# Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland

Lewis Carroll

Nordic letters — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1865

# About this reading edition

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

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

Selected Nordic letters, not one alphabet: Norwegian/Danish ø for German ö; Swedish ä for French è/ê; Norwegian/Danish æ for selected English /æ/ words. Icelandic æ is /ai/ and is taught in the introduction only, not mixed into the same replacement rule. Icelandic þ and ð are not single-letter English matches.

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

ö / ø · è / ä · ê / ä · a / æ

1,419 of 1,419 eligible letters changed. Approximately 1.3% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

Learning exercise: a simplified representation

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

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

Nordic letters: related forms, different sounds

Danish and Norwegian use æ, ø and å; Swedish uses å, ä and ö. Finnish also uses ä and ö, with å mainly in Swedish names. Icelandic uses æ, ö, þ, ð and accented vowels; Faroese has distinct conventions including ð, æ and ø. Nordic is not one alphabet or pronunciation system.

Icelandic æ usually represents /ai/, unlike the æ-like vowel practised here in selected English words. Icelandic þ and ð resemble the two English th sounds, but cannot

replace a single English letter. Danish and Norwegian sounds vary with context and dialect. This exercise uses only selected Danish/Norwegian and Swedish approximations; it is not a complete Nordic alphabet course.

Source: https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/11

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

The complete source licence is reproduced at the end. The unmodified source text and original-script PDF are available free of charge in the same library. Self-hosted Noto Serif is distributed under the SIL Open Font License 1.1; see the repository font notices.

# Contents

CHAPTER I. Down the Rabbit-Hole 5

CHAPTER II. The Pool of Tears 12

CHAPTER III. A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale 19

CHAPTER IV. The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill 25

CHAPTER V. Advice from a Caterpillar 33

CHAPTER VI. Pig and Pepper 42

CHAPTER VII. A Mad Tea-Party 51

CHAPTER VIII. The Queen’s Croquet-Ground 60

CHAPTER IX. The Mock Turtle’s Story 69

CHAPTER X. The Lobster Quadrille 78

CHAPTER XI. Who Stole the Tarts? 86

CHAPTER XII. Alice’s Evidence 93

# CHAPTER I. Down the Rabbit-Hole

Ælice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bænk, and of hæving nothing to do: once or twice she hæd peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it hæd no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Ælice "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Ræbbit with pink eyes ræn close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in thæt; nor did Ælice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Ræbbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her thæt she ought to hæve wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Ræbbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Ælice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind thæt she hæd never before seen a ræbbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ræn across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large ræbbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Ælice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The ræbbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly thæt Ælice hæd not a

moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ælice 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 Ræbbit 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 Ælice hæd 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 Ælice’s first thought was thæt it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she hæd 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!

Ælice opened the door and found thæt it led into a small passage, not much larger thæn 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 thæt 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 Ælice, “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 hæd happened lately, thæt Ælice hæd begun to think thæt very few things indeed were really impossible.

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

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

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

* * * * * * *

* * * * * *

* * * * * * *

"What a curious feeling!" said Ælice; "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

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

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

“Come, there’s no use in crying like thæt!” said Ælice to herself, rather sharply; “I advise you to leave off this minute!” She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for hæving cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. “But it’s no use now,” thought poor Ælice, “to pretend to be two people! Why, there’s hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!”

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box thæt was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words “EAT ME” were beautifully marked in currants. “Well, I’ll eat it,” said Ælice, “and if it makes me grow larger, I cæn reach

the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I cæn creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? Which way?", holding her hænd on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find thæt she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Ælice hæd got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, thæt it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

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

* * * * * * *

* * * * * *

* * * * * * *

# CHAPTER II. The Pool of Tears

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

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

Oh dear, what nonsense I’m talking!”

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

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

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself,” said Ælice, “a great girl like you,” (she might well say this), “to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!” But she went on all the same,

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

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

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

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I cæn't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at thæt rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try

Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *thæt's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must hæve been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say '*How doth the little—*'" and she crossed her hænds on her lap as if she were saying lessons, and begæn to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

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

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

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Ælice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on, "I must be Mabel after all, and I shall hæve to go and live in thæt poky little house, and hæve next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying 'Come up again, dear!' I shall only look up and say 'Who am I then? Tell me thæt first, and then, if I like being thæt person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else'—but, oh dear!" cried Ælice, with a sudden burst of tears, "I do wish they *would* put their heads down! I am so *very* tired of being all alone here!"

As she said this she looked down at her hænds, and was surprised to see thæt she hæd put on one of the Ræbbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. "How *cæn* I hæve done

thæt?" she thought. "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found thæt, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out thæt the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not like cæts!” cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. “Would *you* like cæts if you were me?”

“Well, perhaps not,” said Ælice in a soothing tone: “don’t be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cæt Dinah: I think you’d take a fancy to cæts if you could only see her. She is

such a dear quiet thing," Ælice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she's such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Ælice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. "We won't talk about her any more if you'd rather not."

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

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

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

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals thæt hæd fallen into it: there were a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Ælice 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 thæt assembled on the bænk—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

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

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

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

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

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

“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: and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable—’”

“Found *what*?” said the Duck.

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

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

The Mouse did not notice this question, but hurriedly went on, “‘—found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William’s conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of his Normans—’ How are you getting on now, my dear?” it continued, turning to Ælice as it spoke.

“As wet as ever,” said Ælice in a melancholy tone: “it doesn’t seem to dry me at all.”

“In thæt case,” said the Dodo solemnly, rising to its feet, “I move thæt the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies—”

“Speak English!” said the Eaglet. “I don’t know the meaning of half those long words, and, what’s more, I don’t believe you do either!” And the Eaglet bent down its head to hide a smile: some of the other birds tittered audibly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ælice hæd no idea what to do, and in despair she put her hænd in her pocket, and pulled out a box of comfits, (luckily the salt water hæd not got into it), and handed them round as prizes. There was exactly one a-piece, all round.

"But she must hæve a prize herself, you know," said the Mouse.

“Of course,” the Dodo replied very gravely. “What else hæve you got in your pocket?” he went on, turning to Ælice.

“Only a thimble,” said Ælice sadly.

“Hænd it over here,” said the Dodo.

Then they all crowded round her once more, while the Dodo solemnly presented the thimble, saying “We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble;” and, when it hæd finished this short speech, they all cheered.

Ælice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave thæt she did not dare to laugh; and, as she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as she could.

The next thing was to eat the comfits: this caused some noise and confusion, as the large birds complained thæt they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked and hæd to be patted on the bæck. However, it was over at last, and they sæt down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to tell them something more.

“You promised to tell me your history, you know,” said Ælice, “and why it is you hate—C and D,” she added in a whisper, half afraid thæt it would be offended again.

“Mine is a long and a sæd tale!” said the Mouse, turning to Ælice, and sighing.

“It *is* a long tail, certainly,” said Ælice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse’s tail; “but why do you call it sæd?” And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so thæt her idea of the tale was something like this:—

“You are not attending!” said the Mouse to Ælice severely. “What are you thinking of?”

"I beg your pardon," said Ælice very humbly: "you hæd got to the fifth bend, I think?"

"I hæd *not!*" cried the Mouse, sharply and very angrily.

"A knot!" said Ælice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her. "Oh, do let me help to undo it!"

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

"I didn't mean it!" pleaded poor Ælice. "But you're so easily offended, you know!"

The Mouse only growled in reply.

"Please come bæck and finish your story!" Ælice called after it; and the others all joined in chorus, "Yes, please do!" but the Mouse only shook its head impatiently, and walked a little quicker.

"What a pity it wouldn't stay!" sighed the Lory, as soon as it was quite out of sight; and an old Crab took the opportunity of saying to her daughter "Ah, my dear! Let this be a lesson to you never to lose *your* temper!" "Hold your tongue, Ma!" said the young Crab, a little snappishly. "You're enough to try the patience of an oyster!"

"I wish I hæd our Dinah here, I know I do!" said Ælice aloud, addressing nobody in particular. "She'd soon fetch it bæck!"

"And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?" said the Lory.

Ælice replied eagerly, for she was always ready to talk about her pet: "Dinah's our cæt. And she's such a capital one for catching mice you cæn't think! And oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!"

This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurried off at once: one old Magpie begæn wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking, "I really must be

getting home; the night-air doesn't suit my throat!" and a Canary called out in a trembling voice to its children, "Come away, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed!" On various pretexts they all moved off, and Ælice was soon left alone.

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

# CHAPTER IV. The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

up the chimney, and said to herself "Now I cæn do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?"

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

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

"But then," thought Ælice, "shall I *never* get any older thæn I am now? Thæt'll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then—always to hæve lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like *thæt!*"

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

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

"Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" said the voice. "Fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Ælice knew it was the Ræbbit coming to look for her, and she trembled

till she shook the house, quite forgetting thæt she was now about a thousand times as large as the Ræbbit, and hæd no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Ræbbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but, as the door opened inwards, and Ælice's elbow was pressed hard against it, thæt attempt proved a failure. Ælice heard it say to itself "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

"*Thæt* you won't!" thought Ælice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Ræbbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hænd, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded thæt it was just possible it hæd fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.

Next came an angry voice—the Ræbbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she hæd never heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honour!"

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

"Now tell me, Pat, what's thæt in the window?"

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

"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one thæt size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure, it does, yer honour: but it's an arm for all thæt."

"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate: go and take it away!"

There was a long silence after this, and Ælice could only hear whispers now and then; such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all!" "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread

out her hænd again, and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Ælice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could!* I'm sure *I* don't want to stay in here any longer!"

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

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

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

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

hedge!" then silence, and then another confusion of voices—"Hold up his head—Brandy now—Don't choke him—How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!"

Last came a little feeble, squeaking voice, ("Thæt's Bill," thought Ælice,) "Well, I hardly know—No more, thank ye; I'm better now—but I'm a deal too flustered to tell you—all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!"

"So you did, old fellow!" said the others.

"We must burn the house down!" said the Ræbbit's voice; and Ælice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll set Dinah at you!"

There was a dead silence instantly, and Ælice thought to herself, "I wonder what they *will* do next! If they hæd any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a minute or two, they begæn moving about again, and Ælice heard the Ræbbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."

"A barrowful of *what?*" thought Ælice; but she hæd not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," she said to herself, and shouted out, "You'd better not do thæt again!" which produced another dead silence.

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

So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find thæt she begæn shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ræn out of the house, and

found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Ælice the moment she appeared; but she ræn off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

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

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

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

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Ælice dodged behind a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Ælice, thinking it was very like hæving a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ræn round the thistle again; then the

puppy begæn a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way bæck, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sæt down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

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

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

The great question certainly was, what? Ælice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she did not see anything thæt looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself; and when she hæd looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her thæt she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, thæt was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.

# CHAPTER V. Advice from a Caterpillar

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

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

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

"What do you mean by thæt?" said the Caterpillar sternly. "Explain yourself!"

"I cæn't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir," said Ælice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I cæn't put it more clearly," Ælice replied very politely, "for I cæn't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Ælice; "but when you hæve to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after thæt into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

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

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

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

"Why?" said the Caterpillar.

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

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

This sounded promising, certainly: Ælice turned and came bæck again.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is thæt all?" said Ælice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

"No," said the Caterpillar.

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

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

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

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

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

Ælice folded her hænds, and begæn:—

*"You are old, Father William," the young mæn said,*
*"And your hair hæs become very white;*
*And yet you incessantly stand on your head—*
*Do you think, at your age, it is right?"*

*"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,*
*"I feared it might injure the brain;*
*But, now thæt I'm perfectly sure I hæve none,*
*Why, I do it again and again."*

*"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,*
*And hæve grown most uncommonly fat;*
*Yet you turned a bæck-somersault in at the door—*
*Pray, what is the reason of thæt?"*

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

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

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

*"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose*

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

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

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

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

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

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

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

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

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

Ælice said nothing: she hæd never been so much contradicted in her life before, and she felt thæt she was losing her temper.

"Are you content now?" said the Caterpillar.

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

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

"But I'm not used to it!" pleaded poor Ælice in a piteous tone. And she thought of herself, "I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!"

"You'll get used to it in time," said the Caterpillar; and it put the hookah into its mouth and begæn smoking again.

This time Ælice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away in the grass, merely remarking as it went, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

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

"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as if she hæd asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight.

Ælice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hænd.

"And now which is which?" she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hænd bit to try the effect: the next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin: it hæd struck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt thæt there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly; so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot, thæt there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the lefthand bit.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * *

* * * * * * *

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

“What *cæn* all thæt green stuff be?” said Ælice. “And where *hæve* my shoulders got to? And oh, my poor hænds, how is it I cæn’t see you?” She was moving them about as she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little shaking among the distant green leaves.

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

“Serpent!” screamed the Pigeon.

“I’m *not* a serpent!” said Ælice indignantly. “Let me alone!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I—I'm a little girl," said Ælice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she hæd gone through thæt day.

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

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

“I don’t believe it,” said the Pigeon; “but if they do, why then they’re a kind of serpent, thæt’s all I cæn say.”

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

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

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

It was so long since she hæd been anything near the right size, thæt it felt quite strange at first; but she got used to it in a few minutes, and begæn talking to herself, as usual. “Come, there’s half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I’m never sure what I’m going to be, from one minute to another! However, I’ve got bæck to my right size: the next thing is, to get into thæt beautiful garden—how *is* thæt to be done, I wonder?” As she said this, she came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. “Whoever lives there,” thought Ælice, “it’ll never do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits!” So she begæn nibbling at the righthand bit

again, and did not venture to go near the house till she hæd brought herself down to nine inches high.

# CHAPTER VI. Pig and Pepper

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

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

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

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

Ælice went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

“There’s no sort of use in knocking,” said the Footman, “and thæt for two reasons. First, because I’m on the same side of the door as you are; secondly, because they’re making such a noise

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But what am *I* to do?" said Ælice.

“Anything you like,” said the Footman, and begæn whistling.

“Oh, there’s no use in talking to him,” said Ælice desperately: “he’s perfectly idiotic!” And she opened the door and went in.

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

“There’s certainly too much pepper in thæt soup!” Ælice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

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

“Please would you tell me,” said Ælice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, “why your cæt grins like thæt?”

“It’s a Cheshire cæt,” said the Duchess, “and thæt’s why. Pig!”

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

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

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

“I don’t know of any thæt do,” Ælice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to hæve got into a conversation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Wow! wow! wow!”

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

*“I speak severely to my boy,*
*I beat him when he sneezes;*
*For he cæn thoroughly enjoy*
*The pepper when he pleases!”*

CHORUS.

“Wow! wow! wow!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it hæd grown up," she said to herself, "it would hæve made a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes

rather a handsome pig, I think." And she begæn thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "if one only knew the right way to change them—" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cæt sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

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

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

"Thæt depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cæt.

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

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

"—so long as I get *somewhere*," Ælice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do thæt," said the Cæt, "if you only walk long enough."

Ælice felt thæt this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *thæt* direction," the Cæt said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hætter: and in *thæt* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mæd."

"But I don't want to go among mæd people," Ælice remarked.

"Oh, you cæn't help thæt," said the Cæt: "we're all mæd here. I'm mæd. You're mæd."

"How do you know I'm mæd?" said Ælice.

"You must be," said the Cæt, "or you wouldn't hæve come here."

Ælice didn't think thæt proved it at all; however, she went on "And how do you know thæt you're mæd?"

"To begin with," said the Cæt, "a dog's not mæd. You grant thæt?"

"I suppose so," said Ælice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It turned into a pig," Ælice quietly said, just as if it hæd come bæck in a natural way.

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

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

looked up, and there was the Cæt again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

“Did you say pig, or fig?” said the Cæt.

“I said pig,” replied Ælice; “and I wish you wouldn’t keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy.”

“All right,” said the Cæt; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it hæd gone.

“Well! I’ve often seen a cæt without a grin,” thought Ælice; “but a grin without a cæt! It’s the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!”

She hæd not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, thæt she did not like to go nearer till she hæd nibbled some more of the lefthand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself “Suppose it should be raving mæd after all! I almost wish I’d gone to see the Hætter instead!”

# CHAPTER VII. A Mad Tea-Party

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

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

"Hæve some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Ælice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Ælice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Ælice; "it's laid for a great many more thæn three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hætter. He hæd been looking at Ælice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Ælice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

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

“Come, we shall hæve some fun now!” thought Ælice. “I’m glad they’ve begun asking riddles.—I believe I cæn guess thæt,” she added aloud.

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

“Exactly so,” said Ælice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Hætter was the first to break the silence. “What day of the month is it?” he said, turning to Ælice: he hæd taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Ælice considered a little, and then said “The fourth.”

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hætter. "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 hæve got in as well," the Hætter grumbled: "you shouldn't hæve 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 thæn his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Ælice hæd 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 Hætter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

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

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

Ælice felt dreadfully puzzled, The Hætter's remark seemed to hæve 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 Hætter, 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."

"Hæve you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hætter said, turning to Ælice again.

"No, I give it up," Ælice replied: "what's the answer?"

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

“Nor I,” said the March Hare.

Ælice sighed wearily. “I think you might do something better with the time,” she said, “thæn waste it in asking riddles thæt hæve no answers.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not at first, perhaps,” said the Hætter: “but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.”

“Is thæt the way *you* manage?” Ælice asked.

The Hætter shook his head mournfully. “Not I!” he replied. “We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mæd, you know—” (pointing with his tea spoon at the March Hare,) “—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I hæd to sing

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

You know the song, perhaps?"

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

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

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

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

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

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Ælice.

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

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

"Yes, thæt's it," said the Hætter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Ælice.

"Exactly so," said the Hætter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Ælice ventured to ask.

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, please do!” pleaded Ælice.

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

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

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

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

“They couldn’t hæve done thæt, you know,” Ælice gently remarked; “they’d hæve been ill.”

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

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

“Take some more tea,” the March Hare said to Ælice, very earnestly.

"I've hæd nothing yet," Ælice replied in an offended tone, "so I cæn't take more."

"You mean you cæn't take *less*," said the Hætter: "it's very easy to take *more* thæn nothing."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Ælice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hætter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Ælice rather

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

Ælice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she begæn very cautiously: “But I don’t understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?”

“You cæn draw water out of a water-well,” said the Hætter; “so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?”

“But they were *in* the well,” Ælice 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 Ælice, thæt 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 thæt begins with an M—”

“Why with an M?” said Ælice.

“Why not?” said the March Hare.

Ælice was silent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# CHAPTER VIII. The Queen's Croquet-Ground

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two begæn in a low voice, "Why the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to hæve been a *red* rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; and if

the Queen was to find it out, we should all hæve our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to—" At this moment Five, who hæd been anxiously looking across the garden, called out "The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Ælice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

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

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

When the procession came opposite to Ælice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely "Who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

“Idiot!” said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Ælice, she went on, “What’s your name, child?”

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

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

“How should *I* know?” said Ælice, surprised at her own courage. “It’s no business of *mine*.”

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

“Nonsense!” said Ælice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"*I* see!" said the Queen, who hæd meanwhile been examining the roses. "Off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ræn to Ælice for protection.

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

"Are their heads off?" shouted the Queen.

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

"Thæt's right!" shouted the Queen. "Cæn you play croquet?"

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

"Yes!" shouted Ælice.

"Come on, then!" roared the Queen, and Ælice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

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

"Very," said Ælice: "—where's the Duchess?"

"Hush! Hush!" said the Ræbbit in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered "She's under sentence of execution."

"What for?" said Ælice.

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

“No, I didn’t,” said Ælice: “I don’t think it’s at all a pity. I said ‘What for?’”

“She boxed the Queen’s ears—” the Ræbbit begæn. Ælice gave a little scream of laughter. “Oh, hush!” the Ræbbit whispered in a frightened tone. “The Queen will hear you! You see, she came rather late, and the Queen said—”

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

The chief difficulty Ælice found at first was in managing her flamingo: she succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she hæd got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it *would* twist itself round and look up in her face, with such a puzzled expression thæt she could not help bursting out laughing: and when she hæd got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find thæt the hedgehog hæd unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Ælice soon came to the conclusion thæt it was a very difficult game indeed.

The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a

very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" about once in a minute.

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

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

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

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

"I don't think they play at all fairly," Ælice begæn, in rather a complaining tone, "and they all quarrel so dreadfully one cæn't hear oneself speak—and they don't seem to hæve any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should hæve croqueted the

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

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

"Not at all," said Ælice: "she's so extremely—" Just then she noticed thæt the Queen was close behind her, listening: so she went on, "—likely to win, thæt 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 Ælice, and looking at the Cæt's head with great curiosity.

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

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

"I'd rather not," the Cæt remarked.

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

"A cæt may look at a king," said Ælice. "I've read thæt 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 hæve this cæt removed!"

The Queen hæd 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.

Ælice thought she might as well go bæck, and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen's voice in the distance, screaming with passion. She hæd already heard her sentence

three of the players to be executed for hæving missed their turns, and she did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion thæt she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went in search of her hedgehog.

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

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

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

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

The executioner's argument was, thæt you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from: thæt he hæd never hæd to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at *his* time of life.

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

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

Ælice 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 Cæt's head begæn fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he hæd come bæck with the Duchess, it hæd entirely disappeared; so the King and the executioner ræn wildly up and down looking for it, while the rest of the party went bæck to the game.

# CHAPTER IX. The Mock Turtle's Story

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Somebody said,” Ælice whispered, “thæt it’s done by everybody minding their own business!”

“Ah, well! It means much the same thing,” said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into Ælice’s shoulder as she added, “and the moral of *thæt* is—‘Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.’”

“How fond she is of finding morals in things!” Ælice thought to herself.

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

“He might bite,” Ælice cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to hæve the experiment tried.

“Very true,” said the Duchess: “flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of thæt is—‘Birds of a feather flock together.’”

“Only mustard isn’t a bird,” Ælice remarked.

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

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

“Of course it is,” said the Duchess, who seemed ready to agree to everything thæt Ælice said; “there’s a large mustard-mine near

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

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

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

"I think I should understand thæt better," Ælice said very politely, "if I hæd it written down: but I cæn't quite follow it as you say it."

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

"Pray don't trouble yourself to say it any longer thæn thæt," said Ælice.

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

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

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

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

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

But here, to Ælice's great surprise, the Duchess's voice died away, even in the middle of her favourite word 'moral,' and the arm thæt was linked into hers begæn to tremble. Ælice looked up, and there stood the Queen in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

"A fine day, your Majesty!" the Duchess begæn in a low, weak voice.

"Now, I give you fair warning," shouted the Queen, stamping on the ground as she spoke; "either you or your head must be off, and thæt in about half no time! Take your choice!"

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

"Let's go on with the game," the Queen said to Ælice; and Ælice was too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her bæck to the croquet-ground.

The other guests hæd taken advantage of the Queen's absence, and were resting in the shade: however, the moment they saw her, they hurried bæck to the game, the Queen merely remarking thæt a moment's delay would cost them their lives.

All the time they were playing the Queen never left off quarrelling with the other players, and shouting "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" Those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course hæd to leave off being arches to do this, so thæt by the end of half an hour or so there were no arches left, and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Ælice, were in custody and under sentence of execution.

Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Ælice, "Hæve you seen the Mock Turtle yet?"

"No," said Ælice. "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

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

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

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

As they walked off together, Ælice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, "You are all pardoned." "Come, *thæt's* a good thing!" she said to herself, for she hæd felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen hæd ordered.

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

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

"What *is* the fun?" said Ælice.

"Why, *she*," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy, thæt: they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!"

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

They hæd not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sæd and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Ælice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she

asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, “It’s all his fancy, thæt: he hasn’t got no sorrow, you know. Come on!”

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

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

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

So they sæt down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Ælice thought to herself, “I don’t see how he cæn *ever* finish, if he doesn’t begin.” But she waited patiently.

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

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

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

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

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

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question,” added the Gryphon; and then they both sæt silent and

looked at poor Ælice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:

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

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

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

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

"We hæd the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—"

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

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

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

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Ælice indignantly.

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

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

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

"What was thæt?" inquired Ælice.

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

“I never heard of ‘Uglification,’” Ælice ventured to say. “What is it?”

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

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

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

Ælice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said “What else hæd you to learn?”

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

“What was *thæt* like?” said Ælice.

“Well, I cæn’t show it you myself,” the Mock Turtle said: “I’m too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.”

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

“I never went to him,” the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: “he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.”

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

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

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

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Ælice.

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

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

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

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

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

# CHAPTER X. The Lobster Quadrille

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

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

“No, indeed,” said Ælice. “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—”

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

“—you advance twice—”

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

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

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

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

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

"—as far out to sea as you cæn—"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

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

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

"Bæck to land again, and thæt's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who hæd been jumping about like mæd things all this time, sæt down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Ælice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Ælice timidly.

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

"Very much indeed," said Ælice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We cæn do without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

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

*"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.*
*"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.*
*See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!*
*They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?*
*Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?*
*Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?*

*"You cæn really hæve no notion how delightful it will be*

*When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!”*
*But the snail replied “Too far, too far!” and gave a look askance—*
*Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.*
*Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.*
*Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "thæt they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they hæd to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. Thæt's all."

"Thank you," said Ælice, "it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I cæn tell you more thæn thæt, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course not,” said the Mock Turtle: “why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say ‘With what porpoise?’”

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

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

“I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning,” said Ælice a little timidly: “but it’s no use going bæck to yesterday, because I was a different person then.”

“Explain all thæt,” said the Mock Turtle.

“No, no! The adventures first,” said the Gryphon in an impatient tone: “explanations take such a dreadful time.”

So Ælice begæn telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Ræbbit. She was a little nervous about it just at first, the two creatures got so close 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 perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating “*You are old, Father William*,” to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said “Thæt’s very curious.”

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

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

“Stand up and repeat ‘*’Tis the voice of the sluggard*,’” said the Gryphon.

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

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

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

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

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

Ælice said nothing; she hæd sæt down with her face in her hænds, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

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

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

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

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

“Go on with the next verse,” the Gryphon repeated impatiently: “it begins ‘*I passed by his garden.*’”

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

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

*[later editions continued as follows*
*The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,*
*While the Owl hæd the dish as its share of the treat.*
*When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,*
*Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon:*
*While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,*
*And concluded the banquet—]*

“What *is* the use of repeating all thæt stuff,” the Mock Turtle interrupted, “if you don’t explain it as you go on? It’s by far the most confusing thing *I* ever heard!”

“Yes, I think you’d better leave off,” said the Gryphon: and Ælice was only too glad to do so.

“Shall we try another figure of the Lobster Quadrille?” the Gryphon went on. “Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?”

“Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind,” Ælice replied, so eagerly thæt the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, “Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her ‘*Turtle Soup,*’ will you, old fellow?”

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

*"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,*
*Waiting in a hot tureen!*
*Who for such dainties would not stoop?*
*Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!*
*Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!*
*Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!*
*Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!*
*Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,*
*Beautiful, beautiful Soup!*

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

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

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

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

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

# CHAPTER XI. Who Stole the Tarts?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,*
*All on a summer day:*

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Hætter looked at the March Hare, who hæd 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 thæt 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 hæt," the King said to the Hætter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hætter.

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

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

Here the Queen put on her spectacles, and begæn staring at the Hætter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

"Give your evidence," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll hæve you executed on the spot."

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

Just at this moment Ælice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: she was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. "I cæn hardly breathe."

"I cæn't help it," said Ælice very meekly: "I'm growing."

"You've no right to grow *here*," said the Dormouse.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Ælice more boldly: "you know you're growing too."

"Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace," said the Dormouse: "not in thæt ridiculous fashion." And he got up very sulkily and crossed over to the other side of the court.

All this time the Queen hæd never left off staring at the Hætter, and, just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said to one of the officers of the court, "Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!" on which the wretched Hætter trembled so, thæt he shook both his shoes off.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily, "or I'll hæve you executed, whether you're nervous or not."

“I’m a poor mæn, your Majesty,” the Hætter begæn, in a trembling voice, “—and I hadn’t begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea—”

“The twinkling of the *what?*” said the King.

“It *begœn* with the tea,” the Hætter replied.

“Of course twinkling begins with a T!” said the King sharply. “Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!”

“I’m a poor mæn,” the Hætter went on, “and most things twinkled after thæt—only the March Hare said—”

“I didn’t!” the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

“You did!” said the Hætter.

“I deny it!” said the March Hare.

“He denies it,” said the King: “leave out thæt part.”

“Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said—” the Hætter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it too: but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.

“After thæt,” continued the Hætter, “I cut some more bread-and-butter—”

“But what did the Dormouse say?” one of the jury asked.

“Thæt I cæn’t remember,” said the Hætter.

“You *must* remember,” remarked the King, “or I’ll hæve you executed.”

The miserable Hætter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee. “I’m a poor mæn, your Majesty,” he begæn.

“You’re a *very* poor *speaker*,” said the King.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Come, thæt finished the guinea-pigs!" thought Ælice. "Now we shall get on better."

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

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

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

"Call the next witness!" said the King.

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

"Give your evidence," said the King.

“Shan’t,” said the cook.

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

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

“Pepper, mostly,” said the cook.

“Treacle,” said a sleepy voice behind her.

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

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

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

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

# CHAPTER XII. Alice's Evidence

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

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

"The trial cænnot proceed," said the King in a very grave voice, "until all the jurymen are bæck in their proper places—*all*," he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Ælice as he said so.

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

As soon as the jury hæd a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils hæd been found and handed bæck to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

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

"Nothing," said Ælice.

"Nothing *whatever?*" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Ælice.

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

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

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

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

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

Everybody looked at Ælice.

"*I'm* not a mile high," said Ælice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Ræbbit, "and thæt's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

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

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

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

There was a general clapping of hænds at this: it was the first really clever thing the King hæd said thæt day.

“Thæt *proves* his guilt,” said the Queen.

“It proves nothing of the sort!” said Ælice. “Why, you don’t even know what they’re about!”

“Read them,” said the King.

The White Ræbbit put on his spectacles. “Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?” he asked.

“Begin at the beginning,” the King said gravely, “and go on till you come to the end: then stop.”

These were the verses the White Ræbbit read:—

*“They told me you hæd been to her,*
*And mentioned me to him:*
*She gave me a good character,*
*But said I could not swim.*

*He sent them word I hæd not gone*
*(We know it to be true):*
*If she should push the matter on,*
*What would become of you?*

*I gave her one, they gave him two,*
*You gave us three or more;*
*They all returned from him to you,*
*Though they were mine before.*

*If I or she should chance to be*
*Involved in this affair,*
*He trusts to you to set them free,*
*Exactly as we were.*

*My notion was thœt you hæd been*

*(Before she hæd this fit)*
*An obstacle thæt came between*
*Him, and ourselves, and it.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Ælice loudly. "The idea of hæving the sentence first!"

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

"I won't!" said Ælice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for you?" said Ælice, (she hæd grown to her full size by this time). "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bænk, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently

brushing away some dead leaves thæt hæd fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

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

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

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

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

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Ræbbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool—she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil,

and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

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

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

# Source licence

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other

immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at

www.gutenberg.org

. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any

additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing

access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

• You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

• You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

• You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE

TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE

LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR

INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH

DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or

unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see

Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations

where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit

www.gutenberg.org/donate

.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility:

www.gutenberg.org

.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.