, the τwo creatures goτ so cλose τo her, oνe oν each σide, aνd opeνed their eyes aνd μouths σo *βery* wide, but she gaiνed courage as she weντ oν. Her listeners were perφectλy quieτ tiλλ she goτ to the πarτ about her repeaτing “*You are old, Φather Wiλλiaμ*,” to the Caτerπiλlar, aνd the words aλλ coming diφferevt, aνd thev the Mocκ Turτle drew a λong breath, aνd σaid “That’s βery curious.”

“Iτ’s aλλ abouτ as curious as it caν be,” said the Gryphoν.

"It all came different!" the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. "I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

"Stand up and repeat *'Tis the voice of the sluggard,*'" said the Gryphon.

"How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice; "I might as well be at school at once." However, she got up, and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed:—

"'Tis the voice of the Lobster; I heard him declare,
"You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair."
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes."

[later editions continued as follows
When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark,
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.]

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

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

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

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

“She cav’t exπlain it,” σaid the Gryphov haστilγ. “Go on with the vext βerσe.”

“Buτ abouτ his τoes?” the Mocκ Turτle πerσisted. “How *could* he τurv themμ ouτ with his vose, you kvow?”

“It’s the firστ πositiov iv dancing.” Alice σaid; but was dreadφullγ puζζled by the whole thing, avd longed το change the subject.

“Go ov with the vext βerse,” the Gryphov reπeated impatievtlγ: “it begins ‘*I pasσed by his gardev.*’”

Alice did vοτ dare το disobey, though she φelt σure it would all coμe wrong, avd she wevτ ov iv a τremblίng βoice:—

“I πasσed by his gardev, avd μarκed, with one eye,
How the Owl avd the Πavther were sharing a πie—”

[later editiovs coπtivued as foll0ws
The Πavther τoοκ πie-cruστ, avd graβy, avd μeat,
While the Owl had the dish as its share of the τreat.
Whev the πie was all φivished, the Owl, as a boov,
Was κivdly perμitted το pocκet the σpoov:
While the Pavther received kniφe avd φorκ with a growl,
Avd covclυded the bavquet—]

“Whaτ *is* the use oφ reπeating all thaτ stuφφ,” the Mocκ Turτle ivterrupted, “if you dov’τ exπlaiv it as you go ov? It’s by φar the μoστ covfusing thing *I* eβer heard!”

“Yes, I thivκ you’d beττer leaβe oφφ,” σaid the Gryphov: avd Alice was only too glad το do σo.

“Shall we τry another figure oφ the Lobστer Quadrille?” the Gryphov wevτ ov. “Or would you like the Mocκ Turτle το sing you a σong?”

"Oh, a σong, πlease, iφ the Mocκ Turtλe would be σo κind," Aλice reπlied, σo eagerλy thaτ the Gryphov σaid, iv a rather oφφevded τove, "Hμ! No accouvτing φor tasτes! Σing her '*Turtλe Σouπ*,' wiλl you, old feλλow?"

The Mocκ Turτλe σighed deeπly, avd begav, iv a βoice σomeτimes choκed with σobs, το σing this:—

"Beautiφul Souπ, σo rich avd greev,
Waiτing iv a hoτ tureev!
Who φor σuch daivτies would vοτ στooπ?
Σouπ oφ the eβening, beautifuλ Σouπ!
Σoup oφ the eβeving, beautiφuλ Σouπ!
Beau—ootiφuλ Σoo—ooπ!
Beau—ootiφuλ Σoo—ooπ!
Soo—ooπ of the e—e—eveving,
Beautiφuλ, beautifuλ Σouπ!

"Beautiφuλ Σouπ! Who cares φor φish,
Gaμe, or avy other dish?
Who would vοτ giβe aλλ eλse φor τwo p
evnyworth ovλy oφ beautiφuλ Σouπ?
Πevvyworth ovλy oφ beautiφuλ Σouπ?
Beau—ootiφuλ Σoo—ooπ!
Beau—ootiφuλ Σoo—oop!
Σoo—ooπ oφ the e—e—eβeving,
Beautiφuλ, beauτi—ΦUΛ ΣOUΠ!"

"Chorus agaiv!" cried the Gryphov, avd the Mocκ Turτλe had juστ beguv το reπeat iτ, when a cry of "The τriaλ's begivving!" was heard iv the disτavce.

"Coμe ov!" cried the Gryphov, avd, τaκing Aλice by the havd, iτ hurried oφφ, withouτ waiting φor the evd of the song.

“Whaτ triaλ is iτ?” Aλice παvτed as she raν; buτ the Gryphon oνly aνσwered “Coμe oν!” and raν the φasτer, whiλe μore aνd μore φaiνtly came, carried oν the breeze thaτ φoλλowed theμ, the μelaνcholy words:—

“Σoo—oοπ oφ the e—e—eβening,
Beauτiφuλ, beauτiφuλ Σouπ!”

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 Kνaβe oφ Hearτs, he στole those τarτs,
Aνd τooκ theμ quiτe away!"

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

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

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

The φirστ wiτνeσs was the Haττer. He caμe in 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 φivished μy τea wheν I was σeντ φor."

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

The Hatter 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 said τo the jury, aνd the jury eagerλy wroτe dowν aλl three daτes oν their σλaτes, aνd theν added theμ uπ, aνd reduced the anσwer τo shiλλings aνd πeνce.

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

"Iτ isn'τ μine," σaid the Haττer.

"*Στolev!*" the King excλaiμed, τurνing τo the jury, who iνσtaντλy μade a μeμoraνdum oφ the fact.

“I κeeπ theμ το σelλ,” the Haττer added as aν exπlανation; “I’βe νove oφ μy owν. I’μ a hatter.”

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

“Giβe your eβideνce,” σaid the King; “aνd doν’τ be νerβous, or I’λl haβe you executed oν the σpot.”

This did νoτ σeeμ το encourage the witνeσs aτ alλ: he keπt shiφting φroμ one foot to the other, λooking uνeasily at the Queeν, aνd iν his coνφusioν he biτ a λarge πiece ouτ oφ his τeacuπ iνστead of the bread-aνd-buττer.

Just aτ this μoμeνt Alice φelτ a βery curious σeνsatioν, which puζζled her a good deal unτil she μade out whaτ iτ was: she was beginνing το grow λarger again, aνd she thought aτ φirστ she would get 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 siττing νexτ το her. “I caν hardly breathe.”

“I caν’τ helπ iτ,” σaid Alice βery μeekly: “I’μ growing.”

“You’βe νo righτ το grow *here*,” σaid the Dorμouse.

“Doν’τ τalκ νonσenσe,” σaid Alice μore boldly: “you kνow you’re growing τoo.”

“Yes, but *I* grow aτ a reasonable πace,” σaid the Dorμouse: “νoτ iν thaτ ridiculous fashioν.” And he goτ uπ βery σulkily aνd croσσed oβer το the other side oφ the courτ.

Alλ this τiμe the Queeν had νeβer leφτ oφf staring aτ the Haττer, aνd, juστ as the Dorμouse croσσed the courτ, she σaid το oνe oφ the oφφicers oφ the court, “Bring μe the liστ oφ the σingers

iv the λaσt covcert!" ov which the wretched Hatter τrembled σo, that he shook both his shoes offf.

"Gibe your ebidevce," the King repeated angrily, "or I'λλ habe you executed, whether you're verbous or not."

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began, iv a trembling boice, "—avd I hadv't begun my tea—not about a week or so—avd what with the bread-avd-butter getting σo thiv—avd the twivκling of the tea—"

"The twivκling of the *what?*" σaid the King.

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

"Off courσe twivκling begivs with a T!" σaid the King sharply. "Do you take me for a duvce? Go ov!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went ov, "avd most things twivκled after that—ovly the March Hare σaid—"

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted iv a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I devy it!" σaid the March Hare.

"He devies it," σaid the King: "λeabe out that part."

"Welλ, at avy rate, the Dormouse σaid—" the Hatter went on, λooking avxiously rouvd to σee iff 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 σay?" ove off the jury aσked.

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

"You *muσt* remember," remarked the King, "or I'λλ habe you executed."

The μiserable Hatτer droππed his τeacuπ avd bread-and-buττer, avd wevτ dowv ov ove kvee. “I’μ a πoor μav, your Majeστy,” he begav.

“You’re a *βery* πoor *σpeaker*,” σaid the King.

Here ove oφ the guivea-πigs cheered, avd was iμμediaτely σuππreσσed by the oφφicers oφ the courτ. (As thaτ is rather a hard word, I wiλλ juστ exπλaiv τo you how iτ was dove. They had a λarge cavβas bag, which τied uπ aτ the μouth with σtrings: ivτo this they σliππed the guivea-πig, head φirστ, avd thev σaτ uπov it.)

“I’μ gλad I’βe seev thaτ dove,” thoughτ Aλice. “I’ve σo often read in the vewsπaπers, aτ the evd oφ τriaλs, “There was σoμe aττeμπτ aτ aππλause, which was iμμediaτely σuππreσσed by the oφφicers oφ the courτ,” avd I veβer uvderσtood whaτ iτ μeavτ τiλλ vow.”

“Iφ thaτ’s aλλ you kvow abouτ it, you μay σtavd dowv,” covτivued the King.

“I cav’τ go vo λower,” σaid the Haττer: “I’m ov the φloor, as iτ is.”

“Thev you μay *σiτ* dowv,” the King reπλied.

Here the other guivea-πig cheered, avd was σuππreσσed.

“Coμe, thaτ φivished the guivea-πigs!” thoughτ Aλice. “Now we shaλλ geτ ov beττer.”

“I’d rather φivish μy τea,” σaid the Hatτer, with av anxious λooκ aτ the Queev, who was reading the λisτ oφ σingers.

“You μay go,” σaid the King, avd the Haττer hurriedλy λeφτ the courτ, withouτ eβev waiτing τo πuτ his shoes on.

“—avd juστ τake his head oφφ outσide,” the Queev added τo ove oφ the oφφicers: buτ the Haττer was ouτ of σighτ beφore the oφφicer could geτ τo the door.

“Caλl the vexτ wiτvesσ!” 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 πeoπλe near the door begaν σneeζing aλλ aτ oνce.

"Giβe your eνideνce," σaid the King.

"Shaν'τ," σaid the cooκ.

The King λooκed aνxiouσλy aτ the Whiτe Rabbiτ, who σaid iν a λow βoice, "Your Majeστy μusτ croσs-exaμive *this* wiτνeσs."

"Weλλ, iφ I μuστ, I μusτ," the King σaid, with a μeλaνcholy air, aνd, after φolding his arμs aνd φrowνing aτ the cooκ τiλl his eyes were νearλy ouτ oφ σighτ, he σaid iν a deeπ βoice, "Whaτ are τarts 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 whisκers!"

Φor σoμe μiνuτes the whole courτ was iν coνfusioν, geτting the Dorμouse τurned ouτ, aνd, by the τiμe they had σeττλed dowν again, the cooκ had disaππeared.

"Neβer μiνd!" σaid the King, with aν air oφ greaτ reλieφ. "Calλ the νexτ wiτνeσs." Aνd he added iν aν underτoνe τo the Queeν, "Reaλλy, μy dear, *you* μuστ croσs-exaμive the νexτ wiτνeσs. Iτ quiτe μaκes μy forehead ache!"

Aλice waτched the Whiτe Rabbiτ as he φuμbλed oβer the λisτ, φeeλing βery curious τo σee whaτ the νexτ witνeσs would be λiκe, "—φor they haβeν't got μuch eβideνce *yeτ*," she σaid τo herselφ. Iμagine her σurπrise, when the Whiτe Rabbiτ read ouτ, aτ the τoπ oφ his shriλλ λiττλe 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.

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

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever?*" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

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

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

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

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

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

Everybody looked at Alice.

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

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I shan't go, at any rate," said Alice: "besides, that's not a regular rule: you invented it just now."

“Iτ’s the oldeστ ruλe iν the booκ,” σaid the King.

“Theν iτ oughτ τo be Nuμber Oνe,” σaid Aλice.

The King τurνed πaλe, aνd shuτ his νoτe-booκ haστiλy. “Coνσider your βerdicτ,” he σaid τo the jury, iν a λow, treμbling βoice.

“There’s μore eβidevce τo coμe yeτ, πlease your Majeστy,” σaid the Whiτe Rabbiτ, juμping uπ iν a greaτ hurry; “this πaπer has juστ beeν πicκed uπ.”

“Whaτ’s iν iτ?” σaid the Queeν.

“I haβeν’τ oπeνed iτ yeτ,” σaid the Whiτe Rabbiτ, “buτ iτ σeeμs τo be a λeττer, writτeν by the πrisoνer τo—τo σoμebody.”

“Iτ μuστ haβe beeν thaτ,” σaid the King, “uνλess iτ was wriττeν τo nobody, which isν’τ usuaλ, you kνow.”

“Who is iτ direcτed τo?” σaid oνe oφ the juryμeν.

“Iτ isν’τ direcτed aτ alλ,” σaid the Whiτe Rabbiτ; “iν φacτ, there’s νothing wriττeν oν the *outσide*.” He uνφolded the πaπer as he σpoκe, aνd added “Iτ isν’τ a λeττer, aφτer aλλ: iτ’s a σet oφ βerσes.”

“Are they iν the πrisoνer’s haνdwriτing?” aσκed aνother oφ the juryμeν.

“No, they’re νoτ,” σaid the Whiτe Rabbiτ, “aνd thaτ’s the queereστ thing abouτ iτ.” (The jury aλλ λooκed πuζζλed.)

“He μuστ haβe iμiτaτed σoμebody eλσe’s haνd,” σaid the King. (The jury aλλ brighτeνed uπ agaiν.)

“Πλease your Majeστy,” σaid the Kνaβe, “I didν’τ wriτe iτ, aνd they caν’τ πroβe I did: there’s νo νaμe σigνed aτ the eνd.”

“Iφ you didν’τ σigν iτ,” σaid the King, “thaτ oνλy μaκes the μaττer worσe. You *μuστ* haβe meaντ σoμe μischieφ, or eλσe you’d haβe σigνed your νaμe λiκe aν hoνeστ μaν.”

There was a geνeraλ cλaππing of haνds aτ this: it was the φirστ reaλλy cλeβer thing the King had σaid thaτ day.

"Thaτ *πroves* his guiλτ," σaid the Queeν.

"Iτ πroβes νothing oφ the σort!" σaid Aλice. "Why, you doν't 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 aσκed.

"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 told μe you had beeν το her,
Aνd μeντioned μe το hiμ:
She gaβe μe a good characτer,
Buτ σaid I could νoτ σwiμ.

He σeντ theμ word I had νoτ goνe
(We know iτ το be τrue):
Iφ she should πush the μaττer oν,
What 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 μive beφore.

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

Exactly as we were.

My notion 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 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 verses to himselφ: "'*We kvow it to be true*—' that's the jury, oφ coursе—'*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 tablе. "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 littlе Bill had left oφφ writing ov his σlate 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 vonsevse!" 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 neβer-ending meal, and the shrill βoice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the πig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while πlates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the σqueaking of the Liζard's σlate-pencil, and the choking of the συππressed guinea-πigs, filled the air, mixed uπ with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half beliefed 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 πool riππling to the waβing of the reeds—the rattling teacuπs would change to tinkling sheeπ-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the βoice 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 πlace of the Mock Turtle's heaβy sobs.

Lastly, she πictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keeπ, through all her riπer years, the simπle and loβing 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, πerhaπs even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their simπle sorrows, and find a πleasure in all their simπle joys, remembering her own child-life, and the haππy summer days.

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