



Lewis Caroll

*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*

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*Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There*

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All in the golden afternoon  
Full leisurely we glide;  
For both our oars, with little skill,  
By little arms are plied,  
While little hands make vain pretence  
Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,  
Beneath such dreamy weather,  
To beg a tale of breath too weak  
To stir the tiniest feather!  
Yet what can one poor voice avail  
Against three tongues together?

Imperious Prima flashes forth  
Her edict “to begin it”—  
In gentler tones Secunda hopes  
“There will be nonsense in it!”—  
While Tertia interrupts the tale  
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,  
In fancy they pursue  
The dream-child moving through a land  
Of wonders wild and new,  
In friendly chat with bird or beast—  
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained  
The wells of fancy dry,  
And faintly strove that weary one  
To put the subject by,  
“The rest next time—” “It is next time!”  
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:  
Thus slowly, one by one,  
Its quaint events were hammered out—  
And now the tale is done,  
And home we steer, a merry crew,  
Beneath the setting sun.

Y/n! A childish story take,  
And, with a gentle hand,  
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined  
In Memory's mystic band,  
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers  
Pluck'd in a far-off land.

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## CHAPTER I.

# Down the Rabbit-Hole

Pov/S vrb/be/ beginning to get very tired of sitting by pov/p sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice pov/s had peeped into the book pov/p sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/ thought pov/S/, “without pictures or conversations?”

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

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

In another moment alt/first and second or third/pov/S went down/down went pov/S/ after it, never once considering how in the world pov/s vrb/be/ to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that pov/S had not a moment to think about stopping pov/r before pov/s found pov/r falling down a very deep well.

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

"Well!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/ to pov/r, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

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



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

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

Pov/S vrB/be/ not a bit hurt, and pov/s jumped up on to pov/p feet in a moment: pov/s looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before pov/o was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away alt/first and second or third/ pov/S went/went pov/S/ like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, “Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it’s getting!” Pov/s vrb/be/ close behind it when pov/s turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: pov/s found pov/r in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

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

Suddenly pov/s came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and pov/P first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, pov/s came upon a low curtain pov/s had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: pov/s tried the little golden key in the lock, and to pov/p great delight it fitted!

Pov/S opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: pov/s knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How pov/s longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but pov/s could not even get pov/p head through the doorway; “and even if my head would go through,” thought poor pov/O, “it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that pov/S had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

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

It was all very well to say “Drink me,” but the wise little pov/O was not going to do *that* in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” pov/s said, “and see whether it’s marked ‘*poison*’ or not”; for pov/s had read several nice little histories

about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and pov/s had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked “poison,” it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked “poison,” so pov/S ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) pov/s very soon finished it off.

“What a curious feeling!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; “I must be shutting up like a telescope.”

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

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, pov/s decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor pov/O! when pov/s got to the door, pov/s found pov/s had forgotten the little golden key, and when pov/s went back to the table for it, pov/s found pov/s could not possibly reach it: pov/s could see it quite plainly through the glass, and pov/s tried pov/p best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when pov/s had tired pov/r out with trying, alt/first and second or third/pov/s/the poor little thing/ sat down and cried.

“Come, there’s no use in crying like that!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ to pov/r, rather sharply; “I advise you to leave off

this minute!” Pov/s generally gave pov/r very good advice, (though pov/s very seldom followed it), and sometimes pov/s scolded pov/r so severely as to bring tears into pov/p eyes; and once pov/s remembered trying to box pov/p own ears for having cheated pov/r in a game of croquet pov/s vrb/be/ playing against pov/r, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. “But it’s no use now,” thought poor pov/O, “to pretend to be two people! Why, there’s hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!”

Soon pov/p eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: pov/s opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words “EAT ME” were beautifully marked in currants. “Well, I’ll eat it,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, “and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I’ll get into the garden, and I don’t care which happens!”

Pov/s ate a little bit, and said anxiously to pov/r, “Which way? Which way?”, holding pov/p hand on the top of pov/p head to feel which way it was growing, and pov/s vrb/be/ quite surprised to find that pov/s remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but pov/S had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So pov/s set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

CHAPTER II.  
**The Pool of Tears**

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

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

*Y/n’s Right Foot, Esq.,  
Hearthrug,  
near the Fender,  
(with Y/n’s love).*

Oh dear, what nonsense I’m talking!”

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

Poor pov/S! It was as much as pov/s could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever: pov/s sat down and began to cry again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, "a great prn/n like you," (pov/s might well say this), "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But pov/s went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round pov/o, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

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

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

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," pov/s said, "for prn/p hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel,

for I know all sorts of things, and prn/s, oh! prn/s knows such a very little! Besides, *prn/s's* prn/s, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say '*How doth the little*—"' and pov/s crossed pov/p hands on pov/p lap as if pov/s were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but pov/p voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

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

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

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

As pov/s said this pov/s looked down at pov/p hands, and was surprised to see that pov/s had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while

pov/s was talking. "How *can* I have done that?" pov/s thought. "I must be growing small again." Pov/s got up and went to the table to measure pov/r by it, and found that, as nearly as pov/s could guess, pov/s vrb/be/ now about two feet high, and vrb/be/ going on shrinking rapidly: pov/s soon found out that the cause of this was the fan pov/s was holding, and pov/s dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.

"That *was* a narrow escape!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find pov/r still in existence; "and now for the garden!" and pov/s ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, "and things are worse than ever," thought the poor child, "for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!"

As pov/s said these words pov/p foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! pov/s vrb/be/ up to pov/p chin in salt water. Pov/p first idea was that pov/s had somehow fallen into the sea, "and in that case I can go back by railway," pov/s said to pov/r. (Pov/S had been to the seaside once in pov/p life, and had come to the general conclusion, that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, pov/s soon made out that pov/s was in the pool of tears which pov/s had wept when pov/s was nine feet high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, as pov/s swam about, trying to find pov/p way out. "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day."

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



“Would it be of any use, now,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, “to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk: at any rate, there’s no harm in trying.” So pov/s began: “O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse!” (Pov/S thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse: pov/s had never done such a thing before, but pov/s remembered having seen in pov/p brother’s Latin Grammar, “A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!”) The Mouse looked at pov/o rather inquisitively, and seemed to pov/o to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

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

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

“Well, perhaps not,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ in a soothing tone: “don’t be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you’d take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing,” pov/S went on, half to pov/r, as pov/s swam lazily about in the pool, “and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she’s such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S cried/cried pov/S/ again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and pov/s felt certain it must be really offended. “We won’t talk about her any more if you’d rather not.”

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

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

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

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it: there were a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Pov/S led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

### CHAPTER III.

## A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale

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

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

At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of authority among plv/o, called out, “Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! *I’ll* soon make you dry enough!” Plv/s all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Pov/S kept pov/p eyes anxiously fixed on it, for pov/s felt sure pov/s would catch a bad cold if pov/s did not get dry very soon.

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

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

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

"Not I!" said the Lory hastily.

"I thought you did," said the Mouse. "—I proceed. 'Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him: and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable—'"

"Found *what*?" said the Duck.

"Found *it*," the Mouse replied rather crossly: "of course you know what 'it' means."

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

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

"As wet as ever," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ in a melancholy tone: "it doesn't seem to dry me at all."

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

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

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

"What *is* a Caucus-race?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; not that pov/s wanted much to know, but the Dodo had paused as

if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.

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

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

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

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

“Why, *prn/s*, of course,” said the Dodo, pointing to pov/O with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round pov/o, calling out in a confused way, “Prizes! Prizes!”

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

“But prn/s must have a prize prn/r, you know,” said the Mouse.

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

"Only a thimble," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/sadly.

"Hand it over here," alt/first and second or third/the Dodo said/said the Dodo/.

Then they all crowded round pov/o once more, while the Dodo solemnly presented the thimble, saying "We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble;" and, when it had finished this short speech, they all cheered.

Pov/S thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave that pov/s did not dare to laugh; and, as pov/s could not think of anything to say, pov/s simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as pov/s could.

The next thing was to eat the comfits: this caused some noise and confusion, as the large birds complained that they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked and had to be patted on the back. However, it was over at last, and plv/s sat down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to tell plv/o something more.

"You promised to tell me your history, you know," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, "and why it is you hate—C and D," pov/s added in a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again.

"Mine is a long and a sad tale!" said the Mouse, turning to pov/O, and sighing.

"It *is* a long tail, certainly," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, looking down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you call it sad?" And pov/s kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that pov/p idea of the tale was something like this:—

"Fury said to a  
 mouse, That he  
 met in the  
 house,  
 'Let us  
 both go to  
 law: *I* will  
 prosecute  
*you*.—Come,  
 I'll take no  
 denial; We  
 must have a  
 trial: For  
 really this  
 morning I've  
 nothing  
 to do.'  
 Said the  
 mouse to the  
 cur, 'Such  
 a trial,  
 dear sir,  
 With  
 no jury  
 or judge,  
 would be  
 wasting  
 our  
 breath.'  
 'I'll be  
 judge, I'll  
 be jury,'  
 Said  
 cunning  
 old Fury:  
 'I'll  
 try the  
 whole  
 cause,  
 and  
 condemn  
 you  
 to  
 death.'"

"You are not attending!" said the Mouse to pov/O severely. "What are you thinking of?"

"I beg your pardon," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ very humbly: "you had got to the fifth bend, I think?"

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

"A knot!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, always ready to make pov/r useful, and looking anxiously about pov/o. "Oh, do let me help to undo it!"

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

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

The Mouse only growled in reply.

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

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

"I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ aloud, addressing nobody in particular. "She'd soon fetch it back!"

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

Pov/S replied eagerly, for pov/s vrb/be/ always ready to talk about pov/p pet: "Dinah's our cat. And she's such a capital one for catching mice you can't think! And oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!"



This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurried off at once: one old Magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking, "I really must be getting home; the night-air doesn't suit my throat!" and a Canary called out in a trembling voice to its children, "Come away, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed!" On various pretexts they all moved off, and pov/S was soon left alone.

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



## CHAPTER IV.

### The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill

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

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

“He took me for his housemaid,” pov/s said to pov/r as pov/s ran. “How surprised he’ll be when he finds out who I am! But I’d better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them.” As pov/s said this, pov/s came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name “W. RABBIT,” engraved upon it. Pov/s went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest pov/s should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before pov/s had found the fan and gloves.

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

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

It did so indeed, and much sooner than pov/s had expected: before pov/s had drunk half the bottle, pov/s found pov/p head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save pov/p neck from being broken. Pov/s hastily put down the bottle, saying to pov/r “That’s quite enough—I hope I shan’t grow any more—As it is, I can’t get out at the door—I do wish I hadn’t drunk quite so much!”

Alas! it was too late to wish that! Pov/s went on growing, and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and pov/s tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round pov/p head. Still pov/s went on growing, and, as a last resource, pov/s put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to pov/r “Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?”

Luckily for pov/O, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and pov/s grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to

be no sort of chance of pov/o ever getting out of the room again, no wonder pov/s felt unhappy.

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

“But then,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, “shall I *never* get any older than I am now? That’ll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old prn/N—but then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn’t like *that*!”

“Oh, you foolish Y/n!” pov/s answered pov/r. “How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there’s hardly room for *you*, and no room at all for any lesson-books!”

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

“Mary Ann! Mary Ann!” said the voice. “Fetch me my gloves this moment!” Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Pov/S knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for pov/o, and pov/s trembled till pov/s shook the house, quite forgetting that pov/s vrb/be/ now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but, as the door opened inwards, and pov/P elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Pov/S heard it say to itself “Then I’ll go round and get in at the window.”

"*That* you won't!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, and, after waiting till pov/s fancied pov/s heard the Rabbit just under the window, pov/s suddenly spread out pov/p hand, and made a snatch in the air. Pov/s did not get hold of anything, but pov/s heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which pov/s concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was a long silence after this, and pov/S could only hear whispers now and then; such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all!" "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last pov/s spread out pov/p hand again, and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could*! I'm sure *I* don't want to stay in here any longer!"

Pov/s waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cartwheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: pov/s made out the words: "Where's the other ladder?—Why, I hadn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other—Bill! fetch it here, lad!—Here, put 'em up at this corner—No, tie 'em together first—they don't reach half

high enough yet—Oh! they'll do well enough; don't be particular—Here, Bill! catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash)—"Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who's to go down the chimney?—Nay, *I* shan't! *You* do it!—*That* I won't, then!—Bill's to go down—Here, Bill! the master says you're to go down the chimney!"

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

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

The first thing pov/s heard was a general chorus of "There goes Bill!" then the Rabbit's voice along—"Catch him, you by the hedge!" then silence, and then another confusion of voices—"Hold up his head—Brandy now—Don't choke him—How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!"

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

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

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

There was a dead silence instantly, and pov/S thought to pov/r, "I wonder what they *will* do next! If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a

minute or two, they began moving about again, and pov/S heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."

"A barrowful of *what?*" thought pov/S; but pov/s had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit pov/o in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," pov/s said to pov/r, and shouted out, "You'd better not do that again!" which produced another dead silence.

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

So pov/s swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that pov/s began shrinking directly. As soon as pov/s was small enough to get through the door, pov/s ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at pov/O the moment pov/s appeared; but pov/s ran off as hard as pov/s could, and soon found pov/r safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said pov/S to pov/r, as pov/s wandered about in the wood, "is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan."

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

An enormous puppy was looking down at pov/o with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. "Poor little thing!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, in a coaxing tone, and pov/s tried hard to whistle to it; but pov/s vrb/be/ terribly frightened all the



time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat pov/o up in spite of all pov/p coaxing.

Hardly knowing what pov/s did, pov/s picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then pov/S dodged behind a great thistle, to keep pov/r from being run over; and the moment pov/s appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then pov/S, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

This seemed to pov/O a good opportunity for making pov/p escape; so pov/s set off at once, and ran till pov/s was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

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

The great question certainly was, what? Pov/S looked all round pov/o at the flowers and the blades of grass, but pov/s did not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near pov/o, about the same height as pov/r; and when pov/s had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to pov/o that pov/s might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

Pov/s stretched pov/r up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and pov/p eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, that

was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of pov/o or of anything else.

CHAPTER V.

## Advice from a Caterpillar

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

“Who are *you*?” said the Caterpillar.

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

“What do you mean by that?” said the Caterpillar sternly. “Explain yourself!”

“I can’t explain *myself*, I’m afraid, sir,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, “because I’m not myself, you see.”

“I don’t see,” said the Caterpillar.

“I’m afraid I can’t put it more clearly,” pov/S replied very politely, “for I can’t understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.”

“It isn’t,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps you haven’t found it so yet,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; “but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you

will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; "all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*."

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

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

"Why?" said the Caterpillar.

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

"Come back!" the Caterpillar called after pov/o. "I've something important to say!"

This sounded promising, certainly: pov/S turned and came back again.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is that all?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, swallowing down pov/p anger as well as pov/s could.

"No," said the Caterpillar.

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

"I'm afraid I am, sir," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!"

“Can’t remember *what* things?” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, I’ve tried to say “How doth the little busy bee,” but it all came different!” pov/S replied in a very melancholy voice.

“Repeat, “*You are old, Father William,*,” said the Caterpillar.

Pov/S folded her hands, and began:—

“You are old, Father William,” the young man said,  
 “And your hair has become very white;  
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,  
 “I feared it might injure the brain;  
 But, now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,  
 Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,  
 And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
 Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
 Pray, what is the reason of that?”

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

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

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

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen 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'm afraid," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, timidly; "some of the words have got altered."

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

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

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

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

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

Pov/S said nothing: pov/s had never been so much contradicted in her life before, and pov/s felt that pov/s was losing pov/p temper.

"Are you content now?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I should like to be a *little* larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: "three inches is such a wretched height to be."

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

"But I'm not used to it!" pleaded poor pov/S in a piteous tone. And pov/s thought of pov/r, "I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!"

“You’ll get used to it in time,” said the Caterpillar; and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again.

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

“One side of *what?* The other side of *what?*” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/ to pov/t.

“Of the mushroom,” said the Caterpillar, just as if pov/s had asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight.

Pov/S remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and as it was perfectly round, pov/s found this a very difficult question. However, at last pov/s stretched pov/p 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?” pov/s said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect: the next moment pov/s felt a violent blow underneath pov/p chin: it had struck pov/p foot!

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

“Come, my head’s free at last!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when pov/s found that pov/p shoulders were nowhere to be found: all pov/s could see, when pov/s looked down, was an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below pov/o.

"What *can* all that green stuff be?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. "And where *have* my shoulders got to? And oh, my poor hands, how is it I can't see you?" Pov/s was moving them about as pov/s spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little shaking among the distant green leaves.

As there seemed to be no chance of getting pov/p hands up to pov/p head, pov/s tried to get pov/p head down to them, and vrb/be/ delighted to find that pov/p neck would bend about easily in any direction, like a serpent. Pov/s had just succeeded in curving it down into a graceful zigzag, and vrb/be/ going to dive in among the leaves, which pov/s found to be nothing but the tops of the trees under which pov/s had been wandering, when a sharp hiss made pov/o draw back in a hurry: a large pigeon had flown into pov/p face, and was beating pov/o violently with its wings.

"Serpent!" screamed the Pigeon.

"I'm *not* a serpent!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ indignantly. "Let me alone!"

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

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

Pov/S was more and more puzzled, but pov/s thought there was no use in saying anything more till the Pigeon had finished.

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



“I’m very sorry you’ve been annoyed,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, who was beginning to see its meaning.

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

“But I’m *not* a serpent, I tell you!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “I’m a—I’m a—”

“Well! *What* are you?” said the Pigeon. “I can see you’re trying to invent something!”

“I—I’m a little prn/n,” said pov/S, rather doubtfully, as pov/s remembered the number of changes pov/s had gone through that day.

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

“I *have* tasted eggs, certainly,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, who was a very truthful child; “but little prn/ns eat eggs quite as much as serpents do, you know.”

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

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

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

“Well, be off, then!” said the Pigeon in a sulky tone, as it settled down again into its nest. Pov/S crouched down among the trees as well as pov/s could, for pov/p neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and every

now and then pov/s had to stop and untwist it. After a while pov/s remembered that pov/s still held the pieces of mushroom in pov/p hands, and pov/s set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until pov/s had succeeded in bringing pov/r down to pov/p usual height.

It was so long since pov/s had been anything near the right size, that it felt quite strange at first; but pov/s got used to it in a few minutes, and began talking to pov/r, as usual. "Come, there's half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another! However, I've got back to my right size: the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden—how *is* that to be done, I wonder?" As pov/s said this, pov/s came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. "Whoever lives there," alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, "it'll never do to come upon them *this* size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits!" So pov/s began nibbling at the righthand bit again, and did not venture to go near the house till pov/s had brought pov/r down to nine inches high.

## CHAPTER VI.

### **Pig and Pepper**

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

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

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

Pov/S laughed so much at this, that pov/s had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing pov/o; and when pov/s next peeped out the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Pov/S went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

"There's no sort of use in knocking," said the Footman, "and that for two reasons. First, because I'm on the same side of the door as you are; secondly, because they're making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you." And certainly there *was* a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

"Please, then," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, "how am I to get in?"

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

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

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

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

"How am I to get in?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S asked/asked pov/S/ again, in a louder tone.

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

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

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

"But what am *I* to do?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

"Anything you like," said the Footman, and began whistling.

"Oh, there's no use in talking to him," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ desperately: "he's perfectly idiotic!" And pov/s opened the door and went in.

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

"There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!" pov/S said to pov/r, as well as pov/s could for sneezing.

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

"Please would you tell me," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, a little timidly, for pov/s vrb/be/ not quite sure whether it was good manners for pov/o to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

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

She said the last word with such sudden violence that pov/S quite jumped; but pov/s saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to pov/o, so she took courage, and went on again:—

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats *could* grin."

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

"I don't know of any that do," pov/S said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

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

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

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

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

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

"Talking of axes," said the Duchess, "chop off prn/p head!"

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

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

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

CHORUS

(In which the cook and the baby joined):  
*“Wow! wow! wow!”*

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

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

CHORUS

*“Wow! wow! wow!”*

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

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

As soon as pov/s had made out the proper way of nursing it, (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left

foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself,) pov/s carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two: wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" Pov/s said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," pov/S said; "that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

“I don’t much care where—” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

“—so long as I get *somewhere*,” pov/S added as an explanation.

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

Pov/S felt that this could not be denied, so pov/s tried another question. “What sort of people live about here?”

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

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

“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?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“You must be,” said the Cat, “or you wouldn’t have come here.”

Pov/S didn’t think that proved it at all; however, pov/s went on “And how do you know that you’re mad?”

“To begin with,” said the Cat, “a dog’s not mad. You grant that?”

“I suppose so,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

"*I* call it purring, not growling," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

"I should like it very much," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, "but I haven't been invited yet."

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

Pov/S was not much surprised at this, pov/s was getting so used to queer things happening. While pov/s vrb/be/ looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

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

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

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

Pov/S waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two pov/s walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," pov/s said to pov/r; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As pov/s said this, pov/s looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

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

"I said pig," alt/first and second or third/pov/S replied/replied pov/S/; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

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

“Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin,” alt/first and second or third/ pov/S thought/thought pov/S/; “but a grin without a cat! It’s the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!”

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



## CHAPTER VII.

### A Mad Tea-Party

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. “Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S; “only, as it’s asleep, I suppose it doesn’t mind.”

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: “No room! No room!” they cried out when they saw pov/O coming. “There’s *plenty* of room!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ indignantly, and pov/s sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

“Have some wine,” the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Pov/S looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. “I don’t see any wine,” pov/s remarked.

“There isn’t any,” said the March Hare.

“Then it wasn’t very civil of you to offer it,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ angrily.

“It wasn’t very civil of you to sit down without being invited,” said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/  
said pov/S/; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at pov/  
O for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

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

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

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S  
thought/thought pov/S/. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe  
I can guess that," pov/s added aloud.

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

"Exactly so," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

"I do," pov/S hastily replied; "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. "You might just as well say  
that '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 thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation  
dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while pov/S thought over all  
pov/s could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is  
it?" he said, turning to pov/O: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and

was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Pov/S considered a little, and then said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Pov/S had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" pov/s remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

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

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

Pov/S felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," pov/s said, as politely as pov/s could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to pov/O again.

"No, I give it up," pov/S replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Pov/S sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," pov/s said, "than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/  
said pov/S/.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," pov/S cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

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

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

"That would be grand, certainly," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

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

"Is that the way *you* manage?" pov/S asked.

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



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

You know the song, perhaps?”

“I’ve heard something like it,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“It goes on, you know,” the Hatter continued, “in this way:—

*‘Up above the world you fly,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle—’*”

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

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

“How dreadfully savage!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S exclaimed/exclaimed pov/S/.

“And ever since that,” the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, “he won’t do a thing I ask! It’s always six o’clock now.”

A bright idea came into pov/P head. “Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?” pov/s asked.

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

“Then you keep moving round, I suppose?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

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

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young also/lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, rather alarmed at the proposal.

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

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

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S pleaded/pleaded pov/S/.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

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

"What did they live on?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said, always taking/said pov/S, who always took/ a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

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

"They couldn't have done that, you know," pov/S gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

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

Pov/S tried to fancy to pov/r what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled pov/o too much, so pov/s went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to pov/O, very earnestly.

“I’ve had nothing yet,” pov/S replied in an offended tone, “so I can’t take more.”

“You mean you can’t take *less*,” said the Hatter: “it’s very easy to take *more* than nothing.”

“Nobody asked *your* opinion,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“Who’s making personal remarks now?” the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Pov/S did not quite know what to say to this: so pov/s helped pov/r to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated pov/p question. “Why did they live at the bottom of a well?”

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

“There’s no such thing!” pov/S was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went “Sh! sh!” and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, “If you can’t be civil, you’d better finish the story for yourself.”

“No, please go on!” pov/S said very humbly; “I won’t interrupt again. I dare say there may be *one*.”

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

“What did they draw?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, quite forgetting pov/p promise.

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

“I want a clean cup,” interrupted the Hatter: “let’s all move one place on.”

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse’s place, and pov/S rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and pov/S was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Pov/S did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so pov/s began very cautiously: “But I don’t understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?”

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

“But they were *in* the well,” pov/S said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

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

This answer so confused poor pov/O, that pov/s let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

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

“Why with an M?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“Why not?” alt/first and second or third/the March Hare said/said the March Hare/.

Pov/S vrB/be/ silent.

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

“Really, now you ask me,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, very much confused, “I don’t think—”

“Then you shouldn’t talk,” said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than pov/S could bear: pov/s got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of pov/p going, though pov/s looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after pov/o: the last time pov/s saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

“At any rate I’ll never go *there* again!” alt/first and second or third/pov/ S said/said pov/S/ as pov/s picked pov/p way through the wood. “It’s the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!”

Just as pov/s said this, pov/s noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. “That’s very curious!” pov/s thought. “But everything’s curious today. I think I may as well go in at once.” And in pov/s went.

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



## CHAPTER VIII.

# The Queen's Croquet-Ground

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Would you tell me,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, a little timidly, “why you are painting those roses?”

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two began in a low voice, “Why the fact is, you see, Prn/h, this here ought to have been a *red* rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Prn/h, we’re doing our best, afore she comes, to—” At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out “The Queen! The Queen!” and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and pov/S looked round, eager to see the Queen.

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

Pov/S was rather doubtful whether pov/s ought not to lie down on pov/p face like the three gardeners, but pov/s could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions; “and besides, what would be the use of a procession,” alt/first and second or third/pov/s thought/thought pov/s/, “if people had all to lie down upon their faces, so that they couldn’t see it?” So pov/s stood still where pov/s vrb/be/, and waited.

When the procession came opposite to pov/O, they all stopped and looked at pov/o, and the Queen said severely “Who is this?” She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.



"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to pov/S, she went on, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Y/n, so please your Majesty," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"

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

"How should *I* know?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, surprised at pov/o own courage. "It's no business of *mine*."

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at pov/o for a moment like a wild beast, screamed "Off with prn/p head! Off—"

"Nonsense!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said "Consider, my dear: prn/s vrn/present/be/ only a child!"

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

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

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

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

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

"I see!" said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. "Off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to pov/S for protection.

"You shan't be beheaded!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, and pov/s put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

"Are their heads off?" shouted the Queen.

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

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

The soldiers were silent, and looked at pov/O, as the question was evidently meant for pov/o.

"Yes!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S shouted/shouted pov/S/.

"Come on, then!" alt/first and second or third/the Queen roared/roared the Queen/, and pov/S joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

"It's—it's a very fine day!" said a timid voice at pov/o side. Pov/s was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into pov/p face.

"Very," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: "—where's the Duchess?"

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

"What for?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

"No, I didn't," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said 'What for?'"

"She boxed the Queen's ears—" the Rabbit began. Pov/S gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh, hush!" the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. "The Queen will hear you! You see, she came rather late, and the Queen said —"

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

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

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

Pov/S began to feel very uneasy: to be sure, pov/s had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but pov/s knew that it might happen any minute, "and then," alt/first and second or third/pov/s thought/thought pov/s/,

“what would become of me? They’re dreadfully fond of beheading people here; the great wonder is, that there’s any one left alive!”

Pov/s was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether pov/s could get away without being seen, when pov/s noticed a curious appearance in the air: it puzzled pov/o very much at first, but, after watching it a minute or two, pov/s made it out to be a grin, and pov/s said to herself “It’s the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to.”

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

Pov/S waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. “It’s no use speaking to it,” pov/s thought, “till its ears have come, or at least one of them.” In another minute the whole head appeared, and then pov/S put down pov/p flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad pov/s had someone to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

“I don’t think they play at all fairly,” pov/S began, in rather a complaining tone, “and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can’t hear oneself speak—and they don’t seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you’ve no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there’s the arch I’ve got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueted the Queen’s hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!”

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

“Not at all,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: “she’s so extremely—” Just then pov/s noticed that the Queen was close behind pov/o, listening: so pov/s went on, “—likely to win, that it’s hardly worth while finishing the game.”

The Queen smiled and passed on.

“Who *are* you talking to?” said the King, going up to pov/O, and looking at the Cat’s head with great curiosity.

"It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: "allow me to introduce it."

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

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

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

"A cat may look at a king," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. "I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where."

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

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

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

Pov/S thought pov/s might as well go back, and see how the game was going on, as pov/s heard the Queen's voice in the distance, screaming with passion. Pov/s had already heard pov/p sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and pov/s did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that pov/s never knew whether it was her turn or not. So pov/s went in search of pov/p hedgehog.

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

By the time pov/s had caught the flamingo and brought it back, the fight was over, and both the hedgehogs were out of sight: "but it doesn't matter much," alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, "as all

the arches are gone from this side of the ground.” So pov/s tucked it away under pov/p arm, that it might not escape again, and went back for a little more conversation with pov/p friend.

When pov/s got back to the Cheshire Cat, pov/s vrb/be/ surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it: there was a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once, while all the rest were quite silent, and looked very uncomfortable.

The moment pov/S appeared, pov/s vrb/be/ appealed to by all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to pov/o, though, as they all spoke at once, pov/s found it very hard indeed to make out exactly what they said.

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

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

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

Pov/S could think of nothing else to say but “It belongs to the Duchess: you’d better ask *her* about it.”

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

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

CHAPTER IX.

## The Mock Turtle's Story

“You can’t think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!” said the Duchess, as she tucked her arm affectionately into pov/P, and plv/s walked off together.

Pov/S vrB/be/ very glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and thought to pov/r that perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when plv/s met in the kitchen.

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

Pov/s had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and vrb/be/ a little startled when pov/s heard her voice close to pov/p ear. “You’re thinking about something, 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 remember it in a bit.”

“Perhaps it hasn’t one,” pov/S ventured to remark.

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

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

"The game's going on rather better now," pov/s said, by way of keeping up the conversation a little.

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

"Somebody said," pov/S whispered, "that it's done by everybody minding their own business!"

"Ah, well! It means much the same thing," said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into pov/P shoulder as she added, "and the moral of *that* is—'Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.'"

"How fond she is of finding morals in things!" pov/S thought to pov/r.

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

"He might bite," pov/S cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to have the experiment tried.

"Very true," said the Duchess: "flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Only mustard isn't a bird," pov/S remarked.

"Right, as usual," said the Duchess: "what a clear way you have of putting things!"

"It's a mineral, I *think*," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.



"Of course it is," said the Duchess, who seemed ready to agree to everything that pov/S said; "there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is—"The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours."

"Oh, I know!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S exclaimed/exclaimed pov/S/, who had not attended to this last remark, "it's a vegetable. It doesn't look like one, but it is."

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

"I think I should understand that better," pov/S said very politely, "if I had it written down: but I can't quite follow it as you say it."

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

"Pray don't trouble yourself to say it any longer than that," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

"A cheap sort of present!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/. "I'm glad they don't give birthday presents like that!" But she did not venture to say it out loud.

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

"I've a right to think," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ sharply, for pov/s vrb/be/ beginning to feel a little worried.

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

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

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

"Now, I give you fair warning," shouted the Queen, stamping on the ground as she spoke; "either you or your head must be off, and 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 pov/O; and pov/S vrB/be/ too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her back to the croquet-ground.

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

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

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

"No," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

"It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from," alt/first and second or third/the Queen said/said the Queen/.

"I never saw one, or heard of one," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

"Come on, then," alt/first and second or third/the Queen said/said the Queen/, "and he shall tell you his history."

As they walked off together, pov/S heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, "You are all pardoned." "Come, *that's* a good thing!" pov/s said to pov/r, for pov/s had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen had ordered.

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

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

"What *is* the fun?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

"Everybody says 'come on!' here," alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, as pov/s went slowly after it: "I never was so ordered about in all my life, never!"

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, pov/S could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. Pov/s pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" pov/s asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "It's all his fancy, that: he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"

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

"This here young also/lady," said the Gryphon, "prn/s wants for to know your history, prn/s do."

"I'll tell it prn/o," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone: "sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Pov/S thought to pov/r, "I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But pov/s waited patiently.

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

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Pov/S vrB/be/ very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but pov/s could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so pov/s sat still and said nothing.

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

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

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

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

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

"I never said I didn't!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S interrupted/ interrupted pov/S/.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

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

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

"*I've* been to a day-school, too," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

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

"Yes," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ indignantly.

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

"You couldn't have wanted it much," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; "living at the bottom of the sea."

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

"What was that?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S inquired/inquired pov/S/.

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

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" pov/S ventured to say. "What is it?"

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

"Yes," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ doubtfully: "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

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

Pov/S did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so pov/s turned to the Mock Turtle, and said “What else had you to learn?”

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

“What was *that* like?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

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

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

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

“And how many hours a day did you do lessons?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, in a hurry to change the subject.

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

“What a curious plan!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S exclaimed/exclaimed pov/S/.

“That’s the reason they’re called lessons,” the Gryphon remarked: “because they lessen from day to day.”

This was quite a new idea to pov/O, and pov/s thought it over a little before pov/s made pov/p next remark. “Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?”

“Of course it was,” said the Mock Turtle.

“And how did you manage on the twelfth?” pov/S went on eagerly.

“That’s enough about lessons,” the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: “tell prn/o something about the games now.”





CHAPTER X.  
**The Lobster Quadrille**

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

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

“No, indeed,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “What sort of a dance is it?”

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

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

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

“—you advance twice—”

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

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

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

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

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

"—as far out to sea as you can—"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

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

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

"Back to land again, and that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at pov/O.

"It must be a very pretty dance," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ timidly.

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

"Very much indeed," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

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

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

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

*“You can really have no notion how delightful it will be  
 When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!”  
 But the snail replied “Too far, too far!” and gave a look askance—  
 Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.  
 Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.  
 Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.*

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

“Thank you, it’s a very interesting dance to watch,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, feeling very glad that it was over at last: “and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!”

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

“Yes,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, “I’ve often seen them at dinn—” pov/s checked herself hastily.

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

“I believe so,” pov/S replied thoughtfully. “They have their tails in their mouths—and they’re all over crumbs.”

“You’re wrong about the crumbs,” said the Mock Turtle: “crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason

is—” here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes.—“Tell her about the reason and all that,” he said to the Gryphon.

“The reason is,” said the Gryphon, “that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn’t get them out again. That’s all.”

“Thank you,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, “it’s very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.”

“I can tell you more than that, if you like,” said the Gryphon. “Do you know why it’s called a whiting?”

“I never thought about it,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “Why?”

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

Pov/S was thoroughly puzzled. “Does the boots and shoes!” pov/s repeated in a wondering tone.

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

Pov/S looked down at them, and considered a little before pov/s gave pov/p answer. “They’re done with blacking, I believe.”

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

“And what are they made of?” pov/S asked in a tone of great curiosity.

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

“If I’d been the whiting,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, whose thoughts were still running on the song, “I’d have said to the porpoise, ‘Keep back, please: we don’t want *you* with us!’”

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

“Wouldn’t it really?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ in a tone of great surprise.

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

“Don’t you mean ‘purpose?’” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

“I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ a little timidly: “but it’s no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then.”

“Explain all that,” said the Mock Turtle.

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

So pov/S began telling them pov/p adventures from the time when pov/s first saw the White Rabbit. Pov/s was a little nervous about it just at first, the two creatures got so close to pov/o, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so *very* wide, but pov/s gained courage as pov/s went on. Pov/p listeners were perfectly quiet till pov/s got to the part about her repeating “*You are old, Father William,*” to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said “That’s very curious.”

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

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

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

"How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/; "I might as well be at school at once." However, pov/s got up, and began to repeat it, but pov/p head was so full of the Lobster Quadrille, that pov/s hardly knew what pov/s vrb/be/ saying, and the words came very queer indeed:—

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

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

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

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

Pov/S said nothing; pov/s had sat down with pov/p face in pov/p hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

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

"Prn/s can't explain it," said the Gryphon hastily. "Go on with the next verse."

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

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

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon repeated impatiently: "it begins '*I passed by his garden.*'"

Pov/S did not dare to disobey, though pov/s felt sure it would all come wrong, and pov/s went on in a trembling voice:—

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

*[later editions continued as follows*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking pov/O by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

"What trial is it?" pov/S panted as pov/s ran; but the Gryphon only answered "Come on!" and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:—



## CHAPTER XI.

### Who Stole the Tarts?

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

Pov/S had never been in a court of justice before, but pov/s had read about them in books, and pov/s vrb/be/ quite pleased to find that pov/s knew the name of nearly everything there. "That's the judge," pov/s said to pov/r, "because of his great wig."

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

"And that's the jury-box," alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/ thought pov/S/, "and those twelve creatures," (pov/s was obliged to say "creatures," you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds,) "I suppose they are the jurors." Pov/s said this last word two or three

times over to pov/r, being rather proud of it: for pov/s thought, and rightly too, that very few little prn/ns of pov/p age knew the meaning of it at all. However, "jury-men" would have done just as well.

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

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

"Stupid things!" pov/S began in a loud, indignant voice, but pov/s stopped hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out, "Silence in the court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.

Pov/S could see, as well as if pov/s were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down "stupid things!" on their slates, and pov/s could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid," and that he had to ask his neighbour to tell him. "A nice muddle their slates'll be in before the trial's over!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/ thought pov/S/.

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

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

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

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

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

“Not yet, not yet!” the Rabbit hastily interrupted. “There’s a great deal to come before that!”

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

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

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

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

“Fifteenth,” said the March Hare.

“Sixteenth,” added the Dormouse.

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

“Take off your hat,” the King said to the Hatter.

“It isn’t mine,” said the Hatter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so." said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to pov/o. "I can hardly breathe."

"I can't help it," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ very meekly: "I'm growing."

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

"Don't talk nonsense," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ more boldly: "you know you're growing too."

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

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

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

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, "—and I hadn't begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea—"

"The twinkling of the *what*?" said the King.

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

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

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

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

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it!" said the March Hare.

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

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

"After that," continued the Hatter, "I cut some more bread-and-butter —"

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

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

"You *must* remember," remarked the King, "or I'll have you executed."

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

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

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. (As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the

mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinea-pig, head first, and then sat upon it.)

"I'm glad I've seen that done," alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/. "I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, "There was some attempts at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court," and I never understood what it meant till now."

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

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

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

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

"Come, that finished the guinea-pigs!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/. "Now we shall get on better."

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

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

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

"Call the next witness!" said the King.

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

"Give your evidence," said the King.

"Shan't," said the cook.

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

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

“Pepper, mostly,” said the cook.

“Treacle,” said a sleepy voice behind her.

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

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

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

Pov/S watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like, “—for they haven’t got much evidence *yet*,” pov/s said to pov/r. Imagine pov/p surprise, when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name “Y/n!”





## CHAPTER XII.

### Y/n's Evidence

“Here!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S cried/cried pov/S/, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large pov/s had grown in the last few minutes, and pov/s jumped up in such a hurry that pov/s tipped over the jury-box with the edge of pov/p skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding pov/o very much of a globe of goldfish pov/s had accidentally upset the week before.

“Oh, I *beg* your pardon!” pov/s exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as pov/s could, for the accident of the goldfish kept running in pov/p head, and pov/s had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

“The trial cannot proceed,” said the King in a very grave voice, “until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—*all*,” he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at pov/O as he said so.

Pov/S looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in pov/p haste, pov/s had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. Pov/s soon got it out again, and put it right; “not that it signifies much,” pov/s said to pov/r; “I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the trial one way up as the other.”

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

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to pov/O.

"Nothing," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

"Nothing *whatever?*" alt/first and second or third/the King persisted/persisted the King/.

"Nothing whatever," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

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

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

Some of the jury wrote it down "important," and some "unimportant." Pov/S could see this, as pov/s vrb/be/ near enough to look over their slates; "but it doesn't matter a bit," pov/s thought to pov/r.

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

Everybody looked at pov/O.

"*I'm* not a mile high," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I shan't go, at any rate," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/  
said pov/S/: "besides, that's not a regular rule: you invented it just now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," alt/first and second or third/the King  
said/said the King/.

"Then it ought to be Number One," alt/first and second or third/pov/S  
said/said pov/S/.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It proves nothing of the sort!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/  
said pov/S/. "Why, you don't even know what they're about!"

"Read them," said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

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

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:—

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

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

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

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

*My notion was that you had been  
(Before she had this fit)  
An obstacle that came between  
Him, and ourselves, and it.*

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

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

"If any one of them can explain it," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, (pov/s had grown so large in the last few minutes that pov/s wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) "I'll give him sixpence. *I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.*"

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

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

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

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

"But, it goes on '*they all returned from him to you,*'" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

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

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

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

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

"Stuff and nonsense!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" alt/first and second or third/the Queen said/said the Queen/, turning purple.

"I won't!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

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

"Who cares for you?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, (pov/s had grown to pov/p full size by this time.) "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: pov/s gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found pov/r lying on the bank, with pov/p head in the

lap of pov/p sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon pov/p face.

“Wake up, Y/n dear!” said her sister; “Why, what a long sleep you’ve had!”

“Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, and pov/s told pov/p sister, as well as pov/s could remember them, all these strange Adventures of pov/a that you have just been reading about; and when pov/s had finished, pov/p sister kissed pov/o, and said, “It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly: but now run in to your tea; it’s getting late.” So pov/S got up and ran off, thinking while pov/s ran, as well pov/s might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

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But pov/p sister sat still just as pov/s left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Y/n and all prn/p wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:—

First, she dreamed of little Y/n prn/r, and once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers—she could hear the very tones of prn/p voice, and see that queer little toss of prn/p head to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into prn/p eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little prn/k’s dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool—she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess’s knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard’s slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change

to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farm-yard—while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

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



Child of the pure unclouded brow  
 And dreaming eyes of wonder!  
 Though time be fleet, and I and thou  
 Are half a life asunder,  
 Thy loving smile will surely hail  
 The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,  
 Nor heard thy silver laughter;  
 No thought of me shall find a place  
 In thy young life's hereafter—  
 Enough that now thou wilt not fail  
 To listen to my fairy-tale.

A tale begun in other days,  
 When summer suns were glowing—  
 A simple chime, that served to time  
 The rhythm of oar rowing—  
 Whose echoes live in memory yet,  
 Though envious years would say 'forget.'

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread.  
 With bitter tidings laden,  
 Shall summon to unwelcome bed  
 A melancholy maiden!  
 We are but older children, dear,  
 Who fret to find our bedtime near.

Without, the frost, the blinding snow.  
 The storm-wind's moody madness—  
 Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,  
 And childhood's nest of gladness.  
 The magic words shall hold thee fast:  
 Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh  
May tremble through the story,  
For 'happy summer days' gone by,  
And vanish'd summer glory—  
It shall not touch with breath of bale  
The pleasure of our fairy-tale.

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## CHAPTER I.

# Looking-Glass House

One thing was certain, that the *white* kitten had had nothing to do with it:—it was the black kitten’s fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering); so you see that it *couldn’t* have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children’s faces was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose: and just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to purr—no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while pov/S vrb/be/ sitting curled up in a corner of the great arm-chair, half talking to pov/r and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted pov/S had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again; and there it was, spread over the hearth-rug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

“Oh, you wicked little thing!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S cried/cried pov/S/, catching up the kitten, and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. “Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You *ought*, Dinah, you know you ought!” pov/s added,

looking reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as pov/s could manage—and then pov/s scrambled back into the arm-chair, taking the kitten and the worsted with pov/o, and began winding up the ball again. But pov/s didn't get on very fast, as pov/s vrb/be/ talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to pov/r. Kitty sat very demurely on pov/p knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help, if it might.

“Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?” pov/S began. “You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me—only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire—and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty, we'll go and see the bonfire to-morrow.” Here pov/S wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck, just to see how it would look: this led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

“Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty,” pov/S went on as soon as plv/s were comfortably settled again, “when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me!” pov/s went on, holding up one finger. “I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty: I heard you! What's that you say?” (pretending that the kitten was speaking.) “Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's *your* fault, for keeping your eyes open—if you'd shut them tight up, it wouldn't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen! Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty too? Now for number three: you unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking!

“That’s three faults, Kitty, and you’ve not been punished for any of them yet. You know I’m saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week—Suppose they had saved up all *my* punishments!” pov/s went on, talking more to herself than the kitten. “What *would* they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner: then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I shouldn’t mind *that* much! I’d far rather go without them than eat them!

“Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow *loves* the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says, ‘Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.’ And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about—whenever the wind blows—oh, that’s very pretty!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S cried/cried pov/S/, dropping the ball of worsted to clap pov/p hands. “And I do so *wish* it was true! I’m sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown.

“Kitty, can you play chess? Now, don’t smile, my dear, I’m asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing just now, you watched just as if you understood it: and when I said ‘Check!’ you purred! Well, it *was* a nice check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it hadn’t been for that nasty Knight, that came wiggling down among my pieces. Kitty, dear, let’s pretend—” And here I wish I could tell you half the things pov/S used to say, beginning with pov/p favourite phrase “Let’s pretend.” Pov/s had had quite a long argument with pov/p sister only the day before—all because pov/S had begun with “Let’s pretend we’re kings and queens;” and pov/p sister, who liked being very exact, had argued that plv/s couldn’t, because there were only two of pov/o, and pov/S had been reduced at last to say, “Well, *you* can be one of them then, and *I’ll* be all the rest.” And once pov/s had really frightened pov/p old nurse by shouting suddenly in her ear, “Nurse! Do let’s pretend that I’m a hungry hyaena, and you’re a bone.”

But this is taking us away from pov/P speech to the kitten. “Let’s pretend that you’re the Red Queen, Kitty! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you’d look exactly like her. Now do try, there’s a dear!” And pov/S got the Red Queen off the table, and set it up before the kitten as a model for it to imitate: however, the thing didn’t succeed, principally, pov/S said, because the kitten wouldn’t fold its arms properly. So, to punish it, pov/s held it up to the Looking-glass, that it might see how sulky it was —“and if you’re not good directly,” pov/s added, “I’ll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like *that*?”

“Now, if you’ll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I’ll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there’s the room you can see through the glass—that’s just the same as our drawing room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair—all but the bit behind the fireplace. Oh! I do so wish I could see *that* bit! I want so much to know whether they’ve a fire in the winter: you never *can* tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then smoke comes up in that room too—but that may be only pretence, just to make it look as if they had a fire. Well then, the books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way; I know that, because I’ve held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.

“How would you like to live in Looking-glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they’d give you milk in there? Perhaps Looking-glass milk isn’t good to drink —But oh, Kitty! now we come to the passage. You can just see a little *peep* of the passage in Looking-glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open: and it’s very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond. Oh, Kitty! how nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-glass House! I’m sure it’s got, oh! such beautiful things in it! Let’s pretend there’s a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let’s pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it’s turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It’ll be easy enough to get through—” She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this, though she hardly knew how she had got there. And certainly the glass *was* beginning to melt away, just like a bright silvery mist.



In another moment pov/S vrb/be/ through the glass, and had jumped lightly down into the Looking-glass room. The very first thing pov/s did was to look whether there was a fire in the fireplace, and pov/s was quite pleased to find that there was a real one, blazing away as brightly as the one she had left behind. “So I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room,” alt/first and second or third/pov/s thought/thought pov/S/: “warmer, in fact, because there’ll be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it’ll be, when they see me through the glass in here, and can’t get at me!”

Then pov/s began looking about, and noticed that what could be seen from the old room was quite common and uninteresting, but that all the rest was as different as possible. For instance, the pictures on the wall next the fire seemed to be all alive, and the very clock on the chimney-piece (you know you can only see the back of it in the Looking-glass) had got the face of a little old man, and grinned at pov/o.

“They don’t keep this room so tidy as the other,” pov/S thought to pov/r, as pov/s noticed several of the chessmen down in the hearth among the cinders: but in another moment, with a little “Oh!” of surprise, pov/s was down on pov/p hands and knees watching them. The chessmen were walking about, two and two!

“Here are the Red King and the Red Queen,” pov/S said (in a whisper, for fear of frightening them), “and there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel—and here are two castles walking arm in arm—I don’t think they can hear me,” pov/s went on, as pov/s put pov/p head closer down, “and I’m nearly sure they can’t see me. I feel somehow as if I were invisible—”

Here something began squeaking on the table behind pov/S, and made pov/o turn pov/p head just in time to see one of the White Pawns roll over and begin kicking: pov/s watched it with great curiosity to see what would happen next.

“It is the voice of my child!” the White Queen cried out as she rushed past the King, so violently that she knocked him over among the cinders. “My

precious Lily! My imperial kitten!” and she began scrambling wildly up the side of the fender.

“Imperial fiddlestick!” said the King, rubbing his nose, which had been hurt by the fall. He had a right to be a *little* annoyed with the Queen, for he was covered with ashes from head to foot.

Pov/S vrb/be/ very anxious to be of use, and, as the poor little Lily was nearly screaming herself into a fit, pov/s hastily picked up the Queen and set her on the table by the side of her noisy little daughter.

The Queen gasped, and sat down: the rapid journey through the air had quite taken away her breath and for a minute or two she could do nothing but hug the little Lily in silence. As soon as she had recovered her breath a little, she called out to the White King, who was sitting sulkily among the ashes, “Mind the volcano!”

“What volcano?” said the King, looking up anxiously into the fire, as if he thought that was the most likely place to find one.

“Blew—me—up,” panted the Queen, who was still a little out of breath. “Mind you come up—the regular way—don’t get blown up!”

Pov/S watched the White King as he slowly struggled up from bar to bar, till at last pov/s said, “Why, you’ll be hours and hours getting to the table, at that rate. I’d far better help you, hadn’t I?” But the King took no notice of the question: it was quite clear that he could neither hear pov/o nor see pov/o.

So pov/S picked him up very gently, and lifted him across more slowly than pov/s had lifted the Queen, that pov/s mightn’t take his breath away: but, before pov/s put him on the table, pov/s thought pov/s might as well dust him a little, he was so covered with ashes.

Pov/s said afterwards that pov/s had never seen in all pov/p life such a face as the King made, when he found himself held in the air by an invisible hand, and being dusted: he was far too much astonished to cry out, but his eyes and his mouth went on getting larger and larger, and rounder and rounder,

till pov/p hand shook so with laughing that pov/s nearly let him drop upon the floor.

“Oh! *please* don’t make such faces, my dear!” pov/s cried out, quite forgetting that the King couldn’t hear pov/o. “You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don’t keep your mouth so wide open! All the ashes will get into it—there, now I think you’re tidy enough!” pov/s added, as pov/s smoothed his hair, and set him upon the table near the Queen.

The King immediately fell flat on his back, and lay perfectly still: and pov/S vrb/be/ a little alarmed at what pov/s had done, and went round the room to see if pov/s could find any water to throw over him. However, pov/s could find nothing but a bottle of ink, and when pov/s got back with it she found he had recovered, and he and the Queen were talking together in a frightened whisper—so low, that pov/S could hardly hear what they said.

The King was saying, “I assure, you my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!”

To which the Queen replied, “You haven’t got any whiskers.”

“The horror of that moment,” the King went on, “I shall never, *never* forget!”

“You will, though,” the Queen said, “if you don’t make a memorandum of it.”

Pov/S looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck pov/o, and pov/s took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him.

The poor King looked puzzled and unhappy, and struggled with the pencil for some time without saying anything; but pov/S vrb/be/ too strong for him, and at last he panted out, “My dear! I really *must* get a thinner pencil. I can’t manage this one a bit; it writes all manner of things that I don’t intend—”

“What manner of things?” said the Queen, looking over the book (in which pov/S had put “*The White Knight is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly*”) “That’s not a memorandum of *your* feelings!”

There was a book lying near pov/O on the table, and while pov/s sat watching the White King (for pov/s was still a little anxious about him, and had the ink all ready to throw over him, in case he fainted again), pov/s turned over the leaves, to find some part that pov/s could read, “—for it’s all in some language I don’t know,” pov/s said to herself.

It was like this.

JABBERWOCKY.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

Pov/s puzzled over this for some time, but at last a bright thought struck pov/o. “Why, it’s a Looking-glass book, of course! And if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again.”

This was the poem that pov/S read.

JABBERWOCKY.

*‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves*  
*Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;*  
*All mimsy were the borogoves,*  
*And the mome raths outgrabe.*  
  
*“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!*  
*The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!*  
*Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun*  
*The frumious Bandersnatch!”*

*He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
 Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
 And stood awhile in thought.*

*And as in uffish thought he stood,  
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
 Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
 And burbled as it came!*

*One, two! One, two! And through and through  
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
 He left it dead, and with its head  
 He went galumphing back.*

*“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
 He chortled in his joy.*

*‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.*

“It seems very pretty,” pov/s said when pov/s had finished it, “but it’s *rather* hard to understand!” (You see pov/s didn’t like to confess, even to pov/r, that pov/s couldn’t make it out at all.) “Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don’t exactly know what they are! However, *somebody* killed *something*: that’s clear, at any rate—”

“But oh!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, suddenly jumping up, “if I don’t make haste I shall have to go back through the Looking-glass, before I’ve seen what the rest of the house is like! Let’s have a look at the garden first!” Pov/s vrb/be/ out of the room in a moment, and ran down stairs—or, at least, it wasn’t exactly running, but a new invention of pov/a for getting down stairs quickly and easily, as pov/S said to pov/r. Pov/s just kept the tips of pov/p fingers on the hand-rail, and floated gently

down without even touching the stairs with pov/p feet; then pov/s floated on through the hall, and would have gone straight out at the door in the same way, if pov/s hadn't caught hold of the door-post. Pov/s vrb/be/ getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air, and was rather glad to find pov/ r walking again in the natural way.

## CHAPTER II.

# The Garden of Live Flowers

“I should see the garden far better,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ to pov/r, “if I could get to the top of that hill: and here’s a path that leads straight to it—at least, no, it doesn’t do that—” (after going a few yards along the path, and turning several sharp corners), “but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It’s more like a corkscrew than a path! Well, *this* turn goes to the hill, I suppose—no, it doesn’t! This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I’ll try it the other way.”

And so pov/s did: wandering up and down, and trying turn after turn, but always coming back to the house, do what pov/s would. Indeed, once, when pov/s turned a corner rather more quickly than usual, pov/s ran against it before pov/s could stop pov/r.

“It’s no use talking about it,” pov/S said, looking up at the house and pretending it was arguing with pov/o. “I’m *not* going in again yet. I know I should have to get through the Looking-glass again—back into the old room—and there’d be an end of all my adventures!”

So, resolutely turning pov/p back upon the house, pov/s set out once more down the path, determined to keep straight on till pov/s got to the hill. For a few minutes all went on well, and pov/s vrb/be/ just saying, “I really *shall* do it this time—” when the path gave a sudden twist and shook itself (as pov/s described it afterwards), and the next moment pov/s found herself actually walking in at the door.

“Oh, it’s too bad!” pov/s cried. “I never saw such a house for getting in the way! Never!”

However, there was the hill full in sight, so there was nothing to be done but start again. This time pov/s came upon a large flower-bed, with a border of daisies, and a willow-tree growing in the middle.

“O Tiger-lily,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, addressing pov/r to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, “I *wish* you could talk!”

“We *can* talk,” said the Tiger-lily: “when there’s anybody worth talking to.”

Pov/S was so astonished that pov/s could not speak for a minute: it quite seemed to take pov/o breath away. At length, as the Tiger-lily only went on waving about, pov/s spoke again, in a timid voice—almost in a whisper. “And can *all* the flowers talk?”

“As well as *you* can,” said the Tiger-lily. “And a great deal louder.”

“It isn’t manners for us to begin, you know,” said the Rose, “and I really was wondering when you’d speak! Said I to myself, ‘Prn/p face has got *some* sense in it, though it’s not a clever one!’ Still, you’re the right colour, and that goes a long way.”

“I don’t care about the colour,” the Tiger-lily remarked. “If only prn/p petals curled up a little more, prn/s’d be all right.”

Pov/S didn’t like being criticised, so pov/s began asking questions. “Aren’t you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?”

“There’s the tree in the middle,” said the Rose: “what else is it good for?”

“But what could it do, if any danger came?” pov/S asked.

“It says ‘Bough-wough!’” cried a Daisy: “that’s why its branches are called boughs!”



“Didn’t you know *that*?” cried another Daisy, and here they all began shouting together, till the air seemed quite full of little shrill voices. “Silence, every one of you!” cried the Tiger-lily, waving itself passionately from side to side, and trembling with excitement. “They know I can’t get at them!” it panted, bending its quivering head towards pov/S, “or they wouldn’t dare to do it!”

“Never mind!” pov/S said in a soothing tone, and stooping down to the daisies, who were just beginning again, pov/s whispered, “If you don’t hold your tongues, I’ll pick you!”

There was silence in a moment, and several of the pink daisies turned white.

“That’s right!” said the Tiger-lily. “The daisies are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it’s enough to make one wither to hear the way they go on!”

“How is it you can all talk so nicely?” pov/S said, hoping to get it into a better temper by a compliment. “I’ve been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk.”

“Put your hand down, and feel the ground,” said the Tiger-lily. “Then you’ll know why.”

Pov/S did so. “It’s very hard,” pov/s said, “but I don’t see what that has to do with it.”

“In most gardens,” the Tiger-lily said, “they make the beds too soft—so that the flowers are always asleep.”

This sounded a very good reason, and pov/S vrb/be/ quite pleased to know it. “I never thought of that before!” pov/s said.

“It’s *my* opinion that you never think *at all*,” the Rose said in a rather severe tone.

“I never saw anybody that looked stupider,” a Violet said, so suddenly, that pov/S quite jumped; for it hadn’t spoken before.

“Hold *your* tongue!” cried the Tiger-lily. “As if *you* ever saw anybody! You keep your head under the leaves, and snore away there, till you know no more what’s going on in the world, than if you were a bud!”

“Are there any more people in the garden besides me?” pov/S said, not choosing to notice the Rose’s last remark.

“There’s one other flower in the garden that can move about like you,” said the Rose. “I wonder how you do it—” (“You’re always wondering,” said the Tiger-lily), “but she’s more bushy than you are.”

“Is she like me?” pov/S asked eagerly, for the thought crossed pov/s mind, “There’s ife/prn/n is girl/another/a/ little girl in the garden, somewhere!”

“Well, she has the same awkward shape as you,” the Rose said, “but she’s redder—and her petals are shorter, I think.”

“Her petals are done up close, almost like a dahlia,” the Tiger-lily interrupted: “not tumbled about anyhow, like yours.”

“But that’s not *your* fault,” the Rose added kindly: “you’re beginning to fade, you know—and then one can’t help one’s petals getting a little untidy.”

Pov/S didn’t like this idea at all: so, to change the subject, pov/s asked “Does she ever come out here?”

“I daresay you’ll see her soon,” said the Rose. “She’s one of the thorny kind.”

“Where does she wear the thorns?” pov/S asked with some curiosity.

“Why all round her head, of course,” the Rose replied. “I was wondering *you* hadn’t got some too. I thought it was the regular rule.”

“She’s coming!” cried the Larkspur. “I hear her footstep, thump, thump, thump, along the gravel-walk!”

Pov/S looked round eagerly, and found that it was the Red Queen. “She’s grown a good deal!” was pov/p first remark. She had indeed: when pov/S first found her in the ashes, she had been only three inches high—and here she was, half a head taller than pov/S pov/r!

“It’s the fresh air that does it,” said the Rose: “wonderfully fine air it is, out here.”

“I think I’ll go and meet her,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, for, though the flowers were interesting enough, pov/s felt that it would be far grander to have a talk with a real Queen.

“You can’t possibly do that,” said the Rose: “I should advise you to walk the other way.”

This sounded nonsense to pov/O, so pov/s said nothing, but set off at once towards the Red Queen. To pov/p surprise, pov/s lost sight of her in a moment, and found pov/r walking in at the front-door again.

A little provoked, pov/s drew back, and after looking everywhere for the queen (whom pov/s spied out at last, a long way off), pov/s thought she would try the plan, this time, of walking in the opposite direction.

It succeeded beautifully. Pov/s had not been walking a minute before pov/s found pov/r face to face with the Red Queen, and full in sight of the hill pov/s had been so long aiming at.

“Where do you come from?” said the Red Queen. “And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don’t twiddle your fingers all the time.”

Pov/S attended to all these directions, and explained, as well as pov/s could, that pov/s had lost pov/p way.

“I don’t know what you mean by *your* way,” said the Queen: “all the ways about here belong to *me*—but why did you come out here at all?” she added in a kinder tone. “Curtsey while you’re thinking what to say, it saves time.”

Pov/S wondered a little at this, but pov/s was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it. “I’ll try it when I go home,” pov/s thought to pov/r, “the next time I’m a little late for dinner.”

“It’s time for you to answer now,” the Queen said, looking at her watch: “open your mouth a *little* wider when you speak, and always say ‘your Majesty.’”

“I only wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty—”

“That’s right,” said the Queen, patting pov/o on the head, which pov/S didn’t like at all, “though, when you say ‘garden,’—*I’ve* seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness.”

Pov/S didn’t dare to argue the point, but went on: “—and I thought I’d try and find my way to the top of that hill—”

“When you say ‘hill,’” the Queen interrupted, “*I* could show you hills, in comparison with which you’d call that a valley.”

“No, I shouldn’t,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, surprised into contradicting her at last: “a hill *can’t* be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense—”

The Red Queen shook her head, “You may call it ‘nonsense’ if you like,” she said, “but *I’ve* heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!”

Pov/S curtsied again, as pov/s vrb/be/ afraid from the Queen’s tone that she was a *little* offended: and they walked on in silence till they got to the top of the little hill.

For some minutes pov/S stood without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country—and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook.

“I declare it’s marked out just like a large chessboard!” pov/S said at last. “There ought to be some men moving about somewhere—and so there are!” Pov/s added in a tone of delight, and pov/p heart began to beat quick with excitement as pov/s went on. “It’s a great huge game of chess that’s being played—all over the world—if this *is* the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I *wish* I was one of them! I wouldn’t mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though of course I should *like* to be a/an also/Queen, best.”

Pov/s glanced rather shyly at the real Queen as pov/s said this, but pov/p companion only smiled pleasantly, and said, "That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play; and you're in the Second Square to begin with: when you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a/an also/Queen—" Just at this moment, somehow or other, they began to run.

Pov/S never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began: all pov/s remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all pov/s could do to keep up with her: and still the Queen kept crying "Faster! Faster!" but pov/S felt she *could not* go faster, though pov/s had not breath left to say so.

The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and the other things round them never changed their places at all: however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. "I wonder if all the things move along with us?" thought poor puzzled pov/O. And the Queen seemed to guess pov/p thoughts, for she cried, "Faster! Don't try to talk!"

Not that pov/S had any idea of doing *that*. Pov/s felt as if pov/s would never be able to talk again, pov/s vrb/be/ getting so much out of breath: and still the Queen cried "Faster! Faster!" and dragged pov/o along. "Are we nearly there?" Pov/S managed to pant out at last.

"Nearly there!" the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!" And they ran on for a time in silence, with the wind whistling in pov/P ears, and almost blowing pov/p hair off pov/p head, pov/s fancied.

"Now! Now!" cried the Queen. "Faster! Faster!" And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as pov/S vrb/be/ getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and pov/s found pov/r sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.

The Queen propped pov/s up against a tree, and said kindly, "You may rest a little now."

Pov/S looked round her in great surprise. “Why, I do believe we’ve been under this tree the whole time! Everything’s just as it was!”

“Of course it is,” said the Queen, “what would you have it?”

“Well, in *our* country,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, still panting a little, “you’d generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we’ve been doing.”

“A slow sort of country!” said the Queen. “Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!”

“I’d rather not try, please!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “I’m quite content to stay here—only I *am* so hot and thirsty!”

“I know what *you’d* like!” the Queen said good-naturedly, taking a little box out of her pocket. “Have a biscuit?”

Pov/S thought it would not be civil to say “No,” though it wasn’t at all what pov/s wanted. So pov/s took it, and ate it as well as she could: and it was *very* dry; and pov/s thought pov/s had never been so nearly choked in all her life.

“While you’re refreshing yourself,” said the Queen, “I’ll just take the measurements.” And she took a ribbon out of her pocket, marked in inches, and began measuring the ground, and sticking little pegs in here and there.

“At the end of two yards,” she said, putting in a peg to mark the distance, “I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?”

“No, thank you,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: “one’s *quite* enough!”

“Thirst quenched, I hope?” said the Queen.

Pov/S did not know what to say to this, but luckily the Queen did not wait for an answer, but went on. “At the end of *three* yards I shall repeat them—for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of *four*, I shall say good-bye. And at the end of *five*, I shall go!”

She had got all the pegs put in by this time, and pov/S looked on with great interest as she returned to the tree, and then began slowly walking down the row.

At the two-yard peg she faced round, and said, "A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you'll go *very* quickly through the Third Square—by railway, I should think—and you'll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time. Well, *that* square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the Fifth is mostly water—the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you make no remark?"

"I—I didn't know I had to make one—just then," pov/S faltered out.

"You *should* have said, 'It's extremely kind of you to tell me all this'—however, we'll suppose it said—the Seventh Square is all forest—however, one of the Knights will show you the way—and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it's all feasting and fun!" pov/S got up and curtsied, and sat down again.

At the next peg the Queen turned again, and this time she said, "Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk—and remember who you are!" She did not wait for pov/O to curtsy this time, but walked on quickly to the next peg, where she turned for a moment to say "good-bye," and then hurried on to the last.

How it happened, pov/S never knew, but exactly as she came to the last peg, she was gone. Whether she vanished into the air, or whether she ran quickly into the wood ("and she *can* run very fast!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/), there was no way of guessing, but she was gone, and pov/S began to remember that pov/s was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time for her to move.





### CHAPTER III.

## Looking-Glass Insects

Of course the first thing to do was to make a grand survey of the country she was going to travel through. “It’s something very like learning geography,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, as pov/s stood on tiptoe in hopes of being able to see a little further. “Principal rivers—there *are* none. Principal mountains—I’m on the only one, but I don’t think it’s got any name. Principal towns—why, what *are* those creatures, making honey down there? They can’t be bees—nobody ever saw bees a mile off, you know—” and for some time pov/s stood silent, watching one of them that was bustling about among the flowers, poking its proboscis into them, “just as if it was a regular bee,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/.

However, this was anything but a regular bee: in fact it was an elephant—as pov/S soon found out, though the idea quite took pov/p breath away at first. “And what enormous flowers they must be!” was pov/p next idea. “Something like cottages with the roofs taken off, and stalks put to them—and what quantities of honey they must make! I think I’ll go down and—no, I won’t *just* yet,” pov/s went on, checking pov/r just as pov/s vrb/be/ beginning to run down the hill, and trying to find some excuse for turning shy so suddenly. “It’ll never do to go down among them without a good long branch to brush them away—and what fun it’ll be when they ask me how I like my walk. I shall say—‘Oh, I like it well enough—’” (here came

the favourite little toss of the head), “only it was so dusty and hot, and the elephants did tease so!”

“I think I’ll go down the other way,” pov/s said after a pause: “and perhaps I may visit the elephants later on. Besides, I do so want to get into the Third Square!”

So with this excuse she ran down the hill and jumped over the first of the six little brooks.

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“Tickets, please!” said the Guard, putting his head in at the window. In a moment everybody was holding out a ticket: they were about the same size as the people, and quite seemed to fill the carriage.

“Now then! Show your ticket, child!” the Guard went on, looking angrily at pov/O. And a great many voices all said together (“like the chorus of a song,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/), “Don’t keep him waiting, child! Why, his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute!”

“I’m afraid I haven’t got one,” pov/S said in a frightened tone: “there wasn’t a ticket-office where I came from.” And again the chorus of voices went on. “There wasn’t room for one where prn/s came from. The land there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!”

“Don’t make excuses,” said the Guard: “you should have bought one from the engine-driver.” And once more the chorus of voices went on with “The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!”

Pov/S thought to pov/r, “Then there’s no use in speaking.” The voices didn’t join in this time, as pov/s hadn’t spoken, but to pov/p great surprise, they all *thought* in chorus (I hope you understand what *thinking in chorus* means—for I must confess that *I* don’t), “Better say nothing at all. Language is worth a thousand pounds a word!”

“I shall dream about a thousand pounds tonight, I know I shall!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/.

All this time the Guard was looking at pov/o, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and then through an opera-glass. At last he said, “You’re travelling the wrong way,” and shut up the window and went away.

“So young a child,” said the gentleman sitting opposite to pov/o (he was dressed in white paper), “ought to know which way prn/s’s going, even if prn/s doesn’t know prn/p own name!”

A Goat, that was sitting next to the gentleman in white, shut his eyes and said in a loud voice, “She ought to know her way to the ticket-office, even if prn/s doesn’t know prn/p alphabet!”

There was a Beetle sitting next to the Goat (it was a very queer carriage-full of passengers altogether), and, as the rule seemed to be that they should all speak in turn, *he* went on with “Prn/s’ll have to go back from here as luggage!”

Pov/S couldn’t see who was sitting beyond the Beetle, but a hoarse voice spoke next. “Change engines—” it said, and was obliged to leave off.

“It sounds like a horse,” pov/S thought to pov/r. And an extremely small voice, close to pov/p ear, said, “You might make a joke on that—something about ‘horse’ and ‘hoarse,’ you know.”

Then a very gentle voice in the distance said, “She must be labelled ‘Lass, with care,’ you know—”

And after that other voices went on (“What a number of people there are in the carriage!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/), saying, “She must go by post, as she’s got a head on her—” “She must be sent as a message by the telegraph—” “She must draw the train herself the rest of the way—” and so on.

But the gentleman dressed in white paper leaned forwards and whispered in her ear, “Never mind what they all say, my dear, but take a return-ticket every time the train stops.”

“Indeed I shan’t!” pov/S said rather impatiently. “I don’t belong to this railway journey at all—I was in a wood just now—and I wish I could get back there.”

“You might make a joke on *that*,” said the little voice close to her ear: “something about ‘you *would* if you could,’ you know.”

“Don’t tease so,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, looking about in vain to see where the voice came from; “if you’re so anxious to have a joke made, why don’t you make one yourself?”

The little voice sighed deeply: it was *very* unhappy, evidently, and pov/S would have said something pitying to comfort it, “If it would only sigh like other people!” pov/s thought. But this was such a wonderfully small sigh, that pov/s wouldn’t have heard it at all, if it hadn’t come *quite* close to pov/p ear. The consequence of this was that it tickled pov/p ear very much, and quite took off pov/p thoughts from the unhappiness of the poor little creature.

“I know you are a friend,” the little voice went on; “a dear friend, and an old friend. And you won’t hurt me, though I *am* an insect.”

“What kind of insect?” pov/S inquired a little anxiously. What pov/s really wanted to know was, whether it could sting or not, but pov/s thought this wouldn’t be quite a civil question to ask.

“What, then you don’t—” the little voice began, when it was drowned by a shrill scream from the engine, and everybody jumped up in alarm, pov/S among the rest.

The Horse, who had put his head out of the window, quietly drew it in and said, “It’s only a brook we have to jump over.” Everybody seemed satisfied with this, though pov/S felt a little nervous at the idea of trains jumping at all. “However, it’ll take us into the Fourth Square, that’s some comfort!” pov/s said to pov/r. In another moment pov/s felt the carriage rise straight up into the air, and in pov/p fright pov/s caught at the thing nearest to pov/p hand, which happened to be the Goat’s beard.

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But the beard seemed to melt away as pov/s touched it, and pov/s found pov/r sitting quietly under a tree—while the Gnat (for that was the insect pov/s had been talking to) was balancing itself on a twig just over pov/p head, and fanning pov/o with its wings.

It certainly was a *very* large Gnat: “about the size of a chicken,” pov/S thought. Still, pov/s couldn’t feel nervous with it, after they had been talking together so long.

“—then you don’t like all insects?” the Gnat went on, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

“I like them when they can talk,” pov/S said. “None of them ever talk, where *I* come from.”

“What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where *you* come from?” the Gnat inquired.

“I don’t *rejoice* in insects at all,” pov/S explained, “because I’m rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them.”

“Of course they answer to their names?” the Gnat remarked carelessly.

“I never knew them to do it.”

“What’s the use of their having names,” the Gnat said, “if they won’t answer to them?”

“No use to *them*,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; “but it’s useful to the people who name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?”

“I can’t say,” the Gnat replied. “Further on, in the wood down there, they’ve got no names—however, go on with your list of insects: you’re wasting time.”

“Well, there’s the Horse-fly,” pov/S began, counting off the names on pov/p fingers.

“All right,” said the Gnat: “half way up that bush, you’ll see a Rocking-horse-fly, if you look. It’s made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch.”

“What does it live on?” pov/S asked, with great curiosity.

“Sap and sawdust,” said the Gnat. “Go on with the list.”

Pov/S looked up at the Rocking-horse-fly with great interest, and made up pov/p mind that it must have been just repainted, it looked so bright and sticky; and then pov/s went on.

“And there’s the Dragon-fly.”

“Look on the branch above your head,” said the Gnat, “and there you’ll find a snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy.”

“And what does it live on?”

“Frumenty and mince pie,” the Gnat replied; “and it makes its nest in a Christmas box.”

“And then there’s the Butterfly,” pov/S went on, after pov/s had taken a good look at the insect with its head on fire, and had thought to pov/r, “I wonder if that’s the reason insects are so fond of flying into candles—because they want to turn into Snap-dragon-flies!”

“Crawling at your feet,” said the Gnat (pov/S drew pov/p feet back in some alarm), “you may observe a Bread-and-Butterfly. Its wings are thin slices of Bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar.”

“And what does *it* live on?”

“Weak tea with cream in it.”

A new difficulty came into pov/S head. “Supposing it couldn’t find any?” pov/s suggested.

“Then it would die, of course.”

“But that must happen very often,” pov/S remarked thoughtfully.

"It always happens," said the Gnat.

After this, pov/S vrb/be/ silent for a minute or two, pondering. The Gnat amused itself meanwhile by humming round and round her head: at last it settled again and remarked, "I suppose you don't want to lose your name?"

"No, indeed," pov/S said, a little anxiously.

"And yet I don't know," the Gnat went on in a careless tone: "only think how convenient it would be if you could manage to go home without it! For instance, if the governess wanted to call you to your lessons, she would call out 'come here—,' and there she would have to leave off, because there wouldn't be any name for her to call, and of course you wouldn't have to go, you know."

"That would never do, I'm sure," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/ said pov/S/: "the governess would never think of excusing me lessons for that. If she couldn't remember my name, she'd call me 'Prn/h!' as the servants do."

"Well, if she said 'Prn/h,' and didn't say anything more," the Gnat remarked, "of course you'd miss your lessons. That's a joke. I wish *you* had made it."

"Why do you wish *I* had made it?" pov/S asked. "It's a very bad one."

But the Gnat only sighed deeply, while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.

"You shouldn't make jokes," pov/S said, "if it makes you so unhappy."

Then came another of those melancholy little sighs, and this time the poor Gnat really seemed to have sighed itself away, for, when pov/S looked up, there was nothing whatever to be seen on the twig, and, as pov/s vrb/be/ getting quite chilly with sitting still so long, pov/s got up and walked on.

Pov/s very soon came to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it: it looked much darker than the last wood, and pov/S felt a *little* timid about going into it. However, on second thoughts, pov/s made up pov/p mind to

go on: “for I certainly won’t go *back*,” pov/s thought to pov/r, and this was the only way to the Eighth Square.

“This must be the wood,” pov/s said thoughtfully to pov/r, “where things have no names. I wonder what’ll become of *my* name when I go in? I shouldn’t like to lose it at all—because they’d have to give me another, and it would be almost certain to be an ugly one. But then the fun would be trying to find the creature that had got my old name! That’s just like the advertisements, you know, when people lose dogs—‘*answers to the name of “Dash:” had on a brass collar*’—just fancy calling everything you met ‘Y/n,’ till one of them answered! Only they wouldn’t answer at all, if they were wise.”

Pov/s vrb/be/ rambling on in this way when pov/s reached the wood: it looked very cool and shady. “Well, at any rate it’s a great comfort,” pov/s said as she stepped under the trees, “after being so hot, to get into the—into *what*?” pov/s went on, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word. “I mean to get under the—under the—under *this*, you know!” putting pov/p hand on the trunk of the tree. “What *does* it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it’s got no name—why, to be sure it hasn’t!”

Pov/s stood silent for a minute, thinking: then pov/s suddenly began again. “Then it really *has* happened, after all! And now, who am I? I *will* remember, if I can! I’m determined to do it!” But being determined didn’t help much, and all she could say, after a great deal of puzzling, was, “Cap/cut/off first 1/cut/only first 2/Y/n///, I *know* it begins with Cap/cut/off first 1/cut/only first 2/Y/n///!”

Just then a Fawn came wandering by: it looked at pov/O with its large gentle eyes, but didn’t seem at all frightened. “Here then! Here then!” pov/S said, as pov/s held out pov/p hand and tried to stroke it; but it only started back a little, and then stood looking at pov/o again.

“What do you call yourself?” the Fawn said at last. Such a soft sweet voice it had!

“I wish I knew!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought poor pov/S/. Pov/s answered, rather sadly, “Nothing, just now.”



“Think again,” it said: “that won’t do.”

Pov/S thought, but nothing came of it. “Please, would you tell me what *you* call yourself?” pov/s said timidly. “I think that might help a little.”

“I’ll tell you, if you’ll move a little further on,” the Fawn said. “I can’t remember here.”

So they walked on together through the wood, pov/S with pov/p arms clasped lovingly round the soft neck of the Fawn, till they came out into another open field, and here the Fawn gave a sudden bound into the air, and shook itself free from pov/P arms. “I’m a Fawn!” it cried out in a voice of delight, “and, dear me! you’re a human child!” A sudden look of alarm came into its beautiful brown eyes, and in another moment it had darted away at full speed.

Pov/S stood looking after it, almost ready to cry with vexation at having lost pov/p dear little fellow-traveller so suddenly. “However, I know my name now,” pov/s said, “that’s *some* comfort. Y/n—Y/n—I won’t forget it again. And now, which of these finger-posts ought I to follow, I wonder?”

It was not a very difficult question to answer, as there was only one road through the wood, and the two finger-posts both pointed along it. “I’ll settle it,” pov/S said to pov/r, “when the road divides and they point different ways.”

But this did not seem likely to happen. Pov/s went on and on, a long way, but wherever the road divided there were sure to be two finger-posts pointing the same way, one marked “TO TWEEDLEDUM’S HOUSE” and the other “TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE.”

“I do believe,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ at last, “that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before—But I can’t stay there long. I’ll just call and say ‘how d’you do?’ and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get to the Eighth Square before it gets dark!” So pov/s wandered on, talking to pov/r as pov/s went, till, on turning a sharp corner, pov/s came upon two fat little men, so suddenly that

pov/s could not help starting back, but in another moment pov/s recovered pov/r, feeling sure that they must be.

## CHAPTER IV. **Tweedledum And Tweedledee**

They were standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck, and pov/S knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had "DUM" embroidered on his collar, and the other "DEE." "I suppose they've each got 'TWEEDLE' round at the back of the collar," pov/s said to pov/r.

They stood so still that pov/s quite forgot they were alive, and pov/s vrb/be/ just looking round to see if the word 'TWEEDLE' was written at the back of each collar, when pov/s vrb/be/ startled by a voice coming from the one marked "DUM."

"If you think we're wax-works," he said, "you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing, nohow!"

"Contrariwise," added the one marked "DEE," "if you think we're alive, you ought to speak."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," was all pov/S could say; for the words of the old song kept ringing through pov/p head like the ticking of a clock, and pov/s could hardly help saying them out loud:—

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee  
Agreed to have a battle;  
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee  
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,  
 As black as a tar-barrel;  
 Which frightened both the heroes so,  
 They quite forgot their quarrel."

"I know what you're thinking about," said Tweedledum: "but it isn't so, nohow."

"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

"I was thinking," pov/S said very politely, "which is the best way out of this wood: it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?"

But the little men only looked at each other and grinned.

They looked so exactly like a couple of great schoolboys, that pov/S couldn't help pointing pov/p finger at Tweedledum, and saying "First Boy!"

"Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

"Next Boy!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, passing on to Tweedledee, though pov/s felt quite certain he would only shout out "Contrariwise!" and so he did.

"You've been wrong!" cried Tweedledum. "The first thing in a visit is to say 'How d'ye do?' and shake hands!" And here the two brothers gave each other a hug, and then they held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with pov/o.

Pov/S did not like shaking hands with either of them first, for fear of hurting the other one's feelings; so, as the best way out of the difficulty, pov/s took hold of both hands at once: the next moment they were dancing round in a ring. This seemed quite natural (pov/s remembered afterwards), and pov/s vrb/be/ not even surprised to hear music playing: it seemed to come from the tree under which plv/s were dancing, and it was done (as well as pov/s could make it out) by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddle-sticks.

“But it certainly *was* funny,” (pov/S said afterwards, when pov/s vrb/be/ telling pov/p sister the history of all this,) “to find myself singing ‘*Here we go round the mulberry bush*.’ I don’t know when I began it, but somehow I felt as if I’d been singing it a long long time!”

The other two dancers were fat, and very soon out of breath. “Four times round is enough for one dance,” Tweedledum panted out, and they left off dancing as suddenly as they had begun: the music stopped at the same moment.

Then they let go of pov/P hands, and stood looking at pov/o for a minute: there was a rather awkward pause, as pov/S didn’t know how to begin a conversation with people pov/s had just been dancing with. “It would never do to say ‘How d’ye do?’ *now*,” pov/s said to pov/r: “we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!”

“I hope you’re not much tired?” pov/s said at last.

“Nohow. And thank you *very* much for asking,” said Tweedledum.

“So *much* obliged!” added Tweedledee. “You like poetry?”

“Ye-es, pretty well—*some* poetry,” pov/S said doubtfully. “Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?”

“What shall I repeat to prn/o?” said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes, and not noticing pov/P question.

“‘*The Walrus and the Carpenter*’ is the longest,” Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

Tweedledee began instantly:

“The sun was shining—”

Here pov/S ventured to interrupt him. “If it’s *very* long,” pov/s said, as politely as pov/s could, “would you please tell me first which road—”

Tweedledee smiled gently, and began again:

“The sun was shining on the sea,  
 Shining with all his might:  
 He did his very best to make  
 The billows smooth and bright—  
 And this was odd, because it was  
 The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
 Because she thought the sun  
 Had got no business to be there  
 After the day was done—  
 ‘It’s very rude of him,’ she said,  
 ‘To come and spoil the fun!’

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
 The sands were dry as dry.  
 You could not see a cloud, because  
 No cloud was in the sky:  
 No birds were flying over head—  
 There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
 Were walking close at hand;  
 They wept like anything to see  
 Such quantities of sand:  
 ‘If this were only cleared away,’  
 They said, ‘it *would* be grand!’

‘If seven maids with seven mops  
 Swept it for half a year,  
 Do you suppose,’ the Walrus said,  
 ‘That they could get it clear?’  
 ‘I doubt it,’ said the Carpenter,  
 And shed a bitter tear.

‘O Oysters, come and walk with us!’  
 The Walrus did beseech.  
 ‘A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
 Along the briny beach:  
 We cannot do with more than four,  
 To give a hand to each.’

The eldest Oyster looked at him.  
 But never a word he said:  
 The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
 And shook his heavy head—  
 Meaning to say he did not choose  
 To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young oysters hurried up,  
 All eager for the treat:  
 Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
 Their shoes were clean and neat—  
 And this was odd, because, you know,  
 They hadn’t any feet.

‘O Oysters, come and walk with us!’  
 The Walrus did beseech.  
 ‘A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
 Along the briny beach:  
 We cannot do with more than four,  
 To give a hand to each.’

Four other Oysters followed them,  
 And yet another four;  
 And thick and fast they came at last,  
 And more, and more, and more—  
 All hopping through the frothy waves,  
 And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
 Walked on a mile or so,  
 And then they rested on a rock  
 Conveniently low:  
 And all the little Oysters stood  
 And waited in a row.

‘The time has come,’ the Walrus said,  
 ‘To talk of many things:  
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—  
 Of cabbages—and kings—  
 And why the sea is boiling hot—  
 And whether pigs have wings.’

‘But wait a bit,’ the Oysters cried,  
 ‘Before we have our chat;  
 For some of us are out of breath,  
 And all of us are fat!’  
 ‘No hurry!’ said the Carpenter.  
 They thanked him much for that.

‘A loaf of bread,’ the Walrus said,  
 ‘Is what we chiefly need:  
 Pepper and vinegar besides  
 Are very good indeed—  
 Now if you’re ready Oysters dear,  
 We can begin to feed.’

‘But not on us!’ the Oysters cried,  
 Turning a little blue,  
 ‘After such kindness, that would be  
 A dismal thing to do!’  
 ‘The night is fine,’ the Walrus said  
 ‘Do you admire the view?’



‘It was so kind of you to come!  
 And you are very nice!’  
 The Carpenter said nothing but  
 ‘Cut us another slice:  
 I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
 I’ve had to ask you twice!’

‘It seems a shame,’ the Walrus said,  
 ‘To play them such a trick,  
 After we’ve brought them out so far,  
 And made them trot so quick!’  
 The Carpenter said nothing but  
 ‘The butter’s spread too thick!’

‘I weep for you,’ the Walrus said.  
 ‘I deeply sympathize.’  
 With sobs and tears he sorted out  
 Those of the largest size.  
 Holding his pocket handkerchief  
 Before his streaming eyes.

‘O Oysters,’ said the Carpenter.  
 ‘You’ve had a pleasant run!  
 Shall we be trotting home again?’  
 But answer came there none—  
 And that was scarcely odd, because  
 They’d eaten every one.”

“I like the Walrus best,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/:  
 “because you see he was a *little* sorry for the poor oysters.”

“He ate more than the Carpenter, though,” said Tweedledee. “You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn’t count how many he took: contrariwise.”

“That was mean!” pov/S said indignantly. “Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn’t eat so many as the Walrus.”

“But he ate as many as he could get,” said Tweedledum.

This was a puzzler. After a pause, pov/S began, “Well! They were *both* very unpleasant characters—” Here pov/s checked pov/r in some alarm, at hearing something that sounded to pov/o like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though pov/s feared it was more likely to be a wild beast. “Are there any lions or tigers about here?” pov/s asked timidly.

“It’s only the Red King snoring,” said Tweedledee.

“Come and look at him!” the brothers cried, and they each took one of pov/P hands, and led pov/o up to where the King was sleeping.

“Isn’t he a *lovely* sight?” said Tweedledum.

Pov/S couldn’t say honestly that he was. He had a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he was lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loud—“fit to snore his head off!” as Tweedledum remarked.

“I’m afraid he’ll catch cold with lying on the damp grass,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said, being a very thoughtful little prn/n/said pov/S, who was a very thoughtful little girl/.

“He’s dreaming now,” said Tweedledee: “and what do you think he’s dreaming about?”

Pov/S said “Nobody can guess that.”

“Why, about *you*!” Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly. “And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you’d be?”

“Where I am now, of course,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“Not you!” Tweedledee retorted contemptuously. “You’d be nowhere. Why, you’re only a sort of thing in his dream!”

“If that there King was to wake,” added Tweedledum, “you’d go out—bang!—just like a candle!”

"I shouldn't!" pov/S exclaimed indignantly. "Besides, if *I'm* only a sort of thing in his dream, what are *you*, I should like to know?"

"Ditto" said Tweedledum.

"Ditto, ditto" cried Tweedledee.

He shouted this so loud that pov/S couldn't help saying, "Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise."

"Well, it no use *your* talking about waking him," said Tweedledum, "when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real."

"*I am* real!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ and began to cry.

"You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying," Tweedledee remarked: "there's nothing to cry about."

"If I wasn't real," pov/S said—half-laughing through pov/p tears, it all seemed so ridiculous—"I shouldn't be able to cry."

"I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?" Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

"I know they're talking nonsense," pov/S thought to pov/r: "and it's foolish to cry about it." So pov/s brushed away pov/p tears, and went on as cheerfully as pov/s could. "At any rate I'd better be getting out of the wood, for really it's coming on very dark. Do you think it's going to rain?"

Tweedledum spread a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looked up into it. "No, I don't think it is," he said: "at least—not under *here*. Nohow."

"But it may rain *outside*?"

"It may—if it chooses," said Tweedledee: "we've no objection. Contrariwise."

"Selfish things!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, and pov/s vrb/be/ just going to say "Good-night" and leave them,

when Tweedledum sprang out from under the umbrella and seized pov/o by the wrist.

“Do you see *that*?” he said, in a voice choking with passion, and his eyes grew large and yellow all in a moment, as he pointed with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under the tree.

“It’s only a rattle,” pov/S said, after a careful examination of the little white thing. “Not a rattle-*snake*, you know,” pov/s added hastily, thinking that he was frightened: “only an old rattle—quite old and broken.”

“I knew it was!” cried Tweedledum, beginning to stamp about wildly and tear his hair. “It’s spoilt, of course!” Here he looked at Tweedledee, who immediately sat down on the ground, and tried to hide himself under the umbrella.

Pov/S laid pov/p hand upon his arm, and said in a soothing tone, “You needn’t be so angry about an old rattle.”

“But it isn’t old!” Tweedledum cried, in a greater fury than ever. “It’s new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—my nice new RATTLER!” and his voice rose to a perfect scream.

All this time Tweedledee was trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it: which was such an extraordinary thing to do, that it quite took off pov/P attention from the angry brother. But he couldn’t quite succeed, and it ended in his rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out: and there he lay, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes—“looking more like a fish than anything else,” pov/S thought.

“Of course you agree to have a battle?” Tweedledum said in a calmer tone.

“I suppose so,” the other sulkily replied, as he crawled out of the umbrella: “only *prn/s* must help us to dress up, you know.”

So the two brothers went off hand-in-hand into the wood, and returned in a minute with their arms full of things—such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers and coal-scuttles. “I hope you’re a good hand

at pinning and tying strings?” Tweedledum remarked. “Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other.”

Pov/S said afterwards pov/s had never seen such a fuss made about anything in all pov/p life—the way those two bustled about—and the quantity of things they put on—and the trouble they gave pov/o in tying strings and fastening buttons—“Really they’ll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they’re ready!” pov/s said to pov/r, as pov/s arranged a bolster round the neck of Tweedledee, “to keep his head from being cut off,” as he said.

“You know,” he added very gravely, “it’s one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one’s head cut off.”

Pov/S laughed aloud: but pov/s managed to turn it into a cough, for fear of hurting his feelings.

“Do I look very pale?” said Tweedledum, coming up to have his helmet tied on. (He *called* it a helmet, though it certainly looked much more like a saucepan.)

“Well—yes—a *little*,” pov/S replied gently.

“I’m very brave generally,” he went on in a low voice: “only to-day I happen to have a headache.”

“And *I’ve* got a toothache!” said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark. “I’m far worse off than you!”

“Then you’d better not fight to-day,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, thinking it a good opportunity to make peace.

“We *must* have a bit of a fight, but I don’t care about going on long,” said Tweedledum. “What’s the time now?”

Tweedledee looked at his watch, and said “Half-past four.”

“Let’s fight till six, and then have dinner,” said Tweedledum.

“Very well,” the other said, rather sadly: “and *prn/s* can watch us—only you’d better not come *very* close,” he added: “I generally hit everything I can see—when I get really excited.”

“And *I* hit everything within reach,” cried Tweedledum, “whether I can see it or not!”

Pov/S laughed. “You must hit the *trees* pretty often, I should think,” pov/s said.

Tweedledum looked round him with a satisfied smile. “I don’t suppose,” he said, “there’ll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round, by the time we’ve finished!”

“And all about a rattle!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, still hoping to make them a *little* ashamed of fighting for such a trifle.

“I shouldn’t have minded it so much,” said Tweedledum, “if it hadn’t been a new one.”

“I wish the monstrous crow would come!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/.

“There’s only one sword, you know,” Tweedledum said to his brother: “but you can have the umbrella—it’s quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It’s getting as dark as it can.”

“And darker,” said Tweedledee.

It was getting dark so suddenly that pov/S thought there must be a thunderstorm coming on. “What a thick black cloud that is!” pov/s said. “And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it’s got wings!”

“It’s the crow!” Tweedledum cried out in a shrill voice of alarm: and the two brothers took to their heels and were out of sight in a moment.

Pov/S ran a little way into the wood, and stopped under a large tree. “It can never get at me *here*,” pov/s thought: “it’s far too large to squeeze itself in among the trees. But I wish it wouldn’t flap its wings so—it makes quite a hurricane in the wood—here’s somebody’s shawl being blown away!”

CHAPTER V.

## Wool and Water

Pov/s caught the shawl as pov/s spoke, and looked about for the owner: in another moment the White Queen came running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and pov/S very civilly went to meet her with the shawl.

“I’m very glad I happened to be in the way,” pov/S said, as pov/s helped her to put on her shawl again.

The White Queen only looked at pov/o in a helpless frightened sort of way, and kept repeating something in a whisper to herself that sounded like “bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter,” and pov/S felt that if there was to be any conversation at all, pov/s must manage it pov/t. So pov/s began rather timidly: “Am I addressing the White Queen?”

“Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing,” The Queen said. “It isn’t *my* notion of the thing, at all.”

Pov/S thought it would never do to have an argument at the very beginning of their conversation, so pov/s smiled and said, “If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I’ll do it as well as I can.”

“But I don’t want it done at all!” groaned the poor Queen. “I’ve been a-dressing myself for the last two hours.”

It would have been all the better, as it seemed to pov/O, if pov/s had got some one else to dress her, she was so dreadfully untidy. “Every single thing’s

crooked,” pov/S thought to pov/r, “and she’s all over pins!—may I put your shawl straight for you?” pov/s added aloud.

“I don’t know what’s the matter with it!” the Queen said, in a melancholy voice. “It’s out of temper, I think. I’ve pinned it here, and I’ve pinned it there, but there’s no pleasing it!”

“It *can’t* go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side,” pov/S said, as pov/s gently put it right for her; “and, dear me, what a state your hair is in!”

“The brush has got entangled in it!” the Queen said with a sigh. “And I lost the comb yesterday.”

Pov/S carefully released the brush, and did pov/p best to get the hair into order. “Come, you look rather better now!” pov/s said, after altering most of the pins. “But really you should have a lady’s maid!”

“I’m sure I’ll take you with pleasure!” the Queen said. “Twopence a week, and jam every other day.”

Pov/S couldn’t help laughing, as pov/s said, “I don’t want you to hire *me*—and I don’t care for jam.”

“It’s very good jam,” said the Queen.

“Well, I don’t want any *to-day*, at any rate.”

“You couldn’t have it if you *did* want it,” the Queen said. “The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day.”

“It *must* come sometimes to ‘jam to-day,’” pov/S objected.

“No, it can’t,” said the Queen. “It’s jam every *other* day: to-day isn’t any *other* day, you know.”

“I don’t understand you,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “It’s dreadfully confusing!”

“That’s the effect of living backwards,” the Queen said kindly: “it always makes one a little giddy at first—”



“Living backwards!” pov/S repeated in great astonishment. “I never heard of such a thing!”

“—but there’s one great advantage in it, that one’s memory works both ways.”

“I’m sure *mine* only works one way,” pov/S remarked. “I can’t remember things before they happen.”

“It’s a poor sort of memory that only works backwards,” the Queen remarked.

“What sort of things do *you* remember best?” pov/S ventured to ask.

“Oh, things that happened the week after next,” the Queen replied in a careless tone. “For instance, now,” she went on, sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger as she spoke, “there’s the King’s Messenger. He’s in prison now, being punished: and the trial doesn’t even begin till next Wednesday: and of course the crime comes last of all.”

“Suppose he never commits the crime?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“That would be all the better, wouldn’t it?” the Queen said, as she bound the plaster round her finger with a bit of ribbon.

Pov/S felt there was no denying *that*. “Of course it would be all the better,” pov/s said: “but it wouldn’t be all the better his being punished.”

“You’re wrong *there*, at any rate,” said the Queen: “were *you* ever punished?”

“Only for faults,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“And you were all the better for it, I know!” the Queen said triumphantly.

“Yes, but then I *had* done the things I was punished for,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: “that makes all the difference.”

“But if you *hadn’t* done them,” the Queen said, “that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!” Her voice went higher with each “better,” till it got quite to a squeak at last.

Pov/S vrB/be/ just beginning to say “There’s a mistake somewhere—,” when the Queen began screaming so loud that pov/s had to leave the sentence unfinished. “Oh, oh, oh!” shouted the Queen, shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off. “My finger’s bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!”

Her screams were so exactly like the whistle of a steam-engine, that pov/S had to hold both pov/p hands over pov/p ears.

“What *is* the matter?” pov/s said, as soon as there was a chance of making pov/r heard. “Have you pricked your finger?”

“I haven’t pricked it *yet*,” the Queen said, “but I soon shall—oh, oh, oh!”

“When do you expect to do it?” pov/S asked, feeling very much inclined to laugh.

“When I fasten my shawl again,” the poor Queen groaned out: “the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!” As she said the words the brooch flew open, and the Queen clutched wildly at it, and tried to clasp it again.

“Take care!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S cried/cried pov/S/. “You’re holding it all crooked!” And pov/s caught at the brooch; but it was too late: the pin had slipped, and the Queen had pricked her finger.

“That accounts for the bleeding, you see,” she said to pov/O with a smile. “Now you understand the way things happen here.”

“But why don’t you scream now?” pov/S asked, holding pov/p hands ready to put over pov/p ears again.

“Why, I’ve done all the screaming already,” said the Queen. “What would be the good of having it all over again?”

By this time it was getting light. “The crow must have flown away, I think,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: “I’m so glad it’s gone. I thought it was the night coming on.”

“I wish *I* could manage to be glad!” the Queen said. “Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!”

“Only it is so *very* lonely here!” pov/S said in a melancholy voice; and at the thought of pov/p loneliness two large tears came rolling down pov/p cheeks.

“Oh, don’t go on like that!” cried the poor Queen, wringing her hands in despair. “Consider what a great prn/n you are. Consider what a long way you’ve come to-day. Consider what o’clock it is. Consider anything, only don’t cry!”

Pov/S could not help laughing at this, even in the midst of pov/p tears. “Can *you* keep from crying by considering things?” pov/s asked.

“That’s the way it’s done,” the Queen said with great decision: “nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let’s consider your age to begin with—how old are you?”

“I’m seven and a half exactly.”

“You needn’t say ‘exactly,’” the Queen remarked: “I can believe it without that. Now I’ll give *you* something to believe. I’m just one hundred and one, five months and a day.”

“I can’t believe *that!*” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“Can’t you?” the Queen said in a pitying tone. “Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes.”

Pov/S laughed. “There’s no use trying,” pov/s said: “one *can’t* believe impossible things.”

“I daresay you haven’t had much practice,” said the Queen. “When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes the shawl again!”

The brooch had come undone as she spoke, and a sudden gust of wind blew the Queen’s shawl across a little brook. The Queen spread out her arms again, and went flying after it, and this time she succeeded in catching it for herself. “I’ve got it!” she cried in a triumphant tone. “Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!”

“Then I hope your finger is better now?” pov/S said very politely, as pov/s crossed the little brook after the Queen.

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“Oh, much better!” cried the Queen, her voice rising to a squeak as she went on. “Much be-etter! Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh!” The last word ended in a long bleat, so like a sheep that pov/S quite started.

Pov/s looked at the Queen, who seemed to have suddenly wrapped herself up in wool. Pov/S rubbed pov/p eyes, and looked again. Pov/s couldn’t make out what had happened at all. Was pov/s in a shop? And was that really—was it really a *sheep* that was sitting on the other side of the counter? Rub as pov/s could, pov/s could make nothing more of it: pov/s was in a little dark shop, leaning with pov/p elbows on the counter, and opposite to pov/o was an old Sheep, sitting in an arm-chair knitting, and every now and then leaving off to look at pov/o through a great pair of spectacles.

“What is it you want to buy?” the Sheep said at last, looking up for a moment from her knitting.

“I don’t *quite* know yet,” pov/S said, very gently. “I should like to look all round me first, if I might.”

“You may look in front of you, and on both sides, if you like,” said the Sheep: “but you can’t look *all* round you—unless you’ve got eyes at the back of your head.”

But these, as it happened, pov/S had *not* got: so pov/s contented pov/r with turning round, looking at the shelves as pov/s came to them.

The shop seemed to be full of all manner of curious things—but the oddest part of it all was, that whenever pov/s looked hard at any shelf, to make out exactly what it had on it, that particular shelf was always quite empty: though the others round it were crowded as full as they could hold.

“Things flow about so here!” pov/s said at last in a plaintive tone, after pov/s had spent a minute or so in vainly pursuing a large bright thing, that looked sometimes like a doll and sometimes like a work-box, and was always in the shelf next above the one pov/s vrb/be/ looking at. “And this one is the

most provoking of all—but I’ll tell you what—” pov/s added, as a sudden thought struck pov/o, “I’ll follow it up to the very top shelf of all. It’ll puzzle it to go through the ceiling, I expect!”

But even this plan failed: the “thing” went through the ceiling as quietly as possible, as if it were quite used to it.

“Are you a child or a teetotum?” the Sheep said, as she took up another pair of needles. “You’ll make me giddy soon, if you go on turning round like that.” She was now working with fourteen pairs at once, and pov/S couldn’t help looking at her in great astonishment.

“How *can* she knit with so many?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought to pov/r, puzzled/the puzzled child thought to pov/r/. “She gets more and more like a porcupine every minute!”

“Can you row?” the Sheep asked, handing pov/o a pair of knitting-needles as she spoke.

“Yes, a little—but not on land—and not with needles—” pov/S vrB/be/ beginning to say, when suddenly the needles turned into oars in pov/p hands, and pov/s found they were in a little boat, gliding along between banks: so there was nothing for it but to do pov/p best.

“Feather!” cried the Sheep, as she took up another pair of needles.

This didn’t sound like a remark that needed any answer, so pov/S said nothing, but pulled away. There was something very queer about the water, pov/s thought, as every now and then the oars got fast in it, and would hardly come out again.

“Feather! Feather!” the Sheep cried again, taking more needles. “You’ll be catching a crab directly.”

“A dear little crab!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/. “I should like that.”

“Didn’t you hear me say ‘Feather?’” the Sheep cried angrily, taking up quite a bunch of needles.

“Indeed I did,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: “you’ve said it very often—and very loud. Please, where *are* the crabs?”

“In the water, of course!” said the Sheep, sticking some of the needles into her hair, as her hands were full. “Feather, I say!”

“*Why* do you say ‘feather’ so often?” pov/S asked at last, rather vexed. “I’m not a bird!”

“You are,” said the Sheep: “you’re a little goose.”

This offended pov/S a little, so there was no more conversation for a minute or two, while the boat glided gently on, sometimes among beds of weeds (which made the oars stick fast in the water, worse then ever), and sometimes under trees, but always with the same tall river-banks frowning over their heads.

“Oh, please! There are some scented rushes!” pov/S cried in a sudden transport of delight. “There really are—and *such* beauties!”

“You needn’t say ‘please’ to *me* about ‘em,” the Sheep said, without looking up from her knitting: “I didn’t put ‘em there, and I’m not going to take ‘em away.”

“No, but I meant—please, may we wait and pick some?” pov/S pleaded. “If you don’t mind stopping the boat for a minute.”

“How am *I* to stop it?” said the Sheep. “If you leave off rowing, it’ll stop of itself.”

So the boat was left to drift down the stream as it would, till it glided gently in among the waving rushes. And then the little sleeves were carefully rolled up, and the little arms were plunged in elbow-deep to get the rushes a good long way down before breaking them off—and for a while pov/S forgot all about the Sheep and the knitting, as pov/s bent over the side of the boat, with just the ends of pov/p tangled hair dipping into the water—while with bright eager eyes pov/s caught at one bunch after another of the darling scented rushes.

“I only hope the boat won’t tipple over!” pov/s said to pov/r. “Oh, *what* a lovely one! Only I couldn’t quite reach it.” And it certainly *did* seem a little provoking (“almost as if it happened on purpose,” pov/s thought) that, though pov/s managed to pick plenty of beautiful rushes as the boat glided by, there was always a more lovely one that pov/s couldn’t reach.

“The prettiest are always further!” pov/s said at last, with a sigh at the obstinacy of the rushes in growing so far off, as, with flushed cheeks and dripping hair and hands, pov/s scrambled back into pov/p place, and began to arrange pov/p new-found treasures.

What mattered it to pov/o just then that the rushes had begun to fade, and to lose all their scent and beauty, from the very moment that pov/s picked them? Even real scented rushes, you know, last only a very little while—and these, being dream-rushes, melted away almost like snow, as they lay in heaps at her feet—but pov/S hardly noticed this, there were so many other curious things to think about.

They hadn’t gone much farther before the blade of one of the oars got fast in the water and *wouldn’t* come out again (so pov/S explained it afterwards), and the consequence was that the handle of it caught pov/o under the chin, and, in spite of a series of little shrieks of “Oh, oh, oh!” from alt/first and second or third/pov/S/poor pov/S/, it swept pov/o straight off the seat, and down among the heap of rushes.

However, pov/s vrb/be/n’t hurt, and was soon up again: the Sheep went on with her knitting all the while, just as if nothing had happened. “That was a nice crab you caught!” she remarked, as pov/S got back into pov/p place, very much relieved to find pov/r still in the boat.

“Was it? I didn’t see it,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, peeping cautiously over the side of the boat into the dark water. “I wish it hadn’t let go—I should so like to see a little crab to take home with me!” But the Sheep only laughed scornfully, and went on with her knitting.

“Are there many crabs here?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“Crabs, and all sorts of things,” said the Sheep: “plenty of choice, only make up your mind. Now, what *do* you want to buy?”

“To buy!” pov/S echoed in a tone that was half astonished and half frightened—for the oars, and the boat, and the river, had vanished all in a moment, and pov/s vrb/be/ back again in the little dark shop.

“I should like to buy an egg, please,” pov/s said timidly. “How do you sell them?”

“Fivepence farthing for one—Twopence for two,” the Sheep replied.

“Then two are cheaper than one?” pov/S said in a surprised tone, taking out pov/p purse.

“Only you *must* eat them both, if you buy two,” said the Sheep.

“Then I’ll have *one*, please,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, as pov/s put the money down on the counter. For pov/s thought to pov/r, “They mightn’t be at all nice, you know.”

The Sheep took the money, and put it away in a box: then she said “I never put things into people’s hands—that would never do—you must get it for yourself.” And so saying, she went off to the other end of the shop, and set the egg upright on a shelf.

“I wonder *why* it wouldn’t do?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/, as pov/s groped pov/p way among the tables and chairs, for the shop was very dark towards the end. “The egg seems to get further away the more I walk towards it. Let me see, is this a chair? Why, it’s got branches, I declare! How very odd to find trees growing here! And actually here’s a little brook! Well, this is the very queerest shop I ever saw!”

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So pov/s went on, wondering more and more at every step, as everything turned into a tree the moment pov/s came up to it, and pov/s quite expected the egg to do the same.



## CHAPTER VI.

# Humpty Dumpty

However, the egg only got larger and larger, and more and more human: when pov/s had come within a few yards of it, pov/s saw that it had eyes and a nose and mouth; and when pov/s had come close to it, pov/s saw clearly that it was HUMPTY DUMPTY himself. “It can’t be anybody else!” pov/s said to pov/r. “I’m as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his face.”

It might have been written a hundred times, easily, on that enormous face. Humpty Dumpty was sitting with his legs crossed, like a Turk, on the top of a high wall—such a narrow one that pov/S quite wondered how he could keep his balance—and, as his eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he didn’t take the least notice of pov/o, pov/s thought he must be a stuffed figure after all.

“And how exactly like an egg he is!” pov/s said aloud, standing with pov/p hands ready to catch him, for pov/s vrb/be/ every moment expecting him to fall.

“It’s *very* provoking,” Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from pov/O as he spoke, “to be called an egg—*Very!*”

“I said you *looked* like an egg, Sir,” pov/S gently explained. “And some eggs are very pretty, you know” pov/s added, hoping to turn her remark into a sort of a compliment.

“Some people,” said Humpty Dumpty, looking away from pov/o as usual, “have no more sense than a baby!”

Pov/S didn’t know what to say to this: it wasn’t at all like conversation, pov/s thought, as he never said anything to *pov/o*; in fact, his last remark was evidently addressed to a tree—so pov/s stood and softly repeated to pov/r:—

“Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
All the King’s horses and all the King’s men  
Couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty in his place again.”

“That last line is much too long for the poetry,” pov/s added, almost out loud, forgetting that Humpty Dumpty would hear pov/o.

“Don’t stand there chattering to yourself like that,” Humpty Dumpty said, looking at pov/o for the first time, “but tell me your name and your business.”

“My *name* is Y/n, but—”

“It’s a stupid enough name!” Humpty Dumpty interrupted impatiently. “What does it mean?”

“*Must* a name mean something?” pov/S asked doubtfully.

“Of course it must,” Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh: “*my* name means the shape I am—and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost.”

“Why do you sit out here all alone?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, not wishing to begin an argument.

“Why, because there’s nobody with me!” cried Humpty Dumpty. “Did you think I didn’t know the answer to *that*? Ask another.”

“Don’t you think you’d be safer down on the ground?” pov/S went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in pov/p good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. “That wall is so *very* narrow!”

“What tremendously easy riddles you ask!” Humpty Dumpty growled out. “Of course I don’t think so! Why, if ever I *did* fall off—which there’s no chance of—but *if* I did—” Here he pursed his lips and looked so solemn and grand that pov/S could hardly help laughing. “*If* I did fall,” he went on, “*The King has promised me—with his very own mouth—to—to—to*”

“To send all his horses and all his men,” pov/S interrupted, rather unwisely.

“Now I declare that’s too bad!” Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. “You’ve been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn’t have known it!”

“I haven’t, indeed!” pov/S said very gently. “It’s in a book.”

“Ah, well! They may write such things in a *book*,” Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone. “That’s what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I’m one that has spoken to a King, *I* am: mayhap you’ll never see such another: and to show you I’m not proud, you may shake hands with me!” And he grinned almost from ear to ear, as he leant forwards (and as nearly as possible fell off the wall in doing so) and offered pov/O his hand. Pov/s watched him a little anxiously as pov/s took it. “If he smiled much more, the ends of his mouth might meet behind,” pov/s thought: “and then I don’t know what would happen to his head! I’m afraid it would come off!”

“Yes, all his horses and all his men,” Humpty Dumpty went on. “They’d pick me up again in a minute, *they* would! However, this conversation is going on a little too fast: let’s go back to the last remark but one.”

“I’m afraid I can’t quite remember it,” pov/S said very politely.

“In that case we start fresh,” said Humpty Dumpty, “and it’s my turn to choose a subject—” (“He talks about it just as if it was a game!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/.) “So here’s a question for you. How old did you say you were?”

Pov/S made a short calculation, and said “Seven years and six months.”

“Wrong!” Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. “You never said a word like it!”

“I though you meant ‘How old *are* you?’” pov/S explained.

“If I’d meant that, I’d have said it,” said Humpty Dumpty.

Pov/S didn’t want to begin another argument, so pov/s said nothing.

“Seven years and six months!” Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully. “An uncomfortable sort of age. Now if you’d asked *my* advice, I’d have said ‘Leave off at seven’—but it’s too late now.”

“I never ask advice about growing,” pov/S said indignantly.

“Too proud?” the other inquired.

Pov/S felt even more indignant at this suggestion. “I mean,” pov/s said, “that one can’t help growing older.”

“*One* can’t, perhaps,” said Humpty Dumpty, “but *two* can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at seven.”

“What a beautiful belt you’ve got on!” pov/S suddenly remarked.

(They had had quite enough of the subject of age, pov/s thought: and if they really were to take turns in choosing subjects, it was pov/p turn now.) “At least,” she corrected pov/r on second thoughts, “a beautiful cravat, I should have said—no, a belt, I mean—I beg your pardon!” pov/s added in dismay, for Humpty Dumpty looked thoroughly offended, and pov/s began to wish pov/s hadn’t chosen that subject. “If I only knew,” pov/s thought to pov/r, “which was neck and which was waist!”

Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry, though he said nothing for a minute or two. When he *did* speak again, it was in a deep growl.

“It is a—*most—provoking*—thing,” he said at last, “when a person doesn’t know a cravat from a belt!”

“I know it’s very ignorant of me,” pov/S said, in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relented.

“It’s a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It’s a present from the White King and Queen. There now!”

“Is it really?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, quite pleased to find that pov/s *had* chosen a good subject, after all.

“They gave it me,” Humpty Dumpty continued thoughtfully, as he crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands round it, “they gave it me—for an un-birthday present.”

“I beg your pardon?” pov/S said with a puzzled air.

“I’m not offended,” said Humpty Dumpty.

“I mean, what *is* an un-birthday present?”

“A present given when it isn’t your birthday, of course.”

Pov/S considered a little. “I like birthday presents best,” pov/s said at last.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about!” cried Humpty Dumpty. “How many days are there in a year?”

“Three hundred and sixty-five,” said pov/S.

“And how many birthdays have you?”

“One.”

“And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?”

“Three hundred and sixty-four, of course.”

Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful. “I’d rather see that done on paper,” he said.

Pov/S couldn’t help smiling as pov/s took out pov/p memorandum-book, and worked the sum for him:

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \\ - 1 \\ \hline 364 \end{array}$$

Humpty Dumpty took the book, and looked at it carefully. “That seems to be done right—” he began.

“You’re holding it upside down!” pov/S interrupted.

“To be sure I was!” Humpty Dumpty said gaily, as pov/s turned it round for him. “I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that *seems* to be done right—though I haven’t time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get un-birthday presents—”

“Certainly,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“And only *one* for birthday presents, you know. There’s glory for you!”

“I don’t know what you mean by ‘glory,’” pov/S said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. “Of course you don’t—till I tell you. I meant ‘there’s a nice knock-down argument for you!’”

“But ‘glory’ doesn’t mean ‘a nice knock-down argument,’” pov/S objected.

“When *I* use a word,” Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, “it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.”

“The question is,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, “whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.”

“The question is,” said Humpty Dumpty, “which is to be master—that’s all.”

Pov/S was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. “They’ve a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they’re the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, *I* can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That’s what *I* say!”

“Would you tell me, please,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/ “what that means?”

“Now you talk like a reasonable child,” said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. “I meant by ‘impenetrability’ that we’ve had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you’d mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don’t mean to stop here all the rest of your life.”

“That’s a great deal to make one word mean,” pov/S said in a thoughtful tone.

“When I make a word do a lot of work like that,” said Humpty Dumpty, “I always pay it extra.”

“Oh!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. Pov/s vrb/be/ too much puzzled to make any other remark.

“Ah, you should see ‘em come round me of a Saturday night,” Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head gravely from side to side: “for to get their wages, you know.”

(Pov/S didn’t venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I can’t tell *you*.)

“You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called ‘Jabberwocky’?”

“Let’s hear it,” said Humpty Dumpty. “I can explain all the poems that were ever invented—and a good many that haven’t been invented just yet.”

This sounded very hopeful, so pov/S repeated the first verse:

*‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

“That’s enough to begin with,” Humpty Dumpty interrupted: “there are plenty of hard words there. ‘*Brillig*’ means four o’clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin *broiling* things for dinner.”

“That’ll do very well,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: “and ‘*slithy*’?”

“Well, ‘*slithy*’ means ‘lithe and slimy.’ ‘Lithe’ is the same as ‘active.’ You see it’s like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word.”

“I see it now,” pov/S remarked thoughtfully: “and what are ‘*toves*’?”

“Well, ‘*toves*’ are something like badgers—they’re something like lizards—and they’re something like corkscrews.”

“They must be very curious looking creatures.”

“They are that,” said Humpty Dumpty: “also they make their nests under sun-dials—also they live on cheese.”

“And what’s the ‘*gyre*’ and to ‘*gimble*’?”

“To ‘*gyre*’ is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To ‘*gimble*’ is to make holes like a gimlet.”

“And ‘*the wabe*’ is the grass-plot round a sun-dial, I suppose?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, surprised at pov/p own ingenuity.

“Of course it is. It’s called ‘*wabe*,’ you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it—”

“And a long way beyond it on each side,” pov/S added.

“Exactly so. Well, then, ‘*mimsy*’ is ‘flimsy and miserable’ (there’s another portmanteau for you). And a ‘*borogove*’ is a thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop.”

“And then ‘*mome raths*’?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “I’m afraid I’m giving you a great deal of trouble.”

“Well, a ‘*rath*’ is a sort of green pig; but ‘*mome*’ I’m not certain about. I think it’s short for ‘from home’—meaning that they’d lost their way, you know.”

“And what does ‘*outgrabe*’ mean?”



“Well, ‘*outgrabing*’ is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you’ll hear it done, maybe—down in the wood yonder—and when you’ve once heard it you’ll be *quite* content. Who’s been repeating all that hard stuff to you?”

“I read it in a book,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “But I had some poetry repeated to me, much easier than that, by—Tweedledee, I think it was.”

“As to poetry, you know,” said Humpty Dumpty, stretching out one of his great hands, “I can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that—”

“Oh, it needn’t come to that!” pov/S hastily said, hoping to keep him from beginning.

“The piece I’m going to repeat,” he went on without noticing her remark, “was written entirely for your amusement.”

Pov/S felt that in that case pov/s really *ought* to listen to it, so pov/s sat down, and said “Thank you” rather sadly.

“In winter, when the fields are white,  
I sing this song for your delight—

only I don’t sing it,” he added, as an explanation.

“I see you don’t,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“If you can *see* whether I’m singing or not, you’ve sharper eyes than most.” Humpty Dumpty remarked severely. pov/S vrB/be/ silent.

“In spring, when woods are getting green,  
I’ll try and tell you what I mean.”

“Thank you very much,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“In summer, when the days are long,  
Perhaps you’ll understand the song:

In autumn, when the leaves are brown,  
Take pen and ink, and write it down.”

“I will, if I can remember it so long,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/  
said pov/S/.

“You needn’t go on making remarks like that,” Humpty Dumpty said:  
“they’re not sensible, and they put me out.”

“I sent a message to the fish:  
I told them ‘This is what I wish.’

The little fishes of the sea,  
They sent an answer back to me.

The little fishes’ answer was  
‘We cannot do it, Sir, because—’”

“I’m afraid I don’t quite understand,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S  
said/said pov/S/.

“It gets easier further on,” Humpty Dumpty replied.

“I sent to them again to say  
‘It will be better to obey.’

The fishes answered with a grin,  
‘Why, what a temper you are in!’

I told them once, I told them twice:  
They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new,  
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump;  
I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then some one came to me and said,  
‘The little fishes are in bed.’

I said to him, I said it plain,  
‘Then you must wake them up again.’

I said it very loud and clear;  
I went and shouted in his ear.”

Humpty Dumpty raised his voice almost to a scream as he repeated this verse, and pov/S thought with a shudder, “I wouldn’t have been the messenger for *anything!*”

“But he was very stiff and proud;  
He said ‘You needn’t shout so loud!’

And he was very proud and stiff;  
He said ‘I’d go and wake them, if—’

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:  
I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked,  
I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut,  
I tried to turn the handle, but—”

There was a long pause.

“Is that all?” pov/S timidly asked.

“That’s all,” said Humpty Dumpty. “Good-bye.”

This was rather sudden, pov/S thought: but, after such a *very* strong hint that pov/s ought to be going, pov/s felt that it would hardly be civil to stay. So pov/s got up, and held out pov/p hand. “Good-bye, till we meet again!” pov/s said as cheerfully as pov/s could.

“I shouldn’t know you again if we *did* meet,” Humpty Dumpty replied in a discontented tone, giving pov/o one of his fingers to shake; “you’re so exactly like other people.”

“The face is what one goes by, generally,” pov/S remarked in a thoughtful tone.

“That’s just what I complain of,” said Humpty Dumpty. “Your face is the same as everybody has—the two eyes, so—” (marking their places in the air

with this thumb) “nose in the middle, mouth under. It’s always the same. Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance—or the mouth at the top—that would be *some* help.”

“It wouldn’t look nice,” pov/S objected. But Humpty Dumpty only shut his eyes and said “Wait till you’ve tried.”

Pov/S waited a minute to see if he would speak again, but as he never opened his eyes or took any further notice of pov/o, pov/s said “Good-bye!” once more, and, getting no answer to this, pov/s quietly walked away: but pov/s couldn’t help saying to pov/r as pov/s went, “Of all the unsatisfactory —” (pov/s repeated this aloud, as it was a great comfort to have such a long word to say) “of all the unsatisfactory people I *ever* met—” Pov/s never finished the sentence, for at this moment a heavy crash shook the forest from end to end.

## CHAPTER VII.

# The Lion and the Unicorn

The next moment soldiers came running through the wood, at first in twos and threes, then ten or twenty together, and at last in such crowds that they seemed to fill the whole forest. Pov/S got behind a tree, for fear of being run over, and watched them go by.

Pov/s thought that in all pov/p life pov/s had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet: they were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down, several more always fell over him, so that the ground was soon covered with little heaps of men.

Then came the horses. Having four feet, these managed rather better than the foot-soldiers: but even *they* stumbled now and then; and it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled the rider fell off instantly. The confusion got worse every moment, and pov/S vrB/be/ very glad to get out of the wood into an open place, where pov/s found the White King seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum-book.

“I’ve sent them all!” the King cried in a tone of delight, on seeing pov/O. “Did you happen to meet any soldiers, my dear, as you came through the wood?”

“Yes, I did,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: “several thousand, I should think.”

“Four thousand two hundred and seven, that’s the exact number,” the King said, referring to his book. “I couldn’t send all the horses, you know, because two of them are wanted in the game. And I haven’t sent the two Messengers, either. They’re both gone to the town. Just look along the road, and tell me if you can see either of them.”

“I see nobody on the road,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“I only wish *I* had such eyes,” the King remarked in a fretful tone. “To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance, too! Why, it’s as much as *I* can do to see real people, by this light!”

All this was lost on pov/O, who was still looking intently along the road, shading pov/p eyes with one hand. “I see somebody now!” pov/s exclaimed at last. “But he’s coming very slowly—and what curious attitudes he goes into!” (For the messenger kept skipping up and down, and wriggling like an eel, as he came along, with his great hands spread out like fans on each side.)

“Not at all,” said the King. “He’s an Anglo-Saxon Messenger—and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He only does them when he’s happy. His name is Haigha.” (He pronounced it so as to rhyme with “mayor.”)

“I love my love with an H,” pov/S couldn’t help beginning, “because he is Happy. I hate him with an H, because he is Hideous. I fed him with—with Ham-sandwiches and Hay. His name is Haigha, and he lives—”

“He lives on the Hill,” the King remarked simply, without the least idea that he was joining in the game, while pov/S vrB/be/ still hesitating for the name of a town beginning with H. “The other Messenger’s called Hatta. I must have *two*, you know—to come and go. One to come, and one to go.”

“I beg your pardon?” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“It isn’t respectable to beg,” said the King.

“I only meant that I didn’t understand,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “Why one to come and one to go?”

“Didn’t I tell you?” the King repeated impatiently. “I must have *two*—to fetch and carry. One to fetch, and one to carry.”

At this moment the Messenger arrived: he was far too much out of breath to say a word, and could only wave his hands about, and make the most fearful faces at the poor King.

“This young also/lady loves you with an H,” the King said, introducing pov/O in the hope of turning off the Messenger’s attention from himself—but it was no use—the Anglo-Saxon attitudes only got more extraordinary every moment, while the great eyes rolled wildly from side to side.

“You alarm me!” said the King. “I feel faint—Give me a ham sandwich!”

On which the Messenger, to pov/P great amusement, opened a bag that hung round his neck, and handed a sandwich to the King, who devoured it greedily.

“Another sandwich!” said the King.

“There’s nothing but hay left now,” the Messenger said, peeping into the bag.

“Hay, then,” the King murmured in a faint whisper.

Pov/S vrB/be/ glad to see that it revived him a good deal. “There’s nothing like eating hay when you’re faint,” he remarked to pov/o, as he munched away.

“I should think throwing cold water over you would be better,” pov/S suggested: “or some sal-volatile.”

“I didn’t say there was nothing *better*,” the King replied. “I said there was nothing *like* it.” Which pov/S did not venture to deny.

“Who did you pass on the road?” the King went on, holding out his hand to the Messenger for some more hay.

“Nobody,” said the Messenger.

“Quite right,” said the King: “this young also/lady saw him too. So of course Nobody walks slower than you.”

"I do my best," the Messenger said in a sulky tone. "I'm sure nobody walks much faster than I do!"

"He can't do that," said the King, "or else he'd have been here first. However, now you've got your breath, you may tell us what's happened in the town."

"I'll whisper it," said the Messenger, putting his hands to his mouth in the shape of a trumpet, and stooping so as to get close to the King's ear. Pov/S vrB/be/ sorry for this, as pov/s wanted to hear the news too. However, instead of whispering, he simply shouted at the top of his voice "They're at it again!"

"Do you call *that* a whisper?" cried the poor King, jumping up and shaking himself. "If you do such a thing again, I'll have you buttered! It went through and through my head like an earthquake!"

"It would have to be a very tiny earthquake!" alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/. "Who are at it again?" pov/s ventured to ask.

"Why the Lion and the Unicorn, of course," said the King.

"Fighting for the crown?"

"Yes, to be sure," said the King: "and the best of the joke is, that it's *my* crown all the while! Let's run and see them." And they trotted off, pov/O repeating to pov/r, as pov/s ran, the words of the old song:—

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown:  
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.  
Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown;  
Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town."

"Does—the one—that wins—get the crown?" pov/s asked, as well as pov/s could, for the run was putting pov/o quite out of breath.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "What an idea!"

"Would you—be good enough," pov/S panted out, after running a little further, "to stop a minute—just to get—one's breath again?"



"I'm *good* enough," the King said, "only I'm not strong enough. You see, a minute goes by so fearfully quick. You might as well try to stop a Bander-snatch!"

Pov/S had no more breath for talking, so they trotted on in silence, till they came in sight of a great crowd, in the middle of which the Lion and Unicorn were fighting. They were in such a cloud of dust, that at first pov/S could not make out which was which: but pov/s soon managed to distinguish the Unicorn by his horn.

They placed themselves close to where Hatta, the other messenger, was standing watching the fight, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other.

"He's only just out of prison, and he hadn't finished his tea when he was sent in," Haigha whispered to pov/O: "and they only give them oyster-shells in there—so you see he's very hungry and thirsty. How are you, dear child?" he went on, putting his arm affectionately round Hatta's neck.

Hatta looked round and nodded, and went on with his bread and butter.

"Were you happy in prison, dear child?" said Haigha.

Hatta looked round once more, and this time a tear or two trickled down his cheek: but not a word would he say.

"Speak, can't you!" Haigha cried impatiently. But Hatta only munched away, and drank some more tea.

"Speak, won't you!" cried the King. "How are they getting on with the fight?"

Hatta made a desperate effort, and swallowed a large piece of bread-and-butter. "They're getting on very well," he said in a choking voice: "each of them has been down about eighty-seven times."

"Then I suppose they'll soon bring the white bread and the brown?" pov/S ventured to remark.

"It's waiting for 'em now," said Hatta: "this is a bit of it as I'm eating."

There was a pause in the fight just then, and the Lion and the Unicorn sat down, panting, while the King called out “Ten minutes allowed for refreshments!” Haigha and Hatta set to work at once, carrying rough trays of white and brown bread. Pov/S took a piece to taste, but it was *very* dry.

“I don’t think they’ll fight any more to-day,” the King said to Hatta: “go and order the drums to begin.” And Hatta went bounding away like a grasshopper.

For a minute or two pov/S stood silent, watching him. Suddenly pov/s brightened up. “Look, look!” pov/s cried, pointing eagerly. “There’s the White Queen running across the country! She came flying out of the wood over yonder—How fast those Queens *can* run!”

“There’s some enemy after her, no doubt,” the King said, without even looking round. “That wood’s full of them.”

“But aren’t you going to run and help her?” pov/S asked, very much surprised at his taking it so quietly.

“No use, no use!” said the King. “She runs so fearfully quick. You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch! But I’ll make a memorandum about her, if you like—She’s a dear good creature,” he repeated softly to himself, as he opened his memorandum-book. “Do you spell ‘creature’ with a double ‘e’?”

At this moment the Unicorn sauntered by them, with his hands in his pockets. “I had the best of it this time?” he said to the King, just glancing at him as he passed.

“A little—a little,” the King replied, rather nervously. “You shouldn’t have run him through with your horn, you know.”

“It didn’t hurt him,” the Unicorn said carelessly, and he was going on, when his eye happened to fall upon pov/O: he turned round rather instantly, and stood for some time looking at pov/o with an air of the deepest disgust.

“What—is—this?” he said at last.

“This is a child!” Haigha replied eagerly, coming in front of pov/O to introduce pov/o, and spreading out both his hands towards pov/o in an

Anglo-Saxon attitude. "We only found it to-day. It's as large as life, and twice as natural!"

"I always thought they were fabulous monsters!" said the Unicorn. "Is it alive?"

"It can talk," said Haigha, solemnly.

The Unicorn looked dreamily at pov/O, and said "Talk, child."

Pov/S could not help pov/p lips curling up into a smile as pov/s began: "Do you know, I always thought Unicorns were fabulous monsters, too! I never saw one alive before!"

"Well, now that we *have* seen each other," said the Unicorn, "if you'll believe in me, I'll believe in you. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes, if you like," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

"Come, fetch out the plum-cake, old man!" the Unicorn went on, turning from pov/o to the King. "None of your brown bread for me!"

"Certainly—certainly!" the King muttered, and beckoned to Haigha. "Open the bag!" he whispered. "Quick! Not that one—that's full of hay!"

Haigha took a large cake out of the bag, and gave it to pov/O to hold, while he got out a dish and carving-knife. How they all came out of it pov/S couldn't guess. It was just like a conjuring-trick, she thought.

The Lion had joined them while this was going on: he looked very tired and sleepy, and his eyes were half shut. "What's this!" he said, blinking lazily at pov/O, and speaking in a deep hollow tone that sounded like the tolling of a great bell.

"Ah, what *is* it, now?" the Unicorn cried eagerly. "You'll never guess! I couldn't."

The Lion looked at pov/O wearily. "Are you animal—vegetable—or mineral?" he said, yawning at every other word.

"It's a fabulous monster!" the Unicorn cried out, before pov/S could reply.

“Then hand round the plum-cake, Monster,” the Lion said, lying down and putting his chin on his paws. “And sit down, both of you,” (to the King and the Unicorn): “fair play with the cake, you know!”

The King was evidently very uncomfortable at having to sit down between the two great creatures; but there was no other place for him.

“What a fight we might have for the crown, *now!*” the Unicorn said, looking slyly up at the crown, which the poor King was nearly shaking off his head, he trembled so much.

“I should win easy,” said the Lion.

“I’m not so sure of that,” said the Unicorn.

“Why, I beat you all round the town, you chicken!” the Lion replied angrily, half getting up as he spoke.

Here the King interrupted, to prevent the quarrel going on: he was very nervous, and his voice quite quivered. “All round the town?” he said. “That’s a good long way. Did you go by the old bridge, or the market-place? You get the best view by the old bridge.”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” the Lion growled out as he lay down again. “There was too much dust to see anything. What a time the Monster is, cutting up that cake!”

Pov/S had seated pov/r on the bank of a little brook, with the great dish on pov/p knees, and was sawing away diligently with the knife. “It’s very provoking!” pov/s said, in reply to the Lion (she was getting quite used to being called “the Monster”). “I’ve cut several slices already, but they always join on again!”

“You don’t know how to manage Looking-glass cakes,” the Unicorn remarked. “Hand it round first, and cut it afterwards.”

This sounded nonsense, but pov/S very obediently got up, and carried the dish round, and the cake divided itself into three pieces as pov/s did so. “*Now* cut it up,” said the Lion, as pov/s returned to pov/p place with the empty dish.

"I say, this isn't fair!" cried the Unicorn, as pov/S sat with the knife in pov/p hand, very much puzzled how to begin. "The Monster has given the Lion twice as much as me!"

"Prn/s'cut/off first 2/vrn/present/have// kept none for prn/r, anyhow," said the Lion. "Do you like plum-cake, Monster?"

But before pov/S could answer him, the drums began.

Where the noise came from, pov/s couldn't make out: the air seemed full of it, and it rang through and through pov/p head till pov/s felt quite deafened. Pov/s started to pov/p feet and sprang across the little brook in pov/p terror,

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and had just time to see the Lion and the Unicorn rise to their feet, with angry looks at being interrupted in their feast, before pov/s dropped to pov/p knees, and put pov/p hands over pov/p ears, vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar.

"If *that* doesn't 'drum them out of town,'" pov/s thought to pov/r, "nothing ever will!"



## CHAPTER VIII.

### “It’s my own Invention”

After a while the noise seemed gradually to die away, till all was dead silence, and pov/S lifted up pov/p head in some alarm. There was no one to be seen, and pov/p first thought was that pov/s must have been dreaming about the Lion and the Unicorn and those queer Anglo-Saxon Messengers. However, there was the great dish still lying at her feet, on which pov/s had tried to cut the plum-cake, “So I wasn’t dreaming, after all,” pov/s said to pov/r, “unless — unless we’re all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it’s *my* dream, and not the Red King’s! I don’t like belonging to another person’s dream,” pov/s went on in a rather complaining tone: “I’ve a great mind to go and wake him, and see what happens!”

At this moment pov/p thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of “Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!” and a Knight dressed in crimson armour came galloping down upon pov/o, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached pov/o, the horse stopped suddenly: “You’re my prisoner!” the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Startled as she was, pov/S vrb/be/ more frightened for him than for pov/r at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle, he began once more “You’re my —” but here another voice broke in “Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!” and pov/S looked round in some surprise for the new enemy.

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at pov/P side, and tumbled off his horse just as the Red Knight had done: then he got on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Pov/S looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

“Prn/s’cut/off first 1/vrn/present/be// *my* prisoner, you know!” the Red Knight said at last.

“Yes, but then *I* came and rescued prn/o!” the White Knight replied.

“Well, we must fight for prn/o, then,” said the Red Knight, as he took up his helmet (which hung from the saddle, and was something the shape of a horse’s head), and put it on.

“You will observe the Rules of Battle, of course?” the White Knight remarked, putting on his helmet too.

“I always do,” said the Red Knight, and they began banging away at each other with such fury that pov/S got behind a tree to be out of the way of the blows.

“I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are,” pov/s said to pov/r, as pov/s watched the fight, timidly peeping out from pov/p hiding-place: “one Rule seems to be, that if one Knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse, and if he misses, he tumbles off himself—and another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy—What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off them just as if they were tables!”

Another Rule of Battle, that pov/S had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads, and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side: when they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

“It was a glorious victory, wasn’t it?” said the White Knight, as he came up panting.



"I don't know," pov/S said doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a/an also/Queen."

"So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," said the White Knight. "I'll see you safe to the end of the wood—and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move."

"Thank you very much," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. "May I help you off with your helmet?" It was evidently more than he could manage by himself; however, pov/s managed to shake him out of it at last.

"Now one can breathe more easily," said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to pov/O. Pov/s thought pov/s had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all pov/p life.

He was dressed in tin armour, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulder, upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Pov/S looked at it with great curiosity.

"I see you're admiring my little box," the Knight said in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain can't get in."

"But the things can get *out*," pov/S gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?"

"I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. "Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them." He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. "Can you guess why I did that?" he said to pov/O.

Pov/S shook pov/p head.

"In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey."

"But you've got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“Yes, it’s a very good bee-hive,” the Knight said in a discontented tone, “one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don’t know which.”

“I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “It isn’t very likely there would be any mice on the horse’s back.”

“Not very likely, perhaps,” said the Knight: “but if they *do* come, I don’t choose to have them running all about.”

“You see,” he went on after a pause, “it’s as well to be provided for *everything*. That’s the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet.”

“But what are they for?” pov/S asked in a tone of great curiosity.

“To guard against the bites of sharks,” the Knight replied. “It’s an invention of my own. And now help me on. I’ll go with you to the end of the wood—What’s the dish for?”

“It’s meant for plum-cake,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“We’d better take it with us,” the Knight said. “It’ll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag.”

This took a very long time to manage, though pov/S held the bag open very carefully, because the Knight was so *very* awkward in putting in the dish: the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. “It’s rather a tight fit, you see,” he said, as they got it in at last; “There are so many candlesticks in the bag.” And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

“I hope you’ve got your hair well fastened on?” he continued, as they set off.

“Only in the usual way,” pov/S said, smiling.

"That's hardly enough," he said, anxiously. "You see the wind is so *very* strong here. It's as strong as soup."

"Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?" pov/S enquired.

"Not yet," said the Knight. "But I've got a plan for keeping it from *falling* off."

"I should like to hear it, very much."

"First you take an upright stick," said the Knight. "Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit-tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs *down*—things never fall *upwards*, you know. It's a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like."

It didn't sound a comfortable plan, pov/S thought, and for a few minutes pov/s walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was *not* a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and as he generally did this on the side on which pov/S vrB/be/ walking, pov/s soon found that it was the best plan not to walk *quite* close to the horse.

"I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding," pov/s ventured to say, as pov/s was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark. "What makes you say that?" he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of pov/P hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

"Because people don't fall off quite so often, when they've had much practice."

"I've had plenty of practice," the Knight said very gravely: "plenty of practice!"

Pov/S could think of nothing better to say than “Indeed?” but pov/s said it as heartily as pov/s could. They went on a little way in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and pov/S watching anxiously for the next tumble.

“The great art of riding,” the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, “is to keep—” Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where pov/S vrB/be/ walking. Pov/s vrb/be/ quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as pov/s picked him up, “I hope no bones are broken?”

“None to speak of,” the Knight said, as if he didn’t mind breaking two or three of them. “The great art of riding, as I was saying, is—to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know—”

He let go the bridle, and stretched out both his arms to show pov/O what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse’s feet.

“Plenty of practice!” he went on repeating, all the time that pov/S vrB/be/ getting him on his feet again. “Plenty of practice!”

“It’s too ridiculous!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S cried/cried pov/S/, losing all pov/p patience this time. “You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!”

“Does that kind go smoothly?” the Knight asked in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse’s neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

“Much more smoothly than a live horse,” pov/S said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all pov/s could do to prevent it.

“I’ll get one,” the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. “One or two—several.”

There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. “I’m a great hand at inventing things. Now, I daresay you noticed, that last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?”

"You *were* a little grave," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

"Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate—would you like to hear it?"

"Very much indeed," pov/S said politely.

"I'll tell you how I came to think of it," said the Knight. "You see, I said to myself, 'The only difficulty is with the feet: the *head* is high enough already.' Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate—then I stand on my head—then the feet are high enough, you see—then I'm over, you see."

"Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done," pov/S said thoughtfully: "but don't you think it would be rather hard?"

"I haven't tried it yet," the Knight said, gravely: "so I can't tell for certain—but I'm afraid it *would* be a little hard."

He looked so vexed at the idea, that pov/S changed the subject hastily. "What a curious helmet you've got!" pov/s said cheerfully. "Is that your invention too?"

The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. "Yes," he said, "but I've invented a better one than that—like a sugar loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a *very* little way to fall, you see—But there *was* the danger of falling *into* it, to be sure. That happened to me once—and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet."

The knight looked so solemn about it that pov/S did not dare to laugh. "I'm afraid you must have hurt him," pov/s said in a trembling voice, "being on the top of his head."

"I had to kick him, of course," the Knight said, very seriously. "And then he took the helmet off again—but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as—as lightning, you know."

"But that's a different kind of fastness," pov/S objected.

The Knight shook his head. "It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!" he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle, and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

Pov/S ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. Pov/s vrb/be/ rather startled by the fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and pov/s vrb/be/ afraid that he really *was* hurt this time. However, though pov/s could see nothing but the soles of his feet, pov/s vrb/be/ much relieved to hear that he was talking on in his usual tone. "All kinds of fastness," he repeated: "but it was careless of him to put another man's helmet on—with the man in it, too."

"How *can* you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?" pov/S asked, as pov/s dragged him out by the feet, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. "What does it matter where my body happens to be?" he said. "My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things."

"Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did," he went on after a pause, "was inventing a new pudding during the meat-course."

"In time to have it cooked for the next course?" said pov/S. "Well, not the *next* course," the Knight said in a slow thoughtful tone: "no, certainly not the next *course*."

"Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding-courses in one dinner?"

"Well, not the *next* day," the Knight repeated as before: "not the next *day*. In fact," he went on, holding his head down, and his voice getting lower and lower, "I don't believe that pudding ever *was* cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever *will* be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent."

"What did you mean it to be made of?" pov/S asked, hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seemed quite low-spirited about it.

"It began with blotting paper," the Knight answered with a groan.

"That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid—"

"Not very nice *alone*," he interrupted, quite eagerly: "but you've no idea what a difference it makes mixing it with other things—such as gunpowder and sealing-wax. And here I must leave you." They had just come to the end of the wood.

Pov/S could only look puzzled: pov/s vrb/be/ thinking of the pudding.

"You are sad," the Knight said in an anxious tone: "let me sing you a song to comfort you."

"Is it very long?" pov/S asked, for pov/s had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

"It's long," said the Knight, "but very, *very* beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it—either it brings the *tears* into their eyes, or else—"

"Or else what?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

"Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called '*Haddocks' Eyes*.'"

"Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?" pov/S said, trying to feel interested.

"No, you don't understand," the Knight said, looking a little vexed. "That's what the name is *called*. The name really *is* '*The Aged Aged Man*.'"

"Then I ought to have said 'That's what the *song* is called?'" pov/S corrected pov/r.

"No, you oughtn't: that's quite another thing! The *song* is called '*Ways and Means*': but that's only what it's *called*, you know!"

"Well, what *is* the song, then?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S said, being/said pov/S, who was/ by this time completely bewildered.

"I was coming to that," the Knight said. "The song really *is* '*A-sitting On A Gate*': and the tune's my own invention."

So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck: then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle foolish face, as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Of all the strange things that pov/S saw in pov/p journey Through The Looking-Glass, this was the one that pov/s always remembered most clearly. Years afterwards pov/s could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday—the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight—the setting sun gleaming through his hair, and shining on his armour in a blaze of light that quite dazzled pov/o—the horse quietly moving about, with the reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass at pov/p feet—and the black shadows of the forest behind—all this pov/s took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading pov/p eyes, pov/s leant against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

“But the tune *isn't* his own invention,” pov/s said to pov/r: “it’s ‘*I give thee all, I can no more.*’” Pov/s stood and listened very attentively, but no tears came into pov/p eyes.

*“I’ll tell thee everything I can;  
 There’s little to relate.  
 I saw an aged aged man,  
 A-sitting on a gate.  
 ‘Who are you, aged man?’ I said,  
 ‘and how is it you live?’  
 And his answer trickled through my head  
 Like water through a sieve.*



*He said 'I look for butterflies  
That sleep among the wheat:  
I make them into mutton-pies,  
And sell them in the street.  
I sell them unto men,' he said,  
'Who sail on stormy seas;  
And that's the way I get my bread—  
A trifle, if you please.'*

*But I was thinking of a plan  
To dye one's whiskers green,  
And always use so large a fan  
That they could not be seen.  
So, having no reply to give  
To what the old man said,  
I cried, 'Come, tell me how you live!'  
And thumped him on the head.*

*His accents mild took up the tale:  
He said 'I go my ways,  
And when I find a mountain-rill,  
I set it in a blaze;  
And thence they make a stuff they call  
Rolands' Macassar Oil—  
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all  
They give me for my toil.'*

*But I was thinking of a way  
To feed oneself on batter,  
And so go on from day to day  
Getting a little fatter.  
I shook him well from side to side,  
Until his face was blue:  
'Come, tell me how you live,' I cried,  
'And what it is you do!'*

*He said 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes  
 Among the heather bright,  
 And work them into waistcoat-buttons  
 In the silent night.  
 And these I do not sell for gold  
 Or coin of silvery shine  
 But for a copper halfpenny,  
 And that will purchase nine.*

*I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,  
 Or set limed twigs for crabs;  
 I sometimes search the grassy knolls  
 For wheels of Hansom-cabs.  
 And that's the way' (he gave a wink)  
 'By which I get my wealth—  
 And very gladly will I drink  
 Your Honour's noble health.'*

*I heard him then, for I had just  
 Completed my design  
 To keep the Menai bridge from rust  
 By boiling it in wine.  
 I thanked him much for telling me  
 The way he got his wealth,  
 But chiefly for his wish that he  
 Might drink my noble health.*

*And now, if e'er by chance I put  
My fingers into glue  
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot  
Into a left-hand shoe,  
Or if I drop upon my toe  
A very heavy weight,  
I weep, for it reminds me so,  
Of that old man I used to know—  
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,  
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,  
Whose face was very like a crow,  
With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,  
Who seemed distracted with his woe,  
Who rocked his body to and fro,  
And muttered mumblingly and low,  
As if his mouth were full of dough,  
Who snorted like a buffalo—  
That summer evening, long ago,  
A-sitting on a gate."*

As the Knight sang the last words of the ballad, he gathered up the reins, and turned his horse's head along the road by which they had come. "You've only a few yards to go," he said, "down the hill and over that little brook, and then you'll be a/an also/Queen—But you'll stay and see me off first?" he added as pov/S turned with an eager look in the direction to which he pointed. "I shan't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road? I think it'll encourage me, you see."

"Of course I'll wait," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: "and thank you very much for coming so far—and for the song—I liked it very much."

"I hope so," the Knight said doubtfully: "but you didn't cry so much as I thought you would."

So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. “It won’t take long to see him *off*, I expect,” pov/S said to pov/r, as she stood watching him. “There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily—that comes of having so many things hung round the horse—” So pov/s went on talking to pov/r, as pov/s watched the horse walking leisurely along the road, and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and then pov/s waved pov/p handkerchief to him, and waited till he was out of sight.

“I hope it encouraged him,” pov/s said, as pov/s turned to run down the hill: “and now for the last brook, and to be a/an also/Queen! How grand it sounds!” A very few steps brought pov/o to the edge of the brook. “The Eighth Square at last!” pov/s cried as pov/s bounded across,

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and threw pov/r down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss, with little flower-beds dotted about it here and there. “Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what *is* this on my head?” pov/s exclaimed in a tone of dismay, as pov/s put pov/p hands up to something very heavy, and fitted tight all round her head.

“But how *can* it have got there without my knowing it?” pov/s said to pov/r, as pov/s lifted it off, and set it on pov/p lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown.

## CHAPTER IX.

### **also/Queen Y/n**

“Well, this *is* grand!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “I never expected I should be a/an also/Queen so soon—and I’ll tell you what it is, your majesty,” pov/s went on in a severe tone (pov/s vrb/be/ always rather fond of scolding pov/r), “it’ll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! also/Queens have to be dignified, you know!”

So pov/s got up and walked about—rather stiffly just at first, as pov/s vrb/be/ afraid that the crown might come off: but pov/s comforted pov/r with the thought that there was nobody to see pov/o, “and if I really am a/an also/Queen,” pov/s said as pov/s sat down again, “I shall be able to manage it quite well in time.”

Everything was happening so oddly that pov/s didn’t feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to pov/o, one on each side: pov/s would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but pov/s feared it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, pov/s thought, in asking if the game was over. “Please, would you tell me—” she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

“Speak when you’re spoken to!” The Queen sharply interrupted her.

“But if everybody obeyed that rule,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, who was always ready for a little argument, “and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for *you* to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that—”

“Ridiculous!” cried the Queen. “Why, don’t you see, child—” here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. “What do you mean by ‘If you really are a/an also/Queen’? What right have you to call yourself so? You can’t be a/an also/Queen, you know, till you’ve passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better.”

“I only said ‘if!’” alt/first and second or third/pov/S/poor pov/S/ pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two Queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked, with a little shudder, “Prn/s *says* prn/s only said ‘if—”

“But prn/s said a great deal more than that!” the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. “Oh, ever so much more than that!”

“So you did, you know,” the Red Queen said to pov/O. “Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterwards.”

“I’m sure I didn’t mean—” pov/S vrB/be/ beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted pov/o impatiently.

“That’s just what I complain of! You *should* have meant! What do you suppose is the use of child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning—and a child’s more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn’t deny that, even if you tried with both hands.”

“I don’t deny things with my *hands*,” pov/S objected.

“Nobody said you did,” said the Red Queen. “I said you couldn’t if you tried.”

“Prn/s’cut/off first 2/vrn/present/have// in that state of mind,” said the White Queen, “that prn/s wants to deny *something*—only prn/s vrn/do/n’t know what to deny!”

“A nasty, vicious temper,” the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, “I invite you to Y/n’s dinner-party this afternoon.”

The White Queen smiled feebly, and said “And I invite *you*.”

“I didn’t know I was to have a party at all,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/; “but if there is to be one, I think *I* ought to invite the guests.”

“We gave you the opportunity of doing it,” the Red Queen remarked: “but I daresay you’ve not had many lessons in manners yet?”

“Manners are not taught in lessons,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort.”

“And you do Addition?” the White Queen asked. “What’s one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?”

“I don’t know,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/. “I lost count.”

“Prn/s can’t do Addition,” the Red Queen interrupted. “Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight.”

“Nine from eight I can’t, you know,” pov/S replied very readily: “but—”

“She can’t do Subtraction,” said the White Queen. “Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what’s the answer to that?”

“I suppose—” pov/S vrB/be/ beginning, but the Red Queen answered for pov/o. “Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: what remains?”

Pov/S considered. “The bone wouldn’t remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog wouldn’t remain; it would come to bite me—and I’m sure *I* shouldn’t remain!”

“Then you think nothing would remain?” said the Red Queen.

“I think that’s the answer.”

“Wrong, as usual,” said the Red Queen: “the dog’s temper would remain.”

“But I don’t see how—”

“Why, look here!” the Red Queen cried. “The dog would lose its temper, wouldn’t it?”

“Perhaps it would,” pov/S replied cautiously.

“Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!” the Queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Pov/S said, as gravely as pov/s could, “They might go different ways.” But pov/s couldn’t help thinking to pov/r, “What dreadful nonsense we *are* talking!”

“Prn/s can’t do sums a *bit*!” the Queens said together, with great emphasis.

“Can *you* do sums?” pov/S said, turning suddenly on the White Queen, for pov/s didn’t like being found fault with so much.

The Queen gasped and shut her eyes. “I can do Addition, if you give me time—but I can’t do Subtraction, under *any* circumstances!”

“Of course you know your A B C?” said the Red Queen.

“To be sure I do.” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/.

“So do I,” the White Queen whispered: “we’ll often say it over together, dear. And I’ll tell you a secret—I can read words of one letter! Isn’t *that* grand! However, don’t be discouraged. You’ll come to it in time.”

Here the Red Queen began again. “Can you answer useful questions?” she said. “How is bread made?”

“I know *that*!” pov/S cried eagerly. “You take some flour—”

“Where do you pick the flower?” the White Queen asked. “In a garden, or in the hedges?”

“Well, it isn’t *picked* at all,” pov/S explained: “it’s *ground*—”

“How many acres of ground?” said the White Queen. “You mustn’t leave out so many things.”



“Fan prn/p head!” the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. “Prn/s’ll be feverish after so much thinking.” So they set to work and fanned pov/o with bunches of leaves, till pov/s had to beg them to leave off, it blew pov/p hair about so.

“Prn/s’cut/off first 2/vrn/present/have// all right again now,” said the Red Queen. “Do you know Languages? What’s the French for fiddle-de-dee?”

“Fiddle-de-dee’s not English,” pov/S replied gravely.

“Who ever said it was?” said the Red Queen.

Pov/S thought pov/s saw a way out of the difficulty this time. “If you’ll tell me what language ‘fiddle-de-dee’ is, I’ll tell you the French for it!” pov/s exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said “Queens never make bargains.”

“I wish Queens never asked questions,” pov/S thought to pov/r.

“Don’t let us quarrel,” the White Queen said in an anxious tone. “What is the cause of lightning?”

“The cause of lightning,” pov/S said very decidedly, for pov/s felt quite certain about this, “is the thunder—no, no!” pov/s hastily corrected pov/r. “I meant the other way.”

“It’s too late to correct it,” said the Red Queen: “when you’ve once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences.”

“Which reminds me—” the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, “we had *such* a thunderstorm last Tuesday—I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know.”

Pov/S vrB/be/ puzzled. “In *our* country,” pov/s remarked, “there’s only one day at a time.”

The Red Queen said, “That’s a poor thin way of doing things. Now *here*, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together—for warmth, you know.”

“Are five nights warmer than one night, then?” pov/S ventured to ask.

“Five times as warm, of course.”

“But they should be five times as *cold*, by the same rule—”

“Just so!” cried the Red Queen. “Five times as warm, *and* five times as cold—just as I’m five times as rich as you are, *and* five times as clever!”

Pov/S sighed and gave it up. “It’s exactly like a riddle with no answer!” pov/s thought.

“Humpty Dumpty saw it too,” the White Queen went on in a low voice, more as if she were talking to herself. “He came to the door with a corkscrew in his hand—”

“What did he want?” said the Red Queen.

“He said he *would* come in,” the White Queen went on, “because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now, as it happened, there wasn’t such a thing in the house, that morning.”

“Is there generally?” pov/S asked in an astonished tone.

“Well, only on Thursdays,” said the Queen.

“I know what he came for,” alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/: “he wanted to punish the fish, because—”

Here the White Queen began again. “It was *such* a thunderstorm, you can’t think!” (“She *never* could, you know,” said the Red Queen.) “And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps—and knocking over the tables and things—till I was so frightened, I couldn’t remember my own name!”

Pov/S thought to pov/r, “I never should *try* to remember my name in the middle of an accident! Where would be the use of it?” but pov/s did not say this aloud, for fear of hurting the poor Queen’s feeling.

“Your Majesty must excuse her,” the Red Queen said to pov/O, taking one of the White Queen’s hands in her own, and gently stroking it: “she means well, but she can’t help saying foolish things, as a general rule.”

The White Queen looked timidly at pov/O, alt/first and second or third/ and pov/s/who/ felt pov/s *ought* to say something kind, but really couldn't think of anything at the moment.

"She never was really well brought up," the Red Queen went on: "but it's amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she'll be!" But this was more than pov/S had courage to do.

"A little kindness—and putting her hair in papers—would do wonders with her—"

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on pov/P shoulder. "I *am* so sleepy?" she moaned.

"She's tired, poor thing!" said the Red Queen. "Smooth her hair—lend her your nightcap—and sing her a soothing lullaby."

"I haven't got a nightcap with me," alt/first and second or third/pov/S said/said pov/S/, as pov/s tried to obey the first direction: "and I don't know any soothing lullabies."

"I must do it myself, then," said the Red Queen, and she began:

*"Hush-a-by lady, in Y/n's lap!  
Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap:  
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—  
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Y/n, and all!"*

"And now you know the words," she added, as she put her head down on pov/P other shoulder, "just sing it through to *me*. I'm getting sleepy, too." In another moment both Queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

"What *am* I to do?" alt/first and second or third/pov/S exclaimed/ exclaimed pov/S/, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head, and then the other, rolled down from pov/p shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. "I don't think it *ever* happened before, that any one had to take care of two Queens asleep at once! No, not in all the History of England—it couldn't, you know, because there never was more than one Queen at a

time. Do wake up, you heavy things!" pov/s went on in an impatient tone; but there was no answer but a gentle snoring.

The snoring got more distinct every minute, and sounded more like a tune: at last pov/s could even make out the words, and pov/s listened so eagerly that, when the two great heads vanished from her lap, pov/s hardly missed them.

Pov/s vrb/be/ standing before an arched doorway over which were the words CAP/also/Queen Y/n/ in large letters, and on each side of the arch there was a bell-handle; one was marked "Visitors' Bell," and the other "Servants' Bell."

"I'll wait till the song's over," alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/ thought pov/S/, "and then I'll ring—the—*which* bell must I ring?" pov/s went on, very much puzzled by the names. "I'm not a visitor, and I'm not a servant. There *ought* to be one marked 'also/Queen,' you know—"

Just then the door opened a little way, and a creature with a long beak put its head out for a moment and said "No admittance till the week after next!" and shut the door again with a bang.

Pov/S knocked and rang in vain for a long time, but at last, a very old Frog, who was sitting under a tree, got up and hobbled slowly towards pov/o: he was dressed in bright yellow, and had enormous boots on.

"What is it, now?" the Frog said in a deep hoarse whisper.

Pov/S turned round, ready to find fault with anybody. "Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?" pov/s began angrily.

"Which door?" said the Frog.

Pov/S almost stamped with irritation at the slow drawl in which he spoke. "*This* door, of course!"

The Frog looked at the door with his large dull eyes for a minute: then he went nearer and rubbed it with his thumb, as if he were trying whether the paint would come off; then he looked at pov/O.

“To answer the door?” he said. “What’s it been asking of?” He was so hoarse that pov/S could scarcely hear him.

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

“I talks English, doesn’t I?” the Frog went on. “Or are you deaf? What did it ask you?”

“Nothing!” pov/S said impatiently. “I’ve been knocking at it!”

“Shouldn’t do that—shouldn’t do that—” the Frog muttered. “Vexes it, you know.” Then he went up and gave the door a kick with one of his great feet. “You let *it* alone,” he panted out, as he hobbled back to his tree, “and it’ll let *you* alone, you know.”

At this moment the door was flung open, and a shrill voice was heard singing:

*“To the Looking-Glass world it was Y/n that said,  
I’ve a sceptre in hand, I’ve a crown on my head;  
Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be,  
Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me.”*

And hundreds of voices joined in the chorus:

*“Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,  
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran:  
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—  
And welcome also/Queen Y/n with thirty-times-three!”*

Then followed a confused noise of cheering, and Alice thought to herself, “Thirty times three makes ninety. I wonder if any one’s counting?” In a minute there was silence again, and the same shrill voice sang another verse;

*“O Looking-Glass creatures, ‘quoth Y/n, ‘draw near!  
‘Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear:  
‘Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea  
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!”*

Then came the chorus again:—

*“Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,  
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink:  
Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine—  
And welcome also/Queen Y/n with ninety-times-nine!”*

“Ninety times nine!” pov/S repeated in despair, “Oh, that’ll never be done! I’d better go in at once—” and there was a dead silence the moment pov/s appeared.

Pov/S glanced nervously along the table, as pov/s walked up the large hall, and noticed that there were about fifty guests, of all kinds: some were animals, some birds, and there were even a few flowers among them. “I’m glad they’ve come without waiting to be asked,” pov/s thought: “I should never have known who were the right people to invite!”

There were three chairs at the head of the table; the Red and White Queens had already taken two of them, but the middle one was empty. Pov/S sat down in it, rather uncomfortable in the silence, and longing for some one to speak.

At last the Red Queen began. “You’ve missed the soup and fish,” she said. “Put on the joint!” And the waiters set a leg of mutton before alt/first and second or third/pov/O. Pov/s/pov/O, who/ looked at it rather anxiously, as pov/s had never had to carve a joint before.

“You look a little shy; let me introduce you to that leg of mutton,” said the Red Queen. “Y/n—Mutton; Mutton—Y/n.” The leg of mutton got up in the dish and made a little bow to pov/O; and pov/S returned the bow, not knowing whether to be frightened or amused.

“May I give you a slice?” pov/s said, taking up the knife and fork, and looking from one Queen to the other.

“Certainly not,” the Red Queen said, very decidedly: “it isn’t etiquette to cut any one you’ve been introduced to. Remove the joint!” And the waiters carried it off, and brought a large plum-pudding in its place.

“I won’t be introduced to the pudding, please,” pov/S said rather hastily, “or we shall get no dinner at all. May I give you some?”

But the Red Queen looked sulky, and growled “Pudding—Y/n; Y/n—Pudding. Remove the pudding!” and the waiters took it away so quickly that pov/S couldn’t return its bow.

However, pov/s didn’t see why the Red Queen should be the only one to give orders, so, as an experiment, pov/s called out “Waiter! Bring back the pudding!” and there it was again in a moment like a conjuring-trick. It was so large that pov/s couldn’t help feeling a *little* shy with it, as pov/s had been with the mutton; however, pov/s conquered pov/p shyness by a great effort and cut a slice and handed it to the Red Queen.

“What impertinence!” said the Pudding. “I wonder how you’d like it, if I were to cut a slice out of *you*, you creature!”

It spoke in a thick, suety sort of voice, and pov/S hadn’t a word to say in reply: pov/s could only sit and look at it and gasp.

“Make a remark,” said the Red Queen: “it’s ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!”

“Do you know, I’ve had such a quantity of poetry repeated to me to-day,” pov/S began, a little frightened at finding that, the moment pov/s opened pov/p lips, there was dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon pov/o; “and it’s a very curious thing, I think—every poem was about fishes in some way. Do you know why they’re so fond of fishes, all about here?”

Pov/s spoke to the Red Queen, whose answer was a little wide of the mark. “As to fishes,” she said, very slowly and solemnly, putting her mouth close to pov/P ear, “her White Majesty knows a lovely riddle—all in poetry—all about fishes. Shall she repeat it?”

“Her Red Majesty’s very kind to mention it,” the White Queen murmured into pov/P other ear, in a voice like the cooing of a pigeon. “It would be *such* a treat! May I?”

“Please do,” pov/S said very politely.

The White Queen laughed with delight, and stroked pov/P cheek. Then she began:

“First, the fish must be caught.”  
 That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.  
 ‘Next, the fish must be bought.’  
 That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.  
 ‘Now cook me the fish!’  
 That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.  
 ‘Let it lie in a dish!’  
 That is easy, because it already is in it.  
 ‘Bring it here! Let me sup!’  
 It is easy to set such a dish on the table.  
 ‘Take the dish-cover up!’  
 Ah, that is so hard that I fear I’m unable!  
 For it holds it like glue—  
 Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:  
 Which is easiest to do,  
 Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?”

“Take a minute to think about it, and then guess,” said the Red Queen.  
 “Meanwhile, we’ll drink your health—also/Queen Y/n’s health!” she  
 screamed at the top of her voice, and all the guests began drinking it directly,  
 and very queerly they managed it: some of them put their glasses upon their  
 heads like extinguishers, and drank all that trickled down their faces—others  
 upset the decanters, and drank the wine as it ran off the edges of the table  
 —and three of them (who looked like kangaroos) scrambled into the dish  
 of roast mutton, and began eagerly lapping up the gravy, “just like pigs in a  
 trough!” alt/first and second or third/pov/S thought/thought pov/S/.

“You ought to return thanks in a neat speech,” the Red Queen said,  
 frowning at pov/O as she spoke.

“We must support you, you know,” the White Queen whispered, as pov/  
 S got up to do it, very obediently, but a little frightened.

“Thank you very much,” pov/s whispered in reply, “but I can do quite  
 well without.”



“That wouldn’t be at all the thing,” the Red Queen said very decidedly: so pov/S tried to submit to it with a good grace.

(“And they *did* push so!” pov/s said afterwards, when pov/s vrb/be/ telling pov/p sister the history of the feast. “You would have thought they wanted to squeeze me flat!”)

In fact it was rather difficult for pov/o to keep in pov/p place while pov/s made pov/p speech: the two Queens pushed pov/o so, one on each side, that they nearly lifted pov/o up into the air: “I rise to return thanks—” pov/S began: and pov/s really *did* rise as pov/s spoke, several inches; but pov/s got hold of the edge of the table, and managed to pull pov/r down again.

“Take care of yourself!” screamed the White Queen, seizing pov/P hair with both her hands. “Something’s going to happen!”

And then (as pov/S afterwards described it) all sorts of things happened in a moment. The candles all grew up to the ceiling, looking something like a bed of rushes with fireworks at the top. As to the bottles, they each took a pair of plates, which they hastily fitted on as wings, and so, with forks for legs, went fluttering about in all directions: “and very like birds they look,” pov/S thought to pov/r, as well as pov/s could in the dreadful confusion that was beginning.

At this moment pov/s heard a hoarse laugh at pov/p side, and turned to see what was the matter with the White Queen; but, instead of the Queen, there was the leg of mutton sitting in the chair. “Here I am!” cried a voice from the soup tureen, and pov/S turned again, just in time to see the Queen’s broad good-natured face grinning at pov/o for a moment over the edge of the tureen, before she disappeared into the soup.

There was not a moment to be lost. Already several of the guests were lying down in the dishes, and the soup ladle was walking up the table towards pov/P chair, and beckoning to pov/o impatiently to get out of its way.

“I can’t stand this any longer!” pov/s cried as pov/s jumped up and seized the table-cloth with both hands: one good pull, and plates, dishes, guests, and candles came crashing down together in a heap on the floor.

“And as for *you*,” pov/s went on, turning fiercely upon the Red Queen, whom pov/s considered as the cause of all the mischief—but the Queen was no longer at pov/p side—she had suddenly dwindled down to the size of a little doll, and was now on the table, merrily running round and round after her own shawl, which was trailing behind her.

At any other time, pov/S would have felt surprised at this, but pov/s vrb/be/ far too much excited to be surprised at anything *now*. “As for *you*,” pov/s repeated, catching hold of the little creature in the very act of jumping over a bottle which had just lighted upon the table, “I’ll shake you into a kitten, that I will!”

## CHAPTER X.

### **Shaking**

Pov/s took her off the table as pov/s spoke, and shook her backwards and forwards with all pov/p might.

The Red Queen made no resistance whatever; only her face grew very small, and her eyes got large and green: and still, as pov/S went on shaking her, she kept on growing shorter—and fatter—and softer—and rounder—and—



## CHAPTER XI.

### **Waking**

—and it really *was* a kitten, after all.



## CHAPTER XII.

### Which Dreamed it?

“Your majesty shouldn’t purr so loud,” pov/S said, rubbing her eyes, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with some severity. “You woke me out of oh! such a nice dream! And you’ve been along with me, Kitty—all through the Looking-Glass world. Did you know it, dear?”

It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens (pov/S had once made the remark) that, whatever you say to them, they *always* purr. “If they would only purr for ‘yes’ and mew for ‘no,’ or any rule of that sort,” pov/s had said, “so that one could keep up a conversation! But how *can* you talk with a person if they always say the same thing?”

On this occasion the kitten only purred: and it was impossible to guess whether it meant “yes” or “no.”

So pov/S hunted among the chessmen on the table till pov/s had found the Red Queen: then pov/s went down on pov/p knees on the hearth-rug, and put the kitten and the Queen to look at each other. “Now, Kitty!” pov/s cried, clapping pov/p hands triumphantly. “Confess that was what you turned into!”

(“But it wouldn’t look at it,” pov/s said, when pov/s vrb/be/ explaining the thing afterwards to pov/p sister: “it turned away its head, and pretended not to see it: but it looked a *little* ashamed of itself, so I think it *must* have been the Red Queen.”)

“Sit up a little more stiffly, dear!” pov/S cried with a merry laugh. “And curtsy while you’re thinking what to—what to purr. It saves time, remember!” And pov/s caught it up and gave it one little kiss, “just in honour of having been a Red Queen.”

“Snowdrop, my pet!” pov/s went on, looking over pov/p shoulder at the White Kitten, which was still patiently undergoing its toilet, “when *will* Dinah have finished with your White Majesty, I wonder? That must be the reason you were so untidy in my dream—Dinah! do you know that you’re scrubbing a White Queen? Really, it’s most disrespectful of you!

“And what did *Dinah* turn to, I wonder?” pov/s prattled on, as pov/s settled comfortably down, with one elbow in the rug, and pov/p chin in her hand, to watch the kittens. “Tell me, Dinah, did you turn to Humpty Dumpty? I *think* you did—however, you’d better not mention it to your friends just yet, for I’m not sure.

“By the way, Kitty, if only you’d been really with me in my dream, there was one thing you *would* have enjoyed—I had such a quantity of poetry said to me, all about fishes! To-morrow morning you shall have a real treat. All the time you’re eating your breakfast, I’ll repeat ‘The Walrus and the Carpenter’ to you; and then you can make believe it’s oysters, dear!

“Now, Kitty, let’s consider who it was that dreamed it all. This is a serious question, my dear, and you should *not* go on licking your paw like that—as if Dinah hadn’t washed you this morning! You see, Kitty, it *must* have been either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course—but then I was part of his dream, too! *Was* it the Red King, Kitty? You were his wife, my dear, so you ought to know—Oh, Kitty, *do* help to settle it! I’m sure your paw can wait!” But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw, and pretended it hadn’t heard the question.

Which do *you* think it was?

A boat beneath a sunny sky,  
Lingering onward dreamily  
In an evening of July—



Children three that nestle near,  
 Eager eye and willing ear,  
 Pleased a simple tale to hear—

Long has paled that sunny sky:  
 Echoes fade and memories die.  
 Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,  
 Y/n moving under skies  
 Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,  
 Eager eye and willing ear,  
 Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,  
 Dreaming as the days go by,  
 Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream—  
 Lingering in the golden gleam—  
 Life, what is it but a dream?