

## ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND LEWIS CARROLL

ALICE had been feeling very sleepy, sitting beside her older sister on a grassy bank with absolutely nothing to do, when she saw a White Rabbit, dressed in a waistcoat and pocket-watch, go hurrying past her. She followed the Rabbit, who disappeared behind a bush and into a large rabbit-hole. ALICE went tumbling down after him, and that was the beginning of her adventures in Wonderland.

In this scene ALICE is in a long, low hallway. She has eaten a cake marked, 'Eat me' picked out in currants, and has grown so big that she is unable to get through the little door that leads to Wonderland. She begins to cry and turns to see the White Rabbit, this time splendidly dressed, carrying a pair of white gloves and a fan. When he sees ALICE he drops the gloves and fan and scuttles away. ALICE picks them up and starts to fan herself as she speaks.

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## Alice

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! . . . I'm sure I'm not Ada, 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! . . . I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say 'How doth the little -'

*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 welcomes little fishes in,  
With gently smiling jaws!*

I'm sure those are not the right words . . . 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! . . . I do wish they *would* put their heads down! I am so *very* tired of being all alone here!