



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 curtsy 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.

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.

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CHAPTER I.

Ch 1

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CHAPTER II.

Ch 2

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CHAPTER III.

Ch 3

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