Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland

Lewis Carroll

Modern Greek — 20% of eligible letters

English · 1865

About this reading edition

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

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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

5,448 of 27,261 eligible letters changed. Approximately 5.1% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

Learning exercise: a simplified representation

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

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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 and to wonder whaτ was going to happen next. 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 off 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 thiνκ 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. "Diνah'll miss me βery much to-night, I should think!" (Diνah 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?" and sometimes, "Do baτs eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldν't answer either questioν, it didν't much μatter which way she puτ it. She felt that she was dozing ofφ, aνd had just begun to dream thaτ she was walking haνd 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 upon a heap oφ sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was νot a bit hurt, aνd she jumπed uπ on τo her feet in a moμent: she λooked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was sτill in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a momeνt 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 went 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," beautifully prinτed oν it in λarge λetters.

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 eateν 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 φrom 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 might 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 seeν such a thing.

After a while, 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 sat 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 boх 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 two 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'll get 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 feel 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 ivto the way of expecτing νothing but out-oφ-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dulλ aνd stupid for life τo go on in the common way.

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

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CHAPTER II. The Pool of Tears

“Curiouser avd curiouser!” cried Alice (she was σo much surprised, thaτ for the moμent she quite forgoτ how τo speak good English); “now I’m oπeving out like the largest telescoπe that ever was! Good-bye, φeet!” (for when she λooked dowv at her feet, they seemed τo be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). “Oh, my πoor little φeet, I wovder who wilλ πut on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I’m sure *I* shav’t be abλe! I shalλ be a great deal too far off to troubλe myself about you: you must mavage the besτ way you cav;—but I must be κivd 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 presevts to one’s own 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 thav nine feet high, and she at once τooκ up the litτλe golden key and hurried off to the gardev door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through inτo the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeleσs than eβer: she sat down avd began to cry agaiv.

“You ought to be ashaμed of yourself,” 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 wevt on alλ the same,

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

Afτer a time she heard a liττle 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 in 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 savage if I've κepτ her waiting!" Alice feλτ so desperate that she was ready τo ask help oφ any one; σo, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a λow, τimid voice, "If 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 ringlets, aνd mine doesn't go in ringlets aτ alλ; and I'm σure I can't be Mabeλ, for I know all 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 twelve, and four times σix is thirteeν, aνd four times seβen is—oh dear! I shalλ never get to twenτy at that rate! Howeβer, the Multiπlication Table doesn't 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 Mabel! I'll try avd say *'How doth the λittle—'"* and she crossed her hands ov her lap as iφ she were saying lessons, and began to reπeat it, buτ her βoice sounded 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 every 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 lessons 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 putting 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 then, 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 alone here!"

As she said this she looked down at 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 feet 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 shut 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, and had come to the geνeraλ coνclusion, that wherever you go το oν the English coasτ you φind a nuμber 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 pool of τears which she had wepτ 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 drowned 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 pool a little way ofφ, and she swam nearer τo make ouτ what it was: at firσt she thought iτ μust be a walrus or hiπpopotamus, but then she reμembered how sμaλl she was νow, avd she soon made out 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 know the way out oφ this pooλ? I am very tired of swiμming about here, O Mouse!” (Alice thought 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 Laτin Grammar, “A μouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!”) The Mouse looked at her rather ivquisitiβely, and seemed to her τo wivk with one oφ iτs λittle eyes, but it said nothing.

“Perhaps it doesn’t uvderστand English,” thought 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 agaiv: “Où est ma chatte?” which was the firσt σevtence in her Φrench lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out oφ the water, avd seemed to quiver all over with fright. “Oh, I beg your pardon!” cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the πoor aniμal’s feelings. “I quite forgot you didv’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 ovly 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 subject! 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 covβersσation. "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 can'τ remember half of them—and it belongs to a farmer, you kvow, and 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 it 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't 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, aνd you'll uνderstand why it is I hate cats and dogs."

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

CHAPTER III. A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale

They were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bανk—the birds with draggλed feathers, the aνimaλs with their fur clinging close to them, and all driπping wet, croσs, and uncomforτable.

The firστ question of course was, how το get dry again: they had a consultation abouτ this, and after a φew minutes it seemed quiτe naτural to Alice to find herselφ τalking faμiliarly with them, as if she had known them alλ her life. Indeed, she had quite a λong argument with the Lory, who at last τurned sulky, and would onλy say, "I am older thaν you, aνd μusτ know better;" and this Alice would νot allow without knowing how old it was, and, as the Lory positively refused το tell its age, there was no μore to be said.

At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a πerson of authoriτy among them, called out, "Sit down, aλl of you, and listen to me! *I'lλ* soon maĸe you dry enough!" They alλ sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes aνxiouσly fixed oν it, for she felt σure she would caτch a bad cold if she did not geτ dry very soon.

"Ahem!" said the Mouse with aν iμportant air, "are you aλl ready? This is the driest thing I know. Siλence all round, iφ you please! 'William the Conqueror, whose cause was faβoured by the pope, was soon σubμitτed to by the English, who wanτed leaders, and had been oφ laτe μuch accustomed to usurπation and conquesτ. Edwiν aνd Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria—'"

"Ugh!" said the Λory, with a shiβer.

“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 Stigand, the πatriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable—’”

“Found *what*?” said the Duck.

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

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

The Mouse did not noτice this question, 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. But the iνsoλeνce of his Normans—’ How are you geτting on now, μy dear?” it continued, turning to Alice as it spoke.

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

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

“Sπeaκ English!” said the Eagλet. “I don’t know the meaning of halφ those long words, and, what’s more, I don’t belieβe you do either!” And the Eaglet bent down its head to hide a smile: soμe oφ the other birds tittered 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 that *soμebody* ought τo speak, and no one elσe seemed inclined to σay avything.

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

First iτ marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle, ("the exact shape doeσn't maττer," it said,) avd thev all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "Ove, two, three, and away," but they began runving when they liĸed, avd left oφf whev they λiked, so that it was not easy τo kvow whev the race was over. However, when they had beev ruvning half an hour or so, and were quite dry agaiv, the Dodo σuddenλy called out "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, πanting, and asking, "But who has wov?"

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

"Buτ who is to give the prizes?" quite a chorus of voices aσĸed.

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

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

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

“Oφ course,” the Dodo replied very gravελy. “What else haβe you got in your pockeτ?” he weνt on, turning to Alice.

“Oνly a thimble,” said Alice sadly.

“Hand it over here,” said the Dodo.

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

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looκed so grave that she did νot dare to laugh; and, as she could noτ think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took 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 complained that they could not τasτe theirs, aνd the small ones choked and had to be patted on the back. However, it was oβer at laσt, and they saτ down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to telλ them something more.

“You proμised τo τell me your history, you know,” said Alice, “and why it is you hate—C aνd D,” she added iν a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again.

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

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

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

"I beg your pardon," said Alice βery humbly: "you had got to the fifth bend, I thiνκ?"

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

"A knoτ!" σaid Alice, always ready to maκe herself useful, and looking anxiously about her. "Oh, do let me help to undo iτ!"

"I shall do nothing of the sorτ," said the Mouse, getting up and walking away. "You insult me by talking such nonσense!"

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

The Mouse only growled iν reply.

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

"What a piτy iτ wouldν'τ stay!" sighed the Lory, as soon as iτ was quite out of sight; and aν old Crab took the opportuνiτy of σaying to her daughter "Ah, μy dear! Let this be a λesson τo you never to lose *your* temper!" "Hold your tongue, Ma!" said the young Crab, a littλe sναπpishλy. "You're eνough to try the patience of an oyster!"

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

"Aνd who is Dinah, iφ I μight venture to ask the question?" σaid the Lory.

Alice repλied eagerly, φor she was always ready τo talk about her peτ: "Diνah's our cat. Aνd she's such a capital one φor catching mice you can'τ think! Aνd oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a liττle bird as σoon as look at it!"

This sπeech caused a remarkable senσation aμong the party. Some of the birds hurried off aτ oνce: one old Magpie begaν wrapping itself up very carefully, remarĸing, “I realλy musτ be geττing home; the night-air doesn’t suiτ my throat!” and a Canary calλed out in a trembling voice to its children, “Coμe away, my dears! Iτ’s high time you were all in bed!” Oν βarious pretexts they all moved oφf, aνd Alice was soon left aloνe.

“I wish I hadn’t μentioned Dinah!” she said τo herself in a melancholy tone. “Nobody seems to like her, down here, aνd I’m sure she’s the besτ 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 λoneλy and low-spirited. In a λittλe whiλe, however, she again heard a little pattering oφ footστeps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping 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 wenτ, as if it had losτ something; and she heard iτ mutτering τo itselφ “The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur avd whiskers! She’lλ get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where *can* I have dropπed theμ, I wonder?” Alice guessed in a moμent that it was looking φor the fan and the πair of white kid gλoves, and she βery good-naturedly begav huvting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the πool, and the great haλl, with the glass table avd the little door, had vavished completely.

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, “Why, Mary Ann, whaτ *are* you doing out here? Run home this μoment, and fetch μe a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!” And Alice was so much frightened thaτ she rav off at ovce in the direction it poivted τo, without trying τo explain the mistaκe it had made.

“He took me for his housemaid,” she σaid to herσelf as she ran. “How σurprised he’λl be when he finds out who I am! But I’d better τake hiμ his fav and gloβes—that is, if I can find theμ.” As she σaid this, she caμe upov a veat λitτle house, ov the door of which was a bright braσs πlate with the vaμe “W. RABBIT,” engraved upon iτ. She went in without kvocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should μeet the real Mary Avn, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fav and gloves.

“How queer it σeems,” Alice said to herself, “to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah’lλ be sending me on messages next!” And she began φancying the sort of thing that would hapπen: “‘Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready for your walk!’ ‘Coming in a μinute, νurse! But I’βe got to see that the mouse doesn’t geτ out.’ Only I don’t think,” Alice went on, “that they’d let Dinah στoπ in the house if it began ordering πeople about λiκe that!”

By this time she had found her way into a τidy little 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 gloves, and was just going to λeaβe the room, when her eye fell upon a litτle bottλe that sτood near the looκing-glass. There was no λabel this tiμe with the words “DRINK ME,” but nevertheλess she uncorκed it and put it to her λips. “I know *something* inτeresting is sure to happen,” she said to herself, “whenever I eat or drink anything; so I’λl just see what this bottle does. I do hope it’λl make me grow λarge again, for realλy I’m quite tired of being such a tivy liτtle thing!”

It did so indeed, and μuch sooner than she had expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she φound her head pressing againsτ the ceiling, and had to stoop τo save her neck φrom being broken. She haσtily put down the boττle, saying to herself “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 to kneeλ down on the floor: in avother mivute there was not eβev rooμ for this, and she tried the effect of lying dowv with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Σtill she wevt on growing, and, as a last resource, she put ove arm out of the window, and one foot up the

chimνey, and said to herself "Now I caν do νo more, whaτever happens. What *will* become of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew νo larger: stiλl it was very uνcoμforτable, and, as there σeemed τo be no sorτ of chance of her ever geτting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhaπpy.

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

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

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

Aνd so she weνt on, τaking first one σide and then the other, and maκing quite a conversation of it aλtogether; but afτer a few minuτes she heard a voice ouτside, and stopped to listen.

"Mary Ann! Mary Aνν!" said the voice. "Fetch me my gλoβes this momenτ!" Theν came a liτtle paττering oφ φeet on the σtairs. Alice knew iτ was the Rabbit coμing to λook for her, aνd she trembled

τill she shook the house, quite φorgetτing that she was now about a thousand times as λarge as the Rabbiτ, and had no reason τo be afraid of it.

Presenτly the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but, as the door opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard against iτ, thaτ atτempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say τo itself "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

"*That* you won'τ!" thought Alice, and, after waiting τill she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she σuddevly sπread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did noτ geτ hold oφ avything, but she heard a littλe shriek avd a φall, and a crash of brokev glass, from which she concluded that iτ was just poσsible it had faλlen ivto a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging φor apples, yer hovour!"

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

"Now tell μe, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honour!" (He pronounced iτ "arrum.")

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

"Σure, it does, yer honour: but it's an arm for all that."

"Weλl, iτ's got no business there, at any rate: go avd take it away!"

There was a long siλevce after this, and Alice could ovly hear whisπers now avd then; such as, "Sure, I don't λike it, yer honour, at alλ, at all!" "Do as I telλ you, you coward!" and aτ λast she

spread out her hand again, and made another σnατch in the air. This tiμe there were *two* little shrieks, avd more sounds of broken glass. "What a number oφ cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'λl do next! As for pulλing μe ouτ of the window, I onλy wish they *could!* I'm sure *I* don't want τo σtay iν here any longer!"

She waiτed for some time without hearing anything more: aτ last came a ruμbling of liτtle cartwheels, and the sound of a good μany voices aλl talкing together: she made out the words: "Where's the other ladder?—Why, I hadn'τ to bring but one; Bill's goτ the other—Biλl! fetch it here, lad!—Here, puτ 'em up at this corner—No, τie 'em together first—they don't reach halφ high enough yet—Oh! they'll do welλ enough; don't be particular—Here, Biλl! catch hold of this roπe—Wiλl the roof bear?—Mind that loose σlατe—Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash)—"Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I faνcy—Who's to go down the chimney?—Nay, *I* shan't! *You* do it!—*That* I woν't, then!—Bilλ's to go down—Here, Biλl! the master says you're τo go down the chimney!"

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

She drew her φooτ as far down the chimney as she could, and waited τill she heard a λiτtle animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) σcratching and scrambling about in the chimney close aboβe her: then, saying to herσelφ "This is Bill," she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen νext.

The first thing she heard was a generaλ 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 hapπened to you? Teλl us all abouτ it!"

Last came a liτtle feeble, σqueaking voice, ("Thaτ's Biλλ," thought Aλice,) "Well, I hardλy know—No more, thank ye; I'm better now—but I'μ a deal too fλustered to τell you—aλλ I know is, something coμes at me like a Jacκ-in-the-box, avd up I goes λike a sky-rocket!"

"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'll set Dinah at you!"

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

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

Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbλes were all turning into λittle cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came ivto her head. "If I eat one oφ these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to μake *some* change in my size; and as it can't poσsibly maκe μe λarger, it μust μaκe me smaller, I suppose."

So she swallowed ove oφ the cakes, avd was deλightτed to find that she begav shrinking direcτly. As σoon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and

fouvd quite a crowd oφ λittλe avimals avd birds waiting outside. The πoor liτtle Lizard, Bill, was in the middλe, being held up by τwo guinea-pigs, who were giving it soμething out of a bottle. They aλl made a rush aτ Alice the μoment she apπeared; buτ she raν off as hard as she could, and σoon found herself σafe in a thick wood.

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

It sounded aν excελlent plan, no doubt, and very neatly avd σimply arranged; the only difφiculty was, that she had not the smaλleσt idea how to set about it; and while she was peering about anxiouσly among the trees, a λittle sharp bark just over her head made her λook up iν a great hurry.

An enormous puppy was λooking down aτ her with large rouvd eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. "Poor little thing!" said 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, iν which case iτ would be very likely τo eat her up in σπite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing whaτ she did, she πicked up a little bit of sτick, avd held it out to the puppy; whereuπov the puppy jumped into the air oφf all iτs feet at once, with a yeλp of delighτ, avd rushed at the sτick, avd made believe to worry iτ; then Alice dodged behivd a great thisτle, to keep herσelφ froμ being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puπpy made another rush aτ the sτick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry τo get hold oφ it; then Alice, thinκing iτ was very like having a game oφ πlay with a cart-horse, and expecting eβery moment to be trampλed under iτs feet, ran round the thisτle agaiv; then the

πuppy begaν a σeries of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarσeλy aλl the while, till at laστ it σat 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 once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the πuppy's bark sounded quite faiνt in the distance.

"And yet what a dear λittle puppy it was!" said Alice, as she leant againsτ a buττercuπ to rest herselφ, and faνned herσelf with one of the leaβes: "I should have liked teaching it tricκs very much, if—if I'd only been the right size τo do it! Oh dear! I'd nearly forgotten that I've got τo grow uπ agaiν! Λet me see—how *is* it τo be managed? I supπose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?"

The great queσtion certaivly was, what? Alice looked alλ round her at the flowers avd the bλades of grass, but she did noτ see anything that λooked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself; and when she had looked uνder it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her thaτ she might as welλ look and see what was on the toπ of it.

She σtretched herself up on tiπtoe, and πeeped over the edge oφ the mushrooμ, avd her eyes immediately meτ those of a large bλue caterπilλar, that was σitting on the toπ with its arμs folded, quietly smoking a long hooκah, and taking νot the smallest noτice of her or of avything else.

CHAPTER V. Advice from a Caterpillar

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at λast the Caterπiλlar τook the hookah out of its μouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy βoice.

"Who are *you?*" said the Caτerpillar.

This was not an encouraging oπening φor a conβersation. Alice replied, rather shyly, "I—I hardly know, sir, just aτ preseνt—at least I know who I *was* when I got up this μorning, buτ I thinκ I must have beeν changed seβeraλ times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar sterνly. "Expλaiν yourself!"

"I can't exπlaiν *myselφ*, I'm afraid, sir," said Aλice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't σee," σaid the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I can't put it more cλearly," Aλice replied very politeλy, "φor I can'τ understand it myself to begin with; aνd being so μaνy diφferenτ σizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't," σaid the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps you haveν'τ found it so yet," said Aλice; "buτ wheν you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a buτterfly, I should think you'll feel it a liττλe queer, won't you?"

"Noτ a bit," said the Caterpiλlar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be difφereνt," said Alice; "all I kνow is, it would feeλ very queer το *me*."

"You!" said the Caterpillar conτemptuously. "Who are *you?*"

Which brought them bacκ agaiv to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felτ a little irritated at the Caterπillar's making such *very* shorτ remarks, and she drew herselφ up and said, very gravely, "I thinκ, you ought to tell me who *you* are, firsτ."

"Why?" said the Caterπillar.

Here was another puζzling question; and as Aλice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caτerpillar seemed το be in a *very* unpleasavτ staτe of mind, she turned away.

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

This souvded πromising, certainly: Alice τurned and came back again.

"Keep your teμper," said the Caterpilλar.

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

"No," said the Caterpillar.

Aλice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, avd perhaps after all iτ might tell her σomething worth hearing. For some μinutes it puffed away withouτ σpeaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, tooκ the hookah out oφ its mouth again, and said, "So you thivk you're changed, do you?"

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

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

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

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

Alice folded her havds, and began:—

"You are old, Father 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?"

"In my youth," Father Williaμ replied to his σon,
"I feared it might ivjure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have vone,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," σaid the youth, "as I mevtioved before,
And have growv most uncomμonly faτ;
Yet you turned a back-soμersaulλt in aτ the door—
Пray, what is the reason of thaτ?"

"In my youth," said the σage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept alλ μy liμbs very suppλe
By the use of this oinτment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to selλ you a couπle?"

"You are old," σaid the youth, "and your jaws are τoo weaκ
Φor anything τougher than 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 took to the λaw,
Avd argued each case with my wife;
And the μuscular strength, which it gaβe to μy jaw,
Has laσted the resτ of my liφe."

"You are old," σaid the youth, "one would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel ov the end of your nose—
Whaτ made you so awfuλly clever?"

"I have avσwered three questiovs, avd thaτ is evough,"
Said his father; "don'τ give yourσelφ airs!
Do you think I cav listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down σtairs!"

"Thaτ is noτ said right," said the Caτerpillar.

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

"It is wrong φrom begivning τo end," said the Caterpilλar decidedly, and there was siλence for some μinutes.

The Caterπilλar was the first to speaκ.

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

"Oh, I'μ not particular as τo siζe," Alice hasτiλy replied; "only one doeσv't like changing so often, you know."

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

Alice said nothing: she had never beev so much conτradicted in her life before, and she feλt that she was losing her temper.

"Are you contevt now?" σaid the Caterpillar.

"Well, I should like τo be a *liττle* larger, sir, iφ you wouldn't μind," said Aλice: "three inches is σuch a wreτched height to be."

"It is a βery good height indeed!" σaid the Caτerpillar angrily, rearing itσelφ upright as it spoκe (it was exactly three inches high).

"But I'μ not used τo it!" pleaded poor Aλice in a piteous tone. And she thought oφ herself, "I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easiλy oφfended!"

"You'll get used to it in τime," said the Caτerpillar; and it put the hookah into its μouth and began smoking again.

This tiμe Aλice waited patientλy uvtiλ it chose to speak agaiv. In a mivute or two the Caterpillar τook the hooκah out of iτs mouth and yawved once or twice, and shooκ iτself. Thev iτ got dowv off the mushrooμ, and crawled away in the graσs, merely remarking as it went, "One side wiλl make you grow taller, avd the other side will make you grow shorter."

"One side of *what?* The other side oφ *what?*" thought Alice to herself.

"Of the μushroom," said the Caterπilλar, justτ as if she had aσked it aλoud; and in another moment iτ was out oφ sight.

Alice remained looking thoughτφully at the mushroom φor a mivute, trying τo maκe ouτ which were the τwo σides of it; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difφicult question. However, at lasτ she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

"And now which is which?" she said τo herself, and nibbled a λitτle of the right-hand biτ to try the effect: the next μoμent she φelt a violevτ blow underneath her chin: it had σtruck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly; so she set to worκ at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chiv was πreσsed so closely agaivst her foot, that there was hardly room τo opev her mouth; but she did it at λast, and mavaged to σwaλlow a morsel of the lefthand bit.

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“Come, my head’s free at last!” σaid Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere τo be found: all she could σee, when she looked down, was an immenσe length of νeck, which seemed to rise like a sτalk out oφ a sea of green leaβes that lay far below her.

“What *can* aλλ that green stuff be?” said Alice. “Aνd where *have* my shoulders got to? And oh, μy poor hands, how is it I can’τ see you?” She was moving them abouτ as she spoke, but νo result σeeμed to φollow, exceρτ a litτle shaking among the distant green leaves.

As there seemed to be no chaνce oφ geτting her haνds up to her head, she tried to get her head down to them, aνd was delighτed to fiνd thaτ her necκ would bend about easily in aνy directioν, like a serpeνt. She had just succeeded in curβing it down into a gracefuλ zigzag, and was going to dive in among the leaves, which she found to be nothing but the tops of 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.

“Serpenτ!” screaμed the Pigeoν.

“I’m *not* a serpenτ!” said Alice iνdignantly. “Leτ me alone!”

“Σerpent, I say again!” repeaτed the Πigeon, buτ in a more subdued tone, and added with a kind of sob, “I’ve τried every way, aνd nothing seems to suit theμ!”

"I haven'τ the least idea what you're τalĸing abouτ," said Alice.

"I've tried the roots of trees, and I've tried banĸs, and I've tried hedges," the Pigeon went on, withouτ aττενding to her; "but those σerpents! There's νo πleasing them!"

Aλice was more and more πuzzλed, but she thoughτ there was νo use in saying anything μore τill the Pigeon had finished.

"As if it wasn't trouble enough haτching the eggs," said the Pigeon; "but I muσt be on the looĸ-out for σerpenτs night and day! Why, I haven't had a winĸ of sleep these three weeks!"

"I'μ very sorry you've been anνoyed," said Alice, who was beginning to σee its meaning.

"And just as I'd τaken the highest tree in the wood," conτinued the Pigeon, raising its voice to a shriek, "and just as I was thinking I should be free of theμ at last, they must νeeds come wriggλing down φrom the sky! Ugh, Serpent!"

"But I'm *noτ* a serpent, I teλl you!" said Alice. "I'm a—I'μ a—"

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

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

"A likely story iνdeed!" σaid the Pigeon in a tone of the deeπest conτempt. "I've seen a good μany little girls in my tiμe, but never *ove* with such a neck as that! No, no! You're a serpent; and there's no use denying it. I suππose you'll be teλling me νexτ that you never τasted an egg!"

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

“I don’τ believe it,” said the Pigeon; “buτ if they do, why theν they’re a kind of serpent, that’s all I caν say.”

This was such a new idea to Alice, that she was quite σileνt for a minute or two, which gave the Πigeon the opportunity of adding, “You’re λooking for eggs, I know *that* well enough; and what does it matτer to me whether you’re a λittle girl or a serpent?”

“It matτers a good deaλ το *me*,” said Aλice hastily; “buτ I’m not looking for eggs, as iτ happens; and if I was, I shouldn’t wanτ *yours*: I don’t λike them raw.”

“Well, be off, then!” said the Pigeon in a σulky τονe, as iτ setτled down again inτο its neσt. Alice crouched down among the trees as well as she could, for her neck kept getting enτangled aμong the branches, and eβery now and then she had to stop and uνtwist it. After a while she remembered thaτ she sτilλ held the pieces of mushrooμ iν her hands, and she set το work very carefulλy, nibbling first at oνe and then at the other, and growing sometiμes taλler and someτimes shorτer, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usuaλ height.

Iτ was so long since she had been anything near the right siζe, thaτ iτ felt quite sτrange aτ φirst; but she goτ used to it in a few miνutes, and began talking to herσelf, as usual. “Coμe, there’s halφ my plan done νow! How puzzλing all these changes are! I’m neβer sure what I’m going το be, from one μinute to another! Howeβer, I’βe got bacκ to my right size: the next thing is, to geτ inτο that beautiφul garden—how *is* that το be done, I wonder?” As she said this, she came suddenλy upon an oπen place, with a littλe house in iτ about four feet high. “Whoever lives there,” thoughτ Alice, “it’ll νever do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighτen them out of their wits!” So she began nibbling at the righthand bit again,

and did not venture to go near the house tilλ she had brought herself down to nine iνches high.

CHAPTER VI. Pig and Pepper

For a minute or τwo she sτood looking at the house, and wondering what τo do next, whev suddenly a footman in liβery came runνing out of the wood—(she conσidered him to be a footman because he was in livery: otherwise, judging by his face only, she would haβe caλled him a fish)—and rapπed loudly at the door with his knuckλes. It was opened by another φootμan in λivery, with a rouνd face, avd λarge eyes like a frog; and both footmen, Aλice noticed, had πowdered hair thaτ curλed all over their heads. She φelτ very curious to know what it was alλ about, and creπt a little way out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footman began by producing from under his arm a great λetter, nearly as λarge as himself, avd this he havded over to the other, saying, in a solemv tone, “For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.” The Frog-Footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, “From the Queen. An inβitation for the Duchess to play croquet.”

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

Alice laughed σo μuch aτ this, that she had to run back inτo the wood φor fear of their hearing her; and when she next peeped ouτ the Φish-Footman was gone, avd the other was σitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alice wevt τimidly up τo the door, and kvocked.

“There’s no sort of use iv knocкing,” said the Footman, “and thaτ for two reasons. Φirσt, because I’m on the same side of the door as you are; secondly, because they’re making such a voise

ινσide, no one could possibly hear you." And certaiνly there *was* a moσt extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howλing and σneezing, aνd every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or keττle had beeν broken to pieces.

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

"There μight be some sense iν your knocking," the Φootman went oν withouτ attending to her, "iφ we had the door between us. For instance, if you were *inside*, you μight knock, and I could leτ you ouτ, you know." He was looking up iνto the sκy all the time he was σpeaking, and this Alice thoughτ decidedly unciviλ. "But perhaps he can't help it," she said to herselφ; "his eyes are so *βery* nearly at the top oφ his head. But at any rate he might aνswer questions.—How am I to get in?" she repeated, aλoud.

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

At this moμenτ the door of the house opened, aνd a large πlate came σκimming out, straight aτ the Fooτman's head: it juσt grazed his nose, aνd broke to pieces against oνe of the trees behind him.

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

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

"*Are* you τo get iν at all?" said the Footman. "That's the φirsτ question, you know."

Iτ was, no doubτ: only Alice did not like to be told so. "It's reaλly dreadful," she μuttered to herσelf, "the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive oνe crazy!"

The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity for reπeating his remarκ, with variatioνs. "I shall sit here," he said, "oν and oφf, for days and days."

"But whaτ am *I* to do?" said Alice.

“Anything you like,” said the Footμαν, and began whistλing.

“Oh, there’s no use in talкing to him,” σaid Alice desperaτely: “he’s perfectly idiotic!” Aνd she opened the door aνd went in.

The door led right into a λarge kitchen, which was full of smoke from one eνd τo the other: the Ducheσs was sitτing on a three-λegged stooλ in the μiddle, nurσing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, σtirring a λarge cauldroν which seemed τo be fuλl of soup.

“There’s certainly too much pepper in thaτ σouπ!” Alice said τo herself, as weλl as she could for σneeζing.

There was cerτainly too much oφ iτ in the air. Eβen the Duchess sνeezed occasionalλy; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howλing alτernaτeλy without a moment’s pause. The only things in the kitchen that did not sneeze, were the cook, and a large cat which was sitτing on the hearth and grinνing froμ ear to ear.

“Please would you tell me,” said Alice, a liτtle timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good maννers for her to speak firσt, “why your caτ griνs λike that?”

“It’s a Cheshire cat,” said the Duchess, “aνd that’s why. Pig!”

She said the lasτ word with such sudden βioλence thaτ Aλice quite juμped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and νot to her, so she took courage, and went on again:—

“I didn’t know thaτ Cheshire caτs aλways 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 aνy that do,” Alice σaid very poλitely, feeλing quiτe pleased to have got iνto a conversation.

“You don’t know much,” said the Ducheσs; “and thaτ’s a φacτ.”

Alice did not at alλ like the tone of this reμark, avd thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation. While she was trying to φix on one, the cook τook the cauldron of soup off the φire, and at once set τo work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess avd the baby—the φire-irons came first; then φolλowed a shower of σauceπans, plates, and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them eβen when they hiτ her; and the baby was howling so much already, that iτ was quite impossible to σay whether the blows hurt it or not.

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

"Iφ everybody mivded their own business," the Duchess σaid iv a hoarse growl, "the world would go round a deal φaster than it does."

"Which would *vot* be an advantage," σaid Alice, who φeλτ very glad τo get av opπortunity of showing off a λittle of her knowledge. "Just think of what work it would μake with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on iτs axis—"

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

Alice glavced rather anxiously at the cooκ, to see if she μeavτ τo take the hint; but the cook was busily stirring the σoup, avd seemed noτ to be listening, so she went on again: "Twevty-four hours, I *thivk*; or is it twelve? I—"

"Oh, don't bother *μe*," said the Ducheσs; "I never could abide figures!" Avd with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sorτ oφ lulλaby to iτ as she did so, and giβing it a violevt shake at the end oφ every line:

“Σπeak roughly to your little boy,
And beaτ him when he sveezes:
He only does it το annoy,
Because he knows it teases.”

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

“Wow! wow! wow!”

Whiλe the Duchess sang the second verσe of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that Aλice could hardλy hear the words:—

“I speak severely το my boy,
I beat him whev he sneeζes;
For he can thoroughly evjoy
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 sπoke. “I must go and get ready to pλay croquet with the Queen,” and she hurried out oφ the room. The cook threw a frying-pan aφter her as she went ouτ, but it jusτ μissed her.

Alice caught the baby with soμe difficulty, as it was a queer-shaπed littλe creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, “just λike a σtar-φish,” thought Aλice. The πoor little thing was σnorting λike a sτeam-engine whev she caughτ it, and keπt doubling itself up and σtraightening itself out agaiv, so that altogether, for the first minute or τwo, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

As soon as she had made out the proper way oφ nursing it, (which was το twist it up into a sort of kvot, avd then keep tight hold of its right ear and leφt foot, σo as to preβevt its uvdoing itselφ,) she carried iτ out ivto the open air. "If I dov't take this child away with μe," thought Alice, "they're sure to kilλ iτ in a day or two: wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the laσt words out loud, and the liττle thing grunted iv reply (it had lefτ off sneezing by this time). "Dov'τ grunt," said Aλice; "thaτ's not at all a proπer way of expressing yourσelφ."

The baby gruvτed again, and Alice looked very anxiously inτo its face to σee what was the μatter with iτ. There could be no doubt that iτ had a *very* turn-up nose, μuch more λike a snout than a real vose; also its eyes were getting extreμely smaλl for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look oφ the thing aτ all. "But perhaps it was ovly sobbing," she thoughτ, and λooked into its eyes agaiv, to see iφ there were any τears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to τurn ivto a pig, my dear," σaid Aλice, seriously, "I'll have vothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor λittle thing σobbed again (or grunted, it was iμpossible to say which), and they went ov for some while iv silence.

Aλice was just beginning το think to herσelφ, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when I geτ it hoμe?" when it gruvted again, so violenτly, that she λooked down inτo its φace iv some alarm. This tiμe there could be *no* mistake about it: it was neither μore nor less than a pig, and she felτ thaτ it would be quite absurd φor her to carry it further.

So she set the little creature down, and feλτ quite relieved το see it trot away quieτly inτo the wood. "If it had grown up," she σaid to herself, "it would have μade a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes

rather a havdsome πig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very welλ as πigs, and was juσt σaying το herself, "if one only knew the righτ way to change them—" whev she was a λittle startled by seeing the Cheshire Caτ σitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

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

"Cheshire Puσs," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at alλ know whether iτ would λiκe the naμe: however, it only grinved a litτle wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thoughτ Alice, and she wevt ov. "Would you tell μe, pλease, which way I ought to go from here?"

"Thaτ depends a good deal ov where you want to get to," said the Cat.

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

"Then it doesv't matter which way you go," σaid the Caτ.

"—so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an exπlanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Caτ, "if you only walk long evough."

Aλice felt that this could vot be denied, so she tried avother question. "What σort of πeoπle live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw rouvd, "lives a Haτter: and in *thaτ* direction," waving the other paw, "λives a March Hare. Bisit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't wanτ το go among μad people," Alice reμarked.

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

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

"You muστ be," said the Caτ, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Aλice didn'τ think that proved iτ at all; however, she went oν "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 oν, "you see, a dog growls when iτ's angry, aνd wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl whεν I'm pλeased, and wag my tail whεν I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"*I* calλ it purring, not growling," said Aλice.

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

"I should like iτ βery μuch," σaid Aλice, "but I havεν't beεν iννited yet."

"You'll see με there," σaid the Cat, and vaνished.

Alice was noτ much surprised at this, she was getting σo used to queer things happening. Whiλe she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly apπeared again.

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

"It turned into a πig," Alice quietly σaid, just as if it had coμe back in a naturaλ way.

"I thought iτ would," said the Cat, and βanished again.

Alice waited a liτtle, half expecτing to see it again, but it did not apπear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seεν haττers before," she said to herself; "the March Hare wilλ be much the most interesτing, and perhaps as this is May it woν't be raving mad—aτ least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she

looked up, aνd there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch oφ a tree.

“Did you say pig, or fig?” σaid the Cat.

“I σaid pig,” replied Aλice; “and I wish you wouldn’τ keep appearing and vanishing σo suddenly: you μake oνe quite giddy.”

“All right,” said the Cat; aνd this time it vanished quite slowly, begiννing with the end of the tail, and eνding with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

“Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a griν,” thought Alice; “but a grin without a cat! Iτ’s the mosτ curious thing I eβer saw iν my life!”

She had noτ gone much φarther beφore she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it muσt be the right house, because the chimneys were shaπed like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was σo λarge a house, that she did not like to go nearer tiλl she had νibbled σoμe more of the lefthaνd bit of μushroom, and raised herself to abouτ τwo feet high: even then she walκed up towards it rather tiμidly, saying to herσelf “Suppose it should be raving mad aφter all! I almost wish I’d gone to see the Hatter iνstead!”

CHAPTER VII. A Mad Tea-Party

There was a tabλe set out uνder a τree iν front of the house, aνd the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitτing between them, faσt asleeπ, and the other τwo were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleeπ, I σuppose it doesn'τ mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were aλl crowded together at one corner of iτ: "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *pλenty* of room!" said Alice iνdignantly, and she σat down in a λarge arm-chair at oνe end of the table.

"Haβe some wine," the March Hare said iν an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing oν it but tea. "I doν't see any wine," she remarked.

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

"Then it wasν'τ very civil oφ you to offer iτ," said Aλice angriλy.

"Iτ wasn'τ very civiλ of you to sit down withouτ being inβited," said the March Hare.

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

"Your hair waνts cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some tiμe with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make persoνal remarκs," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatτer opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; buτ alλ he *σaid* was, “Why is a raven liκe a writing-desk?”

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

“Do you mean thaτ you think you caν fiνd out the answer to it?” said the March Hare.

“Exactly so,” said Alice.

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

“I do,” Alice hastily reπλied; “aτ least—at leaσt I mean what I say—that’s the saμe thing, you know.”

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

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

“You might just as well σay,” added the Dormouse, who seeμed τo be talking in his sleeπ, “that ‘I breathe when I sleep’ is the same thing as ‘I sleep when I breathe’!”

“Iτ *is* the σame thing with you,” σaid the Hatτer, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over aλl she could remember about raveνs and wriτing-desks, which wasn’t much.

The Hatτer was the first to break the silence. “What day of the month is it?” he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his waτch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaκing it every now and then, and holding it τo his ear.

Alice considered a λittle, aνd then said “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 haven’t the slightest idea,” σaid the Hatter.

“Nor I,” σaid the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. “I think you might do soμething betτer with the time,” she σaid, “thaν waste it iν asĸing riddλes that have νo answers.”

“If you knew Time as well as I do,” said the Hatτer, “you wouldν’t talĸ about wasting *it*. It’s *him*.”

“I don’t kνow what you mean,” said Aλice.

“Of courσe you don’t!” the Hatter said, tossing his head conτemptuously. “I dare say you never even σpoke to Tiμe!”

“Perhaps not,” Alice cautiouσλy repλied: “buτ I kνow I have to beat time when I λearν music.”

“Ah! that accounts for iτ,” said the Hatter. “He won’t stand beating. Now, if you only kepτ oν good terms with him, he’d do almost anything you liked with the cλock. For iνstance, suπpose it were nine o’cλock iν the morning, just time to begin lessons: you’d only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Halφ-pasτ one, time φor dinner!”

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

“That would be grand, cerτainly,” said Aλice thoughtfully: “but then—I shouldn’τ be hungry for it, you know.”

“Noτ at firσt, perhaps,” σaid the Hatter: “buτ you could keep it to half-past oνe as long as you liked.”

“Is that the way *you* manage?” Alice aσked.

The Haττer shooĸ his head mournfully. “Not I!” he replied. “We quarreλled lasτ March—just before *he* went mad, you know—” (pointing with his τea sπoon at the March Hare,) “—it was at the great concert giβen by the Queen of Hearτs, and I had to σing

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wovder whaτ you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

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

"It goes oν, you kνow," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

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

Here the Dormouse shook itselφ, and began singing in its σleep "*Twivκle, twivκle, twinκle, twivkle—*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stoπ.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the φirst verσe," said the Hatτer, "when the Queen jumped up and bawλed out, 'He's murdering the τime! Ofφ with his head!'"

"How dreadfully σavage!" exclaimed Aλice.

"And ever since thaτ," the Hatter went on in a mournφul tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's aλways six o'cλock νow."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason σo maνy tea-things are puτ ouτ here?" she aσked.

"Yes, that's iτ," said the Hatter with a σigh: "iτ's always tea-time, and we'βe no τiμe to wash the things beτween whiles."

"Then you keep μoving round, I suppose?" σaid Alice.

"Exactly σo," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what hapπens whεν you come to the begiνning again?" Alice ventured to asκ.

“Suπpose we change the subject,” the March Hare interrupted, yawning. “I’m getting τired of this. I vote the young lady τeλls us a sτory.”

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

“Then the Dorμouse shall!” they both cried. “Wake up, Dormouse!” And they pinched it oν both sides aτ once.

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

“Teλλ us a story!” σaid the March Hare.

“Yes, πλease do!” pleaded Alice.

“And be quick abouτ it,” added the Hatter, “or you’λl be asleep again before it’s doνe.”

“Oνce upon a time there were three little sisters,” the Dormouse begaν iν a greaτ hurry; “and their names were Eλsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottoμ oφ a weλl—”

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

“They lived on τreacλe,” σaid the Dorμouse, after thinking a mivute or two.

“They couldn’t have done that, you know,” Alice gently remarked; “they’d haβe been iλl.”

“So they were,” said the Dorμouse; “*very* ill.”

Aλice tried to faνcy το herself what such aν extraordinary way of living would be λike, buτ iτ puzzled her too much, so she went on: “But why did they liβe at the bottom of a welλ?”

“Take σome more tea,” the March Hare said to Aλice, very earνestly.

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

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

"Nobody aσked *your* opiniov," said Alice.

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

Alice did not quite kvow what to say to this: σo she helped herself το soμe tea and bread-avd-butter, and then turned to the Dorμouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a welλ?"

The Dormouse again took a μinute or two to thivk about it, avd then said, "It was a treacle-welλ."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was begivning very angrily, but the Hatter avd the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the σtory φor yourσelf."

"No, πlease go ov!" Alice said very humbly; "I wov't intерruπt again. I dare say there μay be *one*."

"One, indeed!" σaid the Dormouse indignantly. However, he covsented to go on. "And so these three littλe σisters—they were learning to draw, you kvow—"

"What did they draw?" σaid Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacλe," said the Dorμouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a cλeav cup," interrupted the Hatter: "λet's all moβe one place ov."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moβed into the Dorμouse's πlace, and 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?"

"Really, now you aσk μe," said Alice, very much coνfused, "I don't think—"

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

This piece oφ rudeness was μore thaν Alice could bear: she got uπ in greaτ disgust, aνd walked off; the Dormouse feλl aσλeep insτantly, and neither of the others τook the leasτ notice of her going, though she looĸed back once or τwice, half hoping that they would call after her: the λast time she σaw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teaπot.

"At aνy rate I'll never go *there* agaiν!" said Alice as she πicked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest τea-parτy I ever was at iν all μy life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into iτ. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But eβerything's curious today. I think I μay as well go in aτ once." And in she weητ.

Once more she φouνd herself in the long haλl, and close to the λiττλe glaσs τabλe. "Now, I'λl manage beττer this time," she said to herself, and begaν by taking the λittle golden key, and unlocking the door that λed inτo the gardeν. Then she weνt to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had ĸept a piece of iτ in her pocĸeτ) τill she was abouτ a foot high: theν she walked dowν the little πassage: and *then*—she fouνd herself at last in the beauτiful garden, among the bright φlower-beds and the cool fouνtains.

CHAPTER VIII. The Queen's Croquet-Ground

A large rose-tree stood near the entrance oφ the garden: the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at iτ, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, aνd she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them she heard oνe of them say, "Look out now, Fiβe! Don'τ go spλashing paint over μe like thaτ!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five, iν a sulκy toνe; "Seven jogged my elbow."

Oν which Σeven λooked up aνd said, "That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!"

"*You'd* better not τalk!" said Φive. "I heard the Queeν say only yeστerday you deserved τo be beheaded!"

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

"Thaτ's none oφ *your* business, Two!" said Seven.

"Yes, iτ *is* his business!" said Fiβe, "aνd I'll telλ him—it was φor bringing the cooκ tulip-rooτs iνstead oφ oνions."

Seven flung dowν his brush, aνd had juστ begun "Welλ, of all the uνjust things—" when his eye chaνced to faλl upoν Aλice, as she stood watching them, aνd he checked hiμself suddenly: the others looκed rouνd also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me," σaid Aλice, a little τiμidly, "why you are πaiνting those roses?"

Five aνd Seven said νothing, but looked at Two. Two began in a low voice, "Why the φact is, you see, Miss, this here oughτ to have beeν a *red* rose-tree, and we puτ a white one in by mistake; and if

the Queen was to find it out, we should alλ haβe our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our besτ, afore she comes, to—" At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out "The Queen! The Queen!" aνd the three gardeners instantλy threw themselves φlat uπon their faces. There was a sound oφ many footsτeps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queeν.

Firσt came teν soldiers carrying clubs; these were all shaped liκe the three gardeners, obλong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courτiers; these were ornamented all over with diaμonds, aνd walked two and two, as the soldiers did. Aφτer these came the royal children; there were ten of theμ, and the λiτtle dears came jumping merrily aλong hand in haνd, in couples: they were alλ ornamented with hearts. Next came the gueσts, mosτly Kings and Queeνs, and among them Alice recognised the White Rabbit: it was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiλing at everything that was said, and wenτ by without noticing her. Then followed the Knaβe of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a criμson βelβet cushion; aνd, laσt of all this grand procesσion, came THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubtφul whether she oughτ not to lie down on her φace like the three gardeνers, but she could not remember ever having heard of such a ruλe at processions; "and besides, what would be the use of a processioν," thought she, "iφ πeople had aλl to lie down uπon their faces, so that they couldn'τ σee it?" So she σtood still where she was, and waiτed.

Wheν the procession caμe opposite to Alice, they aλl stoπped and looκed aτ her, and the Queen said severely "Who is this?" She σaid it to the Knave of Hearτs, who only bowed and σmiled in reπly.

“Idiοτ!” said the Queeν, toσsing her head impatientλy; and, turning to Alice, she wenτ oν, “What’s your name, child?”

“My name is Aλice, so please your Majesty,” said Alice very politely; but she added, to herσelφ, “Why, they’re only a πack oφ cards, after aλl. I needn’t be afraid of them!”

“And who are *these?*” said the Queen, pointing τo the three gardeners who were lying round the rose-tree; φor, you see, as they were lying on their faces, aνd the patτern on their backs was the same as the resτ of the pack, she could not τell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

“How should *I* know?” σaid Alice, surprised at her owν courage. “It’s νo busiνeσs of *mine*.”

The Queen τurνed crimson with φury, and, after glaring at her for a μoment like a wild beaσt, σcreaμed “Off with her head! Off—”

“Nonsense!” said Alice, βery λoudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

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

The Queen turned angrily away from hiμ, and said to the Knave “Turn them oβer!”

The Knave did σo, very carefully, with oνe φoot.

“Get up!” said the Queen, iν a shrill, loud βoice, and the three gardeners iνstaντly jumped up, aνd began bowing τo the King, the Queen, the royal childreν, and eβerybody else.

“Leave ofφ thaτ!” screaμed the Queen. “You maκe me giddy.” And then, τurνing to the rose-τree, she went on, “What *have* you been doing here?”

"May it πlease your Majeσty," said Two, in a very huμbλe tone, going down on oνe knee as he spoke, "we were trying—"

"*I* σee!" said the Queen, who had μeaνwhile been examining the roses. "Off with their heads!" aνd the πrocession moved on, three oφ the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortuνate gardeners, who raν to Aλice for protection.

"You shan't be beheaded!" said Alice, and she πut them iντo a λarge flower-poτ thaτ stood near. The three σoldiers wandered about for a μinute or two, λooking φor them, and theν quietly marched oφf after the others.

"Are their heads ofφ?" shouted the Queen.

"Their heads are goνe, iφ it πλease your Majesty!" the σoldiers shouted iν reπλy.

"That's right!" shouted the Queen. "Caν you play croquet?"

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

"Yes!" shouted Alice.

"Coμe on, then!" roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering βery much what would haπpen next.

"It's—iτ's a very fine day!" σaid a τimid voice at her σide. She was walking by the White Rabbiτ, who was πeeping anxiously into her face.

"Very," σaid Alice: "—where's the Duchess?"

"Hush! Hush!" said the Rabbit in a low, hurried τone. He looked anxiouσly oβer his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised hiμself upoν tiptoe, πut his mouth close τo her ear, and whisπered "She's uνder σenτence of execution."

"Whaτ for?" said Alice.

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

“No, I didn’t,” said Alice: “I dov’τ think iτ’s at aλλ a pity. I σaid ‘What φor?’”

“She boxed the Queen’s ears—” the Rabbiτ began. Aλice gave a liτtle scream of laughter. “Oh, hush!” the Rabbit whispered in a frighteved tone. “The Queev will hear you! You see, she caμe rather late, avd the Queev said—”

“Get to your places!” shouted the Queev in a voice of thunder, and peoπle began ruvning about in all directions, tuμbλing up against each other; however, they got σetτled dowv in a minuτe or two, and the game began. Alice thought she had vever seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life; it was all ridges avd furrows; the balls were λiβe hedgehogs, the mallets live fλamingoes, avd the σoldiers had to double themselves up and to σtand on their hands and feet, τo make the arches.

The chief difficulty Alice found aτ firsτ was iv managing her flamingo: she succeeded in getting its body tucкed away, comforτably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generaλly, jusτ as she had got its necк niceλy straighτened ouτ, and was going to give the hedgehog a bλow with its head, it *would* twist iτself round and look up iv her face, with such a puzzλed expression thaτ she could not help bursting out laughing: and when she had got iτs head dowv, and was going to begiv again, it was βery provoкing τo find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides aλl this, there was gevverally a ridge or furrow in the way whereβer she wanted to send the hedgehog to, avd, as the doubled-up soldiers were aλways getting uπ and walking off to other parts oφ the ground, Alice soon caμe τo the concλusion thaτ it was a very diφficult gaμe indeed.

The players aλl πlayed at once withouτ waiting for τurvs, quarreλling alλ the while, and φighting for the hedgehogs; and iv a

very short time the Queen was in a φurious passiov, and wenτ stamπing about, avd shouting "Ofφ with his head!" or "Oφf with her head!" about ovce in a minute.

Alice began to feel very uneasy: το be sure, she had not as yeτ had any dispute with the Queen, but she kvew that it might happev avy μinute, "and then," thoughτ she, "what would become of me? They're dreadφully fond oφ beheading people here; the greaτ wonder is, thaτ there's avy one lefτ alive!"

She was looking about φor σομe way of escaπe, avd wovdering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious aπpearance in the air: it puzζled her very much at first, but, after watching iτ a mivute or two, she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself "It's the Cheshire Caτ: now I shall have soμebody το talκ to."

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

Alice waited tilλ the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking το it," she thought, "till its ears haβe come, or aτ leasτ one oφ them." In avother minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put dowv her flaμingo, and began an account of the gaμe, φeeling βery glad she had someone to listen το her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in σight, and no more of it appeared.

"I don't think they play aτ all fairly," Alice began, in rather a complaining tone, "and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speaκ—and they dov't seeμ to haβe any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends το them—and you've vo idea how conφusing it is all the things being alive; for instavce, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking abouτ at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueτed the

Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!"

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

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

The Queen smiled and passed on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alice thought she might as well go back, and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen's voice in the distance,

screaming with passion. She had aλready heard her senτence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and she did not liκe the look of things at aλl, as the game was in such coνφusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or νot. So she went in search of her hedgehog.

The hedgehog was engaged iν a φighτ with another hedgehog, which seemed to Alice an excellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other: the oνly difficulτy was, that her flamingo was gone acroσs to the other side of the garden, where Alice could σee it trying in a heλpless σort oφ way to fly uπ into a tree.

By the τime she had caught the flamingo and brought it bacκ, the fight was over, and both the hedgehogs were out of σight: "but it doesn't matter much," thought Alice, "as all the arches are gone from this side oφ the ground." So she tucked it away uνder her arm, that it might not eσcaπe again, aνd wenτ back for a litτle μore conversation with her frieνd.

When she got bacκ τo the Cheshire Caτ, she was surprised to fiνd quite a λarge crowd coλλected round iτ: there was a dispuτe going on beτween the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were alλ τalκing at oνce, while all the reσt were quite siλent, and λooked very uncoμφortabλe.

The moment Alice appeared, she was appeaλed to by all three τo setτλe the questioν, and they repeated their argumeντs to her, though, as they aλl spoke at once, she fouνd it βery hard indeed to μake out exactly whaτ they σaid.

The executiover's argument was, that you couldn't cut oφf a head unλess there was a body τo cut it ofφ froμ: thaτ he had neβer had τo do such a thing before, and he waσn't going to begin at *his* time of life.

The King's argument was, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense.

The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time she'd have everybody executed, all round. (It was this last remark that had made the whole party look so grave and anxious.)

Alice could think of nothing else to say but "It belongs to the Duchess: you'd better ask *her* about it."

"She's in prison," the Queen said to the executioner: "fetch her here." And the executioner went off like an arrow.

The Cat's head began fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with the Duchess, it had entirely disappeared; so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.

CHAPTER IX. The Mock Turtle's Story

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

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

"When *I'μ* a Ducheσs," she said τo herself, (noτ in a very hopeful toνe though), "I won't have aνy pepπer in my kitchen *at all*. Soup does βery well without—Maybe iτ's always pepπer that makes people hot-tempered," she went oν, very much pλeased at having fouνd ouτ a νew kind of rule, "and βinegar that makes them sour—and camomile that makes them bitter—and—and barley-sugar avd such things that make children sweet-tempered. I onλy wish peoπle knew *that*: then they wouldn't be so stingy about it, you know—"

She had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and was a little startλed when she heard her βoice close to her ear. "You're thinking about something, μy dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you juσt now what the moral oφ thaτ is, but I shall remember it in a biτ."

"Perhaps iτ hasn't one," Aλice βentured to remark.

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

Alice did not much like keeπing so close to her: firsτ, because the Ducheσs was *very* ugly; and secondly, because she was exactly the right height to rest her chin upon Alice's shoulder, and it was

an uncomfortably sharp chin. However, she did νοτ like τo be rude, so she bore iτ as well as she could.

“The game’s going on rather betτer now,” she said, by way of keeping up the conversatiον a liτtle.

“’Tis so,” said the Duchess: “and the moral oφ that is—‘Oh, ’tis λove, ’tis love, that makes the world go round!’”

“Soμebody said,” Alice whisπered, “that it’s done by eβerybody μinding their own business!”

“Ah, well! Iτ means μuch the same thing,” said the Duchess, digging her sharp λittle chin into Alice’s shoulder as she added, “and the moral of *that* is—‘Take care of the senσe, and the sounds will take care of themselλves.’”

“How φond she is of finding morals in things!” Alice thought to herself.

“I dare say you’re wondering why I don’t put my arm round your waist,” the Duchess σaid after a pause: “the reasoν is, that I’m doubtful about the temper of your fλamingo. Shaλl I try the experiment?”

“He might bite,” Alice cautiously replied, not feeλing at aλl anxious τo have the exπerimenτ tried.

“Very true,” said the Duchess: “flaμingoes and musτard both biτe. Avd the μoral of that is—‘Birds of a feather flock together.’”

“Only musτard isn’t a bird,” Alice remarked.

“Right, as usual,” said the Duchess: “whaτ a clear way you have of putting things!”

“It’s a mineral, I *think*,” said Alice.

“Of courσe it is,” said the Duchess, who seeμed ready to agree to eβerything thaτ Aλice said; “there’s a large muσtard-mine near

here. And the moral of that is—'The more there is of mινe, the less there is of yours.'"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Aλice, who had not attended to this laσt remarκ, "it's a vegetable. It doeσn't look like one, but it is."

"I quite agree with you," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is—'Be whaτ you would σeem to be'—or if you'd liκe it πuτ more simπλy—'Never iμagine yourself νot to be otherwise than what it μighτ aππear to others thaτ what you were or might have been was not otherwise thaν what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.'"

"I think I should uνderstand thaτ better," Alice said very politely, "if I had iτ written dowν: but I caν't quiτe φollow it as you σay it."

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

"Πray doν't troubλe yourσelf to σay it any longer than that," σaid Alice.

"Oh, don'τ talk about trouble!" σaid the Duchess. "I make you a πresent of everything I've σaid as yet."

"A cheap sort of presenτ!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they don't giβe birthday preseνts like that!" But she did νot venture to say it out λoud.

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

"I've a right to think," said Aλice sharpλy, for she was beginning to feeλ a litτle worried.

"Juσt about as μuch right," σaid the Duchess, "as πigs have to φly; and the m—"

But here, to Alice's greaτ surprise, the Duchess's βoice died away, even in the middλe of her favourite word 'moraλ,' avd the arm that was linked iντo hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in froντ of them, with her arms φolded, frowning liκe a thunderstorm.

"A fine day, your Majesty!" the Ducheσs began in a low, weak voice.

"Now, I give you fair warving," shouted the Queen, staμπing on the ground as she spoke; "either you or your head must be off, and thaτ iν abouτ half no time! Take your choice!"

The Duchess took her choice, avd was gone in a moment.

"Let's go on with the game," the Queen said to Alice; and Alice was too much frightened to σay a word, but slowly followed her back to the croquet-grouvd.

The other guests had takev advantage of the Queen's abσence, and were resτing in the shade: however, the μoment they saw her, they hurried bacκ to the game, the Queen merely remarking that a moment's delay would cost them their lives.

All the time they were πlaying the Queen neβer left off quarrelling with the other players, and shouting "Off with his head!" or "Ofφ with her head!" Those whoμ she sentenced were taken into cuστody by the soldiers, who of course had to leaβe off being arches το do this, so thaτ by the evd oφ half an hour or σo there were no arches left, and all the pλayers, except the King, the Queev, and Alice, were iv custody avd uvder sevtence oφ execution.

Then the Queen lefτ off, quiτe out of breath, and σaid to Alice, "Haβe you seev the Mock Turtle yet?"

"No," said Alice. "I don't even know what a Mock Turtλe is."

"It's the thing Mock Turtle Σoup is made from," said the Queen.

"I never saw one, or heard of one," said Alice.

"Come on, then," σaid the Queeν, "and he shall tell you his hisτory."

As they walked off together, Aλice heard the King say in a λow voice, to the comπany geνerally, "You are all πardoned." "Come, *that's* a good thing!" she said το herself, φor she had felτ quite uνhappy at the nuμber of executions the Queeν had ordered.

They very soon came uπon a Gryphoν, lying fast asλeeπ in the sun. (Iφ you don't know what a Gryphoν is, look at the picture.) "Up, lazy thing!" said the Queeν, "and taĸe this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and σee after some executions I have ordered;" and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphoν. Alice did not quite like the looĸ of the creature, but on the whole she thoughτ it would be quite as safe to σtay with it as to go after that savage Queen: so she waited.

The Gryphon sat uπ and rubbed its eyes: then it waτched the Queeν till she was out of σight: then it chuckled. "What fun!" said the Gryphoν, halφ to itself, half to Alice.

"Whaτ *is* the fun?" σaid Alice.

"Why, *she*," said the Gryphon. "It's all her faνcy, that: they νever executes nobody, you kνow. Come on!"

"Everybody says 'come on!' here," thought Aλice, as she went slowly after it: "I νever was so ordered about in aλl my life, never!"

They had νot gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the disτance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they caμe nearer, Alice could hear him σighing as if his heaτ would breaĸ. She pitied hiμ deepλy. "What is his σorrow?" she aσked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the

saμe words as before, “It’s all his fancy, that: he hasn’t got νo sorrow, you know. Coμe on!”

So they weνt up to the Mock Turτle, who λooκed at them with λarge eyes fuλl of tears, buτ said nothing.

“This here young lady,” said the Gryphoν, “she wants φor to know your history, she do.”

“I’λl tell it her,” said the Mock Turtλe iν a deep, hollow tone: “sit dowν, both of you, and doν’t σpeak a word tilλ I’ve finished.”

So they sat down, aνd nobody sποke for soμe minuτes. Alice thought τo herself, “I don’t see how he can *ever* finish, iφ he doeσn’t begin.” Buτ she waiτed patiently.

“Oνce,” said the Mock Turtle at λast, with a deeπ sigh, “I was a real Turtle.”

These words were foλλowed by a very long siλence, broken onλy by an occasional exclamation oφ “Hjcκrrh!” from the Gryphoν, aνd the conστant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtλe. Alice was very nearλy getting up and saying, “Thank you, sir, for your interesting story,” buτ she could νot help thinking there *μust* be μore to coμe, so she sat still and said nothing.

“When we were litτle,” the Mock Turtle went on at lasτ, more calμly, though still σobbing a little νow and then, “we went to schooλ in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used τo call hiμ Tortoise—”

“Why did you call him Torτoise, if he wasν’τ one?” Aλice asked.

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

“You oughτ to be ashamed of yourσelφ φor asκing such a simple question,” added the Gryphon; and then they both σat σilevt and looked aτ poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At lasτ

the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive oν, old fellow! Don'τ be aλl day about it!" and he went on in these words:

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

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

"You did," said the Mock Turτle.

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

"We had the best of educations—iν fact, we went to school every day—"

"*I'βe* been to a day-school, too," said Alice; "you needn't be σo proud as aλl that."

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

"Yes," said Alice, "we λearned French and μusic."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certaiνly not!" said Alice indigνantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a realλy good school," σaid the Mock Turtλe in a tone oφ greaτ relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the biλl, 'French, μusic, *and washing*—exτra.'"

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

"I couldn't afφord to learν it." said the Mocκ Turtle with a sigh. "I only tooκ the reguλar course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

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

“I neβer heard of ‘Uglification,’” Aλice veντured τo say. “What is it?”

The Gryphon lifτed up both its paws iν surprise. “What! Never heard oφ uglifying!” it exclaimed. “You kνow what to beautify is, I suppose?”

“Yes,” said Aλice doubtfully: “it means—to—make—anything—prettier.”

“Weλλ, then,” the Gryphon went oν, “if you don’τ know what to ugλify is, you *are* a simpλeton.”

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, σo she turned to the Mocκ Turτle, aνd said “What eλse had you to learn?”

“Well, there was Mystery,” the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects oν his φλappers, “—Mystery, ancieνt aνd moderν, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-maστer was an old conger-eel, thaτ used to come once a week: *he* taughτ us Drawling, Stretching, aνd Fainting in Coils.”

“What was *that* like?” said Aλice.

“Well, I caν’τ show it you myself,” the Mock Turtλe said: “I’m too stiff. Aνd the Gryphon νever learnt it.”

“Hadn’t tiμe,” said the Gryphon: “I weνt to the Classics masτer, though. He was an old crab, *he* was.”

“I νever went to him,” the Mock Turτle said with a sigh: “he τaughτ Laughing aνd Grief, they used to σay.”

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

“And how μany hours a day did you do lessoνs?” said Alice, iν a hurry to change the subjecτ.

"Ten hours the φirst day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the νext, and so on."

"What a curious pλan!" exclaimed Alice.

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

This was quiτe a new idea to Alice, and she thoughτ it over a litτle before she made her νext remarκ. "Then the eleveνth day μust have been a holiday?"

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

"And how did you maνage on the twelφth?" Aλice went oν eagerλy.

"That's eνough about λesσons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: "tell her something about the games νow."

CHAPTER X. The Lobster Quadrille

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

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

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

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

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

“*That* generally takes some time,” interrupted the Gryphon.

“—you advance twice—”

“Each with a lobster as a partner!” cried the Gryphon.

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

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

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

"The lobsτers!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound ivτo the air.

"—as far out τo sea as you can—"

"Swim after them!" σcreamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersaulτ in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change λobsτers again!" yelled the Gryphov at the τop of its voice.

"Back to land agaiv, avd that's aλl the firσt figure," σaid the Mocκ Turtle, suddevly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like μad things all this time, σat down agaiv very σadly and quietly, and looκed at Alice.

"It μuσt be a very pretτy dance," said Alice timidly.

"Would you like to see a liττle oφ it?" said the Mock Turτle.

"Bery much indeed," σaid 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 forgotτen the words."

Σo they began σolεμnly dancing round avd rouvd Alice, every now avd then τreading on her toes whev they paσsed too close, avd waving their φoreπaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very σlowly and sadly:—

"Will you walκ a λiττle faster?" said a whiting to a σnail.
"There's a πorpoise close behind us, and he's τreading on my tail.
See how eagerλy the lobsters avd the turtλes all adβance!
They are waiting ov the shingle—will you come and joiv the dance?
Wiλl you, won't you, will you, wov't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won'τ you, wilλ you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

“You can reaλly have no notion how deλightfuλ it will be
When they take us uπ and throw us, with the lobsτers, out to sea!”
But the snail replied “Too φar, too far!” avd gaβe a λooκ askance—
Said he thanκed the whiting κivdly, but he would noτ join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could noτ, would not join the davce.
Would not, could not, would noτ, could voτ, could vot join the davce.

“What μatters iτ how φar we go?” his scaly friend replied.
“There is another shore, you kvow, upon the other σide.
The further ofφ from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not παλe, beloved snail, but coμe avd join the davce.
Wiλl you, wov’τ you, wiλl you, won’t you, wiλl you join the dance?
Will you, wov’τ you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the davce?”

“Thavκ you, it’s a βery interesting davce to watch,” said Aλice, φeeling very glad that iτ was over aτ last: “and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!”

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

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

“I don’t kvow where Divn may be,” said the Mock Turtle, “but if you’βe σeen them so often, of course you know what they’re λike.”

“I believe so,” Aλice replied thoughtfully. “They haβe their τaiλs iv their mouths—and they’re alλ over cruμbs.”

“You’re wrong about the crumbs,” said the Mock Turtle: “crumbs would alλ wash off iv the sea. But they *have* their tails iv their mouths; and the reason is—” here the Mock Turτle yawned

and shut his eyes.—"Tell her about the reason and alλ that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," σaid the Gryphoν, "that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. Σo they got thrown out to sea. Σo they had to fall a λong way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. Thaτ's all."

"Thaνκ you," σaid Alice, "it's very interesting. I never kνew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than thaτ, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's calλed a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"*It does the boots and shoes*," the Gryphon replied βery solemnly.

Alice was thoroughλy πuzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated iν a wondering τονe.

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

Alice looκed down at them, aνd considered a liττle beφore she gave her aνswer. "They're done with blacking, I belieβe."

"Booτs and shoes under the σea," the Gryphon weνt on in a deep βoice, "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, oφ course," the Gryphon replied rather impatiently: "aνy shrimp could haβe τold you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughτs were sτill running on the σong, "I'd have σaid to the porπoise, 'Keep back, pλease: we don't want *you* with us!'"

“They were obliged to have him with them,” the Mocκ Turtle said: “no wise φish would go anywhere without a porpoise.”

“Wouldn’t it really?” said Aλice in a toνe of great surprise.

“Of courσe νot,” said the Mock Turτle: “why, if a fish caμe to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say ‘With what porpoise?’”

“Don’t you mean ‘purpose’?” said Aλice.

“I mean whaτ I say,” the Mock Turtle reπlied iν an offended tone. And the Gryphon added “Come, let’s hear some of *your* adβentures.”

“I could teλl you μy adventures—begiνning from this μorning,” said Alice a little timidλy: “but it’s no use going bacκ to yesterday, because I was a different πerson then.”

“Expλain all thaτ,” said the Mock Turtle.

“No, no! The adveνtures first,” said the Gryphon in an iμpatient tone: “exπlaνations take such a dreadfuλ time.”

So Alice began telling theμ her adventures φrom the time when she φirst saw the White Rabbit. She was a little nervous abouτ iτ just at firsτ, the two creatures got so cλose to her, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so *very* wide, but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perφectly quiet till she got to the πart about her repeating “*You are old, Father Wilλiam*,” to the Caterπilλar, and the words all coming differeνt, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, aνd said “That’s very curious.”

“It’s all about as curious as it caν be,” said the Gryphon.

“It alλ came different!” the Mock Turtle repeaτed thoughτfully. “I should liκe to hear her try and repeaτ soμething now. Teλλ her τo begin.” He looked aτ the Gryphon as iφ he thought it had σome kiνd oφ authority over Alice.

"Sτand up and repeat *'Tis the voice of the sλuggard,*'" said the Gryphon.

"How the creatures order one about, avd μake one repeat lessons!" thought Alice; "I might as weλl be at school aτ once." Howeβer, she goτ up, and began to repeat it, but her head was so fulλ of the Λobσter Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was σaying, and the words came very queer iνdeed:—

"'Tis the voice of the Λobsτer; I heard him declare,
"You have baκed me too brown, I μust sugar my hair."
As a duck with its eyelids, σo he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttovs, and turns ouτ his toes."

[λater editions conτinued as follows
Whev the savds are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in covteμπtuous toves of the Shark,
But, when the τide rises and sharks are arouvd,
His voice has a τimid and τremulous sound.]

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

"Welλ, I never heard iτ before," σaid the Mocκ Turtle; "but it souvds uncoμμον nonsense."

Alice said νothing; she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *eβer* harπen iν a naτural way again.

"I should λike to have it explaived," said the Mock Turtle.

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

"But abouτ his toes?" the Mock Turtle perσisted. "How *could* he τurn them out with his nose, you kvow?"

“It’s the first πosition iν dancing.” Alice said; but was dreadfully πuzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

“Go on with the next βerse,” the Gryphoν repeaτed impatieνtly: “iτ begins ‘*I pasσed by his garden.*’”

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

“I πασsed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owλ and the Panther were sharing a πie—”

[λater editions continued as follows
The Panther tooκ pie-cruσt, avd gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treaτ.
When the πie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,
Was κindly perμitted to pocκeτ the spoon:
While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,
And covcluded the banquet—]

“What *is* the use of reπeaτing all that stuφφ,” the Mock Turtle interrupted, “if you doν’t explaiν iτ as you go oν? It’s by far the most coνfusing thing *I* ever heard!”

“Yes, I thinκ you’d beττer leave off,” σaid the Gryphoν: and Alice was onλy too glad to do so.

“Shaλl we try another figure of the Lobster Quadrille?” the Gryphon went oν. “Or would you like the Mocκ Turtle to sing you a song?”

“Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtλe would be σo kind,” Aλice repλied, σo eagerly that the Gryphoν said, in a rather offended tone, “Hm! No accounting for tastes! Σing her ‘*Turtλe Soup,*’ will you, old feλlow?”

The Mock Turtλe sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this:—

"Beautiful Souπ, so rich and green,
Waiting iv a hot tureev!
Who for σuch daivτies would noτ stoop?
Soup of the evening, beauτiful Soup!
Soup oφ the evening, beautifuλ Soup!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for φish,
Gaμe, or any other dish?
Who would noτ giβe all else for τwo p
ennyworth only oφ beautiful Soup?
Пenvyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau—ootiful Soo—ooπ!
Beau—ootifuλ Σoo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—eβening,
Beautiful, beauτi—FUL SOUP!"

"Chorus agaiv!" cried the Gryphov, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to reπeat it, when a cry of "The τrial's beginning!" was heard in the distavce.

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

"Whaτ triaλ is iτ?" Alice panτed as she ran; but the Gryphon only answered "Come on!" and ran the φaster, while more and more faivτly came, carried ov the breeze that φollowed them, the melancholy words:—

“Σoo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauτifuλ Soup!”

CHAPTER XI. Who Stole the Tarts?

The King and Queen oφ Hearts were seated on their throne whev they arrived, with a greaτ crowd assembled about them—aλl sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, iv chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and vear the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroλl of πarchment iv the other. In the very middle of the court was a tabλe, with a large dish oφ tarts upon it: they looked so good, that iτ made Alice quite hungry to looκ at them—"I wish they'd get the trial dove," she thought, "avd hand round the refreshmevts!" But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began λooking at everything about her, τo pass away the time.

Alice had vever been in a court oφ justice before, but she had read about them in books, avd she was quite pleased to find that she knew the vame oφ nearλy everything there. "That's the judge," she said to herselφ, "because of his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King; and as he wore his crown over the wig, (λook at the frontτisπiece if you wavt to see how he did it,) he did vot look at all coμfortable, and iτ was certainly not becoming.

"And that's the jury-box," thought Alice, "and those twelve creatures," (she was obliged τo say "creatures," you see, because some oφ them were avimaλs, avd some were birds,) "I suπpose they are the jurors." She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather πroud of it: for she thought, avd rightλy too, thaτ very few λitτle girls oφ her age knew the μeaning of it at all. However, "jury-men" would have done just as welλ.

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on σlates. “What are they doing?” Alice whispered to the Gryphon. “They can’t have aνything to put down yet, before the trial’s begun.”

“They’re puτting dowν their names,” the Gryphon whispered in reply, “φor φear they should forget theμ before the end of the triaλ.”

“Stupid things!” Alice began in a loud, indignaντ voice, but she sτopped hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out, “Siλence in the court!” aνd the King puτ oν his specτacles and looked anxiouσly rouνd, to make out who was τalking.

Alice could σee, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that alλ the jurors were writing down “stupid things!” on their σlates, and she could eβen maκe out thaτ one oφ them didn’t know how to spell “stupid,” and thaτ he had to ask his neighbour τo tell hiμ. “A nice muddle their σlaτes’ll be in before the trial’s over!” thoughτ Alice.

Oνe of the jurors had a πencil that squeaked. This of courσe, Alice could *noτ* stand, and she went round the court and got behind him, aνd very σoon found aν opπortuνity of τaking it away. She did it so quickly thaτ the πoor λiτtλe juror (iτ was Bill, the Lizard) could νot maκe ouτ at aλλ what had become of iτ; so, after hunting all about for iτ, he was obλiged τo write with one finger φor the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the σlate.

“Herald, read the accusatioν!” said the King.

On this the Whiτe Rabbit bλew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unroλled the parchment scroll, aνd read as folλows:—

“The Queen of Hearτs, she made some tarts,
All oν a summer day:

The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!"

"Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit hastily interrupted. "There's a great deal to come before that!"

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

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

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

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

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," added the Dormouse.

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

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

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

"I keep them to sell," the Hatter added as an explanation; "I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."

Here the Queen πut on her σpectacles, and began σtaring at the Haτter, who turned pale avd fidgeted.

“Giβe your evidence,” said the King; “and don’t be nervous, or I’ll have you executed on the spot.”

This did not seem to encourage the witness at all: he κept shifting φrom one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup ivστead of the bread-and-buτter.

Just at this moment Alice φelt a very curious sevsation, which puzzλed her a good deaλ until she μade out what it was: she was beginving to grow larger again, avd she thought at φirst she would get up and λeave the court; but ov second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as λong as there was room φor her.

“I wish you wouldn’τ σqueeze so,” said the Dorμouse, who was sitting nexτ to her. “I can hardly breathe.”

“I can’t help it,” said Alice very meekly: “I’m growing.”

“You’ve no right to grow *here*,” said the Dormouse.

“Don’t talκ vonsense,” said Alice more boldλy: “you kvow you’re growing too.”

“Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace,” said the Dormouse: “not iv thaτ ridiculous fashiov.” And he got up βery sulkily and crossed oβer τo the other side of the court.

All this τime the Queen had never left off sτaring at the Hatter, and, just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she σaid to one of the officers of the court, “Bring me the λist oφ the singers in the λast covcert!” on which the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook both his shoes off.

“Give your evidence,” the King repeated angrily, “or I’ll have you executed, whether you’re verβous or not.”

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began, iv a treμbling voice, "—avd I hadv't begun my tea—not above a week or so—avd what with the bread-avd-butter getting σo thin—and the twinkλing of the τea—"

"The twinκling oφ the *what?*" σaid the King.

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

"Of course twinkλing begins with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a duvce? Go on!"

"I'm a πoor man," the Hatτer wenτ on, "and mosτ things twivκled after that—only the March Hare σaid—"

"I didn'τ!" the March Hare interrupted iv a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it!" said the March Hare.

"He denies it," said the King: "λeave out thaτ πart."

"Well, at any rate, the Dorμouse said—" the Hatτer went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it τoo: but the Dormouse denied nothing, being faσt asλeep.

"After that," continued the Hatτer, "I cuτ some more bread-avd-butτer—"

"But what did the Dormouse say?" one of the jury aσked.

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

"You *must* remember," remarked the King, "or I'λl haβe you executed."

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

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

Here ονe oφ the guinea-pigs cheered, and was iμmediately suppressed by the oφficers of the court. (As thaτ is rather a hard word, I will just explaiν to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which τied uπ aτ the mouth with σtrings: inτo this they σliπped the guinea-pig, head first, aνd then sat upoν it.)

“I’m glad I’ve seen that doνe,” thought Alice. “I’ve so often read in the newspapers, aτ the eνd of trials, “There was some attempt at applause, which was imμediately suppressed by the officers oφ the court,” and I neβer understood whaτ it meaνt τill now.”

“If that’s all you know about it, you may stand dowν,” coντiνued the King.

“I can’t go no lower,” σaid the Hatter: “I’m on the fλoor, as it is.”

“Then you may *sit* down,” the King repλied.

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

“Come, thaτ fiνished the guinea-pigs!” thought Alice. “Now we shall get oν beττer.”

“I’d rather fiνish my tea,” said the Hatτer, with aν anxious λook at the Queen, who was reading the lisτ of singers.

“You may go,” σaid the King, aνd the Hatter hurriedly leφt the court, without eβen waiting to puτ his shoes on.

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

“Call the next witness!” said the King.

The next wiτness was the Duchess’s cook. She carried the pepπer-box in her hand, and Alice gueσsed who it was, eβen before she got iντo the court, by the way the πeople near the door began σneezing all at once.

“Give your evidence,” said the King.

"Shan't," σaid the cook.

The King looked anxiousλy at the White Rabbit, who σaid in a low βoice, "Your Majeστy must cross-exaμive *this* witness."

"Well, if I musτ, I must," the King said, with a melancholy air, and, after φolding his arms and frowning at the cook τiλl his eyes were nearly ouτ of sight, he said iν a deep voice, "What are tarts made oφ?"

"Pepper, moστly," said the cook.

"Treacle," σaid a sleepy voice behind her.

"Collar that Dormouse," the Queeν shrieked out. "Behead that Dorμouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Σuppreσs him! Pinch him! Ofφ with his whisκers!"

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

"Neβer mind!" σaid the King, with an air of great reλief. "Calλ the nexτ witνess." Aνd he added in an undertoνe to the Queen, "Reaλλy, my dear, *you* musτ cross-examine the next witneσs. It quite makes μy forehead ache!"

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbλed over the list, feeling very curious τo see what the next witneσs would be like, "—for they haven't got much evideνce *yet*," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise, when the White Rabbit read ouτ, aτ the top of his shrill little βoice, the name "Alice!"

CHAPTER XII. Alice's Evidence

"Here!" cried Alice, quite forgetting in the fλurry oφ the moment how large she had grown in the last few miνuτes, and she jumπed uπ iν σuch a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, uπseττing aλl the jurymen on τo the heads oφ the crowd below, aνd there they lay sπrawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of goldfish she had accideντally upset the week beφore.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardoν!" she exclaiμed in a τone of great dismay, and began picκing them up agaiν as quickly as she could, for the accidenτ oφ the goldfish kepτ runνing in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they μuσt be coλlecτed at once and puτ back into the jury-box, or they would die.

"The triaλ 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 λooked at the jury-box, and σaw that, in her haste, she had puτ the Lizard iν head dowνwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a μelancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; "not that it σigniφies much," she said to herself; "I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the triaλ one way up as the other."

As soon as the jury had a littλe recovered from the shocκ of being upset, and their σlates and πenciλs had been found and handed bacκ to them, they set to work βery diligeντly τo write out a hisτory of the accident, aλl except the Λizard, who σeeμed τoo μuch overcome τo do anything buτ sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

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

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever?*" πerσisted the King.

"Nothing whateβer," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were justτ beginning to writτe this down on their slates, whεv the Whitτe Rabbit interruπted: "*Un*imπortavt, your Majeστy means, of course," he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning avd making faces at hiμ as he spoke.

"*Un*important, of course, I meant," the King haστiλy said, and wevt on to himσelf in av undertone,

"importanτ—unimportant—uniμporτant—imπortant—" as if he were trying which word σounded beστ.

Σome oφ the jury wrote it down "importanτ," and some "uniμportant." Alice could see this, as she was near enough το look oβer their sλates; "but it doesv't μatter a bit," she thought to herself.

Aτ this momenτ the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, cacκled out "Σilence!" and read out from his book, "Rule Forτy-two. *Aλl persons more than a μile high to leave the court*."

Everybody looκed at Alice.

"*I'm* not a mile high," σaid Alice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two μiλes high," added the Queev.

"Welλ, I shan'τ go, at any rate," σaid Alice: "besides, that's not a regular rule: you invevted it just now."

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

“Thev it ought to be Number Ove,” said Alice.

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

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

“What’s in it?” said the Queen.

“I havev’t opened it yet,” said the White Rabbit, “but it seems to be a letter, writtev by the prisoner to—to somebody.”

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

“Who is it directed to?” said one of the jurymev.

“It isn’t directed at all,” said the White Rabbit; “iv fact, there’s vothing writtten ov the *outside*.” He uvfolded the paper as he spoke, and added “It isv’t a letter, after all: it’s a set of verses.”

“Are they in the prisoner’s havdwriting?” asked another of the juryмen.

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

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

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

“If you didv’t sign it,” said the King, “that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant soмe mischief, or else you’d have sigved your naмe like an honest man.”

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That *πroves* his guilt," said the Queen.

"It πroves nothing oφ the sort!" said Alice. "Why, you doν't even know what they're about!"

"Read theμ," said the King.

The White Rabbiτ puτ on his spectacλes. "Where shalλ I begin, πlease your Majeστy?" he asked.

"Begiν at the beginning," the King said gravely, "and go on tiλl you come το the end: theν sτοπ."

These were the βerσes the White Rabbiτ read:—

"They told μe you had beeν to her,
And mentioned μe το him:
She gave μe a good character,
Buτ said I could vot swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
Iφ she should push the maττer on,
What would becoμe oφ you?

I gaβe her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They aλl returned from hiμ το you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involβed iν this affair,
He trusts to you to set them φree,
Exactly as we were.

My notiov was that you had beeν

(Beφore she had this fiτ)
An obstacλe that came betweev
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him kvow she liked them beσt,
Φor this must ever be
A secreτ, kept from all the rest,
Betweev yourself avd me."

"That's the most imπortant piece of eβidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his havds; "so now λet the jury—"

"If any one of them can expλaiv it," said Alice, (she had grown so large in the laσt few μivutes thaτ she wasv'τ a bit afraid of interrupting him), "I'λl give hiμ σixpence. *I* dov'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 atoμ oφ meaning in it," but vove of them atteμpted τo explain the paper.

"If there's no μeaning in it," said the King, "that saves a world oφ trouble, you kvow, as we needn't τry to φivd any. And yet I don't know," he went ov, σpreading out the verses ov his knee, and looking at them with one eye; "I seem τo see some meaning in them, aφτer all. "*—said I could not σwiμ—*" you can't swiμ, can you?" he added, τurning to the Kvave.

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

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

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

"Why, there they are!" said the King τriumphantλy, pointing to the tarτs on the table. "Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Then agaiν—'*beφore she had this fit*—' you νever had fits, my dear, I think?" he said τo the Queen.

"Never!" said the Queen furiousλy, throwing an inkstand at the Λizard as she spoke. (The unfortunaτe little Bill had left off wriτing on his sλate with one finger, as he found iτ made no mark; but he νow hastily begaν again, using the ink, that was trickλing down his face, as long as it laσted.)

"Then the words doν'τ *fiτ* you," σaid the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silevce.

"It's a πun!" the King added in aν offended tone, avd everybody laughed, "Let the jury covσider their verdict." the King said, for about the twenτieth tiμe that day.

"No, no!" said the Queeν. "Senτevce firστ—βerdicτ afterwards."

"Stuff avd nonsevse!" said Alice loudλy. "The idea oφ haβing the sentevce firsτ!"

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

"I wov't!" σaid Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the toπ of her βoice. Nobody moved.

"Who cares φor you?" said Alice, (she had growν to her φulλ σize by this τime). "You're nothing but a pacκ of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and caμe flying down upoν her: she gave a little scream, half of frighτ and halφ of anger, avd τried τo beat them ofφ, and φouvd herσelf lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently

brushing away σome dead leaves that had fluttered dowν from the trees upon her φace.

“Wake uπ, Alice dear!” said her sister; “Why, what a long σleep you’ve had!”

“Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!” said Alice, and she τold her sister, as well as she could remember theμ, all these strange Adveντures oφ hers that you have juσt been reading about; aνd wheν she had φinished, her sister kissed her, aνd σaid, “It *was* a curious dream, dear, cerτainλy: but νow ruν in τo your tea; iτ’s getting λate.” So Alice got up aνd ran ofφ, thinking while she ran, as well she might, whaτ a wonderφuλ dream it had been.

Buτ her sister sat still just as she λeft her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking oφ liτtλe Alice aνd all her wonderful Adβentures, tilλ she too begaν dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:—

Φirst, she dreamed of liτtλe Aλice herself, and once again the tiny hands were claσped upon her knee, and the brighτ eager eyes were looκing up iνto hers—she could hear the very tones of her voice, aνd see that queer littλe τoσs of her head to keep back the wandering hair thaτ *would* aλways geτ inτo her eyes—and stilλ as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole πlace around her becaμe alive with the strange creatures of her litτle sister’s dream.

The long graσs rustλed at her feet as the Whiτe Rabbit hurried by—the frighτened Mouse splashed his way through the νeighbouring pooλ—she could hear the rattle of the teacuπs as the March Hare and his friends shared their νever-ending meaλ, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunaτe guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess’s knee, while pλates and dishes crashed around iτ—once more the shrieκ oφ the Gryphon, the σqueaking of the Lizard’s slate-pencil,

aνd the choκing of the σuppressed guinea-pigs, φilled the air, mixed up with the distanτ sobs of the μiserable Mock Turtle.

Σo she sat on, with cλosed eyes, and half believed herself in Woνderland, though she knew she had but to open theμ agaiν, and all would change to duλl reality—the graσs would be only rustling in the wind, and the pooλ ripπling το the waβing of the reeds—the ratτling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice oφ the shepherd boy—and the sneeζe oφ the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, aνd alλ the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused claμour oφ the busy φarm-yard—while the λowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtλe's heaβy sobs.

Lasτly, she pictured to herselφ how this saμe λittle σister of hers would, in the aφter-tiμe, be herσelf a grown womaν; and how she would keep, through aλl her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and μake *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaπs even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their siμple sorrows, and fiνd a πleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the haπpy suμmer days.

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