

\*\*\*This is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Alice in Wonderland\*\*\* \*This 30th edition should be labeled [alice30.txt](#) or [alice30.zip](#). \*\*\*This Edition Is Being Officially Released On March 8, 1994\*\*\* \*\*In Celebration Of The 23rd Anniversary of Project Gutenberg\*\*\*

Please take a look at the [important information](#) in this header. We [encourage](#) you to keep this file on your own disk, keeping an [electronic](#) path open for the next readers. Do not remove this.

\*\*Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts\*\*

\*\*Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971\*\*

\*These Etexts Prepared By Hundreds of Volunteers and Donations\*

[Information](#) on [contacting](#) Project Gutenberg to get Etexts, and further [information](#) is [included](#) below. We need your [donations](#).

[Alice's Adventures in Wonderland](#)

March, 1994 [Etext #11] [[Originally](#) released in January, 1991] [Date last [updated](#): March 3, 2005]

\*\*\*\*\*The Project Gutenberg Etext of Alice In Wonderland\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*This file should be named [alice30.txt](#) or [alice30.zip](#)\*\*\*\*\*

Corrected [EDITIONS](#) of our etexts get a new NUMBER, [alice31.txt](#) [VERSIONS](#) based on separate [sources](#) get new LETTER, [alice30a.txt](#)

We are now trying to release all our books one month in advance of the [official](#) release dates, for time for better editing. We have this as a goal to [accomplish](#) by the end of the year but we cannot [guarantee](#) to stay that far ahead every month after that.

Please note: neither this list nor its contents are final till midnight of the last day of the month of any such [announcement](#). The [official](#) release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A [preliminary version](#) may often be posted for [suggestion](#), comment and

editing by those who wish to do so. To be sure you have an up to date first [edition](#) [xxxxx10x.xxx] please check file sizes in the first week of the next month. Since our ftp program has a bug in it that scrambles the date [tried to fix and [failed](#)] a look at the file size will have to do, but we will try to see a new copy has at least one byte more or less.

[Information about](#) Project Gutenberg (one page)

We [produce about](#) two million dollars for each hour we work. The fifty hours is one [conservative estimate](#) for how long it we take to get any etext selected, entered, [proofread](#), edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. This projected [audience](#) is one hundred million readers. If our [value](#) per text is [nominally estimated](#) at one dollar then we [produce](#) \$4 million dollars per hour this year as we release some eight text files per month: thus upping our [productivity](#) from \$2 million.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by the December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000=Trillion] This is ten [thousand](#) titles each to one hundred million readers, which is 10% of the expected number of [computer](#) users by the end of the year 2001.

We need your [donations](#) more than ever!

All [donations](#) should be made to "Project Gutenberg/IBC", and are tax [deductible](#) to the extent [allowable](#) by law ("IBC" is Illinois Benedictine College). ([Subscriptions](#) to our paper newsletter go to IBC, too)

For these and other matters, please mail to:

Project Gutenberg P. O. Box 2782 Champaign, IL 61825

When all other [email](#) fails try our [Michael S. Hart](#), [Executive Director](#):  
[hart@vmd.cso.uiuc.edu](mailto:hart@vmd.cso.uiuc.edu) (internet)  
[hart@uiucvmd](mailto:hart@uiucvmd) (bitnet)

We would prefer to send you this [information](#) by [email](#) (Internet, Bitnet, [Compuserve](#),

ATTMAIL or MCI mail).

\*\*\*\*\* If you have an FTP program (or emulator), please FTP directly to the Project Gutenberg archives: [Mac users, do NOT point and click. . .type]

ftp mrcnext.cso.uiuc.edu login: anonymous password: your@login cd etext/etext91 or cd etext92 or cd etext93 [for new books] [now also in cd etext/etext93] or cd etext/articles [get suggest gut for more information] dir [to see files] get or mget [to get files. . .set bin for zip files] GET OINDEX.GUT for a list of books and GET NEW GUT for general information and MGET GUT\* for newsletters.

\*\*Information prepared by the Project Gutenberg legal advisor\*\* (Three Pages)

\*\*\*START\*\*THE SMALL PRINT!\*\*FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS\*\*START\*\*\* Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this etext, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you can distribute copies of this etext if you want to.

\*BEFORE!\* YOU USE OR READ THIS ETEXT By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this etext by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this etext on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM ETEXTS This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG- tm etexts, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association at Illinois Benedictine College (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can

copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this etext under the Project's "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

To create these etexts, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's etexts and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other etext medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] the Project (and any other party you may receive this etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS

TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

**INDEMNITY** You will indemnify and hold the Project, its directors, officers, members and agents harmless from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this etext, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the etext, or [3] any Defect.

**DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"** You may distribute copies of this etext electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the etext or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this etext in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as \*EITHER\*:

[\*] The etext, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does \*not\* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (\*) and underline (\_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[\*] The etext may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the etext (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[\*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the etext refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Project of 20% of the net profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Association / Illinois Benedictine College" within the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return.

WHAT IF YOU \*WANT\* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO? The Project gratefully accepts contributions in money, time, scanning machines, OCR software, public domain etexts, royalty free copyright licenses, and every other sort of contribution you can think of. Money should be paid to "Project Gutenberg Association / Illinois Benedictine College".

This "Small Print!" by Charles B. Kramer, Attorney Internet (72600.2026@compuserve.com); TEL: (212-254-5093) \*END\*THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS\*Ver.04.29.93\*END\*

## ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Lewis Carroll

### THE MILLENNIUM FULCRUM EDITION 3.0

#### CHAPTER I

Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and what is the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures or conversation?

So she was **considering** in her own mind (as well 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 ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed **quite** natural); but when the Rabbit actually **TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAISTCOAT-POCKET**, and looked at it, and then **hurried** on, **Alice** started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a **waistcoat-pocket**, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with **curiosity**, she ran across the field after it, and **fortunately** was just in time to see it pop down a large **rabbit-hole** under the hedge.

In **another** moment down went **Alice** after it, never once **considering** how in the world she was to get out again.

The **rabbit-hole** went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that **Alice** had not a moment to think **about** stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look **about** her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and **noticed** that they were filled with **cupboards** and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and **pictures** hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled '**ORANGE MARMALADE**', but to her great **disappointment** it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so

managed to put it into one of the **cupboards** as she fell past it.

'Well!' thought **Alice** to herself, 'after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything **about** it, even if I fell off the top of the **house!**' (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall NEVER come to an end! 'I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?' she said **aloud**. 'I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four **thousand** miles down, I think--' (for, you see, **Alice** had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a VERY good **opportunity** for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good **practice** to say it over) '--yes, that's **about** the right **distance--but** then I wonder what **Latitude** or **Longitude** I've got to?' (**Alice** had no **idea** what **Latitude** was, or **Longitude** either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. 'I wonder if I shall fall right THROUGH the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The **Antipathies**, I think--' (she was rather glad there WAS no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) '--but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or **Australia?**' (and she tried to curtsy as she **spoke--fancy CURTSEYING as you're** falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) 'And what an **ignorant** little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.'

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so **Alice** soon began talking again. 'Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!' (Dinah was the cat.) 'I hope they'll remember her **saucer** of milk at **tea-time**. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a **mouse**, you

know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?' And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, 'Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?' and sometimes, 'Do bats eat cats?' for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, 'Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?' when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, 'Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!' She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a

rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; 'and even if my head would go through,' thought poor Alice, 'it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.' For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ('which certainly was not here before,' said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words 'DRINK ME' beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say 'Drink me,' but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. 'No, I'll look first,' she said, 'and see whether it's marked "poison" or not'; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they WOULD not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger VERY deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked 'poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was NOT marked 'poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

\* \* \* \* \*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

'What a **curious** feeling!' said **Alice**; 'I must be shutting up like a telescope.'

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she **waited** for a few **minutes** to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little **nervous about** this; 'for it might end, you know,' said **Alice** to herself, 'in my going out **altogether**, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?' And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor **Alice!** when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it **quite** plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

'Come, there's no use in crying like that!' said **Alice** to herself, rather sharply; 'I **advise** you to leave off this **minute!**' She generally gave herself very good **advice**, (though she very seldom followed it), and **sometimes** she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of **croquet** she was playing against herself, for this **curious** child was very fond of pretending to be two people. 'But it's no use now,' thought poor **Alice**, 'to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly **enough** of me left to make ONE respectable person!'

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words 'EAT ME' were **beautifully** marked in

currants. 'Well, I'll eat it,' said **Alice**, 'and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!'

She ate a little bit, and said **anxiously** to herself, 'Which way? Which way?', holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was **quite surprised** to find that she **remained** the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but **Alice** had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but **out-of-the-way** things to happen, that it seemed **quite** dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER II

### The Pool of Tears

'**Curiouser** and **curiouser!**' cried **Alice** (she was so much **surprised**, that for the moment she **quite** forgot how to speak good English); 'now I'm **opening** out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!' (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). 'Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure **\_I\_** shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to **trouble** myself **about** you: you must manage the best way you can; --but I must be kind to them,' thought **Alice**, 'or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas.'

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. 'They must go by the **carrier**,' she thought; 'and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the **directions** will look!

ALICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ. HEARTHTRUG, NEAR THE FENDER, (WITH ALICE'S LOVE).

Oh dear, what nonsense I'm talking!

Just then her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact she was now more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and began to cry again.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' said Alice, 'a great girl like you,' (she might well say this), 'to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!' But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, 'Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!'

Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, 'If you please, sir--' The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and skurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking: 'Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, THAT'S the great puzzle!' And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age

as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

'I'm sure I'm not Ada,' she said, 'for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, SHE'S she, and I'm I, and--oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is--oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome--no, THAT'S all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say "How doth the little--" and she crossed her hands on her lap as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:--

'How doth the little crocodile Improve his shining tail, And pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale!

'How cheerfully he seems to grin, How neatly spread his claws, And welcome little fishes in With gently smiling jaws!'

'I'm sure those are not the right words,' said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on, 'I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying "Come up again, dear!" I shall only look up and say "Who am I then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else"--but, oh dear!' cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears, 'I do wish they WOULD put their heads down! I am so VERY tired of being all alone here!'

As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on

one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. 'How CAN I have done that?' she thought. 'I must be growing small again.' She got up and went to the table to **measure** herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now **about** two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out that the **cause** of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to **avoid** shrinking away **altogether**.

'That WAS a narrow escape!' said **Alice**, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; 'and now for the garden!' and she ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, 'and things are worse than ever,' thought the poor child, 'for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!'

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in **another** moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first **idea** was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, 'and in that case I can go back by railway,' she said to herself. (**Alice** had been to the **seaside** once in her life, and had come to the general **conclusion**, that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing **machines** in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging **houses**, and behind them a railway **station**.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

'I wish I hadn't cried so much!' said **Alice**, as she swam **about**, trying to find her way out. 'I shall be **punished** for it now, I **suppose**, by being drowned in my own tears! That WILL be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day.'

Just then she heard **something** splashing **about** in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was: at first she thought it must be a walrus or **hippopotamus**, but then she remembered

how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a **mouse** that had slipped in like herself.

'Would it be of any use, now,' thought **Alice**, 'to speak to this **mouse**? Everything is so **out-of-the-way** down here, that I should think very likely it can talk: at any rate, there's no harm in trying.' So she began: 'O **Mouse**, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming **about** here, O **Mouse**!' (**Alice** thought this must be the right way of **speaking** to a **mouse**: she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother's Latin Grammar, 'A **mouse--of a mouse--to a mouse--a mouse--O mouse!**') The **Mouse** looked at her rather **inquisitively**, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

'Perhaps it doesn't **understand** English,' thought **Alice**; 'I daresay it's a French **mouse**, come over with William the **Conqueror**.' (For, with all her knowledge of history, **Alice** had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again: 'Ou est ma chatte?' which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The **Mouse** gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to **quiver** all over with fright. 'Oh, I beg your pardon!' cried **Alice** hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. 'I **quite** forgot you didn't like cats.'

'Not like cats!' cried the **Mouse**, in a shrill, **passionate voice**. 'Would YOU like cats if you were me?'