



The March Hare and the Hatter were having tea.

‘Do you mean you know the answer?’ said the March Hare.

‘Yes,’ said Alice.

‘Then you must say what you mean,’ the March Hare said.

‘I do,’ Alice said quickly. ‘Well, I mean what I say. And that’s the same thing, you know.’

‘No, it isn’t!’ said the Hatter. ‘Listen to this. *I see what I eat* means one thing, but *I eat what I see* means something very different.’

Alice did not know what to say to this. So she took some tea and some bread-and-butter while she thought about it. The Dormouse woke up for a minute and then went to sleep again. After a while the Hatter took out his watch, shook it, then looked at it sadly.

‘Two days slow! I told you that butter wasn’t good for watches!’ he said angrily to the March Hare.

‘It was the *best* butter,’ said the March Hare sadly.

Alice was looking at the watch with interest. ‘It’s a strange watch,’ she said. ‘It shows the day of the week, but not the time.’

‘But we know the time,’ said the Hatter. ‘It’s always six o’clock here.’

Alice suddenly understood. ‘Is that why there are all these cups and plates?’ she said. ‘It’s always tea-time here, and you go on moving round the table. Is that right? But what happens when you come to the beginning again?’

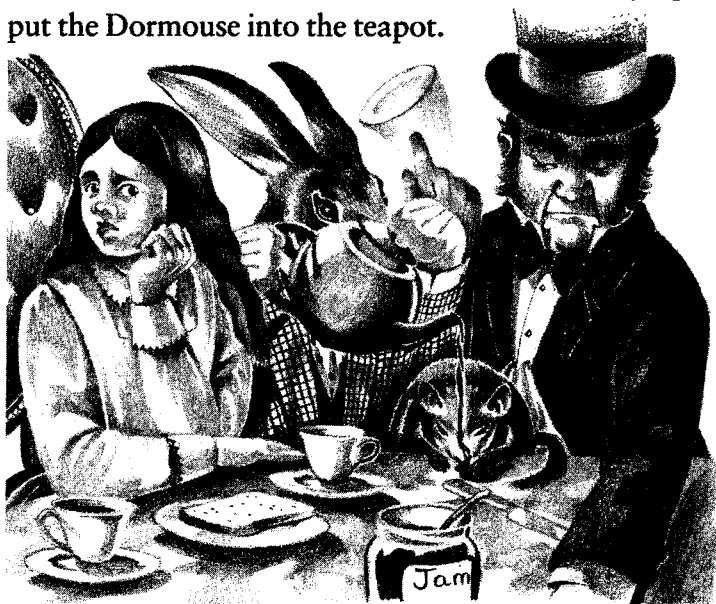
‘Don’t ask questions,’ said the March Hare crossly. ‘You must tell us a story now.’

‘But I don’t know any stories,’ said Alice.

Then the March Hare and the Hatter turned to the Dormouse. 'Wake up, Dormouse!' they shouted loudly in its ears. 'Tell us a story.'

'Yes, please do,' said Alice.

The Dormouse woke up and quickly began to tell a story, but a few minutes later it was asleep again. The March Hare poured a little hot tea on its nose, and the Hatter began to look for a clean plate. Alice decided to leave and walked away into the wood. She looked back once, and the March Hare and the Hatter were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.



*The March Hare poured a little hot tea
on the Dormouse's nose.*

‘Well, I won’t go *there* again,’ said Alice. ‘What a stupid tea-party it was!’ Just then she saw a door in one of the trees. ‘How curious!’ she thought. ‘But everything is strange today. I think I’ll go in.’

So she went in. And there she was, back in the long room with the little glass table. At once, she picked up the gold key from the table, unlocked the little door into the garden, and then began to eat a piece of mushroom. When she was down to about thirty centimetres high, she walked through the door, and then, at last, she was *in* the beautiful garden with its green trees and bright flowers.

6

The Queen’s game of croquet

*N*ear the door there was a rose-tree and three gardeners, who were looking at the roses in a very worried way.

‘What’s the matter?’ Alice said to them.

‘You see, Miss,’ said the first gardener, ‘these roses are white, but the Queen only likes *red* roses, and she—’

‘The Queen!’ said the second gardener suddenly, and at once, the three gardeners lay down flat on their faces. Alice turned round and saw a great crowd of people.

It was a pack of cards, walking through the garden. There were clubs (they were soldiers), and diamonds, and ten little children (they were hearts). Next came some Kings and Queens. Then Alice saw the White Rabbit, and behind him, the Knave of Hearts. And last of all, came *THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS*.

When the crowd came near to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said, 'Who are you?'

'My name is Alice, Your Majesty,' said Alice very politely. But she thought to herself, 'They're only a pack of cards. I don't need to be afraid of them!'

'And who are *these*?' said the Queen, looking at the three gardeners. Then she saw the white roses, and her



It was a pack of cards, walking through the garden.

face turned red and angry. 'Off with their heads!' she shouted, and soldiers hurried up to take the gardeners away. The Queen turned to Alice. 'Can you play croquet?' she shouted.

'Yes!' shouted Alice.

'Come on, then!' shouted the Queen. The crowd began to move on, and Alice went with them.

'It's – it's a very fine day,' said a worried voice in her ear. Alice saw that the White Rabbit was by her side.

'Very fine,' said Alice. 'Where's the Duchess?'

'Shhh!' said the Rabbit in a hurried voice. 'She's in prison, waiting for execution.'

'What for?' said Alice.



But just then the Queen shouted, 'Get to your places!', and the game began.

It was the strangest game of croquet in Alice's life! The balls were hedgehogs, and the mallets were flamingoes. And the hoops were made by soldiers, who turned over and stood on their hands and feet. Alice held her flamingo's body under her arm, but the flamingo turned its long neck first this way and then that way. At last, Alice was ready to hit the ball with the flamingo's head. But by then, the hedgehog was tired of waiting and was walking away across the croquet-ground. And when both the flamingo and the hedgehog were ready, there was no hoop! The soldiers too were always getting up and walking away. It really was a very difficult game, Alice thought.

The players all played at the same time, and they were always arguing and fighting for hedgehogs. Nobody could agree about anything. Very soon, the Queen was wildly angry, and went around shouting 'Off with his head!' or 'Off with her head!' about once a minute.

Alice began to feel worried. 'The Queen is sure to argue with me soon,' she thought. 'And what will happen to me then? They're cutting people's heads off all the time here. I'm surprised there is anyone left alive!'

Just then she saw something very strange. She watched carefully, and after a minute or two she saw that the



The balls were hedgehogs, and the mallets were flamingoes.

thing was a grin. 'It's the Cheshire Cat,' she said to herself. 'Now I'll have somebody to talk to.'

'How are you getting on?' said the Cat, when its mouth appeared.

Alice waited. 'I can't talk to something without ears,' she thought. Slowly the Cat's eyes, then its ears, and then the rest of its head appeared. But it stopped at the neck, and its body did not appear.

Alice began to tell the Cat all about the game. 'It's very difficult to play,' she said. 'Everybody argues all the

time, and the hoops and the hedgehogs walk away.'

'How do you like the Queen?' said the Cat quietly.

'I don't,' said Alice. 'She's very—' Just then she saw the Queen behind her, so she went on, '—clever. She's the best player here.'

The Queen smiled and walked past.

'Who *are* you talking to?' said the King. He came up behind Alice and looked at the Cat's head in surprise.

'It's a friend of mine – a Cheshire Cat,' said Alice.

'I'm not sure that I like it,' said the King. 'But it can touch my hand if it likes.'

'I prefer not to,' said the Cat.

'Well!' said the King angrily. He called out to the Queen, 'My dear! There's a cat here, and I don't like it.'

The Queen did not look round. 'Off with its head!' she shouted. 'Call for the executioner!'

Alice was a little worried for her friend, but when the executioner arrived, everybody began to argue.

'I can't cut off a head,' said the executioner, 'if there isn't a body to cut it off from.'

'You can cut the head off,' said the King, 'from anything that's got a head.'

'If somebody doesn't do something quickly,' said the Queen, 'I'll cut everybody's head off.'

Nobody liked that plan very much, so they all turned to Alice. 'And what do *you* say?' they cried.



'Off with its head!' the Queen shouted.

'The Cat belongs to the Duchess,' said Alice carefully. 'Perhaps you could ask *her* about it.'

'She's in prison,' the Queen said to the executioner. 'Bring her here at once.'

But then the Cat's head slowly began to vanish, and when the executioner came back with the Duchess, there was nothing there. The King ran wildly up and down, looking for the Cat, and the Duchess put her arm round Alice. 'I'm so pleased to see you again, my dear!' she said.

'Let's get on with the game,' the Queen said angrily, and Alice followed her back to the croquet-ground.

The game went on, but all the time the Queen was arguing, and shouting 'Off with his head!' or 'Off with her head!' Soon there were no hoops left, because the soldiers (who were the hoops) were too busy taking everybody to prison. And at the end there were only three players left – the King, the Queen, and Alice.

The Queen stopped shouting and said to Alice, 'Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?'

'No,' said Alice. 'I'm not sure what a Mock Turtle is.'

'Then come with me,' said the Queen.

They found the Mock Turtle down by the sea. Next to him was a Gryphon, asleep in the sun. Then the Queen hurried away, saying, 'I have to get on with some executions.'

The Gryphon woke up, and said sleepily to Alice, 'It's just talk, you know. They never execute anybody.'

Alice was pleased to hear this. She felt a little afraid of the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle, because they were so large. But they were very friendly, and sang songs and told her many stories about their lives. The Mock Turtle



The Mock Turtle and the Gryphon were very friendly.

was in the middle of a very sad song when they all heard a shout a long way away: 'It's beginning!'

'Come on! We must hurry!' cried the Gryphon. It took Alice by the hand and began to run.

7

Who stole the tarts?

The King and Queen of Hearts were sitting on their thrones when Alice and the Gryphon arrived. There was a great crowd of birds and animals, and all the pack of cards.

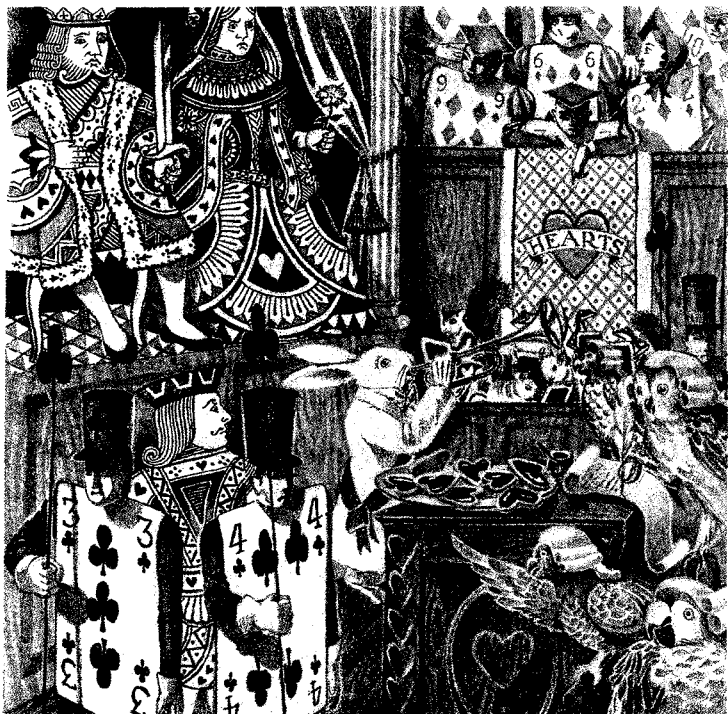
Soldiers stood all around the Knave of Hearts, and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand.

In the middle of the room there was a table, with a large plate of tarts on it. 'They look good,' thought Alice, who was feeling a little hungry.

Then the White Rabbit called out loudly, 'Silence! The trial of the Knave of Hearts will now begin!' He took out a long piece of paper, and read:

*The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day.*

*The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them all away.*



On the table was a large plate of tarts.

‘Very good,’ said the King. ‘Call the first witness.’

Alice looked at the jury, who were now writing everything down. It was a very strange jury. Some of the jurymen were animals, and the others were birds.

Then the White Rabbit blew his trumpet three times, and called out, ‘First witness!’

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a

teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other hand. 'I'm very sorry, Your Majesty,' he said. 'I was in the middle of tea when the trial began.'

'Take off your hat,' the King said.

'It isn't mine,' said the Hatter.

'*Stolen!* Write that down,' the King said to the jury.

'I keep hats to sell,' explained the Hatter. 'I don't have a hat myself. I'm a Hatter.'

'Give your evidence,' said the King, 'or we'll cut your head off.'

The Hatter's face turned white. 'I'm a poor man, Your Majesty,' he began, in a shaking voice.

Just then Alice had a strange feeling. After a minute or two she understood what it was.

'Don't push like that,' said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. 'I'm nearly falling off my seat.'

'I'm very sorry,' Alice said politely. 'I'm getting bigger and taller, you see.'

'Well, you can't do that *here*,' said the Dormouse crossly, and he got up and moved to another seat.

The Hatter was still giving evidence, but nobody could understand a word of it. The King looked at the Queen, and the Queen looked at the executioner.

The unhappy Hatter saw this, and dropped his bread-and-butter. 'I'm a poor man, Your Majesty,' he said again.



The unhappy Hatter dropped his bread-and-butter.

‘You’re a *very* poor *speaker*,’ said the King. He turned to the White Rabbit. ‘Call the next witness,’ he said.

The next witness was the Duchess’s cook, who spoke very angrily and said that she would not give any evidence. The King looked worried and told the White Rabbit to call another witness. Alice watched while the White Rabbit looked at the names on his piece of paper. Then, to her great surprise, he called out loudly, ‘Alice!’

‘Here!’ cried Alice, jumping to her feet.

‘What do you know about these tarts?’ said the King.

‘Nothing,’ said Alice.

The Queen was looking hard at Alice. Now she said, ‘All people a mile high must leave the room.’

‘I’m not a mile high,’ said Alice. ‘And I won’t leave the room. I want to hear the evidence.’