



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Alice in Wonderland (Chapter Book)

Lewis Carroll

- Chapter 1: Down the rabbit hole
 - Chapter 2: The pool of tears
 - Chapter 3: A Race
 - Chapter 4: The rabbit sends in a Bill
 - Chapter 5: A caterpillar tells Alice what to do
 - Chapter 6: Pig and Pepper
 - Chapter 7: A mad tea party
 - Chapter 8: The Queen's Croquet ground
 - Chapter 9: A Mock Turtle
 - Chapter 10: The Lobster Dance
 - Chapter 11: Who stole the tarts?
 - Chapter 12: Alice on the stand
-

Chapter 1: Down the rabbit hole

Alice had sat on the bank (de oevers) by her sister till she was tired. Once or twice she had looked at the book her sister held in her hand, but there were no pictures in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures?" She asked herself as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel quite dull, if it would be worth while to get up and pick some daisies to make a chain. Just then a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

To Alice it was not such a strange thing, nor did Alice think much of it when the Rabbit said, "Oh dear! Oh, dear! I shall be late!" But when the Rabbit took a watch out of its pocket, and looked at it and then ran on, Alice got on her feet, because it was the first time she had seen a Rabbit with a watch. She jumped up and ran to get a look at it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole near the hedge.



As fast as she could go, Alice went down the hole after it, and did not once stop

to think who she was to get out. The hole went straight on for some way and then turned down with a sharp bend, so sharp that Alice had no time to think to stop till she found herself falling in what seemed a deep well.

She must not have moved fast, or the well must have been quite deep, for it took her a long time to go down, and as she went she had time to look at the strange things she passed. First she tried to look down and make out what was there, but it was too dark to see; then she looked at the sides of the well and saw that they were piled with book-shelves; here and there she saw maps hung on pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed. On it was the word Jam, but there was no jam in it, so she put it back on one of the shelves as she fell past it.

"Well," thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I won't mind a fall down the stairs at all. How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say a thing if I fell off the top of the house."

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? "I should like to know," she said, "how far down I've gone. Wouldn't it be strange if I fell right through the earth and come out where the folks walk with their feet up and their heads down?"

Down, down, down. "Dinah will miss me tonight," Alice went on. (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll think to give her her milk at dinner time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, but you might catch a bat, and that's much like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats?" And here Alice must have gone to sleep, for she dreamed that she walked hand in hand with Dinah, and just as she asked her, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth, do you eat bats?" all at once, thump! thump! down she came on a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the long fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt and jumped to her feet. She looked up, but all was dark there. At the end of a long hall in front of her the white rabbit was still in sight. There was no time to be lost, so off Alice went like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, "Oh, my ears, how late it is!" then it was out of sight. She found she was in a long hall with a low roof, from which hung a row of lighted lamps.

There were doors on all sides, but when Alice had been all round and tried each one, she found they were all locked. She walked back and forth and tried to think how she was to get out. At last she came to a stand made all of glass. On it was a tiny key of gold, and Alice's first thought was that this might be a key to one of the doors of the hall, but when she had tried the key in each lock, she found the locks were too large or the key was too small—it did not fit one of them. But when she went round the hall once more she came to a low curtain which she had not seen at first, and when she drew this back she found a small door, not much more than a foot high; she tried the key in the lock, and to her great joy it fitted!



Alice found that the door led to a hall the size of a rat hole; she knelt down and looked through it into a garden of beautiful flowers. How she longed to get out of that dark hall and near those bright blooms; but she could not so much as get her head through the door; "and if my head would go through," thought Alice, "it would be of no use, for the rest of me would still be too large to go through. Oh, how I wish I was small!"

There seemed to be no use to wait by the small door, so she went back to the stand with the hope that she might find a key to one of the large doors, or maybe a book of rules that would teach her to grow small. This time she found a small bottle on it ("which I am sure was not here just now," said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a tag with the words "Drink me" printed on it.

It was all right to say "Drink me," but Alice was too wise to do that in haste: "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see if it's marked 'poison' or not," for she had been taught if you drink much from a bottle marked 'poison,' it is sure to make you sick. This had no such mark on it, so she dared to taste it, and as she found it nice (it had, in fact, a taste of pie, ice-cream, roast fowl, and hot toast), she quickly drank it all.

"How strange I feel," said Alice. "I am sure I am not so large as I was!"

And so it was; she was about 30 centimeters high, and her face light up at the thought that she was now the right size to go through the small door and get out to that lovely garden.

Poor Alice! When she reached the door she found that she had left the key on

the stand, and when she went back for it, she found she could by no means reach it. She could see it through the glass, and she tried her best to climb one of the legs of the stand, but it was too sleek, and when she was quite tired out, she sat down and cried.

"Come, there's no use to cry like that!" Alice said to herself as stern as she could. "Stop it right now!"

Soon her eyes fell on a small glass box that lay on the floor. She looked in it and found a tiny cake on which were the words "Eat me," marked in grapes. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow tall, I can reach the key, and if it makes me shrink up, I can creep under the door; so I'll get out some way."

So she set to work and soon ate all the cake.



Chapter 2: The pool of tears

"How strange! Oh my!" said Alice, "I'm so tall! And all at once too! Goodbye, feet." (For when she looked down at her feet they seemed so far away, she thought they would soon be out of sight.) "Oh, my poor feet, who will put on your shoes for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't do it. I am too far off to take care of you! But even if I can't take care of them, I have to be nice to them" thought Alice, "or they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a pair of new shoes each Christmas."

She stopped to think how she would send them. "They must go by the mail," she thought; "and how funny it'll seem to send shoes to one's own feet. How odd the address will look!"

Alice's Right Foot,
On the rug,
Near the Fire.
(With Alice's love.)

"Oh dear, there's no sense in all that."

Just then her head struck the roof of the hall; in fact she was now almost three meters high, and she at once took up the small key and went back to the door.

Poor Alice! Now she was so tall that she could only lay down on one side, to look through to the garden with one eye: but she definitely couldn't not get through, so she sat down and had a good cry.



"Shame on you," said Alice, "A great big girl like you. To cry in this way! Stop at once, I tell you!" But she still cried and shed tears till there was a large pool all round her, and which reached half way down the hall.

Then she heard the sound of feet not far off, so she dried her eyes in great haste to see who it was. It was the White Rabbit that had come back, dressed in fine clothes, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand, and a large fan in the other. He trotted on in great haste, and talked to himself, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be in a fine rage if I've made her wait?"



Alice felt so bad and so in need of help from some one, that when the Rabbit came near, she said in a low timid voice, "If you please, sir—" The Rabbit was startled, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan and ran off into the dark as fast as his two hind feet could take him.

Alice took up the fan and gloves and as the hall was quite hot, she fanned herself all the time she went on talking. "Dear, dear! How strange all things are today! Could I have been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up today? Seems to me I didn't feel quite the same. But if I'm not the same, then who in the world am I?" Then she thought of all the girls she knew that were of her age, to see if she could have been changed for one of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair is in such long curls and mine doesn't curl at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows so little! How strange it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! that is not right. I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try to sing one of my favorite songs" and she placed her hands on her lap, as if she were at school and tried to say the lyrics, but her voice was hoarse and strange and the words did not come the same as they

used to do.

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears as she went on, "I must be Mabel after all, and I will have to go and live in that stinky house and have no toys to play with. No, I've made up my mind; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use for them to put their heads down and say, 'Come up, dear!' I shall look up and say, 'Who am I, then? Tell me that first, and then if I like it, I'll come up; if not, I'll stay down here till I'm some one else'—but, oh dear," cried Alice with a fresh burst of tears, "I do wish they would put their heads down! I am so tired of this place!"

As she said this she looked down at her hands and saw that she had put on one of the Rabbit's white kid gloves while she was talking. "How can I have done that?" she thought. "I must have grown small once more." She got up and went to the glass stand to test her height and found that she was now not more than sixty centimeters high, and still shrinking quite fast. She soon found out that the cause of this, was the fan she held and she dropped it at once, or she might have shrunk to the size of a gnat.

"Now I can fit into the garden!" and she ran with all her speed back to the small door; but the door was shut, and the key lay on the glass stand, "things are worse than ever," thought the poor child.

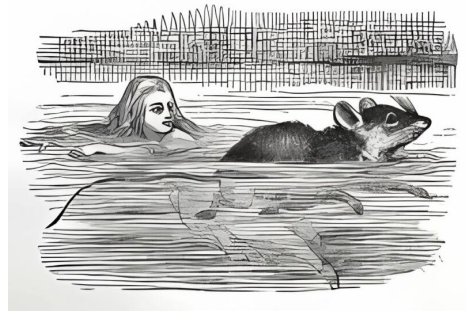
As she said these words her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. At first she thought she must be in the sea, but she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was three meters high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice as she swam round and tried to find her way out. "I will now be drowned in my own tears."



Then she heard a splash in the pool a little way off, and she swam near to make out what it was; at first she thought it must be a whale, but when she thought how small she was now, she soon made out that it was a mouse that had slipped in the pond.

"Would it be of any use to speak to this mouse? All things are so out-of-way down here, I should think maybe it can talk, at least there's no harm to try." So she said: "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool?" The Mouse looked at her and seemed to her to wink with one of its small eyes, but it did not speak.



"It may be a French Mouse," thought Alice, so she said: "Où est ma chatte?" (Where is my cat?) which was all the French she could think of just then. The Mouse gave a quick leap out of the water, and seemed in a great fright, "Oh, I beg your pardon," cried Alice. "I quite forgot you didn't like cats."

"Not like cats!" cried the Mouse in a shrill, harsh voice. "Would you like cats if you were me?"

"Well, I guess not," said Alice, "but please don't get mad. And I wish I could show you our cat, Dinah. I'm sure you'd like cats if you could see her. She is such a dear thing and she sits and purrs by the fire and licks her paws and washes her face—and she is such a nice soft thing —and she's really good at catching mice—Oh, dear!" cried Alice, for this time the Mouse was in a great fright and each hair stood on end. "We won't talk about her if you don't like it"

"We talk!" cried the Mouse, who shook down to the end of his tail. "As if I would talk of such low, mean things as cats! All rats hate them. Don't let me hear the name again!"

"I won't," said Alice, in great haste to change the theme. "Are you fond—of—of dogs?" The mouse did not speak, so Alice went on: "There is such a nice dog near our house, I should like to show you! A tiny bright-eyed dog, you know, with long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its meat and do all sorts of things—I can't tell you half of them. And it kills all the rats, and m—oh dear!" cried Alice in a sad tone, "I've made it mad again!" For the Mouse swam off from her as fast as it could go, and made quite a stir in the pool as it went.

So she called it in a soft, kind voice, "Mouse dear! Do come back and we won't talk of cats or dogs if you don't like them!" When the Mouse heard this it turned round and swam back to her; its face was quite pale (with rage, Alice thought), and it said in a low, weak voice, "Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you why it is I hate cats and dogs."

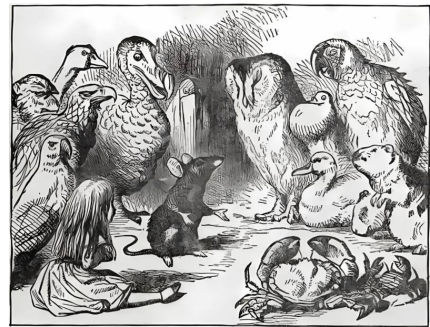
It was high time to go, for the pool was by this time quite crowded with the birds and beasts that had slipped into it. Alice led the way and they all swam to the shore.

Chapter 3: A Race

They were a funny looking crowd as they stood or sat on the bank—the wings and tails of the birds drooped to the earth; the fur of the beasts clung close to them, and all were as wet and cross as could be. The first thought, of course, was how to get dry. They had a long talk about this, and Alice joined in as if she had known them all her life. But it was hard to tell what was best.

"What I want to say," at last spoke up the Dodo, "is that the best thing to get us dry would be a race."

"What kind of race?" asked Alice, not that she much wanted to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that some one ought to speak, and no one else would say a word. "Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to make it plain is to do it." (And as you might like to try the thing some cold day, I'll tell you how the Dodo did it.)



First it marked out a race-course in a sort of ring (it didn't care much for the shape), and then all the crowd were placed on the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and here we go," but they ran when they liked and left off when they liked, so that no one could tell when the race was ended. When they had been running half an hour or so and were all quite dry, the Dodo called out, "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it and asked, "But who has won?"

This the Dodo could not, at first, tell, but sat for a long time with one claw pressed to its head while the rest waited, but did not speak. At last the Dodo said, "All have won and each must have a prize."

"But who is to give them?" all asked at once.

"Why, she of course," said the Dodo, as it pointed to Alice with one long claw; and the whole party at once crowded round her as they called out, "A prize, a prize!"

Alice did not know what to do, but she pulled from her pocket a box of little cakes (by a strange, good luck they did not get wet while she was in the pool) and handed them round as prizes. There was one a piece all round.

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

"Of course," the Dodo said. "What else have you got?" he went on as he turned to Alice.

"A thimble," said Alice looking quite sad.

"Hand it here," said the Dodo.

Then they all crowded round her once more, while the Dodo handed the thimble back to Alice and said, "We beg that you accept this fine thimble;" and when it had made this short speech they all cheered.



Alice thought the whole thing quite foolish, but they all looked so serious that she did not dare to laugh, and as she could not think what to say she bowed and took the thimble, while she looked as serious as she could. The next thing was to eat the cakes: this caused some noise, as the large birds said they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked and had to be patted on the back. It was over at last and they sat down in a ring and begged the Mouse to tell them a tale.

"You said you would tell us why you hate cats and dogs," said Alice.

"Mine is a long and a sad tale," said the Mouse, as it turned to Alice with a sigh.

"It is a long tail, I'm sure," said Alice, looking down at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you call it sad?"

"I shall not tell you," said the Mouse, as it got up and walked off.

"Please come back and tell us your tale," called Alice; and all joined in, "Yes, please do!" but the Mouse shook its head and walked on and was soon out of sight.

"I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do!" said Alice. "She'd soon fetch it back."

"And who is Dinah, if I may dare to ask such a thing?" said one of the birds.

Alice was glad to talk of her pet. "Dinah's our cat; and she's such a fine one to catch mice, you can't think. And oh, I wish you could see her chase a bird! Why she'll eat a bird as soon as look at it!"

This speech caused a great stir in the party. Some of the birds rushed off at once; one old jay wrapped itself up with care and said, "I must get home; the night air doesn't suit my throat!" and a wren called out to her brood, "come, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed."

Soon they all moved off and Alice was left alone.

"I wish I hadn't told them of Dinah," she said to herself. "No one seems to like her down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! Shall I ever see you any more?" And here poor Alice burst into tears, for she felt

very sad and lonely. In a short time she heard the patter of feet, and she looked up with the hope that the Mouse had changed its mind and come back to tell his "long and sad tale."

Chapter 4: The rabbit sends in a Bill

It was the White Rabbit who trotted back again. It looked from side to side as it went as if it had lost something; and Alice heard it say to itself, "The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh, my dear paws! She'll get my head cut off as sure as rats are rats! Where can I have lost them!" Alice guessed at once that he was in search of the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and like the good girl that she was, she set out to hunt for them, but they were not to be found. All things seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool; the great hall with the glass stand and the little door—all were gone. Soon the Rabbit saw Alice and called out to her, "Why, Ann, what are you out here for? Run home at once, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!" And Alice was in such a fright that she ran off and did not wait to tell it who she was.

"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "What will he think when he finds out who I am! But I must take him his fan and gloves—that is if I can find them."

As she said this she came to a small neat house on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name W. Rabbit on it. She ran upstairs in great fear she would meet Ann and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

"How funny it seems that I should do things for a Rabbit! I guess Dinah'll send me to wait on her next!"

By this time she had made her way to a tidy room with a table near the wall, and on it, as she had hoped, a fan and two or three pairs of small white kid gloves. She took up the fan and a pair of gloves, and turned to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a small bottle that stood near. There was no tag this time with the words "Drink me," but Alice put it to her lips. "I know I am sure to change in some way, if I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for I'm quite tired of this size," Alice said to herself.

It did as she had wished, for in a short time her head pressed the roof so hard she couldn't stand up straight. She put the bottle down in haste and said, "That's as much as I need—I hope I won't grow any more—as it is, I can't get out at the door—I do wish I hadn't drunk so much!"



But it was too late to wish that! She grew and grew, till she had to kneel down on the floor; next there was not room for this and she had to lie down. Still she grew and grew and grew till she had to put one arm out the window and one foot up the chimney and said to herself, "Now I can do no more, let come what may." There seemed no sort of chance that she could ever get out of the room.

"I wish I was at home," thought poor Alice, "where I wouldn't change so much, and where I didn't have to do things for mice and rabbits. I wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit hole—and yet—and yet—it's funny, you know, this sort of life! When I used to read fairy tales, I thought they were just made up by some one, and now here I am in one myself. When I grow up I'll write a book about these strange things—but I'm grown up now," she added in a sad tone, "at least there's no room to grow any more here."

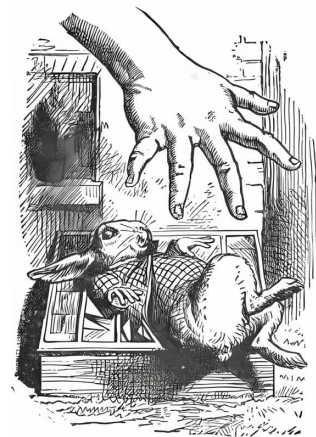
She heard a voice outside and stopped to listen.

"Ann! Ann!" said the voice, "fetch me my gloves, quick!" Then came the sound of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit and that it had come to look for her. She quaked with fear till she shook the house. Poor thing! She didn't think that she was now more than ten times as large as the Rabbit, and that she had no cause to be afraid of it.

Soon the Rabbit came to the door and tried to come in, but Alice's arm pressed it so hard the door would not move. Alice heard it say, "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

"That you won't!" thought Alice; then she waited till she heard the Rabbit quite near the window, then spread out her hand and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of it, but she heard a shriek and a fall.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice which was new to her, "Sure then, I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honor!"



"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit. "Here! Come and help me out of this! Now, tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure it's an arm, yer honor"

"An arm, you goose! Whoever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure it does, yer honor; but it's an arm for all that."

"Well, it has no right there; go and take it out!"

For a long time they seemed to stand still, but now and then Alice could hear a few words in a low voice, such as, "Sure I don't like it, yer honor, at all, at all!"

"Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand and made a snatch in the air. This time there were two little shrieks.

"I should like to know what they'll do next! As to their threats to pull me out, I only wish they could. I'm sure I don't want to stay in here."

She waited for some time, but all was still; at last came the noise of small cart wheels and the sound of voices, from which she made out the words, "Where's the other ladder? Why, I hadn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other. Bill, fetch it here, lad! Here, put 'em up at this place. No, tie 'em first—they don't reach half as high as they should yet—oh, they'll do. Here, Bill! catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear? Mind that loose slate—oh, here it comes! Look out. (A loud crash.)—Now who did that? It was Bill, I guess—Who's to go down the chimney? Nay, I shan't! You do it!—That I won't then!—Bill's got to go down—Here, Bill, you've got to go down the chimney!"

"Oh, so Bill's got to come down, has he?" said Alice to herself. "Why, they seem to put all the work on Bill. I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal; this fire-place is small, to be sure, but I think I can kick some."

She drew her foot as far down as she could, and waited till she heard a small beast (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) come scratch! scratch! down the chimney quite close to her; then she said to herself: "This is Bill," gave one sharp kick and waited to see what would happen next.



The first thing she heard was, "There goes Bill!" then the Rabbit's voice, "Catch him, you by the hedge!" Then all was still, then the voices—"Hold up his head—Water now—Don't choke him—How was it, old fellow? What sent you up so fast? Tell us all about it!"

Last came a weak voice ("That's Bill," thought Alice), "Well, I don't know—no more, thank you, I'm not so weak now—but I'm a deal too shocked to tell you—all I know is, a thing comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a rocket."

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

"We must burn the house down," said the Rabbit's voice, and Alice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll send Dinah after you!"

At once all was still, and Alice thought, "What will they do next? If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off."

Then she heard the Rabbit say, "One load will do to start with."

"A load of what?" thought Alice, but she had not long to doubt, for soon a shower of small stones came in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," she said to herself, and shouted out, "You stop that, at once!" Again all was still.

Alice saw that the stones all changed to small cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright thought came to her. "If I eat one of these cakes," she said, "it is sure to make some change in my size; and as it can't make me larger, I hope it will change me to the size I used to be."

So she ate one of the cakes and was glad to see that she shrank quite fast. She was soon so small that she could get through the door, so she ran out of the house and found quite a crowd of beasts and birds in the yard. The poor lizard, Bill, was in the midst of the group, held up by two guinea pigs, who gave it something to drink out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice, as soon as she came out, but she ran off as hard as she could, and was soon safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself, as she walked round in the wood, "is to grow to my right size again; and the next thing is to find my way to that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan."

It was a good plan, no doubt, but the hard thing was that she did not in the least know how she should start to work it out; and while she peered round through the trees, a sharp bark just over her head made her look up in great haste.

A great puppy looked down at her with large round eyes, stretched out one paw and tried to touch her. "Poor thing!" said Alice in a kind tone and tried hard to show it that she wished to be its friend, but she was a bit scared, it might want to eat her up.



Alice could not think what to do next, so she picked up a bit of stick and held it out to the puppy. It jumped from the tree with a yelp of joy as if to play with it; then Alice dodged round a large plant that stood near, but the puppy soon found her and made a rush at the stick again, but tumbled head over heels in its haste

to get hold of it. At last, to her joy, it seemed to grow tired of the sport and ran a good way off and sat down with its tongue out of its mouth and its big eyes half shut.

This seemed to Alice a good time to get out of its sight, so she set out at once and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint.

"And yet what a dear puppy it was," said Alice, as she stopped to rest and fanned herself with a leaf: "I should have liked so much to teach it tricks, if—if I'd been the right size to do it! Oh dear! I've got to grow up again! Let me see—how am I to do it? I guess I ought to eat or drink something, but I don't know what!"

Alice looked all round her at the blades of grass, the blooms, the leaves, but could not see a thing that looked like the right thing to eat or drink to make her grow.

There was a large mushroom near her, about the same height as she was, and when she had looked all round it, she thought she might as well look and see what was on the top of it. She stretched up as tall as she could, and her eyes met those of a large blue caterpillar that sat on the top with its arms folded, smoking a pipe with a long stem that bent and curved round it like a hoop.

Chapter 5: A caterpillar tells Alice what to do

The Caterpillar looked at Alice, and she stared at it, but did not speak. At last, it took the pipe from its mouth and said, "Who are you?" Alice said, "I'm not sure, sir, who I am just now—I know who I was when I left home, but I think I have been changed two or three times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Caterpillar.

"I fear I can't tell you, for I'm sure I don't know, myself; but to change so many times all in one day, makes one's head swim."

"It doesn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, maybe you haven't experienced it yet," said Alice, "but when you have to change—you will some day, you know—I think you'd feel strange, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, you may not feel as I do," said Alice; "all I know is, it feels strange to me to change so much."

"You!" said the Caterpillar with its nose in the air. "Who are you?"

Which brought them back to the point from which they started. Alice was not pleased at this, so she said in as stern a voice as she could, "I think you ought to tell me who you are first."

"Why?" said the Caterpillar.

As Alice could not think what to say to this and as it did not seem to want to talk, she turned away.

"Come back!" said the Caterpillar. "I have something to say to you!"

Alice turned and came back.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is that all?" asked Alice, while she hid her anger as well as she could.

"No," said the Caterpillar.

Alice waited what seemed to her a long time, while it sat and smoked but did not speak. At last, it took the pipe from its mouth, and said, "So you think you're changed, do you?"

"I fear I am, sir," said Alice, "I don't know things as I once did—and I don't keep the same size, but a short while at a time."

"What things is it you don't know?"

"Well, I've tried to say the things I knew at school, but the words all came wrong."

"Let me hear a poem," said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began.

"'You are old, Fath-er Wil-liam,' the young man said,
'And your hair has be-come ver-y white,
And yet you stand all the time on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

"'In my youth,' Fath-er Wil-liam then said to his son,
'I feared it might in-jure the brain;
But now that I know full well I have none,
Why, I do it a-gain and a-gain.'

"'You are old,' said the youth, 'shall I tell you once more?
And are now quite as large as a tun;
Yet you turned a back som-er-set in at the door—
Pray, tell me now, how was that done?'

"'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his gray locks.

I kept all my limbs ver-y sup-ple
By the use of this oint-ment—one shil-ling the box—
Al-low me to sell you a coup-le.'

"'You are old,' said the youth, and your jaws are too weak
For an-y thing tough-er than su-et;
Yet you ate up the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Pray, how did you man-age to do it?'

"'In my youth,' said his fath-er, 'I took to the law
And ar-gued each case with my wife;
And the ver-y great strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has last-ed the rest of my life.'

"'You are old,' said the youth; 'one would hard-ly sup-pose
That your eye was as stead-y as ev-er;
Yet you bal-ance an eel on the end of your nose—
What makes you al-ways so clev-er?'

"'I have re-plied to three ques-tions, and that is e-nough,'
Said the fath-er; 'don't give your-self airs!
Do you think I can lis-ten all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!'"

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

"Not quite right, I fear," said Alice, "some of the words are changed."

"It is wrong from first to last," said the Caterpillar; then did not speak for some time. At last it said, "What size do you want to be?"

"Oh, I don't care so much as to size, but one doesn't like to change so much, you know."

"I don't know," it said.



Alice was too much vexed to speak, for she had never, in all her life, been talked to in that rude way.

"Do you like your size now?" asked the Caterpillar.

"Well, I'm not quite so large as I would like to be," said Alice; "10 centimeters is a bit too small."

"But it is a great height!" said the Caterpillar, and reared itself up straight as it spoke. (It was 10 centimeters high.)

"But I'm not used to it!" pleaded poor Alice. And she thought, "I wish the animals wouldn't get so mad at me."

"You'll get used to it in time," the Caterpillar said, and put the pipe to its mouth, and Alice waited till it should choose to speak. At last it took the pipe from its mouth, yawned once or twice, then got down from its perch and crawled off in the grass. As it went it said, "One side will make you tall, and one side will make you small."

"One side of what?" thought Alice to herself.

"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as if it had heard her speak; soon it was out of sight.

Alice stood and looked at the mushroom a long time and tried to make out which were the two sides of it; as it was round she found this a hard thing to do. At last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

"And now which is which?" she said to herself, and ate a small piece of the righthand bit, to try what it would do. The next moment she felt her chin strike her foot with a hard blow.

She was in a sore fright at this quick change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost as she was shrinking so fast; so she set to work at once to eat some from the left hand bit.

"Come, my head's free at last!" said Alice, with great joy, which changed to fear when she found that her waist and hands were nowhere to be seen. All she could see when she looked down was a vast length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below her.

"What can all that green stuff be?" said Alice. "And where is my waist? And oh, my poor hands, how is it I can't see you?" She moved them as she spoke; the green leaves shook as if to let her know her hands were there, but she could not see them.

As there seemed to be no chance to get her hands up to her head, she tried to get her head down to them and was pleased to find that her neck would bend like a snake. Just as she had curved it down and meant to dive in the sea of green, which she found was the tops of the trees which, a sharp hiss made her draw back in haste. A large bird had flown into her face, and struck her with its wings.

"Snake! snake!" screamed the bird.

"I'm not a snake," said Alice. "Leave me alone!"

"Snake, Snake!" cried the bird, then added with a kind of sob, "I've tried all ways, but I cannot suit them."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

The bird seemed not to hear her, but went on, "I've tried the roots of trees, and I've tried banks, and I've tried a hedge; but those snakes! There's no way to please them. As if it were not hard work to hatch the eggs, but I must watch for snakes night and day! Why I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!"

"It's too bad for you to be so much put out," said Alice, who began to see what it meant.

"And just as I had built my nest in this high tree," the bird went on, raising its voice to a shriek, "and just as I thought I should be free of them at last....Ugh! Snake!"

"But I'm not a snake!" said Alice. "I'm a—I'm a—"

"Well! What are you?" said the bird. "I can see you will not tell me the truth!"

"I—I'm a little girl," said Alice, though she was not sure what she was when she thought of all the changes she had gone through that day.

"I've seen girls in my time, but none with such a neck as that!" said the bird. "No! no! You're a snake; and there's no use to say you're not. I guess you'll say next that you don't eat eggs!"

"Of course I eat eggs," said Alice, "but girls eat eggs quite as much as snakes do, you know."

"I don't know," said the bird, "but if they do, why then they're a kind of snake, that's all I can say."

This was such a new thing to Alice that at first, she did not speak, which gave the bird a chance to add, "You want eggs now, I know that quite well."

"But I don't want eggs, and if I did I don't want yours. I don't like them raw."

"Well, be off, then!" said the bird as it sat down in its nest.

Alice crouched down through the trees as well as she could, for her neck spun around the branches, and now and then she had to stop to get it off. At last, she thought of the mushroom in her hands, and set to work with great care, to take a small bite first from the right hand, then from the left, till at length she brought herself down to the right size.

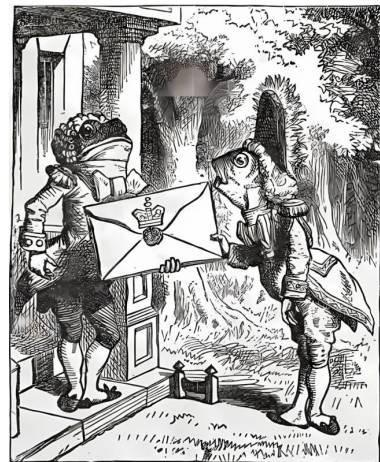
It was so long since she had been this height, that it felt quite strange, at first, but she soon got used to it.

"Come, there's half my plan done now!" she said. "How strange all these things are! I'm not sure one hour, what I shall be the next! I'm glad I'm back to my right size: the next thing is, to get into that garden—how is that to be done, I should like to know?" As she said this, she saw in front of her, a small house, not more than four feet high. "Who lives there?" thought Alice, "it'll not do at all to come on them this size: why I should scare them out of their wits!"

So she ate some of the right hand bit, again and did not dare to go near the house till she had brought herself down to twenty centimeters high.

Chapter 6: Pig and Pepper

For a while Alice stood and looked at the house and tried to think what to do next, when a footman ran out of the wood (from the way he was dressed, she took him to be a footman; though if she had judged by his face she would have called him a fish) and knocked at the door with his fist. A footman with a round face and large eyes, came to the door. Alice wanted to know what it all meant, so she crept a short way out of the wood to hear what they said.



The Fish Footman took from under his arm a great letter and handed it to the other and said in a grave tone "For the Duchess; from the Queen." The Frog Footman said in the same grave tone, "From the Queen, for the Duchess." Then they both bowed so low that their heads touched each other.

All this made Alice laugh so much that she had to run back to the wood for fear they would hear her, and when she next peeped out the Fish Footman was gone, and the other sat on the ground near the door and stared up at the sky.

Alice went up to the door and knocked.

"There's no sort of use for you to knock," said the Footman, "I'm on the same side of the door that you are, and there is so much noise in the room that no one could hear you." There was, indeed, a great noise in the house—a howling and sneezing, with now and then a great crash, as if a dish or a pot had been broken to pieces.

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

"There might be some sense in your knocking," the Footman went on, "if we were not both on the same side of the door. If you were in the room, you might

knock and I could let you out, you know." He looked up at the sky all the time he was speaking, which Alice thought was quite rude. "But perhaps he can't help it," she thought, "his eyes are so near the top of his head. Still he might tell me what I ask him—How am I to get in?" she asked.

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

Just then the door of the house flew open and a large plate skimmed out straight at his head; it just grazed his nose and broke on one of the trees near him. "—or next day, maybe," he went on in the same tone as if he had not seen the plate.

"How am I to get in?" Alice asked as loud as she could speak.

"Are you to get in at all?" he said. "That's the first thing, you know."

It was, no doubt; but Alice didn't like to be told so.

The Footman seemed to think this a good time to say again, "I shall sit here on and off, for days and days."

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

"Do what you like," he said.

"Oh, there's no use to try to talk to him," said Alice; "he has no sense at all." And she opened the door and went in.

The door led right into a large room that was full of smoke from end to end: the Duchess sat on a stool and held a child in her arms; the cook stood near the fire and stirred a large pot which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's too much pepper in that soup!" Alice said to her-self as well as she could for sneezing. There was too much of it in the air, for the Duchess sneezed now and then; and as for the child, it sneezed and howled all the time.

A large cat sat on the hearth grinning from ear to ear.

"Please, would you tell me," said Alice, not quite sure that it was right for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

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

She said the last word so loud that Alice jumped; but she soon saw that the Duchess spoke to the child and not to her, so she went on: "I didn't know that Cheshire cats grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats could grin."



"They all can," said the Duchess; "and most of 'em do."

"I don't know of any that do," Alice said, quite pleased to have some one to talk with.

"You don't know much," said the Duchess; "and that's a fact."

Alice did not at all like the tone in which this was said, and thought it would be as well to speak of something else. While she tried to think of what to say, the cook took the pot from the fire, and at once set to work throwing things at the Duchess and the child—the tongs came first, then pots, pans, plates and cups flew thick and fast through the air. The Duchess did not seem to see them, even when they hit her; and the child had howled so loud all the while, that one could not tell if the blows hurt it or not.

"Oh, please mind what you do!" cried Alice, as she jumped up and down in great fear, lest she should be struck.

"Hold your tongue," said the Duchess; then she began a sort of song to the child, giving it a hard shake at the end of each line.

At the end of the song she threw the child at Alice and said, "Here, you may nurse it a bit if you like; I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen," and she left the room in great haste. The cook threw a pan after her as she went, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the child, which held out its arms and legs on all sides, "just like a starfish," Alice thought. The poor thing snorted like a steam engine when she caught it, and turned about so much, it was as much as she could do at first to hold it.

As soon as she found out the right way to nurse it, (which was to twist it up in a sort of knot, then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot), she took it out in the fresh air. "If I don't take this child with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two; wouldn't it be wrong to leave it here?" She said the last words out loud, and the child grunted (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice, "that is not at all the right way to do."

The child grunted again and Alice looked at its face to see what was wrong with it. There could be no doubt that it had a turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a child's nose. Its eyes were quite small too; in fact she did not like the look of the thing at all.

"Perhaps that was not a grunt, but a sob," and she looked to see if there were tears in its eyes.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice, "I'll have no more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor thing sobbed once more (or grunted, Alice couldn't say which).

"Now, what am I to do with this thing when I get it home?" thought Alice. Just then it grunted so loud that she looked down at its face with some fear. This time there could be no doubt about it—it was a pig!



So she set it down, and felt glad to see it trot off into the wood.

As she turned to walk on, she saw the Cheshire Cat on the bough of a tree a few yards off. The Cat grinned when it saw Alice. It looked like a good cat, she thought; still it had long claws and large teeth, so she felt she ought to be kind to it.

"Puss," said Alice, "would you please tell me which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to go to," said the Cat.

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

"Then you need not care which way you walk," said the Cat.

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

"Oh, you're sure to do that if you don't stop," said the Cat.

Alice knew that this was true, so she asked: "What sort of people live near here?"

"In that way," said the Cat, with a wave of its right paw, "lives a Hatter; and in that way," with a wave of its left paw, "lives a March Hare. Go to see the one you like; they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go where mad folks live," said Alice.

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

"How do you know I'm mad!" asked Alice.

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

Alice didn't think that proved it at all, but she went on; "and how do you know that you are mad?"

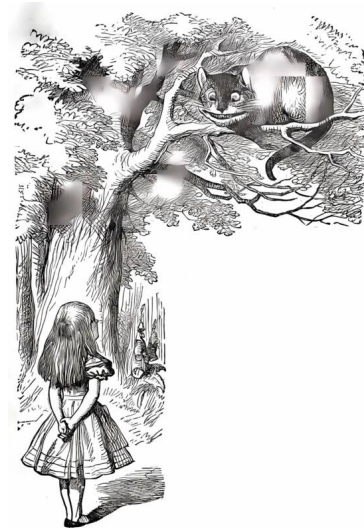
"First," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"Yes."

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

"I say the cat purrs; I do not call it a growl," said Alice.

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



"I should like it, but I haven't been asked yet," said Alice.

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, then faded out of sight.

Alice did not think this so queer as she was now used to strange things. While she still looked at the place where it had been, it came back again, all at once.

"By-the-by, what became of the child?" it asked.

"It turned into a pig," Alice said.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, then once more faded out of sight.

Alice waited a while to see if it would come back, then walked on in the way in which the March Hare was said to live.

"I've seen Hatters," she said to herself; "so I'll go to see the March Hare." As she said this, she looked up, and there sat the Cat on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" asked the Cat.

"I said pig; and I wish you wouldn't come and go, all at once, like you do; you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it faded out in such a way that its tail went first, and the last thing Alice saw was the grin which stayed some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well, I've seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the strangest thing I ever saw in all my life!"

She soon came in sight of the house of the March Hare; she thought it must be the right place, as the chimneys were shaped like ears, and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go too near while she was so small; so she ate a small piece from the lefthand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to 60 centimeters high. Then she walked up to the

house, though with some fear lest it should be mad as the Cat had said.

Chapter 7: A mad tea party

There was a table set out, in the shade of the trees in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were at tea; a Dormouse sat between them, but it seemed to have gone to sleep. The table was a long one, but the three were all crowded at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out as soon as they saw Alice. "There's plenty of room," she said, and sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.



"Have some wine," the March Hare said in a kind tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was not a thing on it but tea. "I don't see the wine," she said.

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

"Then it wasn't polite of you to ask me to have wine," said Alice.

"It wasn't polite of you to sit down when no one had asked you to have a seat," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was your table," said Alice; "it's laid for more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had looked hard at Alice for some time, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to speak to a guest like that," said Alice; "it is very rude."

The Hatter stretched his eyes quite wide at this; but all he said was, "Why is a raven like a desk?"



"Come, we shall have some fun now," thought Alice. "I think I can guess that," she added out loud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" asked the March Hare.

"I do," said Alice.

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

"I do," Alice said; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say, 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It is the same with you," said the Hatter.

No one spoke for some time, while Alice tried to think of all she knew of ravens and desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to speak. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had his watch in his hand, looked at it and shook it now and then while he held it to his ear.

Alice thought a-while, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit this watch," he added with a scowl as he looked at the March Hare.

"It was the best butter," the March Hare said.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in," the Hatter growled; "you shouldn't have put it in with the breadknife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it; then dipped it into his cup of tea and looked at it again; but all he could think to say was, "it was the best butter, you know."

"Oh, what a funny watch!" said Alice. "It tells the day of the month and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" growled the Hatter.

"Does your watch tell what year it is?"

"Of course not," said Alice, "but there's no need that it should, since it stays the same year such a long time."

"Which is just the case with mine," said the Hatter; which seemed to Alice to have no sense in it at all.

"I don't quite know what you mean," she said.

"The Dormouse has gone to sleep, once more," said the Hatter, and he poured some hot tea on the tip of its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head, and said with its eyes still closed, "Of course, of course; just what I wanted to say myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter asked, turning to Alice.

"No, I give it up," she said. "What's the answer?"

"I do not know at all," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed. "I think you might do better with the time than to waste it, by asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't say 'waste it.' It's him."

"I don't know what you mean," Alice said.

"Of course you don't!" said the Hatter with a toss of his head. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time."

"Maybe not," she said, "but I know I have to beat time when I learn to sing."

"Oh! that's it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now if you kept on good terms with him, he would do anything you liked with the clock. Say it was nine o'clock, just time to go to school; you'd have but to give a hint to Time, and round goes the clock! Half-past one, time for lunch."

"I wish it was," the March Hare said to itself.

"That would be grand, I'm sure," said Alice: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps, but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked," said the Hatter.

"Is that the way you do?" asked Alice.

The Hatter shook his head and sighed. "Not I," he said. "Time and I fell out last March. It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts and I had to sing:

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!
You know the song, per-haps?"

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

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

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

Here the Dor-mouse shook itself and sang in its sleep, "twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle——" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, while I sang the first verse," the Hatter went on, "the Queen bawled out 'See how he murders the time! Off with his head!' And ever since that, he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright thought came into Alice's head. "Is that why 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."

"Then you keep moving round, I guess," said Alice.



"Just so," said the Hatter; "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the place where you started, what do you do then?" Alice dared to ask.

"I'm tired of this," yawned the March Hare. "I vote you tell us a tale."

"I fear I don't know one," said Alice.

"I want a clean cup," spoke up the Hatter.

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse moved into his place; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place and Alice, none too well pleased, took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one to get any good from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off, as the March Hare had upset the milkjug into his plate.

"Now, for your story," the March Hare said to Alice.

"I'm sure I don't know,"—Alice began, "I—I don't think—"

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

This was more than Alice could stand; so she got up and walked off, and though she looked back once or twice and half hoped they would call after her, they didn't seem to know that she was gone. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the poor Dormouse head first into the teapot.

"Well, I'll not go there again," said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the dullest tea-party I was ever at in all my life."

As Alice said this, she saw that one of the trees had a door that led right into it. "That's strange!" she thought; "but I haven't seen a thing today that isn't strange. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in a long hall, and close to the little glass stand. She took up the little key and unlocked the door that led to the garden. Then she set to work to eat some of the mushroom which she still had with her. When she was about 30 centimeters high, she went through the door and walked down the little hall; then—she found herself, at last, in the lovely garden, where she had seen the bright blooms and the cool fountains.

Chapter 8: The Queen's Croquet ground

A large rose tree stood near the garden gate. The blooms on it were white, but three men who seemed to be in great haste were painting them red. Alice thought this a strange thing to do, so she went nearer to watch them. Just as she

came up to them, she heard one of them say, "Look out now, Five! Don't splash paint on me like that!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five, "Six knocked my arm."

On which Six looked up and said, "That's right, Five! Don't fail to lay the blame on some one else."

"You needn't talk," said Five. "I heard the Queen say your head must come off."

"What for?" asked the one who spoke first.

"What is that to you, Two?" said Six.

"It is much to him and I'll tell him," said Five. "He brought the cook tulip roots for onions."

Six flung down the brush and said, "Well, of all the wrong things—" Just then his eyes chanced to fall on Alice, who stood and watched them, and he checked himself at once; Five and Two looked round also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "why you paint those roses?"

Five and Six did not speak, but looked at Two, who said in a low voice, "Why, the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to have been a red rose tree, and by mistake a white one was put in, and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we are hard at work to get it painted, so that she may not—" Just then Five, who had stood and watched the gate for some time, called out, "The Queen! the Queen!" and the three men at once threw themselves flat upon their faces. Alice heard the tramp of feet and looked round, glad if at last she could see the Queen.



First came ten soldiers with clubs; these were all shaped like the three men at the rose tree, long and flat like cards, with their hands and feet at the corners; next came ten men who were trimmed with diamonds and walked two and two like the soldiers. The ten children of the King and Queen came next; and the little dears came with a skip and a jump hand in hand by twos. They were trimmed with hearts.

Next came the guests, most of whom were Kings and Queens. Alice saw the White Rabbit, with them. He did not seem at ease though he smiled at all that was said. He didn't see Alice as he went by. Then came the Knave of Hearts with the King's crown on a red velvet cushion; and last of all came The King and Queen of Hearts.



At first Alice thought it might be right for her to lie down on her face like the three men at the rose tree, "but what would be the use of such a fine show," she thought, "if all had to lie down so that they couldn't see it?" So she stood where she was and waited.

When they came to where she stood, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said in a stern voice, "Who is this?" She spoke to the Knave of Hearts, who bowed and smiled but did not speak.

"Fool!" said the Queen with a toss of her head; then she turned to Alice and asked, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your majesty," said Alice, but she thought to herself, "Why they're a mere pack of cards. I need have no fears of them."

"And who are these?" asked the Queen, as she pointed to the three men who still lay round the rose tree; for you see as they all lay on their faces and their backs were the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell who they were.

"How should I know?" said Alice, and thought it strange that she should speak to a Queen in that way.

The Queen turned red with rage, glared at her for a moment like a wild beast, then screamed, "Off with her head! Off—"

"Non-sense!" said Alice, in a loud, firm voice, and the Queen said no more.

The King laid his hand on the Queen's arm and said, "Think, my dear, she is but a child!"

The Queen turned from him with a scowl and said to the Knave, "Turn them over!"

The Knave did so, with one foot.

"Get up!" said the Queen in a shrill loud voice, and the three men jumped up, at once, and bowed to the King, and Queen and to the whole crowd.

"Leave off that!" screamed the Queen; "you make me giddy." Then she turned to the rose tree and asked, "What have you been doing here?"

"May it please your majesty," said Two, and went down on one knee as he spoke, "we were trying—"

"I see!" said the Queen, who in the mean time had seen that some of the roses were painted red and some were still white. "Off with their heads!" and the crowd moved on, while three of the soldiers stayed to cut off the heads of the poor men, who ran to Alice for help.

"They shan't hurt you," she said, as she hid them in a large flower pot that stood near. The three soldiers walked round and looked for them a short while, then marched off.

"Are their heads off?" shouted the Queen.

"Their heads are gone, if it please your majesty," the soldiers shouted back.

"That's right!" shouted the Queen. "Can you play croquet?" she asked Alice.

"Yes," shouted Alice.

"Come on then!" roared the Queen, and Alice went on with them.

"It's—it's a fine day!" said a weak voice at her side. It was the White Rabbit who peeped up into her face.

"Yes," said Alice: "where's the Duchess?"

"Hush! Hush!" said the Rabbit, in a low tone. He looked back as he spoke, then raised up on tip-toe, put his mouth close to her ear and whispered, "She's to have her head cut off."

"What for?" asked Alice.

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

"No, I didn't," said Alice: "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said 'What for?'"

"She boxed the Queen's ears—" the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of joy.

"Oh, hush!" the Rabbit whispered in a great fright. "The Queen will hear you! You see she came late, and the Queen said—"



"Each one to his place!" shouted the Queen in a loud voice, and people ran this way and that in great haste and soon each one had found his place, and the game began.

Alice thought she had never seen such a strange croquet ground in all her life: it was all ridges; the balls were live hedgehogs; the mallets were live birds, and

the soldiers bent down and stood on their hands and feet to make the arches.

At first Alice found it hard to use a live bird for a mallet. It was a large bird with a long neck and long legs. She tucked it under her arm with its legs down, but just as she got its neck straight and thought now she could give the ball a good blow with its head, the bird would twist its neck round and give her such a queer look, that she could not help laugh-ing; and by the time she had got its head down again, she found that the hedgehog had crawled off. Then too there was always a ridge or a hole in the way of where she wanted to send her ball; and she couldn't find an arch in its place, for the men would get up and walk off when it pleased them. Alice soon made up her mind that it was a very hard game to play.

The Queen was soon in a great rage, and stamped about, shouting "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" with each breath.

Alice felt quite ill at ease; to be sure, she had not as yet had cause to feel the wrath of the Queen, but she knew not how soon it might be her turn; "and then," she thought, "what shall I do?"

As she was looking round for some way to get off without being seen, she saw a strange thing in the air, which she at last made out to be a grin, and she said to herself, "It's the Cat; now I shall have some one to talk to."

"How do you do?" said the Cat as soon as its whole mouth came out.

Alice waited till she saw the eyes, then nodded. "It's no use to speak to it till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In a short time the whole head came in view, then she put down her bird and told him of the game; glad that she had some one that was pleased to hear her talk.

"I don't think they are at all fair in the game," said Alice with a scowl; "and they all talk so loud that one can't hear one's self speak—and they don't have rules to play by; at least if they have, they don't mind them—and you don't know how bad it is to have to use live things to play with. The arch I have to go through next walked off just now to the far end of the ground—and I should have struck the Queen's hedge-hog, but it ran off when it saw that mine was near!"

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

"Not at all," said Alice, "she's so—" Just then she saw that the Queen was behind her and heard what she said; so she went on, "sure to win that it's not worth while to go on with the game."

The Queen smiled and passed on.

"Who are you talking to?" said the King, as he came up to Alice and stared at the Cat's head as if it were a strange sight.

"It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat," said Alice.

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

"I don't want to," said the Cat.

"Don't be rude; and don't look at me like that," said the King.

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

"Well, it must get off from here," said the King in a firm voice, and he called to the Queen, who was near, "My dear! I wish you would see that this cat leaves here at once!"

The Queen had but one cure for all ills, great or small. "Off with his head," she said, and did not so much as look round.

"I'll fetch the soldier myself," said the King, and rushed off.

Alice thought she might as well go back, and see how the game went on. She heard the Queen's voice in the distance, as she screamed with rage, "Off with his head! He has missed his turn!" Alice did not like the look of things at all, for the game was so mixed she could not tell when her turn came; so she went off to find her hedgehog.

She came up with two hedgehogs in a fierce fight, and thought now was a good time to strike one of them, but her mallet was gone to the other side of the ground, and she saw it in a weak sort of way as it tried to fly up into a tree.

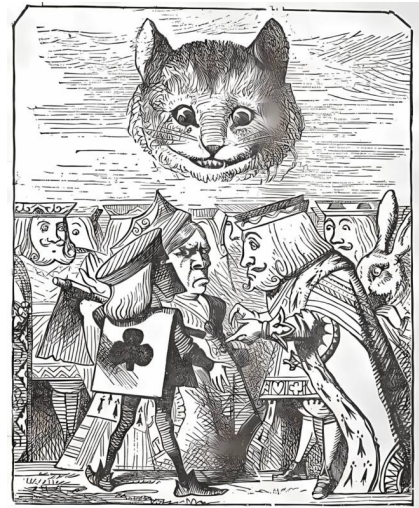
By the time she had caught the bird and brought it back, the fight was over, and both hedgehogs were out of sight. "I don't care much," thought Alice, "for there is not an arch on this side the ground." So she went back to have some more talk with her friend.

When she reached the place, she found quite a crowd round the Cat. The King and the Queen and the soldier who had come with the axe, to cut off the Cat's head, were all talking at once, while all the rest stood with closed lips and looked quite grave.

As soon as they saw Alice, they wanted her to say which one was right, but as all three spoke at once, she found it hard to make out what they said.

The soldier said that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from; that he had never had to do such a thing, and he wouldn't begin it now, at his time of life.

The King said that all heads could be cut off, and that you weren't to talk non-sense.



The Queen said, if something wasn't done in less than no time, heads should come off all round. (It was this last threat that had made the whole crowd look so grave as Alice came up.)

Alice could think of nothing else to say but, "Ask the Duchess, it is her Cat."

"Fetch her here," the Queen said to the soldier, and he went off like an arrow.

The Cat's head started to fade out of sight as soon as he was gone, and by the time he had come back with the Duchess, it could not be seen at all; so the King and the man ran up and down looking for it, while the rest went back to the game.

Chapter 9: A Mock Turtle

"You can't think how glad I am to see you once more, you dear thing!" said the Duchess as she took Alice's arm, and they walked off side by side. Alice was glad to see her in such a fine mood, and thought to herself that the Duchess might not be so bad as she had seemed to be when they first met.

Then Alice fell into a long train of thought as to what she would do if she were a Duchess. She quite lost sight of the Duchess by her side, and was startled when she heard her voice close to her ear.

"You have something on your mind, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall think of it in a bit."

"Are you sure it has one?" asked Alice.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess; "all things have a moral if you can but find it." And she squeezed up close to Alice's side as she spoke. Alice did not much like to have the Duchess keep so close, but she didn't like to be rude, so she bore it as well as she could.



"The game is not so bad now," Alice said, thinking she ought to fill in the time with talk of some kind.

"'Tis so," said the Duchess, "and the moral of that is—'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!'"

"Some one said, it's done by each one minding his own work," said Alice.

"Ah! well, it means much the same thing," said the Duchess, then added, "and the moral of that is—'Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves.'"

"How she likes to find morals in things," said Alice.

"Why don't you talk more and not think so long?" asked the Duchess.

"I've a right to think," said Alice in a sharp tone, for she was tired and vexed.

"Just as much right," said the Duchess, "as pigs have to fly; and the mor—" But here the voice of the Duchess died out in the midst of her pet word, "moral," and Alice felt the arm that was linked in hers shake as if with fright. Alice looked up and there stood the Queen in front of them with her arms folded, and a dark frown upon her face.

"A fine day, your majesty!" the Duchess began in a weak voice.

"Now, I warn you in time," shouted the Queen, with a stamp on the ground as she spoke; "either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time! Take your choice!"

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

"Let's go on with the game," the Queen said to Alice; and Alice was in too great a fright to speak, but went with her, back to the croquet ground.

The guests had all sat down in the shade to rest while the Queen was away, but as soon as they saw her they rushed back to the game; while the Queen said if they were not in their places at once, it would cost them their lives. All the time the game went on the Queen kept shouting, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" so that by the end of half an hour there was no one left on the grounds

but the King, the Queen, and Alice.

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

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

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

"I've never seen or heard of one," Alice said.

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

As they walked off, Alice heard the King say in a low tone to those whom the Queen had doomed to death, "You may all go free!" "Come, that's a good thing," thought Alice, for she felt very sad that all those men must have their heads cut off.



They soon came to where a Gryphon lay fast asleep in the sun. (If you don't know what it is like, look at the picture.) "Up, dull thing!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle. I must go back now;" and she walked away and left Alice with the Gryphon. Alice was by no means pleased with its looks, but she thought she would be quite as safe with it as she would be with the Queen; so she waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes; then watched the Queen till she was out of sight; then it laughed. "What fun!" it said, half to itself, half to Alice.

"What is the fun?" she asked.

"Why, she," it said. "It's all a whim of hers; they never cut off those heads, you know. Come on."

Soon they saw the Mock Turtle sitting sad and lone on a ledge of rock, and as they came near, Alice could hear him sigh as if his heart would break. "What makes him so sad?" Alice asked.

"It's all a whim of his," said the Gryphon; "he hasn't got no grief, you know. Come on!"

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but did not speak.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know about your

past life, she do."

"I'll tell it to her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, sad tone: "sit down both of you and don't speak a word till I get through."

So they sat down, and no one spoke for some time.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle. When we were young we went to school in the sea. We were taught by an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"He taught us, that's why," said the Mock Turtle: "you are quite dull not to know that!"

"Shame on you to ask such a simple thing," added the Gryphon; then they both sat and looked at poor Alice, who felt as if she could sink into the earth.

At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words: "Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't think it's true—"

"I didn't say I did not!" said Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue," added the Gryphon.

The Mock Turtle went on: "We were well taught—in fact we went to school each day—"

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

"Were you taught washing?" asked the Mock Turtle.

"Of course not," said Alice.

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

"You couldn't have needed it much in the sea," said Alice.

"I didn't learn it," said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh. "I just took the first course."

"What was that?" asked Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, at first," the Mock Turtle said. "An old eel used to come once a week. He taught us to drawl, to stretch and to faint in coils."

"What was that like?" Alice asked.

"Well, I can't show you, myself," he said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon didn't learn it."

"How many hours a day did you do lessons?" asked Alice.

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

"What a strange plan!" said Alice.

"That's why they're called lessons," said the Gryphon: "they lessen from day to day."

This was such a new thing to Alice that she sat still a good while and didn't speak. "Then there would be a day when you would have no school," she said.

"Of course there would," said the Mock Turtle.

"What did you do then?" asked Alice.

"I'm tired of this," said the Gryphon: "tell her now of the games we played."



Chapter 10: The Lobster Dance

The Mock Turtle sighed, looked at Alice and tried to speak, but for a minute or two sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon, and set to work to shake him and punch him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle found his voice and with tears running down his cheeks, he went on:

"You may not have lived much in the sea"—("I haven't," said Alice) "so you can not know what a fine thing a Lobster Dance is!"

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

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form in a line on the seashore—"

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

"That takes some time," put in the Gryphon.

"You move to the front twice—"

"Each with a lobster by his side!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said: "move to the front twice—"

"Change and come back in same way," said the Gryphon.

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

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

"As far out to sea as you can—"

"Swim out for them," screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn heels over head in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle.

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

"Then back to land, and—that's all the first part," said the Mock Turtle.



Both the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle had jumped about like mad things all this time. Now they sat down quite sad and still, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a pretty dance," said Alice.

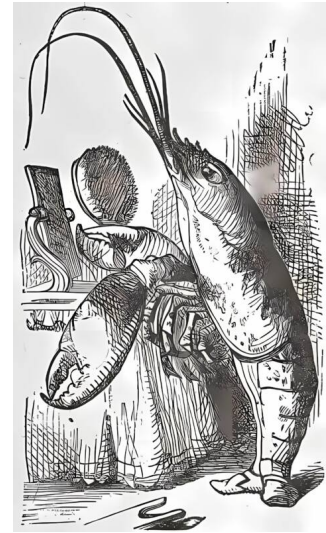
"Would you like to see some of it?" asked the Mock Turtle.

"Oh, yes," she said.

"Come, let's try the first part!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Who shall sing?"

"Oh, you sing," said the Gryphon. "I don't know the words."

So they danced round and round Alice, now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close. They waved their fore paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang a queer kind of song, each verse of which ended with these words:



"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"Thank you, it's a fine dance to watch," said Alice, glad that it was over at last.

"Now," said the Gryphon, "tell us about what you have seen and done in your life."

"I could tell you of the strange things I have seen to-day," said Alice, with some doubt as to their wishing to hear it.

"All right, go on," they both cried.

So Alice told them what she had been through that day, from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit. They came up quite close to her, one on each side, and sat still till she got to the part where she tried to say a poem and the words all came out wrong. Then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath and said, "That's quite strange!"

"It's all as strange as it can be," said the Gryphon.

"It all came wrong!" the Mock Turtle said, while he seemed to be in deep thought. "I should like to hear her try to say something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had the right to make Alice do as it pleased.

"Stand up and say the poem!" said the Gryphon.

"How they do try to make one do things!" thought Alice. "I might just as well be at school at once." She stood up and tried to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster Dance, that she didn't know what she was saying, and the words all came very strange.

"That's not the way I used to say it when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle, "but there's no sense in it at all."

Alice did not speak; she sat down with her face in her hands, and thought, "Will things never be as they used to any more?"

"I should like you to tell what it means," said the Mock Turtle.

"She can't do that," said the Gryphon. "Go on with the next verse."

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

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon said once more; "it begins 'I passed by his garden.'"

Alice thought she must do as she was told, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on.

"What is the use of saying all that stuff!" the Mock Turtle broke in, "if you don't tell what it means as you go on? I tell you it is all nonsense."

"Yes, I think you might as well leave off," said the Gryphon, and Alice was but too glad to do so.

"Shall we try the Lobster dance once more?" the Gryphon went on, "or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?"

"Oh, a song please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice said with so much zest that the Gryphon threw back his head and said, "Hm! Well, each one to his own taste. Sing her 'Turtle Soup,' will you, old fellow?"

The Mock Turtle heaved a deep sigh, and in a voice choked with sobs, began his song, but just then the cry of "The trial is on!" was heard a long way off.

"Come on," cried the Gryphon. He took her by the hand, ran off, and did not wait to hear the song.

"What trial is it?" Alice panted as she ran, but the Gryphon only said, "Come on!" and still ran as fast as he could.

Chapter 11: Who stole the tarts?

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when Alice and the Gryphon came up, with a great crowd about them. There were all sorts of small birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards. The Knave stood in front of them in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand and a roll of paper in the other. In

the middle of the court was a table with a large dish of tarts on it. They looked so good that it made Alice feel as if she would like to eat some of them. "I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the pies!" But there seemed no chance of this, so to pass the time away she looked round at the strange things around her.

This was the first time Alice had been in a court of this kind, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the names of most things she saw there. "That's the judge," she thought, "I know him by his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King, and as he wore his crown on top of his wig, he looked quite ill at ease.

"And that's the jury box," thought Alice, "and those twelve things" (she had to say "things," you see, for some of them were beasts and some were birds), "I guess are the jurors." She said this last word two or three times as she was proud that she knew it; for she was right when she thought that few girls of her age would have known what it all meant.

The twelve jurors all wrote on slates.

"What can they have to write now?" Alice asked the Gryphon, in a low tone. "The trial has not begun yet."

"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon said, "for fear they should forget them."

"Stupid things!" Alice said in a loud voice, but stopped at once, for the White Rabbit cried out, "Silence in court!" and the King looked round to make out who spoke.

Alice could see quite well that the jurors all wrote down "stupid things!" on their slates, she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid" and that he asked the one by his side to tell him, "A nice muddle their slates will be in by the time the trial's ended," thought Alice.



One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked as he wrote. This, of course, Alice could not stand, so she went round near him, and soon found a chance to get it from him. This she did in such a way that the poor juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all where it was, so he wrote with one finger for the rest of the day. Of course, this was of no use, as it left no mark on the slate.

"Read the charge!" said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then from the paper in his hand read:

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!"

"The jury will now take the case," said the King.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit said in haste. "There is a great deal else to come first."

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

The first to come was the Hatter. He came in with a tea cup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other.

"I beg pardon, your majesty," he said, "but I had to bring these in, as I was not quite through with my tea when I was sent for."

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

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had just come into court, arm in arm with the Dormouse. "Fourth of March, I think it was," he said.

"Fifth," said the March Hare.

"Sixth," added the Dormouse.

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

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

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

"Stole it!" cried the King, as he turned to the jury, who at once wrote it down.

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

Here the Queen put on her eyeglasses and stared hard at the Hatter, who turned pale with fright.

"Tell what you know of this case," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have your head off on the spot."

This did not seem to calm him at all, he shifted from one foot to the other and looked at the Queen, and in his fright he bit a large piece out of his teacup in

place of the bread and butter.

Just then Alice felt a strange thrill, the cause of which she could not make out till she saw she had begun to grow again.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse. "I haven't room to breathe."

"I can't help it," said Alice; "I'm growing."

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

"Don't talk such nonsense," said Alice. "You know you grow too."

"Yes, but not so fast as to squeeze the breath out of those who sit by me." He got up and crossed to the other side of the court.

All this time the Queen had not left off staring at the Hatter, and just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said to one of the men, "Bring me the list of those who sang in the last concert," on which the poor Hatter trembled so, that he shook both his shoes off.



"Tell what you know of this case," the King called out again, "or I'll have your head off, if you do shake."

"I'm a poor man, your majesty," the Hatter began in a weak voice, "and I hadn't but just begun my tea, not more than a week or so, and what with the bread and butter so thin—and the twinkling of the tea—"

"The twinkling of what?" asked the King.

"It began with the tea," the Hatter said.

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

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, "and most things twinkled after that—but the March Hare said—"

"I didn't," said the March Hare in great haste.

"You did," said the Hatter.

"I deny it," said the March Hare.

"He denies it," said the King: "leave out that part."

"Well, I'm sure the Dormouse said—" the Hatter went on, with a look at the

Dormouse to see if he would deny it too, but he was fast asleep.

"Then I cut some more bread and—"

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

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

"You must tell or I'll have your head off," said the King.

The wretched Hatter dropped his cup and bread, and went down on one knee.

"I'm a poor man," he began.

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

Here one of the guinea pigs cheered, and one of the men seized him, thrust him into a bag which tied up with strings, and then sat upon it.

"If that's all you know, you may stand down," the King said.

"I'm as low as I can get now," said the Hatter; "I'm on the floor as it is."

"Then you may sit down," the King said.

"I'd like to get through with my tea first," said the Hatter with a look at the Queen who still read the list in her hand.

"You may go," said the King, and the Hatter left the court in such haste that he did not even wait to put his shoes on.

"And just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the soldiers, but the Hatter was out of sight before the man could get to the door.

"Call the next witness," said the King.

The next to come was the Duchess' cook, and Alice guessed who it was by the way the people near the door sneezed all at once.

"Tell what you know of this case," said the King.

"Shan't," said the cook.

The King looked at the White Rabbit, who said in a low voice, "Your majesty must make her tell."

"Well, if I must, I must," said the King with a sad look. He folded his arms and frowned at the cook till his eyes were almost out of sight, then asked in a stern voice, "What are tarts made of?"



"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.

"Sugar," said a weak voice near her.

"Catch that Dormouse," the Queen shrieked out. "Off with his head! Turn him out of court! Pinch him! Off with his head!"

The whole court ran here and there, getting the Dormouse turned out, and by the time this was done, the cook had gone.

"That's all right," said the King, as if he were glad to be rid of her. "Call the next," and he added in a low tone to the Queen, "Now, my dear, you must take the next witness in hand; it quite makes my head ache!"

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he looked over the list. She thought to herself, "I want to see what the next witness will be like, for they haven't found out much yet."

Think, if you can, how she felt when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"

Chapter 12: Alice on the stand

"Here!" cried Alice, but she quite forgot how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and jumped up in such haste that the edge of her skirt tipped the jury box and turned them all out on the heads of the crowd below; and there they lay sprawling about, which made her think of a globe of goldfish which she had upset the week before.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she said, and picked them up and put them backed in the jury box as fast as she could.

"The trial can not go on," said the King in a grave voice, "till all the men are back in place—all," he said with great force and looked hard at Alice.

She looked at the jury box and saw that in her haste she had put the Lizard in head first and the poor thing was waving its tail in the air, but could not move. She soon got it out and put it right; "not that it matters much," she thought; "I should think it would be quite as much use in the trial one way up as the other."



As soon as their slates and pencils had been handed back to them, the jury set to work to write out an account of their fall, all but the Lizard, who seemed too

weak to write, but sat and gazed up into the roof of the court.

"What do you know of this case?" the King asked Alice.

"Not one thing," said Alice.

"Not one thing, at all?" asked the King.

"Not one thing, at all," said Alice.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury.

The King sat for some time and wrote in his notebook, then he called out, "Silence!" and read from his book, "Rule Fortytwo. Each one more than a mile high to leave the court."

All looked at Alice.

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

"You are," said the King.

"Not far from two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I shan't go," said Alice, "for I know that's a new rule you have just made."

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

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

The King turned pale and shut his notebook at once.

"The jury can now take the case," he said in a weak voice.

"There's more to come yet, please your majesty," said the White Rabbit, as he jumped up; "this thing has just been picked up."

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

"I haven't read it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a note from the Knave of Hearts to some one."

"Whose name is on it?" said one of the ju-rors.

"There's no name on it," said the White Rabbit; he looked at it with more care as he spoke, and added, "it isn't a note at all; it's a set of rhymes."

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



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

All clapped their hands at this as it was the first smart thing the King had said that day.

"That proves his guilt," said the Queen.

"It does not prove a thing," said Alice, "Why you don't so much as know what the rhymes are."

"Read them," said the King.

"Where shall I begin, your majesty?" the White Rab-bit asked.

"Why at the first verse, of course," the King said looking quite grave, "and go on till you come to the end; then stop."

The White Rabbit read.

"They told me you had been to her,
And spoke of me to him:
She gave me a good name, in-deed,
But said I could not swim.

"He sent them word that I had gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the mat-ter on
What would be-come of you?

"I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three, or more;
They all came back from him to you,
Though they were mine be-fore.

"My no-tion was, she liked him best,
(Be-fore she had this fit)
This must be kept from all the rest
But him and you and it."

"That's the best thing we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands as if much pleased; "so now let the jury—"

"If one of you can tell what it means," said Alice (she had grown so large by this time that she had no fear of the King) "I should be glad to hear it. I don't think there's a grain of sense in it."

The jury all wrote down on their slates, "She doesn't think there's a grain of sense in it." But no one tried to tell what it meant.

"If there's no sense in it," said the King, "that saves a world of work, you know, as we needn't try to find it. And yet I don't know," he went on, as he spread out the rhymes on his knee, and looked at them with one eye: "I seem to find some sense in them—'said I could not swim'—you can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head with a sigh. "Do I look like it?" he said. (Which it was plain he did not, as he was made of card board.)

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

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

"Why, there they are," said the King, pointing to the tarts. "Isn't that as clear as can be? Then it goes on, 'before she had this fit'—you don't have fits, my dear, I think?" he said to the Queen.

"No! no!" said the Queen in a great rage, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke.

"Then the words don't fit you," he said, and looked round the court with a smile. But no one spoke. "It's a pun," he added in a fierce tone, then all the court laughed.

"Let the jury now bring in their verdict," the King said.

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

"Such stuff!" said Alice out loud. "Of course the jury must make—"

"Hold your tongue!" screamed the Queen.

"I won't!" said Alice.

"Off with her head!" shouted the Queen at the top of her voice. No one moved.

"Who cares for you?" said Alice. (She had grown to her full size by this time.) "You are nothing but a pack of cards!"

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



"Wake up, Alice dear," said her sister; "why what a long sleep you have had!"

"Oh, I've had such a strange dream!" said Alice, and then she told her sister as well as she could all these strange things that you have just read about; and when she came to the end of it, her sister kissed her and said: "It was a strange dream, dear, I'm sure; but run it's time for dinner; it's getting late."

So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

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