

# There.

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Gryphon: and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:-- 'You may not have lived much under the sea--' ('I haven't,' said Alice)-- 'and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster--' (Alice began to say 'I once tasted--' but checked herself hastily, and said 'No, never') '--so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!' 'No, indeed,' said Alice. 'What sort of a dance is it?' 'Why,' said the Gryphon, 'you first form into a line along the sea-shore--' 'Two lines!' cried the Mock Turtle. 'Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way--' 'THAT generally takes some time,' interrupted the Gryphon. '--you advance twice--' 'Each with a lobster as a partner!' cried the Gryphon. 'Of course,' the Mock Turtle said: 'advance twice, set to partners--' '--change lobsters, and retire in same order,' continued the Gryphon. 'Then, you know,' the Mock Turtle went on, 'you throw the--' 'The lobsters!' shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air. '--as far out to sea as you can--' 'Swim after them!' screamed the Gryphon. 'Turn a somersault in the sea!' cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about. 'Change lobsters again!' yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice. 'Back to land again, and that's all the first figure,' said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice. 'It must be a very pretty dance,' said Alice timidly. 'Would you like to see a little of it?' said the Mock Turtle. 'Very much indeed,' said Alice. 'Come, let's try the first figure!' said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. 'We can do without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?' 'Oh, YOU sing,' said the Gryphon. 'I've forgotten the words.' So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:-- "'Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail. "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail. See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance! They are waiting on the shingle--will you come and join the dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance? "You can really have no notion how delightful it will be When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!" But the snail replied "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance-- Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance. Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance. "'What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied. "There is another shore, you know, upon the other side. The further off from England the nearer is to.