



# lice

## Through the Looking Glass

by Lewis Carroll

A play for children & adults

A JUST US KIDS! PRODUCTION

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## Child of Pure Unclouded Brow

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 in 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,

"Happy summer days gone by."  
—

Shall summon to unwelcome bed  
A melancholy maiden!  
We are but older children, dear,  
Who fret to find our bedtime near. Without, the  
frost, the blinding snow,  
The storm-wind's moody madness—  
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,  
And childhood's nest of gladness.  
The magic words shall hold thee fast:  
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast. And, though  
the shadow of a sigh  
May tremble through the story,  
For happy summer days gone by,  
And vanish'd summer glory—  
It shall not touch with breath of bale,  
The pleasure of our fairy-tale.

# [I] The Looking Glass House



Alice is in the White Rabbit's parlor playing chess with her sister and her cats.



Alice winding worsted in an arm-chair with her kitten.

**Jane:** Check!

*Alice, who hates losing, tries to change the game.*

**Alice:** Let's pretend we are kings and queens!

**Jane:** How can we be kings and queens when there are only two of us?

**Alice:** One can pretend.

**Jane:** Silly Alice, you don't know how to do sums. We are only two, we cannot be many.

**Alice:** Well, you can be one of them, and I can be all the rest.

**Jane:** Oh Alice, look what Dinah has done! I'm going to tell.

**Alice:** Well then let's pretend that I'm a hungry hyena and you're a bone. *(goes to bite her)*

**Jane:** Now Alice, you know biting is a very bad thing indeed. I shall lock you in here and you will clean up Dinah's mess. And if you have cleaned it by the time I've come back, I won't tell that you tried to bite me like a wild animal.



Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (p. 16). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

**Alice:** Oh, you wicked little thing! *(Picking up the black kitten and giving it a kiss)*. Really, Dinah I ought to have taught you better manners! *(Playing with the kitten the yarn gets unrolled again)*—Let’s pretend that you’re the Red Queen, Kitty! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you’d look exactly like her. Now do try, there’s a dear! *(Picking the red queen from the chess board in the room and using it as an example)* See how sulky you are —and if you’re not good directly, I’ll put you through into Looking-Glass House. Let’s pretend there’s a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty *(Getting close to the glass above the fireplace mantel)*. Why, it’s turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It’ll be easy enough to get through— here.

*“And if you're not good directly, I'll put you through into Looking Glass House!”* – Alice



*In another moment, Alice is through the Looking Glass. She jumps down lightly into the Looking Glass Room (from off of the fireplace mantel), and checks to see if there is a fire in the fireplace. Alice is pleased to see that there is a fire burning in the fireplace in the Looking Glass Room.*

## The Looking Glass House

*All original illustrations from **Through the Looking-Glass**  
and what Alice found there, drawn by John Tenniel.*



**Alice:** So I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room. Warmer, in fact, because there will be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it will be!

*Alice looks around the Looking Glass Room. She looks at the pictures on the wall next the fire (that seem to be alive), and sees that the clock on the chimney-piece has the face of a little old man which seems to grin at her.*

**Alice:** They don't keep this room as tidy as the other.

*Alice notices a few scattered chess pieces amongst the cinders in the fireplace and a book next to the fireplace hearth. She picks up the book and examines the pages.*

**Alice:** It's all in some language I don't know! Alice stares at the book's pages in dismay. Thinks briefly in silence.

**Alice:** I know! It's a Looking Glass Book, of course! If I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again!

*Alice holds the Looking Glass Book up to the looking glass above the fireplace and reads the following poem:*

*A few scattered chess pieces.*



## Jabberwocky

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

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

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

*And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!*

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

*'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!  
He chortled in his joy.*

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



*(after she finishes reading the poem)*

Alice: It seems very pretty, but it is RATHER hard to understand!

Alice: Oh! *(suddenly jumping up)*, If I don't make haste I shall have to go back through the Looking-Glass, before I've seen what the rest of the house is like! Let's have a look at the garden first!



*Alice runs out of the room.*

By John Tenniel - <http://www.alice-in-wonderland.net/resources/analysis/poem-origins/jabberwocky/> Copied from English Wikipedia., Public Domain, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=20137>



# [II] The Garden of Live Flowers

Alice is in the Garden of Live  
Flowers with Tiger Lily, the  
Red Queen and various Flowers



**Alice:** I should see the garden far better if I could get to the top of that hill: and here's a path that leads straight to it—at least, no, it doesn't do that — *(after walking a few steps along the path, and turning several sharp corners)*, but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It's more like a corkscrew than a path! Well, THIS turn goes to the hill, I suppose—no, it doesn't! This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I'll try it the other way.

*Alice wanders around in circles until she eventually stumbles upon a large flower bed with a border of daises and a willow tree in the middle.*

**Alice:** O Tiger-lily, *(addresses the flower waving gracefully about in the wind)* I WISH you could talk!

**Tiger-lily:** We CAN talk! When there's anybody worth talking to.

*Alice is astonished and can't speak for a minute. The garden flowers take her breath away and Tiger-lily continues waving in the breeze.*

*Alice speaks again, in a timid voice—almost in a whisper.*

**Alice:** Can ALL the flowers talk?

**Tiger-lily:** As well as YOU can. And a great deal louder.





Tiger Lily & Alice talking in the Garden of Live Flowers

**Rose:** It isn't manners for us to begin, you know, and I really was wondering when you'd speak! Said I to myself, "Her face has got SOME sense in it, though it's not a clever one!" Still, you're the right color, and that goes a long way.

**Tiger-lily:** I don't care about the color. If only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right.

*Alice didn't like being criticized, so she began asking questions.*

**Alice:** Aren't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?

**Rose:** There's the tree in the middle. What else is it good for?

**Alice:** But what could it do, if any danger came?

**Daisy [1]:** It says "Bough-wough!" That's why its branches are called boughs!

**Daisy [2]:** Didn't you know THAT?

The Daisies all start shouting together, until the air is filled with their shrill voices.

**Tiger-lily:** Silence, every one of you! *(Tiger-lily yells passionately, trembling with excitement).*

**Tiger-lily:** They know I can't get at them! *(Tiger-lily pants, bending her quivering head towards Alice),* or they wouldn't dare to do it!

**Alice:** Never mind! *(soothingly)*

*(Alice stoops down to the daisies, who were just beginning again and whispers)* If you don't hold your tongues, I'll pick you!

*The Daisies are silent and afraid.*

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

**Alice:** How is it you can all talk so nicely? I've been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk.

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

*Alice puts her hand down and feels the ground.*

**Alice:** It's very hard, but I don't see what that has to do with it.



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

**Alice:** *(pleased)* I never thought of that before!

**Rose:** *(in a severe tone)* It's MY opinion that you never think AT ALL.

**Violet:** *(suddenly)* I never saw anybody that looked stupider!

**Tiger Lily:** Hold YOUR tongue! 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!

**Alice:** *(ignores the flowers' remarks)* Are there any more people in the garden besides me?

**Rose:** There's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you.

**Alice:** *(eagerly)* Is she like me? There's another little girl in the garden, somewhere!

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

**Tiger-lily:** *(interrupts)* Her petals are done up close, almost like a dahlia, not tumbled about anyhow, like yours.

**Rose:** *(kindly)* But that's not YOUR fault, you're beginning to fade, you know—and then one can't help one's petals getting a little untidy.

*Alice doesn't like this idea and decides to change the subject.*

**Alice:** Does she ever come out here?

**Rose:** I daresay you'll see her soon, she's one of the thorny kind.

**Alice:** *(curious)* Where does she wear the thorns?

**Rose:** Why all round her head, of course. I was wondering YOU hadn't got some too. I thought it was the regular rule.

**Larkspur:** She's coming! I hear her footstep, *thump, thump, thump*, along the gravel-walk!

*Alice looks around eagerly, and sees the Red Queen.*

**Rose:** It's the fresh air that does it, wonderfully fine air it is, out here.

**Alice:** I think I'll go and meet her.





Alice and the Red Queen

**Rose:** *(to Alice)* You can't possibly do that, I should advise you to walk the other way.

*Alice says nothing and heads towards the Red Queen. Alice loses sight of the Queen and finds herself approaching the front door of the house again. Alice grows irritated, but eventually spots the Queen off in the distance. Alice heads in the opposite direction of where she spots the Red Queen and this time succeeds in finding her.*

**Red Queen:** Where do you come from? And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers all the time.

*(Alice looks up, stops twiddling her fingers and speaks politely)*

**Alice:** I apologize Ms Queen, but I seem to have lost my way!

**Red Queen:** I don't know what you mean by YOUR way. All the ways about here belong to ME—but why did you come out here at all?

**Red Queen:** *(in a kinder tone)* Curtsy while you're thinking what to say, it saves time. And always say "Your Majesty."

**Alice:** I only wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty—

**Red Queen:** *(pats Alice on the head)* That's right. Though, when you say "garden,"—I'VE seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness.

**Alice:** *(irritated)* —and I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill—

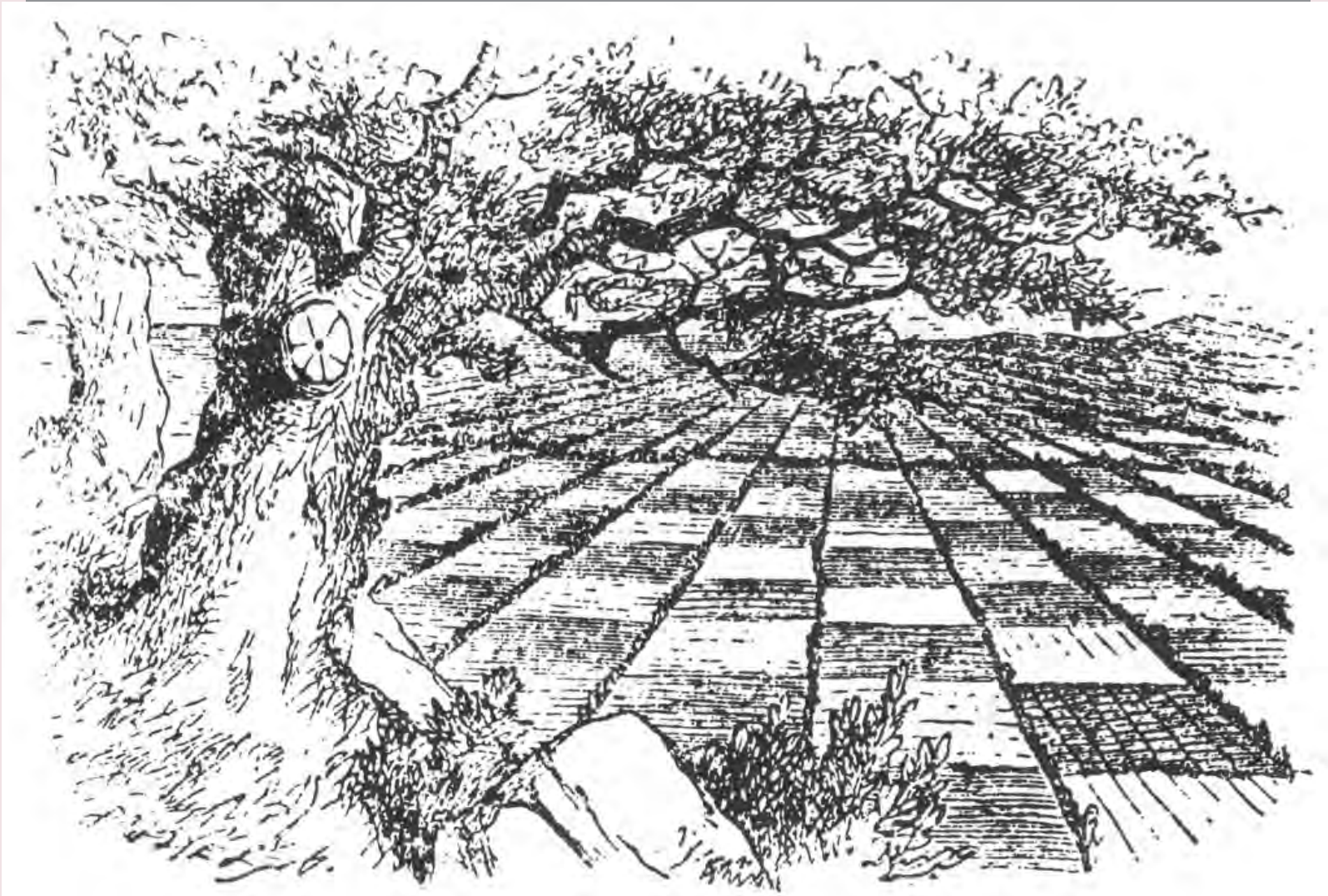
**Red Queen:** *(interrupts Alice)* When you say "hill," I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley.

**Alice:** No, I shouldn't! *(surprised into contradicting her at last)* A hill CAN'T be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense—

**Red Queen:** *(shakes her head)* You may call it "nonsense" if you like, but I'VE heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!

*Alice curtsies again, and they walk on in silence together until they get to the top of a little hill. Alice sees numerous tiny little brooks running straight across the countryside from side to side, with the ground between divided up into squares by numerous little green hedges that reach from brook to brook.*





The Chessboard Field

**Alice:** I declare it's marked out just like a large chessboard! There ought to be some men moving about somewhere—and so there are!

**Alice:** *(with delight and excitement)* It's a great huge game of chess that's being played—all over the world—if this IS the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I WISH I was one of them! I wouldn't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though of course I should LIKE to be a Queen, best.

*Alice glances shyly at the Red Queen who smiles pleasantly.*

**Red Queen:** That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play; and you're in the Second Square to begin with: when you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a Queen—

*Just at this moment Alice and the Red Queen begin to run hand in hand with the Queen dragging her along and Alice barely keeping up.*

**Red Queen:** Faster! Faster!

**Red Queen:** Faster! Faster! *(still dragging Alice along by the hand)*

**Alice:** *(panting)* Are we nearly there?

**Red Queen:** *(finally stops running and sits Alice down beneath the same tree they had been running from)* You may rest a little now.

**Alice:** *(with great surprise)* Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything is just as it was only now I am hot and thirsty!

**Red Queen:** I know what you'd like! *(good-naturedly taking a little box out of her pocket)* Have a biscuit?

*Alice takes the biscuit and nearly chokes while eating it because it is so dry.*

**Red Queen:** While you're refreshing yourself, I'll just take the measurements.

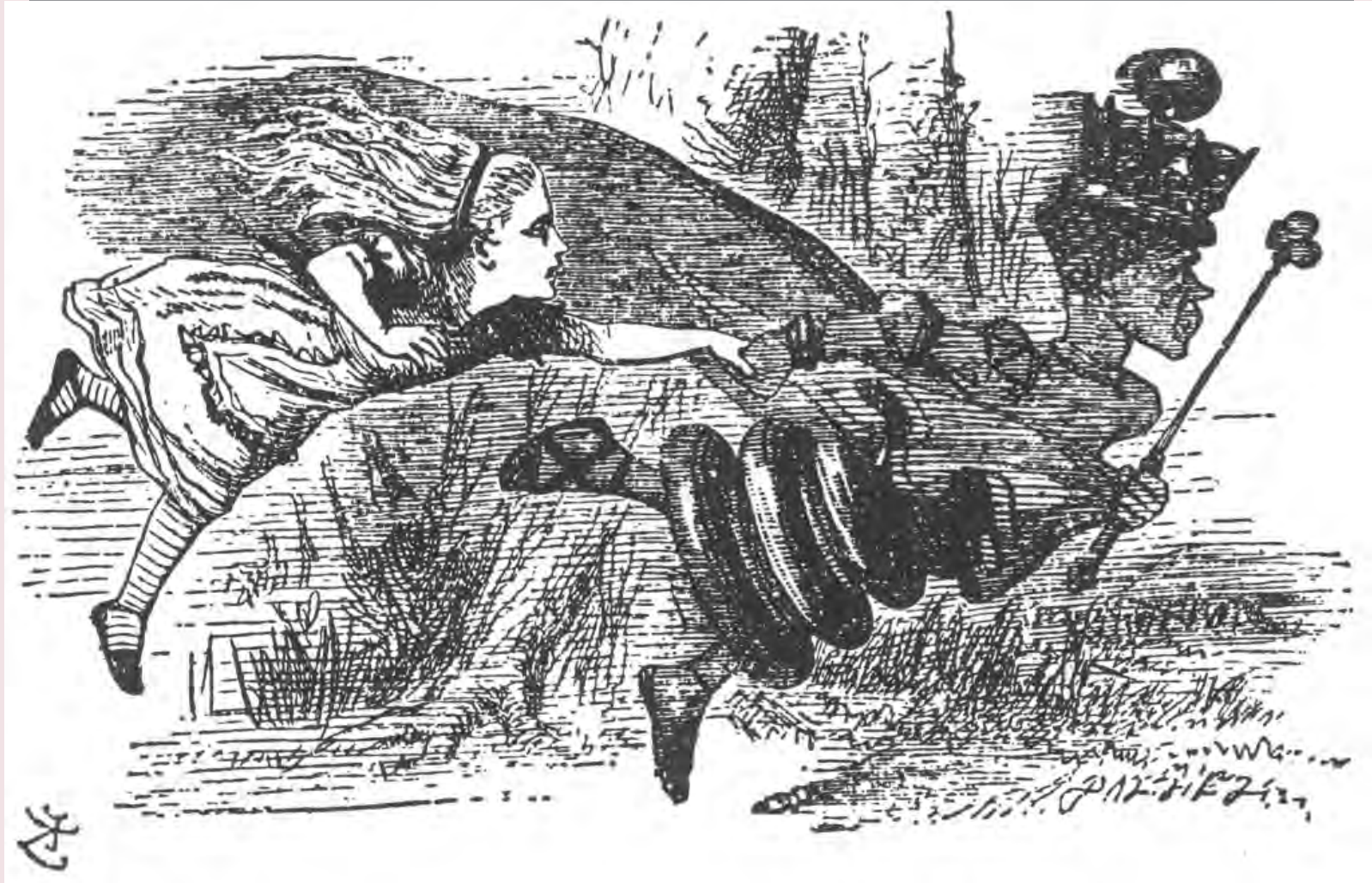
*The Red Queen takes a ribbon out of her pocket marked in inches, and begins measuring the ground, sticking little pegs in here and there.*

**Red Queen:** At the end of two yards, *(puts in a peg to mark the distance)*, I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?

**Alice:** No, thank you, one's QUITE enough!







Alice running with the Red Queen

**Red Queen:** Thirst quenched, I hope?

*Alice doesn't respond so the Queen continues...*

**Red Queen:** At the end of THREE yards I shall repeat them—for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of FOUR, I shall say good-bye. And at the end of FIVE, I shall go!

*The Red Queen puts all the pegs in as Alice looks on with great interest. Then the Queen returns to the tree, and begins slowly walking down the row. At the two-yard peg, she turns around...*

**Red Queen:** A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you'll go VERY quickly through the Third Square—by railway, I should think—and you'll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time. Well, THAT square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the Fifth is mostly water—the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you make no remark?

**Alice:** *(falters)* I—I didn't know I had to make one.

**Red Queen:** You SHOULD have said, "It's extremely kind of you to tell me all this"—however, we'll suppose it said—the Seventh Square is all forest—however, one of the Knights will show you the way—and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it's all feasting and fun!

*Alice gets up and curtsies, then sits down again.*

*At the next peg the Queen turns to Alice again...*

**Red Queen:** Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk—and remember who you are!

*The Red Queen walks on quickly to the next peg, where she turns for a moment to say 'good-bye' to Alice and then hurries on to the last peg before she disappears.*

*Alice remembers that she is a Pawn, and that it will soon be time for her to move.*





The Rocking Horse Fly

# [III] Looking Glass Insects

Alice crosses the first brook.



*Alice, still at the top of the hill, is standing on tiptoe surveying the countryside.*

**Alice:** It's something like learning geography! Principal rivers—there ARE none. Principal mountains—I'm on the only one, but I don't think it's got any name. Principal towns—why, what ARE those creatures, making honey down there? They can't be bees—nobody ever saw bees a mile off, you know—

*Alice silently watches one of the "bees" bustling about among the flowers, poking its proboscis into them. In fact, the "bees" are so far away, Alice cannot tell at first that they are actually elephants!*

**Alice:** *(exclaims)* Just as if it was a regular bee! And what enormous flowers they must be! Something like cottages with the roofs taken off, and stalks put to them—and what quantities of honey they must make! I think I'll go down and—no, I won't JUST yet.

*Alice starts to run down the hill.*

**Alice:** It'll never do to go down among the elephants without a good long branch to brush them away—and what fun it'll be when they ask me how I like my walk. I shall say—"Oh, I like it well enough—" *(Alice tosses her head a little).*



**Alice:** *(continues)* only it was so dusty and hot, and the elephants did tease so!"

*(Alice pauses)*

**Alice:** I think I'll go down the other way, and perhaps I may visit the elephants later on. Besides, I do so want to get into the Third Square!

*Alice runs down the hill, jumps over the first of the six little brooks and then boards a train carriage.*



## Looking Glass Insects

**Guard:** *(putting his head in at the window)* Tickets, please!

*The rest of the passengers take out their tickets, which are about the same size as the people and seem to fill the carriage.*

**Guard:** *(looking angrily at Alice)* Now then! Show your ticket, child!

A great many voices all together like the chorus of a song:

Alice sitting in the train carriage with a goat and a man dressed in white paper. - John Tenniel

Don't keep him waiting, child! Why, his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute!

*All original illustrations from **Through the Looking-Glass  
and what Alice found there**, drawn by John Tenniel.  
Alice In Wonderland.Net*



**The Rocking Horse Fly**

*During this time the Guard is looking at Alice, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and then through an opera-glass.*

**Alice:** *(in a frightened tone)* I'm afraid I haven't got one. There wasn't a ticket-office where I came from.

**The chorus of voices:** There wasn't room for one where she came from. The land there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!

**Guard:** Don't make excuses, you should have bought one from the engine-driver.

**The chorus of voices:** The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!

**Alice:** Then there's no use in speaking.

**The chorus of voices:** Better say nothing at all. Language is worth a thousand pounds a word!

**Alice:** I shall dream about a thousand pounds tonight, I know I shall!

**Guard:** You're traveling the wrong way.

*The Guard shuts the window and goes away.*

**The Gentleman Dressed in White Paper:** *(sitting opposite Alice)* So young a child. Ought to know which way she's going, even if she doesn't know her own name!

**Goat:** *(sitting next to the gentleman in white, shuts his eyes and says in a loud voice)* She ought to know her way to the ticket-office, even if she doesn't know her alphabet!

**Beetle:** *(sitting next to the Goat)* She'll have to go back from here as luggage!

*Alice looks, but can't see who is sitting beyond the Beetle.*

**A hoarse voice:** Change engines—

**Alice:** *(to herself)* It sounds like a horse.

**An extremely small voice:** *(close to Alice's ear)* You might make a joke on that— something about "horse" and "hoarse," you know.

**A gentle voice:** *(in the distance)* She must be labelled "Lass, with care," you know—

**Other voices:** *(continue)* saying, She must go by post, as she's got a head on her—

She must be sent as a message by the telegraph—

She must draw the train herself the rest of the way—



**Alice:** What a number of people there are in the carriage!

**The Gentleman Dressed in White Paper:** (*leans forward and whispers in Alice's ear*) Never mind what they all say, my dear, but take a return-ticket every time the train stops.

**Alice:** (*rather impatiently*) Indeed I shan't! 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.

**The Little Voice Close to Her Ear:** You might make a joke on THAT, something about "you WOULD if you could," you know.

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

**The Little Voice:** (*sighs deeply, tickling Alice's ear*)

The Little Voice was VERY unhappy, evidently, and Alice would have said something pitying to comfort it but didn't.

**Alice:** (*scratching/rubbing at her ear because it tickles from the Little Voice's sigh*) If the Little Voice would only sigh like other people!

**The Little Voice:** (*continues*) I know you are a friend, a dear friend, and an old friend. And you won't hurt me, though I AM an insect.

**Alice:** (*inquires a little anxiously*) What kind of insect?

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.

**The Little Voice:** (*begins*) What, then you don't—

The Little Voice is drowned by a shrill scream from the engine, and everybody jumps up in alarm, Alice among the rest.

**The Horse:** (*puts his head out the window and then quietly withdraws it back in*) 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.

**Alice:** (*to herself*) However, it'll take us into the Fourth Square, that's some comfort!

In another moment the carriage rises straight up into the air. In her fright, Alice catches whatever is nearest to her hand, which happens to be the Goat's beard. However, the beard melts away as she touches it, and she finds herself sitting quietly under a tree—while the Gnat (the insect she had just been talking to on the carriage) was balancing itself on a twig just over her head, and fanning Alice with its wings.

**Alice:** That certainly is a VERY large Gnat! About the size of a chicken.







The Snap Dragon Fly

Still, Alice couldn't feel nervous with it, after they had been talking together so long.

**The Gnat:** *(continues, as quietly as if nothing had happened)* —then you don't like all insects?

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

**The Gnat:** *(inquires)* What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where YOU come from?

**Alice:** *(explains)* I don't REJOICE in insects at all because I'm rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them.

**The Gnat:** *(remarks carelessly)* Of course they answer to their names? I never knew them do it. What's the use of their having names, if they won't answer to them?

**Alice:** No use to THEM, but it's useful to the people who name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?

**The Gnat:** I can't say. Further on, in the wood down there, they've got no names—however, go on with your list of insects: you're wasting time.

**Alice:** *(counting off the names on her fingers)* Well, there's the Horse-fly.

**The Gnat:** All right, half way up that bush, you'll see a Rocking-horse-fly, if you look. It's made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch.

**Alice:** *(with great curiosity)* What does it live on?

**The Gnat:** Sap and sawdust. Go on with the list.

Alice looks up at the Rocking-horse-fly with great interest, and makes up her mind that it must have been just repainted because it looks so bright and sticky.

**Alice:** And there's the Dragon-fly.

**The Gnat:** Look on the branch above your head. There you'll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy.

**Alice:** And what does the Snap-dragon-fly live on?

**The Gnat:** Frumenty and mince pie. It makes its nest in a Christmas box.

**Alice:** *(continues after taking a good look at the insect with its head on fire)* I wonder if that's the reason insects are so fond of flying into candles—because they want to turn into Snap-dragon-flies!

**Alice:** And then there's the Butterfly.

**The Gnat:** Crawling at your feet. *(Alice draws her feet back in some alarm)* You may observe a Bread-and-Butterfly. Its wings are thin slices of Bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar.





The Bread and Butter Fly

**Alice:** And what does IT live on?

**The Gnat:** Weak tea with cream in it.

**Alice:** Supposing it couldn't find any?

**The Gnat:** Then it would die, of course.

**Alice:** (*remarks thoughtfully*) But that must happen very often.

**The Gnat:** It always happens.

After this, Alice is silent for a minute or two, pondering. The Gnat amuses itself meanwhile by humming round and round her head until it settles down again.

**The Gnat:** I suppose you don't want to lose your name?

**Alice:** (*a little anxiously*) No, indeed!

**The Gnat:** (*continues in a careless tone*) 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.

**Alice:** That would never do, I'm sure. 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.

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

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

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

**Alice:** You shouldn't make jokes if it makes you so unhappy.

Then the Gnat sighs another melancholy little sigh and seems to sigh itself away because when Alice looks up, there Gnat is no longer on its twig.

Alice is chilly from sitting still so long, so she gets up and continues walking. She very soon comes to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it that looks much darker than the last wood. Alice feels a LITTLE timid about going into it. However, she makes up her mind to go on:

**Alice:** For I certainly won't go BACK, and this is the only way to the Eighth Square. This must be the wood (*Alice says thoughtfully to herself*) where things have no names. I wonder what will 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 one, and it would most certainly be an ugly one! But then the fun would be trying to find the creature that had my old name! Just like the advertisements 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.

Alice continues rambling on in this way until she reaches the wood. The wood is very cool and shady.



**Alice:** *(steps under the trees)* Well, at any rate it's a great comfort after being so hot, to get into the—into WHAT?

**Alice:** *(continues, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word)* I mean to get under the—under the—under THIS, you know!

Alice puts her hand on the trunk of the tree.

**Alice:** What DOES it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it's got no name—why, to be sure it hasn't!

Alice stands silent for a minute, thinking. Then she suddenly begins again.

**Alice:** Then it really HAS happened, after all! And now, who am I? I WILL remember, if I can! I'm determined to do it!

But being determined didn't help much, and all she could say, after a great deal of puzzling, was,

**Alice:** "L", I KNOW it begins with "L!"

Just then a Fawn wanders by, looking at Alice with its large gentle eyes, although it isn't frightened.

**Alice:** *(holds out her hand and tries to stroke the fawn)* Here then! Here then! *(the fawn only is startled back a little and remains standing and looking at Alice)*

**The Fawn:** *(says at last in a soft sweet voice)* What do you call yourself?

**Alice:** *(rather sadly)* I wish I knew! Nothing, just now.

**The Fawn:** Think again. That won't do.

Alice thought, but nothing came of it.

**Alice:** *(timidly)* Please, would you tell me what YOU call yourself. I think that might help a little.

**The Fawn:** I'll tell you if you'll move a little further on. I can't remember here.

Alice and the Fawn walk on together through the wood, Alice with her arms clasped lovingly round the soft neck of the Fawn, until they come out into another open field where the Fawn gives a sudden bound into the air, and shakes itself free from Alice's arms.

**The Fawn:** *(cries out in delight)* I'm a Fawn! And, dear me! You're a human child!

The Fawn is suddenly alarmed and darts away at full speed with Alice looking after it, almost ready to cry with vexation at having lost her dear little fellow-traveler so suddenly.

**Alice:** However, I know my name now. 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.

**Alice:** I'll settle it. When the road divides and they point different ways.



But this does not seem likely to happen. Alice goes on and on, a long way, but wherever the road divides there are two finger-posts pointing the same way, one marked 'TO TWEEDLEDUM'S HOUSE' and the other 'TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE.'

**Alice:** I do believe, that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before—But I can't stay there long. I'll just call and say "how d'you do?" and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get to the Eighth Square before it gets dark!

Alice wanders on, talking to herself along the way, until, upon turning a sharp corner, she comes upon two fat little men, so suddenly that she cannot help starting back.

In another moment she recovers herself, feeling sure that they must be Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

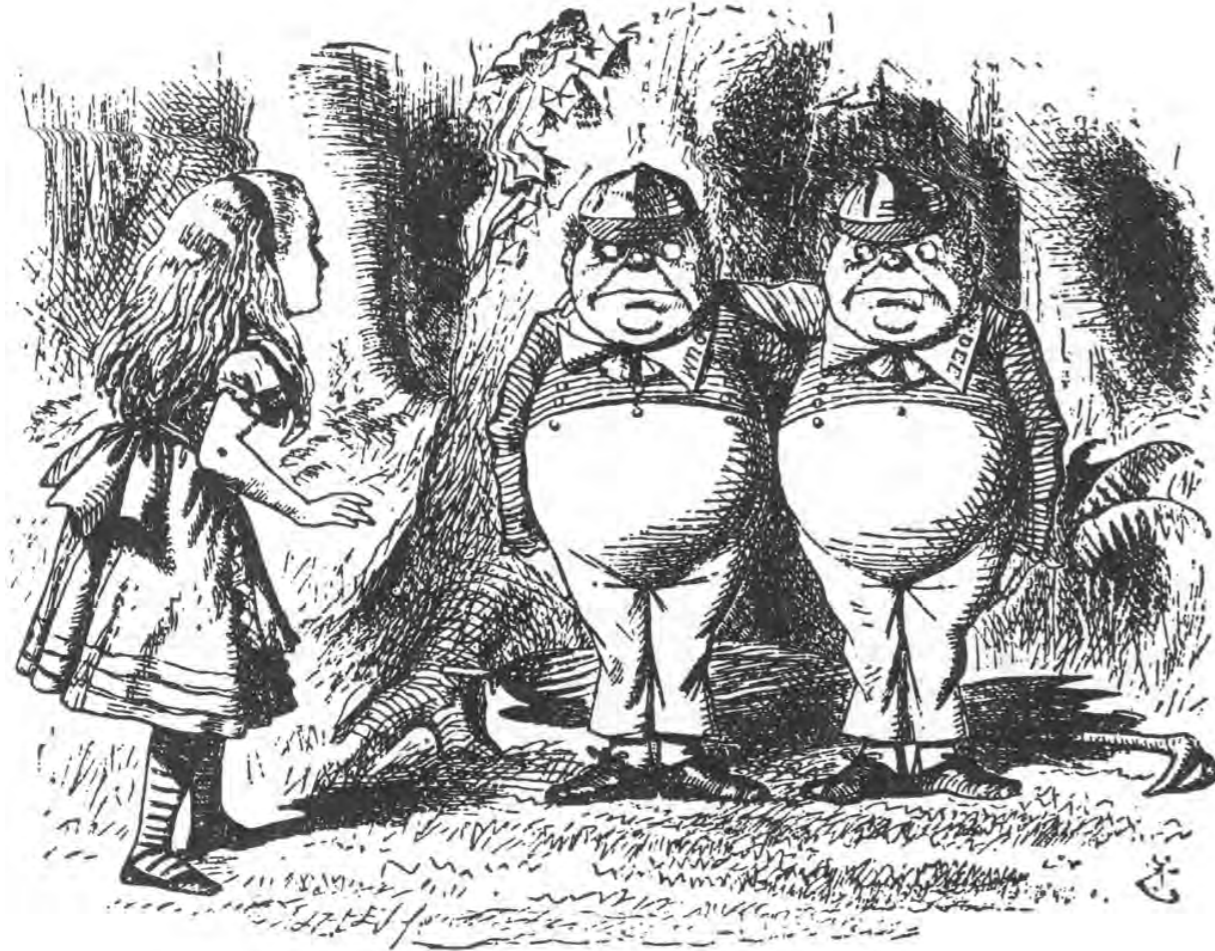


Alice & the Fawn

Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (pp. 48-49). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

# [IV] Tweedledum & Tweedledee

Alice is standing under a tree in the wood.



*Alice meeting Tweedledum & Tweedledee  
- John Tenniel*



*Tweedledum and Tweedledee are standing under a tree in the wood, each with an arm round the other's neck. One of them has 'DUM' embroidered on his collar, and the other 'DEE.'*

*Alice spots them, and almost immediately knows which is which.*

*Alice: I suppose they've each got "TWEEDLE" round at the back of the collar.*

*The twins stand so still that Alice forgets they are alive, and begins looking round to see if the word "TWEEDLE" is written at the back of each collar until she is startled by Tweedledum.*

*Tweedledum: If you think we're wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing, nohow!*

*Tweedledee: Contrariwise, if you think we're alive, you ought to speak.*

*Alice: I'm sure I'm very sorry.*

*The words of an old song are ringing through Alice's head like the ticking of a clock, and she can hardly help from saying them out loud.*



Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (p. 16). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

**Alice:** 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.

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

**Tweedledee:** Contrariwise, 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.

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

*The little men look at each other and grin,*

*"For Tweedledum  
said Tweedledee  
had spoiled his nice  
new rattle."*



*but they look like a couple of schoolboys, so Alice points her finger at them,*

**Alice:** (*pointing her finger at Tweedledum*) First Boy!

**Tweedledum:** (*cries out briskly, then shuts his mouth up again with a snap*) Nohow!

**Alice:** (*passing onto Tweedledee*) Next Boy!

**Tweedledee:** Contrariwise! You've been wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say "How d'ye do?" and shake hands!

The two brothers give each other a hug, then hold out their two hands that are free, to shake hands with Alice.

**Tweedledum &  
Tweedledee**



*Alice doesn't 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 takes hold of both hands at once and the next moment they are dancing round in a ring. There is music playing coming from the tree under which they are dancing. Music made by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddle-sticks.*

*As they are dancing around in a circle, Alice and the Twins sing "HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH," but Tweedledee and Tweedledum are very soon out of breath.*

**Tweedledum:** *(panting)* Four times round is enough for one dance.

*They stop dancing as suddenly as they had begun and the music stops at the same moment. The twins let go of Alice's hands and stand looking at her for a minute. There is an awkward pause, as Alice doesn't know how to begin a conversation with people she had just been dancing with.*

**Alice:** *(says at last)* I hope you're not much tired?

**Tweedledum:** Nohow. And thank you VERY much for asking.

**Tweedledee:** So much obliged! You like poetry?

**Alice:** *(doubtfully)* Ye-es, pretty well—SOME poetry, would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?

**Tweedledee:** *(looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes, and not noticing Alice's question)* What shall I repeat to her?

**Tweedledum:** *(giving his brother an affectionate hug)* "THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER" is the longest.

**Tweedledee begins instantly:**

**Tweedledee:** The sun was shining—

**Alice:** *(interrupts him as politely as she can)* If it's VERY long, would you please tell me first which road—

**Tweedledee:** *(smiles gently, and begins again)*

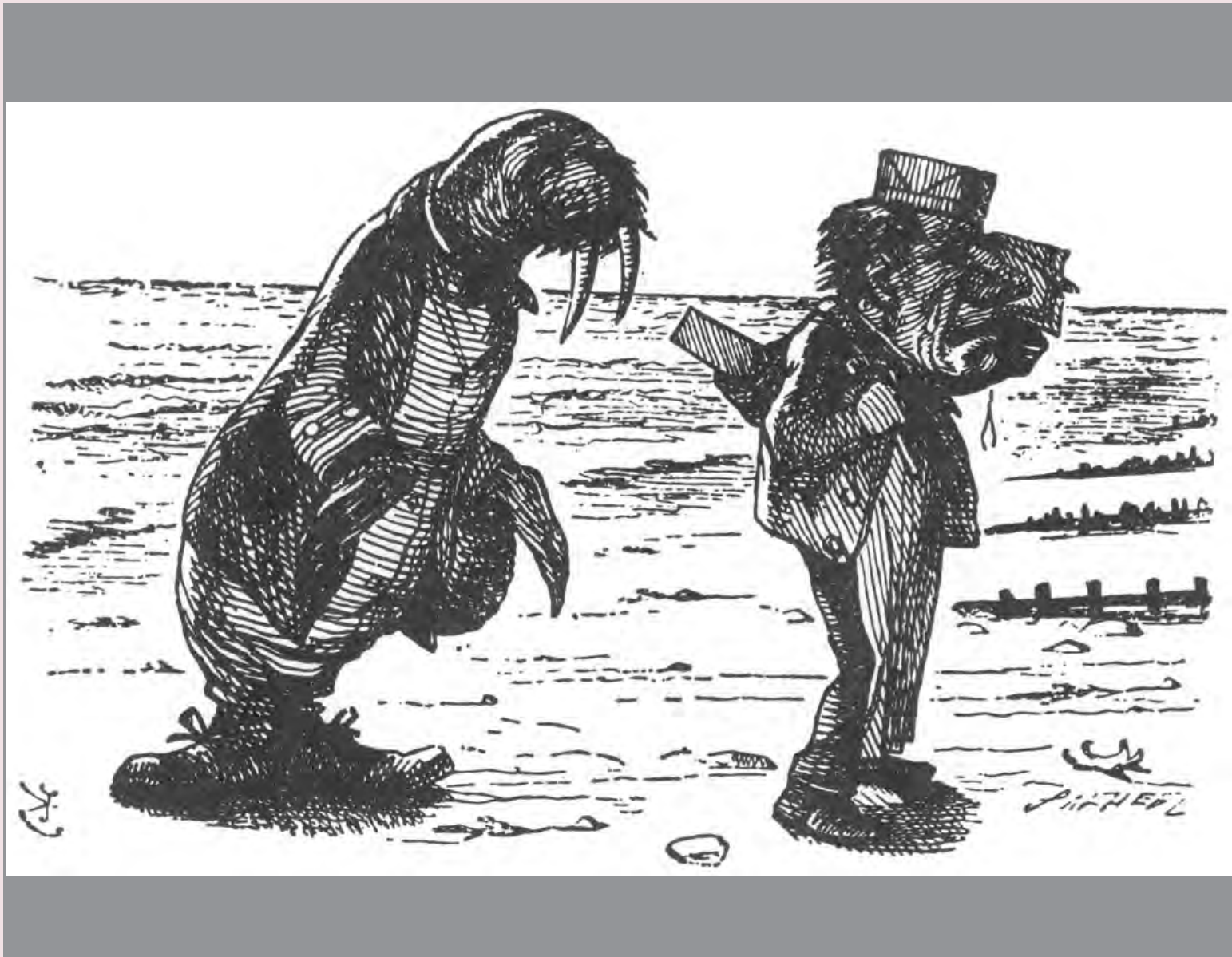
The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright—  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done—  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying over head—  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
"If this were only cleared away,"  
They said, "it WOULD be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.



The Walrus & the Carpenter

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"  
The Walrus did beseech.

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him.

But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head—  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat—  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more—  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things:  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—  
Of cabbages—and kings—

And why the sea is boiling hot—  
And whether pigs have wings."  
"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,  
"Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!"

"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.  
"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,  
"Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed—  
Now if you're ready Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue,  
"After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!"  
"The night is fine," the Walrus said  
"Do you admire the view?"  
"It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!"  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
"Cut us another slice:  
I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,  
"To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!"  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
"The butter's spread too thick!"





The Walrus & the Carpenter

"I weep for you," the Walrus said.  
 "I deeply sympathize."  
 With sobs and tears he sorted out  
 Those of the largest size.  
 Holding his pocket handkerchief  
 Before his streaming eyes.  
 "O Oysters," said the Carpenter.  
 "You've had a pleasant run!  
 Shall we be trotting home again?"  
 But answer came there none—  
 And that was scarcely odd, because  
 They'd eaten every one.'



**Alice:** I like the Walrus best, because you see he was a LITTLE sorry for the poor oysters.

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

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

**Tweedledum:** But he ate as many as he could get, this was a puzzler.

**Alice:** (*pauses*) Well! They were BOTH very unpleasant characters —

*Alice checks herself in some alarm at hearing something that sounds like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she fears it might be a wild beast.*

**Alice:** (*timidly*) Are there any lions or tigers about here?

**Tweedledee:** It's only the Red King snoring.

**Both Brothers:** Come and look at him!

*They each take one of Alice's hands, and lead her up to where the King is sleeping.*

**Tweedledum:** Isn't he a LOVELY sight?

The King has a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he is lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loudly.

“Fit to snore his head off!” - Tweedledum

**Alice:** *(thoughtfully)* I'm afraid he'll catch cold with lying on the damp grass.

**Tweedledee:** He's dreaming now, and what do you think he's dreaming about?

**Alice:** Nobody can guess that.

**Tweedledee:** *(exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly)* Why, about YOU! And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?

**Alice:** Where I am now, of course.

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

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

**Alice:** *(exclaimed indignantly)* I shouldn't! Besides, if I'M only a sort of thing in his dream, what are YOU, I should like to know?

**Tweedledum:** Ditto.

**Tweedledee:** Ditto!!! Ditto!!!

*He shouts so loudly Alice gets worried.*

**Alice:** Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise.



The Red King

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

**Alice:** *(begins to cry)* I AM real!

**Tweedledee:** You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying. There's nothing to cry about.

**Alice:** *(half-laughing through her tears because it all seemed so ridiculous)* If I wasn't real, —I shouldn't be able to cry.

**Tweedledum:** *(interrupts in a tone of great contempt)* I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?

**Alice:** *(to herself as she brushes away her tears)* I know they're talking nonsense, and it's foolish to cry about it.

I am real!

**Alice:** *(a little more cheerfully)* 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** *spreads a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looks up into it.*

**Tweedledum:** No, I don't think it is, at least—not under HERE. Nohow.

**Alice:** But it may rain OUTSIDE?

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

**Alice:** *(to herself)* Selfish things!

*Alice is just going to say 'Good-night' and leave them, when Tweedledum springs out from under the umbrella and seizes her by the wrist.*

**Tweedledum:** Do you see THAT?

*Tweedledum's voice is choking with passion, and his eyes grow large and yellow all in a moment, as he points with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under the tree.*

**Alice:** *(after a careful examination of the little white rattle)* It's only a rattle, not a rattle-snake, you know. Only an old rattle—quite old and broken.

**Tweedledum:** *(begins to stamp about wildly and tear his hair)* I knew it was! It's spoilt, of course!

*Tweedledum looks at Tweedledee, who immediately sits down on the ground, and tries to hide himself under the umbrella.*

**Alice:** *(lays her hand upon his arm, and says in a soothing tone)* You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

**Tweedledum:** *(cries, in a greater fury than ever)* But it isn't old! It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—my nice new RATTLE! *(his voice rises to a perfect scream)*

*All this time Tweedledee is trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it, which is such an extraordinary thing to do, that it takes off Alice's attention from the angry brother. But he can't quite succeed, and it ends in his rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out, lying on the ground, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes—looking more like a fish than anything else.*

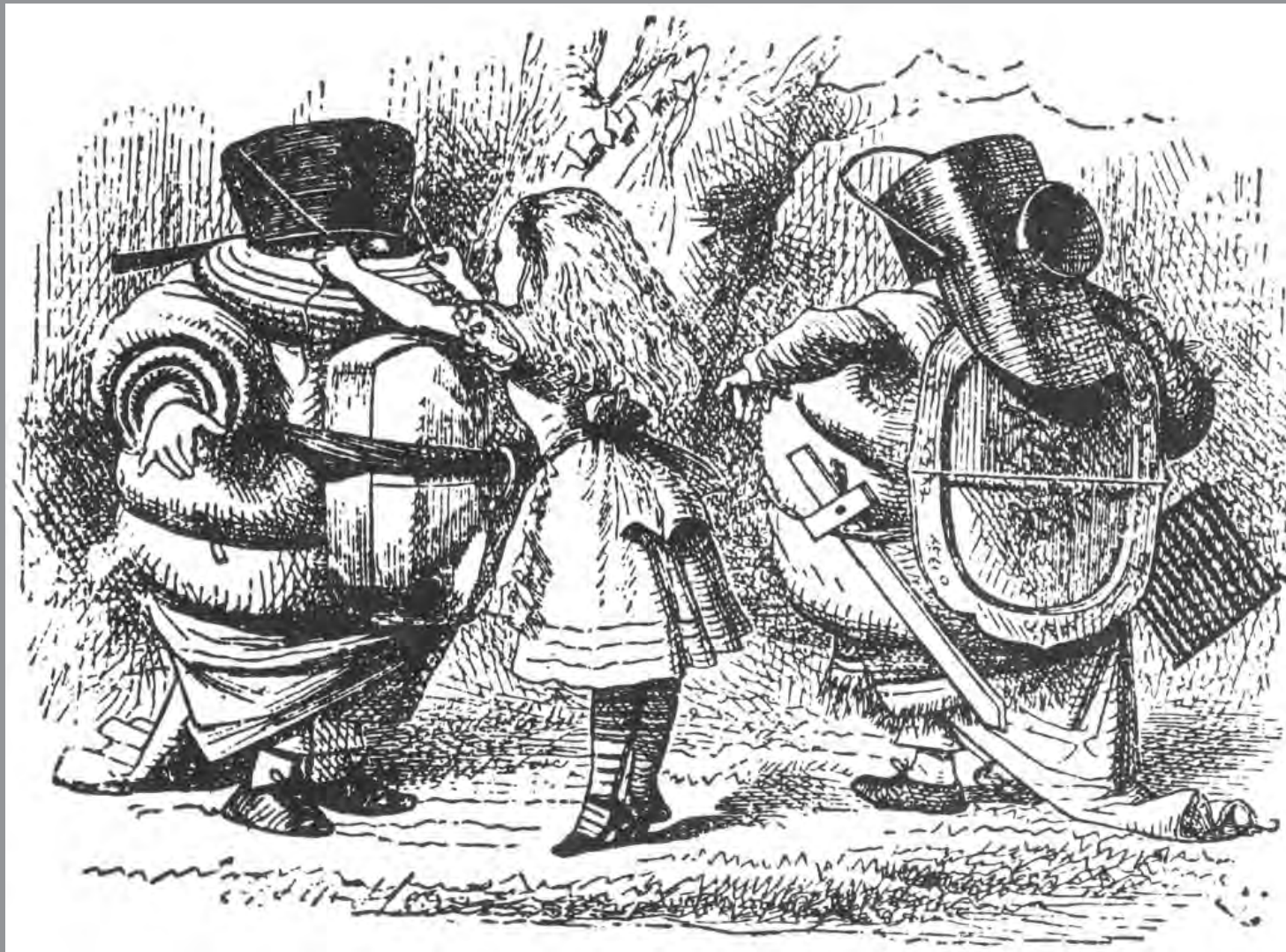
**Tweedledum:** *(in a calmer tone)* Of course you agree to have a battle?

**Tweedledee:** *(sulkily replies, as he crawls out of the umbrella)* I suppose so, only SHE must help us to dress up, you know.

*The two brothers go off hand-in-hand into the wood, and return in a minute with their arms full of things—such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers and coal-scuttles.*

**Tweedledum:** I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying strings? Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other.





**Alice helps Tweedledee & Tweedledum prepare for battle**



*Alice has never seen such a fuss made about anything in all her life—the way the two bustle about—and the quantity of things they put on—and the trouble they give her in tying strings and fastening buttons—*

**Alice:** *(says to herself, as she arranges a bolster round the neck of Tweedledee)* Really they'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they're ready!

**Tweedledee:** *(very gravely)* It's to keep my head from being cut off, you know. 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 laughs aloud, but manages to turn it into a cough, for fear of hurting his feelings.*

**Tweedledum:** *(coming up to have his helmet tied on)* Do I look very pale?

**Alice:** *(replies gently)* Well—yes—a LITTLE.

**Tweedledum:** *(continues in a low voice)* I'm very brave generally, only today I happen to have a headache.

**Tweedledee:** *(overhears the remark)* And I'VE got a toothache! I'm far worse off than you!

**Alice:** *(thinking it a good opportunity to make peace)* Then you'd better not fight today.

**Tweedledum:** We MUST have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long.

**Tweedledee:** *(looks at his watch)* What's the time now? Half-past four.

**Tweedledum:** Let's fight till six, and then have dinner.

**Tweedledee:** *(rather sadly)* Very well. She can watch us—only you'd better not come VERY close. I generally hit everything I can see—when I get really excited.'

**Tweedledum:** And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not!

**Alice:** *(laughs)* You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think.

**Tweedledum:** *(looks round him with a satisfied smile)* I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round, by the time we've finished!

**Alice:** *(still hoping to make them a little ashamed of fighting for such a trifle)* And all about a rattle!

**Tweedledum:** I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been a new one.

**Alice:** *(to herself)* I wish the monstrous crow would come!

**Tweedledum:** *(to Tweedledee)* There's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella—it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can.

**Tweedledee:** And darker.

It gets dark so suddenly that Alice thinks there must be a thunderstorm coming on.

**Alice:** What a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!



**Tweedledum:** *(cries out in a shrill voice of alarm)* It's the crow!

*The two brothers take to their heels and are out of sight in a moment.  
Alice runs a little way into the wood, and stops under a large tree.*

**Alice:** It can never get at me here, 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!



# [V] Wool & Water

Alice is in the forest as it is getting dark.



*Alice & the White Queen*

- John Tenniel



**Alice:** Here's somebody's shawl being blown away!

*Alice catches the shawl, and looks about for the owner. In another moment the White Queen comes running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and Alice very civilly goes to meet her with the shawl.*

**Alice:** *(as she helps her to put on her shawl again)* I'm very glad I happened to be in the way.

**The White Queen:** *(only looks at her in a helpless frightened sort of way, and keeps repeating something in a whisper to herself that sounds like)* Bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter.

*Alice feels that if there is to be any conversation at all, she must manage it herself.*

**Alice:** *(begins timidly)* Am I addressing the White Queen?

**The Queen:** Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing. It isn't MY notion of the thing, at all.

**Alice:** *(doesn't want to have an argument at the very beginning of their conversation, so she smiles instead)* If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can.

**The Queen:** *(groans)* But I don't want it done at all! I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours.

*It would have been all the better, as it seemed to Alice, if she had got some one else to dress her, she was so dreadfully untidy.*

**Alice:** *(to herself)* Every single thing's crooked, and she's all over pins!—*(to the Queen)* May I put your shawl straight for you?

**The Queen:** *(in a melancholy voice)* I don't know what's the matter with it! It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here, and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!



Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (p. 16). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

**Alice:** (*gently puts it right for her*) It CAN'T go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side. Dear me, what a state your hair is in!

**The Queen:** (*sighs*) The brush has got entangled in it! And I lost the comb yesterday.

**Alice:** (*carefully releases the brush, and does her best to get the hair into order*) Come, you look rather better now!

**Alice:** (*after altering most of the pins*) But really you should have a lady's maid!

**The Queen:** I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure! Twopence a week, and jam every other day.

**Alice:** (*laughing*) I don't want you to hire ME—and I don't care for jam.

**The Queen:** It's very good jam.

**Alice:** Well, I don't want any TO-DAY, at any rate.

**The Queen:** You couldn't have it if you DID want it. The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day.

**Alice:** (*objects*) It MUST come sometimes to "jam to-day."

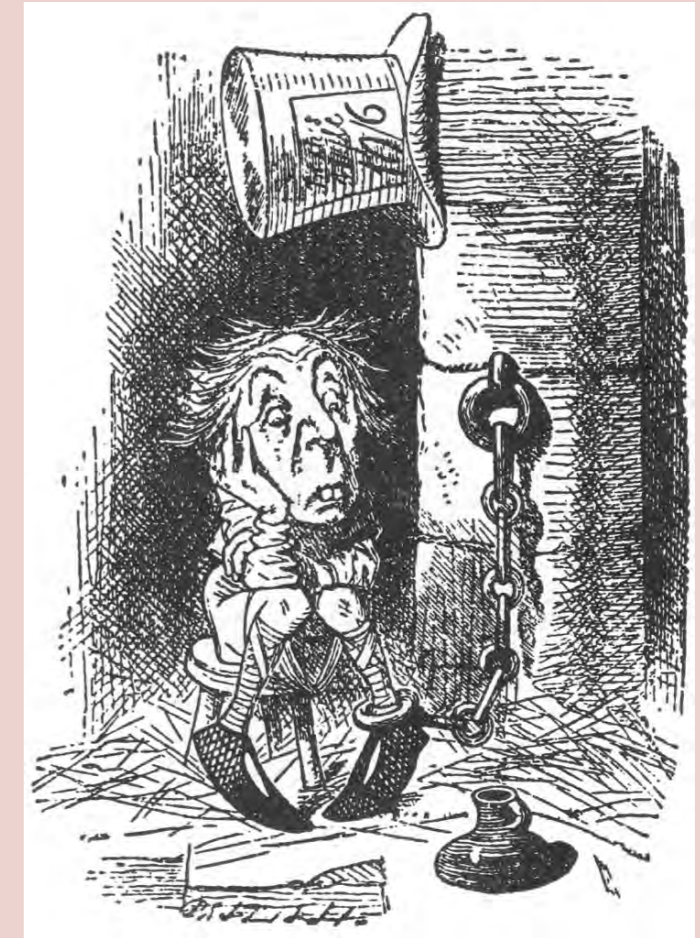
**The Queen:** No, it can't. It's jam every OTHER day: to-day isn't any OTHER day, you know.

**Alice:** I don't understand you. It's dreadfully confusing!

**The Queen:** (*kindly*) That's the effect of living backwards, it always makes one a little giddy at first—

"But never jam today."

- The White Queen



**Alice:** (*repeats in great astonishment*) Living backwards! I never heard of such a thing!

**The Queen:** —but there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways.

**Alice:** I'm sure MINE only works one way. I can't remember things before they happen.

**The Queen:** It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards.

**Alice:** (*hesitantly*) What sort of things do YOU remember best?

**The Queen:** (*in a careless tone*) Oh, things that happened the week after next.

**The White Queen:** *(sticks a large piece of plaster [band-aid] on her finger as she is speaking)* For instance, now, there's the King's Messenger. He's in prison now, being punished, and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday! Of course the crime comes last of all.

**Alice:** Suppose he never commits the crime?

**The White Queen:** *(as she binds the plaster round her finger with a bit of ribbon)* That would be all the better, wouldn't it?

**Alice:** Of course it would be all the better, but it wouldn't be all the better his being punished.

**The White Queen:** You're wrong THERE, at any rate. Were YOU ever punished?

**Alice:** Only for faults.

**The White Queen:** *(triumphantly)* And you were all the better for it, I know!

**Alice:** Yes, but then I HAD done the things I was punished for. That makes all the difference.

**The White Queen:** *(her voice goes higher with each 'better,' till it gets quite to a squeak at last)* But if you HADN'T done them, that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!

**Alice:** *(just begins to say)* There's a mistake somewhere—,

**The White Queen:** *Begins screaming so loud that Alice has to leave her sentence unfinished.*

**The White Queen:** *(shouting and shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off)* Oh, oh, oh! My finger's bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Her screams are so exactly like the whistle of a steam-engine, that Alice has to hold both her hands over her ears.*

**Alice:** *(as soon as the Queen stops screaming)* What IS the matter? Have you pricked your finger?

**The White Queen:** I haven't pricked it YET, but I soon shall—oh, oh, oh!

**Alice:** *(nearly laughs)* When do you expect to do it?

**The White Queen:** *(groans)* When I fasten my shawl again the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!

As she speaks, the the brooch flies open, and the Queen clutches wildly at it, trying to clasp it again.

**Alice:** *(cries)* Take care! You're holding it all crooked!

The Queen catches the brooch; but it's too late, the pin slips, and the Queen pricks her finger.

**The White Queen:** *(to Alice with a smile)* That accounts for the bleeding, you see. Now you understand the way things happen here.

**Alice:** *(ready to put over hands over her ears again)* But why don't you scream now?

**The White Queen:** Why, I've done all the screaming already. What would be the good of having it all over again?

By this time it is getting light.

**Alice:** The crow must have flown away, I think. I'm so glad it's gone. I thought it was the night coming on.

**The White Queen:** I wish I could manage to be glad! Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!

**Alice:** *(in a melancholy voice)* Only it is so VERY lonely here!

At the thought of her loneliness two large tears come rolling down Alice's cheeks.

**The White Queen:** *(cries, wringing her hands in despair)* Oh, don't go on like that! Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come to-day. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry!

Alice can't help laughing at this, even in the midst of her tears.

**Alice:** Can YOU keep from crying by considering things?

**The White Queen:** *(with great decision)* That's the way it's done. Nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with—how old are you?

**Alice:** I'm seven and a half exactly.

**The White Queen:** You needn't say "exactly." I can believe it without that. Now I'll give YOU something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months and a day.

**Alice:** I can't believe THAT!

**The White Queen:** *(in a pitying tone)* Can't you? Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes.

**Alice:** *(laughs)* There's no use trying. One CAN'T believe impossible things.

**The White Queen:** I daresay you haven't had much practice!

**The White 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 comes undone again, and a sudden gust of wind blows the Queen's shawl across a little brook. The Queen spreads out her arms, and goes flying after it – this time she succeeds in catching it for herself.

**The White Queen:** *(she cries in a triumphant tone)* I've got it! Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!

**Alice:** *(very politely as she crosses the little brook after the Queen)* Then I hope your finger is better now?

**The White Queen:** *(cries, her voice rising to a squeak as she goes on)* Oh, much better! Much be-etter! Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh!

The last word ends in a long bleat, so like a sheep that Alice is startled. Alice looks at the Queen, who seems to have suddenly wrapped herself up in wool.

Alice rubs her eyes, and looks again. She can't make out what had happened. Is she in a shop? And is that really—is it really a SHEEP that is sitting on the other side of the counter? Rub as she could, she could make nothing more of it.

Alice is now in a little dark shop, leaning with her elbows on the counter, and opposite her is 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.





Alice & the Knitting Sheep

**The Sheep:** (*looks up for a moment from her knitting*) What is it you want to buy?

**Alice:** (*very gently*) I don't QUITE know yet, I should like to look all round me first, if I might.

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

Alice contents herself by turning around and looking at the shelves as she comes to them. The shop seems to be full of all manner of curious things—but the oddest part of it all is, that whenever Alice looks hard at any shelf, to make out exactly what it has on it, that particular shelf is always quite empty, though the others around it are crowded as full as they can hold.

Alice spends a minute or so vainly pursuing a large bright thing, that looks sometimes like a doll and sometimes like a work-box, and is always in the shelf next above the one she is looking at.

**Alice:** (*in a plaintive tone*) Things flow about so here!

**Alice:** (*a sudden thought occurs*) 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 fails: the 'thing' goes through the ceiling as quietly as possible, as if it is quite used to it.

**The Sheep:** (*takes up another pair of needles*) Are you a child or a teetotum? You'll make me giddy soon, if you go on turning round like that.

The Sheep is now working with fourteen pairs of needles at once, and Alice can't help looking at her in great astonishment.

**Alice:** (*puzzled*) How CAN she knit with so many? She gets more and more like a porcupine every minute!

**The Sheep:** (*hands her a pair of knitting-needles*) Can you row?

**Alice:** Yes, a little—but not on land—and not with needles—

Suddenly the needles turn into oars in her hands, and Alice finds herself in a little boat, gliding along between river banks, so there was nothing for it but to do her best.

**The Sheep:** (*takes up another pair of needles*) Feather!

Alice says nothing and pulls away. The water seems strange as every now and then the oars get stuck in it, and hardly come out again.

**The Sheep:** (*taking more needles*) Feather! Feather! You'll be catching a crab directly.

**Alice:** A dear little crab! I should like that.

**The Sheep:** (*cries angrily, taking up quite a bunch of needles*) Didn't you hear me say "Feather"?

**Alice:** Indeed I did. You've said it very often—and very loud. Please, where ARE the crabs?

**The Sheep:** (*sticking some of the needles into her hair, as her hands were full*) In the water, of course! Feather, I say!

**Alice:** (*rather vexed*) WHY do you say "feather" so often? I'm not a bird!



“*Feather! Feather!*”  
 - *The Sheep*

**The Sheep:** You are, you're a little goose.

This offends Alice, so there is no more conversation for a minute or two, while the boat glids gently on, sometimes among beds of weeds (which makes 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.

**Alice:** (*cries suddenly with delight*) Oh, please! There are some scented rushes! There really are—and SUCH beauties!

**The Sheep:** (*without looking up from her knitting*) You needn't say "please" to ME about 'em. 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.

**The Sheep:** How am I to stop it? If you leave off rowing, it'll stop itself.

The boat is left to drift down the stream as it will, till it glids gently in among the waving rushes. Then the little sleeves are carefully rolled up, and the little arms are plunged in elbow-deep to get the rushes a good long way down before breaking them off—and for a while Alice forgets all about the Sheep and the knitting, as she bends over the side of the boat, with just the ends of her tangled hair dipping into the water—while with bright eager eyes she catches at one bunch after another of the darling scented rushes.

**Alice:** I only hope the boat won't tipple over! Oh, WHAT a lovely one! Only I couldn't quite reach it.

And it certainly DOES seem a little provoking (almost as if it is happening on purpose) that, though Alice manages to pick plenty of beautiful rushes as the boat glides by, there is always a more lovely one that she can't reach.

**Alice:** The prettiest are always further!

Alice sighs at the obstinacy of the rushes in growing so far off, as, with flushed cheeks and dripping hair and hands, she scrambles back into her place, and begins to arrange her new-found treasures.

Just then the rushes begin to fade, and to lose all their scent and beauty, from the very moment she picks them. Even real scented rushes last only a very little while—and these, being dream-rushes, melt away almost like snow, as they lie in heaps at her feet—but Alice hardly notices this, there are so many other curious things to think about.

They don't get much farther before the blade of one of the oars gets stuck in the water and won't come out again. The handle of the oar catches Alice under the chin and she is swept off her seat and down among the heap of rushes in the bottom of the boat.

**Alice:** (*shrieks*) Oh, oh, oh!

The prettiest are always further!

Alice isn't hurt, and is soon up again. The Sheep goes on with her knitting as if nothing has happened.

**The Sheep:** That was a nice crab you caught!

Alice gets back into her seat and is very much relieved to find herself still in the boat.

**Alice:** (*peeps cautiously over the side of the boat into the dark water*) Was it? I didn't see it. I wish it hadn't let go—I should so like to see a little crab to take home with me!

The Sheep laughs scornfully, and goes on with her knitting.

**Alice:** Are there many crabs here?

**The Sheep:** Crabs, and all sorts of things, plenty of choice, only make up your mind. Now, what DO you want to buy?

**Alice:** (*echoes in a tone that is half astonished and half frightened*) To buy!

The oars, and the boat, and the river have vanished in a moment, and Alice is back again in the little dark shop.

**Alice:** (*timidly*) I should like to buy an egg, please. How do you sell them?

**The Sheep:** Fivepence farthing for one—Twopence for two.

**Alice:** (*in a surprised tone, taking out her purse*) Then two are cheaper than one?

**The Sheep:** Only you MUST eat them both, if you buy two.

**Alice:** (*puts the money down on the counter*) Then I'll have ONE, please.

**Alice:** (*to herself*) They mightn't be at all nice, you know.

The Sheep takes the money and puts it away in a box.

**The Sheep:** I never put things into people's hands—that would never do—you must get it for yourself.

And so saying, the Sheep goes off to the other end of the shop, and sets the egg upright on a shelf.

**Alice:** I wonder WHY it wouldn't do?

Alice gropes her way among the tables and chairs, for the shop is very dark towards the end. The egg seems to get further away the more she walk towards it.

**Alice:** Let me see, is this a chair? Why, it's got branches, I declare! How very odd to find trees growing here! And actually here's a little brook! Well, this is the very queerest shop I ever saw!

Alice continues, wondering more and more at every step, as everything turns into a tree the moment she comes up to it, and she quite expects the egg to do the same.



# [VI] Humpty Dumpty

Alice is in front of a wall  
with Humpty Dumpty  
sitting on the top.



*Alice & Humpty Dumpty*

- John Tenniel

Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (p. 16). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

Humpty Dumpty is sitting with his legs crossed, like a Turk, on the top of a high wall—such a narrow one that Alice wonders how he is able to keep his balance—and, as his eyes are steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he doesn't take the least notice of her, she thinks he must be a stuffed figure after all.

**Alice:** And how exactly like an egg he is! *(Alice stands with her hands ready to catch him, as she expects him to fall at any moment.)*

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(after a long silence)* It's VERY provoking, *(Humpty Dumpty looks away from Alice as he speaks)* to be called an egg—VERY!

**Alice:** *(gently explains, hoping to turn her remark into a compliment)* I said you LOOKED like an egg, Sir – and some eggs are very pretty, you know.

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(looking away from Alice, as usual)* Some people, have no more sense than a baby!

Alice doesn't know what to say to this, as Humpty Dumpty never says anything directly to her and his last remark is evidently addressed to a tree—so she stands and softly repeats to herself:—



Humpty Dumpty

*"It can't be anybody else! I'm as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his face."*

– Alice

*However, the egg only got larger and larger, and more and more human: when she had come within a few yards of it, she saw that it had eyes and a nose and mouth; and when she had come close to it, she saw clearly that it was HUMPTY DUMPTY himself.*



*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:*

*Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.*

*All the King's horses and all the King's men*

*Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again.*

**Alice:** *(quietly because she doesn't want Humpty Dumpty to hear her)* That last line is much too long for the poetry.

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(looks at Alice for the first time)* Don't stand there chattering to yourself like that. Tell me your name and your business.

**Alice:** My NAME is Alice, but—

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(interrupts impatiently)* It's a stupid enough name! What does it mean?

**Alice:** *(asks doubtfully)* MUST a name mean something?

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(with a short laugh)* Of course it must, 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.

**Alice:** *(not wishing to begin an argument)* Why do you sit out here all alone?

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(cries)* Why, because there's nobody with me! Did you think I didn't know the answer to THAT? Ask another.

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

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(growls)* What tremendously easy riddles you ask! Of course I don't think so! Why, if ever I DID fall off—which there's no chance of—but IF I did—

Humpty Dumpty purses his lips and looks so solemn and grand that Alice can hardly help laughing.

**Humpty Dumpty:** IF I did fall, THE KING HAS PROMISED ME—WITH HIS VERY OWN MOUTH—to—to—

**Alice:** *(interrupts)* To send all his horses and all his men.

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

**Alice:** *(very gently)* I haven't, indeed! It's in a book.

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(continues)* Yes, all his horses and all his men. 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.

**Alice:** *(very politely)* I'm afraid I can't quite remember it.

**Humpty Dumpty:** In that case we start fresh, and it's my turn to choose a subject—

**Alice:** *(to herself)* He talks about it just as if it was a game!

**Humpty Dumpty:** So here's a question for you. How old did you say you were?

**Alice:** *(makes a short calculation)* Seven years and six months.

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(exclaimed triumphantly)* Wrong! You never said a word like it!

**Alice:** *(explains)* I thought you meant "How old ARE you?"

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

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

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*repeats thoughtfully*) Seven years and six months! 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.

**Alice:** (*indignantly*) I never ask advice about growing.

**Humpty Dumpty:** Too proud?

**Alice:** (*even more indignant at the suggestion*) I meant that one can't help growing older.

**Humpty Dumpty:** ONE can't, perhaps, but TWO can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at seven.

**Alice:** (*remarks suddenly*) What a beautiful belt you've got on!

They had had quite enough of the subject of age, and if they really were to take turns in choosing subjects, it was her turn now.

**Alice:** (*corrects herself*) At least a beautiful cravat, I should have said—

**Alice:** (*adds in dismay*) No, a belt, I mean—I beg your pardon!

Humpty Dumpty looks thoroughly offended, and Alice wishes she hadn't chosen the subject.

**Alice:** (*to herself*) If I only knew which was neck and which was waist!

Humpty Dumpty is very angry, but says nothing for a minute or two. When he does speak again, it is in a deep growl.

**Humpty Dumpty:** It is a—MOST—PROVOKING—thing, when a person doesn't know a cravat from a belt!

**Alice:** (*in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relents*) I know it's very ignorant of me.

**Humpty Dumpty:** It's a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It's a present from the White King and Queen. There now!

**Alice:** (*is pleased to find that she HAS chosen a good subject, after all*) Is it really?

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*continues thoughtfully, as he crosses one knee over the other and clasps his hands round it*) They gave it me, they gave it me—for an un-birthday present.

**Alice:** (*with a puzzled air*) I beg your pardon?

**Humpty Dumpty:** I'm not offended.

**Alice:** I mean, what IS an un-birthday present?

**Humpty Dumpty:** A present given when it isn't your birthday, of course.

**Alice:** (*considers a little*) I like birthday presents best.

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*cries*) You don't know what you're talking about! How many days are there in a year?

**Alice:** Three hundred and sixty-five.

**Humpty Dumpty:** And how many birthdays have you?

**Alice:** One.

**Humpty Dumpty:** And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?

**Alice:** Three hundred and sixty-four, of course.



**Humpty Dumpty:** (*looks doubtful*) I'd rather see that done on paper.

Alice can't help smiling as she takes out her memorandum-book, and works the sum for him:

365

1

364

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*takes the book, and looks at it carefully*) That seems to be done right—

**Alice:** (*interrupts*) You're holding it upside down!

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*gaily, as Alice turns the book around for him*) To be sure I was!

**Humpty Dumpty:** 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—

**Alice:** Certainly.

**Humpty Dumpty:** And only ONE for birthday presents, you know. There's glory for you!

**Alice:** I don't know what you mean by "glory."

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

**Alice:** (*objects*) But "glory" doesn't mean "a nice knock-down argument."

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

**Alice:** The question is whether you CAN make words mean so many different things.

**Humpty Dumpty:** The question is, which is to be master—that's all.

Alice is much too puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty Dumpty begins again.

**Humpty Dumpty:** They've a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, I can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what I say!

**Alice:** Would you tell me, please, what that means?

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*looking very much pleased*) Now you talk like a reasonable child. I meant by "impenetrability" that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life.

**Alice:** (*in a thoughtful tone*) That's a great deal to make one word mean.

**Humpty Dumpty:** When I make a word do a lot of work like that, I always pay it extra.

**Alice:** (*much too puzzled to make any other remark*) Oh!

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*continues, wagging his head gravely from side to side*) Ah, you should see 'em come round me of a Saturday night, for to get their wages, you know.

Alice doesn't venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I can't tell YOU.

**Alice:** You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir. Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called "Jabberwocky"?

**Humpty Dumpty:** Let's hear it. I can explain all the poems that were ever invented—and a good many that haven't been invented just yet.

This sounds very hopeful, so Alice repeats 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.

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*interrupts*) That's enough to begin with, there are plenty of hard words there. "BRILLIG" means four o'clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin BROILING things for dinner.

**Alice:** That'll do very well, and "SLITHY"?

**Humpty Dumpty:** Well, "SLITHY" means "lithe and slimy." "Lithe" is the same as "active." You see it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word.

**Alice:** (*thoughtfully*) I see it now, and what are "TOVES"?

**Humpty Dumpty:** Well, "TOVES" are something like badgers—they're something like lizards—and they're something like corkscrews.

**Alice:** They must be very curious looking creatures.

**Humpty Dumpty:** They are that. They make their nests under sun-dials and live on cheese.

**Alice:** And what's the "GYRE" and to "GIMBLE"?

**Humpty Dumpty:** To "GYRE" is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To "GIMBLE" is to make holes like a gimlet.

**Alice:** (*surprised at her own ingenuity*) And "THE WABE" is the grass-plot round a sun-dial, I suppose?

**Humpty Dumpty:** Of course it is. It's called "WABE," you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it—

**Alice:** (*adds*) And a long way beyond it on each side.

**Humpty Dumpty:** Exactly so. Well, then, "MIMSY" is "flimsy and miserable" (there's another portmanteau for you).

**Humpty Dumpty:** And a "BOROGOVE" is a thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop.

**Alice:** And then "MOME RATHS"? I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble.

**Humpty Dumpty:** 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.

**Alice:** And what does "OUTGRABE" mean?





*Jabberwocky creatures  
around a sundial.*

*- John Tenniel*

“What does **OUTGRABE** mean?” – Alice

**Humpty Dumpty:** 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?

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

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

**Alice:** (*hastily, hoping to keep him from beginning*) Oh, it needn't come to that!

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*he continues without noticing her remark*) The piece I'm going to repeat, was written entirely for your amusement.

Alice feels that in this case, she really **OUGHT** to listen to it, so she sits down to listen.

**Alice:** (*rather sadly*) Thank you.

**Humpty Dumpty:**

In winter, when the fields are white,  
I sing this song for your delight— only I don't sing it (*he says as an explanation*).

**Alice:** I see you don't.

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*remarks severely*) If you can **SEE** whether I'm singing or not, you've sharper eyes than most.

Alice is silent.

**Humpty Dumpty:**

In spring, when woods are getting green,  
I'll try and tell you what I mean.

**Alice:** Thank you very much.

**Humpty Dumpty:**

In summer, when the days are long,  
Perhaps you'll understand the song:  
In autumn, when the leaves are brown,  
Take pen and ink, and write it down.

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

**Humpty Dumpty:** You needn't go on making remarks like that, they're not sensible, and they put me out.

**Humpty Dumpty:** (*continues*) I sent a message to the fish:

I told them "This is what I wish."  
The little fishes of the sea,  
They sent an answer back to me.  
The little fishes' answer was  
"We cannot do it, Sir, because—"

**Alice:** I'm afraid I don't quite understand,

**Humpty Dumpty:** It gets easier further on.

I sent to them again to say  
"It will be better to obey."

In summer, when the days are long.



*Humpty Dumpty  
shouting at his  
messenger.*

*- John Tenniel*

The fishes answered with a grin,

"Why, what a temper you are in!"

I told them once, I told them twice:

They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new,

Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump;

I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then some one came to me and said,

"The little fishes are in bed."

I said to him, I said it plain,

"Then you must wake them up again."

I said it very loud and clear;

I went and shouted in his ear.

Humpty Dumpty raised his voice almost to a scream as he repeated this verse

**Alice:** *(with a shudder)* I wouldn't have been the messenger for ANYTHING!

**Humpty Dumpty:** But he was very stiff and proud;  
He said "You needn't shout so loud!"

**Humpty Dumpty:** And he was very proud and stiff;  
He said "I'd go and wake them, if—" "  
I took a corkscrew from the shelf:  
I went to wake them up myself.  
And when I found the door was locked,  
I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.  
And when I found the door was shut,  
I tried to turn the handle, but—

There was a long pause.

**Alice:** *(timidly)* Is that all?

**Humpty Dumpty:** That's all. Good-bye.

This is rather sudden, Alice thinks to herself: but, after such a VERY strong hint that she ought to be going, she feels that it would hardly be civil to stay.

So she gets up, and holds out her hand in departure.

**Alice:** *(as cheerfully as she can)* Good-bye, till we meet again!

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(in a discontented tone, giving Alice one of his fingers to shake)* I shouldn't know you again if we DID meet.



**Alice:** *(remarks in a thoughtful tone)* The face is what one goes by, generally.

**Humpty Dumpty:** That's just what I complain of. Your face is the same as everyone else's—the two eyes, so— *(marking their places in the air with his thumb)* nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance—or the mouth at the top—that would be SOME help.

**Alice:** *(objected)* It wouldn't look nice.

**Humpty Dumpty:** *(shuts his eyes)* Wait till you've tried.

Alice waits a minute to see if Humpty Dumpty speaks again, but as he never opens his eyes or takes any further notice of her, she says 'Good-bye!' once more. As she gets no answer to this, she quietly walks away.

**Alice:** *(can't help saying to herself as she goes)* Of all the unsatisfactory— *(she repeats this aloud, as it is a great comfort to have such a long word to say)* of all the unsatisfactory people I EVER met—

Alice never finishes the sentence, for at this moment a heavy crash shakes the forest from end to end.



# [VII] The Lion & the Unicorn

Alice is hiding from the soldiers behind a tree in the wood.



*All the king's horses & all the king's men.*

– John Tenniel



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

Alice thinks that in all her life she has never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet: they are always tripping over something or other, and whenever one goes down, several more always fall over him, so that the ground is soon covered with little heaps of men.

Then come the horses. Having four feet, these manage better than the foot-soldiers: but even THEY stumble now and then; and it seems to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbles the rider falls off instantly. The confusion gets worse every moment, and Alice is very glad to get out of the wood into an open place, where she finds the White King seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum-book.

**The White King:** (*cries in a tone of delight, on seeing Alice*) I've sent them all! Did you happen to meet any soldiers, my dear, as you came through the wood?

**Alice:** Yes, I did, several thousand, I should think.

**The White King:** (*referring to his book*) Four thousand two hundred and seven, that's the exact number, I couldn't send all the horses, you know, because two of them are wanted in the game. And I haven't sent the two Messengers, either. They're both gone to the town. Just look along the road, and tell me if you can see either of them.

**Alice:** I see nobody on the road.

**The White King:** (*in a fretful tone*) I only wish I had such eyes. To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance, too! Why, it's as much as I can do to see real people, by this light!



Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (p. 16). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

All this is lost on Alice, who is still looking intently along the road, shading her eyes with one hand.

**Alice:** *(exclaims at last)* I see somebody now! But he's coming very slowly—and what curious attitudes he goes into! *(The messenger keeps skipping up and down, and wriggling like an eel, as he comes along, with his great hands spread out like fans on each side.)*

**The White King:** Not at all. He's an Anglo-Saxon Messenger—and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He only does them when he's happy. His name is Haigha. *(He pronounces it so as to rhyme with 'mayor.')*

**Alice:** *(can't help beginning)* I love my love with an H, because he is Happy. I hate him with an H, because he is Hideous. I fed him with—with—with Ham-sandwiches and Hay. His name is Haigha, and he lives—

**The White King:** *(without the least idea that he is joining in the game, while Alice is still hesitating for the name of a town beginning with H)* He lives on the Hill. The other Messenger's called Hatta. I must have TWO, you know—to come and go. One to come, and one to go.

**Alice:** I beg your pardon?

**The White King:** It isn't respectable to beg.

**Alice:** I only meant that I didn't understand. Why one to come and one to go?

**The White King:** *(repeats impatiently)* Didn't I tell you? I must have Two—to fetch and carry. One to fetch, and one to carry.

**Haigha hands a ham sandwich to the White King.**

— John Tenniel



At this moment the Messenger arrives: he is far too much out of breath to say a word, and can only wave his hands about, and make the most fearful faces at the poor King.

**The White King:** *(introducing Alice in the hope of turning the Messenger's attention away from himself)* This young lady loves you with an H.

(—but it is no use—the Anglo-Saxon attitudes only get more extraordinary every moment, while the great eyes roll wildly from side to side.)

"One to come, and one to go."

**The White King:** You alarm me! I feel faint—Give me a ham sandwich!

On which the Messenger, to Alice's great amusement, opens a bag that hangs round his neck, and hands a sandwich to the King, who devours it greedily.

**The White King:** Another sandwich!

**The Messenger:** (*peeps into the bag*) There's nothing but hay left now.

**The White King:** (*murmurs in a faint whisper*) Hay, then.

Alice is glad to see that it revives him a good deal.

**The White King:** (*as he munches away*) There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint.

**Alice:** I should think throwing cold water over you would be better, or some sal-volatile.

**The White King:** I didn't say there was nothing BETTER. I said there was nothing LIKE it.

Alice does not attempt to deny.

**The White King:** (*continues, holding out his hand to the Messenger for some more hay*) Who did you pass on the road?

**The Messenger:** Nobody.

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

**The Messenger:** (*in a sulky tone*) I do my best, I'm sure nobody walks much faster than I do!

**The White King:** He can't do that, 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.

**The Messenger:** (*putting his hands to his mouth in the shape of a trumpet, and stooping so as to get close to the King's ear*) I'll whisper it.

Alice is sorry for this, as she wants to hear the news too. However, instead of whispering, the Messenger simply shouts at the top of his voice:

**The Messenger:** They're at it again!

**The White King:** (*cries, jumping up and shaking himself*) Do you call THAT a whisper? If you do such a thing again, I'll have you buttered! It went through and through my head like an earthquake!

**Alice:** It would have to be a very tiny earthquake! Who are at it again?

**The White King:** Why the Lion and the Unicorn, of course.

**Alice:** Fighting for the crown?

**The White King:** Yes, to be sure, and the best of the joke is, that it's MY crown all the while! Let's run and see them.

As they trot off, Alice repeats to herself, as she runs, the words of the old song:—

**Alice:** 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.





Hatta Drinking Tea

**Alice:** (*panting as she is out of breath from running*) Does—the one—that wins—get the crown?

**The White King:** Dear me, no! What an idea!

**Alice:** (*still panting after running a little further*) Would you—be good enough, to stop a minute—just to get—one's breath again?

**The White King:** I'm GOOD enough, only I'm not strong enough. You see, a minute goes by so fearfully quick. You might as well try to stop a Bandersnatch!

Alice has no more breath for talking, so they trot on in silence, until they come in sight of a great crowd, in the middle of which the Lion and Unicorn are fighting. They are in such a cloud of dust, that at first Alice can not make out which is which: but she soon manages to distinguish the Unicorn by his horn.

Alice and the White King place themselves close to where Hatta, the other messenger, is standing watching the fight, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other.

**Haigha:** (*whispers to Alice*) He's only just out of prison, and he hadn't finished his tea when he was sent in, and they only give them oyster-shells in there—so you see he's very hungry and thirsty.

**Haigha:** (*continues, putting his arm affectionately round Hatta's neck*) How are you, dear child?

Hatta looks round and nods, and continues eating his bread and butter.

**Haigha:** Were you happy in prison, dear child?

Hatta looks round once more, and this time a tear or two trickles down his cheek: but not a word does he say.

**Haigha:** (*cries impatiently*) Speak, can't you!

But Hatta only munches away, and drinks some more tea.

**The White King:** Speak, won't you! How are they getting on with the fight?

**Hatta:** (*makes a desperate effort, and swallows a large piece of bread-and-butter*) They're getting on very well, (*in a choking voice*) each of them has been down about eighty-seven times.

**Alice:** (*ventures to remark*) Then I suppose they'll soon bring the white bread and the brown?

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

There is a pause in the fight and the Lion and the Unicorn sit down, panting, while the King calls out for refreshments.

**The White King:** Ten minutes allowed for refreshments!

Haigha and Hatta set to work at once, carrying rough trays of white and brown bread.

Alice takes a piece to taste, but it is VERY dry.

**The White King:** (*to Hatta*) I don't think they'll fight any more to-day, go and order the drums to begin.

Hatta goes bounding away like a grasshopper.

For a minute or two Alice stands silent, watching him, until suddenly she brightens up.

**Alice:** (*cries, pointing eagerly*) Look, look! There's the White Queen running across the country! She came flying out of the wood over yonder—How fast those Queens CAN run!

**The White King:** (*without even looking round*) There's some enemy after her, no doubt. That wood's full of them.

**Alice:** (*very much surprised at his taking it so quietly*) But aren't you going to run and help her?

**The White King:** No use, no use! She runs so fearfully quick. You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch! But I'll make a memorandum about her, if you like—She's a dear good creature.

**The White King:** (*repeats softly to himself, as he opens his memorandum-book*) Do you spell "creature" with a double "e"?

At this moment the Unicorn saunters by them, with his hands in his pockets.

**Unicorn:** (*to the King, just glancing at him as he passes*) I had the best of it this time?

**The White King:** (*rather nervously*) A little—a little. You shouldn't have run him through with your horn, you know.

**Unicorn:** (*carelessly*) It didn't hurt him.

The Unicorn goes on when his eye happens to fall upon Alice, and he turns round rather instantly, and stands for some time looking at her with an air of the deepest disgust.

**Unicorn:** What is this?

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

**The Unicorn:** I always thought they were fabulous monsters! Is it alive?

**Haigha:** (*solemnly*) It can talk.

**The Unicorn:** (*looks dreamily at Alice*) Talk, child.

**Alice:** (*can't help her lips curling up into a smile as she begins*) Do you know, I always thought Unicorns were fabulous monsters, too! I never saw one alive before!

**The Unicorn:** Well, now that we HAVE seen each other, if you'll believe in me, I'll believe in you. Is that a bargain?

**Alice:** Yes, if you like.

**The Unicorn:** (*continues, turning from her to the King*) Come, fetch out the plum-cake, old man! None of your brown bread for me!

**The White King:** (*mutters, and beckons to Haigha*) Certainly—certainly!

**The White King:** (*whispers*) Open the bag! Quick! Not that one—that's full of hay!

Haigha takes a large cake out of the bag, and gives it to Alice to hold, while he gets out a dish and carving-knife. How they all come out of the bag (cake, dish, knife) Alice can't guess. It seems just like a conjuring-trick.



Alice holding a Plum Cake for the Lion & the Unicorn

*It was just like a  
conjuring trick.*

The Lion joins them while this is going on. He looks very tired and sleepy, and his eyes are half shut.

**The Lion:** *(blinks lazily at Alice, and speaks in a deep hollow tone that sounds like the tolling of a great bell)* What's this!

**The Unicorn:** *(cried eagerly)* Ah, what IS it, now? You'll never guess! I couldn't.

**The Lion:** *(looks at Alice wearily, yawning at every other word)* Are you animal—vegetable—or mineral?

**The Unicorn:** *(cries out, before Alice can reply)* It's a fabulous monster!

**The Lion:** *(lies down and puts his chin on his paws)* Then hand round the plum-cake, Monster.

**The Lion:** *(to the White King and the Unicorn)* And sit down, both of you, fair play with the cake, you know!

The King is evidently very uncomfortable at having to sit down between the two great creatures; but there is no other place for him.

**The Unicorn:** *(looking slyly up at the crown) which the poor King is nearly shaking off his head, as he trembles so much.* What a fight we might have for the crown, NOW!

**The Lion:** I should win easy.

**The Unicorn:** I'm not so sure of that.

**The Lion:** *(replies angrily, half getting up as he speaks)* Why, I beat you all round the town, you chicken!

Here, the White King interrupts to prevent the quarrel going on. He is very nervous, and his voice quivers.

**The White King:** All round the town? That's a good long way. Did you go by the old bridge, or the market-place? You get the best view by the old bridge.

**The Lion:** *(growls out as he lays down again)* I'm sure I don't know. There was too much dust to see anything. What a time the Monster is, cutting up that cake!

Alice seats herself on the bank of a little brook, with the great dish on her knees, and is sawing away diligently with the knife.

**Alice:** *(in reply to the Lion)* It's very provoking!

*(Alice is getting quite used to being called 'the Monster').*

**Alice:** I've cut several slices already, but they always join on again!

**The Unicorn:** You don't know how to manage Looking-glass cakes. Hand it round first, and cut it afterwards.

Alice obediently gets up, and carries the dish round, and the cake divides itself into three pieces as she does so.

**— Hand round the plum cake!**

**The Lion:** *(Alice returns to her place with the empty dish)* NOW cut it up.

**The Unicorn:** *(Alice sits with the knife in her hand, very much puzzled how to begin)* I say, this isn't fair! The Monster has given the Lion twice as much as me!

**The Lion:** She's kept none for herself, anyhow. Do you like plum-cake, Monster?

But before Alice can answer him, the drums began.

Where the noise comes from, Alice can't make out. The air seems full of it, and it rings through and through her head till she feels quite deafened. She starts to her feet and springs across the little brook in her terror, and has just time to see the Lion and the Unicorn rise to their feet, with angry looks at being interrupted in their feast, before she drops to her knees, and puts her hands over her ears, vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar.

**Alice:** If THAT doesn't "drum them out of town," nothing ever will!



Alice covering her ears for the drums.



# [VIII] It's My Own Invention!

Alice is in the forest waiting for the noise of the drums to fade away. The plum cake dish lies at her feet.



After a while the noise seems gradually to die away, till all is dead silence, and Alice lifts up her head in some alarm. However, there is no one to be seen.

**Alice:** *(to herself)* I must have been dreaming about the Lion and the Unicorn and those queer Anglo-Saxon Messengers.

However, the great dish on which she had tried to cut the plum-cake, is still lying at her feet,

**Alice:** *(to herself)* So I wasn't dreaming, after all, unless—unless we're all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it's MY dream, and not the Red King's! I don't like belonging to another person's dream. I've a great mind to go and wake him, and see what happens!

At this moment Alice is interrupted by the Red Knight's loud shouting.



**The Red Knight:** *(dressed in crimson armor comes galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club)* Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!

Just as he reaches her, the horse stops suddenly.

**The Red Knight:** *(cries as he tumbles off his horse)* You're my prisoner!

Startled as she is, Alice is more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and she watches him with some anxiety as he mounts his horse again.

**The Red Knight:** *(as soon as he is comfortably in the saddle, he begins once more)* You're my—

**The White Knight:** *(his voice interrupting)* Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!

Alice looks around in surprise for the new enemy.



**The Red Knight and the White Knight at Battle**



Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (p. 16). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

This time it is a White Knight. He draws up at Alice's side, and tumbles off his horse just as the Red Knight had done. Then he gets on again, and the two Knights sit and look at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looks from one to the other in some bewilderment.

**The Red Knight:** *(says at last)* She's MY prisoner, you know!

**The White Knight:** Yes, but then I came and rescued her!

**The Red Knight:** *(takes up his helmet which hangs from the saddle and is in the shape of a horse's head, and puts it on)* Well, we must fight for her, then.

**The White Knight:** *(putting on his helmet too)* You will observe the Rules of Battle, of course?

**The Red Knight:** I always do.

They begin banging away at each other with such fury that Alice gets behind a tree to be out of the way of the blows.

**Alice:** *(to herself as she watches the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-place)* I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are. 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—

**Alice:** *(to herself)* 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!

*I don't know, I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen. — Alice*

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fall on their heads, and the battle ends with their both falling off in this way, side by side. When they get up again, they shake hands, and the Red Knight mounts his horse and gallops off.

**The White Knight:** *(as he comes up panting)* It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?

**Alice:** *(doubtfully)* I don't know, I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen.

**The White Knight:** So you will, when you've crossed the next brook, 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.

**Alice:** Thank you very much. May I help you off with your helmet?

It is evidently more than the Knight can manage by himself; however, she manages to shake him out of it at last.

**The White Knight:** *(puts back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turns his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice)* Now one can breathe more easily.

Alice thinks she has never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

"Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!"



**The White Knight Riding His Horse**

The White Knight is dressed in tin armor which seems to fit him very badly. He has a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulder, upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looks at it with great curiosity.

**The White Knight:** *(in a friendly tone)* I see you're admiring my little box. It's my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain can't get in.

**Alice:** *(gently remarks)* But the things can get OUT. Do you know the lid's open?

**The White Knight:** *(a shade of vexation passes over his face)* I didn't know it. Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them.

He unfastens the box as he speaks, and is just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought strikes him, and he hangs it carefully on a tree.

**The White Knight:** Can you guess why I did that?

Alice shakes her head.

**The White Knight:** In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey.

**Alice:** But you've got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle.

**The White Knight:** *(in a discontented tone)* Yes, it's a very good bee-hive, one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which.

**Alice:** I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for. It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back.

**The White Knight:** Not very likely, perhaps, but if they DO come, I don't choose to have them running all about.

**The White Knight:** *(continues after a pause)* You see, it's as well to be provided for EVERYTHING. That's the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet.

**Alice:** *(in a tone of great curiosity)* But what are they for?

**The White Knight:** To guard against the bites of sharks. It's an invention of my own. And now help me on. I'll go with you to the end of the wood—What's the dish for?

**Alice:** It's meant for plum-cake.

**The White Knight:** We'd better take it with us. It'll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag.

This takes a very long time to manage. Although Alice holds the bag open very carefully, the Knight is so VERY awkward in putting in the dish, the first two or three times that he tries, he falls in himself instead.

**The White Knight:** *(as they get it in a last)* It's rather a tight fit, you see. There are so many candlesticks in the bag.

The White Knight hangs the bag to the saddle, which is already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

**The White Knight:** (*continues, as they set off*) I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?

**Alice:** (*smiling*) Only in the usual way.

**The White Knight:** (*anxiously*) That's hardly enough. You see the wind is so VERY strong here. It's as strong as soup.

**Alice:** Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?

**The White Knight:** Not yet. But I've got a plan for keeping it from FALLING off.

**Alice:** I should like to hear it, very much.

**The White Knight:** First you take an upright stick. Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit-tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs DOWN—things never fall UPWARDS, you know. It's a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like.

**Alice:** (*to herself*) That doesn't sound like a comfortable plan.

Alice walks on in silence for a few minutes, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly is NOT a good rider.

Whenever the horse stops (which it does very often), he falls off in front; and whenever it continues on again (which it does rather suddenly), he falls off behind. Otherwise he stays on pretty well, except that he has a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and as he does this on the side on which Alice is walking, she soon discovers that it is the best plan not to walk QUITE so close to the horse.

**Alice:** (*helping him up from his fifth tumble*) I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding.

**The White Knight:** (*very surprised, and a little offended at the remark*) What makes you say that?

The White Knight scrambles back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice's hair with one hand to save himself from falling over on the other side.

**Alice:** Because people don't fall off quite so often, when they've had much practice.

**The White Knight:** (*very gravely*) I've had plenty of practice. Plenty of practice!

**Alice:** (*as heartily as she can*) Indeed?

They continue on a little way in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

**The White Knight:** (*suddenly begins in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he speaks*) The great art of riding, is to keep—

Here, the sentence ends as suddenly as it begins as the Knight falls heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice is walking.

Alice is quite frightened this time.

**Alice:** (*in an anxious tone as she picks him up*) I hope no bones are broken?

**The White Knight:** (*as if he wouldn't mind breaking two or three of them*) None to speak of. The great art of riding, as I was saying, is—to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know—



**The White Knight Falling Off His Horse**

The White Knight lets go of the bridle, and stretches out both his arms to show Alice what he means. This time he falls flat on his back, right under the horse's feet.

**The White Knight:** *(he continues repeating the entire time Alice is getting him on his feet again)* Plenty of practice! Plenty of practice!

**Alice:** *(cries, losing all her patience this time)* It's too ridiculous! You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!

**The White Knight:** *(in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms around the horse's neck as he speaks, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again)* Does that kind go smoothly?

**Alice:** *(with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she can do to prevent it)* Much more smoothly than a live horse.

**The White Knight:** *(thoughtfully)* I'll get one. One or two—several.

A short silence.

**The White Knight:** *(continues)* I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I daresay you noticed, that last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?

**Alice:** You WERE a little grave.

**The White Knight:** Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate—would you like to hear it?

**Alice:** *(politely)* Very much indeed.

**The White Knight:** I'll tell you how I came to think of it. You see, I said to myself,

*"The only difficulty is with the feet. The HEAD is high enough already."*

**The White Knight:** Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate—then I stand on my head—then the feet are high enough, you see—then I'm over, you see.

**Alice:** *(thoughtfully)* Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done, but don't you think it would be rather hard?

**The White Knight:** *(gravely)* I haven't tried it yet, so I can't tell for certain—but I'm afraid it WOULD be a little hard.

The White Knight looks so vexed at the idea, that Alice changes the subject hastily.

**Alice:** *(cheerfully)* What a curious helmet you've got! Is that your invention too?

The White Knight looks down proudly at his helmet which hangs from the saddle.

**The White Knight:** Yes, but I've invented a better one than that—like a sugar loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a VERY little way to fall, you see—But there WAS the danger of falling INTO it, to be sure. That happened to me once—and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet.

The knight looks so solemn about it that Alice doesn't dare to laugh.

**Alice:** *(in a trembling voice)* I'm afraid you must have hurt him, being on the top of his head.

**The White Knight:** *(very seriously)* I had to kick him, of course. Then he took the helmet off again—but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as—as lightning, you know.

**Alice:** *(objects)* But that's a different kind of fastness.

**The White Knight:** (*shakes his head*) It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!

He raises his hands in some excitement as he says this, and instantly rolls out of the saddle, falling headlong into a deep ditch.

Alice runs to the side of the ditch to look for the Knight. She is rather startled by his fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and she is afraid that he really IS hurt this time. However, though she can see nothing but the soles of his feet, she is much relieved to hear that he is talking on in his usual tone.

**The White Knight:** All kinds of fastness, but it was careless of him to put another man's helmet on—with the man in it, too.

**Alice:** (*drags him out by the feet, and lays him down in a heap on the bank*) How CAN you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?

The Knight looks surprised at the question.

**The White Knight:** What does it matter where my body happens to be? My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things.

**The White Knight:** (*continues after a pause*) Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did, was inventing a new pudding during the meat-course.

**Alice:** In time to have it cooked for the next course?

**The White Knight:** (*in a slow thoughtful tone*) Well, not the NEXT course, no, certainly not the next COURSE.

**Alice:** Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding-courses in one dinner?

**The White Knight:** (*repeated as before*) Well, not the NEXT day, not the next DAY. (*he continues, holding his head down, and his voice getting lower and lower*) I don't believe that pudding ever WAS cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever WILL be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent.

**Alice:** (*hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seems quite low-spirited about it*) What did you mean it to be made of?

**The White Knight:** (*answers with a groan*) It began with blotting paper.

**Alice:** That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid—

**The White Knight:** (*interrupts quite eagerly*) Not very nice ALONE, 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 only looks puzzled: she is thinking of the pudding.

**The White Knight:** (*in an anxious tone*) You are sad, let me sing you a song to comfort you.

**Alice:** Is it very long?

**The White Knight:** It's long, but very, VERY beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it—either it brings the TEARS into their eyes, or else—

The Knight pauses suddenly.

**Alice:** Or else what?



Alice dragging the White Knight out of a ditch.



**The White Knight:** Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called "HADDOCKS' EYES."

**Alice:** (*trying to feel interested*) Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?

**The White Knight:** (*looking a little vexed*) No, you don't understand. That's what the name is CALLED. The name really IS "THE AGED AGED MAN."

**Alice:** (*corrects herself*) Then I ought to have said "That's what the SONG is called"?

**The White Knight:** No, you oughtn't, but that's quite another thing! The SONG is called "WAYS AND MEANS," but that's only what it's CALLED, you know!

**Alice:** (*who is by this time completely bewildered*) Well, what IS the song, then?

**The White Knight:** I was coming to that. The song really IS "A-SITTING ON A GATE," and the tune's my own invention.

So saying, the Knight stops his horse and lets 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 begins:

Of all the strange things that Alice sees in her journey *Through The Looking-Glass*, this is the one that she always remembers 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 armor 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 takes in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leans against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

## — Who are you aged man? —

**Alice:** (*to herself*) But the tune ISN'T his own invention, it's "I GIVE THEE ALL, I CAN NO MORE."

She stands and listens very attentively, but no tears come to her eyes.

**The White Knight:**

I'll tell thee everything I can;

There's little to relate.

I saw an aged aged man,

A-sitting on a gate.

"Who are you, aged man?" I said,

"and how is it you live?"

And his answer trickled through my head

Like water through a sieve.

He said "I look for butterflies

That sleep among the wheat:

I make them into mutton-pies,

And sell them in the street.

I sell them unto men," he said,

"Who sail on stormy seas;

And that's the way I get my bread—

A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan

To dye one's whiskers green,

And always use so large a fan

That they could not be seen.

So, having no reply to give  
 To what the old man said,  
 I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"  
 And thumped him on the head.  
 His accents mild took up the tale:  
 He said "I go my ways,  
 And when I find a mountain-rill,  
 I set it in a blaze;  
 And thence they make a stuff they call  
 Rolands' Macassar Oil—  
 Yet twopence-halfpenny is all  
 They give me for my toil."  
 But I was thinking of a way  
 To feed oneself on batter,  
 And so go on from day to day  
 Getting a little fatter.  
 I shook him well from side to side,  
 Until his face was blue:  
 "Come, tell me how you live," I cried,

"And what it is you do!"  
 He said "I hunt for haddocks' eyes  
 Among the heather bright,  
 And work them into waistcoat-buttons  
 In the silent night.  
 And these I do not sell for gold  
 Or coin of silvery shine  
 But for a copper halfpenny,  
 And that will purchase nine.  
 "I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,  
 Or set limed twigs for crabs;  
 I sometimes search the grassy knolls  
 For wheels of Hansom-cabs.  
 And that's the way" (he gave a wink)  
 "By which I get my wealth—  
 And very gladly will I drink  
 Your Honour's noble health."  
 I heard him then, for I had just

Completed my design  
 To keep the Menai bridge from  
 rust  
 By boiling it in wine.  
 I thanked him much for telling  
 me  
 The way he got his wealth,  
 But chiefly for his wish that he  
 Might drink my noble health.  
 And now, if e'er by chance I put  
 My fingers into glue  
 Or madly squeeze a right-hand  
 foot  
 Into a left-hand shoe,  
 Or if I drop upon my toe  
 A very heavy weight,  
 I weep, for it reminds me so,  
 Of that old man I used to know—  
 Whose look was mild, whose speech  
 was slow,



The White Knight shaking an Aged Man on the Gate

Whose hair was whiter than the snow,  
 Whose face was very like a crow,  
 With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,  
 Who seemed distracted with his woe,  
 Who rocked his body to and fro,  
 And muttered mumblingly and low,  
 As if his mouth were full of dough,  
 Who snorted like a buffalo—  
 That summer evening, long ago,  
 A-sitting on a gate.'

As the Knight sings the last words of the ballad, he gathers up the reins, and turns his horse's head along the road by which they had come.

**The White Knight:** You've only a few yards to go, down the hill and over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen—But you'll stay and see me off first?

Alice turns with an eager look in the direction to which he points.

**The White Knight:** I shan't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road? I think it'll encourage me, you see.

**Alice:** Of course I'll wait, and thank you very much for coming so far—and for the song—I liked it very much.

**The White Knight:** (*doubtfully*) I hope so, but you didn't cry so much as I thought you would.

So they shake hands, and the Knight rides slowly away into the forest.

**Alice:** (*to herself, as she stands watching him*) It won't take long to see him OFF, I expect. There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily—that comes of having so many things hung round the horse—

Alice continues on talking to herself, as she watches the horse walking leisurely along the road, and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reaches the turn, and then she waves her handkerchief to him, and waits until he is out of sight.

**Alice:** (*as she turns to run down the hill*) I hope it encouraged him, and now for the last brook, and to be a Queen! How grand it sounds!

A very few steps bring her to the edge of the brook.

**Alice:** (*cries as she bounds across, and throws herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss, with little flower-beds dotted about it here and there*) The Eighth Square at last! Oh, how glad I am to get here!

**Alice:** (*exclaims in a tone of dismay, as she put her hands up to something very heavy, and fitted tight all round her head*) And what IS this on my head?

**Alice:** But how CAN it have got there without my knowing it?

Alice lifts it off her head, and sets it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown!



# [IX] Queen Alice



Alice is on the lawn  
with the flower beds .

**Alice:** Well, this IS grand! I never expected I should be a Queen so soon—and I'll tell you what it is, your majesty, *(she goes on in a severe tone as she is rather fond of scolding herself)*, it'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know!

Alice gets up and walks about—rather stiffly just at first, as she is afraid that the crown might come off, but she comforts herself with the thought that there is nobody to see her.

**Alice:** *(as she sits down again)* and if I really am a Queen, I shall be able to manage it quite well in time.

Everything is happening so oddly that she doesn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side. She would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she fears it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, in asking if the game was over.

**Alice:** *(looking timidly at the Red Queen)* Please, would you tell me—

**The Red Queen:** *(sharply interrupts her)* Speak when you're spoken to!

**Alice:** *(who is always ready for a little argument)* But if everybody obeyed that rule, and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for YOU to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that—

**The Red Queen:** Ridiculous! Why, don't you see, child—

The Red Queen breaks off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changes the subject of the conversation.

**The Red Queen:** What do you mean by "If you really are a Queen"? What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a Queen, you know, till you've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better.



The Red Queen and the White Queen with Alice

Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (p. 16). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

**Alice:** (*pleads in a piteous tone*) I only said "if"!

The two Queens look at each other.

**The Red Queen:** (*with a little shudder*) She SAYS she only said "if" —

**The White Queen:** (*moans wringing her hands*) But she said a great deal more than that! Oh, ever so much more than that!

**The Red Queen:** (*to Alice*) So you did, you know. Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterwards.

**Alice:** (*starts to speak but the Red Queen interrupts her impatiently*) I'm sure I didn't mean—

**The Red Queen:** That's just what I complain of! You SHOULD have meant! What do you suppose is the use of child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning—and a child's more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both hands.

**Alice:** (*objects*) I don't deny things with my HANDS.

**The Red Queen:** Nobody said you did. I said you couldn't if you tried.

**The White Queen:** She's in that state of mind, that she wants to deny SOMETHING—only she doesn't know what to deny!

**The Red Queen:** A nasty, vicious temper.

There is an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

"Queens have to be dignified, you know!"

— Alice

**The Red Queen:** (*breaks the silence by saying to the White Queen*) I invite you to Alice's dinner-party this afternoon.

**The White Queen:** (*smiles feebly*) And I invite YOU.

**Alice:** I didn't know I was to have a party at all, but if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests.

**The Red Queen:** We gave you the opportunity of doing it, but I daresay you've not had many lessons in manners yet?

**Alice:** Manners are not taught in lessons. Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort.

**The White Queen:** And you do addition? What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?

**Alice:** I don't know, I lost count.

**The Red Queen:** (*interrupts*) She can't do addition. Can you do subtraction? Take nine from eight.

**Alice:** (*very readily*) Nine from eight I can't, you know, but—

**The White Queen:** She can't do subtraction. (*to Alice*) Can you do division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what's the answer to that?

"And I invite YOU."

**Alice:** (*begins but gets cut off by the Red Queen*) I suppose—

**The Red Queen:** (*answers for her*) Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog - what remains?

**Alice:** (*considers*) 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!

**The Red Queen:** Then you think nothing would remain?

**Alice:** I think that's the answer.

**The Red Queen:** Wrong, as usual, the dog's temper would remain.

**Alice:** But I don't see how—

**The Red Queen:** Why, look here! The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?

**Alice:** (*replies cautiously*) Perhaps it would.

**The Red Queen:** (*exclaims triumphantly*) Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!

**Alice:** (*as gravely as she can*) They might go different ways.

**Alice:** (*to herself*) What dreadful nonsense we ARE talking!

**The Queens:** (*together, with great emphasis*) She can't do sums a BIT!

**Alice:** (*turns suddenly on the White Queen, for she doesn't like being found fault with so much*) Can YOU do sums?

**The White Queen:** (*gasps and shuts her eyes*) I can do addition, if you give me time—but I can do subtraction, under ANY circumstances!

**The Red Queen:** Of course you know your A B Cs?

**Alice:** To be sure I do.

**The White Queen:** (*whispers*) So do I, 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.

**The Red Queen:** (*begins again*) Can you answer useful questions? How is bread made?

**Alice:** (*cries eagerly*) I know THAT! You take some flour—

**The White Queen:** Where do you pick the flower? In a garden, or in the hedges?

**Alice:** (*explains*) Well, it isn't PICKED at all, it's GROUND—

**The White Queen:** How many acres of ground? You mustn't leave out so many things.

**The Red Queen:** (*anxiously interrupts*) Fan her head! She'll be feverish after so much thinking.

So they set to work and fan the White Queen with bunches of leaves, until she begs them to leave off, as it blows her hair about so.

**The Red Queen:** She's all right again now. Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?

**Alice:** (*replies gravely*) Fiddle-de-dee's not English.

**The Red Queen:** Who ever said it was?



Alice thinks she see a way out of the difficulty this time

**Alice:** (*exclaims triumphantly*) If you'll tell me what language "fiddle-de-dee" is, I'll tell you the French for it!

**The Red Queen:** (*draws herself up rather stiffly*) Queens never make bargains.

**Alice:** (*thinks to herself*) I wish Queens never asked questions.

**The White Queen:** (*in an anxious tone*) Don't let us quarrel. What is the cause of lightning?

**Alice:** (*very decidedly, for she feels quite certain about this*) The cause of lightning, is the thunder—no, no!

**Alice:** (*hastily corrects herself*) I meant the other way.

**The Red Queen:** It's too late to correct it, when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences.

**The White Queen:** (*looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands*) Which reminds me—we had SUCH a thunderstorm last Tuesday—I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know.

Alice is puzzled.

**Alice:** In OUR country, there's only one day at a time.

**The Red Queen:** That's a poor thin way of doing things. Now HERE, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together—for warmth, you know.

**Alice:** (*ventures to ask*) Are five nights warmer than one night, then?

**The Red Queen:** Five times as warm, of course.

**Alice:** But they should be five times as COLD, by the same rule—

**The Red Queen:** (*cries*) Just so! Five times as warm, AND five times as cold—just as I'm five times as rich as you are, AND five times as clever!

**Alice:** (*sighs and gives up*) It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!

**The White Queen:** (*in a low voice, more as if she is talking to herself*) Humpty Dumpty saw it too. He came to the door with a corkscrew in his hand—

**The Red Queen:** What did he want?

**The White Queen:** He said he WOULD come in, because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now, as it happened, there wasn't such a thing in the house, that morning.

**Alice:** (*in an astonished tone*) Is there generally?

**The White Queen:** Well, only on Thursdays.

**Alice:** I know what he came for. He wanted to punish the fish, because—

**The White Queen:** (*begins again*) It was SUCH a thunderstorm, you can't think!

**The Red Queen:** She NEVER could, you know.

**The White Queen:** And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps—and knocking over the tables and things—till I was so frightened, I couldn't remember my own name!

**Alice:** *(to herself, for fear of hurting the poor Queen's feelings)* I never should TRY to remember my name in the middle of an accident! Where would be the use of it?

**The Red Queen:** *(to Alice and taking one of the White Queen's hands in her own, and gently stroking it)* Your Majesty must excuse her, she means well, but she can't help saying foolish things, as a general rule.

The White Queen looks timidly at Alice, who feels she OUGHT to say something kind, but really can't think of anything at the moment.

**The Red Queen:** *(continues)* She never was really well brought up, but it's amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she'll be!

But this is more than Alice has courage to do.

**The Red Queen:** A little kindness—and putting her hair in papers—would do wonders with her—

The White Queen gives a deep sigh, and lays her head on Alice's shoulder.

**The White Queen:** *(moans)* I AM so sleepy!

**The Red Queen:** She's tired, poor thing! Smooth her hair—lend her your nightcap—and sing her a soothing lullaby.

**Alice:** *(as she tries to obey the first direction)* I haven't got a nightcap with me, and I don't know any soothing lullabies.

**The Red Queen:** I must do it myself, then.

**The Red Queen:**

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!

**The Red Queen:** *(she put her head down on Alice's other shoulder)* And now you know the words, just sing it through to ME. I'm getting sleepy, too.

In another moment both Queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

**Alice:** *(exclaims looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head, and then the other, rolls down from her shoulder, and lays like a heavy lump in her lap)* What AM I to do?

**Alice:** 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.

**Alice:** *(continues in an impatient tone, but there is no answer but a gentle snoring)* Do wake up, you heavy things!

The snoring gets more distinct every minute, and sounds more like a tune. At last Alice can make out the words, and she listens so eagerly that, when the two great heads vanish from her lap, she hardly misses them.



The White Queen & the Red Queen sleeping on Alice

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.'

**Alice:** I'll wait till the song's over, and then I'll ring—the—

**Alice:** (*very much puzzled by the names*) WHICH bell must I ring? I'm not a visitor, and I'm not a servant. There OUGHT to be one marked "Queen," you know—

Just then the door opens a little way,

**A Creature with a Long Beak:** (*puts its head out for a moment*) No admittance till the week after next!

The Creature shuts the door again with a bang.

Alice knocks and rings in vain for a long time, but at last, a very old Frog, who is sitting under a tree, gets up and hobbles slowly towards her. The Frog is dressed in bright yellow, and has enormous boots on.

**The Frog:** (*in a deep hoarse whisper*) What is it, now?

Alice turns round, ready to find fault with anybody.

**Alice:** (*angrily*) Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?

**The Frog:** Which door?

**Alice:** (*almost stamps with irritation at the slow drawl in which he speaks*) THIS door, of course!

The Frog looks at the door with his large dull eyes for a minute. Then he goes nearer and rubs it with his thumb, as if he were trying to see whether the paint would come off. Then he looks at Alice.

**The Frog:** (*The Frog is so hoarse that Alice can scarcely hear him*) To answer the door? What's it been asking of?

**Alice:** I don't know what you mean.

**The Frog:** I talks English, doesn't I? Or are you deaf? What did it ask you?

**Alice:** (*impatiently*) Nothing! I've been knocking at it!

**The Frog:** (*muttered*) Shouldn't do that—shouldn't do that—Vexes it, you know.

The Frog walks up and gives the door a kick with one of his great feet.

**The Frog:** (*pants out as he hobbles back to his tree*) You let IT alone, and it'll let YOU alone, you know.

At this moment the door is flung open, and a shrill voice is heard singing:

**A Shrill Voice:** To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said,

I've a scepter in hand, I've a crown on my head;

Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be,

Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me.

Hundreds of voices join in the chorus:

**Chorus:** Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,  
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran:  
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—  
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!



The Frog at Queen Alice's door .

There follows a confused noise of cheering.

**Alice:** *(to herself)* Thirty times three makes ninety. I wonder if any one's counting?

In a minute there is silence again, and the same shrill voice sings another verse;

**A Shrill Voice:** "O Looking-Glass creatures, 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 comes the chorus again:—

**Chorus:** 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!

**Alice:** *(repeats in despair)* Ninety times nine! Oh, that'll never be done! I'd better go in at once—

There is a dead silence the moment she appears. Alice glances nervously along the table, as she walks up the large hall, and notices that there are about fifty guests, of all kinds: some are animals, some birds, and there are even a few flowers among them.

I've a scepter in hand, a crown on my head.

**Alice:** I'm glad they've come without waiting to be asked, I should never have known who were the right people to invite!

There are three chairs at the head of the table; the Red and White Queens have already taken two of them, but the middle one is empty. Alice sits down in it, rather uncomfortable in the silence, and longing for some one to speak.

**The Red Queen:** *(begins at last)* You've missed the soup and fish. Put on the joint!

The waiters set a leg of mutton before Alice, who looks at it rather anxiously, as she has never had to carve a joint before.

**The Red Queen:** You look a little shy; let me introduce you to that leg of mutton, Alice—Mutton; Mutton—Alice.

The leg of mutton gets up in the dish and makes a little bow to Alice. Alice returns the bow, not knowing whether to be frightened or amused.

**Alice:** *(taking up the knife and fork, and looking from one Queen to the other)* May I give you a slice?

**The Red Queen:** *(very decidedly)* Certainly not, it isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to. Remove the joint! The waiters carry it off, and bring a large plum-pudding in its place.



The Leg of Mutton Making A Bow

**Alice:** (*rather hastily*) I won't be introduced to the pudding, please, or we shall get no dinner at all. May I give you some?

**The Red Queen:** (*looks sulky and growls*) Pudding—Alice; Alice—Pudding. Remove the pudding!

The waiters take it away so quickly that Alice can't return its bow.

However, she doesn't see why the Red Queen should be the only one to give orders, so, as an experiment,

**Alice:** (*calls out*) Waiter! Bring back the pudding!

There it is again in a moment like a conjuring-trick. It is so large that she can't help feeling a LITTLE shy with it, as she has been with the mutton. However, she conquers her shyness with a great effort, cuts a slice and hands it to the Red Queen.

**The Pudding:** What impertinence! I wonder how you'd like it, if I were to cut a slice out of YOU, you creature!

The Pudding speaks in a thick, suety sort of voice, and Alice hasn't a word to say in reply. She can only sit and look at it and gasp.

**The Red Queen:** Make a remark. It's ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!

**Alice:** (*begins, a little frightened at finding that, the moment she opens her lips, there is dead silence, and all eyes are fixed upon her*) Do you know, I've had such a quantity of poetry repeated to me to-day, and it's a very curious thing, I think—every poem was about fishes in some way. Do you know why they're so fond of fishes, all about here?

**The Red Queen:** (*she says, very slowly and solemnly, putting her mouth close to Alice's ear*) As to fishes, her White Majesty knows a lovely riddle—all in poetry—all about fishes. Shall she repeat it?

**The White Queen:** (*murmurs into Alice's other ear, in a voice like the cooing of a pigeon*) Her Red Majesty's very kind to mention it. It would be SUCH a treat! May I?

**Alice:** (*very politely*) Please do.

**The White Queen:** (*laughs with delight, and strokes Alice's cheek*) First, the fish must be caught.

That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.

"Next, the fish must be bought."

That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.

"Now cook me the fish!"

That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.

"Let it lie in a dish!"

That is easy, because it already is in it.

"Bring it here! Let me sup!"

It is easy to set such a dish on the table.

"Take the dish-cover up!"

Ah, THAT is so hard that I fear I'm unable!

For it holds it like glue—

Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:

Which is easiest to do,

Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?

**The Red Queen:** (*screams at the top of her voice*) Take a minute to think about it, and then guess. Meanwhile, we'll drink to your health—to Queen Alice's health!

All the guests begin drinking it directly, and very queerly they manage it. Some of them put their glasses upon their heads like extinguishers, and drink all that trickles down their faces—others upset the decanters, and drink the wine as it runs off the edges of the table—and three of them (who look like kangaroos) scramble into the dish of roast mutton, and begin eagerly lapping up the gravy.



**Alice:** *(to herself)* Just like pigs in a trough!

**The Red Queen:** *(frowning at Alice as she speaks)* You ought to return thanks in a neat speech.

**The White Queen:** *(whispers)* We must support you, you know.

Alice gets up to do it, very obediently, but a little frightened.

**Alice:** *(whispers in reply)* Thank you very much, but I can do quite well without.

**The Red Queen:** *(very decidedly)* That wouldn't be at all the thing.

Alice tries to submit to it with a good grace.

*(‘And they DID push so!’ she says afterwards, when she is telling her sister the history of the feast. ‘You would have thought they wanted to squeeze me flat!’)*

In fact it is rather difficult for her to keep in her place while she makes her speech. The two Queens push her so, one on each side, that they nearly lift her up into the air.

**Alice:** I rise to return thanks—

She really DOES rise as she speaks, several inches, but she gets hold of the edge of the table, and manages to pull herself down again.

**The White Queen:** *(screams and seizes Alice's hair with both her hands)* Take care of yourself! Something's going to happen!

And then (as Alice afterwards describes it) all sorts of things happen in a moment. The candles all grow up to the ceiling, looking something like a bed of rushes with fireworks at the top. As to the bottles, they each take a pair of plates, which they hastily fit on as wings, and so, with forks for legs, go fluttering about in all directions.

**Alice:** *(to herself, as well as she can in the dreadful confusion that is beginning)* And very like birds they look.

At this moment Alice hears a hoarse laugh at her side, and turns to see what is the matter with the White Queen. However instead of the Queen, there is the leg of mutton sitting in the chair.

**The White Queen:** *(cries a voice from the soup tureen)* Here I am!

Alice turns 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 disappears into the soup.

There is not a moment to be lost. Already several of the guests are lying down in the dishes, and the soup ladle is walking up the table towards Alice's chair, and beckoning to her impatiently to get out of its way.

**Alice:** *(cries as she jumps up)* I can't stand this any longer!

Alice seizes the table-cloth with both hands and with one good pull, the plates, dishes, guests, and candles come crashing down together in a heap on the floor.

**Alice:** *(turns fiercely upon the Red Queen whom she considers to be the cause of all the mischief)* And as for YOU—

But the Red Queen is no longer at her side as she has suddenly dwindled down to the size of a little doll, and is now on the table, merrily running round and round after her own shawl, which is trailing behind her.



Alice pulling the tablecloth.

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this, but she is far too much excited to be surprised at anything NOW.

**Alice:** *(repeats, catching hold of the little Red Queen in the very act of jumping over a bottle which has just lit upon the table)* As for YOU.

**Alice:** I'll shake you into a kitten, that I will!



# [X] Shaking

Alice shaking the  
Red Queen .



She takes her off the table as she speaks, and shakes her backwards and forwards with all her might. The Red Queen makes no resistance whatever; only her face grows very small, and her eyes get large and green. As Alice continues shaking her, she keeps on growing shorter—and fatter—and softer—and rounder—and—

# [XI] Waking



Alice shaking the  
Black Kitten .

and it really WAS a kitten after all.

# [XII] Which Dreamed It?

Alice is back in the parlor with the chess pieces and the cats.

**Alice:** (*rubbing her eyes, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with some severity*) Your majesty shouldn't purr so loud. You woke me out of oh! such a nice dream! And you've been along with me, Kitty—all through the Looking-Glass world. Did you know it, dear?

**Alice:** It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens that, whatever you say to them, they ALWAYS purr. If they would only purr for "yes" and mew for "no," or any rule of that sort, so that one could keep up a conversation! But how CAN you talk with a person if they always say the same thing?

The kitten only purrs, and it is impossible to guess whether it means 'yes' or 'no.'

Alice hunts among the chessmen on the table until she finds the Red Queen. Then she goes down on her knees on the hearth-rug, and puts the black kitten [Dinah] and the Red Queen to look at each other.

**Alice:** (*cries, clapping her hands triumphantly*) Now, Kitty! Confess that was what you turned into!

**Alice:** (*explaining afterwards to her sister*) But it wouldn't look at it, it turned away its head, and pretended not to see it. But it looked a LITTLE ashamed of itself, so I think it MUST have been the Red Queen.

**Alice:** (*cries with a merry laugh*) Sit up a little more stiffly, dear! And curtsy while you're thinking what to—what to purr. It saves time, remember!

**Alice:** (*picks up the black kitten and gives it one little kiss*) Just in honor of having been a Red Queen.

**Alice:** (*looks over her shoulder at the White Kitten [Snowdrop], which is still patiently undergoing its toilet*) Snowdrop, my pet! When WILL Dinah have finished with your White Majesty, I wonder? That must be the reason you were so untidy in my dream—Dinah! do you know that you're scrubbing a White Queen? Really, it's most disrespectful of you!



Alice, the Red Queen chess piece and the two kittens, Dinah and Snowdrop.

Carroll, Lewis; C&C Web Press. Through the Looking-Glass (Illustrated Edition) (optimized for Kindle) (p. 16). C&C Web Press. Kindle Edition.

**Alice:** *(prattles on, as she settles comfortably down, with one elbow in the rug, and her chin in her hand, to watch the kittens)* And what did DINAH turn to, I wonder? Tell me, Dinah, did you turn to Humpty Dumpty? I THINK you did—however, you'd better not mention it to your friends just yet, for I'm not sure.

**Alice:** By the way, Kitty, if only you'd been really with me in my dream, there was one thing you WOULD have enjoyed—I had such a quantity of poetry said to me, all about fishes! Tomorrow morning you shall have a real treat. All the time you're eating your breakfast, I'll repeat "The Walrus and the Carpenter" to you; and then you can make believe it's oysters, dear!

**Alice:** Now, Kitty, let's consider who it was that dreamed it all. This is a serious question, my dear, and you should NOT go on licking your paw like that—as if Dinah hadn't washed you this morning! You see, Kitty, it MUST have been either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course—but then I was part of his dream, too! WAS it the Red King, Kitty? You were his wife, my dear, so you ought to know—Oh, Kitty, DO help to settle it! I'm sure your paw can wait!

But the provoking kitten only begins on the other paw, and pretends it hasn't heard the question.

Which do YOU think it was?

— "Life, what is it but a dream?"

A boat beneath a sunny sky,  
 Linger on 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—  
 Linger in the golden gleam—  
 Life, what is it but a dream?

THE END