

PHONETIC ENGLISH BOOKS VERSION

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

IN THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT



LEWIS CARROL and JOHN TENNIEL 1872

PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT : CHRIS NUGENT 2022

PROMO INSERT

A UNIQUE BOOK

AND THE APP FOR THE

PHONETIC ENGLISH

FONT



**NEW HOPE FOR LITERALLY MILLIONS
WHO ARE LEARNING TO READ ENGLISH**

CHRISTOPHER NUGENT 2024

SALE : GLOBAL RIGHTS : PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

ABOUT THE

PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

The invention of the PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT for English literacy paves the way for teachers of English to radically improve the efficiency of a large volume of early literacy publications including thousands of children's story books.

The PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT presents a truly cheap and simple opportunity for schools to give new hope to many of those students ... young and old ... who have problems with basic English writing and reading skills.

Full details on this new font for basic literacy teaching are provided on:

www.phoneticenglishbible.com

www.phoneticenglishbooks.com

... FOR THE MEANTIME ...

... HOW THE FONT WORKS IN HALF A PAGE ...

WITHOUT changing the spellings of any English words, this **new font** by *Virtual Phonetics Pty Ltd* reduces the number of essential English **sounding out** or **pronunciation** 'rules' by

80%

and less than **1%** of all English words remain "out of reach" for this font.

THIS IS HOW THE APP WORKS ON **HIGHLIGHTED** TEXTS

The **10** marks of the app's "**phonetic English**" font reduce the complexity of our English 'sounding out' rule system down from near **360** rules to **60** and **this without changing** the spelling of the words.

The app is based upon a (diacritical marking) method for the teaching of basic reading that, at its very basics ... almost certainly ... first originated with the teaching of Hebrew some 3000 years ago.

SALE : GLOBAL RIGHTS

SALE : GLOBAL RIGHTS : PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

WHY THIS FONT ?

THE PURPOSE OF THE FONT is to help students of English to cope more easily with the problems of our unique English 'rules' for **PRONUNCIATION AND SPELLING**

Since especially the **15th century** many writers have made sensible suggestions for improvements for changes to English spelling ... but their suggestions have never been taken up : around the world, there were just too many English speaking people who saw no good reason to change their **writing** habits.

But the **PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT** that is used throughout the **PHONETIC ENGLISH BOOK AND BIBLE SERIES** is very different ... and it stands a reasonable chance of becoming accepted.

The thinking here is simple : this new font for **PHONETICALLY REGULAR ENGLISH** can be read by all readers of English **WITHOUT ANY PRIOR STUDY**.

The font is only a simple but computer based “ diacritical marking ” system that has been adapted to our existing English spelling conventions. For **centuries**, the marks within **all** such systems have only shown readers how to pronounce the words that any given language community has chosen to communicate with.

And the **PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT** that is used in both the Phonetic English Bible as well as the Phonetic English Books series is no exception.

THE 10 SIGNS OF THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

The font has been over **60** years in the making. Only **10 SIGNS** on and around English letters enable it to work. Minimum introductory details are provided on these current pages but a fully elaborated **MANUAL** comes with both of the **PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT** series

Christopher Nugent 2024

A PRIOR NOTE : **20** HIGH FREQUENCY 'CONNECTOR' WORDS

A **TOTAL** of **20** very high frequency 'connector' words occupy a disproportionate volume of the word count on any page. To avoid an unnecessary amount of visual clutter throughout ... the **phonetic English** font in especially the **PHONETIC ENGLISH BIBLE** has **chosen NOT** to encode the following 20 words :

he she me be so no as or for you her his to into of
the is are was were

SALE : GLOBAL RIGHTS

THE **10** SIGNS AROUND THE LETTERS

HOW THEY WORK

- SIGN 1.** Faint and smaller letters are not to be sounded out. They are silent:
knob writ wrestle trouble debt
- SIGN 2.** **BOLDED** pairs of consonant letters make one common English sound unit:
gh as in rough **ph** as in philosophy
ch as in chin **sh** as in shut **qu** as in quit
- SIGN 3.** **BOLDED** single vowels **a e i o u** changes their sounds from short to long:
apron even icon oval unit
stra**a**ight **tho**ugh **th**rough gh**o**st
- SIGN 4.** A vertical line under the letters **ç g ş đ** changes their sounds to s j z and t respectively:
çell gem rub**ş** jump**đ** cru**i**se
- SIGN 5.** A vertical line over the letters **a** and **o** changes their sounds to short **o** and **u** sounds respectively:
w**a**ş w**a**tch **qu**ad**ş** **qu**ality y**a**cht
c**o**me fr**o**nt am**o**ng w**o**nder m**o**ther
- SIGN 6.** A dot over the letters **o** and **u** changes their sounds to *hard u* sound :
p**u**ll b**u**tcher b**o**ş**o**m w**o**man t**o**ok
- SIGN 7.** Two dots over a letter tells you that there is an **ah** sound below:
he**ä**rt st**ä**r l**ä**ugh sp**ä**rse s**ä**rg**e**ant
- SIGN 8.** A horizontal curved line over a letter tells you that there is **er** sound below:
b**î**rd t**ê**rm b**û**rn w**ô**rthy l**ê**arn
- SIGN 9.** A vertical ^c shape over a letter tells you that there is an **or** sound below:
ch**ă**/k b**ô**ught b**ă**ld b**ô**rn d**ă**ughter
- SIGN 10.** A slanted line through a letter tells you about the sound of **ow** as in 'now' sound:
b**o**un**ç**e all**o**wing scr**o**un**ç**e pl**o**ugh

SALE : GLOBAL RIGHTS : PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

THE FONT APP IS LOOKING FOR A NEW PUBLISHER TO TAKE OVER

CONTACT Chris Nugent virtualphonetics@gmail.com

Below are the **NEW ENGLISH LETTERS** that enable the PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT APP to work. A fully elaborated MANUAL is available.

SUMMARY FEATURES

Below are the **59** letter designs used by the phonetically regular written English font in the program. These **59** new and old “**letters**”, when combined with the silent (*smaller and slanted*) letters, make up the **60** sounding out ‘**rules**’ that are taught by the **Virtual Phonetics™ font**. This new font of **60** sounding out ‘**rules**’ replaces an estimated **360** (and even more) sounding out ‘**rules**’ that all children have to learn on their way to normal adult reading skill.

The resulting text does not change the **spelling** of any words yet it goes **99%** of the way toward converting normal English words into ‘**phonetically regular**’ ones.

The app contains over 15,500 different words in its coded word bank.

a	a	á	ä	å	b	c	ç	ch		
d	d	e	e	ê	ë	f	g	g	gh	
h	i	i	î	j	k	l	m	n	o	o
ô	ô	ó	ó	ø	ø	p	ph			
q	qu	r	r	s	ş	sh	t	th	th	
u	u	û	û	v	w	x	y	y ²	y	z

FULL TECHNICAL INFORMATION IN THE MANUAL

www.phoneticenglishbible.com
www.phoneticenglishbooks.com

SALE : GLOBAL RIGHTS

COPYRIGHT

AND TECHNICAL DETAILS



The phonetically regular English script used in this book is called the 'Virtual Phonetics' script, and was trademarked in 1994. It is the exclusive intellectual property of CHRISTOPHER NUGENT and VIRTUAL PHONETICS™ PTY LTD. The use of this script for producing materials that are intended to be sold, is expressly forbidden without prior permission in writing from the company. Offenders will render themselves legally liable.

Likewise: the originals of the written text and illustrations in this publication have been in the realm of the 'copyright free' or 'public' domain for many years. But this version of the text has been written in the Virtual Phonetics script. This makes the publication subject to the full range of international copyright restrictions.

**A summary of the essential technical details of the Virtual
Phonetics script can be found in the
MANUAL**

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS



A NOTE ABOUT HIGH FREQUENCY 'CONNECTOR' WORDS

A total of 20 very high frequency 'connector' words occupy a disproportionate volume of the word count on any page. To avoid an unnecessary amount of visual clutter throughout ... the Virtual Phonetics script in this publication has chosen not to encode the following 20 words:

he she me be
so no
as or for
you her his
to into of the
is are was we

PREFACE

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

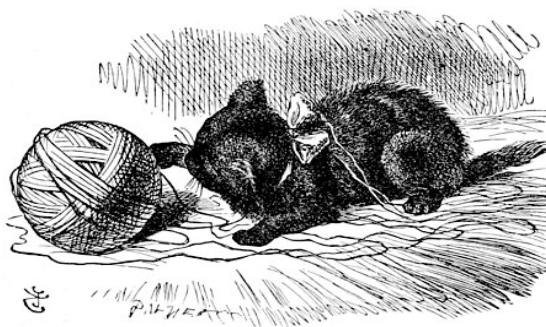
I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter——
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.

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

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

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

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



CHAPTER 1 LOOKING-GLASS HOUSE.

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

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

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

"**O**h, you wicked wicked little **thing**!" cried Alice, **catching** up the kitten, and giving it a little kiss to **make** it understand **that** it **was** in **disgrace**. "**R**eally, Dinah **ought** to have **taught** you better manners! You **ought**, Dinah, you **know** you **ought**!" **she** added, **looking** **reproachfully** at the **old** cat, and **speaking** in as cross a **voice** as she **could** **manage** —and **then** she scrambled back **into** the **arm-chair**, **taking** the kitten and the **worsted** with her, and began **winding** up the **ball** again. But she didn't get on very **fast**, as she was **talking** **all** the **time**, **sometimes** to the kitten, and **sometimes** to **herself**. Kitty sat very **demurely** on her **knee**, pretending to **watch** the **progress** of the **winding**, and **now** and **then** **putting** **out** one **paw** and **gently** **touching** the **ball**, as if it **would** be glad to help if it **might**.

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

"Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty," Alice went on, as soon as they were comfortably settled again, "when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me!" she went on, holding up one finger. "I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty: I heard you! What's that you say?" (pretending that the kitten was speaking.) "Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's your



fault, for keeping your eyes open—if you'd shut them tight up, it wouldn't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen! Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty too? Now for number three: you unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking!

"That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week—Suppose they had saved up all my punishments!" she went on, talking more to herself than the kitten. "What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner: then, when the miserable day

came, I **sho**uld have to go **witho**ut fifty dinner**s** at on**ce**! Well, I **sho**uldn't mind **that** much! I'd fä**r** rä**th**er go **witho**ut **them** **than** **e**at **them**!

"**D**e you hear the snow against the windowpane**s**, Kitty? **H**ow nice and soft it **s**ounds! Just as if **s**ome one was kissing the window **ä**ll **ove**r **ou**tside. I **w**onder if the snow **lo**ve**s** the tree**s** and field**s**, **th**at it kisse**s** **them** so **ge**ntly? And **th**en it **c**ove**r**s **them** up snug, you *know*, **with** a *white* **qu**ilt; and **p**ê**r**haps it **s**ay**s**, 'Go to **s**leep, till the summer **c**ome**s** again. And **when** **they** wake up in the summer, Kitty, **they** dress **th**emselve**s** **ä**ll in **g**reen, and dan**ce** about—*whenever the wind blow**s*** —*oh, that's very pretty!*" cried Ali**ce**, dropping the **b**ä**ll** of wô**r**sted to clap hê**r** hand**s**. "And I **d**e so **w**ish it was **tru**e! I'm **su**re the wô**o**d**s** **lo**ok **s**leepy in the **ä**utumn, *when the lea**ve**s are getting brown.*

"Kitty, can you **pl**ay **ch**ess? **N**ow, **don't** smile, **my** **de**ar, I'm **ä**sking it **se**riously. **B**eca**u**se, *when we wê**r**e playing just now, you wat**che**d just as if you understô**o**d it: and when I said 'Check! you pû**r**red! Well, it was a nice check, Kitty, and really I mi**gh**t have wô**n**, if it hadn't **bee**n for **that** nästy *Knight, that came wriggling down among my piece**s**.* Kitty, **de**ar, let's pretend—" And **he**re I **w**ish I **co**uld tell you hâ**f** the **th**ing**s** Ali**ce** **u**sed to **s**ay, beginning **with** her **f**avourite **ph**rase "Let's pretend." She had had **qu**ite a long **ä**rgument **with** her sister **only** the **day** befô**r**e—**ä**ll beca**u**se Ali**ce** had begun **with** "Let's pretend **w**e're king**s** and **que**en**s**:" and her sister, *who like**d** being very exact, had ä**r**gued **that** **they** **co**uldn't, beca**u**se **th**ere were **only** **two** of **them**, and Ali**ce** had **bee**n redu**ce**d at lä**st** to **s**ay, "Well, you can be one of **them** **th**en, and I'll be **ä**ll the rest." And on**ce** she had **re**ally **f**rightened her **old** nû**r**se **by** **sh**outing suddenly in her **ear**, "Nû**r**se! **D**e let's pretend **that** I'm a hungry hyæna, and yô**u**'re a bone!"**

But **this** **i**s taking us away from Ali**ce**'s **s**peech to the kitten. "Let's pretend **that** yô**u**'re the Red **Q**ueen,, Kitty! **D**e you *know*, I **th**ink if you sat up and folded yô**u**r ä**r**m**s**, you'd **lo**ok exactly **li**ke her. **N**ow **d**e try, **th**ere's a **de**ar!" And Ali**ce** got the Red **Q**ueen, off the **ta**ble, and set it up befô**r**e the kitten as a model for it to imitate: **h**owever, the **th**ing didn't **s**uc**ce**ed, prin**ci**pally, Ali**ce** said, beca**u**se the kitten **w**ou**ld**n't **fo**ld its ä**r**m**s** properly. So, to **p**unish it, she held it up to the **L**ö**o**king-glä**ss**, **th**at it **mi**ght **se**e **h**ow sulky it was—"and if yô**u**'re not **g**ö**o**d directly," she added, "I'll **pu**t you **th**rough into **L**ö**o**king-glä**ss** **H**ouse. **H**ow **w**ou**ld** you like **that**?"

"**N**ow, if you'll **only** attend, Kitty, and not **tä**k so much, I'll tell you **ä**ll my **i**deas about **L**ö**o**king-glä**ss** **H**ouse. **F**irst, **th**ere's the **re**em you can **se**e **th**rough the glass—**th**at's just the **s**ame as **ou**r drä**w**ing-**re**em, **only** the **th**ing**s** go the **ö**ther way. I can **se**e **ä**ll of it when I get upon a **ch**air—**ä**ll but the bit just behind the **f**ireplac**e**. **O**h! I **d**e so **w**ish I **co**uld **se**e **that** bit! I **w**ant so much to **know** **wh**ether **they**'ve a **f**ire in the winter: you never can tell, you **know**, unless **ou**r **f**ire **s**mo**k**es, and **th**en **s**mo**k**e **c**ome**s** up in **that** **re**em **tee**—but **that** may

be **only** pretence, just to **make** it **look** as if **they** had a **fire**. Well **then**, the **books** are **something** like **our books**, **only** the **words** go the **wrong way**; I **know** **that**, **because** I've held up one of our **books** to the **glass**, and **then** **they** hold up one in the **other room**.



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

And **certainly** the **glass** was beginning to melt away just **like** a **bright** silvery mist.



In another moment Alice was **through** the gläss, and had jumped **lightly down** into the Lóoking-gläss **room**. The very **first thing** she did was to **look whether** **there** was a **fire** in the **fireplace**, and she was **quite pleased** to find **that there** was a **real one**, **blazing away** as **brightly** as the one she had left behind. "So I **shall** be as **wárm** **here** as I was in the **old room**," . . . **thó**ught Alice: "**wá**rmer, in fact, **because** **there'll** be no one **here** to **scold** me **away** from the **fire**. **Oh**, **what** fun it'll be, when **they see** me **through** the gläss in **here**, and **cán't** get at me!"

Then she began **looking about**, and **noticed** **that** **what** **could** be **seen** from the **old room** was **quite** **common** and uninteresting, but **that** **all** the rest was as different as possible. **Fó**r instance, the **picture**s on the **wá**ll next the **fire** **seemed** to be **all** **alive**, and the very clock on the **chimney-piece** (you **know** you can **only see** the back of it in the Lóoking-gläss) had got the **face** of a little **old** man, and grinned at her.

"**They don't keep** **this room** so **tidy** as the **óther**," Alice **thó**ught to **hê**rself, as she **noticed** several of the **chessmen** **down** in the **heärth** among the **çinder**s: but in another moment, with a little "**Oh!**" of **surprise**, she was **down** on her **hands** and **knees** **watching** **them**. The **chessmen** were **wá**king about, **two** and **two**!

"**Here** are the Red King and the Red **Queen**," Alice said (in a **whisper**, for **fear** of **frightening** **them**), "and **there** are the **White** King and the **White Queen**, sitting on the **edge** of the **shó**vel—and **here** are **two** **Cä**stles **wá**king **ä**rm in **ä**rm—I **don't** **think** **they** can **hear** me," she went on, as she **pút** her head **closer** **down**, "and I'm **nearly** **sure** **they** **cán't** **see** me. I **feel** **só**me**hó**w as if I were **invis**ible—"



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

"It is the voice of my child!" the White Queen, cried out, as she rushed past the King, so violently that she knocked him over among the cinders. "My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!" and she began scrambling wildly up the side of the fender.

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

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

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

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

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

Alice watched the White King as he slowly struggled up from bar to bar, till at last she said, "Why, you'll be hours and hours getting to the table, at that rate. I'd far better help you, hadn't I?" But the King took no notice of the question: it was quite clear that he could neither hear her nor see her.

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

She said afterwards that she had never seen in all her life such a face as the King made, when he found himself held in the air by an invisible hand, and being dusted: he was far too much astonished to cry out, but his eyes and his mouth went on getting larger and larger, and rounder and rounder, till her hand shook so with laughing that she nearly let him drop upon the floor.



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

The King immediately fell flat on his back, and lay perfectly still: and Alice was a little alarmed at what she had done, and went round the room to see if she could find any water to throw over him. However, she could find nothing but a bottle of ink, and when she got back with it she found he had recovered, and he and the Queen, were talking together in a frightened whisper—so low, that Alice could hardly hear what they said.

The King was saying, "I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!"

To which the Queen, replied, "You haven't got any whiskers."

"The horror of that moment," the King went on, "I shall never, never forget!"

"You will, though," the Queen, said, "if you don't make a memorandum of it."

Alice looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck her, and she took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him.

The p~~o~~or King l~~o~~oked puzzled and unhappy, and struggled with the pen~~ç~~il for s~~o~~me time with~~o~~ut saying any~~th~~ing; but Alic~~e~~ was t~~ee~~ strong f~~o~~r him, and at

l~~ä~~st he panted ~~o~~ut, "My dear! I really must get a ~~th~~inner pen~~ç~~il. I c~~ä~~n't manag~~e~~ ~~th~~is one a bit; it w~~ri~~tes ~~ä~~ll manner of ~~th~~ings ~~th~~at I don't intend—"



"Wh~~a~~t manner of ~~th~~ings?" said the Queen,, l~~o~~oking over the b~~o~~ok (in wh~~i~~ch Alic~~e~~ had put 'The Wh~~i~~te Kn~~i~~ght is slid~~i~~ng down the p~~o~~ker. He balan~~ç~~es very badly'). "Th~~a~~t's not a memorandum of y~~o~~ur feel~~i~~ngs!"

Th~~e~~re was a b~~o~~ok ly~~i~~ng near Alic~~e~~ on the ta~~b~~le, and wh~~i~~le she sat wat~~ch~~ing the Wh~~i~~te King (for she was still a little anx~~i~~ous ab~~o~~ut him, and had the ink ~~ä~~ll ready to ~~th~~row over him, in c~~a~~se he faint~~e~~d again), she t~~u~~rn~~e~~d over the le~~a~~ves, to find s~~o~~me p~~ä~~rt th~~a~~t she cou~~ld read, "—for it's ~~ä~~ll in s~~o~~me language I don't know," she said to h~~e~~rself. It was like ~~th~~is.~~

JABBERWOCKY.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

She puzzled over ~~th~~is for s~~o~~me time, but at l~~ä~~st a br~~i~~ght ~~th~~o~~u~~ght struck h~~e~~r. "Wh~~y~~, it's a L~~o~~oking-gl~~ä~~ss b~~o~~ok, of c~~o~~urse! And if I hold it up to a gl~~ä~~ss, the w~~o~~rds will ~~ä~~ll go the r~~i~~ght way again."

Th~~i~~s was the poem th~~a~~t Alic~~e~~ read.

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wade;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood.

And burred as it came!
One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.



"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?"

Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"It **seems** very pretty," she said *when* she had **finish**ed it, "but it's **rä**ther **här**d to understand!" (You **see** she didn't **like** to confess, **even** to **hê**rself, **that** she **cou**ldn't **make** it **out** at **ä**ll.) "**Sö**me**h**ow it **seems** to fill my head with **idea**s—**only** I **don't** exactly **know** **wh**at **they** are! **H**owever, **sö**me**b**ody killed **sö**me**th**ing: **that's** clear, at any **rate**—"

"But **oh**!" **thö**ught Alic**e**, suddenly jumping up, "if I **don't** **make** **haste** I **shall** have to go back **throu**gh the **Löök**ing-glä**ss**, bef**ö**re I've **seen** **wh**at the rest of the **hou**se is **like**! Let's have a **löö**k at the **gär**den **fir**st!" She was **out** of the **roo**m in a **mo**ment, and ran **down** stair**s**—or, at **le**ast, it **wa**s'n't exactly running, but a new invention for getting **down** stair**s** **quick**ly and **ea**sily, as Alic**e** said to **hê**rself. She just kept the tips of her finger**s** on the hand-r**ail**, and **flo**ated **gent**ly **down** **witho**ut **even** **touch**ing the stair**s** with her **feet**; **then** she **flo**ated on **throu**gh the **häll**, and **wö**ld have gone **stra**ight **out** at the **dö**or in the **sa**me **way**, if she hadn't **cä**ught **hold** of the **dö**or-post. She was getting a little giddy with so **much** **flo**ating in the **air**, and was **rä**ther glad to **find** **hê**rself **wä**king again in the **natur**al **way**.

CHAPTER 2

THE GARDEN OF LIVE FLOWERS.

"I **sho**uld **see** the **gär**den **fär** better," said Ali**ç**e to **hê**rself, "if I **co**uld get to the top of **th**at hill: and **he**re's a **pä**th **th**at **lea**d**s** **stra**ight to it—at **le**ast, **no**, it **do**e**s**n't **do** **th**at—" (**ä**fter **go**ing a few **yä**rd**s** along the **pä**th, and **tû**rning several **shä**rp **cô**rn**er**s), "but I **suppo**se it will at **lä**st. But **ho**w **cu**riously it twists! It's **mô**re **li**ke a **cô**rkscrew **th**an a **pä**th! Well, **th**is **tû**rn **go**e**s** to the hill, I **suppo**se—no, it **do**e**s**n't! **Th**is **go**e**s** **stra**ight back to the **ho**use! Well **th**en, I'll try it the **ô**ther way."

And so she did: **wä**ndering up and **do**wn, and trying **tû**rn **ä**fter **tû**rn, but **ä**l**wa**y**s** **cô**m**ing** back to the **ho**use, **do** **wh**at she **wô**ld. **I**n**de**ed, **on**ç**e**, **wh**en she **tû**rn**ed** a **cô**rn**er** **rä**th**er** **mô**re **qu**ickly **th**an **u**s**ua**l, she ran **ag**ainst it **be**fô**re** she **co**u**ld** stop **hê**rself.

"It's no **u**se **tä**king **ab**out it," Ali**ç**e said, **lô**o**king** up at the **ho**use and pretending it was **ä**rg**uing** **with** her. "I'm not **go**ing in **ag**ain yet. I **kn**ow I **sho**uld have to get **th**rough the **Lô**o**king**-glä**ss** **ag**ain—back **int**o the **ol**d **re**em—and **th**ere'd be an end of **ä**ll my **ad**vent**ur**e**s**!"

So, **re**s**olu**tely **tû**rning her back upon the **ho**use, she set **o**ut **on**ç**e** **mô**re **do**wn the **pä**th, **stra**ight **on** till she got to the hill. For a few minutes **ä**ll went on well, and **de**t**er**min**ed** to **ke**ep she was just **sa**y**ing**, "I **re**ally **sh**all do it **th**is **ti**me —" **wh**en the **pä**th **ga**ve a sudden twist and **shô**ok itself (as she **de**scri**be**d it **ä**ft**er**wa**rd**s), and the next **mo**ment she **fo**und **hê**rself actually **wä**king in at the **dô**or.

"**O**h, it's **tee** bad!" she **cri**ed. "I never **sä**w **su**ch a **ho**use **fô**r getting in the way! Never!"

How**ev**er, **th**ere was the hill **fü**ll in **si**ght, so **th**ere **wa**s **no**th**ing** to be **do**ne but **stä**rt **ag**ain. **Th**is **ti**me she **ca**me upon a **lä**rg**e** **fl**ow**er**bed, **with** a **bô**rd**er** of **da**is**ie**s, and a **willow**-**tree** growing in the middle.

"O **Ti**ger-lily," said Ali**ç**e, addressing **hê**rself to one **th**at was **wa**ving **grac**e**fu**lly **ab**out in the wind, "I **wi**sh you **co**u**ld** **tä**k!"

"We can **tä**k," said the **Ti**ger-lily: "**wh**en **th**ere's anybody **wô**rth **tä**king to."

Ali**ç**e was so **ast**on**ish**ed **th**at she **co**u**ld**n't **spe**ak for a minute: it **qu**ite **se**e**m**ed to **ta**ke her **breath** away. At **length**, **as** the **Ti**ger-lily **on**ly went on **wa**ving **ab**out, she **spo**ke **ag**ain, in a timid **voic**e—**ä**l**mo**st in a **wh**isper. "And can **ä**ll the **fl**ow**er**s **tä**k?"

"As well as you can," said the **Ti**ger-lily. "And a **gr**eat **de**al **lou**der."

"It **i**sn't manner**s** for us to begin, you **know**," said the **Ros**e, "and I **really** was **wondering** *when you'd speak!* Said I to **myself**, 'Her **fa**ce ha**s** got **so**me sense in it, **tho**ugh it's not a clever one! Still, **y**ou're the **right** **co**lour, and **that** **go**e**s** a long way."



"I **don't** **care** **about** the **co**lour," the **Tiger-lily** **re**mar**k**e**d**. "If **only** her petal**s** **cu**rl**e**d up a little m**o**re, she'd be **all** **right**."

Alice didn't **like** **being** critici**s**ed, so she began **ask**ing **questi**o**n**s. "**aren't** you **someti**me**s** **fright**ened at **being** planted **out** **here**, with **nobody** to **take** **care** of you?"

"**There's** the **tree** in the middle," said the **Ros**e: "**wh**at else is it **go**od for?"

"But **wh**at **co**uld it **do**, if any **dan**ger **came**?" **Alice** **ask**e**d**.

"It **co**uld **bark**," said the **Ros**e.

"It say**s** 'Bo**ugh**-wo**ugh**!' " cried a **Daisy**: "**that's** **wh**y its branch**e**s are **cal**led **bo**ugh**s**!"

"Didn't you **know** **that**?" cried an**o**ther **Daisy**, and **he**re **they** **all** began **sh**outing together, till the **air** **se**emed **quite** **full** of little **shr**ill voi**ce**s. "**Silen**ce, every one of you!" cried the **Tiger-lily**, waving itself **passi**onately from **side** to **side**, and trembling with **ex**cite**ment**.

"**They** **know** I **can't** get at **them**!" it panted, bending its **quiver**ing head **tow**ar**d**s **Alice**, "or **they** **wou**ldn't **da**re to **do** it!"

"Never **mind**!" **Alice** said in a **se**ething **tone**, and **ste**eping **down** to the **dai**sies, **wh**o were just beginning **again**, she **whis**pered, "If you **don't** **hold** **y**our **ton**gue**s**, I'll pick you!"

There was **silence** in a **moment**, and several of the pink **daisies** **turned** **white**.

"**That's** **right**!" said the Tiger-lily. "The **daisies** are **worst** of **all**. When one **speaks**, **they** **all** begin together, and it's **enough** to **make** one **with**er to **hear** the way **they** go on!"

"**How** is it you can **all** **talk** so **nicely**?" Alice said, **hoping** to get it into a better temper **by** a compliment. "I've **been** in many **gardens** **before**, but **none** of the **flowers** could **talk**."

"**Put** **your** hand **down**, and **feel** the **ground**," said the Tiger-lily. "**Then** **you'll** **know** **why**."

Alice did so. "It's very **hard**," she said, "but I **don't** **see** **what** **that** has to **do** with it."

"In **most** **gardens**," the Tiger-lily said, "**they** **make** the **beds** **too** soft—so **that** the **flowers** are **always** **asleep**."

This **sounded** a very **good** **reason**, and Alice was **quite** **pleased** to **know** it. "I never **thought** of **that** **before**!" she said.

"It's **my** **opinion** **that** you never **think** at **all**," the **Rose** said in a **rather** **severe** **tone**.

"I never **saw** anybody **that** **looked** **stupider**," a Violet said, so suddenly, **that** Alice **quite** **jumped**; for it hadn't **spoken** **before**.

"**Hold** **your** **tongue**!" **cried** the Tiger-lily. "As if you ever **saw** anybody! You **keep** **your** head under the **leaves**, and **snore** away **there**, till you **know** no **more** **what's** going on in the **world**, **than** if you **were** a bud!"

"Are **there** any **more** **people** in the **garden** **besides** me?" Alice said, not **cheesing** to **notice** the **Rose's** **last** **remark**.

"**There's** one **other** **flower** in the **garden** **that** can **move** about like you," said the **Rose**. "I **wonder** **how** you **do** it—" ("You're **always** **wondering**," said the Tiger-lily), "but she's **more** **bushy** **than** you are."

"Is she like me?" Alice **asked** **eagerly**, for the **thought** **crossed** her mind, "**There's** **another** little **girl** in the **garden**, **somewhere**!"

"Well, she has the **same** **awkward** **shape** as you," the **Rose** said, "but she's **redder**—and **her** **petals** are **shorter**, I **think**."

"Her **petals** are **done** up **close**, **almost** like a **dahlia**," the Tiger-lily interrupted: "not tumbled about **anyhow**, like **your**s."

"But **that's** not **yôur** **fâult**," the **Roşe** added **kîndly**: "**yôu're** beginning to **fâde**, you **know**—and **thên** one **cân't** help one's petals getting a little untidy."

Alice didn't like **this** **idea** at **âll**: so, to **chang**e the subject, she **âsked** "**Dôes** she ever **côme** **out** **here**?"

"I **dâresay** **you'll** **see** her **soon**," said the **Roşe**. "She's one of the **thôrny** kind."

"Where **dôes** she wear the **thôrnş**?" Alice **âsked** with **sôme** **curiosity**.

"**Why**, **âll** **round** **hêr** head, of **côurse**," the **Roşe** **replied**. "I was **wôndering** you hadn't got **sôme** **tee**. I **thôught** it was the **regular** **rule**."

"She's **côming**!" **cried** the **Lärkspûr**. "I **hear** her **foôtstep**, **thump**, **thump**, along the gravel-**wâk**!"

Alice **looked** **round** **eagerly**, and **found** **that** it was the Red **Queen**,. "She's **grown** a **gôod** **deäl**!" was her **fîrst** **remârk**. She had **indeed**: when Alice **fîrst** **found** her in the **ashes**, she had **been** **only** **three** **inches** **high**—and **here** she was, **häf** a head **tâller** **thän** Alice **hêrself**!

"It's the **fresh** **air** **that** **dôes** it," said the **Roşe**: "**wônderfully** **fine** **air** it is, **out** **here**."

"I **thînk** I'll go and **meet** her," said Alice, for, **thôugh** the **flowers** **wêre** interesting **enough**, she felt **that** it **wôuld** be **fâr** **grander** to have a **tâk** **with** a **real** **Queen**,.

"You **cân't** possibly **de** **that**," said the **Roşe**: "I **shôuld** **advîse** you to **wâk** the **ôther** **way**."

This **sounded** **nonsense** to Alice, so she said **nôthing**, but set off at **onc**e **towârdş** the Red **Queen**,. To her **surprîse**, she lost **sîght** of her in a **moment**, and **found** **hêrself** **wâking** in at the **front-dôor** **again**. A little **provoked**, she drew back, and **âfter** **lôoking** **everywhere** for the **Queen**, (**whem** she **spied** **out** at **läst**, a long way off), she **thôught** she **wôuld** **try** the plan, **this** **time**, of **wâking** in the **oppôsite** **direction**.



It suc**ceeded** be**autifully**. She had not be**een** w**alking** a minute bef**ore** she f**ound** h**er**self fa**ce** to fa**ce** with the Red **Queen**., and fu**ll** in si**ght** of the hill she had be**en** so long ai**ming** at.

"Where d**e** you c**ome** from?" said the Red **Queen**., "And where are you go**ing**? L**ook** up, spe**ak** ni**cely**, and don't twiddle y**our** finger**s** **all** the ti**me**."

Alice attended to **all** the**se** direction**s**, and explained, as well as she co**uld**, that she had lost her way.

"I don't know wh**at** you me**an** by y**our** way," said the **Queen**,: "**all** the way**s** ab**out** h**ere** belong to me—but wh**y** did you c**ome** o**ut** h**ere** at **all**?" she added in a k**inder** tone. "C**urtsey** wh**ile** y**ou're** th**inking** wh**at** to say. It sa**ves** ti**me**."

Alice w**ondered** a little at **this**, but she was t**oo** much in **awe** of the **Queen**, to disbelieve it. "I'll try it when I go home," she th**ought** to h**er**self, "the next ti**me** I'm a little l**ate** for dinner."

"It's ti**me** for you to answer n**ow**," the **Queen**, said, l**ooking** at her wat**ch**: "open y**our** m**outh** a little wider when you spe**ak**, and **always** say 'y**our** Majesty.'"

"I o**nly** w**anted** to see wh**at** the g**arden** was li**ke**, y**our** Majesty—"

"That's ri**ght**," said the **Queen**., patting her on the head, wh**ich** Alice didn't li**ke** at **all**, "th**ough**, when you say 'g**arden** '—I've seen g**arden**s, c**ompared** with wh**ich** this wo**uld** be a wilderness."

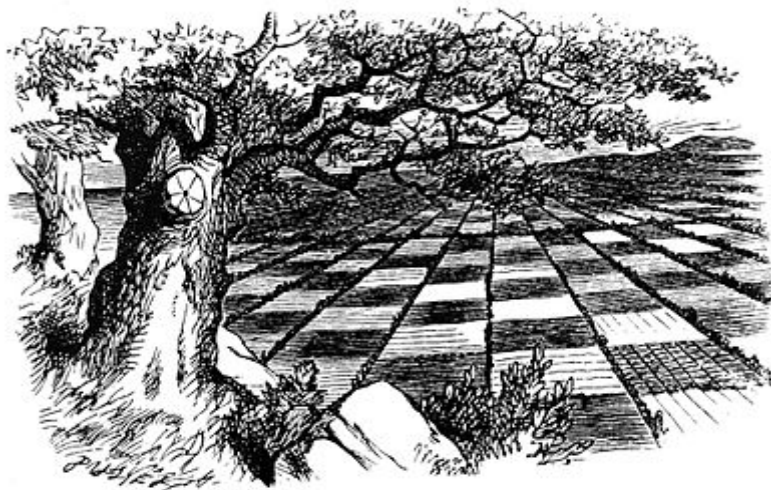
Alice didn't da**re** to **argue** the point, but went on: "—and I th**ought** I'd try and find my way to the top of **that** hill—"

"When you say 'hill, " the **Queen**, interrupted, "I could **show** you hill**s**, in compar**ison** with wh**ich** you'd c**all** **that** a valley."

"No, I sh**ouldn't**," said Alice, surpr**ised** into contradicting her at l**ast**: "a hill c**an't** be a valley, you know. **That** wo**uld** be nonsense—"

The Red **Queen**, sh**ook** h**er** head. "You may c**all** it 'nonsense' if you li**ke**," she said, "but I've h**ear**d nonsense, c**ompared** with wh**ich** **that** wo**uld** be as sensible as a dict**ionary**!"

Alice c**urtseyed** again, as she was afraid from the **Queen's** tone **that** she was a little offended: and **they** w**alked** on in silen**ce** till **they** got to the top of the little hill.



For **s**ome minutes Ali**c**e st**o**od with**o**ut spe**a**king, lo**o**king **o**ut in **a**ll directi**o**n**s** over the country —and a **m**ost **c**ur**i**ous country it was. **T**here were a number of tiny little br**o**oks running str**a**ight across it from side to side, and the gr**o**und between was divided up into **s**qu**a**re**s** by a number of little green hedge**s**, that re**a**ch**e**d from br**o**ok to br**o**ok.

"I decl**a**re it's m**a**r**k**e**d** **o**ut just **l**ike a l**a**rg**e** chess-b**o**ard!" Ali**c**e said at l**a**st. "**T**here **o**ught to be **s**ome men m**o**ving about **s**om**e**where— and so **t**here are!" she added in a **t**one of del**i**ght, and her he**a**rt began to be**a**t **q**u**i**ck with ex**c**ite**m**ent as she went on. "It's a gr**e**at hug**e** game of **c**hess **t**hat's be**i**ng play**e**d—**a**ll over the w**o**rl**d**—if **t**his is the w**o**rl**d** at **a**ll, you *know*. **O**h, wh**a**t fun it is! **H**ow I wish I was one of **t**hem! I w**o**u**d**n't mind be**i**ng a P**a**wn, if **o**nly I m**i**ght join—**t**h**o**ugh of c**o**ur**s**e I sh**o**u**d** like to be a **Q**ue**e**n,, best."

She gl**a**nc**e**d r**a**th**e**r sh**y**ly at the **r**eal **Q**ue**e**n, as she said **t**his, but her c**o**mpani**o**n **o**nly sm**i**led ple**a**santly, and said, "**T**hat's **e**as**i**ly man**a**g**e**d. You can be the **W**hite **Q**ue**e**n's P**a**wn, if you **l**ike, a**s** Lily's **t**oo young to play; and y**o**u're in the Sec**o**nd **S**qu**a**re to begin with: when you get to the Eigh**t**h **S**qu**a**re you'll be a **Q**ue**e**n—" Just at **t**his moment, **s**om**e**h**o**w or **o**th**e**r, **t**hey began to run.

Ali**c**e never co**u**ld **q**u**i**te make **o**ut, in **t**h**i**nking it **o**ver **a**fterward**s**, **h**ow it was **t**hat **t**hey began: **a**ll she rem**e**mber**s** is, **t**hat **t**hey were running hand in hand, and the **Q**ue**e**n, went so f**a**st **t**hat it was **a**ll she co**u**ld d**e** to keep up with her: and still the **Q**ue**e**n, kept crying "F**a**ster! F**a**ster!" but Ali**c**e felt she co**u**ld not go f**a**ster, **t**h**o**ugh she had no brea**t**h left to say so.

The **m**ost **c**ur**i**ous p**a**rt of the **t**h**i**ng was, **t**hat the tree**s** and the **o**th**e**r **t**h**i**ng**s** round **t**hem never **c**h**a**ng**e**d **t**heir place**s** at **a**ll: **h**ow**e**ver f**a**st **t**hey went, **t**hey never **s**eem**e**d to p**a**ss any**t**h**i**ng. "I w**o**nder if **a**ll the **t**h**i**ng**s** m**o**ve along with us?" **t**h**o**ught p**o**or puzzled Ali**c**e. And the **Q**ue**e**n, **s**eem**e**d to guess her **t**h**o**ught**s**, for she **c**ried, "F**a**ster! **D**on't try to t**a**lk!"

Not **that** Alic**ę** had any **idea** of doing **that**. She felt as if she **would** never be **able** to **tā**k again, she was getting so much **out** of **breath**: and still the **Queen**, cried "**Fāster! Fāster!**" and dragged her along. "**are we nearly there?**"

Alic**ę** manag**ę**d to pant **out** at **lāst**. "**Nearly there!**" the **Queen**, repeated. "**Why, we pāssed** it ten minutes ago! **Fāster!**" And **they** ran on for a **time** in **silenc**ę****, with the wind whistling in Alic**ę**'s ear**š**, and **ā**lmost blowing her hair off her head, she fanc**ę**d.



"**Now! Now!**" cried the **Queen**,. "**Fāster! Fāster!**" And **they** went so **fāst that** at **lāst they seemed** to skim **throu**ę****h the **air**, **hārdly** touching the **ground** with **their feet**, till suddenly, just as Alic**ę** was getting **quite** ex**h**āusted, **they stop**ę**d**, and she **found h**ę**rself** sitting on the **ground**, **breath**less and giddy.

The **Queen**, grop**ę**d her up against a **tree**, and said kindly, "You **may** rest a little **now**," Alic**ę** **look**ę**d** round her in **great** surpr**ę**se. "**Why, I d**ę** believe we've been** under **this tree** the **whole time!** Every**th**ing's just as it was!"

"Of **cō**urse it is," said the **Queen**,: "**wh**at** would** you have it?"

"Well, in our country," said Alic**ę**, still panting a little, "**you'd g**ę**nerally** get to **somewhere** else—if you ran very **fāst** for a long **time**, as **we've been doing**."

"A **slow sōrt** of country!" said the **Queen**,. "**Now, here, you see, it takes ā**ll the running you can **d**ę****, to **keep** in the **same plac**ę****. If you **want** to get **somewhere** else, you must run at **least twic**ę**** as **fāst** as **that!**"

"I'd **rāther** not try, **pleas**ę****!" said Alic**ę**. "I'm **quite** content to **stay here—only** I am so hot and **th**irsty!"

"I **know wh**at** you'd like!**" the **Queen**, said **gōōd-natur**ę****dly, taking a little box **out** of her pocket. "Have a biscuit?"

Alice **tho**ught it would not be **ç**ivil to say "No," **tho**ugh it **wa**s'n't at **â**ll **wh**at she **w**anted. So she **t**ook it, and **a**te it as well as she **co**uld: and it was very **dry**; and she **tho**ught she had never **bee**n so nearly **cho**ked in **â**ll her **li**fe.

"**Wh**ile y**ô**u're **re**freshing y**ô**urself," said the **Queen**,, "I'll just **ta**ke the mea**ş**urements." And she **t**ook a ribbon **o**ut of her pocket, **m**arked in **in**ches, and began mea**ş**uring the **g**round, and sticking little peg**ş** in **he**re and **the**re.

"At the end of **tw**e y**ä**rd**ş**," she said, **pu**tt**ı**ng in a peg to **m**ark the **di**stan**ç**e, "I **ş**hall give you y**ô**ur **di**rection**ş**—have an**ö**ther biscuit?"

"No, **th**ank you," said Alice: "one's **qu**ite enough!"

"**th**irst **qu**enched, I hope?" said the **Queen**,.

Alice did not **kn**ow **wh**at to say to **this**, but luckily the **Queen**, did not wait for an answer, but went on. "At the end of **th**ree y**ä**rd**ş** I **ş**hall repe**at** them—**f**or **f**ear of y**ô**ur forgetting **the**m. At the end of **f**ô**ur**, I **ş**hall say **g**ô**o**d-by**e**. And at the end of **fi**ve, I **ş**hall go!"

She had got **â**ll the peg**ş** **p**ut in by **this** time, and Alice **l**ook**e**d on with **g**reat interest as she **re**t**u**rn**e**d to the **tree**, and **the**n began slowly **w**alk**ı**ng **do**wn the **row**.

At the **tw**e-y**ä**rd peg she **fa**ç**e**d **ro**und, and said, "A **p**awn **go**e**ş** **tw**e **s**qua**re****ş** in its **f**irst **m**ove, you **kn**ow so y**o**u'll go very **qu**ickly **th**ro**u**gh the **th**ird **S**qua**re**—by **ra**ilway, I **ş**ho**u**ld **th**ink—and y**o**u'll find y**ô**urself in the **F**ô**ur**th **S**qua**re** in no time. Well, **that** **s**qua**re** belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the **F**if**th** is mostly **w**â**t**er—the **S**ix**th** belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you **ma**ke no **re**m**ä**rk?"

"I—I didn't **kn**ow I had to **ma**ke one—just **the**n," Alice **f**altered **o**ut.

"You **ş**ho**u**ld have said," the **Queen**, went on in a **to**ne of **g**ra**v**e **re**pre**o**of, "'It's **e**xtr**e**mely **k**ind of you to tell me **â**ll **this**'—**h**ow**e**ver, **w**e'll sup**po**se it said—the **S**ev**e**n**th** **S**qua**re** is **â**ll forest—**h**ow**e**ver, one of the **K**nights will **sh**ow uou the **w**ay—and in the **E**igh**th** **S**qua**re** we **ş**hall be **Q**ue**en****ş** **to**ge**the**r, and it's **â**ll **f**easting and fun!" Alice got up and **c**û**r**tseyed, and sat **do**wn again.

At the next peg the **Queen**, **t**û**r**n**e**d **ag**ain, and **this** time she said, "**S**pe**a**k in **F**ren**ç**h when you **c**â**n**'t **th**ink of the **E**n**g**lish for a **th**ing—**t**û**r**n **o**ut y**ô**ur **to**e**ş** as you **w**â**k**—and remember **wh**o you are !" She did not wait for Alice to **c**û**r**tsey **this** time, but **w**â**k**e**d** on **qu**ickly to the next peg, **wh**ere she **t**û**r**n**e**d for a **m**oment to say "**g**ô**o**d-by**e**," and **the**n hurried on to the **l**â**st**.

How it happened, Alice never knew, but exactly as she came to the last peg, she was gone. Whether she vanished into the air, or whether she ran quickly into the wood ("and she can run very fast!" thought Alice), there was no way of guessing, but she was gone, and Alice began to remember that she was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time for her to move.

CHAPTER 3

LOOKING-GLASS INSECTS.

Of cōurse the first **th**ing to **d**e was to **m**ake a grand sūrvey of the country she was going to travel **th**rough. "It's **s**ome**th**ing very like lēarning **g**eography," **th**ōught Alicē, as she stōōd on tiptōe in **h**opes of **b**eing **a**ble to **s**ee a little fūrther. "Prinçipal rivers **d**on't **th**ink it's got any **n**ame. Prinçipal **t**own**s**—**w**hy, **w**hat are **th**ose **c**reature**s**, making —**t**here are **n**one. Prinçipal **m**ountain**s**—I'm on the **o**nly one, but I **h**oney **d**own **t**here? **T**hey **c**an't be **b**ee**s**—**n**obody ever **s**aw **b**ee**s** a mile off, you **k**now—" and for **s**ome **t**ime she stōōd silent, **w**atching one of **t**hem **t**hat was bustling about among the **f**lower**s**, **p**oking its proboscis into **t**hem, "just as if it was a regular **b**ee," **th**ōught Alicē.

However, **t**his was any**th**ing but a regular **b**ee: in fact, it was an ele**p**hant—
—as Alicē **s**een **f**ound **o**ut, **t**hough the **i**dea **q**uite **t**ook her **b**reath away at first. "And **w**hat enōrmous **f**lower**s** **t**hey must be!" was her next **i**dea. "**S**ome**th**ing like cottages **w**ith the **r**oofs **t**aken off, and stāks **p**ut to **t**hem—and **w**hat **q**uantities of **h**oney **t**hey must make! I **th**ink I'll go **d**own and—no, I **w**on't go just yet," she went on, checking **h**erself just as she was beginning to run **d**own the hill, and **t**rying to **f**ind **s**ome **e**x**c**use for tūrning **s**hy so suddenly. "It'll never **d**e to go **d**own among **t**hem **w**ithout a **g**ood long **b**ranch to **b**rush **t**hem away—and **w**hat fun it'll be **w**hen **t**hey **ä**sk me **h**ow I **l**iked my **w**ā**k**. I **s**hall say—' **O**h, I **l**iked it well enough —' (**h**ere came the **f**avourite little toss of the head), 'only it was so dusty and hot, and the ele**p**hants did **t**easē so!"

"I **th**ink I'll go **d**own the **o**ther way," she said **ä**fter a **p**āu**s**e: "and **p**ērhaps I **m**ay vi**s**it the ele**p**hants **l**ater on. **B**eside**s**, I **d**e so **w**ant to get into the **t**hird **S**quare!"

So **w**ith **t**his **e**x**c**use she ran **d**own the hill and jumpe**d** over the **f**irst of the six little **b**roōks.

"Tickets, **p**leasē!" said the **G**uärd, **p**ut**t**ing his head in at the **w**indow. In a **m**oment everybody was **h**olding **o**ut a ticket: **t**hey were about the **s**ame **s**ize as the **p**eople, and **q**uite **s**eemed to fill the **c**arria**g**e.

"**N**ow **t**hen! **S**how yōur ticket, **c**hild!" the **G**uärd went on, **l**ooking angrily at Alicē. And a **g**reat many **v**oices **ä**ll said **t**o**g**ether ("like the **c**hōrus of a song," **th**ōught Alicē), "**D**on't **k**ee**p** him **w**aiting, **c**hild! **W**hy, his **t**ime is **w**orth a **t**hous**a**nd **p**ound**s** a minute!"

"I'm afraid I haven't got one," Alice said in a frightened tone: "there wasn't a ticket-office where I came from." And again the chorus of voices went on. "There wasn't room for one where she came from. The land there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!"

"Don't make excuses," said the Guard: "you should have bought one from the engine-driver." And once more the chorus of voices went on with "The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!"

Alice thought to herself, "Then there's no use in speaking." The voices didn't join in this time, as she hadn't spoken, but, to her great surprise, they all thought in chorus (I hope you understand what thinking in chorus means — for I must confess that I don't), "Better say nothing at all. Language is worth a thousand pounds a word!"

"I shall dream about a thousand pounds to-night, I know I shall!" thought Alice.



All this time the Guard was looking at her, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and then through an opera-glass. At last he said, "You're travelling the wrong way," and shut up the window and went away.

"So young a child," said the gentleman sitting opposite to her, (he was dressed in white paper,) "ought to know which way she's going, even if she doesn't know her own name!"

A Goat, **that was** sitting next to the **gentleman** in **white**, **shut** his **eyes** and said in a **loud voice**, "She **ought** to **know** her way to the ticket-offi**ce**, **even** if she **doesn't** **know** her **alphabet**!"

There was a **Beetle** sitting next the **Goat** (it was a very **queer** carriage-**full** of passengers **altogether**), and, as the **rule** **seemed** to be **that they should all** **speak** in **turn**, he went on with "She'll have to go back from **here** as **luggage**!"

Alice **couldn't see** **who** was sitting beyond the **Beetle**, but a **hoarse voice** spoke next. "**Change engines**—" it said, and **there** it **choke**d and was **obliged** to **leave** off.

"It **sounds** like a **horse**," Alice **tho**ught to **he**rself. And an **extremely small** **voice**, **close** to her **ear**, said,

*"You might make a joke on **that**— **some**thing about 'horse' and 'hoarse', you know."*

Then a very **gentle** **voice** in the **distance** said, "*She must be labelled 'Lass, with care' you know*——"

And **after that other** **voices** went on ("What a number of **people** **there** are in the carriage!" **tho**ught Alice), saying, "She must go **by** **post**, as she's got a head on her—" "She must be sent as a **message** **by** the **telegraph**—" "She must **draw** the **train** **he**rself the rest of the **way**—" and so on.

But the **gentleman** **dressed** in **white** **paper** **leaned** **forwards** and **whispered** in her **ear**, "Never mind **what they all** say, **my** **dear**, but **take** a **return**-ticket every **time** the **train** stops."

"Indeed I **shan't**!" Alice said **rather** **impatiently**. "I **don't** belong to **this** **railway** **journey** at **all**—I was in a **wood** just **now**—and I **wish** I **could** get back **there**!"

"You might make a joke on that," said the little **voice** **close** to **he**r **ear**. *"some*thing about 'you **would** if you **could**, you know."

"Don't **tease** so," said Alice, **looking** about in **vain** to **see** where the **voice** came from; "if **you're** so anxious to have a **joke** **made**, **why** **don't** you **make** one **yourself**?"

The little **voice** **sighed** **deeply**: it was very unhappy, evidently, and Alice **would** have said **some**thing pitying to **comfort** it, "if it **would** only **sigh** like **other** **people**!" she **tho**ught. But **this** was **such** a **wonderfully small** **sigh**, **that** she **wouldn't** have **he**ard it at **all**, if it hadn't come **quite** **close** to her **ear**. The **consequence** of **this** was **that** it tickled her **ear** very much, and **quite** **took** off **he**r **tho**ughts from the unhappiness of the **poor** little **creature**.

*"I know you **are** a friend,"* the little **voice** went on; *"a **dear** friend, and an **old** friend. And you **won't hurt** me, **though** I am an insect."*

"What kind of insect?" Alice **inquired** a little anxiously. What she really wanted to know was, whether it could sting or not, but she **thought** this wouldn't be quite a civil question to ask.

"What, then you don't——" the little voice began, when it was drowned by a shrill scream from the engine, and everybody jumped up in alarm, Alice among the rest.

The Horse, who had put his head out of the window, quietly drew it in and said, "It's only a brook we have to jump over." Everybody seemed satisfied with this, though Alice felt a little nervous at the idea of trains jumping at all. "However, it'll take us into the Fourth Square, that's some comfort!" she said to herself. In another moment she felt the carriage rise straight up into the air, and in her fright she caught at the thing nearest to her hand, which happened to be the Goat's beard.

But the beard seemed to melt away as she touched it, and she found herself sitting quietly under a tree—while the Gnat (for that was the insect she had been talking to) was balancing itself on a twig just over her head, and fanning her with its wings.

It certainly was a very large Gnat: "about the size of a chicken," Alice thought. Still, she couldn't feel nervous with it, after they had been talking together so long.

"—then you don't like all insects?" the Gnat went on, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"I like them when they can talk," Alice said. "None of them ever talk, where I come from."

"What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where you come from?" the Gnat inquired.

"I don't rejoice in insects at all," Alice explained, "because I'm rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them."

"Of course they answer to their names?" the Gnat remarked carelessly.

"I never knew them do it."

"What's the use of their having names," the Gnat said, "if they won't answer to them?"

"No use to them," said Alice; "but it's useful to the people that name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?"

"I cān't say," the Gnat replied. "Fûrther on, in the wôod down there, they've got no names—however, go on with yôur list of insects: yôu're wasting time."

"Well, there's the Hôrse-fly," Alicë began, counting off the names on her fingers.

"āll riight," said the Gnat: "hāf way up that bûsh, you'll see a Rocking-hôrse-fly, if you lôok. It's made entirely of wôod, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch."



"Whāt dôes it live on?" Alicë āsked, with great curiosity.

"Sap and sâwdust," said the Gnat. "Go on with the list."

Alicë lôoked at the Rocking-hôrse-fly with great interest, and made up her mind that it must have been just repainted, it lôoked so bright and sticky; and then she went on.

"And there's the Dragon-fly."



"Lôok on the branch abôve yôur head," said the Gnat, "and there you'll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin bûrning in brandy."

"And whāt dôes it live on?" Alicë āsked, as befôre.

"Frumenty and mince-pie," the Gnat replied; "and it makes its nest in a Christmas-box."

"And then there's the Butterfly," Alice went on, after she had taken a good look at the insect with its head on fire, and had thought to herself, "I wonder if that's the reason insects are so fond of flying into candles—because they want to turn into Snap-dragon-flies!"

"Crawling at your feet," said the Gnat (Alice drew her feet back in some alarm), "you may observe a Bread-and-butter-fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar."

"And what does it live on?"



"Weak tea with cream in it."

A new difficulty came into Alice's head. "Supposing it couldn't find, any?" she suggested

"Then it would die, of course."

"But that must happen very often," Alice remarked thoughtfully.

"It always happens," said the Gnat.

After this, Alice was silent for a minute or two, pondering. The Gnat amused itself meanwhile by humming round and round her head: at last it settled again and remarked, "I suppose you don't want to lose your name?"

"No, indeed," Alice said, a little anxiously.

"And yet I don't know," the Gnat went on in a careless tone: "only think how convenient it would be if you could manage to go home without it! For instance, if the governess wanted to call you to your lessons, she would call out 'Come here—, and there she would have to leave off, because there wouldn't be any name for her to call, and of course you wouldn't have to go, you know."

"That would never do, I'm sure," said Alice: "the governess would never think of excusing me lessons for that. If she couldn't remember my name, she'd call me 'Miss! as the servants do."

"Well, if she said 'Miss, and didn't say anything more," the Gnat remarked, "of course you'd miss your lessons. That's a joke. I wish you had made it."

"Why do you wish I had made it?" Alice asked. "It's a very bad one."

But the Gnat only sighed deeply, while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.

"You shouldn't make jokes," Alice said, "if it makes you so unhappy."

Then came another of those melancholy little sighs, and this time the poor Gnat really seemed to have sighed itself away, for, when Alice looked up, there was nothing whatever to be seen on the twig, and, as she was getting quite chilly with sitting still so long, she got up and walked on.

She very soon came to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it: it looked much darker than the last wood, and Alice felt a little timid about going into it. However, on second thoughts, she made up her mind to go on:

"for I certainly won't go back," she thought to herself, and this was the only way to the Eighth Square.

"This must be the wood," she said thoughtfully to herself, "where things have no names. I wonder what'll become of my name when I go in? I shouldn't like to lose it at all—because they'd have to give me another, and it would be almost certain to be an ugly one. But then the fun would be, trying to find the creature that had got my old name! That's just like the advertisements, you know, when people lose dogs—'answers to the name of "Dash:" had on a brass collar'—just fancy calling everything you met "Alice', till one of them answered! Only they wouldn't answer at all, if they were wise."

She was rambling on in this way when she reached the wood: it looked very cool and shady. "Well, at any rate it's a great comfort," she said as she stepped under the trees, "after being so hot, to get into the—into the—into what?" she went on, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word. "I mean to get under the—under the—under this, you know!" putting her hand on the trunk of the tree. "What does it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it's got no name — why, to be sure it hasn't!"

She stood silent for a minute, thinking: then she suddenly began again. "Then it really has happened, after all! And now, who am I? I will remember, if I can! I'm determined to do it!" But being determined didn't help her much, and all she could say, after a great deal of puzzling, was, "L, I know it begins with L!"

Just **then** a Fawn came wandering by: it **looked** at Alice with its **large** gentle eyes, but didn't **seem** at **all** frightened. "Here **then!** Here **then!**" Alice said, as she held **out** her hand and tried to stroke it; but it **only** started back a little, and **then** stood looking at her again.

"What **do** you **call** yourself?" the Fawn said at last. Such a soft sweet voice it had!

"I wish I knew!" **thought** poor Alice. She answered, rather sadly, "Nothing, just now." ...

"Think again," it said: "that won't **do**."



Alice **thought**, but **nothing** came of it. "Please, would you tell me what you **call** yourself?" she said timidly. "I **think** that might help a little."

"I'll tell you, if you'll come a little **further** on," the Fawn said. "I **can't** remember here."

So **they** **walked** on together **through** the wood, Alice with her arms clasped lovingly round the soft neck of the Fawn, till **they** came out into another open field, and here the Fawn gave a sudden bound into the air, and **shook** itself free from Alice's arms. "I'm a Fawn!" it **cried** out in a voice of delight, "and, dear me! you're a human child!" A sudden look of alarm came into its beautiful brown eyes, and in another moment it had darted away at full speed.

Alice stood looking after it, almost ready to cry with vexation at having lost her dear little fellow-traveller so suddenly. "However, I know my name now," she said, "that's some comfort. Alice — Alice — I won't forget it again. And now, which of these finger-posts ought I to follow, I wonder?"

It was not a very difficult **question** to answer, as **there** was **only** one road **through** the **wood**, and the **two** finger-posts **both** pointed along it. "I'll settle it," **Alice** said to **herself**, "when the road **divides** and **they** point different **ways**."

But **this** did not **seem** likely to happen. She went on and on, a long way, but wherever the road **divided** **there** were **sure** to be **two** finger-posts pointing the **same** way, one **marked** 'TO TWEEDLEDUM'S **House**, and the **other** 'TO the **House** OF TWEEDLEDEE.

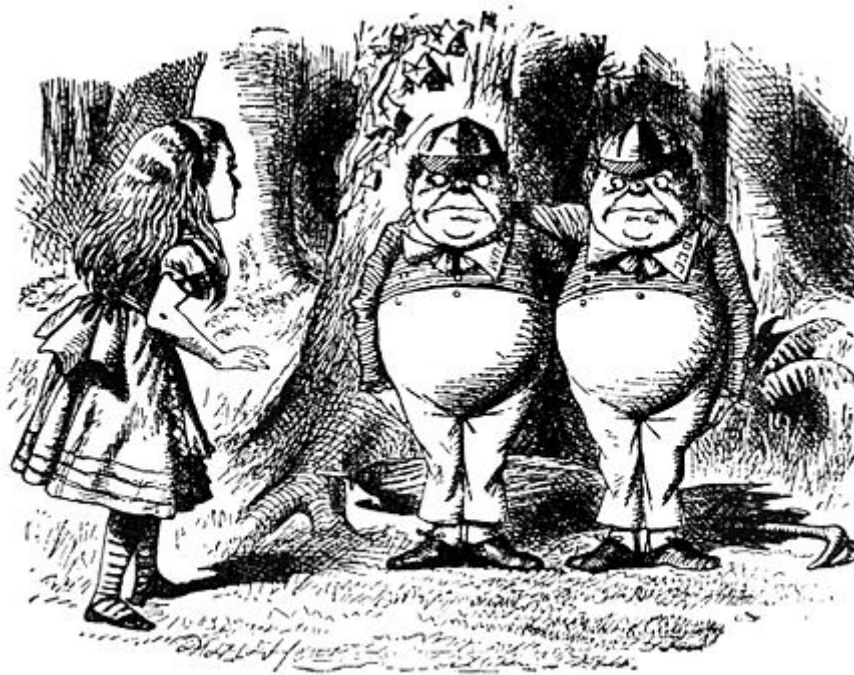
"I **do** believe," said **Alice** at **last**, "**that** **they** live in the **same** **house**! I **wonder** I never **thought** of **that** **before** —But I **can't** stay **there** long. I'll just **call** and say 'How d'ye **do**? and **ask** **them** the way **out** of the **wood**. If I **could** **only** get to the **Eighth** **Square** **before** it gets **dark**!" So she **wandered** on, **talking** to **herself** as she went, till, on **turning** a **sharp** **corner**, she **came** upon **two** fat little men, so suddenly **that** she **could** not help **starting** back, but in an **other** **moment** she **recovered** **herself**, **feeling** **sure** **that** **they** must be

CHAPTER 4

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

They were standing under a tree, **each** with an **ä**rm **rou**nd the **ö**ther's neck, and Alic**e** knew **whi**ch was **whi**ch in a **mo**ment, beca**u**se one of **the**m had 'DUM' embroidered on hi**s** collar, and the **ö**ther 'DEE. "I suppo**s**e **the**y've **ea**ch got 'TWEEDLE' **rou**nd at the back of the collar," she said to he**r**self.

They st**oo**d so still **tha**t she **qu**ite forgot **the**y were ali**v**e, and she was just lo**o**king **rou**nd to **see** if the w**o**rd 'TWEEDLE' was **w**ritten at the back of **ea**ch collar, **wh**en she was st**ä**rtled **by** a voi**c**e **cö**ming from the one m**ä**rked 'DUM.



"If you **th**ink **we**'re wax-w**ö**rks," he said, "you **ö**ught to **pa**y, you **kn**ow. Wax-w**ö**rks **w**e'ren't made to be lo**ö**ked at for **no**thing. **No**h**ö**w!"

"Con**tr**ari**wi**s**e**," added the one m**ä**rked 'DEE. "if you **th**ink **we**'re ali**v**e, you **ö**ught to **spe**ak."

"I'm **su**re I'm very sorry," was **ä**ll Alic**e** cou**ld** **sa**y; for the w**ö**rd**s** of the **ö**ld song kept ringing **th**rough her head **li**ke the ticking of a clock, and she cou**ld** **hä**rdly help **sa**ying **the**m **ö**ut **lou**d:—

*"Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar-barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel."*

"I know what you're thinking about," said Tweedledum: "but it isn't so, nohow."

"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be: but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

"I was thinking," Alice said very politely, "which is the best way out of this wood: it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?"

But the fat little men only looked at each other and grinned.

They looked so exactly like a couple of great schoolboys, that Alice couldn't help pointing her finger at Tweedledum, and saying "First Boy!"

"Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

"Next Boy!" said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee, though she felt quite certain he would only shout out "Contrariwise!" and so he did.

"You've begun wrong!" cried Tweedledum. "The first thing in a visit is to say 'How d'ye do?' and shake hands!" And here the two brothers gave each other a hug, and then they held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with her.

Alice did not like shaking hands with either of them first, for fear of hurting the other one's feelings; so, as the best way out of the difficulty, she took hold of both hands at once: the next moment they were dancing round in a ring. This seemed quite natural (she remembered afterwards), and she was not even surprised to hear music playing: it seemed to come from the tree under which they were dancing, and it was done (as well as she could make it out) by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddle-sticks.

"But it certainly was funny," (Alice said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of all this,) "to find myself singing 'Here we go round the mulberry bush.' I don't know when I began it, but somehow I felt as if I'd been singing it a long long time!"

The other two dancers were fat, and very soon out of breath. "Four times round is enough for one dance," Tweedledum panted out, and they left off dancing as suddenly as they had begun: the music stopped at the same moment.

Then they let go of Alice's hands, and stood looking at her for a minute: there was a rather awkward pause, as Alice didn't know how to begin a conversation with people she had just been dancing with. "It would never do to say 'How d'ye do?' now," she said to herself: "we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!"

"I hope yo're not much tired?" she said at läst.

"Nohow. And thänk you very much för äsking," said Tweedledum.

"So much obliged!" added Tweedledee. "You like poetry?"

"Yee-es, pretty well—some poetry," Alice said doubtfully. "Wöuld you tell me which road leads out of the wöod?"

"Whät shäll I repeat to her?" said Tweedledee, löoking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes, and not noticing Alice's question.

"The Wälrus and the Cärpenter is the longest," Tweedledum replied, giving his bröther an affectionate hug.

Tweedledee began instantly: "*The sun was shining——*"

Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. "If it's very long," she said, as politely as she coüld, "wöuld you please tell me first which road—"

Tweedledee smiled gently, and began again:

"The sun was shining on the sea,

Shining with äll his might:

He did his very best to make

The billows smooth and bright—

And this was odd, because it was

The middle of the night.

The möon was shining sulkily,

Because she thöught the sun

Had got no business to be there

After the day was döne—

'It's very rude of him, she said,

'To cöme and spoil the fun!

The sea was wet as wet coüld be,

The sands were dry as dry.

You coüld not see a cloud, because

No cloud was in the sky:

No bîrds were flyîng overhead—

There were no bîrds to fly.



The Wâlrus and the Carpenter

Were wâ/king closê at hand;

They wept likê anythîng to sêe

Such quântitiês of sand:

'If **th**is were **only** cleared away,

They said, 'it wôuld be grand!

'If seven maids with seven mops

Swept it for hâ/f a year,

Do you supposê, the Wâlrus said,

That **th**ey côuld get it clear?

'I **d**oubt it, said the Cârpen^ter

And **sh**ed a bitter tear.

'O Oyster^s, cômê and wâ/k with us!

'The Wâlrus did besêech.

'A pleasant wâ/k, a pleasant tâ/k,

Along the brîny be^ach:

We cannot d^o with m^ôre **th**an f^ôur,

To give a hand to **e**ach.

The eldest Oyster **lòòk**ed at him,
 But never a **wô**rd he said:
 The eldest Oyster winked hi**ş** **ey**e,
 And **shòò**k his heavy head—
 Meaning to **say** he did not **cheeş**e
 To **le**ave the oyster-bed.
 But **fô**ur young Oyster**ş** hurried up,
 All **e**ager for the **tre**at:
Their **co**ats were brush**ed**,
their **fa**ç**es** wash**ed**,
Their **sh**o**es** were cle**an** and neat—
 And **this** was odd, beca**us**e, you *know*,
They hadn't any **feet**.
 F**ô**ur **ô**ther Oyster**ş** follow**ed** **them**,
 And yet an**ô**ther **fô**ur;
 And **th**ick and **fä**st **the**y **ca**me at **lä**st,
 And m**ô**re, and m**ô**re, and m**ô**re
 All hopping **th**rough the fro**thy** **wav**es,
 And scrambling to the **shô**re.
 The W**ä**lrus and the Carpenter
 W**ä**k**ed** on a **mil**e or so,
 And **then** **the**y rested on a rock
 C**ô**nveniently **low**:
 And **ä**ll the little Oyster**ş** st**ò**od
 And wait**ed** in a **row**.
 'The **ti**me has **cô**me, the W**ä**lrus said,'
 To **tä**k of many **th**ing**ş**:

Of **sho**es—and **sh**ips—and **se**aling-wax—
 Of cabbag**e**s—and king**s**—
 And **wh**y the **se**a is boiling hot—
 And **wheth**er pig**s** have wing**s**.



'But **wait** a bit, the Oyster**s** **cried**,
 'Bef**o**re we have **o**ur **ch**at;
 For **so**me of us are **o**ut of breath,
 And **a**ll of us are fat!"
 No hurry! said the Cä**r**penter.
They thanked him much for **th**at.

'A **lo**af of bread, the Wä**l**rus said,
 'Is **wh**at we **chiefly need**:
 Pepper and **vinegar beside**s
 are very **g**ood indeed—
Now if you are ready, Oyster**s** **de**ar,
 We can begin to **feed**!

'But not on us! the Oyster**s** **cried**,
Tu**r**ning a little **blu**e.

'After **such** kindness, **th**at wo**u**ld be

A di**s**mal **th**ing to do!"

The ni**gh**t is fi**n**e, the W**ä**lrus said.'

Do you admi**r**e the view?

'It was so ki**nd** of you to co**m**e!

And you are very ni**ce**!

'The C**ä**rpenter said no**th**ing but'

Cut us an**o**ther slic**e**:

I wi**sh** you were not **qu**ite so deaf—

I've had to **ä**sk you twi**ce**!'

'It **seem**s a **sh**ame, the W**ä**lrus said,

'To **pl**ay **th**em **such** a trick,

we've br**ö**ught **th**em **o**ut so f**ä**r,

And ma**d**e **th**em trot so **qu**ick!

'The C**ä**rpenter said no**th**ing but

'The butter'**s** spread **tee** **th**ick!



'I **weep** for you, the W**ä**lrus said.

'I **de**epl**y** sympathi**ze**!

With sob**s** and tear**s** he s**ö**rted out

Thos**e** of the **lä**rgest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

'O Oysters, said the Carpenter,

'You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?

'But answer came there none—

And this was scarcely odd, because

They'd eaten every one."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you see he was a little sorry for the poor oysters."

"He ate more than the Carpenter, though," said Tweedledee. "You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took: contrariwise."

"That was mean!" Alice said indignantly. "Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus."

"But he ate as many as he could get," said Tweedledum.

This was a puzzler. After a pause, Alice began, "Well! They were both very unpleasant characters—" Here she checked herself in some alarm, at hearing something that sounded to her like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she feared it was more likely to be a wild beast. "Are there any lions or tigers about here?" she asked timidly.

"It's only the Red King snoring," said Tweedledee.

"Come and look at him!" the brothers cried, and they each took one of Alice's hands, and led her up to where the King was sleeping.



"Isn't he a lovely sight" said Tweedledum.

Alice couldn't say honestly that he was. He had a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he was lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loud—"fit to snore his head off!" as Tweedledum remarked.

"I'm afraid he'll catch cold with lying on the damp grass," said Alice, who was a very thoughtful little girl.

"He's dreaming now," said Tweedledee; "and what do you think he's dreaming about?"

Alice said "Nobody can guess that."

"Why, about you!" Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly. "And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?"

"Where I am now, of course," said Alice.

"Not you!" Tweedledee retorted contemptuously. "You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream!"

"If that there King was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!"

"I shouldn't!" Alice exclaimed indignantly. "Besides, if I'm only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?"

"Ditto," said Tweedledum.

"Ditto, ditto!" cried Tweedledee.

He shouted this so loud that Alice couldn't help saying, "Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise."

"Well, it's no use your talking about waking him," said Tweedledum, "when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real."

"I am real!" said Alice, and began to cry.

"You won't make yourself a bit realer by crying," Tweedledee remarked: "there's nothing to cry about."

"If I wasn't real," Alice said—half-laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous—"I shouldn't be able to cry."

"I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?" Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

"I know **they're** **talking** nonsense," Alice **tho**ught to **he**rself: "and it's **foolish** to **cry** **about** it." So she **brushed** away her **tears**, and went on as **cheerfully** as she **could**, "At any **rate** I'd better be getting **out** of the **wood**, for **really** it's **coming** on very **dark**. **Do** you **think** it's **going** to **rain**?"

Tweedledum spread a **large** umbrella **over** himself and his **brother**, and **looked** up into it.

"No, I **don't** **think** it is," he said: "at **least** not under **here**. **Nohow**."

"But it **may** **rain** **outside**?"

"It **may**—if it **cheeses**," said Tweedledee: "we've no objection. **Contrariwise**."

"**Selfish things!**" **tho**ught Alice, and she was just **going** to **say** "**Good-night**" and **leave** **them**, when Tweedledum sprang **out** from under the umbrella, and **seized** her **by** the wrist.

"**Do** you **see** **that**?" he said, in a voice **choking** with **passion**, and his **eyes** grew **large** and **yellow** **all** in a **moment**, as he pointed **with** a trembling finger at a **small** **white** **thing** **lying** under the **tree**.

"It's **only** a rattle," Alice said, **after** a **careful** **examination** of the little **white** **thing**. "Not a rattle-**snake**, you **know**," she added **hastily**, **thinking** **that** he was **frightened**: "**only** an **old** rattle—**quite** **old** and **broken**."



"I **knew** it was!" **cried** Tweedledum, beginning to stamp **about** **wildly** and **tear** his **hair**. "It's **spoilt**, of **course**!" **Here** he **looked** at Tweedledee, who **immediately** sat **down** on the **ground**, and **tried** to **hide** himself under the umbrella.

Alice **laid** her hand upon his **arm**, and said in a **soothing** **tone**, "You **needn't** be so **angry** about an **old** rattle."

"But it isn't old!" Tweedledum cried, in a greater fury than ever. "It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—my nice new RATTLE!" and his voice rose to a perfect scream.

All this time Tweedledee was trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it: which was such an extraordinary thing to do, that it quite took off Alice's attention from the angry brother. But he couldn't quite succeed, and it ended in his rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out: and there he lay, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes—"looking more like a fish than anything else," Alice thought.

"Of course you agree to have a battle?" Tweedledum said in a calmer tone.

"I suppose do," the other sulkily replied, as he crawled out of the umbrella: "only she must help us to dress up, you know."



So the two brothers went off hand-in-hand into the wood, and returned in a minute with their arms full of things such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers, and coal-scuttles. "I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying strings?" Tweedledum remarked. "Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other."

Alice said afterwards she had never seen such a fuss made about anything in all her life—the way those two bustled about—and the quantity of things they put on—and the trouble they gave her in tying strings and fastening buttons—"Really they'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they're ready!" she said to herself, as she arranged a bolster round the neck of Tweedledee, "to keep his head from being cut off," as he said.

"You know," he added very gravely, "it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one's head cut off."

Alice laughed loud: but she managed to turn it into a cough, for fear of hurting his feelings.

"Do I look very pale?" said Tweedledum, coming up to have his helmet tied on. (He called it a helmet, though it certainly looked much more like a saucepan.)

"Well—yes—a little," Alice replied gently.

"I'm very brave generally," he went on in a low voice: "only to-day I happen to have a headache."

"And I've got a toothache!" said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark. "I'm far worse than you!"

"Then you'd better not fight to-day," said Alice, thinking it a good opportunity to make peace.

"We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long," said Tweedledum. "What's the time now?"

Tweedledee looked at his watch, and said "Half-past four."

"Let's fight till six, and then have dinner," said Tweedledum.

"Very well," the other said, rather sadly: "and she can watch us—only you'd better not come very close," he added: "I generally hit everything I can see—when I get really excited."

"And I hit every thing within reach," cried Tweedledum, "whether I can see it or not!"

Alice laughed. "You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think," she said.

Tweedledum looked round him with a satisfied smile. "I don't suppose," he said, "there'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round, by the time we've finished!"

"And all about a rattle!" said Alice, still hoping to make them a little ashamed of fighting for such a trifle.

"I shouldn't have minded it so much," said Tweedledum, "if it hadn't been a new one."

"I wish the monstrous crow would come!" thought Alice.

"There's only one sword, you know," Tweedledum said to his brother: "but you can have the umbrella—it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can."

"And darker," said Tweedledee.

It was getting dark so suddenly that Alice thought there must be a thunderstorm coming on. "What a thick black cloud that is!" she said. "And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!"

"It's the crow!" Tweedledum cried out in a shrill voice of alarm: and the two brothers took to their heels and were out of sight in a moment.

Alice ran a little way into the wood, and stopped under a large tree. "It can never get at me here," she thought: "it's far too large to squeeze itself in among the trees. But I wish it wouldn't flap its wings so—it makes quite a hurricane in the wood—here's somebody's shawl being blown away!"

CHAPTER 5. WOOL AND WATER.

She c~~a~~ught the sh~~h~~awl as she spok~~e~~, and l~~oo~~ok~~ed~~ ab~~o~~ut for the ow~~n~~er: in an~~o~~ther moment the White Queen, cam~~e~~ running wildl~~y~~ thr~~o~~ugh the w~~oo~~d, with both ~~ä~~rm~~s~~ stretch~~ed~~ ~~o~~ut wid~~e~~, as if she were fly~~ing~~, and Alic~~e~~ ver~~y~~ ~~ç~~ivilly went to meet her with the sh~~h~~awl.

"I'm ver~~y~~ glad I happen~~ed~~ to be in the way," Alic~~e~~ said, as she help~~ed~~ her to p~~u~~t on her sh~~h~~awl again.

The White Queen, onl~~y~~ l~~oo~~ok~~ed~~ at her in a help~~l~~ess fr~~i~~ghten~~ed~~ s~~o~~rt of way, and kept repe~~a~~ting som~~e~~th~~ing~~ in a whis~~p~~er to h~~e~~rself that s~~o~~und~~ed~~ lik~~e~~ "Bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter," and Alic~~e~~ felt th~~a~~t if th~~e~~re was to be any convers~~a~~ti~~o~~n at ~~ä~~ll, she must manag~~e~~ it h~~e~~rself. So she began r~~a~~th~~e~~r timidl~~y~~: "Am I address~~ing~~ the White Queen,?"

"Well, yes, if you c~~a~~ll th~~a~~t a-dress~~ing~~," the Queen, said. "It is~~n~~'t m~~y~~ not~~i~~o~~n~~ of the th~~ing~~, at ~~ä~~ll."

Alic~~e~~ th~~o~~ught it w~~o~~uld never d~~o~~ to have an ~~ä~~rg~~u~~ment at the ver~~y~~ beginning of th~~e~~ir convers~~a~~ti~~o~~n, so she smil~~ed~~ and said, "If y~~o~~ur Majest~~y~~ will onl~~y~~ tell me the r~~i~~ght way to begin, I'll d~~o~~ it as well as I can."

"But I don't w~~a~~nt it d~~o~~ne at ~~ä~~ll!" groan~~ed~~ the p~~o~~or Queen,. "I've been a-dress~~ing~~ m~~y~~self for the l~~a~~st tw~~o~~ h~~o~~ur~~s~~."

It w~~o~~uld have been ~~ä~~ll the better, as it s~~e~~em~~ed~~ to Alic~~e~~, if she had got som~~e~~ one el~~s~~e to dress her, she was so dreadf~~u~~ll~~y~~ untid~~y~~. "Every singl~~e~~ th~~ing~~'s cr~~oo~~k~~ed~~," Alic~~e~~ th~~o~~ught to h~~e~~rself, "and she's ~~ä~~ll over pin~~s~~!—May I p~~u~~t y~~o~~ur sh~~h~~awl str~~a~~ight for you?" she add~~ed~~ al~~o~~ud.

"I don't kn~~o~~w wh~~a~~t's the matter with it!" the Queen, said, in a mel~~a~~nch~~o~~l~~y~~ voic~~e~~. "It's ~~o~~ut of temper, I th~~i~~nk. I've pinned it h~~e~~re, and I've pinned it th~~e~~re, but th~~e~~re's no ple~~a~~s~~i~~ng it!" "It c~~a~~n't go str~~a~~ight, you kn~~o~~w, if you pin it ~~ä~~ll on one sid~~e~~," Alic~~e~~ said, as she g~~e~~ntl~~y~~ p~~u~~t it r~~i~~ght for her; "and, me, wh~~a~~t a stat~~e~~ y~~o~~ur h~~a~~ir is in!"

"The brush ha~~s~~ got entangl~~ed~~ in it!" the Queen, said with a s~~i~~gh. "And I lost the comb yesterd~~a~~y."

Alic~~e~~ car~~e~~full~~y~~ releas~~ed~~ the brush, and did her best to get the h~~a~~ir int~~o~~ ~~o~~rd~~e~~r. "C~~o~~me, you l~~oo~~k r~~a~~th~~e~~r better n~~o~~w!" she said, ~~ä~~ft~~e~~r ~~ä~~lt~~e~~ring most of the pin~~s~~. "But reall~~y~~ you sh~~o~~uld have a lad~~y~~'s-maid!"

"I'm **sure** I'll **take** you **with** **plea**~~s~~**ure!**" the **Queen**, said. "Tw**o**pen**ç**e a **week**, and jam every **ò**ther **day**."

Alic**ç**e co**u**ldn't help **lä**ughing, as she said, "I **don't** **want** you to **hire** me—and I **don't** **care** for jam."

"It's very **gò**od jam," said the **Queen**,.

"Well, I **don't** **want** any to-day, at any **rate**."

"You co**u**ldn't have it if you did want it," the **Queen**, said. " The **rule** is, jam to-mor**row** and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day."

"It must **cò**me **sò**metime**s** to 'jam to-day," Alic**ç**e objected.

"No, it **cä**n't," said the **Queen**,. "It's jam every **ò**ther day: to-day **isn't** any **ò**ther day, you **know**."

"I **don't** understand you," said Alic**ç**e. "It's dread**fu**ll**y** **cò**n**fu**sing!"

"**That's** the effect of living backwards," the **Queen**, said **kindly**: "it **ä**lways **makes** one a little giddy at **fì**rst——"

"Living backwards!" Alic**ç**e **repe**ated in **gre**at **astonish**ment. "I never h**ê**ard of such a **thi**ng!"

"—but **there's** one **gre**at **advanta**g**e** in it, **that** one's memory **wò**rks **bo**th **way**s."

"I'm **sure** mine **only** **wò**rks one **way**," Alic**ç**e **remä**rked. "I **cä**n't remember **thi**ngs bef**ò**re **they** happen."

"It's a **pò**or **sò**rt of memory **that** **only** **wò**rks backwards," the **Queen**, **remä**rked.

"**Wha**t **sò**rt of **thi**ngs do you remember best?" Alic**ç**e **ventu**red to **ä**sk.

"**O**h, **thi**ngs **that** happened the **week ä**fter next," the **Queen**, **repli**ed in a **care**less **tone**.

"For instan**ç**e, **now**," she went on, sticking a **lä**rg**e** **pie**ce of **plä**ster on her finger as she **spoke**, "**there's** the King's **Messenger**. He's in **priso**n **now**, **being** **punished**: and the **trial** **doe**s**n't** **even** begin till next **Wedne**sday: and of **cò**urse the **crime** **cò**me**s** **lä**st of **ä**ll."



"Suppos~~e~~ he never commits the crim~~e~~?" said Alic~~e~~.

"Th~~a~~t wo~~u~~ld be ~~a~~ll the better, wo~~u~~ldn't it?" the Queen, said, as she bo~~u~~nd the pl~~a~~ster ro~~u~~nd her finger with a bit of ribb~~o~~n.

Alic~~e~~ felt th~~e~~re was no deny~~y~~ng that. "Of c~~o~~urse it wo~~u~~ld be ~~a~~ll the better," she said: "but it wo~~u~~ldn't be ~~a~~ll the better hi~~s~~ being punish~~e~~d."

"Y~~o~~u're wrong th~~e~~re, at any rat~~e~~," said the Queen,: "were you ever punish~~e~~d?"

"O~~n~~ly for f~~a~~ults," said Alic~~e~~.

"And you were ~~a~~ll the better for it, I know!" the Queen, said triumph~~a~~ntly.

"Yes, but th~~e~~n I had d~~o~~ne the th~~i~~ngs I was punish~~e~~d for," said Alic~~e~~: "th~~a~~t mak~~e~~s ~~a~~ll the differ~~e~~n~~c~~e."

"But if you hadn't d~~o~~ne th~~e~~m," the Queen, said, "th~~a~~t wo~~u~~ld have be~~e~~n better still; better, and better, and better!" Her voi~~c~~e went hi~~g~~her with e~~a~~ch "better," till it got qu~~i~~te to a squ~~e~~ak at l~~a~~st.

Alic~~e~~ was just beginning to say "Th~~e~~re's a mist~~a~~ke s~~o~~mewhere —," when the Queen, began scre~~a~~ming, so lo~~u~~d th~~a~~t she had to le~~a~~ve the senten~~c~~e unfinish~~e~~d. "O~~h~~, o~~h~~, o~~h~~!" sh~~o~~uted the Queen,, sh~~a~~king her hand ab~~o~~ut as if she w~~a~~nted to sh~~a~~ke it off. "My finger's bleed~~i~~ng! O~~h~~, o~~h~~, o~~h~~, o~~h~~!"

Her scre~~a~~ms were so exactly li~~k~~e the whist~~l~~e of a ste~~a~~m-eng~~i~~ne, th~~a~~t Alic~~e~~ had to hold b~~o~~th her hand~~s~~ over her ear~~s~~.

"Wh~~a~~t is the matter?" she said, as s~~o~~on as th~~e~~re was a ch~~a~~nc~~e~~ of mak~~i~~ng h~~e~~rself h~~e~~ard. "Have you prick~~e~~d y~~o~~ur finger?"

"I haven't prick~~e~~d it yet," the Queen, said, "but I s~~o~~on sh~~a~~ll—o~~h~~, o~~h~~, o~~h~~!"

"When d~~e~~ you expect to d~~e~~ it?" Alic~~e~~ ~~a~~ske~~d~~, feeling much inclin~~e~~d to l~~a~~ugh.

"When I fästen my sháwl again," the pōor Queen, groaned out: "the brooch will cōme undōne directly. Oh, oh!" As she said the wōrds the brooch flew open, and the Queen, clutched wildly at it, and tried to clāsp it again.

"Take care!" cried Alicē. "Yōu're holding it āll crōoked!" And she cāught at the brooch; but it was tēe late: the pin had slipped, and the Queen, had pricked her finger.

"That accōunts for the bleeding, you see," she said to Alicē with a smile. "Nōw you understand the way thīngs happen hēre."

"But whȳ don't you screām nōw?" Alicē āsked, holding her hands ready to pūt over her ears again.

"Whȳ, I've dōne āll the screāming ālready," said the Queen,. "Whāt wōuld be the gōōd of having it āll over again?"

By thīis time it was getting līght. "The crow must have flown away, I thīnk," said Alicē: "I'm so glad it's gone. I thōught it was the nīght cōming on."

"I wish I could manāge to be glad!" the Queen, said. "Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in thīis wōōd, and being glad whenever you līke!"

"Only it is so very lonēly hēre!" Alicē said in a melancholy voiçe; and at the thōught of her lonēliness twēe lārgē tears came rolling dōwn her cheeks.

"Oh, don't go on like thāt!" cried the pōor Queen,, wringing her hands in despair. "Cōnsider whāt a grēat gīrl you are. Cōnsider whāt a long way yōu've cōme to-day. Cōnsider whāt o'clock it is. Cōnsider anythīng, only don't cry!"

Alicē cōuld not help lāughing at thīis, even in the midst of her tears. "Can you keep from crying by cōnsidering thīngs?" she āsked.

"That's the way it's dōne," the Queen, said with grēat decīsiōn: "nōbody can dō twēe thīngs at oncē, you know. Let's Cōnsider yōur āge to begin with—hōw old are you?"

"I'm seven and a hāf exactly."

"You needn't say 'exactly,'" the Queen, remarked: "I can believe it without thāt. Nōw I'll give you sōmethīng to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, fīve mōnth and a day."

"I cān't believe thāt!" said Alicē.

"Cān't you?" the Queen, said in a pitying tōne. "Try again: drāw a long breath, and shut yōur eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said: "one can't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen,. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes the shawl again!"

The brooch had come undone as she spoke, and a sudden gust of wind blew the Queen's shawl across a little brook. The Queen, spread out her arms again, and went flying after it, and this time she succeeded in catching it for herself. "I've got it!" she cried in a triumphant tone. "Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!"

"Then I hope your finger is better now?" Alice said very politely, as she crossed the little brook after the Queen,.

"Oh, much better!" cried the Queen,, her voice rising into a squeak as she went on. "Much better! Better! Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh!" The last word ended in a long bleat, so like a sheep that Alice quite started.

She looked at the Queen,, who seemed to have suddenly wrapped herself up in wool. Alice rubbed her eyes, and looked again. She couldn't make out what had happened at all. Was she in a shop? And was that really—was it really a sheep that was sitting on the other side of the counter? Rub as she would, she could make nothing more of it: she was in a little dark shop, leaning with her elbows on the counter, and opposite to her was an old Sheep, sitting in an arm-chair knitting, and every now and then leaving off to look at her through a great pair of spectacles.



"What is it you want to buy?" the **Sheep** said at last, looking up for a moment from her knitting.

"I don't quite know yet," Alice said very gently. "I should like to look all round me first, if I might."

"You may look in front of you, and on both sides, if you like," said the **Sheep**; "but you can't look all round you—unless you've got eyes at the back of your head."

But these, as it happened, Alice had not got: so she contented herself with turning round, looking at the shelves as she came to them.

The shop seemed to be full of all manner of curious things—but the oddest part of it all was, that whenever she looked hard at any shelf, to make out exactly what it had on it, that particular shelf was always quite empty: though the others round it were crowded as full as they could hold.

"Things flow about so here!" she said at last in a plaintive tone, after she had spent a minute or so in vainly pursuing a large bright thing, that looked sometimes like a doll and sometimes like a work-box, and was always in the shelf next above the one she was looking at. "And this one is the most provoking of all—but I'll tell you what—" she added, as a sudden thought struck her, "I'll follow it up to the very top shelf of all. It'll puzzle it to go through the ceiling, I expect!"

But even this plan failed: the 'thing' went through the ceiling as quietly as possible, as if it were quite used to it.

"Are you a child or a teetotum?" the **Sheep** said, as she took up another pair of needles. "You'll make me giddy soon, if you go on turning round like that." She was now working with fourteen pairs at once, and Alice couldn't help looking at her in great astonishment.

"How can she knit with so many?" the puzzled child thought to herself. "She gets more and more like a porcupine every minute!"

"Can you row?" the **Sheep** asked, handing her a pair of knitting-needles as she spoke.

"Yes, a little—but not on land—and not with needles—" Alice was beginning to say, when suddenly the needles turned into oars in her hands, and she found they were in a little boat, gliding along between banks: so there was nothing for it but to do her best.

"Faster!" cried the **Sheep**, as she took up another pair of needles.

This didn't sound like a remark that needed any answer, so Alice said nothing, but pulled away. There was something very queer about the water, she thought, as every now and then the oars got stuck fast in it, and would hardly come out again.

"Feather! Feather!" the Sheep cried again, taking more needles. "You'll be catching a crab directly."

"A dear little crab!" thought Alice. "I should like that."

"Didn't you hear me say 'Feather'?" the Sheep cried angrily, taking up quite a bunch of needles.

"Indeed I did," said Alice: "you've said it very often—and very loud. Please, where are the crabs?"

"In the water, of course!" said the Sheep, sticking some of the needles into her hair, as her hands were full. "Feather, I say!"

"Why do you say 'Feather' so often?" Alice asked at last, rather vexed. "I'm not a bird!"

"You are," said the Sheep: "you're a little goose."

This offended Alice a little, so there was no more conversation for a minute or two, while the boat glided gently on, sometimes among beds of weeds (which made the oars stick fast in the water, worse than ever), and sometimes under trees, but always with the same tall river-banks frowning over their heads.

"Oh, please! There are some scented rushes!" Alice cried in a sudden transport of delight. "There really are—and such beauties!"

"You needn't say 'please' to me about 'em," the Sheep said, without looking up from her knitting: "I didn't put 'em there, and I'm not going to take 'em away."

"No, but I meant—please, may we wait and pick some?" Alice pleaded. "If you don't mind stopping the boat for a minute."

"How am I to stop it?" said the Sheep. "If you leave off rowing, it'll stop of itself."

So the boat was left to drift down the stream as it would, till it glided gently in among the waving rushes. And then the little sleeves were carefully rolled up, and the little arms were plunged in elbow-deep, to get hold of the rushes a good long way down before breaking them off—and for a while Alice forgot all about the Sheep and the knitting, as she bent over the side of the boat, with just the ends of her tangled hair dipping into the water—while with bright eager eyes she caught at one bunch after another of the darling scented rushes.

"I **only** hope the boat won't tipple over!" she said to herself. "Oh, what a lovely one! **Only** I couldn't quite reach it." And it certainly did seem a little provoking ("almost as if it happened on purpose," she thought) that, though she managed to pick plenty of beautiful rushes as the boat glided by, there was always a more lovely one that she couldn't reach.

"The prettiest are always further!" she said at last, with a sigh at the obstinacy of the rushes in growing so far off, as, with flushed cheeks and dripping hair and hands, she scrambled back into her place, and began to arrange her new-found treasures. What mattered it to her just then that the rushes had begun to fade, and to lose all their scent and beauty, from the very moment that she picked them? Even real scented rushes, you know, last only a very little while—and these, being dream-rushes, melted away almost like snow, as they lay in heaps at her feet—but Alice hardly noticed this, there were so many other curious things to think about.

They hadn't gone much farther before the blade of one of the oars got stuck fast in the water and wouldn't come out again (so Alice explained it afterwards), and the consequence was that the handle of it caught her under the chin, and, in spite of a series of little shrieks of 'Oh, oh, oh! from poor Alice, it swept her straight off the seat, and down among the heap of rushes. However, she wasn't a bit hurt, and was seen up again: the Sheep went on with her knitting all the while, just as if nothing had happened. "That was a nice crab you caught!" she remarked, as Alice got back into her place, very much relieved to find herself still in the boat.

"Was it? I didn't see it," said Alice, peeping cautiously over the side of the boat into the dark water. "I wish it hadn't let go—I should so like a little crab to take home with me!" But the Sheep only laughed scornfully, and went on with her knitting.



"Are **there** many crab**s** **here**?" said Alic**e**.

"Crab**s**, and **all** s**orts** of **things**," said the **Sheep**: "plenty of **choic**e, **only** make up y**our** mind. **Now**, **what** **do** you **want** to **buy**?"

"To **buy**!" Alic**e** ech**oed** in a **tone** **that** was **h**alf **astonish**ed and **h**alf **fright**ened—for the **oar**s, and the **boat**, and the **river**, had **vanish**ed **all** in a **moment**, and she was back **again** in the little **d**ark **shop**.

"I **shou**ld like to **buy** an egg, **plea**se," she said timidly. "**How** **do** you sell **them**?"

"**Five**pen**c**e **f**ar**th**ing for one—tw**o**pen**c**e for tw**o**," the **Sheep** repl**ied**.

"**Then** tw**o** are **chea**per **than** one?" Alic**e** said in a **surpris**ed **tone**, **taking** **out** her p**ur**se.

"**Only** you must **eat** **them** **both**, if you **buy** tw**o**," said the **Sheep**.

"**Then** I'll have one, **plea**se," said Alic**e**, as she **put** the **money** **down** on the **count**er. For she **th**ough**t** to **he**rself, "**They** **migh**t**n't** be at **all** **nic**e, you **know**."

The **Sheep** **took** the **money**, and **put** it **away** in a **box**: **then** she said "I never **put** **things** **into** **people's** **hands**—**that** **wou**ld never **do**—you must get it for y**our**self." And so **saying**, she **went** off to the **other** end of the **shop**, and set the egg up**right** on a **shelf**.

"I wonder *why* it wouldn't **do**?" **tho**ught Alic**e**, as she groped her way among the **table**s and **chair**s, for the **shop** was very d**ä**rk tow**ä**rd**s** the end. "The egg **seem**s to get f**ü**rther away the m**ö**re I w**ä**lk tow**ä**rd**s** it. Let me **see**, is **this** a **chair**? *Why*, it's got branches, I declar**e**! How very odd to find **tree**s growing **he**re! And actually **he**re's a little br**ö**ök! Well, **this** is the very **queer**est **shop** I ever s**ä**w!"

So she went on, wondering m**ö**re and m**ö**re at every step, as every**th**ing t**ü**rn**e**d into a **tree** the m**ö**ment she **cam**e up to it, and she **quite** expected the egg to **do** the **same**.

CHAPTER 6. HUMPTY DUMPTY.

However, the egg only got **lärger** and **lärger**, and **môre** and **môre** human: when she had **côme** **with**in a few **yärds** of it, she saw **that** it had **eyēs** and a **noſe** and **môuth**; and when she had **côme** **cloſe** to it, she saw clearly **that** it was HUMPTY DUMPTY himself. "It **cän't** be anybody **elſe**!" she said to **hêr**self. "I'm as **çêrtain** of it, as if his **name** were written **äll** **over** his **façe**."

It **migh**t have **been** written a hundred **timeſ**, **eäſily**, on **that** **enôrmous** **façe**. Humpty Dumpty was sitting **with** his **legſ** **croſſed**, like a **Tûrk**, on the top of a **hi**gh wall—**ſuch** a narrow one **that** **Alicê** **quite** **wôndered** **hew** he **côuld** **keep** his **balançe**—and, as his **eyēs** were steadily **fixe**d in the **oppoſite** **direction**, and he didn't **take** the **leaſt** **notiçe** of her, she **thô**ught he must be a **ſtuffe**d **figûre** **äfter** **äll**.

"And **hew** exactly **like** an egg he is!" she said **aloud**, standing **with** her **handſ** ready to **catch** him, for she was every **moment** expecting him to **fäll**.

"It's very **provoking**," Humpty Dumpty said **äfter** a long **ſilence**, **lôöking** away from **Alicê** as he **ſpoke**, "to be **cäll**ed an egg—very!"

"I said you **lôöke**d **like** an egg, **Sîr**," **Alicê** **gently** **explained**. "And **ſome** **eggſ** are very pretty, you **know**," she added, **hoping** to **tûrn** her **remärk** **intoe** a **ſôrt** of compliment.

"**ſome** **people**," said Humpty Dumpty, **lôöking** away from her as **uſual**, "have no **môre** **ſenſe** **than** a **baby**!"

Alicê didn't **know** **whät** to say to **this**: it **waſn't** at **äll** like **converſation**, she **thô**ught, as he never said **anyth**ing to her; in fact, his **läſt** **remärk** was evidently **addreſſe**d to a **tree**—so she **ſtôôd** and softly **repe**ated to **hêr**self:—

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a **wäll**:

Humpty Dumpty had a **greät** **fäll**.

All the King's **hôrſeſ** and **äll** the King's **men**

Côuldn't **püt** Humpty Dumpty in his **placê** again."

"**That** **läſt** **line** is **much** **tee** long for the **poetry**," she added, **älmôst** **out** **loud**, forgetting **that** Humpty Dumpty **wôuld** **hear** her.

"**Don't** stand **chattering** to **yôur**self **like** **that**," Humpty Dumpty said, **lôöking** at her for the **fîrſt** **time**, "but tell me **yôur** **name** and **yôur** **business**."

"**My** **name** is **Alicê**, but—"

"It's a stupid name enough!" Humpty Dumpty interrupted impatiently. "What does it mean?"

"Must a name mean something?" Alice asked doubtfully.

"Of course it must," Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh: "my name means the shape I am—and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost."

"Why do you sit out here all alone?" said Alice, not wishing to begin an argument.

"Why, because there's nobody with me!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "Did you think I didn't know the answer to that? Ask another."

"Don't you think you'd be safer down on the ground?" Alice went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in her good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. "That wall is so very narrow!"

"What tremendously easy riddles you ask!" Humpty Dumpty growled out. "Of course I don't think so! Why, if ever I did fall off—which there's no chance of—but if I did—' Here he pursed up his lips, and looked so solemn and grand that Alice could hardly help laughing. "If I did fall," he went on, "the King has promised me—ah, you may turn pale, if you like! You didn't think I was going to say that, did you? The King has promised me—with his very own mouth—to—to—"

"To send all his horses and all his men," Alice interrupted, rather unwisely.

"Now I declare that's too bad!" Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. "You've been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn't have known it!"

"I haven't, indeed!" Alice said very gently. "It's in a book."

"Ah, well! They may write such things in a book," Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone. "That's what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I'm one that has spoken to a King, I am: mayhap you'll never see such another: and to show you I'm not proud, you may shake hands with me!" And he grinned almost from ear to ear, as he leant forwards (and as nearly as possible fell off the wall in doing so) and offered Alice his hand.



She **watched** him a little anxiously as she **took** it. "If he **smiled** much **more**, the **ends** of his **mouth** might **meet** behind," she **thought**: "and **then** I **don't** **know** **what** **would** happen to his head! I'm afraid it **would** **come** off!"

"Yes, **all** his **horses** and **all** his men," Humpty Dumpty went on. "**They'd** pick me up **again** in a minute, they **would**! However, **this** **conversation** is **going** on a little **too** **fast**: let's go back to the **last** **remark** but one."

"I'm afraid I **can't** **quite** remember it," Alice said very **politely**.

"In **that** **case** we **start** **fresh**," said Humpty Dumpty, "and it's **my** **turn** to **choose** a subject——" ("He **talks** **about** it just as if it was a **game**!" **thought** Alice.) "So **here's** a **question** for you. **How** **old** did you **say** you were?"

Alice **made** a **short** **calculation**, and said "Seven **years** and six **months**."

"Wrong!" Humpty Dumpty **exclaimed** **triumphantly**. "You never said a **word** **like** it!"

"I **thought** you meant '**How** **old** are you?'" Alice **explained**.

"If I'd meant **that**, I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

Alice didn't **want** to begin another **argument**, so she said **nothing**.

"Seven **years** and six **months**!" Humpty Dumpty **repeated** **thoughtfully**. "An **uncomfortable** **sort** of **age**. Now if you'd **asked** **my** **advice**, I'd have said '**Leave** off at seven'—but it's **too** **late** **now**."

"I never **ä**sk **advic**e **ab**out **growing**," Ali**ç**e said indignantly.

"**T**ee **pr**oud?" the **ö**ther en**qu**ired.

Ali**ç**e felt **even** **mö**re indignant at **this** **sugg**estion. "I **me**an," she said, "**th**at one **cä**n't help **growing** **older**."

"One **cä**n't, **pê**rhaps," said Humpty Dumpty, "but **tw**e can. **With** proper **assistan**çe, you **mi**ght have left off at seven."

"**Wh**at a **be**autiful belt **you**'ve got on!" Ali**ç**e suddenly **remä**rked. (They had had **quite** enough of the subject of **ag**e, she **thö**ught: and if **they** really were to **take tû**rn**s** in **chee**sing subjects, it was her **tû**rn **now**.) "At **le**ast," she corrected **hê**rself on **se**cönd **thö**ughts, "a **be**autiful cravat, I **shö**uld have said—no, a belt, I mean—I beg **yö**ur **pä**rdön!" she added in **dis**may, for Humpty Dumpty **löö**ked **thö**roughly offended, and she began to **wish** she hadn't **chö**sen **th**at subject. "If **ö**nly I **knew**," she **thö**ught to **hê**rself, "**whi**ch was neck and **whi**ch was **wa**ist!"

Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry, **thö**ugh he said **nö**thing for a minute or **tw**e. When he did **speak** again, it was in a **deep** **growl**.

"It is a—**m**ost—**provö**king—**th**ing," he said at **lä**st, "when a **pê**rson **dö**esn't **know** a cravat from a belt!"

"I **know** it's very ignorant of me," Ali**ç**e said, in so humble a **tone** **th**at Humpty Dumpty relented.

"It's a cravat, **child**, and a **be**autiful one, as **you** **say**. It's a **pre**sent from the **Whi**te King and **Queen**,. **Th**ere **now**!"

"Is it **really**?" said Ali**ç**e, **quite** **plea**sed to find **th**at she had **chö**sen a **gö**öd subject, **ä**fter **ä**ll.

"**Th**ey **gave** it me," Humpty Dumpty **cö**ntinued **thö**ughtfully, as he **crosse**d one **knee** over the **ö**ther and **clä**sped his hands **round** it, "**they** **gave** it me—for an un-b**ir**th**day** **pre**sent."

"I beg **yö**ur **pä**rdön?" Ali**ç**e said **with** a puzzled **air**.

"I'm not offended," said Humpty Dumpty.

"I **me**an, **wh**at is an un-b**ir**th**day** **pre**sent?"

"A **pre**sent given when it **isn**'t **yö**ur b**ir**th**day**, of **cö**urse."

Alice considered a little. "I like birthday presents best," she said at last.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "How many days are there in a year?"

"three hundred and sixty-five," said Alice.

"And how many birthdays have you?"

"One."

"And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?"

"three hundred and sixty-four, of course."

Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful. "I'd rather see that done on paper," he said.

Alice couldn't help smiling as she took out her memorandum-book, and worked the sum for him:

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \\ 1 \\ \hline 364 \end{array}$$

Humpty Dumpty took the book, and looked at it carefully. "That seems to be done right—" he began.

"You're holding it upside down!" Alice interrupted.

"To be sure I was!" Humpty Dumpty said gaily, as she turned it round for him. "I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that seems to be done right—though I haven't time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get un-birthday presents—"

"Certainly," said Alice.

"And only one for birthday presents, you know. There's glory for you!"

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

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The **question** is," said Alic**ę**, "**whether** you can **make w**o**rd**s**** **mean** so many different **th**ing**s**."

"The **question** is," said Humpty Dumpty, "**which** is to be **mäster**—**that's ä**ll."

Alic**ę** was **tee** much puzzled to **say** any**th**ing, so **ä**fter a minute Humpty Dumpty began **again**. "**They**'ve a temper, **some** of them—particularly **vêrb**s****, **they**'re the **pr**ou**dest**—**adjective**s**** you can **de** any**th**ing **with**, but not **vêrb**s****—**h**ow**ever**, I can **manag**e**** the **wh**ole**** lot of **th**em****! Impenetrability! **That's wh**at**** I **say**!"

"**W**ou**ld** you tell me, **pleas**e****," said Alic**ę**, "**wh**at**** **th**at**** **mean**s****?"

"**N**ow**** you **tä**k like a **reä**so**nable** **child**," said Humpty Dumpty, **l**oo**king** very much **pleas**e**d**. "I meant **by** 'impenetrability' **th**at**** **w**e****'ve had enough of **th**at**** subject, and it **w**ou**ld** be just as well if **y**ou****'d **ment**ion**** **wh**at**** you **mean** to **de** next, as I **suppos**e**** you **don't** **mean** to stop **h**ere**** **ä**ll the rest of **y**o**ur** **life**."

"**That's** a **great** **deä**l to **make** one **w**o**rd** **mean**," Alic**ę** said in a **th**o**ughtful** tone.

"When I **make** a **w**o**rd** **de** a lot of **w**o**rk** like **th**at****," said Humpty Dumpty, "I **ä**lways **pay** it extra."

"**O**h**!**" said Alic**ę**. She was **tee** much puzzled to **make** any **ö**ther **remä**rk.

"**ä**h, you **sh**ou**ld** **see** 'em **c**o**me** **r**ou**nd** me of a **Satur**day**** **n**igh**t**," Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head **gravely** from **side** to **side**: "for to get **th**eir**** **wag**e**s**, you **know**." (Alic**ę** didn't **ventur**e**** to **ä**sk **wh**at**** he **paid** **th**em**** **with**; and so you **see** I **cä**n't tell you.)

"You **se**em**** very clever at **explaining** **w**o**rd**s****, **S**ir****," said Alic**ę**. "**W**ou**ld** you **kindly** tell me the **mean**ing**** of the **po**em**** **cä**ll**ed** 'Jabberwocky'?"

"Let's **hear** it," said Humpty Dumpty. "I can **explain** **ä**ll the **po**em**s** **th**at**** ever were invented and a **g**oo**d** many **th**at**** haven't **be**en**** invented just yet."



This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse:

*"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."*

"That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty interrupted: "there are plenty of hard words there. 'Brillig' means four o'clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin broiling things for dinner."

"That'll do very well," said Alice: "and 'slithy'?"

"Well, 'slithy' means 'lith' and slimy.

'Lith' is the same as 'active'. You see it's like a portmanteau — there are two meanings packaged up into one word."

"I see it now," Alice remarked thoughtfully: "and what are 'toves'?"

"Well, 'toves' are something like badgers—they're something like lizards—and they're something like corkscrews."

"They must be very curious-looking creatures."

"They are that," said Humpty Dumpty: "also they make their nests under sundials—also they live on cheese."

"And what's to 'gyre' and to 'gimble'?"

"To 'gy~~r~~e' is to go ~~r~~ound and ~~r~~ound like a gyroscope. To 'gimble' is to make holes like a gimblet."

"And 'the wabe' is the grass-plot round a sun-dial, I suppose?" said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

"Of course it is. It's called 'wabe, you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it—"

"And a long way beyond it on each side," Alice added.

"Exactly so. Well then, 'mimsy' is 'flimsy and miserable' (there's another portmanteau for you). And a 'borogove' is a thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop."

"And then 'mome raths'?" said Alice. "I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Well, a 'rath' is a sort of green pig: but 'mome' I'm not certain about. I think it's short for 'from home'—meaning that they'd lost their way, you know."

"And what does 'outgrabe' mean?"

"Well, 'outgrabing' is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you'll hear it done, maybe—down in the wood yonder—and when you've once heard it you'll be quite content. Who's been repeating all that hard stuff to you?"

"I read it in a book," said Alice. "But I had some poetry repeated to me, much easier than that, by—Tweedledee, I think it was."

"As to poetry, you know," said Humpty Dumpty, stretching out one of his great hands, "I can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that—"

"Oh, it needn't come to that!" Alice hastily said, hoping to keep him from beginning.

"The piece I'm going to repeat," he went on without noticing her remark, "was written entirely for your amusement."

Alice felt that in that case she really ought to listen to it, so she sat down, and said "thank you" rather sadly.

"In winter, when the fields are white,

I sing this song for your delight

... only I don't sing it," he added, as an explanation.

"I see you don't," said Alice.

"If you can **see** **wheth**er I'm singing or not, **you've** **shärper** **eyes** **than** most,"
Humpty Dumpty **remärked** **severely**. **Alice** was **silent**.

"In spring, **when** **wööds** **äre** getting **green**,
I'll **try** and tell you **whät** I **mean**."

Thank **you** very much," said **Alice**.

" In summer, **when** the **days** are long,
Pêrhaps **you**'ll understand the song:
In **â**utumn, **when** the **leaves** are **brown**,
Take pen and ink, and **write** it **down**.

"I will, if I can remember it so long," said **Alice**.

"You **needn't** go on **making** **remärks** **like** **that**," Humpty Dumpty said: "**they**'re
not sensible, and **they** **püt** me **out**."

"I sent a **message** to the **fish**:
I **told** **them** '**This** is **whät** I **wish**.
The little **fishes** of the **sea**,
They sent an answer back to me.
The little **fishes**' answer was
'We cannot **do** it, **Sîr**, **becä**use—'"

"I'm **afraid** I **don't** **quite** understand," said **Alice**.

"It gets **easier** **fûrth**er on," Humpty Dumpty **replied**.

"I sent to **them** **again** to **say**
'It will be better to **obey**.
The **fishes** answered **with** a grin
'**Why**, **whät** a temper you are in!
I **told** **them** **onç**e, I **told** **them** **twiç**e:
They **wö**uld not listen to **advic**e.
I **tö**ok a kettle **lärg**e and new,
Fit for the **deed** I had to **do**.
My **heärt** went hop, **my** **heärt** went **thump**;

I filled the kettle at the pump.
Then ~~some~~ one ~~came~~ to me and said,
 'The little ~~fishes~~ are in bed.
 I said to him, I said it ~~plain~~,
'Then you must ~~wake~~ **them** up again
 I said it very ~~loud~~ and ~~clear~~;
 I went and ~~shouted~~ in his ~~ear~~."



Humpty Dumpty ~~rais~~ed his voi~~ce~~ ~~almost~~ to a scre~~am~~ as he repe~~ated~~ **this**
 ver~~se~~, and Alic~~e~~ ~~tho~~ught with a shudder, "I wo~~u~~ldn't have ~~been~~ the messenger
 for any~~th~~ing!"

"But he was very stiff and ~~prou~~d;
 He said 'You ~~needn~~'t ~~shout~~ so ~~loud~~!
 And he was very ~~prou~~d and stiff;
 He said 'I'd go and ~~wake~~ **them**, if—'
 I ~~took~~ a ~~corkscrew~~ from the ~~shelf~~:
 I went to ~~wake~~ **them** up my~~self~~.
 And when I ~~found~~ the ~~door~~ was locke~~d~~,
 I ~~pulled~~ and ~~pushed~~ and kicke~~d~~ and knocke~~d~~.
 And when I ~~found~~ the ~~door~~ ~~was~~ ~~shut~~,
 I ~~tried~~ to ~~turn~~ the handle, but—"

There was a long páuse.

"Is **th**at **á**ll?" Aliçe timidly **ä**sked.

"**T**hat's **á**ll," said Humpty Dumpty. "Góodbye."

This was **rä**ther sudden, Aliçe **th**ought: but, **ä**fter **su**ch a very strong hint **th**at she **o**ught to be **go**ing, she felt **th**at it woud **h**ärdly be **ç**ivil to **st**ay. So she got up, and held **o**ut her hand. "Góod-bye, till we **me**et again!" she said as **che**erfully as she coud.

"I **sh**ouldn't **kn**ow you again if we did **me**et," Humpty Dumpty replied in a discontented **to**ne, giving her one of his fingers to **sh**ake; "yó're so exactly **li**ke **ó**ther **pe**ople."

"The **fa**çe is **wh**at one **go**es by, **g**enerally," Aliçe remärked in a **th**oughtful **to**ne.

"**T**hat's just **wh**at I **compl**ain of," said Humpty Dumpty. "Yóur **fa**çe is the **sa**me as everybody has—the **tw**o **ey**es, so—" (märking **th**eir **pl**aces in the **ai**r **with** his **th**umb) "**no**se in the middle, **mo**uth under. It's **ä**lways the **sa**me. **N**ow if you had the **tw**o **ey**es on the **sa**me **si**de of the **no**se, for instançe—or the **mo**uth at the top—**th**at woud be **so**me help."

"It woudn't **l**óok **ni**çe," Aliçe objected. But Humpty Dumpty **o**nly **sh**ut his **ey**es and said "**W**ait till yo've tried."

Aliçe waited a minute to **see** if he woud **spe**ak again, but as he never **o**pened his **ey**es or **t**óok any **f**üther **no**tiçe of her, she said "Góod-bye!" **o**nçe móre, and, getting no answer to **th**is, she **qui**etly **wä**lked away: but she coudn't help **sa**ying to herself as she went, "Of **á**ll the unsatisfactory—" (she **re**peated **th**is **al**oud, as it was a **gre**at **c**ómfort to have **su**ch a long **w**órd to **sa**y) "of **á**ll the unsatisfactory **pe**ople I ever met—" She never **fin**ished the **sen**tençe, for at **th**is **mo**ment a heavy crash **sh**óok the forest from end to end.

CHAPTER 7

THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

The next moment soldiers came running through the wood, at first in twos and threes, then ten or twenty together, and at last in such crowds that they seemed to fill the whole forest. Alice got behind a tree, for fear of being run over, and watched them go by.

She thought that in all her life she had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet: they were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down, several more always fell over him, so that the ground was seen covered with little heaps of men.



Then came the horses. Having four feet, these managed rather better than the foot-soldiers: but even they stumbled now and then; and it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled, the rider fell off instantly. The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to get out of the wood into an open place, where she found the White King seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum-book.

"I've sent **them** **á**ll!" the King **cried** in a **tone** of **delight**, on **seeing** Ali**ç**e. "Did you happen to **meet** any **soldiers**, **my** **dear**, as you **came** **throu**gh the **wó**od?"

"Yes, I did," said Ali**ç**e: "several **thou**sand, I **shou**ld **thi**nk."

"F**ó**ur **thou**sand **two** hundred and seven, **that's** the exact number," the King said, **referr**ing to his **boó**k. "I **cou**ldn't send **á**ll the **hó**rse**s**, you **know**, **beca**use **two** of **them** are **wá**nted in the **game**. And I haven't sent the **two** **Messeng**er**s**, **either**. **The**y're **both** gone to the **town**. Just **loo**k along the **roa**d, and tell me if you can **see** **either** of **them**."

"I **see** **nobody** on the **roa**d," said Ali**ç**e.

"I **only** **wish** I had **such** **ey**s," the King **rema**rked in a **fretfú**l **tone**. "To be **able** to **see** **Nobody**! And at **that** **distanc**e **tee**! **Why**, it's as much as I can **de** to **see** **real** **people**, **by** **this** **light**!"

All **this** was lost on Ali**ç**e, **who** was still **loo**king intently along the **roa**d, **shad**ing her **ey**s **with** one hand. "I **see** **somebody** **now**!" she **exclaim**ed at **lä**st. "But he's **có**ming very **slow**ly—and **wha**t **curious** **attitud**e**s** he **go**es **into**!" (F**ó**r the **Messeng**er kept skipping up and **down**, and **wriggling** **like** an **eel**, as he **came** along, **with** his **great** **hand**s spread **out** **like** **fan**s on **each** **side**.)

"Not at **á**ll," said the King. "He's an Anglo-Saxon **Messeng**er—and **tho**se are Anglo-Saxon **attitud**e**s**. He **only** **do**es **them** **when** he's **happy**. His **name** is **Haigha**." (He **pronounc**ed it so as to **rhyme** **with** 'm**ay**or'.)

"I **love** **my** **love** **with** an H," Ali**ç**e **cou**ldn't help beginning, "**beca**use he is **Happy**. I **hate** him **with** an H, **beca**use he is **Hide**ous. I fed him **with**—**with**—**with** **Ham-sandwich**s and **Hay**. His **name** is **Haigha**, and he **live**s—"

"He **live**s on the **Hill**," the King **rema**rked simply, **with**out the **least** **idea** **that** He was joining in the **game**, **while** Ali**ç**e was still **hesitat**ing for the **name** of a **town** beginning **with** H. "The **ó**ther **Messeng**er's **cá**lled **Hatta**. I must have **two**, you **know**—to **có**me and go. One to **có**me, and one to go."

"I **beg** **yó**ur **pä**rd**ón**?" said Ali**ç**e.

"It **isn**'t **respectable** to beg," said the King.

"I **only** meant **that** I didn't understand," said Ali**ç**e. "**Why** one to **có**me and one to go?"

"**Don't** I tell **you**?" the King **repe**ated **impat**iently. "I must have **two** —to **fetch** and carry. One to **fetch**, and one to carry." At **this** **moment** the **Messeng**er **arriv**ed: he was **fä**r **tee** much **out** of **breath** to **say** a **wó**rd, and **cou**ld **only** **wave** his **hand**s **about**, and **make** the **most** **fearfú**l **face**s at the **pó**or King.

"**This** young lady **love**s you **with** an H," the King said, introducing Alic**e** in the **hope** of **t**urning off the Messenger's **a**ttention from himself—but it was no **use**—the Anglo-Saxon attitud**e**s **o**nly got m**o**re extra**o**rdinary every m**o**ment, **w**hile the great ey**e**s rolled wildly from side to side.



"You **al**ärm me!" said the King. "I **feel** faint—Give me a ham sandwich!"

On **wh**ich the Messenger, to Alic**e**'s great am**u**s**e**ment, **o**pened a bag **th**at hung **r**ound his neck, and handed a sandwich to the King, **w**h**e** devoured it **g**reedily.

"An**o**ther sandwich!" said the King.

"**T**here's **n**othing but **h**ay left **n**ow," the Messenger said, **p**eeping into the bag.

"**H**ay, **th**en," the King m**u**rmured in a faint whisper.

Alic**e** was glad to **s**ee **th**at it revived him a **g**ood deal. "**T**here's **n**othing like **e**ating **h**ay when y**o**u're faint," he rem**ä**rked to her, as he munched away.

"I **sh**ould **th**ink **th**rowing cold w**ä**ter **o**ver you w**o**uld be better," Alic**e** sugg**e**sted: "—or **s**ome sal-volatile."

"I didn't **s**ay **th**ere was **n**othing better," the King repl**i**ed. "I said **th**ere was **n**othing like it." **Wh**ich Alic**e** did not ventur**e** to deny.

"**Wh**e did you **p**äss on the **r**oad?" the King went on, **h**olding **o**ut his hand to the Messenger for **s**ome m**o**re hay.

"**N**obody," said the Messenger.

"**Quite** right," said the King: "**this** young lady **saw** him **too**. So of **course** Nobody **walks** slower **than** you."

"I **do** **my** best," the Messenger said in a sullen **tone**. "I'm **sure** nobody **walks** much **faster** **than** I **do**!"

"He **can't** **do** **that**," said the King, "or else he'd have **been** **here** **first**. **However**, now you've got **your** **breath**, you may tell us **what's** happened in the **town**."

"I'll **whisper** it," said the Messenger, **putting** his **hands** to his **mouth** in the **shape** of a trumpet, and **steeping** so as to get **close** to the King's **ear**. Alice was sorry for **this**, as she **wanted** to **hear** the **news** **too**. **However**, instead of **whispering**, he simply **shouted** at the top of his **voice** "**They're** at it **again**!"

"**Do** you call **that** a **whisper**?" cried the **poor** King, jumping up and **shaking** himself. "If you **do** **such** a **thing** **again**, I'll have you **battered**! It went **through** and **through** my head like an **earthquake**!"

"It **would** have to be a very tiny **earthquake**!" **thought** Alice. "**Who** are at it **again**?" she **ventured** to **ask**.

"**Why**, the **Lion** and the **Unicorn**, of **course**," said the King.

"**Fighting** for the **crown**?"

"Yes, to be **sure**," said the King: "and the best of the **joke** is, **that** it's **my** **crown** **all** the **while**! Let's run and **see** **them**." And **they** trotted off, Alice **repeating** to **herself**, as she ran, the **words** of the **old** song:—

"The **Lion** and the **Unicorn** were **fighting** for the **crown**:

The **Lion** **beat** the **Unicorn** **all** **round** the **town**.

Some **gave** **them** **white** bread, **some** **gave** **them** **brown**;

Some **gave** **them** plum-**cake** and drummed **them** **out** of **town**."

"**Does**—the one—that **wins**—get the **crown**?" she **asked**, as well as she **could**, for the run was **putting** her **quite** **out** of **breath**.

"**Dear** me, no!" said the King. "**What** an **idea**!"

"**Would** you—be **good** **enough**," Alice panted **out**, **after** running a little **further**, "to stop a minute—just to get—one's **breath** **again**?"

"I'm **good** **enough**," the King said, "**only** I'm not strong **enough**. You **see**, a minute **goes** **by** so **fearfully** **quick**. You **might** as well **try** to stop a Bander-snatch!"

Alice no more breath for talking, so they trotted on in silence, till they came in sight of a great crowd, in the middle of which the Lion and Unicorn were fighting. They were in such a cloud of dust, that at first Alice could not make out which was which: but she soon managed to distinguish the Unicorn by his horn.

They placed themselves close to where Hatta, the other Messenger, was standing watching the fight, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other.

"He's only just out of prison, and he hadn't finished his tea when he was sent in," Haigha whispered to Alice: "and they only give them oyster-shells in there—so you see he's very hungry and thirsty. How are you, dear child?" he went on, putting his arm affectionately round Hatta's neck.

Hatta looked round and nodded, and went on with his bread-and-butter.

"Were you happy in prison, dear child?" said Haigha.

Hatta looked round once more, and this time a tear or two trickled down his cheek: but not a word would he say.

"Speak, can't you!" Haigha cried impatiently. But Hatta only munched away, and drank some more tea.

"Speak, won't you!" cried the King. "How are they getting on with the fight?"

Hatta made a desperate effort, and swallowed a large piece of bread-and-butter. "They're getting on very well," he said in a choking voice: "each of them has been down about eighty-seven times."



"Then I suppose they'll soon bring the white bread and the brown?" Alice ventured to remark.

"It's waiting for 'em now," said Hatta: "this is a bit of it as I'm eating."

There was a pause in the fight just then, and the Lion and the Unicorn sat down, panting, while the King called out "Ten minutes allowed for refreshments!" Haigha and Hatta set to work at once, carrying round trays of white and brown bread. Alice took a piece to taste, but it was very dry.

"I don't think they'll fight any more today," the King said to Hatta: "go and order the drums to begin." And Hatta went bounding away like a grasshopper.

For a minute or two Alice stood silent, watching him. Suddenly she brightened up. "Look, look!" she cried, pointing eagerly. "There's the White Queen, running across the country! She came flying out of the wood over yonder—How fast those Queens can run!"

"There's some enemy after her, no doubt," the King said, without even looking round. "That wood's full of them."

"But aren't you going to run and help her?" Alice asked, very much surprised at his taking it so quietly.

"No use, no use!" said the King. "She runs so fearfully quick. You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch! But I'll make a memorandum about her, if you like—She'd a dear good creature," he repeated softly to himself, as he opened his memorandum-book. "Do you spell 'creature' with a double 'e'?"

At this moment the Unicorn sauntered by them, with his hands in his pockets. "I had the best of it this time?" he said to the King, just glancing at him as he passed.

"A little—a little," the King replied, rather nervously. "You shouldn't have run him through with your horn, you know."

"It didn't hurt him," the Unicorn said carelessly, and he was going on, when his eye happened to fall upon Alice: he turned round instantly, and stood for some time looking at her with an air of the deepest disgust.

"What—is—this?" he said at last.

"This is a child!" Haigha replied eagerly, coming in front of Alice to introduce her, and spreading out both his hands towards her in an Anglo-Saxon attitude. "We only found it to-day. It's as large as life, and twice as natural!"

"I **â**lways **thô**ught **they** were fabu**l**ous monster**s**!" said the **Unicô**rn. "Is it **al**ive?"

"It can **tâ**lk," said **Haigha**, solemnly.

The **Unicô**rn **lô**ok**ed** **dre**amily at **Alic**e, and said "**Tâ**lk, **ch**ild."

Alice **coû**ld not help her lips **cû**rling up into a **smi**le as she began: "**De** you *know*, I **â**lways **thô**ught **Unicô**rn**s** were fabu**l**ous monster**s**, **tee**! I never **sâ**w one **al**ive bef**ô**re!"

"Well, **now** **that** we have **seen** **each** **ô**ther," said the **Unicô**rn, "if **you**'ll **belie**ve in me, I'll **belie**ve in you. Is **that** a **bä**rgain?"

"Yes, if you **li**ke," said **Alic**e.

"**Cô**me, **fetch** **out** the plum-**cake**, **old** man!" the **Unicô**rn went on, **tû**rning from her to the King. "**Nô**ne of **yô**ur **br**own bread for me!"

"**ç**êrtainly—**ç**êrtainly!" the King muttered, and beck**ô**ned to **Haigha**. "**O**pen the bag!" he **whis**pered. "**Quick**! Not **that** one—**that's** full of **hay**!"

Haigha **tô**ok a **lâ**rg**e** **cake** **out** of the bag, and **gav**e it to **Alic**e to **hold**, **whi**le he got **out** a **dish** and **cä**rving-kn**if**e. **How** **they** **â**ll **came** **out** of it **Alic**e **coû**ldn't guess. It was just **li**ke a conjuring-trick, she **thô**ught.



The **Lio**n had joined **them** **whi**le **this** was going on: he **lô**ok**ed** very **tir**ed and **sleepy**, and his **ey**e**s** were **hâ**lf **sh**ut. "**Wh**at's **this**!" he said, blinking **laz**ily at **Alic**e, and **spe**aking in a **de**ep hollow **tone** **that** **sou**nded **li**ke the **toll**ing of a **gre**at bell.

"**ä**h, **wh**at is it, **now**?" the **Unicô**rn **cri**ed **e**agerly. "**You**'ll never guess! I **coû**ldn't."

The **L**ion **l**ooked at Alic**e** **w**earily. "Are you animal—or **v**eg**e**t**a**ble —or mineral?" he said, **y**awn**i**ng at every **o**th**e**r **w**ord.

"It's a fab**u**lous monster!" the **U**n**i**c**o**rn **c**ried **o**ut, **b**ef**o**re Alic**e** **c**o**u**ld **r**ep**y**.

"**T**hen **h**and **r**ound the plum-**c**ake, Monster," the **L**ion said, **l**y**i**ng **d**own and **p**ut**t**ing his **c**h**i**n on his **p**aw**s**. "And sit **d**own, **b**oth of you," (to the King and the **U**n**i**c**o**rn): "f**a**ir **p**lay **w**ith the **c**ake, you **k**now!"

The King **w**as **e**vidently very un**c**om**f**ortable at having to sit **d**own **b**etween the **t**wo **g**reat **c**reat**u**res; but **t**here was no **o**th**e**r **p**lac**e** for him. "**W**hat a **f**ight we **m**ight have for the **c**rown, **n**ow!" the **U**n**i**c**o**rn said, **l**ook**i**ng **s**lyly up at the **c**rown, **w**h**i**ch the **p**oor King was **n**early **s**haking off his head, he **t**rembled so much.

"I **s**h**o**uld win **e**asy," said the **L**ion.

"I'm not so **s**ure of **t**hat," said the **U**n**i**c**o**rn.

"**W**hy, I **b**eat you **a**ll **r**ound the **t**own, you **c**hicken!" the **L**ion **r**ep**l**ied angrily, **h**a**i**f getting up as he **s**poke.

Here the King interrupted, to prevent the **q**u**a**rrel **g**oing on: he was very **n**ervous, and his **v**oice **q**u**i**te **q**u**i**vered. "**a**ll **r**ound the **t**own?" he said. "**T**hat's a **g**ood long **w**ay. Did you go **b**y the **o**ld **b**rid**g**e, or the **m**arket-**p**lac**e**? You get the best view **b**y the **o**ld **b**rid**g**e."

"I'm **s**ure I **d**on't **k**now," the **L**ion **g**rowled **o**ut as he **l**ay **d**own again. "**T**here was **t**oo much dust to **s**ee any**t**hing. **W**hat a **t**ime the Monster is, cutting up **t**hat cake!"

Alic**e** had **s**eated **h**erself on the bank of a little **b**rook, **w**ith the **g**reat **d**ish on her **k**nees, and was **s**awing **a**way **d**iligently **w**ith the **k**n**i**fe.

"It's very **p**rov**o**king!" she said, in **r**ep**y** to the **L**ion (she was getting **q**u**i**te **u**sed to **b**eing **c**alled 'the Monster'). "I've cut several **s**lices **a**lready, but **t**hey **a**lways join on again!"

"You **d**on't **k**now **h**ow to **m**anag**e** **L**ooking-gl**a**ss **c**akes," the **U**n**i**c**o**rn **r**em**a**rked. "Hand it **r**ound **f**irst, and cut it **a**fterward**s**."

This **s**ounded nonsense, but Alic**e** very **o**bediently got up, and carried the **d**ish **r**ound, and the **c**ake divided itself into **t**hree **p**ieces as she did **s**o. "**N**ow cut it up," said the **L**ion, as she **r**et**u**rn**e**d to her **p**lac**e** **w**ith the empty **d**ish.

"I **s**ay, **t**his **i**s**n**'t **f**air!" **c**ried the **U**n**i**c**o**rn, as Alic**e** sat **w**ith the **k**n**i**fe in her hand, very much **p**uzzled **h**ow to begin. "The Monster has **g**iven the **L**ion **t**wice as much as me!"

"She's kept none for herself, anyhow," said the Lion. "Do you like plum-cake, Monster?"

But before Alice could answer him, the drums began.

Where the noise came from, she couldn't make out: the air seemed full of it, and it rang through and through her head till she felt quite deafened. She started to her feet and sprang across the little brook in her terror.

"If that doesn't drum them out of town," she thought to herself, "nothing ever will!" and had just time to see the Lion and the Unicorn rise to their feet, with angry looks at being interrupted in their feast, before she dropped to her knees, and put her hands over her ears, vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar.



CHAPTER 8

"IT'S MY OWN INVENTION."

After a *while* the *noise* seemed gradually to *die* away, till *all* was dead *silence*, and *Alice* lifted up her head in *some* *alarm*. *There* was no one to be *seen*, and her first *thought* was *that* she must have *been* *dreaming* about the *Lion* and the *Unicorn* and *those* *queer* Anglo-Saxon *Messengers*. However, *there* was the *great* *dish* still *lying* at her *feet*, on *which* she had *tried* to cut the plum-cake, "So I *wasn't* *dreaming*, *after* *all*," she said to *herself*, "unless—unless *we're* *all* *part* of the *same* *dream*. Only I *do* *hope* it's *my* *dream*, and not the Red King's! I *don't* *like* belonging to an *other* *person's* *dream*," she went on in a *rather* *complaining* *tone*: "I've a *great* *mind* to go and *wake* him, and *see* *what* happens!"

At *this* *moment* her *thoughts* were interrupted by a *loud* *shouting* of "Ahoy! Ahoy! *Check!*" and a *Knight*, dressed in *crimson* *armour*, came galloping *down* upon her, brandishing a *great* club. Just as he *reached* her, the *horse* stopped suddenly: "Yo're *my* *prisoner!*" the *Knight* *cried*, as he tumbled off his *horse*.

Startled as she was, *Alice* was *more* *frightened* for him *than* for *herself* at the *moment*, and *watched* him with *some* *anxiety* as he *mounted* again. As *soon* as he was *comfortably* in the saddle, he began on *ce* *more* "Yo're *my*—" but *here* an *other* *voice* *broke* in "Ahoy! Ahoy! *Check!*" and *Alice* *looked* *round* in *some* *surprise* for the new enemy.

This *time* it was a *White Knight*. He drew up at *Alice's* *side*, and tumbled off his *horse* just as the *Red Knight* had *done*: *then* he got on again, and the *two* *knights* sat and *looked* at *each other* for *some* *time* *without* *speaking*. *Alice* *looked* from one to the *other* in *some* *bewilderment*.

"She's *my* *prisoner*, you *know!*" the *Red Knight* said at *last*.

"Yes, but *then* I *came* and *rescued* her!" the *White Knight* replied.

"Well, we must *fight* for her, *then*," said the *Red Knight*, as he *took* up his helmet (*which* hung from the saddle, and was *something* the *shape* of a *horse's* head), and *put* it on.

"You will *observe* the *Rules* of *Battle*, of *course?*" the *White Knight* *remarked*, *putting* on his helmet *too*.

"I *always* *do*," said the *Red Knight*, and *they* began banging away at *each other* with *such* *fury* *that* *Alice* got behind a *tree* to be *out* of the *way* of the *blows*.

"I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are," she said to herself, as she watched the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-place: "one Rule seems to



be, that if one Knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse, and if he misses, he tumbles off himself—and another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy—What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off them just as if they were tables!"

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads, and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side: when they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

"It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?" said the White Knight, as he came up panting.

"I don't know," Alice said doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen."

"So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," said the White Knight. "I'll see you safe to the end of the wood—and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move."

"Thank you very much," said Aliçē. "May I help you off with yō_{ur} helmet?" It was evidently mō_{re} **than** he cō_{uld} manag_e **by** himself; however, she manag_{ed} to **shake** him **out** of it at **läst**.

"Now one can bre_ath_e mō_{re} eas_ily," said the *Knigh_t*, pū_tting back his **shaggy** hair with **both** hands, and tū_rning his g_entle fa_çe and lā_rg_e mild ey_es to Aliçē. She **thō**ught she had never seen **such** a strang_e-lō_oking soldier in **ā**ll her life. He was dress_{ed} in tin **ā**rmour, **whi**ch seem_{ed} to fit him very badly, and he had a **queer-shap_ed** little deal box fā_sten_ed across his **sh**oulder_s, up_side-d_own, and with the lid hanging **open**. Aliçē lō_ok_ed at it with **gr**eat curi_osity.

"I **see** yō_u're admiring my little box," the *Knigh_t* said in a friendly **ton**e. "It's my **own** inventi_on—to **keep** cloth_es and sandwich_es in. You **see** I carry it up_side-d_own, so **th**at the rain cā_n't get in."

"But the **th**ing_s can get out," Aliçē g_ently remā_rk_ed. "D_o you **know** the lid'_s **open**?"

"I didn't **know** it," the *Knigh_t* said, a **sh**ade of vexati_on pā_ssing **over** his fa_çe. "**Then** **ā**ll the **th**ing_s must have fā_llen **out**! And the box is no **use** **with**out **them**." He unfā_sten_ed it as he spok_e, and was just going to **th**row it into the bū_she_s, when a sudden **thō**ught seem_{ed} to strik_e him, and he hung it **care**fully on a tree. "Can you guess **wh**y I did **th**at?" he said to Aliçē.

Aliçē **shō**ok her head.

"In **hop**es sō_me **bee**s may make a nest in it—**th**en I **shō**ld get the **hō**ney."

"But you_u've got a **bee**-hive—or sō_me_{th}ing like one—fā_sten_ed to the saddle," said Aliçē.

"Yes, it's a very gō_od **bee**-hive," the *Knigh_t* said in a discontented **ton**e, "one of the best **k**ind. But not a single **bee** ha_s cō_me near it yet. And the **ō**ther **th**ing is a mō_use-trap. I suppo_se the miç_e **keep** the **bee**s **out**—or the **bee**s **keep** the miç_e **out**, I **don**'t **know** **whi**ch."

"I was wō_ndering **wh**at the mō_use-trap wā_s for," said Aliçē. "It **i**s'n't very **lik**ely **th**ere wō_{uld} be any miç_e on the hō_rse's back."

"Not very **lik**ely, pē_rhaps," said the *Knigh_t*; "but if **th**ey **d**e cō_me, I **don**'t **che**es_e to have **th**em running **ā**ll **ab**out."

"You **see**," he went on **ā**fter a pā_us_e, "it's as well to be **pr**ov_ided for every_{th}ing. **Th**at's the **re**asō_n the hō_rse ha_s **ā**ll **th**os_e anklets **r**ound his **fe**et."

"But **wh**at are **th**ey for?" Aliçē **ā**s_ked in a **ton**e of **gr**eat curi_osity.

"To guard against the bites of **sh**arks," the *Knigh*t replied. "It's an invention of **my** own. And **n**ow help me on. I'll go **w**ith you to the end of the **w**ood— **W**hat's **th**at **d**ish for?"

"It's meant for plum-cake," said Aliçe.

"We'd better **t**ake it **w**ith us," the *Knigh*t said. " It'll **c**ome in handy if we **f**ind any plum-cake. Help me to get it into **t**his bag."

This **t**ook a long **t**ime to manage, **th**ough Aliçe held the bag **o**pen very **c**arefully, because the *Knigh*t was so very **â**wkward in **p**utting in the **d**ish: the **f**irst **t**wo or **th**ree **t**imes **th**at he **t**ried he fell in himself instead. "It's **r**ather a **t**ight fit, you **s**ee," he said, as **th**ey got it in at **l**ast; "**t**here are so many candlesticks in the bag." And he hung it to the saddle, **w**hich was **â**lready **l**oaded **w**ith **b**unches of carrots, and **f**ire-**i**rons, and many **o**ther **t**hings.

"I **h**ope **y**ou've got **y**our **h**air well **f**astened on?" he **c**ontinued, as **th**ey set off.

"**O**nly in the **u**sual way," Aliçe said, smiling.

"**T**hat's **h**ardly enough," he said, anxiously. "You **s**ee the wind is so very strong **h**ere. It's as strong as **s**oup."

"Have you invented a plan for **k**eeping the **h**air from **b**eing **b**lown off?" Aliçe enquired.

"Not yet," said the *Knigh*t. "But I've got a plan for **k**eeping it from **f**alling off."

"I **s**hould like to **h**ear it, very **m**uch."

"**F**irst you **t**ake an upright stick," said the *Knigh*t. "**T**hen you **m**ake **y**our **h**air **c**reep up it, **l**ike a **f**ruit-tree. **N**ow the **r**eson **h**air **f**alls off is because it hangs **d**own— **t**hings never **f**all upwards, you **k**now. It's a plan of **my** own invention. You **m**ay **t**ry it if you **l**ike."

It didn't **s**ound a **c**omfortable plan, Aliçe **t**hought, and for a few minutes she **w**alked on in **s**ilence, puzzling **o**ver the **i**dea, and every **n**ow and **t**hen stopping to help the **p**oor *Knigh*t, **w**he **c**ertainly was not a **g**ood rider.



Whenever the hōrse stoppe~~d~~ (**which** it did very often), he fell off in frōnt; and whenever it went on again (**which** it **g**enerally did rāther suddenly), he fell off behind. **ō**therwiſe he kept on pretty well, ex~~cept~~ **th**at he had a habit of **n**ow and **th**en fālling off **sid**eways; and as he **g**enerally did **th**is on the **sid**e on which Alice wāſ wā/king, she **ſ**oon **f**ound **th**at it was the best plan not to wā/k **qu**ite close to the hōrse.

"I'm **a**fraid **y**ou've not had much **pr**acti~~c~~e in riding," she ventur~~e~~d to **s**ay, as she was helping him up from his fi~~ft~~h tumble.

The **Kn**ight **l**ook~~e~~d very much surpris~~e~~d, and a little offended at the remārk. "**W**hā**t** **m**akes you **s**ay **th**at?" he āsk~~e~~d, as he scrambled back into the saddle, **k**eeping **h**old of Alic~~e~~'s hair **w**ith one hand, to **s**ave himself from fālling **o**ver on the **ō**ther side.

"**B**eca~~u~~ſe **p**eople **d**on't fāll off **qu**ite so often, when **th**ey've had much **pr**acti~~c~~e."

"I've had plenty of **pr**acti~~c~~e," the **Kn**ight said very **g**ravely: "plenty of **pr**acti~~c~~e!"

Alic~~e~~ **c**ould **th**ink of **n**oth~~ing~~ better to **s**ay **th**an "**I**ndeed?" but she said it as heārtily as she **c**ould. **T**hey went on a little way in **s**ilen~~c~~e āfter **th**is, the **Kn**ight **w**ith hiſ **e**y~~e~~s **ſ**hut, muttering to himself, and Alic~~e~~ wā**t**ching anxiously for the next tumble.

"The **great ärt** of **riding**," the *Knigh*t suddenly began in a **loud voiç**e, **waving** his **right ärm** as he **spoke**, "is to **keep**—" Here the **sentenç**e ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the *Knigh*t fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the **päth** where *Aliç*e was **wä**lking. She was **quite frightened this time**, and said in an **anxious tone**, as she **picked** him up, "I **hope** no **bone**s are **broken**?"

"**Nö**ne to **spe**ak of," the *Knigh*t said, as if he didn't **mind bre**aking **two** or **three** of **them**. "The **great ärt** of **riding**, as I was **saying**, is—to **keep yô**ur **balanç**e properly. **Like this**, you **know**—"

He let go the **bridle**, and **stretch**ed **ö**ut **both** his **ärm**s to **show** *Aliç*e **wh**at he meant, and **this time** he fell flat on his back, **right** under the **hôrse's feet**.

"Plenty of **practiç**e!" he went on **repe**ating, **ä**ll the **time** **th**at *Aliç*e was getting him on his **feet** again. "Plenty of **practiç**e!"

"It's **tee** **ridiculous**!" **cried** *Aliç*e, **lö**sing **ä**ll her **patienç**e **this time**. "You **ö**ught to have a **wö**oden **hôrse** on **wheel**s, **th**at you **ö**ught!"

"**Dö**s **th**at kind go **smö**ethly?" the *Knigh*t **ä**ske**d** in a **tone** of **great** interest, **clä**sping his **ärm**s **ö**und the **hôrse's** neck as he **spoke**, just in **time** to **save** himself from tumbling off again.

"**Much** **mö**re **smö**ethly **th**an a live **hôrse**," *Aliç*e said, **with** a little **scre**am of **lä**ughter, in **spite** of **ä**ll she **cou**ld **dö** to prevent it.

"I'll get one," the *Knigh*t said **thö**ughtfully to himself. "One **ö**r **two**—several."

There was a **shö**rt **silenç**e **ä**fter **this**, and **th**en the *Knigh*t went on again. "I'm a **great** hand at inventing **thi**ngs. **Nö**w, I **dä**resay you **notiç**ed, the **lä**st time you **picked** me up, **th**at I was **lö**oking **rä**ther **thö**ughtful?"

"You were a little **grave**," said *Aliç*e.

"Well, just **th**en I was inventing a new **wä**y of getting **ö**ver a **gate**— **wö**uld you like to **he**ar it? "

"Very **much** **indeed**," *Aliç*e said politely.

"I'll tell you **hö**w I **ä**me to **th**ink of it," said the *Knigh*t. "You **see**, I said to **my**self, 'The **ö**nly difficulty is **with** the **feet**: the head is **high** enough **ä**lready. **Nö**w, **f**irst I **p**ut **my** head on the top of the **gate**—**th**en the head's **high** enough—**th**en I stand on **my** head—**th**en the **feet** are **high** enough you **see**—**th**en I'm **ö**ver, you **see**."

"Yes, I **suppo**se you'd be **ö**ver **w**hen **th**at was **dö**ne," *Aliç*e said **thö**ughtfully: "but **dö**n't you **th**ink it **wö**uld be **rä**ther **hä**rd?"

"I haven't tried it yet," the *knigh*t said, *gr*avely: "so I cān't tell for cērtain—but I'm afraid it would be a little hārd."

He lōōked so vexed at the *idea*, *th*at Alice *chang*ed the subject hastily. "What a *curious* helmet you've got!" she said *cheerfully*. "Is *th*at yôur *inventi*on tee?"

The *knigh*t lōōked down *pr*oudly at his helmet, *wh*ich hung from the saddle. "Yes," he said, "but I've invented a better one *th*an *th*at—like a sûgar-loaf. When I *us*ed to wear it, if I fell off the hôrse, it *â*lways *touch*ed the *gr*ound directly. So I had a very little way to fâll, you *see*—But *th*ere was the *dan*ger of falling into it, to be *sur*e. *Th*at happened to me onçe—and the wôrst of it was, befôre I could get *o*ut again, the *ô*ther *White* *knigh*t *cam*e and *p*ut it on. He *th*ôught it was his *own* helmet."

The *knigh*t lōōked so solemn *ab*out it *th*at Alice did not *da*re to läugh. "I'm afraid you must have hûrt him," she said in a trembling voice, "*be*ing on the top of his head."

"I had to kick him, of côurse," the *knigh*t said, very *seriously*. "And *th*en he *to*ok the helmet off again—but it *to*ok *h*ourç and *h*ourç to get me *o*ut. I was as fäst as—as *li*ghtning, you *know*."

"But *th*at's a different *kind* of fästness," Alice objected.

The *knigh*t *sh*ôok his head. "It was *â*ll *kind*ç of fästness *with* me, I can *assu*re you!" he said. He *rais*ed his handç in *s*ome *exç*itement as he said *th*is, and instantly *roll*ed *o*ut of the saddle, and fell headlong into a *deep* ditch.

Alice ran to the *side* of the ditch to lōōk for him. She was *r*äther stärtled by the fâll, as for *s*ome *ti*me he had kept on very well, and she was afraid *th*at he *re*ally was hûrt *th*is *ti*me. *H*owever, *th*ough she could *see* *n*ôthing but the *sole*ç of his *feet*, she was *much* *reliev*ed to hear *th*at he was *t*äking on in his *u*çual *tone*. "*â*ll *kind*ç of fästness," he *repe*ated: "but it was *ca*reless of him to *p*ut anôther man's helmet on—with the man in it, tee."



"**H**ow can you go on **t**alking so **q**uietly, head **d**ownward**s**?" Alic**e** **ä**ske**d**, as she dragge**d** him **o**ut **b**y the **f**eet, and **l**aide**d** him in a **h**ea**p** on the bank.

The *Knigh**t*** **l**oo**k**e**d** surpris**e**d at the **q**uesti**o**n. "**W**hat **d**oes it matter *where* my **b**ody happen**s** to be?" he said. "**M**y mind **g**oes on w**o**rking **a**ll the **s**ame. In fact, the **m**ore head **d**ownward**s** I am, the **m**ore I **k**ee**p** inventing new **t**hing**s**."

"**N**ow the cleverest **t**hing of the **s**o**r**t **t**hat I ever did," he went on **a**fter a **p**äus**e**, "was inventing a new **p**udding **d**uring the **m**eat-c**o**urse."

"In **t**ime to have it **c**oo**k**e**d** for the next c**o**urse?" said Alic**e**. "Well, that was **q**uick w**o**rk, **ç**ertainly!"

"Well, not the next c**o**urse," the *Knigh**t*** said in a slow **t**h**o**ughtful tone: "no, **ç**ertainly not the next c**o**urse."

"**T**hen it w**o**uld have to be the next day. I suppo**s**e you w**o**ul**d**n't have **t**wo **p**udding-c**o**urse**s** in one dinner?"

"Well, not the next day," the *Knigh**t*** repeate**d** as bef**o**re: "not the next day. In fact," he went on, holding his head **d**own, and his voi**ç**e getting **l**ower and **l**ower, "I **d**on't believe **t**hat **p**udding ever was **c**oo**k**e**d**! In fact, I **d**on't believe that **p**udding ever will be **c**oo**k**e**d**! And yet it was a very clever **p**udding to invent."

"**W**hat did you **m**ea**n** it to be **m**a**d**e of?" Alic**e** **ä**ske**d**, hoping to **c**heer him up, for the **p**oor *Knigh**t*** seeme**d** **q**uite **l**ow-spirited about it.

"It began **w**ith blotting-paper," the *Knigh**t*** answer**e**d **w**ith a groan.

"**T**hat w**o**ul**d**n't be very **n**i**ç**e, I'm afraid—"

"Not very nice alone," he interrupted, quite eagerly: "but you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things—such as gunpowder and sealing-wax. And here I must leave you." They had just come to the end of the wood.

Alice could only look puzzled: she was thinking of the pudding.

"You are sad," the Knight said in an anxious tone: "let me sing you a song to comfort you."

"Is it very long?" Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

"It's long," said the Knight, "but it's very, very beautiful. Everybody that hears me sings it—either it brings the tears into their eyes, or else—"

"or else what?" said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

"or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called '*Haddock's Eyes*.'"

"Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?" Alice said, trying to feel interested.

"No, you don't understand," the Knight said, looking a little vexed. "That's what the name is called. The name really is '*The Aged Aged Man*.'"

"Then I ought to have said 'That's what the song is called?'" Alice corrected herself.

"No, you oughtn't: that's quite another thing! The song is called '*Ways And Means*': but only what it's called, you know!"

"Well, what is the song, then?" said Alice, who was by this time completely bewildered.

"I was coming to that," the Knight said. "The song really is '*A-sitting On A Gate*' and the tune's my own invention."

So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck: then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle foolish face, as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey through The Looking-Glass, this was the one that she always remembered most clearly. Years afterwards she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday—the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight—the setting sun gleaming through his hair, and shining on his armour in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her—the horse quietly moving about, with the reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass at her feet—and the black shadows of the forest behind—all this she took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leant against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

"But the **tune** isn't his **own** invention," she said to herself: "it's 'I give **thee** all, I can no **more**.'" She **stood** and listened very attentively, but no **tears** came into her **eyes**

"I'll tell **thee** every**th**ing I can;

There's little to relate.

I **saw** an **aged** **aged** man,

A-sitting on a **gate**. 'Who **are** you, **aged** man?

You I said. 'And **how** is it you live?

'And his answer trickled **th**rough my head

Like **water** **th**rough a sieve.

He said 'I **look** for butterflies

That **sleep** among the **wheat**:

I **make** **them** into mutton-pies,

And sell **them** in the **street**.

I sell **them** unto men, he said,

'Who **sail** on **stormy** **seas**;

And **that's** the **way** I get my bread—

A trifle, if you **please**.

But I was **th**inking of a plan

To **dy**e one's whiskers **green**,

And **always** **use** so **large** a fan

That **they** **could** not be **seen**.

So, having no **reply** to give

To **wh**at the **old** man said, I **cried**

'**Come**, tell me **how** you live!'

And **thumped** him on the head.

His **accents** **mild** **took** up the **tale**:

He said 'I go my **ways**,

And **when** I **find** a **mountain**-rill,

I set it in a **blaze**;
 And **thence** **they** **make** a stuff **they** **call** Rowlands'
 Macassar Oil—Yet **two** **pence-halfpenny** is **all**
They give me for **my** toil.
 But I was **th**inking of a way
 To **feed** on**e**self on batter,
 And so go on from **day** to day
 Getting a little fatter.
 I **shook** him well from **side** to **side**,
 Until his **face** was **blue**:
 'C**ome**, tell me **how** you live, I **cried**,
 'And **wh**at it is you **do**!



He said 'I hunt for haddocks' **eyes**
 Among the **heath**er **bright**,
 And **work** **them** into **waist**coat-buttons
 In the **silent** **night**.
 And **thes**e I **do** not sell for gold
 Or coin of silvery **shine**,
 But for a copper **halfpenny**,
 And **th**at will **purch**ase **nine**.

'I **s**ome**t**ime**s** dig for buttered roll**s**,
 Or set limed twig**s** for crab**s**;
 I **s**ome**t**ime**s** **s**ea**r**ch the grässy knoll**s**
 For wh**ee**l**s** of Hans**o**m-cab**s**.
 And **th**at's the way' (he gav**e** a wink)
 'By wh**ic**h I get my weal**th**—
 And very gladly will I drink
 Y**o**ur Honour'**s** noble heal**th**.

 I h**ea**rd him **th**en, for I had just
 C**o**mpleted my design
 To ke**ep** the Menai bridg**e** from rust
 By boiling it in w**in**e.
 I **th**anked him much**ly** for telling me
 The way he got his weal**th**,
 But **ch**iefly for his wish **th**at he
 M**ig**ht drink my noble heal**th**.

 And **no**w, if e'er by **ch**an**ce**
 I put my finger**s** into glu**e**,
 Or madly **s**quee**z**e a right-hand fo**o**t
 Into a left-hand **sh**oe,
 Or if I drop upon my **to**e
 A very heavy weight, I we**ep**,
 for it rem**in**d**s** me so
 Of **th**at **o**ld man I **u**s**e**d to **kn**ow—

 wh**o**s**e** lo**o**k was mild,
 wh**o**s**e** **s**pee**ch** was slow,
 wh**o**s**e** hair was whiter **th**an the snow,

wh~~e~~s~~e~~ fa~~ç~~e was very li~~k~~e a crow,
 With ey~~e~~s, li~~k~~e çinder~~s~~, ~~â~~ll aglow,
 wh~~e~~ seemed distracted with his wo~~e~~,
 wh~~e~~ rock~~e~~d his body to and fro,
 And muttered mumblingly and low,
 As if his mou~~th~~ were füll of do~~u~~gh,
 wh~~e~~ sn~~ô~~rted li~~k~~e a buffal~~o~~—
 That summer ~~e~~vening, long ago,
 A-sitting on a gate."

As the *Knigh*t sang the l~~ä~~st w~~ô~~rd~~s~~ of the ballad, he ga~~t~~hered up the reins~~s~~,
 and t~~û~~rn~~e~~d his h~~ô~~rs~~e~~'s head along the ro~~a~~d by wh~~i~~ch ~~t~~hey had c~~ô~~me. "You've
 on~~l~~y a few y~~ä~~rd~~s~~ to go," he said, "d~~ô~~wn the hill and ~~o~~ver ~~t~~hat little br~~ô~~ok, and
~~t~~hen you'll be a **Queen**,— But you'll stay and see me off first?" he added as
 Ali~~ç~~e t~~û~~rn~~e~~d with an ~~e~~ager l~~ô~~ok in the directi~~ô~~n to wh~~i~~ch he pointed. "I ~~sh~~än't be
 long. You'll wait and wa~~v~~e y~~ô~~ur handker~~ch~~ief when I get to ~~t~~hat t~~û~~rn in the
 ro~~a~~d? I ~~t~~hink it'll encourag~~e~~ me, you see."

"Of c~~ô~~ur~~s~~e I'll wait," said Ali~~ç~~e: "and ~~t~~hank you very much for c~~ô~~ming so far—
 and for the song—I lik~~e~~d it very much."

"I hope so," the *Knigh*t said d~~ô~~ub~~t~~fully: "but you didn't cry so much as I ~~t~~h~~ô~~ught
 you w~~ô~~uld."

So ~~t~~hey sh~~ô~~ok hands~~s~~, and ~~t~~hen the *Knigh*t ro~~d~~e slowly away into the forest.
 "It won't take long to see him off, I expect," Ali~~ç~~e said to h~~ê~~rself, as she
 st~~ô~~od wa~~t~~ching him. "~~T~~here he go~~e~~s! Right on his head as ~~u~~sual! However,
 he gets on again pretty ~~e~~a~~s~~ily—~~t~~hat c~~ô~~me~~s~~ of having so many ~~t~~hings hung
~~ô~~und the h~~ô~~rs~~e~~—" So she went on t~~ä~~k~~i~~ng to h~~ê~~rself, as she wa~~t~~ch~~e~~d the h~~ô~~rs~~e~~
 w~~ä~~k~~i~~ng lei~~s~~urely along the ro~~a~~d, and the *Knigh*t tumbling off, first on one side and
~~t~~hen on the ~~ô~~ther. After the f~~ô~~ur~~t~~h or fift~~h~~ tumble he re~~a~~ch~~e~~d the t~~û~~rn, and ~~t~~hen
 she wa~~v~~ed her handker~~ch~~ief to him, and waited till he was ~~ô~~ut of sight.

"I hope it encourag~~e~~d him," she said, as she t~~û~~rn~~e~~d to run d~~ô~~wn the hill: "and
 n~~ô~~w for the l~~ä~~st br~~ô~~ok, and to be a **Queen**,! How grand it s~~ô~~und~~s~~!" A very few
 steps br~~ô~~ught her to the edg~~e~~ of the br~~ô~~ok. "The Eigh~~t~~h Square at l~~ä~~st!" she
 cri~~e~~d as she b~~ô~~unded across,

and **th**rew h**ê**rself d**ow**n to rest on a l**ä**wn as soft as moss, with little flower-beds dotted about it h**ere** and **th**ere. "O**h**, h**ow** glad I am to get h**ere**! And **wh**at is **this** on **my** head?" she ex**cl**aimed in a t**one** of d**is**may, as she p**ut** her hand**s** up to s**ome****th**ing very heavy, **th**at fitted t**igh**t **ä**ll r**oun**d her head.

"But **h**ow can it have got **th**ere with**out** **my** **kn**owing it?" she said to h**ê**rself, as she lifted it off, and set it on her lap to **ma**ke **out** **wh**at it c**ou**ld possibly be.

It was a golden c**rown**.



CHAPTER 9. QUEEN ALICE.

"Well, **this** is grand!" said Aliçe. "I never expected I **shoûd** be a **Queen**, so **soon**—and I'll tell you **whât** it is, yôur Majesty," she went on in a severe **tone** (she was **âlwâys** **râther** fond of **scolding** hêrself), "it'll never **dø** for you to be lolling about on the gräss like **thât**! **Queenş** have to be dignified, you **know**!"

So she got up and wâ/keđ about—**râther** stiffly just at first, as she was afraid **thât** the crown might côme off: but she cômforted hêrself with the **thôught** **thât** **there** was **nobody** to **see** her, "and if I really am a **Queen**," she said as she sat **døwn** again, "I **shall** be **able** to managê it **quite** well in **time**."

Every**th**ing was happening so oddly **thât** she didn't **feel** a bit surprisêd at finding the Red **Queen**, and the **White Queen**, sitting **cloşe** to her, one on **each** side: she wôûd have **likêd** very much to **âsk** **them** **høw** **they** **câme** **there**, but she **feared** it wôûd not be **quite** çivil. However, **there** wôûd be no hârm, she **thôught**, in **âsking** if the **game** was **øver**. "Pleasê, wôûd you tell me—" she began, **lòoking** timidly at the Red **Queen**,.

"Speak when yôu're spoken to!" the **Queen**, **shârp**ly interrupted her.

"But if everybody **øbeyed** **thât** **rule**," said Aliçe, **whø** was **âlwâys** ready for a little **ârgument**, "and if you **only** spoke when you were spoken to, and the **øther** **pêrson** **âlwâys** waited for you to begin, you **see** **nobody** wôûd ever say any**th**ing, so **thât**—"

"Ridiculous!" cried the **Queen**,. "Why, don't you **see**, child—" **here** she **broke** off with a **frown**, and, **âfter** **th**inking for a minute, suddenly **changêd** the subject of the **conversatiøn**. "Whât **dø** you **mean** by 'If you really are a **Queen**,'? Whât **right** have you to cáll yôurself so? You **cân't** be a **Queen**,, you **know**, till you've **pâssêd** the proper **examinatiøn**. And the **soon**er we begin it, the better."

"I **only** said 'if!'" pøor Aliçe **pleaded** in a **piteous** **tone**.

The **twø** **Queenş** **lòoked** at **each** **øther**, and the Red **Queen**, **remârked**, with a little shudder, "She **says** she **only** said 'if!'"

"But she said a **great** **deal** **møre** **thân** **thât**!" the **White Queen**, **moaned**, wringing her hands. "**Oh**, ever so much **møre** **thân** **thât**!"

"So you did, you **know**," the Red **Queen**, said to Aliçe. "**âlwâys** **speak** the **truth**—**th**ink beføre you **speak**—and **write** it **døwn** **âfterwards**."

"I'm **sure** I didn't **mean**—" Alice was beginning, but the Red **Queen**, interrupted her **impatiently**.

"**That's** just **what** I **complain** of! You **should** have **meant**! **What do** you **suppose** is the **use** of a **child without** any **meaning**? **Even** a **joke should** have **some meaning**—and a **child's** **more important** **than** a **joke**, I **hope**. You **couldn't deny** **that**, **even** if you **tried with both** **hands**."

"I **don't deny things** **with my** **hands**," Alice objected.

"**Nobody** said you did," said the Red **Queen**,. "I said you **couldn't** if you **tried**."

"She's in **that state** of mind," said the White **Queen**,, "**that** she **wants** to **deny something**—**only** she **doesn't know** **what** to **deny**!"

"A **naasty**, **viicious** temper," the Red **Queen**, remarked; and **then** **there** was an **uncomfortable silence** for a minute or **two**.

The Red **Queen**, **broke** the **silence** **by saying** to the White **Queen**,, "I **invite** you to Alice's dinner-party **this afternoon**."

The White **Queen**, **smiled feebly**, and said "And I **invite** you."

"I didn't **know** I was to have a party at **all**," said Alice; "but if **there** is to be one, I **think** I **ought** to **invite** the guests."

"We **gave** you the opportunity of **doing** it," the Red **Queen**, remarked: "but I **daresay** you've not had many **lessons** in **manners** yet?"

"**Manners** are not **taught** in **lessons**," said Alice. "**Lessons** **teach** you to **do** **sums**, and **things** of **that sort**."

"Can you **do** Addition?" the White **Queen**, asked. "**What's** one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"I **don't know**," said Alice. "I lost **count**."

"She **can't do** Addition," the Red **Queen**, interrupted. "Can you **do** Subtraction? **Take** nine from eight."

"**Nine** from eight I **can't**, you **know**," Alice replied very readily: "but—"

"She **can't do** Subtraction," said the White **Queen**,. "Can you **do** Division? **Divide** a **loaf** **by** a **knife**—**what's** the answer to **that**?"

"I **suppose**—" Alice was beginning, but the Red **Queen**, answered for her. "Bread-and-butter, of **course**. Try **another** Subtraction sum. **Take** a **bone** from a dog: **what** **remains**?"



Alice considered. "The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog wouldn't remain; it would come to bite me—and I'm sure I shouldn't remain!"

"Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen,.

"I think that's the answer."

"Wrong, as usual," said the Red Queen,: "the dog's temper would remain."

"But I don't see how—"

"Why, look here!" the Red Queen, cried. "The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the Queen, exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways." But she couldn't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we are talking!"

"She can't do sums a bit!" the Queens said together, with great emphasis.

"Can you do sums?" Alice said, turning suddenly on the White Queen,, for she didn't like being found fault with so much.

The Queen, gasped and shut her eyes. "I can do Addition," she said, "if you give me time—but I can't do Subtraction, under any circumstances!"

"Of course you know your ABC?" said the Red Queen,.

"To be sure I do," said Alice.

"So do I," the White Queen, whispered: "we'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret—I can read words of one letter! Isn't that grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time."

Here the Red **Queen**, began again. "Can you answer **useful questions**?" she said. "How is bread made?"

"I **know that**!" Alice cried **eagerly**. "You **take some flour**—"

"Where **do** you pick the **flower**?" the White **Queen**, asked. "In a **garden**, or in the **hedges**?"

"Well, it isn't picked at **all**," Alice explained: "it's **ground**—"

"How many **acres** of **ground**?" said the White **Queen**,. "You mustn't **leave out** so many **things**."

"Fan her head!" the Red **Queen**, anxiously interrupted. "She'll be **feverish** after so much **thinking**." So **they** set to **work** and fanned her with **bunches** of **leaves**, till she had to beg **them** to **leave off**, it blew her **hair about** so.

"She's **all right** again **now**," said the Red **Queen**,. "Do you **know Languages**? What's the **French** for **fiddle-de-dee**?"

"Fiddle-de-dee's not **English**," Alice replied **gravely**.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red **Queen**,.

Alice **thought** she **saw** a way **out** of the difficulty **this time**. "If you'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I'll tell you the **French** for it!" she exclaimed **triumphantly**.

But the Red **Queen**, drew herself up **rather** stiffly, and said "**Queens** never make **bargains**."

"I wish **Queens** never **asked questions**," Alice **thought** to herself.

"Don't let us **quarrel**," the White **Queen**, said in an anxious **tone**. "What is the **cause** of **lightning**?"

"The **cause** of **lightning**," Alice said very **decidedly**, for she felt **quite certain** about **this**, "is the **thunder**—no, no!" she **hastily** corrected herself. "I meant the **other way**."

"It's **too late** to correct it," said the Red **Queen**,: "when you've once said a **thing**, **that fixes** it, and you must **take the consequences**."

"Which **reminds** me—" the White **Queen**, said, **looking down** and **nervously** **clasping** and **uncasping** her hands, "we had such a **thunderstorm** last **Tuesday**—I mean one of the **last** set of **Tuesdays**, you **know**."

Alice was puzzled. "In **our** country," she remarked, "**there's** only one **day** at a **time**."

The Red **Queen**, said "**That's a pōr thīn way of dōing thīngs. Nōw hēre,** we **mōstly** have **days** and **nights twō** or **thrēe** at a **time**, and **sōmetimes** in the winter we **take** as many as **five nights together**—for **wārmth**, you **know**."

"Are **five nights wārm** **than** one **night, then?**" Alicē **ventured** to **äsk**.

"**Five times** as **wārm**, of **cōurse**."

"But **they shōuld** be **five times** as cold, **by the same rule**—"

"Just so!" **cried** the Red **Queen**,. "**Five times** as **wārm**, and **five times** as cold—just as I'm **five times** as **rich** as you are, and **five times** as **clever!**"

Alicē **sighed** and **gave** it up. "It's exactly **like** a **riddle with** no answer!" she **thōught**.

"Humpty Dumpty **sāw** it **tōe**," the **White Queen**, went on in a **low voice**, **mōre** as if she were **tāking** to **hērself**. "He **came** to the **dōor with** a **cōrkscrew** in his hand—"

"**Whāt** did he **wānt?**" said the Red **Queen**,.

"He said he **wōuld cōme** in," the **White Queen**, went on, "**becāuse** he was **lōoking** for a hippopotamus. **Nōw**, as it happened, **there wasn't such** a **thīng** in the **house, that mōrning**."

"Is **there gēnerally?**" Alicē **äsked** in an **astonished** tone.

"Well, **only** on **Thūrsdays**," said the **Queen**,.

"I **know whāt** he **came** for," said Alicē: "he **wānted** to **punish** the **fish**, **becāuse**—"

Hēre the **White Queen**, began again. "It was such a **thunderstōrm**, you **cān't think!**" ("She never **cōuld**, you **know**," said the Red **Queen**,.) "And **pārt** of the **reef came** off, and ever so much **th**under got in—and it went **rolling rōund** the **reem** in **greāt** lumps—and **knocking over** the **tableś** and **thīngs**—till I was so **frightened**, I **cōuldn't** remember **my own name!**"

Alicē **thōught** to **hērself**, "I never **shōuld** try to remember **my name** in the middle of an **accīdent!** **Whēre wōuld** be the **use** of it?" but she did not **say thīs** **äloud**, for **fear** of **hūrt**ing the **pōr Queen's feelings**.

"**Yōur Majesty** must **excuse** her," the Red **Queen**, said to Alicē, **taking** one of the **White Queen's** **handś** in her **own**, and **gently stroking** it: "she **means** well, but she **cān't** help **saying foolish thīngs**, as a **gēneral rule**."

The **White Queen**, **lōoked** timidly at Alicē, **whē** she **ōught** to **say sōmethīng** **kīnd**, but **really cōuldn't thīnk** of any**thīng** at the **mōment**.

"She never was really well brought up," the Red Queen, went on: "but it's amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she'll be!" But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

"A little kindness—and putting her hair in papers — would do wonders with her"

The White Queen, gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice's shoulder. "I am so sleepy!" she moaned.

"She's tired, poor thing!" said the Red Queen,. "Smooth her hair —lend her your nightcap—and sing her a soothing lullaby."

"I haven't got a nightcap with me," said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction: "and I don't know any soothing lullabies."

"I must do it myself, then," said the Red Queen,, and she began:

"Hush-a-by lady, in Alice's lap!

Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap:

When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—

Red Queen,, and White Queen,, and Alice, and all!"

"And now you know the words," she added, as she put her head down on Alice's other shoulder, "just sing it through to me. I'm getting sleepy too." In another moment both Queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.



"What am I to do?" exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head, and then the other, rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. "I don't think it ever happened before, that any one had to take care of two Queens asleep at once! No, not in all the History of England—it couldn't, you know, because there never was more than one Queen, at a time.

Do wake up, you heavy things!" she went on in an impatient tone; but there was no answer but a gentle snoring.

The snoring got more distinct every minute, and sounded more like a tune: at last she could even make out words, and she listened so eagerly that, when the two great heads suddenly vanished from her lap, she hardly missed them.

She was standing before an arched doorway over which were the words QUEEN ALICE in large letters, and on each side of the arch there was a bell-handle; one was marked "Visitors' Bell," and the other "Servants' Bell."

"I'll wait till the song's over," thought Alice, "and then I'll ring the—the—which bell must I ring?" she went on, very much puzzled by the names. "I'm not a visitor, and I'm not a servant. There ought to be one marked 'Queen,' you know."

Just then the door opened a little way, and a creature with a long beak put its head out for a moment and said "No admittance till the week after next!" and shut the door again with a bang.

Alice knocked and rang in vain for a long time, but at last a very old Frog, who was sitting under a tree, got up and hobbled slowly towards her: he was dressed in bright yellow, and had enormous boots on.

"What is it, now?" the Frog said in a deep hoarse whisper.

Alice turned round, ready to find fault with anybody. "Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?" she began angrily.

"Which door?" said the Frog.

Alice almost stamped with irritation at the slow drawl in which he spoke. "This door, of course!"

The Frog looked at the door with his large dull eyes for a minute: then he went nearer and rubbed it with his thumb, as if he were trying whether the paint would come off; then he looked at Alice.



"To answer the dōor?" he said. "Whāt's it been äsking for?" He was so hōarse **that** Alicē cōuld scarçely hear him.

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

"I speaks English, dōesn't I?" the Frog went on. "or are you deaf? Whāt did it äsk you for?"

"Nōthing!" Alicē said impatiently. "I've been knocking at it!"

"Shōuldn't **de that—shōuldn't de that—**" the Frog muttered. "Vexes it, you know." **Then** he went up and gave the dōor a kick with one of his grēat feet. "You let it **alone**," he panted **out**, as he hobbled back to his tree, "and it'll let you **alone**, you know."

At **this moment** the dōor was flung **open**, and a **shrill** voiçe was hēard singing:

"To the Lōōking-Glāss wōrld it was Alicē **that** said,

I've a sçeptre in hand, I've a crown on my head;

Let the Lōōking-Glāss creatures, whatever **they** be,

Cōme and dine with the Red **Queen**., the White **Queen**., and me!"

And hundred\$ of voiçes joined in the chōrus:

"**Then** fill up the glässe\$ as **quick** as you can,

And sprinkle the table with button\$ and bran:

Put cats in the coffee, and miçe in the tea—

And welcome **Queen Alicē** with thirty-time\$-three!"

Then followed a confused noise of cheering, and Alice thought to herself, "thirty times three makes ninety. I wonder if any one's counting?" In a minute there was silence again, and the same shrill voice sang another verse:

"O Looking-Glass creature, quoth Alice, 'draw near!

'Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear:

'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea

Along with the Red Queen,, the White Queen,, and me!"

Then came the chorus again:-

"Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,

Or anything else that is pleasant to drink;

Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine —

And welcome Queen, Alice with ninety-times-nine!"

"Ninety times nine!" Alice repeated in despair. "Oh, that'll never be done! I'd better go in at once—" and in she went, and there was a dead silence the moment she appeared.

Alice glanced nervously along the table, as she walked up the large hall, and noticed that there were about fifty guests, of all kinds: some were animals, some birds, and there were even a few flowers among them. "I'm glad they've come without waiting to be asked," she thought: "I should never have known who were the right people to invite!"

There were three chairs at the head of the table; the Red and White Queens had already taken two of them, but the middle one was empty. Alice sat down in it, rather uncomfortable at the silence, and longing for someone to speak.

At last the Red Queen, began. "You've missed the soup and fish," she said. "Put on the joint!" And the waiter set a leg of mutton before Alice, who looked at it rather anxiously, as she had never had to carve a joint before.



"You **lòòk** a little **shy**: let me **introduç**e you to **that** leg of **mutton**," said the Red **Queen**,. "**Aliç**e—**Mutton**: **Mutton**—**Aliç**e." The leg of **mutton** got up in the **dish** and **made** a little **bow** to **Aliç**e; and **Aliç**e **retû**rned the **bow**, not **knowing whether** to be **frightened** or **amused**.

"May I **give you** a **slic**e?" she said, **taking** up the **knife** and **fôrk**, and **lòòk**ing from one **Queen**, to the **ôther**.

"**Cê**certainly not," the Red **Queen**, said, very **deç**idedly: "it **isn't** **etiquette** to cut any one **you've been** **introduç**ed to. **Remove** the joint!" And the **waiter** **carried** it off, and **brôught** a **lârg**e plum-**pûdding** in its **plac**e.

"I **won't** be **introduç**ed to the **pûdding**, **pleas**e," **Aliç**e said **râther** **hastily**, " or we **shall** get no dinner at **âll**. May I **give you some**?"

But the Red **Queen**, **lòòk**ed sulky, and **growled** "**Pûdding**—**Aliç**e: **Aliç**e—**Pûdding**. **Remove** the **pûdding**!" and the **waiter** **tòok** it away so **quickly** **that** **Aliç**e **cou**ldn't **retû**rn its **bow**.

However, she didn't **see** **why** the Red **Queen**, **shou**ld be the **only** one to give **ôrders**, so, as an experiment, she **câll**ed **out** "**Waiter**! Bring back the **pûdding**!" and **there** it was **again** in a **moment**, **like** a conjuring-trick. It was so **lârg**e **that** she **cou**ldn't help **feeling** a little **shy** **with** it, as she had **been** **with** the **mutton**; **how**ever, she **conquered** her **shyness** **by** a **great** effort, and cut a **slic**e and handed it to the Red **Queen**,.

"**Wh**at **impê**rtinenç**e**!" said the **Pûdding**. "I **wô**nder **how** **you'd** **like** it, if I were to cut a **slic**e **out** of you, you **creat**ure!"

It **spoke** in a **thick**, **suety** **sôrt** of **voic**e, and **Aliç**e hadn't a **wôrd** to **say** in reply: she **cou**ld **only** sit and **lòòk** at it and **gäsp**.

"**M**ake a **remä**rk," said the Red **Queen**,: "it's **ridicul**ous to **le**ave **âll** the **conversati**on to the **pûdding**!"

"**D**e you **know**, I've had **such** a **quâ**ntity of **poetry** **repe**ated to me to-day," **Aliç**e began, a little **frightened** at **finding** **that**, the **moment** she **opened** her lips, **there** was **dead** **silenc**e, and **âll** **eyes** were **fix**ed upon her; "and it's a very **curious** **th**ing, I **th**ink—every **poem** was **about** **fishes** in **some** way. **D**e you **know** **why** **they're** so fond of **fishes**, **âll** **abou**t **there**?"

She **spoke** to the Red **Queen**,, **whes**e answer was a little **wid**e of the **mä**rk. "As to **fishes**," she said, very slowly and solemnly, **putting** her **mou**th **clos**e to **Aliç**e's **ear**, "her **Wh**ite Majesty **knows** a **lov**ely riddle—**âll** in **poetry**—**âll** **about** **fishes**. **Sh**all she **repe**at it?"

"Her Red Majesty's very kind to mention it," the White Queen, murmured into Alice's other ear, in a voice like the cooing of a pigeon. "It would be such a treat! May I?"

"Please do," Alice said very politely.

The White Queen, laughed with delight, and stroked Alice's cheek. Then she began:

"First, the fish must be caught."

That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.

'Next, the fish must be brought.

'That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.

'Now cook me the fish!'

That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.

'Let it lie in a dish!'

That is easy, because it already is in it.

'Bring it here! Let me sup!'

It is easy to set such a dish on the table.

'Take the dish-cover up!'

Ah, that is so hard that I fear I'm unable!

For it holds it like glue—Holds the lid to the dish,

while it lies in the middle

Which is easiest to do, Un-dish-cover the fish,

or dishcover the riddle?"

"Take a minute to think about it, and then guess," said the Red Queen,. "Meanwhile, we'll drink your health— Queen, Alice's health!" she screamed at the top of her voice, and all the guests began drinking it directly, and very queerly they managed it: some of them put their glasses upon their heads like extinguishers, and drank all that trickled down their faces— others upset the decanters, and drank the wine as it ran off the edges of the table and three of them (who looked like kangaroos) scrambled into the dish of roast mutton, and began eagerly lapping up the gravy, "just like pigs in a trough!" thought Alice.

"You **ought** to **return thanks** in a **neat speech**," the Red **Queen**, said, **frowning** at **Alice** as she **spoke**.

"We must **support** you, you **know**," the White **Queen**, **whispered**, as **Alice** got up to **do** it, very **obediently**, but a little **frightened**.

"**Thank** you very **much**," she **whispered** in reply, "but I can **do quite** well **without**."

"**That wouldn't** be at **all** the **thing**," the Red **Queen**, said very **decidedly**: so **Alice** **tried** to submit to it **with** a **good grace**.

("And **they** did **push** so!" she said **afterwards**, when she was telling her sister the history of the **feast**. "You **would** have **thought** **they** wanted to **squeeze** me flat!")

In fact it was **rather** difficult for her to **keep** in her **place** while she **made** her **speech**: the **two Queens** **pushed** her so, one on **each** side, **that** **they** nearly lifted her up into the **air**: "I **rise** to **return thanks**—" **Alice** began: and she **really** did **rise** as she **spoke**, several **inches**; but she got **hold** of the **edge** of the **table**, and **managed** to **pull** **herself** **down** again.

"**Take care** of **yourself**!" **screamed** the White **Queen**,, **seizing** **Alice's** **hair** **with both** her **hands**. "Some**thing's** going to happen!"

And **then** (as **Alice** **afterwards** **described** it) **all** **sorts** of **things** happened in a **moment**. The **candles** **all** grew up to the **ceiling**, **looking** **something** like a bed of **rushes** **with** **fireworks** at the top. As to the **bottles**, **they** **each** **took** a **pair** of **plates**, **which** **they** **hastily** fitted on as **wings**, and so, **with** **forks** for **legs**, went fluttering about in **all** **directions**: "and very **like** **birds** **they** **look**," **Alice** **thought** to **herself**, as well as she **could** in the **dreadful** **confusion** **that** was beginning.

At **this** **moment** she **heard** a **hoarse** **laugh** at her **side**, and **turned** to **see** **what** was the matter **with** the White **Queen**,; but, instead of the **Queen**,, **there** was the leg of **mutton** sitting in the **chair**. "**Here** I am!" **cried** a **voice** from the **soup-tureen**, and **Alice** **turned** again, just in **time** to **see** the **Queen's** **broad** **good-natured** **face** grinning at her for a **moment** **over** the **edge** of the **tureen**, **before** she **disappeared** into the **soup**.

There was not a **moment** to be lost. **Already** several of the **guests** were **lying** **down** in the **dishes**, and the **soup-ladle** was **walking** up the **table** **towards** **Alice's** **chair**, and beckoning to her **impatiently** to get **out** of its way.

"I **can't** stand **this** any longer!" she **cried** as she **jumped** up and **seized** the **tablecloth** **with** **both** **hands**: one **good** **pull**, and **plates**, **dishes**, **guests**, and



candle~~s~~ came crashing down together in a heap on the floor.

"And as for you," she went on, turning fiercely upon the Red Queen,, whom she considered as the cause of all the mischief—but the Queen, was no longer at her side—she had suddenly dwindled down to the size of a little doll, and was now on the table, merrily running round and round after her own shawl, which was trailing behind her.

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this, but she was far too much excited to be surprised at anything now. "As for you," she repeated, catching hold of the little creature in the very act of jumping over a bottle which had just lighted upon the table, "I'll shake you into a kitten, that I will!"



CHAPTER 10

THE SHAKING.

She **tòok** her off the **table** as she **spoke**, and **shòok** her backwards and fòwards with **âll** her **might**.

The Red **Queen**, **made** no **resistance** **whatever**; **only** her **face** grew very **smâll**, and her **eyes** got **lârg**e and **green**: and still, as **Alic**e went on **shaking** her, she kept on **growing shòrter**—and **fatter**—and **softer**—and **rounder**—and—

CHAPTER 11. WAKING.

—and it **really** was a kitten, **âfter âll**.



CHAPTER 12 WHICH DREAMED IT?

"Yôur Red Majesty **shôu**dn't **pûrr** so **leud**," **Alic**e said, rubbing her **eyes**, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with **sòme** severity. "You **woke** me **out** of **oh!** **such** a **nic**e **dre**am! And you've **been** along with me, Kitty—**âll th**rough the **Lòoking-Glâss wôrld**. Did you **know** it, **dear**?"

It is a very **inconvenient** habit of kittens (**Alic**e had **onç**e **made** the **remârk**) **that**, **wha**tever you **say** to **them**, **they âlways** **pûrr**. "If **they wôuld** **only** **pûrr** for 'yes, and mew for 'no, or any **rule** of **that sòrt**," she had said, "so **th**at one **côuld** **keep** up a **conversati**on! But **h**ow can you **tâk** with a **pêrson** if **they âlways** **say** the **same th**ing?"

On **this occa**sion the kitten **only** **pûrr**ed: and it was impossible to **guess wh**ether it meant 'yes' or 'no.

So Alicē hunted among the **chessmen** on the **table** till she had **found** the Red **Queen**,: **th**en she went **d**own on her **kne**es on the **he**ar**th**-rug, and **p**ut the kitten and the **Queen**, to **l**ook at **e**ach **o**ther. "**N**ow, Kitty!" she **cri**ed, clapping her hands **triumphantly**. "Confess **th**at was **wh**at you **t**urned into!"

("But it **w**ouldn't **l**ook at it," she said, when she was **explaining** the **th**ing **ä**fterwards to her sister: "it **t**urned **aw**ay its head, and pretended not to **s**ee it: but it **l**ooked a little **ashamed** of itself, so I **th**ink it must have **been** the Red **Queen**,.")

"Sit up a little **m**ore stiffly, **d**ear!" Alicē **cri**ed with a merry **lä**ugh. "And **c**urtsey while you're **th**inking **wh**at to—**wh**at to **p**urr. It **s**aves **t**ime, remember!" And she **c**äught it up and **g**ave it one little kiss, "just in **honour** of its having **been** a Red **Queen**,."



"Snowdrop, **m**y pet!" she went on, **l**ooking **ov**er her **sh**oulder at the **Wh**ite Kitten, **wh**ich was still **p**atiently **undergoing** its toilet, "when will **D**inah have **finis**hed with **y**öur **Wh**ite Majesty, I **w**onder? **T**hat must be the **re**ason you were so untidy in **m**y **d**ream.—**D**inah! **D**o you **k**now **th**at **y**öu're scrubbing a **Wh**ite **Queen**,? Really, it's **m**ost **disrespectful** of you!

"And **wh**at did **D**inah turn to, I **w**onder?" she prattled on, as she settled **c**ömfortably **d**own, with one elbow on the rug, and her **ch**in in her hand, to **w**atch the kittens. "Tell me, **D**inah, did you **t**urn to Humpty Dumpty? I **th**ink you did—**h**owever, **y**ou'd better not **m**ention it to **y**öur friends just yet, for I'm not **s**ure.

"**B**y the way, Kitty, if **o**nly **y**ou'd **been** really with me in my **d**ream, **th**ere was one **th**ing you **w**ould have enjoyed—I had **s**uch a **qu**antity of poetry said to me, **ä**ll about **f**ishes! To-morrow **m**örning you **sh**all have a **r**eal **t**reat. **ä**ll the **t**ime **y**öu're **e**ating **y**öur breakfast, I'll **r**epeat 'The **W**älrus and the Carpenter' to you; and **th**en you can **m**ake **b**elieve it's oysters, **d**ear!

"**N**ow, Kitty, let's **C**onsider **wh**o it was **th**at **d**reamed it **ä**ll. **T**his is a **s**erious **q**uestion, **m**y **d**ear, and you **sh**ould not go on licking **y**öur **p**aw like **th**at—as if **D**inah hadn't **w**ashed you **th**is **m**örning! You **s**ee, Kitty, it must have **been** **e**ither me or the Red King. He was **p**ärt of my **d**ream, of **c**öurse—but **th**en I

was p~~a~~rt of his dre~~e~~am, t~~ee~~! Was the Red King, you Kitty? You were his w~~i~~fe, my d~~e~~ar, so you ~~o~~ught to know — Oh, Kitty, do help to settle it! I'm s~~u~~re y~~o~~ur p~~a~~w can w~~a~~it!" But the prov~~o~~king kitten ~~o~~nly began on the ~~o~~ther p~~a~~w, and pretended it hadn't h~~e~~ard the ~~q~~uesti~~o~~n.

Which do you think it was?

A BOAT, beneath a sunny sky,
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July
Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear
Long has faded that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.
Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.
In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:
Ever drifting down the stream
Lingering in the golden gleam
Life, what is it but a dream?

THE END.