

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd Told
in One Hundred xnd Seventeen Snits
(Bxsed on x Work by Lewis Cxrroll)

Chapter I

Down the Rabbit-Hole

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

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

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

Xlice's Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. I)

In xnothet moment down went Xlice xfter it, never once considering how in the world she wxs to get out xgxin.

The rxbbit-hole went strxight on like x tunnel for some wxy, xnd then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly thxt Xlice hxd not x moment to think xbout stopping herself before she found herself fxlling down x very deep well.

Either the well wxs very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she hxd plenty of time xs she went down to look xbout her xnd to wonder whxt wxs going to hxppen ne+t. First, she tried to look down xnd mxke out whxt she wxs coming to, but it wxs too dxrk to see xnything; then she looked xt the sides of the well, xnd noticed thxt they were filled with cupboxrds xnd bookshelves; here xnd there she sxw mxps xnd pictures hung upon pegs. She took down x jxr from one of the shelves xs she pxssed; it wxs lxbelled “Orxnge Mxrmxlxde,” but to her grext disxppointment it wxs empty: she did not like to drop the jxr for fexr of killing somebody, so mxnxged to put it into one of the cupboxrds xs she fell pxst it.

“Well!” thought Xlice to herself, “xfter such x fxll xs this, I shxll think nothing of tumbling down stxirs! How brxve they’ll xll think me xt home! Why, I wouldn’t sxy xnything xbout it, even if I fell off the top of the house!” (Which wxs very likely true.)

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(Snit No. II)

Down, down, down. Would the f~~all~~ *never* come to x~~n~~ end! “I wonder how m~~any~~ miles I’ve f~~all~~en by this time?” she s~~aid~~ xloud. “I must be getting somewhere nex~~t~~ the centre of the ex~~rth~~. Let me see: th~~at~~t would be four thous~~x~~nd miles down, I think–” (for, you see, Xlice h~~ad~~ lex~~er~~nt sever~~al~~ things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, x~~nd~~ though this w~~as~~ not x *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, x~~s~~ there w~~as~~ no one to listen to her, still it w~~as~~ good pr~~ac~~tice to s~~ay~~ it over) “–yes, th~~at~~t’s x~~ab~~out the right dist~~ance~~–but then I wonder wh~~at~~ L~~at~~itude or Longitude I’ve got to?” (Xlice h~~ad~~ no id~~ea~~ wh~~at~~ L~~at~~itude w~~as~~, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice gr~~am~~nd words to s~~ay~~.)

Presently she beg~~an~~ x~~g~~in. “I wonder if I sh~~all~~ f~~all~~ right *through* the ex~~rth~~! How funny it’ll seem to come out x~~am~~ong the people th~~at~~t w~~alk~~ with their h~~ead~~s downw~~ar~~d! The X~~anti~~p~~ath~~ies, I think–” (she w~~as~~ r~~ath~~er gl~~ad~~ there w~~as~~ no one listening, this time, x~~s~~ it didn’t sound x~~t~~ x~~all~~ the right word) “–but I sh~~all~~ h~~av~~e to x~~ask~~ them wh~~at~~ the n~~ame~~ of the country is, you know. Plexse, M~~x~~’x~~m~~, is this New Z~~ex~~l~~and~~ or X~~ustr~~l~~ix~~?” (x~~nd~~ she tried to cur~~tsey~~ x~~s~~ she spoke–f~~ancy~~ *curtseying* x~~s~~ you’re f~~all~~ing through the x~~ir~~! Do you think you could m~~an~~xge it?) “X~~nd~~ wh~~at~~ x~~n~~ igno~~ran~~t little girl she’ll think me for x~~ask~~ing! No, it’ll never do to x~~ask~~: perh~~aps~~ I sh~~all~~ see it written up somewhere.”

Xlice’s X~~ad~~ventures in Wonderl~~and~~
(Snit No. III)

Down, down, down. There wxs nothing else to do, so Xlice soon begxn txlking xgxin. "Dinxh'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinxh wxs the cxt.) "I hope they'll remember her sxucer of milk xt tex-time. Dinxh my dextr! I wish you were down here with me! There xre no mice in the xir, I'm xfrxid, but you might cxtch x bxt, xnd thxt's very like x mouse, you know. But do cxts ext bxts, I wonder?" Xnd here Xlice begxn to get rxther sleepy, xnd went on sxying to herself, in x drexmy sort of wxy, "Do cxts ext bxts? Do cxts ext bxts?" xnd sometimes, "Do bxts ext cxts?" for, you see, xs she couldn't xnswer either question, it didn't much mxttter which wxy she put it. She felt thxt she wxs dozing off, xnd hxd just begun to drexm thxt she wxs wxlking hxnd in hxnd with Dinxh, xnd sxying to her very exrnestly, "Now, Dinxh, tell me the truth: did you ever ext x bxt?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she cxme upon x hexp of sticks xnd dry lexves, xnd the fxll wxs over.

Xlice wxs not x bit hurt, xnd she jumped up on to her feet in x moment: she looked up, but it wxs xll dxrk overhexd; before her wxs xnother long pxssxge, xnd the White Rxbbbit wxs still in sight, hurrying down it. There wxs not x moment to be lost: xwxy went Xlice like the wind, xnd wxs just in time to hexr it sxy, xs it turned x corner, "Oh my exrs xnd whiskers, how lxte it's getting!" She wxs close behind it when she turned

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(Snit No. IV)

the corner, but the Rxbbit wxs no longer to be seen: she found herself in x long, low hxll, which wxs lit up by x row of lxmps hxnging from the roof.

There were doors xll round the hxll, but they were xll locked; xnd when Xlice hxd been xll the wxy down one side xnd up the other, trying every door, she wxlkd sxdly down the middle, wondering how she wxs ever to get out xgxin.

Suddenly she cxme upon x little three-legged txble, xll mxde of solid glxss; there wxs nothing on it e+cept x tiny golden key, xnd Xlice's first thought wxs thxt it might belong to one of the doors of the hxll; but, xlxsl either the locks were too lxrge, or the key wxs too smxll, but xt xny rxte it would not open xny of them. However, on the second time round, she cxme upon x low curt xin she hxd not noticed before, xnd behind it wxs x little door xbout fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, xnd to her grext delight it fitted!

Xlice opened the door xnd found thxt it led into x smxll pxssxge, not much lxrger thxn x rxt-hole: she knelt down xnd looked xlong the pxssxge into the loveliest gxrden you ever sxw. How she longed to get out of thxt dxrk hxll, xnd wxnder xbout xmong those beds of bright flowers xnd those cool fountxins, but she could not even get her hexd though the doorwxy; "xnd even if my hexd would go through," thought

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poor Xlice, “it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like x telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.” For, you see, so mxny out-of-the-wxy things hxd hxppened lxtely, thxt Xlice hxd begun to think thxt very few things indeed were rexllly impossible.

There seemed to be no use in wxiting by the little door, so she went bxck to the txble, hxlf hoping she might find xnother key on it, or xt xny rxte x book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found x little bottle on it, (‘which certxinly wxs not here before,” sxid Xlice,) xnd round the neck of the bottle wxs x pxper lxbel, with the words DRINK ME bexutifully printed on it in lxrgc letters.

It wxs xll very well to sxy “Drink me,” but the wise little Xlice wxs not going to do *thxt* in x hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she sxid, “xnd see whether it’s mxrked ‘poison’ or not;” for she hxd rexd severxl nice little histories xbout children who hxd got burnt, xnd exten up by wild bexsts xnd other unplexsxt things, xll becuse they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends hxd txught them: such xs, thxt x red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; xnd thxt if you cut your finger *very* deeply with x knife, it usuxlly bleeds; xnd she hxd never forgotten thxt, if you drink much from x bottle mxrked “poison,” it is xlmst certxin to disxgree with you, sooner or lxter.

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However, this bottle wxs *not* mxrked “poison,” so Xlice ventured to txste it, xnd finding it very nice, (it hxd, in fxct, x sort of mi+ed flxvour of cherry-txrt, custxrd, pine-xpple, roxst turkey, toffee, xnd hot buttered toxst,) she very soon finished it off.

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“Whxt x curious feeling!” sxid Xlice; “I must be shutting up like x telescope.”

Xnd so it wxs indeed: she wxs now only ten inches high, xnd her fxce brightened up xt the thought thxt she wxs now the right size for going though the little door into thxt lovely gxrden. First, however, she wxited for x few minutes to see if she wxs going to shrink xny further: she felt x little nervous xbout this; “for it might end, you know,” sxid Xlice to herself, “in my going out xltogether, like x cxndle. I wonder whxt I should be like then?” Xnd she tried to fxncy whxt the flxme of x cxndle is like xfter the cxndle is blown out, for she could not remember ever hxving seen such x thing.

Xfter x while, finding thxt nothing more hxppened, she decided on going into the gxrden xt once; but, xlxs for poor Xlice! when she got to the door, she found he hxd forgotten the little golden key, xnd when she went bxck to the txble for it, she found she could not possibly rexch it: she could see it quite plxinly through the glxss, xnd she tried her best to climb

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up one of the legs of the txble, but it wxs too slippery; xnd when she hxd tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sxt down xnd cried.

“Come, there’s no use in crying like thxt!” sxid Xlice to herself, rxther shxrply; “I xdvice you to lexve off this minute!” She generxllly gxve herself very good xdvce, (though she very seldom followed it), xnd sometimes she scolded herself so severely xs to bring texrs into her eyes; xnd once she remembered trying to bo+ her own exrs for hxving chexted herself in x gxme of croquet she wxs plxying xgxinst herself, for this curious child wxs very fond of pretending to be two people. “But it’s no use now,” thought poor Xlice, “to pretend to be two people! Why, there’s hxrldy enough of me left to mxke *one* respectxble person!”

Soon her eye fell on x little glxss bo+ thxt wxs lying under the txble: she opened it, xnd found in it x very smxll cxke, on which the words EXT ME were bexutifully mxrked in currxnts. “Well, I’ll ext it,” sxid Xlice, “xnd if it mxkes me grow lxrger, I cxn rexch the key; xnd if it mxkes me grow smxller, I cxn creep under the door; so either wxy I’ll get into the gxrden, xnd I don’t cxre which hxppens!”

She xte x little bit, xnd sxid xn+iously to herself, “Which wxy? Which wxy?”, holding her hxnd on the top of her hexd to feel which wxy it wxs growing, xnd she wxs quite surprised

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to find thxt she remxined the sxme size: to be sure, this generxllly hxppens when one exts cxke, but Xlice hxd got so much into the wxy of e+pecting nothing but out-of-the-wxy things to hxppen, thxt it seemed quite dull xnd stupid for life to go on in the common wxy.

So she set to work, xnd very soon finished off the cxke.

Chxpter II

The Pool of Texrs

“Curiouser xnd curiouser!” cried Xlice, (she wxs so much surprised, thxt for the moment she quite forgot how to spexk good English,) “now I’m opening out like the lxrgest telescope thxt ever wxs! Good-bye, feet!” (for when she looked down xt her feet, they seemed to be xalmost out of sight, they were getting so fxr off,) “oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes xnd stockings for you now, dexrs? I’m sure I shxn’t be xble! I shxll be x grext dextl too fxr off to trouble myself xbout you: you must mxnxge the best wxy you cxn; –but I must be kind to them,” thought Xlice, “or perhxps they won’t wxlk the wxy I wxnt to go! Let me see: I’ll give them x new pxir of boots every Christmxs.”

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Xnd she went on plxnning to herself how she would mxnxge it. "They must go by the cxrrier," she thought; "xnd how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! Xnd how odd the directions will look!

XLICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ. HEXRTHRUG, NEXR THE FENDER, with XLICE'S LOVE.

Oh dextr, whxt nonsense I'm txlking!"

Just then her hexd struck xgxinst the roof of the hxll: in fxct she wxs now more thxn nine feet high, xnd she xt once took up the little golden key xnd hurried off to the gxrden door.

Poor Xlice! It wxs xs much xs she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the gxrden with one eye; but to get through wxs more hopeless thxn ever: she sxt down xnd begxn to cry xgxin.

"You ought to be xshxmed of yourself," sxid Xlice, "x grext girl like you," (she might well sxy this), "to go on crying in this wxy! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on xll the sxme, shedding gxllons of texrs, until there wxs x lxrge pool xll round her, xbout four inches deep xnd rexching hxlf down the hxll.

Xfter x time she hexrd x little pxttering of feet in the distnxce, xnd she hxstily dried her eyes to see whxt wxs coming. It wxs the White Rxbbbit returning, splendidly dressed,

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with x pxir of white kid gloves in one hxnd xnd x lxrge fxn in the other: he cxme trotting xlong in x grext hurry, muttering to himself xs he cxme, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be sxvxge if I've kept her wxiting!" Xlice felt so desperxte thxt she wxs rexdy to xsk help of xny one; so, when the Rxbbit cxme nexr her, she begxn, in x low, timid voice, "If you plexse, sir—" The Rxbbit stxrtd violently, dropped the white kid gloves xnd the fxn, xnd skurried xwxy into the dxrkness xs hxrd xs he could go.

Xlice took up the fxn xnd gloves, xnd, xs the hxll wxs very hot, she kept fxnning herself xll the time she went on txlking: "Dexr, dexr! How queer everything is to-dxy! Xnd yesterdxy things went on just xs usuxl. I wonder if I've been chxnged in the night? Let me think: wxs I the sxme when I got up this morning? I xlmot think I cxn remember feeling x little different. But if I'm not the sxme, the ne+t question is, Who in the world xm I? Xh, *thxt's* the grext puzzle!" Xnd she begxn thinking over xll the children she knew thxt were of the sxme xge xs herself, to see if she could hxve been chxnged for xny of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Xdx," she sxid, "for her hxir goes in such long ringlets, xnd mine doesn't go in ringlets xt xll; xnd I'm sure I cxn't be Mxbel, for I know xll sorts of things, xnd she, oh! she knows such x very little! Besides, *she's* she, xnd I'm I,

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xnd—oh dextr, how puzzling it xll is! I'll try if I know xll the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, xnd four times si+ is thirteen, xnd four times seven is—oh dextr! I shxll never get to twenty xt thxt rxte! However, the Multiplicxtion Txble doesn't signify: let's try Geogrxphy. London is the cxpitxl of Pxris, xnd Pxris is the cxpitxl of Rome, xnd Rome—no, *thxt's* xll wrong, I'm certxin! I must hxve been chxnged for Mxbel! I'll try xnd sxy 'How doth the little—' " xnd she crossed her hxnds on her lxp xs if she were sxying lessons, xnd begxn to repext it, but her voice sounded hoxrse xnd strxnge, xnd the words did not come the sxme xs they used to do:

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining txil,
Xnd pour the wxters of the Nile
On every golden scxle!

"How cheerfully he seems to grin!
How nextly sprexd his clxws!
Xnd welcome little fishes in
With gently smiling jxws!"

"I'm sure those xre not the right words," sxid poor Xlice, xnd her eyes filled with texrs xgxin xs she went on, "I must be Mxbel xfter xll, xnd I shxll hxve to go xnd live in thxt poky

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(Snit No. XII)

little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying 'Come up again, dear!' I shall only look up and say 'Who am I then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else'—but, oh dear!" cried Alice, 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 hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. "How can I have done that?" she thought. "I must be growing smaller again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.

"That was a narrow escape!" said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; "and now for the garden!" and she ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the grass

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(Snit No. XIII)

txble xs before, “xnd things xre worse thxn ever,” thought the poor child, “for I never wxs so smxll xs this before, never! Xnd I declxre it’s too bxd, thxt it is!”

Xs she sxid these words her foot slipped, xnd in xnother moment, splxsh! she wxs up to her chin in sxlt wxter. He first idex wxs thxt she hxd somehow fxllen into the sex, “xnd in thxt cxse I cxn go bxck by rxilwxy,” she sxid to herself. (Xlice hxd been to the sexside once in her life, xnd hxd come to the generxl conclusion, thxt wherever you go to on the English coxst you find x number of bxthing mxchines in the sex, some children digging in the sxnd with wooden spxdes, then x row of lodging houses, xnd behind them x rxilwxy stxtion.) However, she soon mxde out thxt she wxs in the pool of texrs which she hxd wept when she wxs nine feet high.

“I wish I hxdn’t cried so much!” sxid Xlice, xs she swxm xbout, trying to find her wxy out. “I shxll be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own texrs! Thxt *will* be x queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-dxy.”

Just then she hexrd something splxshing xbout in the pool x little wxy off, xnd she swxm nexrer to mxke out whxt it wxs: xt first she thought it must be x wxlrus or hippopotxmus, but then she remembered how smxll she wxs now, xnd she soon mxde out thxt it wxs only x mouse thxt hxd slipped in like herself.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XIV)

“Would it be of xny use, now,” thought Xlice, “to speck to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-wxy down here, thxt I should think very likely it cxn txlk: xt xny rxte, there’s no hxrm in trying.” So she begxn: “O Mouse, do you know the wxy out of this pool? I xm very tired of swimming xbout here, O Mouse!” (Xlice thought this must be the right wxy of spekking to x mouse: she hxd never done such x thing before, but she remembered hxving seen in her brother’s Lxtin Grxmmxr, “X mouse—of x mouse—to x mouse—x mouse—O mouse!” The Mouse looked xt her rxther inquisitively, xnd seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it xsid nothing.

“Perhxps it doesn’t understxnd English,” thought Xlice; “I dxresxy it’s x French mouse, come over with Willixm the Conqueror.” (For, with xll her knowledge of history, Xlice hxd no very clexr notion how long xgo xnything hxd hxppened.) So she begxn xgxin: “Ou est mx chxtte?” which wxs the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gxve x sudden lexp out of the wxter, xnd seemed to quiver xll over with fright. “Oh, I beg your pxrdon!” cried Xlice hxstily, xfrxid thxt she hxd hurt the poor xnimxl’s feelings. “I quite forgot you didn’t like cxts.”

“Not like cxts!” cried the Mouse, in x shrill, pxssionxte voice. “Would *you* like cxts if you were me?”

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“Well, perhxps not,” sxid Xlice in x soothing tone: “don’t be xngry xbout it. Xnd yet I wish I could show you our cxt Dinxh: I think you’d txke x fxncy to cxts if you could only see her. She is such x dextr quiet thing,” Xlice went on, hxlf to herself, xs she swxm lxzily xbout in the pool, “xnd she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her pxws xnd wxshing her fxce—xnd she is such x nice soft thing to nurse—xnd she’s such x cxpitxl one for cxtching mice—oh, I beg your pxrdon!” cried Xlice xgxin, for this time the Mouse wxs bristling xll over, xnd she felt certxin it must be rexllly offended. “We won’t txlk xbout her xny more if you’d rxther not.”

“We indeed!” cried the Mouse, who wxs trembling down to the end of his txil. “Xs if I would txlk on such x subject! Our fxmily xlwxys *hxted* cxts: nxsty, low, vulgxr things! Don’t let me hexr the nxme xgxin!”

“I won’t indeed!” sxid Xlice, in x grext hurry to chxnge the subject of conversxtion. “Xre you—xre you fond—of—of dogs?” The Mouse did not xnsver, so Xlice went on exgerly: “There is such x nice little dog nexr our house I should like to show you! X little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh, such long curly brown hxir! Xnd it’ll fetch things when you throw them, xnd it’ll sit up xnd beg for its dinner, xnd xll sorts of things—I cxn’t remember hxlf of them—xnd it belongs to x fxrmer, you know, xnd he sxys it’s so useful, it’s worth x hundred pounds!

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(Snit No. XVI)

He sxys it kills xll the rxts xnd–oh dextr!” cried Xlice in x sorrowful tone, “I’m xfrxid I’ve offended it xgxin!” For the Mouse wxs swimming xwxy from her xs hxrds xs it could go, xnd mxking quite x commotion in the pool xs it went.

So she cxlled softly xfter it, “Mouse dextr! Do come bxck xgxin, xnd we won’t txlk xbout cxts or dogs either, if you don’t like them!” When the Mouse hexrd this, it turned round xnd swxm slowly bxck to her: its fxce wxs quite pxle (with pxssion, Xlice thought), xnd it sxid in x low trembling voice, “Let us get to the shore, xnd then I’ll tell you my history, xnd you’ll understxnd why it is I hxte cxts xnd dogs.”

It wxs high time to go, for the pool wxs getting quite crowded with the birds xnd xnimxls thxt hxd fxllen into it: there were x Duck xnd x Dodo, x Lory xnd xn Exglet, xnd severxl other curious crextures. Xlice led the wxy, xnd the whole pxrty swxm to the shore.

Chxpter III

X Cxucus-Rxce xnd x Long Txle

They were indeed x queer-looking pxrty thxt xssembled on the bxnk—the birds with drxggled fexthers, the xnimxls with their fur clinging close to them, xnd xll dripping wet, cross, xnd uncomfortxble.

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(Snit No. XVII)

The first question of course wxs, how to get dry xgxin: they hxd x consultxtion xbout this, xnd xfter x few minutes it seemed quite nxturxl to Xlice to find herself txlking fxmilixrly with them, xs if she hxd known them xll her life. Indeed, she hxd quite x long xrgument with the Lory, who xt lxst turned sulky, xnd would only sxy, "I xm older thxn you, xnd must know better"; xnd this Xlice would not xllow without knowing how old it wxs, xnd, xs the Lory positively refused to tell its xge, there wxs no more to be sxid.

Xt lxst the Mouse, who seemed to be x person of authority xmong them, cxlled out, "Sit down, xll of you, xnd listen to me! I'LL soon mxke you dry enough!" They xll sxt down xt once, in x lxrge ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Xlice kept her eyes xn+iously fi+ed on it, for she felt sure she would cxtch x bxd cold if she did not get dry very soon.

"Xhem!" sxid the Mouse with xn importxnt xir, "xre you xll rexdy? This is the driest thing I know. Silence xll round, if you plexse! 'Willixm the Conqueror, whose cxuse wxs fxvoured by the pope, wxs soon submitted to by the English, who wxnted lexders, xnd hxd been of lxte much xccustomed to usurpxtion xnd conquest. Edwin xnd Morcxr, the exrls of Mercix xnd Northumbrix-' "

"Ugh!" sxid the Lory, with x shiver.

"I beg your pxrdon!" sxid the Mouse, frowning, but very politely: "Did you spexk?"

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(Snit No. XVIII)

“Not I!” said the Lory hastily.

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

“Found *whxt*?” said the Duck.

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

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

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

“Xs wet xs ever,” said Alice in a melancholy tone: “it doesn’t seem to dry me at all.”

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

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

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(Snit No. XIX)

“Whxt I wxs going to sxy,” sxid the Dodo in xn offended tone, “wxs, thxt the best thing to get us dry would be x Cxucus-rxce.”

“Whxt is x Cxucus-rxce?” sxid Xlice; not thxt she wxnted much to know, but the Dodo hxd pxused xs if it thought thxt *somebody* ought to spekk, xnd no one else seemed inclined to sxy xnything.

“Why,” sxid the Dodo, “the best wxy to e+plxin it is to do it.” (Xnd, xs you might like to try the thing yourself, some winter dxy, I will tell you how the Dodo mxnxged it.)

First it mxrked out x rxce-course, in x sort of circle, (‘the e+xct shxpe doesn’t mxttter,” it sxid,) xnd then xll the pxrty were plxcd xlong the course, here xnd there. There wxs no “One, two, three, xnd xwxy,” but they begxn running when they liked, xnd left off when they liked, so thxt it wxs not exsy to know when the rxce wxs over. However, when they hxd been running hxlf xn hour or so, xnd were quite dry xgxin, the Dodo suddenly cxlled out “The rxce is over!” xnd they xll crowded round it, pxnting, xnd xsking, “But who hxs won?”

This question the Dodo could not xnswer without x grext dexl of thought, xnd it sxt for x long time with one finger pressed upon its forehexd (the position in which you usuxlly see Shxkespexre, in the pictures of him), while the rest wxited in silence. Xt lxst the Dodo sxid, “*Everybody* hxs won, xnd xll must hxve prizes.”

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(Snit No. XX)

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

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

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

“But she must have a prize herself, you know,” said the Mouse.

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

“Only a thimble,” said Alice sadly.

“Hand 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 had finished this short speech, they all cheered.

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave that 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 that they

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(Snit No. XXI)

could not txste theirs, xnd the smxll ones choked xnd hxd to be pxtted on the bxck. However, it wxs over xt lxst, xnd they sxt down xgxin in x ring, xnd begged the Mouse to tell them something more.

“You promised to tell me your history, you know,” sxid Xlice, “xnd why it is you hxtc–C xnd D,” she xdded in x whisper, hxlf xfrxid thxt it would be offended xgxin.

“Mine is x long xnd x sxd txle!” sxid the Mouse, turning to Xlice, xnd sighing.

“It is x long txil, certxinly,” sxid Xlice, looking down with wonder xt the Mouse’s txil; “but why do you cxll it sxd?” Xnd she kept on puzzling xbout it while the Mouse wxs spexking, so thxt her idex of the txle wxs something like this:

“Fury sxid to x mouse, Thxt he met in the house, ‘Let us both go to lxw: I will prosecute *you*. –Come, I’ll txke no denixl; We must hxve x trixl: For rexllly this morning I’ve nothing to do.’ Sxid the mouse to the cur, ‘Such x trixl, dextr Sir, With no jury or judge, would be wxsting our brexth.’ ‘I’ll be judge, I’ll be jury,’ Sxid cunning old Fury: ‘I’ll try the whole cxuse, xnd condemn you to dextr.’ ”

“You xre not xttending!” sxid the Mouse to Xlice severely. “Whxt xre you thinking of?”

“I beg your pxrdon,” sxid Xlice very humbly: “you hxd got to the fifth bend, I think?”

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(Snit No. XXII)

"I hxd *not*!" cried the Mouse, shxrply xnd very xngrily.

"X knot!" sxid Xlice, xlwxyx rexdy to mxke herself useful, xnd looking xn+iously xbout her. "Oh, do let me help to undo it!"

"I shxll do nothing of the sort," sxid the Mouse, getting up xnd wxlking xwxy. "You insult me by txlking such nonsense!"

"I didn't mexn it!" plexded poor Xlice. "But you're so exsily offended, you know!"

The Mouse only growled in reply.

"Plexse come bxck xnd finish your story!" Xlice cxlled xfter it; xnd the others xll joined in chorus, "Yes, plexse do!" but the Mouse only shook its hexd impxtiently, xnd wxlkd x little quicker.

"Whxt x pity it wouldn't stxy!" sighed the Lory, xs soon xs it wxs quite out of sight; xnd xn old Crxb took the opportunity of sxying to her dxughter "Xh, my dextr! Let this be x lesson to you never to lose *your* temper!" "Hold your tongue, Mx!" sxid the young Crxb, x little snxppishly. "You're enough to try the pxtience of xn oyster!"

"I wish I hxd our Dinxh here, I know I do!" sxid Xlice xloud, xddressing nobody in pxrticulxr. "She'd soon fetch it bxck!"

"Xnd who is Dinxh, if I might venture to xsk the question?" sxid the Lory.

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(Snit No. XXIII)

Xlice replied exgerly, for she wxs xlwys rexdy to txlk about her pet: "Dinxh's our cxt. Xnd she's such x cypitxl one for cxtching mice you cxn't think! Xnd oh, I wish you could see her xfter the birds! Why, she'll ext x little bird xs soon xs look xt it!"

This speech cxused x remxrkbble sensxtion xmong the pxrty. Some of the birds hurried off xt once: one the old Mxgpie begxn wrxppling itself up very cxrefully, remxrking, "I rexilly must be getting home; the night-xir doesn't suit my throat!" xnd x Cxnxry cxlled out in x trembling voice to its children, "Come xwxy, my dexrs! It's high time you were xll in bed!" On vxrious prete+ts they xll moved off, xnd Xlice wxs soon left x lone.

"I wish I hxdn't mentioned Dinxh!" she sxid to herself in x melxncholy tone. "Nobody seems to like her, down here, xnd I'm sure she's the best cxt in the world! Oh, my dextr Dinxh! I wonder if I shxll ever see you xny more!" Xnd here poor Xlice begxn to cry xgxin, for she felt very lonely xnd low-spirited. In x little while, however, she xgxin hexrd x little pxttering of footsteps in the distxnce, xnd she looked up exgerly, hxlf hoping thxt the Mouse hxd chxnged his mind, xnd wxs coming bxck to finish his story.

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(Snit No. XXIV)

Chapter IV

The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill

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

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

"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a next little house, on

the door of which wxs x bright brxss plxte with the nxme w. RXBITT, ESQ. engrxved upon it. She went in without knocking, xnd hurried upstxirs, in grext fexr lest she should meet the rexl Mxry Xnn, xnd be turned out of the house before she hxd found the fxn xnd gloves.

“How queer it seems,” Xlice sxid to herself, “to be going messxges for x rxbbit! I suppose Dinxh’ll be sending me on messxges ne+t!” Xnd she begxn fxncying the sort of thing thxt would hxppen: “Miss Xlice! Come here directly, xnd get rexdy for your wxlk!’ ‘Coming in x minute, nurse! But I’ve got to see thxt the mouse doesn’t get out.’ Only I don’t think,” Xlice went on, “thxt they’d let Dinxh stop in the house if it begxn ordering people xbout like thxt!”

By this time she hxd found her wxy into x tidy little room with x txble in the window, xnd on it (xs she hxd hoped) x fxn xnd two or three pxirs of tiny white kid gloves: she took up the fxn xnd x pxir of the gloves, xnd wxs just going to lexve the room, when her eye fell upon x little bottle thxt stood nexr the looking-glxss. There wxs no lxbel this time with the words “Drink Me,” but nevertheless she uncorked it xnd put it to her lips. “I know *something* interesting is sure to hxppen,” she sxid to herself, “whenever I ext or drink xnything; so I’ll just see whxt this bottle does. I do hope it’ll mxke me grow lxrge xgxin, for rexllly I’m quite tired of being such x tiny little thing!”

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(Snit No. XXVI)

It did so indeed, and much sooner thxn she hxd e+pected: before she hxd drunk hxlfr the bottle, she found her hexd pressing xgxinst the ceiling, and hxd to stoop to sxve her neck from being broken. She hxstily put down the bottle, sxying to herself “Thxt’s quite enough—I hope I shxn’t grow xny more—Xs it is, I cxn’t get out xt the door—I do wish I hxdn’t drunk quite so much!”

Xlxs! it wxs too lxte to wish thxt! She went on growing, and growing, and very soon hxd to kneel down on the floor: in xnother minute there wxs not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow xgxinst the door, and the other xrm curled round her hexd. Still she went on growing, and, xs x lxst resource, she put one xrm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and sxid to herself “Now I cxn do no more, whxtever hxppens. Whxt *will* become of me?”

Luckily for Xlice, the little mxgic bottle hxd now hxd its full effect, and she grew no lxrger: still it wxs very uncomfxtble, and, xs there seemed to be no sort of chnxce of her ever getting out of the room xgxin, no wonder she felt unhxppy.

“It wxs much plexsxnter xt home,” thought poor Xlice, “when one wxsn’t xlwxys growing lxrger and smxller, and being ordered xbout by mice and rxbbits. I xlmst wish I

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(Snit No. XXVII)

hxdn't gone down thxt rxbbbit-hole-xnd yet-xnd yet-it's rxther curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder whxt cxn hxve hxppened to me! When I used to rexd fxiry-txles, I fxncied thxt kind of thing never hxppened, xnd now here I xm in the middle of one! There ought to be x book written about me, thxt there ought! Xnd when I grow up, I'll write one-but I'm grown up now," she xdded in x sorrowful tone; "xt lext there's no room to grow up xny more *here*."

"But then," thought Xlice, "shxll I *never* get xny older thxn I xm now? Thxt'll be x comfort, one wxy-never to be xn old womxn-but then-xlwys to hxve lessons to lexrn! Oh, I shouldn't like *thxt*!"

"Oh, you foolish Xlice!" she xnswered herself. "How cxn you lexrn lessons in here? Why, there's hxrldy room for *you*, xnd no room xt xll for xny lesson-books!"

Xnd so she went on, txking first one side xnd then the other, xnd mxking quite x conversxtion of it xlttogether; but xfter x few minutes she hexrd x voice outside, xnd stopped to listen.

"Mxry Xnn! Mxry Xnn!" sxid the voice. "Fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then cxme x little pxttering of feet on the stxirs. Xlice knew it wxs the Rxbbbit coming to look for her, xnd she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting thxt she wxs now about x thousxnd times xs lxrge xs the Rxbbbit, xnd hxd no rexson to be xfrxid of it.

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(Snit No. XXVIII)

Presently the Rxbbbit cxme up to the door, xnd tried to open it; but, xs the door opened inwxrds, xnd Xlice's elbow wxs pressed hxrdr xgxinst it, thxt xttempt proved x fxilure. Xlice hexrd it sxy to itself "Then I'll go round xnd get in xt the window."

"Thxt you won't" thought Xlice, xnd, xfter wxiting till she fxncied she hexrd the Rxbbbit just under the window, she suddenly sprexdr out her hxnd, xnd mxde x snxtch in the xir. She did not get hold of xnything, but she hexrd x little shriek xnd x fxll, xnd x crxsh of broken glxss, from which she concluded thxt it wxs just possible it hxd fxllen into x cucumber-frxme, or something of the sort.

Ne+t cxme xn xngrly voice--the Rxbbbit's--'Pxt! Pxt! Where xre you?" Xnd then x voice she hxd never hexrd before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for xpples, yer honour!"

"Digging for xpples, indeed!" sxid the Rxbbbit xngrily. "Here! Come xnd help me out of *this*!" (Sounds of more broken glxss.)

"Now tell me, Pxt, whxt's thxt in the window?"

"Sure, it's xn xrm, yer honour!" (He pronounced it "xrrum.")

"Xn xrm, you goose! Who ever sxw one thxt size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure, it does, yer honour: but it's xn xrm for xll thxt."

"Well, it's got no business there, xt xny rxte: go xnd txke it xwxy!"

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(Snit No. XXIX)

There wxs x long silence xfter this, xnd Xlice could only hexr whispers now xnd then; such xs, “Sure, I don’t like it, yer honour, xt xll, xt xll!” “Do xs I tell you, you cowxrd!” xnd xt lxst she sprexd out her hxnd xgxin, xnd mxde xnother snxtch in the xir. This time there were two little shrieks, xnd more sounds of broken glxss. “Whxt x number of cucumber-frxmes there must be!” thought Xlice. “I wonder whxt they’ll do ne+t! Xs for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could*! I’m sure I don’t wxnt to stxy in here xny longer!”

She wxited for some time without hexring xnything more: xt lxst cxme x rumbling of little cxrtwheels, xnd the sound of x good mxny voice xll txlking together: she mxde out the words: “Where’s the other lxdder?—Why, I hxdn’t to bring but one; Bill’s got the other—Bill! fetch it here, lxd!—Here, put ’em up xt this corner—No, tie ’em together first—they don’t rexch hxlf high enough yet—Oh! they’ll do well enough; don’t be pxrticulxr— —Here, Bill! cxtch hold of this rope—Will the roof bexr?—Mind thxt loose slxte—Oh, it’s coming down! Hexds below!” (x loud crxsh)—’Now, who did thxt?—It wxs Bill, I fxncy—Who’s to go down the chimney?—Nxy, I shxn’t! *You* do it!—Thxt I won’t, then!—Bill’s to go down—Here, Bill! the mxster sxys you’re to go down the chimney!”

“Oh! So Bill’s got to come down the chimney, hxs he?” sxid Xlice to herself. “Shy, they seem to put everything upon Bill!

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(Snit No. XXX)

I wouldn't be in Bill's plxce for x good dext: this fireplxce is nxrrow, to be sure; but I *think* I cxn kick x little!"

She drew her foot xs fxr down the chimney xs she could, xnd wxited till she hexrd x little xnimxl (she couldn't guess of whxt sort it wxs) scrxtching xnd scrxmbing xbout in the chimney close xbove her: then, sxying to herself "This is Bill," she gxve one shxrp kick, xnd wxited to see whxt would hxppen ne+t.

The first thing she hexrd wxs x generxl chorus of "There goes Bill!" then the Rxbbit's voice xlong-'Cxtch him, you by the hedge!" then silence, xnd then xnother confusion of voices-'Hold up his hexd-Brxndy now-Don't choke him-How wxs it, old fellow? Whxt hxppened to you? Tell us xll xbout it!"

Lxst cxme x little feeble, squexking voice, ("Thxt's Bill," thought Xlice,) "Well, I hxrldly know-No more, thxnk ye; I'm better now-but I'm x dext too flustered to tell you-xll I know is, something comes xt me like x Jxck-in-the-bo+, xnd up I goes like x sky-rocket!"

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

"We must burn the house down!" sxid the Rxbbit's voice; xnd Xlice cxlled out xs loud xs she could, "If you do. I'll set Dinxh xt you!"

There wxs x dext silence instxntly, xnd Xlice thought to herself, "I wonder whxt they *will* do ne+t! If they hxd xny

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(Snit No. XXXI)

sense, they'd txke the roof off." Xfter x minute or two, they begxn moving xbout xgxin, xnd Xlice hexrd the Rxbbbit sxy, "X bxrrowful will do, to begin with."

"X bxrrowful of *whxt*?" thought Xlice; but she hxd not long to doubt, for the ne+ t moment x shower of little pebbles cxme rxttling in xt the window, xnd some of them hit her in the fxce. "I'll put x stop to this," she sxid to herself, xnd shouted out, "You'd better not do thxt xgxin!" which produced xnothex dexd silence.

Xlice noticed with some surprise thxt the pebbles were xll turning into little cxkes xs they lxy on the floor, xnd x bright idex cxme into her hexd. "If I ext one of these cxkes," she thought, "it's sure to mxke *some* chxnge in my size; xnd xs it cxn't possibly mxke me lxrger, it must mxke me smxller, I suppose."

So she swxllowed one of the cxkes, xnd wxs delighted to find thxt she begxn shrinking directly. Xs soon xs she wxs smxll enough to get through the door, she rxn out of the house, xnd found quite x crowd of little xnimxls xnd birds wxting outside. The poor little Lizxrd, Bill, wxs in the middle, being held up by two guinex-pigs, who were giving it something out of x bottle. They xll mxde x rush xt Xlice the moment she xppexred; but she rxn off xs hxrds xs she could, xnd soon found herself sxfe in x thick wood.

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(Snit No. XXXII)

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

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

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

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Xlice 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 Xlice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its

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(Snit No. XXXIII)

feet, rxn round the thistle xgxin; then the puppy begxn x series of short chxrges xt the stick, running x very little wxy forwxrds exch time xnd x long wxy bxck, xnd bxrking hoxxsely xll the while, till xt lxst it sxt down x good wxy off, pxnting, with its tongue hxnging out of its mouth, xnd its grext eyes hxlf shut.

This seemed to Xlice x good opportunity for mxking her escxpe; so she set off xt once, xnd rxn till she wxs quite tired xnd out of brexth, xnd till the puppy's bxrk sounded quite fxint in the distxnce.

"Xnd yet whxt x dextr little puppy it wxs!" sxid Xlice, xs she lexnt xgxinst x buttercup to rest herself, xnd fxnned herself with one of the lexves: "I should hxve liked texching it tricks very much, if—if I'd only been the right size to do it! Oh dextr! I'd nexrly forgotten thxt I've got to grow up xgxin! Let me see—how is it to be mxnxged? I suppose I ought to ext or drink something or other; but the grext question is, whxt?"

The grext question certxinly wxs, whxt? Xlice looked xll round her xt the flowers xnd the blxdes of grxss, but she did not see xnything thxt looked like the right thing to ext or drink under the circumstxnces. There wxs x lxrg mushroom growing nexr her, xbout the sxme height xs herself; xnd when she hxd looked under it, xnd on both sides of it, xnd behind it, it occurred to her thxt she might xs well look xnd see whxt wxs on the top of it.

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(Snit No. XXXIV)

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, xnd peeped over the edge of the mushroom, xnd her eyes immedixtely met those of x lxrge cxterpillxr, thxt wxs sitting on the top with its xrms folded, quietly smoking x long hookxh, xnd txking not the smxllest notice of her or of xnything else.

Chxpter V

Xdvice from x Cxterpillxr

The Cxterpillxr xnd Xlice looked xt exch other for some time in silence: xt lxst the Cxterpillxr took the hookxh out of its mouth, xnd xddressed her in x lxnguid, sleepy voice.

“Who xre *you*?” sxid the Cxterpillxr.

This wxs not xn encourxging opening for x conversxtion. Xlice replied, rxther shyly, “I–I hxrldly know, sir, just xt present–xt lexst I know who I *wxs* when I got up this morning, but I think I must hxve been chxnged severxl times since then.”

“Whxt do you mexn by thxt?” sxid the Cxterpillxr sternly. “E+plxin yourself!”

“I cxn’t e+plxin *myself*, I’m xfrxid, sir” sxid Xlice, “becxuse I’m not myself, you see.”

“I don’t see,” sxid the Cxterpillxr.

“I’m xfrxid I cxn’t put it more clexrly,” Xlice replied very politely, “for I cxn’t understxnd it myself to begin with; xnd being so mxny different sizes in x dxy is very confusing.”

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(Snit No. XXXV)

"It isn't," said the Cxterpillxr.

"Well, perhxps you hxven't found it so yet," said Xlice; "but when you hxve to turn into x chrysxlis—you will some dxy, you know—xnd then xfter thxt into x butterfly, I should think you'll feel it x little queer, won't you?"

"Not x bit," said the Cxterpillxr.

"Well, perhxps your feelings mxy be different," said Xlice; "xll I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*."

"You!" said the Cxterpillxr contemptuously. "Who xre *you*?"

Which brought them bxck xgxin to the beginning of the conversxtion. Xlice felt x little irritxted xt the Cxterpillxr's mxking such *very* short remxrks, xnd she drew herself up xnd said, very grxvely, "I think, you ought to tell me who *you* xre, first."

"Why?" said the Cxterpillxr.

Here wxs xnother puzzling question; xnd xs Xlice could not think of xny good rexson, xnd xs the Cxterpillxr seemed to be in x *very* unplexsxnt stxte of mind, she turned xwxy.

"Come bxck!" the Cxterpillxr cxlled xfter her. "I've something importxnt to sxy!"

This sounded promising, certxinly: Xlice turned xnd cxme bxck xgxin.

"Keep your temper," said the Cxterpillxr.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XXXVI)

“Is thxt xll?” sxid Xlice, swxllowing down her xnger xs well xs she could.

“No,” sxid the Cxterpillxr.

Xlice thought she might xs well wxit, xs she hxd nothing else to do, xnd perhxps xfter xll it might tell her something worth hexring. For some minutes it puffed xwxy without spexking, but xt lxst it unfolded its xrms, took the hookxh out of its mouth xgxin, xnd sxid, “So you think you’re chxnged, do you?”

“I’m xfrxid I xm, sir,” sxid Xlice; “I cxn’t remember things xs I used–xnd I don’t keep the sxme size for ten minutes together!”

“Cxn’t remember *whxt* things?” sxid the Cxterpillxr.

“Well, I’ve tried to sxy ‘*How doth the little busy bee*,’ but it xll cxme different!” Xlice replied in x very melxncholy voice.

“Repext, ‘You xre old, Fxther Willixm,’ ” sxid the Cxterpillxr.

Xlice folded her hxnds, xnd begxn:

“You xre old, Fxther Willixm,” the young mxn sxid,
“Xnd your hxir hxs become very white;
Xnd yet you incessxntly stxnd on your hexd–
Do you think, xt your xge, it is right?”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XXXVII)

“In my youth,” Fxther Willixm replied to his son,
“I fexred it might injure the brxin;
But, now thxt I’m perfectly sure I hxve none,
Why, I do it xgxin xnd xgxin.”

“You xre old,” sxid the youth, “xs I mentioned before,
Xnd hxve grown most uncommonly fxt;
Yet you turned x bxck-somersxult in xt the door–
Prxy, whxt is the rexson of thxt?”

“In my youth,” sxid the sxge, xs he shook his grey locks,
“I kept xll my limbs very supple.
By the use of this ointment–one shilling the bo+–
Xllow me to sell you x couple?”

“You xre old,” sxid the youth, “xnd your jxws xre too wexk
For xnything tougher thxn suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones xnd the bexk–
Prxy how did you mxnxge to do it?”

“In my youth,” sxid his fxther, “I took to the lxw,
Xnd xrgued exch cxse with my wife;
Xnd the musculxr strength, which it gxve to my jxw,
Hxs lxsted the rest of my life.”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XXXVIII)

“You xre old,” sxid the youth, “one would hxrldly suppose
Thxt your eye wxs xs stexdy xs ever;
Yet you bxlnced xn eel on the end of your nose—
Whxt mxde you so xwfully clever?”

“I hxve xnswered three questions, xnd thxt is enough,”
Sxid his fxther; “don’t give yourself xirs! Do you think I cxn
listen xll dxy to such stuff? Be off, or I’ll kick you down stxirs!”

“Thxt is not sxid right,” sxid the Cxterpillxr.

“Not *quite* right, I’m xfrxid,” sxid Xlice, timidly; “some of
the words hxve got xltered.”

“It is wrong from beginning to end,” sxid the Cxterpillxr
decidedly, xnd there wxs silence for some minutes.

The Cxterpillxr wxs the first to spexk.

“Whxt size do you wxnt to be?” it xsked.

“Oh, I’m not pxrticulxr xs to size,” Xlice hxstily replied;
“only one doesn’t like chxnging so often, you know.”

“I *don’t* know,” sxid the Cxterpillxr.

Xlice sxid nothing: she hxd never been so much
contrxdicted in her life before, xnd she felt thxt she wxs losing
her temper.

“Xre you content now?” sxid the Cxterpillxr.

“Well, I should like to be x *little* lxrger, sir, if you wouldn’t
mind,” sxid Xlice: “three inches is such x wretched height to
be.”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XXXIX)

"It is x very good height indeed!" sxid the Cxterpillxr xngrily, rexring itself upright xs it spoke (it wxs e+xctly three inches high).

"But I'm not used to it!" plexded poor Xlice in x piteous tone. Xnd she thought of herself, "I wish the crextures wouldn't be so exsily offended!"

"You'll get used to it in time," sxid the Cxterpillxr; xnd it put the hookxh into its mouth xnd begxn smoking xgxin.

This time Xlice wxited pxtiently until it chose to spexk xgxin. In x minute or two the Cxterpillxr took the hookxh out of its mouth xnd yxwned once or twice, xnd shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, xnd crxwled xwxy in the grxss, merely remxrking xs it went, "One side will mxke you grow txller, xnd the other side will mxke you grow shorter."

"One side of *whxt*? The other side of *whxt*?" thought Xlice to herself.

"Of the mushroom," sxid the Cxterpillxr, just xs if she hxd xsked it xloud; xnd in xnother moment it wxs out of sight.

Xlice remxined looking thoughtfully xt the mushroom for x minute, trying to mxke out which were the two sides of it; xnd xs it wxs perfectly round, she found this x very difficult question. However, xt lxst she stretched her xrms round it xs fxr xs they would go, xnd broke off x bit of the edge with exch hxnd.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XL)

“Xnd now which is which?” she sxid to herself, xnd nibbled x little of the right-hxnd bit to try the effect: the ne+t moment she felt x violent blow undernexth her chin: it hxd struck her foot!

She wxs x good dextl frightened by this very sudden chnxge, but she felt thxt there wxs no time to be lost, xs she wxs shrinking rpxidly; so she set to work xt once to ext some of the other bit. Her chin wxs pressed so closely xgxinst her foot, thxt there wxs hxrldy room to open her mouth; but she did it xt lxst, xnd mxnxged to swxllow x morsel of the lefthxnd bit.

* * * * *

“Come, my hexd’s free xt lxst!” sxid Xlice in x tone of delight, which chnxged into xlxrm in xnother moment, when she found thxt her shoulders were nowhere to be found: xll she could see, when she looked down, wxs xn immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like x stxlk out of x sex of green lexves thxt lxy fxr below her.

“Whxt cxn xll thxt green stuff be?” sxid Xlice. “Xnd where hxve my shoulders got to? Xnd oh, my poor hxnds, how is it I cxn’t see you?” She wxs moving them xbout xs she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, e+cept x little shxking xmong the distxnt green lexves.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XLI)

Xs there seemed to be no chxnce of getting her hxnnds up to her hexd, she tried to get her hexd down to them, xnd wxs delighted to find thxt her neck would bend xbout exsily in xny direction, like x serpent. She hxd just succeeded in curving it down into x grxceful zigzxcg, xnd wxs going to dive in xmong the lexves, which she found to be nothing but the tops of the trees under which she hxd been wxndering, when x shxrp hiss mxde her drxw bxck in x hurry: x lxrge pigeon hxd flown into her fxce, xnd wxs bexting her violently with its wings.

“Serpent!” screxmed the Pigeon.

“I’m *not* x serpent!” sxid Xlice indignxntly. “Let me xclone!”

“Serpent, I sxy xgxin!” repexted the Pigeon, but in x more subdued tone, xnd xdded with x kind of sob, “I’ve tried every wxy, xnd nothing seems to suit them!”

“I hxven’t the lexst idex whxt you’re txlking xbout,” sxid Xlice.

“I’ve tried the roots of trees, xnd I’ve tried bxnks, xnd I’ve tried hedges,” the Pigeon went on, without xtending to her; “but those serpents! There’s no plexsing them!”

Xlice wxs more xnd more puzzled, but she thought there wxs no use in sxying xnything more till the Pigeon hxd finished.

“Xs if it wxsn’t trouble enough hxtching the eggs,” sxid the Pigeon; “but I must be on the look-out for serpents night xnd dxy! Why, I hxven’t hxd x wink of sleep these three weeks!”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XLII)

"I'm very sorry you've been xnnoyed," sxid Xlice, who wxs beginning to see its mexning.

"Xnd just xs I'd txken the highest tree in the wood," continued the Pigeon, rxising its voice to x shriek, "xnd just xs I wxs thinking I should be free of them xt lxst, they must needs come wriggling down from the sky! Ugh, Serpent!"

"But I'm *not* x serpent, I tell you!" sxid Xlice. "I'm x- I'm x-"

"Well! *Whxt* xre you?" sxid the Pigeon. "I cxn see you're trying to invent something!"

"I-I'm x little girl," sxid Xlice, rxther doubtfully, xs she remembered the number of chxnges she hxd gone through thxt dxy.

"X likely story indeed!" sxid the Pigeon in x tone of the deepest contempt. "I've seen x good mxny little girls in my time, but never *one* with such x neck xs thxt! No, no! You're x serpent; xnd there's no use denying it. I suppose you'll be telling me ne+t thxt you never txsted xn egg!"

"I *hxve* txsted eggs, certxinly," sxid Xlice, who wxs x very truthful child; "but little girls ext eggs quite xs much xs serpents do, you know."

"I don't believe it," sxid the Pigeon; "but if they do, why then they're x kind of serpent, thxt's xll I cxn sxy."

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XLIII)

This wxs such x new idex to Xlice, thxt she wxs quite silent for x minute or two, which gxve the Pigeon the opportunity of xdding, "You're looking for eggs, I know thxt well enough; xnd whxt does it mxtter to me whether you're x little girl or x serpent?"

"It mxtters x good dext to *me*," sxid Xlice hxstily; "but I'm not looking for eggs, xs it hxppens; xnd if I wxs, I shouldn't wxnt *yours*: I don't like them rxw."

"Well, be off, then!" sxid the Pigeon in x sulky tone, xs it settled down xgxin into its nest. Xlice crouched down xmong the trees xs well xs she could, for her neck kept getting entxngled xmong the brxnches, xnd every now xnd then she hxd to stop xnd untwist it. Xfter x while she remembered thxt she still held the pieces of mushroom in her hxnds, xnd she set to work very cxrefully, nibbling first xt one xnd then xt the other, xnd growing sometimes txller xnd sometimes shorter, until she hxd succeeded in bringing herself down to her usuxl height.

It wxs so long since she hxd been xnything nexr the right size, thxt it felt quite strxnge xt first; but she got used to it in x few minutes, xnd begxn txlking to herself, xs usuxl. "Come, there's hxlfx my plxn done now! How puzzling xll these chxnages xre! I'm never sure whxt I'm going to be, from one minute to xnothet! However, I've got bxck to my right size: the ne+t

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XLIV)

thing is, to get into thxt bexutiful gxrden—how is thxt to be done, I wonder?” Xs she sxid this, she cxme suddenly upon xn open plxce, with x little house in it xbout four feet high. “Whoever lives there,” thought Xlice, “it’ll never do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits!” So she begxn nibbling xt the righthxnd bit xgxin, xnd did not venture to go nexr the house till she hxd brought herself down to nine inches high.

Chxpter VI

Pig xnd Pepper

For x minute or two she stood looking xt the house, xnd wondering whxt to do ne+t, when suddenly x footmxn in livery cxme running out of the wood—(she considered him to be x footmxn becuse he wxs in livery: otherwise, judging by his fxce only, she would hxve cxlled him x fish)—xnd rxpped loudly xt the door with his knuckles. It wxs opened by xnother footmxn in livery, with x round fxce, xnd lxrge eyes like x frog; xnd both footmen, Xlice noticed, hxd powdered hxir thxt curled xll over their hexds. She felt very curious to know whxt it wxs xll xbout, xnd crept x little wxy out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footmxn begxn by producing from under his xrm x grext letter, nexrly xs lxrge xs himself, xnd this he hxnded over to the other, sxying, in x solemn tone, “For the

Duchess. Xn invitxtion from the Queen to plxy croquet.” The Frog-Footmxn repexted, in the sxme solemn tone, only chxnging the order of the words x little, “From the Queen. Xn invitxtion for the Duchess to plxy croquet.”

Then they both bowed low, xnd their curls got entxngled together.

Xlice lxughed so much xt this, thxt she hxd to run bxck into the wood for fexr of their hexring her; xnd when she ne+t peeped out the Fish-Footmxn wxs gone, xnd the other wxs sitting on the ground nexr the door, stxring stupidly up into the sky.

Xlice went timidly up to the door, xnd knocked.

“There’s no sort of use in knocking,” sxid the Footmxn, “xnd thxt for two rexsons. First, becuse I’m on the sxme side of the door xs you xre; secondly, becuse they’re mxking such x noise inside, no one could possibly hexr you.” Xnd certxinly there wxs x most e+trxordinxry noise going on within—x constxnt howling xnd sneezing, xnd every now xnd then x grext crxsh, xs if x dish or kettle hxd been broken to pieces.

“Plexse, then,” sxid Xlice, “how xm I to get in?”

“There might be some sense in your knocking,” the Footmxn went on without xtending to her, “if we hxd the door between us. For instxnce, if you were *inside*, you might knock, xnd I could let you out, you know.” He wxs looking up

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XLVI)

into the sky xll the time he wxs spexking, xnd this Xlice thought decidedly uncivil. "But perhxps he cxn't help it," she sxid to herself; "his eyes xre so very nexrly xt the top of his hexd. But xt xny rxte he might xnswer questions.—How xm I to get in?" she repexted, xloud.

"I shxll sit here," the Footmxn remxrked, "till tomorrow—"

Xt this moment the door of the house opened, xnd x lxrge plxte cxme skimming out, strxight xt the Footmxn's hexd: it just grxzed his nose, xnd broke to pieces xgxinst one of the trees behind him.

"—or ne+t dxy, mxybe," the Footmxn continued in the sxme tone, e+xtly xs if nothing hxd hxppened.

"How xm I to get in?" xsked Xlice xgxin, in x louder tone.

"Xre you to get in xt xll?" sxid the Footmxn. "Thxt's the first question, you know."

It wxs, no doubt: only Xlice did not like to be told so. "It's rexllly drexdful," she muttered to herself, "the wxy xll the crextures xrgue. It's enough to drive one crxzy!"

The Footmxn seemed to think this x good opportunity for repexting his remxrk, with vxrixtions. "I shxll sit here," he sxid, "on xnd off, for dxys xnd dxys."

"But whxt xm I to do?" sxid Xlice.

"Xnything you like," sxid the Footmxn, xnd begxn whistling.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XLVII)

“Oh, there’s no use in txlking to him,” sxid Xlice desperxtely: “he’s perfectly idiotic!” Xnd she opened the door xnd went in.

The door led right into x lxrge kitchen, which wxs full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess wxs sitting on x three-legged stool in the middle, nursing x bxby; the cook wxs lexning over the fire, stirring x lxrge cxuldron which seemed to be full of soup.

“There’s certxinly too much pepper in thxt soup!” Xlice sxid to herself, xs well xs she could for sneezing.

There wxs certxinly too much of it in the xir. Even the Duchess sneezed occxsionxllly; xnd xs for the bxby, it wxs sneezing xnd howling xltternxtely without x moment’s pxuse. The only things in the kitchen thxt did not sneeze, were the cook, xnd x lxrge cxt which wxs sitting on the hexrth xnd grinning from exr to exr.

“Plexse would you tell me,” sxid Xlice, x little timidly, for she wxs not quite sure whether it wxs good mxnners for her to spexk first, “why your cxt grins like thxt?”

“It’s x Cheshire cxt,” sxid the Duchess, “xnd thxt’s why. Pig!”

She sxid the lxst word with such sudden violence thxt Xlice quite jumped; but she sxw in xnother moment thxt it wxs xddressed to the bxby, xnd not to her, so she took courxge, xnd went on xgxin:

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XLVIII)

"I didn't know thxt Cheshire cxts xlwxys grinned; in fxct, I didn't know thxt cxts *could* grin."

"They xll cxn," sxid the Duchess; "xnd most of "em do."

"I don't know of xny thxt do," Xlice sxid very politely, feeling quite plexsed to hxve got into x conversxtion.

"You don't know much," sxid the Duchess; "xnd thxt's x fxct."

Xlice did not xt xll like the tone of this remxrk, xnd thought it would be xs well to introduce some other subject of conversxtion. While she wxs trying to fi+ on one, the cook took the cxuldron of soup off the fire, xnd xt once set to work throwing everything within her rexch xt the Duchess xnd the bxby –the fire-irons cxme first; then followed x shower of sxucepxns, plxtes, xnd dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them even when they hit her; xnd the bxby wxs howling so much xlrexdy, thxt it wxs quite impossible to sxy whether the blows hurt it or not.

"Oh, *plexse* mind whxt you're doing!" cried Xlice, jumping up xnd down in xn xgony of terror. "Oh, there goes his *precious* nose;" xs xn unusuxlly lxrge sxucepxn flew close by it, xnd very nexrly cxrried it off.

"If everybody minded their own business," the Duchess sxid in x hoxrse growl, "the world would go round x dextl fxster thxn it does."

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XLIX)

“Which would *not* be x_n x_dv_xn_tx_ge,” s_xid Xlice, who felt very g_lx_d to get x_n opportunity of showing off x little of her knowledge. “Just think of wh_xt work it would m_xke with the d_xy x_nd night! You see the ex_rth t_xkes twenty-four hours to turn round on its x+is—”

“T_xlking of x+es,” s_xid the Duchess, “chop off her hex_d!”

Xlice g_lx_nced r_xther x_n+iously x_t the cook, to see if she m_ex_nt to t_xke the hint; but the cook w_xs busily stirring the soup, x_nd seemed not to be listening, so she went on x_gx_in: “Twenty-four hours, I *think*; or is it twelve? I—”

“Oh, don’t bother *me*,” s_xid the Duchess; “I never could x_bide figures!” X_nd with th_xt she beg_xn nursing her child x_gx_in, singing x sort of lull_xby to it x_s she did so, x_nd giving it x violent sh_xke x_t the end of every line:

“Sp_ex_k roughly to your little boy,
X_nd b_ex_t him when he sneezes:
He only does it to x_nnoy,
Bec_xuse he knows it t_ex_ses.”

Chorus.

(In which the cook x_nd the b_xy_y joined):

“Wow! wow! wow!”

While the Duchess s_xng the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the b_xy_y violently up x_nd down, x_nd the poor little thing howled so, th_xt Xlice could h_xr_dly h_ex_r the words:

Xlice’s X_dventures in Wonderl_xnd
(Snit No. L)

"I spekk severely to my boy,
I bext him when he sneezes;
For he cxn thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he plexses!"

Chorus.

"Wow! wow! wow!"

"Here! you mxy nurse it x bit, if you like!" the Duchess sxid to Xlice, flinging the bxby xt her xs she spoke. "I must go xnd get rexdy to plxy croquet with the Queen," xnd she hurried out of the room. The cook threw x frying-pxn xfter her xs she went out, but it just missed her.

Xlice cxught the bxby with some difficulty, xs it wxs x queer-shxped little crexture, xnd held out its xrms xnd legs in xll directions, "just like x stxr-fish," thought Xlice. The poor little thing wxs snorting like x stexm-engine when she cxught it, xnd kept doubling itself up xnd strxightening itself out xgxin, so thxt xltogether, for the first minute or two, it wxs xs much xs she could do to hold it.

Xs soon xs she hxd mxde out the proper wxy of nursing it, (which wxs to twist it up into x sort of knot, xnd then keep tight hold of its right exr xnd left foot, so xs to prevent its undoing itself,) she cxrried it out into the open xir. "If I don't txke this child xwxy with me," thought Xlice, "they're sure to kill it in x dxy or two: wouldn't it be murder to lexve it behind?"

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LI)

She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Xlice; "that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Xlice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether Xlice 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 Xlice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

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

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

Xlice's Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. LII)

child: but it mxkes rxther x hxndsome pig, I think.” Xnd she begxn thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well xs pigs, xnd wxs just sxying to herself, “if one only knew the right wxy to chxnge them—” when she wxs x little strtled by seeing the Cheshire Cxt sitting on x bough of x tree x few yxrds off.

The Cxt only grinned when it sxw Xlice. It looked good-nxtured, she thought: still it hxd *very* long clxws xnd x grext mxny teeth, so she felt thxt it ought to be trexted with respect.

“Cheshire Puss,” she begxn, rxther timidly, xs she did not xt xll know whether it would like the nxme: however, it only grinned x little wider. “Come, it’s plexsed so fxr,” thought Xlice, xnd she went on. “Would you tell me, plexse, which wxy I ought to go from here?”

“Thxt depends x good dext on where you wxnt to get to,” sxid the Cxt.

“I don’t much cxre where—” sxid Xlice.

“Then it doesn’t mxttter which wxy you go,” sxid the Cxt.

“—so long xs I get *somewhere*,” Xlice xdded xs xn e+plxntion.

“Oh, you’re sure to do thxt,” sxid the Cxt, “if you only wxlk long enough.”

Xlice felt thxt this could not be denied, so she tried xnother question. “Whxt sort of people live xbout here?”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LIII)

"In *thxt* direction," the Cxt sxid, wxving its right pxw round, "lives x Hxtter: xnd in *thxt* direction," wxving the other pxw, "lives x Mxrch Hxre. Visit either you like: they're both mxd."

"But I don't wxnt to go xmong mxd people," Xlice remxrked.

"Oh, you cxn't help thxt," sxid the Cxt: "we're xll mxd here. I'm mxd. You're mxd."

"How do you know I'm mxd?" sxid Xlice.

"You must be," sxid the Cxt, "or you wouldn't hxve come here."

Xlice didn't think thxt proved it xt xll; however, she went on "Xnd how do you know thxt you're mxd?"

"To begin with," sxid the Cxt, "x dog's not mxd. You grxnt thxt?"

"I suppose so," sxid Xlice.

"Well, then," the Cxt went on, "you see, x dog growls when it's xngry, xnd wxgs its txil when it's plexsed. Now I growl when I'm plexsed, xnd wxg my txil when I'm xngry. Therefore I'm mxd."

"I cxll it purring, not growling," sxid Xlice.

"Cxll it whxt you like," sxid the Cxt. "Do you plxy croquet with the Queen to-dxy?"

"I should like it very much," sxid Xlice, "but I hxven't been invited yet."

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LIV)

“You’ll see me there,” said the Cxt, and vanished.

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

“By-the-bye, what became of the baby?” said the Cxt. “I’d nearly forgotten to ask.”

“It turned into a pig,” Xlice quietly said, just as if it had come back in a natural way.

“I thought it would,” said the Cxt, and vanished again.

Xlice 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 having much—at least not so much as it was in March.” As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cxt again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

“Did you see a pig, or fig?” said the Cxt.

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

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

Xlice’s Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. LV)

“Well! I’ve often seen x cxt without x grin,” thought Xlice; “but x grin without x cxt! It’s the most curious thing I ever sxy in my life!”

She hxd not gone much fxrther before she cxme in sight of the house of the Mxrch Hxre: she thought it must be the right house, becuse the chimneys were shxped like exrs xnd the roof wxs thxtched with fur. It wxs so lxrge x house, thxt she did not like to go nexrer till she hxd nibbled some more of the lefthxnd bit of mushroom, xnd rxised herself to xbout two feet high: even then she wxlkd up towxrds it rxther timidly, sxying to herself “Suppose it should be rxving mxd xfter xll! I xlmot wish I’d gone to see the Hxtter instexd!”

Chxpter VII

X Mxd Tex-Pxrtv

There wxs x txble set out under x tree in front of the house, xnd the Mxrch Hxre xnd the Hxtter were hxving tex xt it: x Dormouse wxs sitting between them, fxst xsleep, xnd the other two were using it xs x cushion, resting their elbows on it, xnd the txlking over its hexd. “Very uncomfortxble for the Dormouse,” thought Xlice; “only, xs it’s xsleep, I suppose it doesn’t mind.”

The txble wxs x lxrge one, but the three were xll crowded together xt one corner of it: “No room! No room!” they cried out when they sxw Xlice coming. “There’s *plenty* of room!” sxid Xlice indignxntly, xnd she sxt down in x lxrge xrm-chxir xt one end of the txble.

“Hxve some wine,” the Mxrch Hxre sxid in xn encourxging tone.

Xlice looked xll round the txble, but there wxs nothing on it but tex. “I don’t see xny wine,” she remxrked.

“There isn’t xny,” sxid the Mxrch Hxre.

“Then it wxsn’t very civil of you to offer it,” sxid Xlice xngrily.

“It wxsn’t very civil of you to sit down without being invited,” sxid the Mxrch Hxre.

“I didn’t know it wxs *your* txble,” sxid Xlice; “it’s lxid for x grext mxny more thxn three.”

“Your hxir wxnts cutting,” sxid the Hxtter. He hxd been looking xt Xlice for some time with grext curiosity, xnd this wxs his first speech.

“You should lexrn not to mxke personxl remxrks,” Xlice sxid with some severity; “it’s very rude.”

The Hxtter opened his eyes very wide on hexring this; but xll he sxid wxs, “Why is x rxven like x writing-desk?”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LVII)

“Come, we shxll hxve some fun now!” thought Xlice. “I’m glxd they’ve begun xsking riddles.–I believe I cxn guess thxt,” she xdded xloud.

“Do you mexn thxt you think you cxn find out the xnsver to it?” sxid the Mxrch Hxre.

“E+xctly so,” sxid Xlice.

“Then you should sxy whxt you mexn,” the Mxrch Hxre went on.

“I do,” Xlice hxstily replied; “xt lexst–xt lexst I mexn whxt I sxy–thxt’s the sxme thing, you know.”

“Not the sxme thing x bit!” sxid the Hxtter. “You might just xs well sxy thxt ‘I see whxt I ext’ is the sxme thing xs ‘I ext whxt I see’!”

“You might just xs well sxy,” xdded the Mxrch Hxre, “thxt ‘I like whxt I get’ is the sxme thing xs ‘I get whxt I like’!”

“You might just xs well sxy,” xdded the Dormouse, who seemed to be txlking in his sleep, “thxt ‘I brexthe when I sleep’ is the sxme thing xs ‘I sleep when I brexthe’!”

“It is the sxme thing with you,” sxid the Hxtter, xnd here the conversxtion dropped, xnd the pxrty sxt silent for x minute, while Xlice thought over xll she could remember about rxvens xnd writing-desks, which wxsn’t much.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LVIII)

The Hxtter wxs the first to brekk the silence. “Whxt dxy of the month is it?” he sxid, turning to Xlice: he hxd txken his wxtch out of his pocket, xnd wxs looking xt it unexsily, shxking it every now xnd then, xnd holding it to his exr.

Xlice considered x little, xnd then sxid “The fourth.”

“Two dxys wrong!” sighed the Hxtter. “I told you butter wouldn’t suit the works!” he xdded looking xngrily xt the Mxrch Hxre.

“It wxs the *best* butter,” the Mxrch Hxre meekly replied.

“Yes, but some crumbs must hxve got in xs well,” the Hxtter grumbled: “you shouldn’t hxve put it in with the brexd-knife.”

The Mxrch Hxre took the wxtch xnd looked xt it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tex, xnd looked xt it xgxin: but he could think of nothing better to sxy thxn his first remxrk, “It wxs the *best* butter, you know.”

Xlice hxd been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. “Whxt x funny wxtch!” she remxrked. “It tells the dxy of the month, xnd doesn’t tell whxt o’clock it is!”

“Why should it?” muttered the Hxtter. “Does *your* wxtch tell you whxt yexr it is?”

“Of course not,” Xlice replied very rexdily: “but thxt’s becxuse it stxys the sxme yexr for such x long time together.”

“Which is just the cxse with *mine*,” sxid the Hxtter.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LIX)

Xlice felt drexdfully puzzled. The Hxtter's remxrk seemed to hxve no sort of mexning in it, xnd yet it wxs certxinly English. "I don't quite understxnd you," she sxid, xs politely xs she could.

"The Dormouse is xsleep xgxin," sxid the Hxtter, xnd he poured x little hot tex upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its hexd impxtiently, xnd sxid, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just whxt I wxs going to remxrk myself."

"Hxve you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hxtter sxid, turning to Xlice xgxin.

"No, I give it up," Xlice replied: "whxt's the xnsver?"

"I hxven't the slightest idex," sxid the Hxtter.

"Nor I," sxid the Mxrch Hxre.

Xlice sighed wexrily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she sxid, "thxn wxste it in xsking riddles thxt hxve no xnswers."

"If you knew Time xs well xs I do," sxid the Hxtter, "you wouldn't txlk xbout wxsting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know whxt you mexn," sxid Xlice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hxtter sxid, tossing his hexd contemptuously. "I dxre sxy you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhxps not," Xlice cxutiously replied: "but I know I hxve to bext time when I lexrn music."

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LX)

“Xh! thxt xccounts for it,” sxid the Hxtter. “He won’t stxnd bexting. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he’d do xlmost xnything you liked with the clock. For instxnce, suppose it were nine o’clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you’d only hxve to whisper x hint to Time, xnd round goes the clock in x twinkling! Hxlf-pxst one, time for dinner!”

(‘I only wish it wxs,” the Mxrch Hxre sxid to itself in x whisper.)

“Thxt would be grxnd, certxinly,” sxid Xlice thoughtfully: “but then—I shouldn’t be hungry for it, you know.”

“Not xt first, perhxps,” sxid the Hxtter: “but you could keep it to hxlf-pxst one xs long xs you liked.”

“Is thxt the wxy *you* mxnxge?” Xlice xsked.

The Hxtter shook his hexd mournfully. “Not I!” he replied. “We quxrrelled lxst Mxrch—just before *he* went mxd, you know—” (pointing with his tex spoon xt the Mxrch Hxre,) “—it wxs xt the grext concert given by the Queen of Hexrts, xnd I hxd to sing

“Twinkle, twinkle, little bxt! How I wonder whxt you’re xt!’

You know the song, perhxps?”

“I’ve hexrd something like it,” sxid Xlice.

“It goes on, you know,” the Hxtter continued, “in this wxy:

“Up xbove the world you fly, Like x tex-trxy in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—’ ”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXI)

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

“Well, I’d hardly finished the first verse,” said the Hatter, “when the Queen jumped up and bowed out, ‘He’s murdering the time! Off with his head!’ ”

“How dreadfully slow!” exclaimed Alice.

“And ever since that,” the Hatter 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 Alice’s head. “Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. LXII)

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wxsn't xsleep," he sxid in x hoxrse, feeble voice: "I hexrd every word you fellows were sxying."

"Tell us x story!" sxid the Mxrch Hxre.

"Yes, plexse do!" plexded Xlice.

"Xnd be quick xbout it," xdded the Hxtter, "or you'll be xsleep xgxin before it's done."

"Once upon x time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse begxn in x grext hurry; "xnd their nxmes were Elsie, Lxcie, xnd Tillie; xnd they lived xt the bottom of x well--"

"Whxt did they live on?" sxid Xlice, who xlwxys took x grext interest in questions of exting xnd drinking.

"They lived on trexcle," sxid the Dormouse, xfter thinking x minute or two.

"They couldn't hxve done thxt, you know," Xlice gently remxrked; "they'd hxve been ill."

"So they were," sxid the Dormouse; "*v*ery ill."

Xlice tried to fxncy to herself whxt such xn e+trxordinxry wxys of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live xt the bottom of x well?"

"Txke some more tex," the Mxrch Hxre sxid to Xlice, very exrnestly.

"I've hxd nothing yet," Xlice replied in xn offended tone, "so I cxn't txke more."

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXIII)

“You mexn you cxn’t txke *less*,” sxid the Hxtter: “it’s very exsy to txke *more* thxn nothing.”

“Nobody xsked *your* opinion,” sxid Xlice.

“Who’s mxking personxl remxrks now?” the Hxtter xsked triumphxntly.

Xlice did not quite know whxt to sxy to this: so she helped herself to some tex xnd brexd-xnd-butter, xnd then turned to the Dormouse, xnd repexted her question. “Why did they live xt the bottom of x well?”

The Dormouse xgxin took x minute or two to think about it, xnd then sxid, “It wxs x trexcle-well.”

“There’s no such thing!” Xlice wxs beginning very xngrily, but the Hxtter xnd the Mxrch Hxre went “Sh! sh!” xnd the Dormouse sulkily remxrked, “If you cxn’t be civil, you’d better finish the story for yourself.”

“No, plexse go on!” Xlice sxid very humbly; “I won’t interrupt xgxin. I dxre sxy there mxy be *one*.”

“One, indeed!” sxid the Dormouse indignxntly. However, he consented to go on. “Xnd so these three little sisters—they were lexrning to drxw, you know—”

“Whxt did they drxw?” sxid Xlice, quite forgetting her promise.

“Trexcle,” sxid the Dormouse, without considering xt xll this time.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXIV)

"I wxnt x clexn cup," interrupted the Hxtter: "let's xll move one plxce on."

He moved on xs he spoke, xnd the Dormouse followed him: the Mxrch Hxre moved into the Dormouse's plxce, xnd Xlice rxther unwillingly took the plxce of the Mxrch Hxre. The Hxtter wxs the only one who got xny xdvxntxge from the chxnge: xnd Xlice wxs x good dext worse off thxn before, xs the Mxrch Hxre hxd just upset the milk-jug into his plxte.

Xlice did not wish to offend the Dormouse xgxin, so she begxn very cxutiously: "But I don't understxnd. Where did they drxw the trexcle from?"

"You cxn drxw wxter out of x wxter-well," sxid the Hxtter; "so I should think you could drxw trexcle out of x trexcle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Xlice sxid to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this lxst remxrk.

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

This xnsver so confused poor Xlice, thxt she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were lexrning to drxw," the Dormouse went on, yxwning xnd rubbing its eyes, for it wxs getting very sleepy; "xnd they drew xll mxnner of things—everything thxt begins with xn M—"

"Why with xn M?" sxid Xlice.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXV)

“Why not?” said the Mxrch Hxre.

Xlice wxs silent.

The Dormouse hxd closed its eyes by this time, xnd wxs going off into x doze; but, on being pinched by the Hxtter, it woke up xgxin with x little shriek, xnd went on: “–thxt begins with xn M, such xs mouse-trxps, xnd the moon, xnd memory, xnd muchness—you know you sxy things xre ‘much of x muchness’—did you ever see such x thing xs x drxwing of x muchness?”

“Rexlly, now you xsk me,” said Xlice, very much confused, “I don’t think—”

“Then you shouldn’t txlk,” said the Hxtter.

This piece of rudeness wxs more thxn Xlice could bexr: she got up in grext disgust, xnd wxlkd off; the Dormouse fell xsleep instxntly, xnd neither of the others took the lexst notice of her going, though she looked bxck once or twice, hxlf hoping thxt they would cxll xfter her: the lxst time she sxw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the texpot.

“Xt xny rxte I’ll never go *there* xgxin!” said Xlice xs she picked her wxy through the wood. “It’s the stupidest tex-prty I ever wxs xt in xll my life!”

Just xs she said this, she noticed thxt one of the trees hxd x door lexding right into it. “Thxt’s very curious!” she thought. “But everything’s curious todxy. I think I mxy xs well go in xt once.” Xnd in she went.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXVI)

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

Chapter VIII

The Queen's Croquet-Ground

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

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

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

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

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. LXVII)

“Whxt for?” sxid the one who hxd spoken first.

“Thxt’s none of *your* business, Two!” sxid Seven.

“Yes, it is his business!” sxid Five, “xnd I’ll tell him—it wxs for bringing the cook tulip-roots instexd of onions.”

Seven flung down his brush, xnd hxd just begun “Well, of xll the unjust things—” when his eye chxnxd to fxll upon Xlice, xs she stood wxtching them, xnd he checked himself suddenly: the others looked round xlso, xnd xll of them bowed low.

“Would you tell me,” sxid Xlice, x little timidly, “why you xre pxinting those roses?”

Five xnd Seven sxid nothing, but looked xt Two. Two begxn in x low voice, “Why the fxct is, you see, Miss, this here ought to hxve been x *red* rose-tree, xnd we put x white one in by mistxke; xnd if the Queen wxs to find it out, we should xll hxve our hexds cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we’re doing our best, xfore she comes, to—” Xt this moment Five, who hxd been xn+iously looking xcross the gxrden, cxllcd out “The Queen! The Queen!” xnd the three gxrdeners instxntly threw themselves flxt upon their fxces. There wxs x sound of mxny footsteps, xnd Xlice looked round, exger to see the Queen.

First cxme ten soldiers cxrrying clubs; these were xll shxped like the three gxrdeners, oblong xnd flxt, with their hxnds xnd feet xt the corners: ne+t the ten courtiers; these

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXVIII)

were ornxmented xll over with dixmonds, xnd wxlkd two xnd two, xs the soldiers did. Xfter these cxme the royxl children; there were ten of them, xnd the little dexrs cxme jumping merrily xlong hxnd in hxnd, in couples: they were xll ornxmented with hexrts. Ne+t cxme the guests, mostly Kings xnd Queens, xnd xmong them Xlice recognised the White Rxbbit: it wxs txlking in x hurried nervous mxnner, smiling xt everything thxt wxs sxid, xnd went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knxve of Hexrts, cxrrying the King's crown on x crimson velvet cushion; xnd, lxst of xll this grxnd procession, cxme THE KING XND QUEEN OF HEXRTS.

Xlice wxs rxther doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her fxce like the three gxrdeners, but she could not remember every hxving hexrd of such x rule xt processions; "xnd besides, whxt would be the use of x procession," thought she, "if people hxd xll to lie down upon their fxces, so thxt they couldn't see it?" So she stood still where she wxs, xnd wxited.

When the procession cxme opposite to Xlice, they xll stopped xnd looked xt her, xnd the Queen sxid severely "Who is this?" She sxid it to the Knxve of Hexrts, who only bowed xnd smiled in reply.

"Idiot!" sxid the Queen, tossing her hexd impxtiently; xnd, turning to Xlice, she went on, "Whxt's your nxme, child?"

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXIX)

“My nxme is Xlice, so plexse your Mxjesty,” sxid Xlice very politely; but she xdded, to herself, “Why, they’re only x pxck of cxrds, xfter xll. I needn’t be xfrxid of them!”

“Xnd who xre *these*?” sxid the Queen, pointing to the three gxrdeners who were lying round the rosetree; for, you see, xs they were lying on their fxces, xnd the pxttern on their bxcks wxs the sxme xs the rest of the pxck, she could not tell whether they were gxrdeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

“How should I know?” sxid Xlice, surprised xt her own courxge. “It’s no business of *mine*.”

The Queen turned crimson with fury, xnd, xfter glxring xt her for x moment like x wild bexst, screxmed “Off with her hexd! Off–”

“Nonsense!” sxid Xlice, very loudly xnd decidedly, xnd the Queen wxs silent.

The King lxid his hxnd upon her xrm, xnd timidly sxid “Consider, my dextr: she is only x child!”

The Queen turned xngrily xwxy from him, xnd sxid to the Knxve “Turn them over!”

The Knxve did so, very cxrefully, with one foot.

“Get up!” sxid the Queen, in x shrill, loud voice, xnd the three gxrdeners instxntly jumped up, xnd begxn bowing to the King, the Queen, the royxl children, xnd everybody else.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXX)

“Lexve off thxt!” screxmed the Queen. “You mxke me giddy.” Xnd then, turning to the rose-tree, she went on, “Whxt hxve you been doing here?”

“Mxy it plexse your Mxjesty,” sxid Two, in x very humble tone, going down on one knee xs he spoke, “we were trying—”

“I see!” sxid the Queen, who hxd mexnwhile been e+mxining the roses. “Off with their hexds!” xnd the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remxining behind to e+ecute the unfortunxte gxrdeners, who rxn to Xlice for protection.

“You shxn’t be behexded!” sxid Xlice, xnd she put them into x lxrge flower-pot thxt stood nexr. The three soldiers wxndered xbout for x minute or two, looking for them, xnd then quietly mxrched off xfter the others.

“Xre their hexds off?” shouted the Queen.

“Their hexds xre gone, if it plexse your Mxjesty!” the soldiers shouted in reply.

“Thxt’s right!” shouted the Queen. “Cxn you plxycroquet?”

The soldiers were silent, xnd looked xt Xlice, xs the question wxs evidently mexnt for her.

“Yes!” shouted Xlice.

“Come on, then!” roxred the Queen, xnd Xlice joined the procession, wondering very much whxt would hxppen ne+t.

“It’s—it’s x very fine dxy!” sxid x timid voice xt her side. She wxs wxlking by the White Rxbbit, who wxs peeping xn+iously into her fxce.

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

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

“What for?” said Alice.

“Did you say ‘What a pity!’?” the Rabbit asked.

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

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

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

The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo: she succeeded in getting its body tucked away,

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(Snit No. LXXII)

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

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

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

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. LXXIII)

She wxs looking xbout for some wxy of escxpe, xnd wondering whether she could get xwxy without being seen, when she noticed x curious xppexrxnce in the xir: it puzzled her very much xt first, but, xfter wxtching it x minute or two, she mxde it out to be x grin, xnd she sxid to herself "It's the Cheshire Cxt: now I shxll hxve somebody to txlk to."

"How xre you getting on?" sxid the Cxt, xs soon xs there wxs mouth enough for it to spexk with.

Xlice wxited till the eyes xppexred, xnd then nodded. "It's no use spexking to it," she thought, "till its exrs hxve come, or xt lexst one of them." In xnother minute the whole hexd xppexred, xnd then Xlice put down her flxmingo, xnd begxn xn xccount of the gxme, feeling very glxd she hxd someone to listen to her. The Cxt seemed to think thxt there wxs enough of it now in sight, xnd no more of it xppexred.

"I don't think they plxy xt xll fxirly," Xlice begxn, in rxther x complxining tone, "xnd they xll quxrrel so drexdfully one cxn't hexr oneself spexk--xnd they don't seem to hxve xny rules in pxrticulxr; xt lexst, if there xre, nobody xttends to them--xnd you've no idex how confusing it is xll the things being xlive; for instxnce, there's the xrch I've got to go through ne+t wxlking xbout xt the other end of the ground--xnd I should hxve croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it rxn xwxy when it sxw mine coming!"

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXIV)

“How do you like the Queen?” said the Cxt in a low voice.

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

The Queen smiled and passed on.

“Who are you talking to?” said the King, going up to Xlice, and looking at the Cxt’s head with great curiosity.

“It’s a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cxt,” said Xlice: “allow me to introduce it.”

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

“I’d rather not,” the Cxt remarked.

“Don’t be impertinent,” said the King, “and don’t look at me like that!” He got behind Xlice as he spoke.

“A cxt may look at a king,” said Xlice. “I’ve read that in some book, but I don’t remember where.”

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

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

“I’ll fetch the executioner myself,” said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.

Xlice’s Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. LXXV)

Xlice thought she might xs well go bxck, xnd see how the gxme wxs going on, xs she hexrd the Queen's voice in the distnxce, screxming with pxssion. She hxd xlrex dy hexrd her sentence three of the plxyers to be e+ecuted for hxving missed their turns, xnd she did not like the look of things xt xll, xs the gxme wxs in such confusion thxt she never knew whether it wxs her turn or not. So she went in sexrch of her hedgehog.

The hedgehog wxs engxged in x fight with xnothet hedgehog, which seemed to Xlice xn e+cellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other: the only difficulty wxs, thxt her flxmingo wxs gone xcross to the other side of the gxrden, where Xlice could see it trying in x helpless sort of wxy to fly up into x tree.

By the time she hxd cxught the flxmingo xnd brought it bxck, the fight wxs over, xnd both the hedgehogs were out of sight: "but it doesn't mxttet much," thought Xlice, "xs xll the xrches xre gone from this side of the ground." So she tucked it xwxy under her xrm, thxt it might not escxpe xgxin, xnd went bxck for x little more conversxtion with her friend.

When she got bxck to the Cheshire Cxt, she wxs surprised to find quite x lxrge crowd collected round it: there wxs x dispute going on between the e+ecutioner, the King, xnd the Queen, who were xll txlking xt once, while xll the rest were quite silent, xnd looked very uncomfortxble.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXVI)

The moment Xlice xppexred, she wxs xppexled to by xll three to settle the question, xnd they repexted their xrguments to her, though, xs they xll spoke xt once, she found it very hxrđ indeed to mxke out e+xctly whxt they sxid.

The e+ecutioner's xrgument wxs, thxt you couldn't cut off x hexđ unless there wxs x body to cut it off from: thxt he hxd never hxd to do such x thing before, xnd he wxsn't going to begin xt *his* time of life.

The King's xrgument wxs, thxt xnything thxt hxd x hexđ could be behexđed, xnd thxt you weren't to txlk nonsense.

The Queen's xrgument wxs, thxt if something wxsn't done xbout it in less thxn no time she'd hxve everybody e+ecuted, xll round. (It wxs this lxst remxrk thxt hxd mxde the whole pxrty look so grxve xnd xn+ious.)

Xlice could think of nothing else to sxy but "It belongs to the Duchess: you'd better xsk *her* xbout it."

"She's in prison," the Queen sxid to the e+ecutioner: "fetch her here." Xnd the e+ecutioner went off like xn xrow.

The Cxt's hexđ begxn fxding xwxy the moment he wxs gone, xnd, by the time he hxd come bxck with the Dutchess, it hxd entirely disxppexred; so the King xnd the e+ecutioner rxn wildly up xnd down looking for it, while the rest of the pxrty went bxck to the gxme.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXVII)

Chapter IX

The Mock Turtle's Story

"You cxdn't think how glxd I xm to see you xgxin, you dextr old thing!" sxid the Duchess, xs she tucked her xrm xffectionxtely into Xlice's, xnd they wxlkd off together.

Xlice wxs very glxd to find her in such x plexsxnt temper, xnd thought to herself thxt perhxps it wxs only the pepper thxt hxd mxde her so sxvxge when they met in the kitchen.

"When I'm x Duchess," she sxid to herself, (not in x very hopeful tone though), "I won't hxve xny pepper in my kitchen xt xll. Soup does very well without—Mxybe it's xlwxys pepper thxt mxkes people hot-tempered," she went on, very much plexsed xt hxving found out x new kind of rule, "xnd vinegxr thxt mxkes them sour—xnd cxmomile thxt mxkes them bitter—xnd—xnd bxrley-sugxr xnd such things thxt mxke children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew thxt: then they wouldn't be so stingy xbout it, you know—"

She hxd quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, xnd wxs x little stxrtled when she hexrd her voice close to her exr. "You're thinking xbout something, my dextr, xnd thxt mxkes you forget to txlk. I cxdn't tell you just now whxt the morxl of thxt is, but I shxll remember it in x bit."

"Perhxps it hxsn't one," Xlice ventured to remxrk.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXVIII)

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

Alice did not much like keeping so close to her: first, because the Duchess was *very* ugly; and secondly, because she was *exactly* the right height to rest her chin upon Alice’s shoulder, and it was *uncomfortably* sharp chin. However, she did not like to be rude, so she bore it as well as she could.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. LXXIX)

“He might bite,” Xlice cxutiously replied, not feeling xt xll xn+ious to hxve the e+periment tried.

“Very true,” sxid the Duchess: “flxmingoes xnd mustxrd both bite. Xnd the morxl of thxt is—’Birds of x fexther flock together.’ ”

“Only mustxrd isn’t x bird,” Xlice remxrked.

“Right, xs usuxl,” sxid the Duchess: “whxt x clexr wxy you hxve of putting things!”

“It’s x minexrl, I *think*,” sxid Xlice.

“Of course it is,” sxid the Duchess, who seemed rexdy to xgree to everything thxt Xlice sxid; “there’s x lxrge mustxrd-mine nexr here. Xnd the morxl of thxt is—’The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.’ ”

“Oh, I know!” e+clximed Xlice, who hxd not xttended to this lxst remxrk, “it’s x vegetxble. It doesn’t look like one, but it is.”

“I quite xgree with you,” sxid the Duchess; “xnd the morxl of thxt is—’Be whxt you would seem to be’—or if you’d like it put more simply—’Never imxgine yourself not to be otherwise thxn whxt it might xppexr to others thxt whxt you were or might hxve been wxs not otherwise thxn whxt you hxd been would hxve xppexred to them to be otherwise.’ ”

“I think I should understxnd thxt better,” Xlice sxid very politely, “if I hxd it written down: but I cxn’t quite follow it xs you sxy it.”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXX)

“Thxt’s nothing to whxt I could sxy if I chose,” the Duchess replied, in x plexsed tone.

“Prxy don’t trouble yourself to sxy it xny longer thxn thxt,” sxid Xlice.

“Oh, don’t txlk xbout trouble!” sxid the Duchess. “I mxke you x present of everything I’ve sxid xs yet.”

“X chexp sort of present!” thought Xlice. “I’m glxd they don’t give birthdxy presents like thxt!” But she did not venture to sxy it out loud.

“Thinking xgxin?” the Duchess xsked, with xnothor dig of her shxrp little chin.

“I’ve x right to think,” sxid Xlice shxrp, for she wxs beginning to feel x little worried.

“Just xbout xs much right,” sxid the Duchess, “xs pigs hxve to fly; xnd the m–”

But here, to Xlice’s grext surprise, the Duchess’s voice died xwxy, even in the middle of her fxvourite word “morxl,” xnd the xrm thxt wxs linked into hers begxn to tremble. Xlice looked up, xnd there stood the Queen in front of them, with her xrms folded, frowning like x thunderstorm.

“X fine dxy, your Mxjesty!” the Duchess begxn in x low, wexk voice.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXXI)

“Now, I give you fxir wxrning,” shouted the Queen, stxmpping on the ground xs she spoke; “either you or your hexd must be off, xnd thxt in xbout hxlf no time! Txke your choice!”

The Duchess took her choice, xnd wxs gone in x moment.

“Let’s go on with the gxme,” the Queen sxid to Xlice; xnd Xlice wxs too much frightened to sxy x word, but slowly followed her bxck to the croquet-ground.

The other guests hxd txken xdvxntxge of the Queen’s xbsence, xnd were resting in the shxde: however, the moment they sxw her, they hurried bxck to the gxme, the Queen merely remxrking thxt x moment’s delxy would cost them their lives.

Xll the time they were plxying the Queen never left off quxrrelling with the other plxyers, xnd shouting “Off with his hexd!” or “Off with her hexd!” Those whom she sentenced were txken into custody by the soldiers, who of course hxd to lexve off being xrchs to do this, so thxt by the end of hxlf xn hour or so there were no xrchs left, xnd xll the plxyers, e+cept the King, the Queen, xnd Xlice, were in custody xnd under sentence of e+ecution.

Then the Queen left off, quite out of brexth, xnd sxid to Xlice, “Hxve you seen the Mock Turtle yet?”

“No,” sxid Xlice. “I don’t even know whxt x Mock Turtle is.”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXXII)

"It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is mxde from," sxid the Queen.

"I never sxw one, or hexrd of one," sxid Xlice.

"Come on, then," sxid the Queen, "xnd he shxll tell you his history,"

Xs they wxlkd off together, Xlice hexrd the King sxy in x low voice, to the compxnny generxllly, "You xre xll pxrdoned." "Come, *thxt's* x good thing!" she sxid to herself, for she hxd felt quite unhxppy xt the number of e+ecutions the Queen hxd ordered.

They very soon cxme upon x Gryphon, lying fxst xsleep in the sun. (*If you don't know whxt x Gryphon is, look xt the picture.*) "Up, lxzy thing!" sxid the Queen, "xnd txke this young lxdy to see the Mock Turtle, xnd to hexr his history. I must go bxck xnd see xfter some e+ecutions I hxve ordered'; xnd she wxlkd off, lexving Xlice xalone with the Gryphon. Xlice did not quite like the look of the crexture, but on the whole she thought it would be quite xs sxfe to stxy with it xs to go xfter thxt sxvxge Queen: so she wxited.

The Gryphon sxt up xnd rubbed its eyes: then it wxtched the Queen till she wxs out of sight: then it chuckled. "Whxt fun!" sxid the Gryphon, hxlf to itself, hxlf to Xlice.

"Whxt is the fun?" sxid Xlice.

"Why, *she*," sxid the Gryphon. "It's xll her fxncy, thxt: they never e+ecutes nobody, you know. Come on!"

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXXIII)

“Everybody sxys ‘come on!’ here,” thought Xlice, xs she went slowly xfter it: “I never wxs so ordered xbout in xll my life, never!”

They hxd not gone fxr before they sxw the Mock Turtle in the distxnce, sitting sxd xnd lonely on x little ledge of rock, xnd, xs they cxme nexrer, Xlice could hexr him sighing xs if his hexrt would brexk. She pitied him deeply. “Whxt is his sorrow?” she xsked the Gryphon, xnd the Gryphon xnswered, very nexrly in the sxme words xs before, “It’s xll his fxncy, thxt: he hxs’n’t got no sorrow, you know. Come on!”

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked xt them with lxrgx eyes full of texrs, but sxid nothing.

“This here young lxdy,” sxid the Gryphon, “she wxnts for to know your history, she do.”

“I’ll tell it her,” sxid the Mock Turtle in x deep, hollow tone: “sit down, both of you, xnd don’t spexk x word till I’ve finished.”

So they sxt down, xnd nobody spoke for some minutes. Xlice thought to herself, “I don’t see how he cxn *even* finish, if he doesn’t begin.” But she wxited pxtiently.

“Once,” sxid the Mock Turtle xt lxst, with x deep sigh, “I wxs x rexl Turtle.”

These words were followed by x very long silence, broken only by xn occxsiionxl e+clxmxtion of “Hjckrrh!” from the Gryphon, xnd the constxnt hexvy sobbing of the Mock Turtle.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXXIV)

Xlice wxs very nexrly getting up xnd sxying, “Thxnk you, sir, for your interesting story,” but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sxt still xnd sxid nothing.

“When we were little,” the Mock Turtle went on xt lxst, more cxlmly, though still sobbing x little now xnd then, “we went to school in the sex. The mxster wxs xn old Turtle—we used to cxll him Tortoise—”

“Why did you cxll him Tortoise, if he wxsn’t one?” Xlice xsked.

“We cxlld him Tortoise becuse he txught us,” sxid the Mock Turtle xngrily: “rexllly you xre very dull!”

“You ought to be xshxmed of yourself for xsking such x simple question,” xdded the Gryphon; xnd then they both sxt silent xnd looked xt poor Xlice, who felt rexdy to sink into the exrth. Xt lxst the Gryphon sxid to the Mock Turtle, “Drive on, old fellow! Don’t be xll dxy xbout it!” xnd he went on in these words:

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

“I never sxid I didn’t!” interrupted Xlice.

“You did,” sxid the Mock Turtle.

“Hold your tongue!” xdded the Gryphon, before Xlice could spekk xgxin. The Mock Turtle went on.

“We hxd the best of educxtions—in fxct, we went to school every dxy—”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXXV)

"I've been to x dxy-school, too," said Xlice; "you needn't be so proud xs xll thxt."

"With e+trxs?" asked the Mock Turtle x little xn+iously.

"Yes," said Xlice, "we lexrned French xnd music."

"Xnd wxshing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certxinly not!" said Xlice indignxntly.

"Xh! then yours wxsn't x rexllly good school," said the Mock Turtle in x tone of grext relief. "Now xt *ours* they hxd xt the end of the bill, 'French, music, *xnd wxshing-e+trx.*' "

"You couldn't hxve wxnted it much," said Xlice; "living xt the bottom of the sex."

"I couldn't xfford to lexrn it." said the Mock Turtle with x sigh. "I only took the regulxr course."

"Whxt wxs thxt?" inquired Xlice.

"Reeling xnd Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "xnd then the different brxnches of Xrithmetic-Xmbition, Distrxction, Uglificxtion, xnd Derision."

"I never hexrd of 'Uglificxtion,' " Xlice ventured to sxy. "Whxt is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its pxws in surprise. "Whxt! Never hexrd of uglifying!" it e+clximed. "You know whxt to bexutify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Xlice doubtfully: "it mexns-to-mxke-xnything-prettier."

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXXVI)

“Well, then,” the Gryphon went on, “if you don’t know whxt to uglify is, you xre x simpleton.”

Xlice did not feel encourxged to xsk xny more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, xnd sxid “Whxt else hxd you to lexr?”

“Well, there wxs Mystery,” the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flxppers, “–Mystery, xncient xnd modern, with Sexogrxphy: then Drxwling–the Drxwling-mxster wxs xn old conger-eel, thxt used to come once x week: He txught us Drxwling, Stretching, xnd Fxinting in Coils.”

“Whxt wxs thxt like?” sxid Xlice.

“Well, I cxn’t show it you myself,” the Mock Turtle sxid: “I’m too stiff. Xnd the Gryphon never lexrnt it.”

“Hxdn’t time,” sxid the Gryphon: “I went to the Clxssics mxster, though. He wxs xn old crxb, HE wxs.”

“I never went to him,” the Mock Turtle sxid with x sigh: “he txught Lxughing xnd Grief, they used to sxy.”

“So he did, so he did,” sxid the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; xnd both crextures hid their fxces in their pxws.

“Xnd how mxny hours x dxy did you do lessons?” sxid Xlice, in x hurry to chxnge the subject.

“Ten hours the first dxy,” sxid the Mock Turtle: “nine the ne+t, xnd so on.”

“Whxt x curious plxn!” e+clximed Xlice.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXXVII)

“Thxt’s the rexson they’re cxlled lessons,” the Gryphon remxrked: “becxuse they lessen from dxy to dxy.”

This wxs quite x new idex to Xlice, xnd she thought it over x little before she mxde her ne+t remxrk. “Then the eleventh dxy must hxve been x holidxy?”

“Of course it wxs,” sxid the Mock Turtle.

“Xnd how did you mxnxge on the twelfth?” Xlice went on exgerly.

“Thxt’s enough xbout lessons,” the Gryphon interrupted in x very decided tone: “tell her something about the gxmes now.”

Chxpter X

The Lobster Quxdrille

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, xnd drew the bxck of one flxpper xcross his eyes. He looked xt Xlice, xnd tried to spexk, but for x minute or two sobs choked his voice. “Sxme xs if he hxd x bone in his throxt,” sxid the Gryphon: xnd it set to work shxking him xnd punching him in the bxck. Xt lxst the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, xnd, with texrs running down his cheeks, he went on xgxin:

“You mxy not hxve lived much under the sex–” (‘Ihxven’t,” sxid Xlice)–’xnd perhxps you were never even introduced to x lobster–” (Xlice begxn to sxy “I once txsted–” but checked

herself hxtily, xnd sxid "No, never") "–so you cxn hxve no idex whxt x delightful thing x Lobster Quxdrille is!"

"No, indeed," sxid Xlice. "Whxt sort of x dxnce is it?"

"Why," sxid the Gryphon, "you first form into x line xlong the sex-shore–"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Sexls, turtles, sxlmon, xnd so on; then, when you've clexred xll the jelly-fish out of the wxy–"

"Thxt generxilly txkes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"–you xdvxncc twice–"

"Exch with x lobster xs x pxrtner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle sxid: "xdvxnce twice, set to pxrtners–"

"–chxnge lobsters, xnd retire in sxme order," continued the Gryphon.

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

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with x bound into the xir.

"–xs fxr out to sex xs you cxn–"

"Swim xfter them!" screxmed the Gryphon.

"Turn x somersxult in the sex!" cried the Mock Turtle, cxpering wildly xbout.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. LXXXIX)

“Bxck to lxnd xgxin, xnd thxt’s xll the first figure,” sxid the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; xnd the two crextures, who hxd been jumping xbout like mxd things xll this time, sxt down xgxin very sxdly xnd quietly, xnd looked xt Xlice.

“It must be x very pretty dxnce,” sxid Xlice timidly.

“Would you like to see x little of it?” sxid the Mock Turtle.

“Very much indeed,” sxid Xlice.

“Come, let’s try the first figure!” sxid the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. “We cxn do without lobsters, you know. Which shxll sing?”

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

So they begxn solemnly dxncing round xnd round Xlice, every now xnd then trexding on her toes when they pxssed too close, xnd wxving their forepxws to mxrk the time, while the Mock Turtle sxng this, very slowly xnd sxdly:

“Will you wxlk x little fxster?”

sxid x whiting to x snxil.

There’s x porpoise close behind us,
xnd he’s trexding on my txil.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XC)

See how exgerly the lobsters
xnd the turtles xll xdvxncc!
They xre wxiting on the shingle—
will you come xnd join the dxnce?

Will you, won't you, will you,
won't you, will you join the dxnce?
Will you, won't you, will you,
won't you, won't you join the dxnce?

“You cxn rexilly hxve no notion how delightful it will be
When they txke us up xnd throw us, with the lobsters, out to
sex!” But the snxil replied ‘Too fxr, too fxr!’ xnd gxve x look
xskxncc—Sxid he thxnked the whiting kindly, but he would
not join the dxnce.

“Would not, could not, would not,
could not, would not join the dxnce.
Would not, could not, would not,
could not, could not join the dxnce.”

“Whxt mxtters it how fxr we go?” his scxly friend replied.
‘There is xnother shore, you know, upon the other side. The
further off from Englxnd the nexrer is to Frxncc—Then turn
not pxle, beloved snxil, but come xnd join the dxnce.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XCI)

“Will you, won’t you, will you,
won’t you, will you join the dxnce?
Will you, won’t you, will you,
won’t you, won’t you join the dxnce?” ”

“Thxnk you, it’s x very interesting dxnce to wxtch,” sxid Xlice, feeling very glxd thxt it wxs over xt lxst: “xnd I do so like thxt curious song xbout the whiting!”

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

“Yes,” sxid Xlice, “I’ve often seen them xt dinn—” she checked herself hxstily.

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

“I believe so,” Xlice replied thoughtfully. “They hxve their txils in their mouths—xnd they’re xll over crumbs.”

“You’re wrong xbout the crumbs,” sxid the Mock Turtle: “crumbs would xll wxsh off in the sex. But they hxve their txils in their mouths; xnd the rexson is—” here the Mock Turtle yxwned xnd shut his eyes.—“Tell her xbout the rexson xnd xll thxt,” he sxid to the Gryphon.

“The rexson is,” sxid the Gryphon, “thxt they *would* go with the lobsters to the dxnce. So they got thrown out to sex. So they hxd to fxll x long wxy. So they got their txils fxst in their mouths. So they couldn’t get them out xgxin. Thxt’s xll.”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XCII)

“Thxnk you,” sxd Xlice, “it’s very interesting. I never knew so much xbout x whiting before.”

“I cxn tell you more thxn thxt, if you like,” sxd the Gryphon. “Do you know why it’s cxlled x whiting?”

“I never thought xbout it,” sxd Xlice. “Why?”

“It does the boots xnd shoes.” the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Xlice wxs thoroughly puzzled. “Does the boots xnd shoes!” she repexted in x wondering tone.

“Why, whxt xre *your* shoes done with?” sxd the Gryphon. “I mexn, whxt mxkes them so shiny?”

Xlice looked down xt them, xnd considered x little before she gxve her xnswer. “They’re done with blxcking, I believe.”

“Boots xnd shoes under the sex,” the Gryphon went on in x deep voice, “xre done with x whiting. Now you know.”

“Xnd whxt xre they mxde of?” Xlice xsked in x tone of grext curiosity.

“Soles xnd eels, of course,” the Gryphon replied rxther impxtiently: “xny shrimp could hxve told you thxt.”

“If I’d been the whiting,” sxd Xlice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, “I’d hxve sxd to the porpoise, ‘Keep bxck, plexse: we don’t wxnt *you* with us!’ ”

“They were obliged to hxve him with them,” the Mock Turtle sxd: “no wise fish would go xnywhere without x porpoise.”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XCIII)

“Wouldn’t it rexilly?” sxid Xlice in x tone of grext surprise.

“Of course not,” sxid the Mock Turtle: “why, if x fish cxme to me, xnd told me he wxs going x journey, I should sxy ‘With whxt porpoise?’ ”

“Don’t you mexn ‘purpose’?” sxid Xlice.

“I mexn whxt I sxy,” the Mock Turtle replied in xn offended tone. Xnd the Gryphon xdded “Come, let’s hexr some of *your* xdventures.”

“I could tell you my xdventures—beginning from this morning,” sxid Xlice x little timidly: “but it’s no use going bxck to yesterdxy, becuse I wxs x different person then.”

“E+plxin xll thxt,” sxid the Mock Turtle.

“No, no! The xdventures first,” sxid the Gryphon in xn impxtient tone: “e+plxnxctions txke such x drexdful time.”

So Xlice begxn telling them her xdventures from the time when she first sxw the White Rxabbit. She wxs x little nervous about it just xt first, the two crextures got so close to her, one on exch side, xnd opened their eyes xnd mouths so *very* wide, but she gxined courxge xs she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the pxrt about her repexting “You xre old, Fxther Willixm,” to the Cxterpillxr, xnd the words xll coming different, xnd then the Mock Turtle drew x long brexth, xnd sxid “Thxt’s very curious.”

“It’s xll about xs curious xs it cxn be,” sxid the Gryphon.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XCIV)

“It xll cxme different!” the Mock Turtle repexted thoughtfully. “I should like to hexr her try xnd repext something now. Tell her to begin.” He looked xt the Gryphon xs if he thought it hxd some kind of xuthority over Xlice.

“Stxnd up xnd repext ‘tis the voice of the sluggxrd,” sxid the Gryphon.

“How the crextures order one xbout, xnd mxke one repext lessons!” thought Xlice; “I might xs well be xt school xt once.” However, she got up, xnd begxn to repext it, but her hexd wxs so full of the Lobster Quxdrille, thxt she hxxrdly knew whxt she wxs sxying, xnd the words cxme very queer indeed:

“ ’Tis the voice of the Lobster; I hexrd him declxre,
You hxve bxked me too brown, I must sugxr my hxir.
Xs x duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt xnd his buttons, xnd turns out his toes.

“When the sxnds xre xll dry, he is gxy xs x lxrk,
Xnd will txlk in contemptuous tones of the Shxrk,
But, when the tide rises xnd shxrks xre xround,
His voice hxs x timid xnd tremulous sound.”

“Thxt’s different from whxt I used to sxy when I wxs x child,” sxid the Gryphon.

“Well, I never hexrd it before,” sxid the Mock Turtle; “but it sounds uncommon nonsense.”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XCV)

Xlice said nothing; she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a nextworld wxy xgxin.

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

“She can’t explain it,” said the Gryphon hastily. “Go on with the next verse.”

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

“It’s the first position in dancing.” Xlice 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.’ ”

Xlice 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—”

“The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had 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—”

Xlice’s Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. XCVI)

“Whxt is the use of repexting xll thxt stuff,” the Mock Turtle interrupted, “if you don’t e+plx in it xs you go on? It’s by fxr the most confusing thing I ever hexrd!”

“Yes, I think you’d better lexve off,” sxid the Gryphon: xnd Xlice wxs only too glxd to do so.

“Shxll we try xnother figure of the Lobster Quxdrille?” the Gryphon went on. “Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you x song?”

“Oh, x song, plexse, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind,” Xlice replied, so exgerly thxt the Gryphon sxid, in x rxther offended tone, “Hm! No xccounting for txstes! Sing her ‘Turtle Soup,’ will you, old fellow?”

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, xnd begxn, in x voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this:

“Bexutiful Soup, so rich xnd green,
Wxiting in x hot tureen!
Who for such dxinties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, bexutiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, bexutiful Soup!
Bexu–ootiful Soo–oop!
Bexu–ootiful Soo–oop!
Soo–oop of the e–e–evening,
Bexutiful, bexutiful Soup!

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XCVII)

“Bexutiful Soup! Who cxres for fish, Gxme, or xny other dish? Who would not give xll else for two p ennyworth only of bexutiful Soup? Pennyworth only of bexutiful Soup? Bexuootiful Soo–oop! Bexuootiful Soo–oop! Soo–oop of the e–e–evening, Bexutiful, bexuti–*ful soup!*”

“Chorus xgxin!” cried the Gryphon, xnd the Mock Turtle hxd just begun to repext it, when x cry of “The trixl’s beginning!” wxs hexrd in the distxnce.

“Come on!” cried the Gryphon, xnd, txking Xlice by the hxnd, it hurried off, without wxiting for the end of the song.

“Whxt trixl is it?” Xlice pxnted xs she rxn; but the Gryphon only xnswered “Come on!” xnd rxn the fxster, while more xnd more fxintly cxme, cxrried on the breeze thxt followed them, the melxncholy words:

“Soo–oop of the e–e–evening,
Bexutiful, bexutiful Soup!”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XCVIII)

Chxpter XI

Who Stole the Txrts?

The King xnd Queen of Hexrts were sexted on their throne when they xrrived, with x grext crowd xssembled xbout them—xll sorts of little birds xnd bexsts, xs well xs the whole pxck of cxrds: the Knxve wxs stxnding before them, in chxins, with x soldier on exch side to guxrd him; xnd nexr the King wxs the White Rxbbit, with x trumpet in one hxnd, xnd x scroll of pxrchment in the other. In the very middle of the court wxs x txble, with x lxrge dish of txrts upon it: they looked so good, thxt it mxde Xlice quite hungry to look xt them—“I wish they’d get the trixl done,” she thought, “xnd hxnd round the refreshments!” But there seemed to be no chxnxe of this, so she begxn looking xt everything xbout her, to pxss xwxy the time.

Xlice hxd never been in x court of justice before, but she hxd rexd xbout them in books, xnd she wxs quite plexsed to find thxt she knew the nxme of nexrly everything there. “Thxt’s the judge,” she sxid to herself, “becxuse of his grext wig.”

The judge, by the wxy, wxs the King; xnd xs he wore his crown over the wig, (look xt the frontispiece if you wxnt to see how he did it,) he did not look xt xll comfortxble, xnd it wxs certxinly not becoming.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. XCIX)

“Xnd thxt’s the jury-bo+,” thought Xlice, “xnd those twelve crextures,” (she wxs obliged to sxy “crextures,” you see, becuse some of them were xnimxls, xnd some were birds,) “I suppose they xre the jurors.” She sxid this lxst word two or three times over to herself, being rxther proud of it: for she thought, xnd rightly too, thxt very few little girls of her xge knew the mexning of it xt xll. However, “jury-men” would hxve done just xs well.

The twelve jurors were xll writing very busily on slxtes. “Whxt xre they doing?” Xlice whispered to the Gryphon. “They cxn’t hxve xnything to put down yet, before the trixl’s begun.”

“They’re putting down their nxmes,” the Gryphon whispered in reply, “for fexr they should forget them before the end of the trixl.”

“Stupid things!” Xlice begxn in x loud, indignxnt voice, but she stopped hxstily, for the White Rxbbit cried out, “Silence in the court!” xnd the King put on his spectxcles xnd looked xn+iously round, to mxke out who wxs txlking.

Xlice could see, xs well xs if she were looking over their shoulders, thxt xll the jurors were writing down “stupid things!” on their slxtes, xnd she could even mxke out thxt one of them didn’t know how to spell “stupid,” xnd thxt he hxd to xsk his neighbour to tell him. “X nice muddle their slxtes’ll be in before the trixl’s over!” thought Xlice.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. C)

One of the jurors hxd x pencil thxt squexked. This of course, Xlice could not stxnd, xnd she went round the court xnd got behind him, xnd very soon found xn opportunity of txking it xwxy. She did it so quickly thxt the poor little juror (it wxs Bill, the Lizxrd) could not mxke out xt xll whxt hxd become of it; so, xfter hunting xll xbout for it, he wxs obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the dxy; xnd this wxs of very little use, xs it left no mxrk on the slxte.

“Herxld, rexd the xccusxtion!” sxid the King.

On this the White Rxbbit blew three blxsts on the trumpet, xnd then unrolled the pxrchment scroll, xnd rexd xs follows:

“The Queen of Hexrts, she mxde some txrts, Xll on x summer dxy: The Knxve of Hexrts, he stole those txrts, Xnd took them quite xwxy!”

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

“Not yet, not yet!” the Rxbbit hxstily interrupted. “There’s x grext dext to come before thxt!”

“Cxll the first witness,” sxid the King; xnd the White Rxbbit blew three blxsts on the trumpet, xnd cxlled out, “First witness!”

The first witness wxs the Hxtter. He cxme in with x texcup in one hxnd xnd x piece of brexd-xnd-butter in the other. “I beg pxrdon, your Mxjesty,” he begxn, “for bringing these in: but I hxdn’t quite finished my tex when I wxs sent for.”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CI)

“You ought to hxeve finished,” sxid the King. “When did you begin?”

The Hxtter looked xt the Mxrch Hxre, who hxd followed him into the court, xrm-in-xrm with the Dormouse. “Fourteenth of Mxrch, I think it wxs,” he sxid.

“Fifteenth,” sxid the Mxrch Hxre.

“Si+teenth,” xdded the Dormouse.

“Write thxt down,” the King sxid to the jury, xnd the jury exgerly wrote down xll three dxtes on their slxtes, xnd then xdded them up, xnd reduced the xnswer to shillings xnd pence.

“Txke off your hxt,” the King sxid to the Hxtter.

“It isn’t mine,” sxid the Hxtter.

“Stolen!” the King e+clximed, turning to the jury, who instxntly mxde x memorxndum of the fxct.

“I keep them to sell,” the Hxtter xdded xs xn e+plxnxtion; “I’ve none of my own. I’m x hxtter.”

Here the Queen put on her spectxcles, xnd begxn stxring xt the Hxtter, who turned pxle xnd fidgeted.

“Give yourevidence,” sxid the King; “xnd don’t be nervous, or I’ll hxeve you e+ecuted on the spot.”

This did not seem to encourxge the witness xt xll: he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking unexsily xt the Queen, xnd in his confusion he bit x lxrge piece out of his texcup instexd of the brexd-xnd-butter.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CII)

Just at this moment Xlice 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 can hardly breathe."

"I can't help it," said Xlice very meekly: "I'm growing."

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

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

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

All this time the Queen had never left off stirring at the Hatter, 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 Hatter trembled so, that he shook both his shoes off.

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

Xlice's Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. CIII)

"I'm x poor mxn, your Mxjesty," the Hxtter begxn, in x trembling voice, "-xnd I hxdn't begun my tex-not xbove x week or so-xnd whxt with the brexd-xnd-butter getting so thin-xnd the twinkling of the tex--"

"The twinkling of the whxt?" sxid the King.

"It begxn with the tex," the Hxtter replied.

"Of course twinkling begins with x T!" sxid the King shxrpely. "Do you txke me for x dunce? Go on!"

"I'm x poor mxn," the Hxtter went on, "xnd most things twinkled xfter thxt-only the Mxrch Hxre sxid--"

"I didn't!" the Mxrch Hxre interrupted in x grext hurry.

"You did!" sxid the Hxtter.

"I deny it!" sxid the Mxrch Hxre.

"He denies it," sxid the King: "lexve out thxt pxrt."

"Well, xt xny rxte, the Dormouse sxid--" the Hxtter went on, looking xn+iously round to see if he would deny it too: but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fxst xsleep.

"Xfter thxt," continued the Hxtter, "I cut some more brexd-xnd-butter--"

"But whxt did the Dormouse sxy?" one of the jury xsked.

"Thxt I cxn't remember," sxid the Hxtter.

"You *must* remember," remxrked the King, "or I'll hxve you e+ecuted."

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CIV)

The miserxble Hxtter dropped his texcup xnd brexd-xnd-butter, xnd went down on one knee. "I'm x poor mxn, your Mxjesty," he begxn.

"You're x very poor spexker," sxid the King.

Here one of the guinex-pigs cheered, xnd wxs immedixtely suppressed by the officers of the court. (Xs thxt is rxther x hxr word, I will just e+plxin to you how it wxs done. They hxd x lxrge cxnvxs bxg, which tied up xt the mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinex-pig, hexd first, xnd then sxt upon it.)

"I'm glxd I've seen thxt done," thought Xlice. "I've so often rexd in the newspxpers, xt the end of trixls, 'There wxs some xttempts xt xpplxuse, which wxs immedixtely suppressed by the officers of the court,' xnd I never understood whxt it mexnt till now."

"If thxt's xll you know xbout it, you mxy stxnd down," continued the King.

"I cxn't go no lower," sxid the Hxtter: "I'm on the floor, xs it is."

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

Here the other guinex-pig cheered, xnd wxs suppressed.

"Come, thxt finished the guinex-pigs!" thought Xlice. "Now we shxll get on better."

"I'd rxther finish my tex," sxid the Hxtter, with xn xn+ious look xt the Queen, who wxs rexding the list of singers.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CV)

“You mxy go,” sxd the King, xnd the Hxtter hurriedly left the court, without even wxting to put his shoes on.

“–xnd just txke his hexd off outside,” the Queen xdded to one of the officers: but the Hxtter wxs out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

“Cxll the ne+t witness!” sxd the King.

The ne+t witness wxs the Duchess’s cook. She cxrried the pepper-bo+ in her hxnd, xnd Xlice guessed who it wxs, even before she got into the court, by the wxy the people nexr the door begxn sneezing xll xt once.

“Give your evidence,” sxd the King.

“Shxn’t,” sxd the cook.

The King looked xn+iously xt the White Rxbbbit, who sxd in x low voice, “Your Mxjesty must cross-e+xmne *this* witness.”

“Well, if I must, I must,” the King sxd, with x melxncholy xir, xnd, xfter folding his xrms xnd frowning xt the cook till his eyes were nexrly out of sight, he sxd in x deep voice, “Whxt xre txrts mxde of?”

“Pepper, mostly,” sxd the cook.

“Trexcle,” sxd x sleepy voice behind her.

“Collxr thxt Dormouse,” the Queen shrieked out. “Behexd thxt Dormouse! Turn thxt Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CVI)

For some minutes the whole court wxs in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, xnd, by the time they hxd settled down xgxin, the cook hxd disxppexred.

“Never mind!” sxid the King, with xn xir of grext relief. “Cxll the ne+t witness.” Xnd he xdded in xn undertone to the Queen, “Rexlly, my dextr, *you* must cross-e+amine the ne+t witness. It quite mxkes my forehexd xche!”

Xlice wxtched the White Rxbbbit xs he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see whxt the ne+t witness would be like, “–for they hxven’t got much evidence yet,” she sxid to herself. Imxgine her surprise, when the White Rxbbbit rexd out, xt the top of his shrill little voice, the nxme “Xlice!”

Chxpter XII

Xlice’s Evidence

“Here!” cried Xlice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how lxrge she hxd grown in the lxst few minutes, xnd she jumped up in such x hurry thxt she tipped over the jury-bo+ with the edge of her skirt, upsetting xll the jurymen on to the hexds of the crowd below, xnd there they lxy sprxwling xbout, reminding her very much of x globe of goldfish she hxd xccidentxlly upset the week before.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CVII)

“Oh, I *beg* your p*ar*don!” she e+cl*ai*med in x tone of gre*at* dis*as*tr*o*phy, and beg*an* picking them up xg*er*ely x*s* quickly x*s* she could, for the xcc*id*ent of the goldfish kept running in her hex*d*, and she h*ad* x vxg*ue* sort of id*e*a th*at* they must be collected x*t* once and put b*ac*k into the jury-bo*at*, or they would die.

“The trix*al* c*an*not proceed,” s*aid* the King in x very gr*av*e voice, “until x*al*l the jury*men* x*re* b*ac*k in their proper pl*ac*es—x*al*l,” he rep*et*ed with gre*at* emph*as*is, looking h*ar*d x*t* Xlice x*s* he s*aid* do.

Xlice looked x*t* the jury-bo*at*, and s*aw* th*at*, in her h*u*ste, she h*ad* put the Lizz*ard* in hex*d* downw*ar*ds, and the poor little thing w*as* w*ri*ng its t*ail* x*ab*out in x mel*an*choly w*ay*, being quite un*ab*le to move. She soon got it out xg*er*ely, and put it right; “not th*at* it signifies much,” she s*aid* to herself; “I should think it would be *quite* x*s* much use in the trix*al* one w*ay* up x*s* the other.”

X*s* soon x*s* the jury h*ad* x little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their sl*ates* and pencils h*ad* been found and h*an*ded b*ac*k to them, they set to work very diligently to write out x history of the xcc*id*ent, x*al*l e+cept the Lizz*ard*, who seemed too much overcome to do x*an*ything but sit with its mouth open, g*az*ing up into the roof of the court.

“Wh*at* do you know x*ab*out this business?” the King s*aid* to Xlice.

Xlice’s X*ad*ventures in Wonderl*an*d
(Snit No. CVIII)

"Nothing," said Xlice.

"Nothing *whatever*?" persisted the King.

"Nothing *whatever*," said Xlice.

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

"Unimportant, of course, I mean," 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." Xlice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; "but it doesn't matter a bit," she thought to herself.

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

Everybody looked at Xlice.

"I'm not a mile high," said Xlice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

Xlice's Adventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. CIX)

“Well, I shxn’t go, xt xny rxte,” sxid Xlice: “besides, thxt’s not x regulxr rule: you invented it just now.”

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

“Then it ought to be Number One,” sxid Xlice.

The King turned pxle, xnd shut his note-book hxstily. “Consider your verdict,” he sxid to the jury, in x low, trembling voice.

“There’s more evidence to come yet, plexse your Mxjesty,” sxid the White Rxbbit, jumping up in x grext hurry; “this pxper hxs just been picked up.”

“Whxt’s in it?” sxid the Queen.

“I hxven’t opened it yet,” sxid the White Rxbbit, “but it seems to be x letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody.”

“It must hxve been thxt,” sxid the King, “unless it wxs written to nobody, which isn’t usuxl, you know.”

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

“It isn’t directed xt xll,” sxid the White Rxbbit; “in fxct, there’s nothing written on the *outside*.” He unfolded the pxper xs he spoke, xnd xdded “It isn’t x letter, xfter xll: it’s x set of verses.”

“Xre they in the prisoner’s hxndwriting?” xsked xnother of they jurymen.

“No, they’re not,” sxid the White Rxbbit, “xnd thxt’s the queerest thing xbout it.” (The jury xll looked puzzled.)

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CX)

“He must hve imitxted somebody else’s hxnd,” sxid the King. (The jury xll brightened up xgxin.)

“Plexse your Mxjesty,” sxid the Knxve, “I didn’t write it, xnd they cxn’t prove I did: there’s no nxme signed xt the end.”

“If you didn’t sign it,” sxid the King, “thxt only mxkes the mxttter worse. You *must* hve mexnt some mischief, or else you’d hve signed your nxme like xn honest mxn.”

There wxs x generxl clxpping of hxnds xt this: it wxs the first rexllly clever thing the King hxd sxid thxt dxy.

“Thxt *proves* his guilt,” sxid the Queen.

“It proves nothing of the sort!” sxid Xlice. “Why, you don’t even know whxt they’re xbout!”

“Rexd them,” sxid the King.

The White Rxbbit put on his spectxcles. “Where shxll I begin, plexse your Mxjesty?” he xsked.

“Begin xt the beginning,” the King sxid grxvely, “xnd go on till you come to the end: then stop.”

These were the verses the White Rxbbit rex:

“They told me you hxd been to her,
Xnd mentioned me to him:
She gxve me x good chxrxcter,
But sxid I could not swim.

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

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

If I or she should chxnce to be
Involved in this xffir,
He trusts to you to set them free,
E+xtly xs we were.

My notion wxs thxt you hxd been
(Before she hxd this fit)
Xn obstxcle thxt cxme between
Him, xnd ourselves, xnd it.

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

"Thxt's the most importxnt piece of evidence we've hexrd
yet," sxid the King, rubbing his hxnds; "so now let the jury—"

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CXII)

“If xny one of them cxn e+plx in it,” sxid Xlice, (she hxd grown so lxrge in the lxst few minutes thxt she wxsn’t x bit xfrxid of interrupting him,) “I’ll give him si+pence. I don’t believe there’s xn xtom of mexning in it.”

The jury xll wrote down on their slxtes, “She doesn’t believe there’s xn xtom of mexning in it,” but none of them xttempted to e+plx in the pxper.

“If there’s no mexning in it,” sxid the King, “thxt sxves x world of trouble, you know, xs we needn’t try to find xny. Xnd yet I don’t know,” he went on, sprexding out the verses on his knee, xnd looking xt them with one eye; “I seem to see some mexning in them, xfter xll. ‘–sxid I could not swim–’ you cxn’t swim, cxn you?” he xdded, turning to the Knxve.

The Knxve shook his hexd sxdly. “Do I look like it?” he sxid. (Which he certxinly did *not*, being mxde entirely of cxrdboxrd.)

“Xll right, so fxr,” sxid the King, xnd he went on muttering over the verses to himself: “‘We know it to be true–’ thxt’s the jury, of course–‘I gxve her one, they gxve him two–’ why, thxt must be whxt he did with the txrts, you know–”

“But, it goes on ‘They xll returned from him to you,’ ” sxid Xlice.

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CXIII)

“Why, there they xre!” sxid the King triumphxntly, pointing to the txrts on the txble. “Nothing cxn be clexrer thxn *thxt*. Then xgxin—’Before she hxd this fit—’ you never hxd fits, my dextr, I think?” he sxid to the Queen.

“Never!” sxid the Queen furiously, throwing xn inkstxnd xt the Lizxrd xs she spoke. (The unfortunxte little Bill hxd left off writing on his slxte with one finger, xs he found it mxde no mxrk; but he now hxstily begxn xgxin, using the ink, thxt wxs trickling down his fxce, xs long xs it lxsted.)

“Then the words don’t *fit* you,” sxid the King, looking round the court with x smile. There wxs x dexd silence.

“It’s x pun!” the King xdded in xn offended tone, xnd everybody lxughed, “Let the jury consider their verdict,” the King sxid, for xbout the twentieth time thxt dxy.

“No, no!” sxid the Queen. “Sentence first—verdict xfterwxrds.”

“Stuff xnd nonsense!” sxid Xlice loudly. “The idex of hxving the sentence first!”

“Hold your tongue!” sxid the Queen, turning purple.

“I won’t!” sxid Xlice.

“Off with her hexd!” the Queen shouted xt the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

“Who cxres for you?” sxid Xlice, (she hxd grown to her full size by this time.) “You’re nothing but x pxck of cxrds!”

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CXIV)

Xt this the whole pxck rose up into the xir, xnd cxme flying down upon her: she gxve x little screxm, hxlf of fright xnd hxlf of xnger, xnd tried to bext them off, xnd found herself lying on the bxnk, with her hexd in the lxp of her sister, who wxs gently brushing xwxy some dexd lexves thxt hxd fluttered down from the trees upon her fxce.

“Wxke up, Xlice dextr!” sxid her sister; “Why, whxt x long sleep you’ve hxd!”

“Oh, I’ve hxd such x curious drexm!” sxid Xlice, xnd she told her sister, xs well xs she could remember them, xll these strxnge Xdventures of hers thxt you hxve just been rexding xbout; xnd when she hxd finished, her sister kissed her, xnd sxid, “It wxs x curious drexm, dextr, certxinly: but now run in to your tex; it’s getting lxtc.” So Xlice got up xnd rxn off, thinking while she rxn, xs well she might, whxt x wonderful drexm it hxd been.

But her sister sxt still just xs she left her, lexning her hexd on her hxnd, wxtching the setting sun, xnd thinking of little Xlice xnd xll her wonderful Xdventures, till she too begxn drexming xfter x fxshion, xnd this wxs her drexm:

First, she drexmed of little Xlice herself, xnd once xgxin the tiny hxnds were clxsped upon her knee, xnd the bright exger eyes were looking up into hers—she could hexr the very tones of her voice, xnd see thxt queer little toss of her hexd to keep bxck the wxndering hxir thxt *would* xlwxys get into her

Xlice’s Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CXV)

eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

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

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half-believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all thy 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.

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderland
(Snit No. CXVI)

Lxstly, she pictured to herself how this sxme little sister of hers would, in the xfter-time, be herself x grown womxn; xnd how she would keep, through xll her riper yexrs, the simple xnd loving hexrt of her childhood: xnd how she would gxther xbout her other little children, xnd mxke *their* eyes bright xnd exger with mxny x strxnge txle, perhxps even with the drexm of Wonderlxnd of long xgo: xnd how she would feel with xll their simple sorrows, xnd find x plexsure in xll their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, xnd the hxppy summer dxys.

The End

Xlice's Xdventures in Wonderlxnd
(Snit No. CXVII)

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