



The Rabbit jumped wildly, and dropped the gloves and the fan.

different person, then the next question is – *who* am I? Ah, that's the mystery.'

She began to feel very unhappy again, but then she looked down at her hand. She was wearing one of the Rabbit's white gloves. 'How did I get it on my hand?' she thought. 'Oh, I'm getting smaller again!' She looked

round the room. 'I'm already less than a metre high. And getting smaller every second! How can I stop it?' She saw the fan in her other hand, and quickly dropped it.

She was now very, very small – and the little garden door was locked again, and the little gold key was lying on the glass table.

'Things are worse than ever,' thought poor Alice. She turned away from the door, and fell into salt water, right up to her neck. At first she thought it was the sea, but then she saw it was the pool of tears. Her tears. Crying makes a lot of tears when you are three metres tall.

'Oh, why did I cry so much?' said Alice. She swam around and looked for a way out, but the pool was very big. Just then she saw an animal in the water near her. It looked like a large animal to Alice, but it was only a mouse.

'Shall I speak to it?' thought Alice. 'Everything's very strange down here, so perhaps a mouse can talk.'

So she began: 'Oh Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming, oh Mouse!' (Alice did not know if this was the right way to speak to a mouse. But she wanted to be polite.)

The mouse looked at her with its little eyes, but it said nothing.

'Perhaps it doesn't understand English,' thought Alice. 'Perhaps it's a French mouse.' So she began again, and



It looked like a large animal to Alice, but it was only a mouse.

said in French: 'Where is my cat?' (This was the first sentence in her French lesson-book.)

The mouse jumped half out of the water and looked at her angrily.

'Oh, I'm so sorry!' cried Alice quickly. 'Of course, you don't like cats, do you?'

'Like cats?' cried the mouse in a high, angry voice. 'Does any mouse like cats?'

'Well, perhaps not,' Alice began kindly.

But the mouse was now swimming quickly away, and soon Alice was alone again. At last she found her way out of the pool and sat down on the ground. She felt very

lonely and unhappy. But after a while the White Rabbit came past again, looking for his white gloves and his fan.

‘The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my ears and whiskers! She’ll cut my head off, I know she will! Oh, where *did* I drop my gloves?’ Then he saw Alice. ‘Why, Mary Ann, what are you doing here? Run home at once, and bring me some gloves and a fan. Quick, now!’

Alice hurried away. ‘But where is his house?’ she thought while she ran. Strangely, she was no longer in the long room with the little door, but outside in a wood. She ran and ran but could not see a house anywhere, so she sat down under a flower to rest.

3

Conversation with a caterpillar

*N*ow,’ Alice said to herself. ‘First, I must get a little bigger, and second, I must find my way into that beautiful garden. I think that will be the best plan. But oh dear! *How* shall I get bigger? Perhaps I must eat or drink something, but the question is, what?’

Alice looked all around her at the flowers and the trees, but she could not see anything to eat. Then she saw a large mushroom near her. It was as tall as she was. She walked across to look at it, and there, on top of the

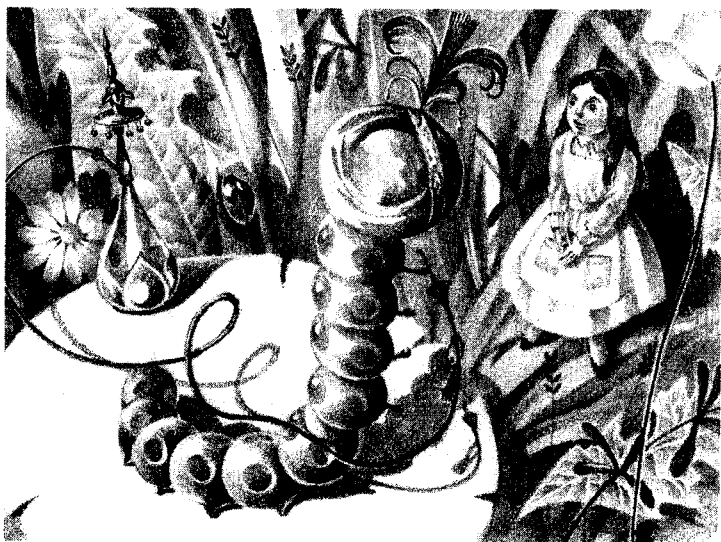
mushroom, was a large caterpillar, smoking a pipe. After a while, the Caterpillar took the pipe out of its mouth and said to Alice in a slow, sleepy voice, 'Who are you?'

'I don't really know, sir,' said Alice. 'I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I have changed so often since then. I think I am a different person now.'

'What do you mean by that?' said the Caterpillar. 'Explain yourself!'

'I can't explain *myself*, sir,' said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you know.'

'I don't know,' said the Caterpillar.



'Explain yourself!' said the Caterpillar.

‘It’s difficult to describe,’ Alice replied politely. ‘One minute I’m very small, the next minute I’m as tall as a house, then I’m small again. Usually, I stay the same all day, and changing so often feels very strange to me.’

‘You!’ said the Caterpillar, in a very unfriendly voice. ‘Who are *you*?’

They were now back at the beginning of their conversation, which was not very helpful. Alice felt a little cross and decided to walk away.

‘Come back!’ the Caterpillar called after her. ‘I’ve something important to say.’

This sounded better, so Alice turned back.

‘Never get angry,’ said the Caterpillar.

‘Is that all?’ said Alice, trying not to be angry.

‘No,’ said the Caterpillar. For some minutes it smoked its pipe and did not speak, but at last it took the pipe out of its mouth, and said, ‘So you’ve changed, have you? How tall do you want to be?’

‘I would like to be *a little* larger, sir, please,’ said Alice. ‘Eight centimetres is really very small.’

For a while the Caterpillar smoked its pipe. Then it shook itself, got down off the mushroom, and moved slowly away into the grass. It did not look back at Alice, but said, ‘One side will make you taller, and the other side will make you shorter.’

‘One side of *what*?’ thought Alice to herself.

She did not say this aloud, but the Caterpillar said, 'Of the mushroom.' Then it moved away into the wood.

Alice looked at the mushroom carefully, but it was round, and did not have sides. At last she broke off a piece in each hand from opposite sides of the mushroom. She ate some of the piece in her left hand, and waited to see what would happen.

A minute later her head was as high as the tallest tree in the wood, and she was looking at a sea of green leaves. Then a bird appeared and began to fly around her head, screaming, 'Egg thief! Egg thief! Go away!'

'I'm *not* an egg thief,' said Alice.

'Oh no?' said the bird angrily. 'But you eat eggs, don't you?'

'Well, yes, I do, but I don't *steal* them,'



'Egg thief! Egg thief! Go away!' screamed the bird.

explained Alice quickly. 'We have them for breakfast, you know.'

'Then how do you get them, if you don't steal them?' screamed the bird.

This was a difficult question to answer, so Alice brought up her right hand through the leaves and ate a little from the other piece of mushroom. She began to get smaller at once and, very carefully, she ate first from one hand, then from the other, until she was about twenty-five centimetres high.

'That's better,' she said to herself. 'And now I must find that garden.' She began to walk through the wood, and after a while she came to a little house.

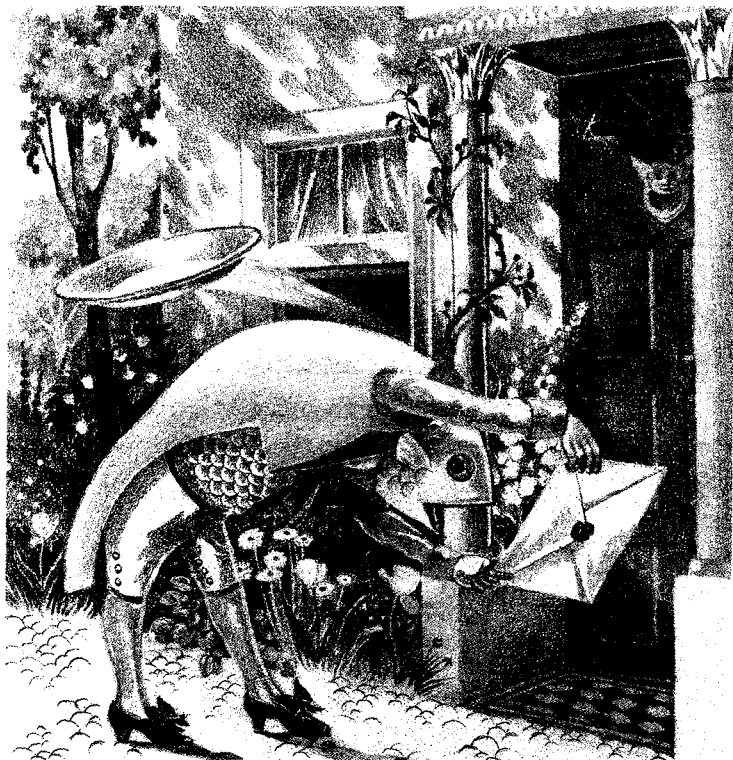
4

The Cheshire Cat

There was a boy outside the door, with a large letter in his hand. (He was dressed like a boy, but his face was very like a fish, Alice thought.) The Fish-Boy knocked at the door, and a second later a large plate came flying out of an open window.

'A letter for the Duchess,' the Fish-Boy shouted. He pushed the letter under the door and went away.

Alice went up to the door and knocked, but there was



'A letter for the Duchess,' the Fish-Boy shouted.

a lot of noise inside and nobody answered. So she opened the door and walked in.

She found herself in a kitchen, which was full of smoke. There was a very angry cook by the fire, and in the middle of the room sat the Duchess, holding a screaming baby. Every few minutes a plate crashed to

the floor. There was also a large cat, which was sitting on a chair and grinning from ear to ear.

'Please,' Alice said politely to the Duchess, 'why does your cat grin like that?'

'It's a Cheshire Cat,' said the Duchess. 'That's why.'

'I didn't know that cats *could* grin,' said Alice.

'Well, you don't know much,' said the Duchess. Another plate crashed to the floor and Alice jumped. 'Here!' the Duchess went on. 'You can hold the baby for a bit, if you like. The Queen has invited me to play



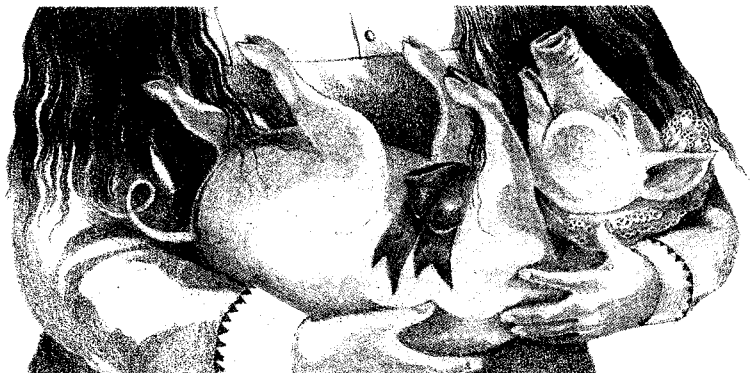
There was a large cat, which was grinning from ear to ear.

croquet, and I must go and get ready.' She pushed the baby into Alice's arms and hurried out of the room.

'Oh, the poor little thing!' said Alice, looking at the baby, which had a very strange face. She took it outside into the wood and walked around under the trees. Then the baby began to make strange noises, and Alice looked into its face again. Its eyes were really very small for a baby, and its nose now looked very like the nose of a pig.

'Don't make noises like that, my dear,' said Alice. 'It's not polite. You're beginning to sound like a pig.'





There was no mistake. It was a pig.

But a few minutes later, there was no mistake. It *was* a pig. Alice put it carefully on the ground, and it ran quietly away on its four legs into the wood.

‘I’m pleased about that,’ Alice said to herself. ‘It will be a good-looking pig, but it would be terrible to be a child with a face like that.’

She was thinking about pigs and children when she suddenly saw the Cheshire Cat in a tree. The Cat grinned at her, and she went nearer to it.

‘Please,’ she said, ‘can you tell me which way to go from here?’

‘But where do you want to get to?’ said the Cat.

‘It doesn’t really matter—’ began Alice.

‘Then it doesn’t matter which way you go,’ said the Cat.

‘But I would like to get *somewhere*,’ Alice explained.

‘If you just go on walking,’ said the Cat, ‘in the end you’ll arrive somewhere.’

That was true, thought Alice, but not very helpful, so she tried another question. ‘What kind of people live near here?’

‘To the left,’ the Cat said, ‘lives a Hatter. And to the right, lives a March Hare. You can visit either of them. They’re both mad.’

‘But I don’t want to visit mad people,’ said Alice.

‘We’re all mad here, you know,’ said the Cat. ‘I’m mad. You’re mad.’

‘How do you know that I’m mad?’ said Alice.

‘Of course you’re mad,’ said the Cat. ‘Only mad people come here.’

Alice was thinking about this, but the Cat went on, ‘Are you playing croquet with the Queen today?’

‘I would like to very much,’ said Alice, ‘but nobody has invited me yet.’

‘You’ll see me there,’ said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not really surprised at this, because so many strange things were happening today. She was still looking at the tree when, suddenly, the Cat appeared again.

‘I forgot to ask,’ said the Cat. ‘What happened to the baby?’

‘It turned into a pig,’ Alice said.

'I'm not surprised,' said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice began to walk on, and decided to visit the March Hare. 'It's the month of May now,' she said to herself, 'so perhaps the Hare won't be as mad as he was in March.'

Suddenly, there was the Cheshire Cat again, sitting in another tree. Alice jumped in surprise.

'Do you think,' she said politely, 'that you could come and go more slowly?'

'All right,' said the Cat. And this time it vanished very slowly. First its tail went, then its body, then its head, and last, the grin.

'Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin,' thought Alice, 'but never a grin without a cat!'

Soon she saw the house of the March Hare in front of her. It was a large house, so she ate a little piece of mushroom to get bigger, and walked on.



This time the Cat vanished very slowly.

A mad tea-party

There was a table under a tree outside the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea. A Dormouse was sitting between them, asleep. The three of them were all sitting together at one corner of the table, but the table was large and there were many other seats. Alice sat down in a big chair at one end.

‘Have some coffee,’ the March Hare said in a friendly voice.

Alice looked all round the table, but she could only see a teapot. ‘I don’t see any coffee,’ she said.

‘There isn’t any,’ said the March Hare.

‘Then why did you ask me to have some?’ said Alice crossly. ‘It wasn’t very polite of you.’

‘It wasn’t very polite of you to sit down. We haven’t invited you to tea,’ said the March Hare.

‘But there are lots of seats,’ said Alice.

‘Your hair’s too long,’ said the Hatter, looking at Alice with interest.

‘It’s not polite to say things like that,’ said Alice.

The Hatter looked surprised, but he said, ‘Why is a bird like a desk?’

Alice was pleased. She enjoyed playing wordgames, so she said, ‘That’s an easy question.’