

Alice.

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Alice, 'it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.' 'I can tell you more than that, if you like,' said the Gryphon. 'Do you know why it's called a whiting?' 'I never thought about it,' said Alice. 'Why?' 'IT DOES THE BOOTS AND SHOES.' the Gryphon replied very solemnly. Alice was thoroughly puzzled. 'Does the boots and shoes!' she repeated in a wondering tone. 'Why, what are YOUR shoes done with?' said the Gryphon. 'I mean, what makes them so shiny?' Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. 'They're done with blacking, I believe.' 'Boots and shoes under the sea,' the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, 'are done with a whiting. Now you know.' 'And what are they made of?' Alice asked in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. There was nothing so VERY remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so VERY much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it. She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else. CHAPTER V. Advice from a Caterpillar The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, 'So you think you're changed, do you?' 'I'm afraid I am, sir,' said Alice; 'I can't remember things as I used--and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!' 'Can't remember WHAT things?' said the Caterpillar. 'Well, I've tried to say "HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE," but it all came different!' Alice replied in a very melancholy voice. 'Repeat, "YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM,"' said the Caterpillar. Alice folded her hands, and began:-- 'You are old, Father William,' the young man said, 'And your hair has become very white; And yet you incessantly stand on your head-- Do you think, at your age, it is right?' 'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son, 'I feared it might injure the brain; But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none, Why, I do it again and again.' 'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws are too weak For anything tougher than suet; Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak-- Pray how did you manage to do it?' 'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law, And argued each case with my wife; And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw, Has lasted the rest of my life.' 'You are old,' said the youth, 'one.