

alice's adventures

(A circle and a square.)

CHARLES: 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 where is the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures or conversations?

So she was considering in her own mind whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain was worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself dear, dear! I shall be too late!" but when the rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, 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, full of curiosity, she hurried across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In a moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself, before she found herself falling down what seemed a deep well.

ALICE: Well! 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.

I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time? I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think-- yes, that's the right distance, but then what Longitude or Latitude-line shall I be in?

I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it'll be to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! 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?

(ALICE tries to curtsy.)

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.

CHARLES: Down, down, down.

ALICE: Dinah will miss me very much tonight! Oh, dear Dinah, I wish I had you here! 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, my dear. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?

Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats? Do bats eat cats? Do cats eat bats?

CHARLES: Down, down, down. Down, down, down.

(She is falling asleep.)

When suddenly, bump! bump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and shavings, and the fall was over.

ALICE: Oh!

CHARLES: Alice was not a bit hurt and jumped onto her feet directly: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead;...

ALICE: Oh.

CHARLES: ...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 just heard it say, as it turned a corner, "my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She turned the corner after it, and instantly found herself in a long, low hall, lit up by a row of lamps which hung from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all round it, and tried them all, 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 lying upon it, but a tiny golden key.

Alice's first idea was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall, but alas! either the locks were too large, or the key too small, but at any rate it would open none of them. However, on the second time round, she came to a low curtain, behind which was a door about eighteen inches high: she tried the little key in the keyhole, and it fitted!

Alice opened the door, and looked down a small passage, not larger than a rat-hole, 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...

ALICE: ...and even if my head would go through, it would be very little use without my shoulders.

Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.

CHARLES: You see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice began to think very few things indeed were really impossible.

There was nothing else to do, Alice went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting up people like telescopes: this time there was a little bottle on it--

ALICE: Which certainly was not there before.

CHARLES: Tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words . . .

ALICE: Drink me.

I'll look first and see whether the bottle's marked "poison" or not.

CHARLES: Alice had read several nice little stories about children that got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had given them, such as, that, if you get into the fire, it will burn you, and that, if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it generally bleeds, and she had never forgotten that, if you drink a bottle marked "poison", it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

ALICE: However, this bottle was *not* marked poison.

CHARLES: So Alice tasted it, and finding it very nice, it had, in fact a sort of mixed flavour of cherry tart, custard, pine-apple...

ALICE: ...roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast.

What a curious feeling! I must be shutting up like a telescope.

CHARLES: It was so indeed: she was now only ten inches high, the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see whether she was going to shrink any further.

ALICE: It might end, you know in my going out altogether, like a candle, and what should I be like then, I wonder?

(Silence.)

CHARLES: However, nothing more happened, so 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.

When she went back to the table for the key, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it plainly enough 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.

ALICE: Come! there's no use in crying! I advise you to leave off this minute!

CHARLES: Her eye fell on a little glass box lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which was lying a card with the words...

ALICE: Eat me.

I'll eat, and if it makes me larger, I can reach the key, and if it makes me smaller, I can creep under the door, so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!

CHARLES: She ate a little bit and laid her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing...

ALICE: Curiouser and curiouser!

Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet! Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't! I shall be a great deal too far off to bother myself about you: you must manage the best way you can - but I must be kind to them 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. They must go by the carrier 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.
The Carpet,
with Alice's Love

Oh dear! what nonsense I am talking!

CHARLES: Alice was now nine feet high. She 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 cried, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool, about four inches deep, all round her.

ALICE: You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great girl like you, to cry in this way! Stop this instant, I tell you!

(A little pattering of feet. Wham!)

CHARLES: It was the white rabbit coming back again, splendidly dressed... *(Whack!)*

Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting. The Queen! The Queen! Oh my dear paws! She'll have me executed as sure as ferrets are ferrets.

ALICE: If you please, Sir-

(The WHITE RABBIT starts violently, drops his fan and disappears.)

(She picks up the fan. From time to time, she fans herself.)

Dear, dear! how queer everything is today! and yesterday everything happened just as usual: I wonder if I was changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I think I remember feeling rather different. But if I'm not the same, who in the world am I?

I'm sure I'm not Gertrude, 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 Florence, 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 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 fourteen. I shall never get to twenty at this rate! But the multiplication table don'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 Florence! I'll try and say "How doth the little busy bee."

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

How cheerfully it seems to grin!
 How neatly spreads its claws!
And welcomes little fishes in
 With gently-smiling jaws!"

I'm sure those are not the right words.

I must be Florence after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with. No! I've made up my mind about it: if I'm Florence, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying 'come up, dear!' I shall only look up and say "who am I, then? answer 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 tired of being all alone here!

How can I have done that? I must be growing small again.

CHARLES: Alice was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: soon she found out that the reason of it was the fan she held in her hand.

(ALICE drops the fan.)

She dropped it just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether, and found that she was now only three inches high.

ALICE: Now for the garden!

CHARLES: Alice hurried back to the little door, but the little door was locked again, and the little gold key was lying on the glass table as before, and...

ALICE: Things are worse than ever! I never was as small as this before, never!

CHARLES: At this moment her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had fallen into the sea: then she remembered that she was under ground, and she soon made out that it was the pool of tears she had wept when she was nine feet high.

ALICE: I wish I hadn't cried so much! I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! Well! That will be a queer thing to be sure! However, everything is queer today.

CHARLES: Very soon she saw something splashing about in the pool near her: at first she thought it must be a walrus or a hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was herself, and soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself.

ALICE: Would it be any use, now to speak to this mouse? The rabbit is something quite out-of-the-way, no doubt, and so have I been, ever since I came down here, but that is no reason why the mouse should not be able to talk. I think I may as well try.

Oh Mouse, do you know how to get out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, oh Mouse!

CHARLES: The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively.

(Silence. Charles winks.)

ALICE: Perhaps it doesn't understand English. I daresay it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror!

Ou est ma chatte?

(The mouse starts.)

Oh, I beg your pardon! I quite forgot you didn't like cats!

CHARLES (as the MOUSE): Not like cats! Would you like cats if you were me?

ALICE: Well, perhaps not. Don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing. She sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face: and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse, and she's such a capital one for catching mice--oh! I beg your pardon! Have I offended you?

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): Offended indeed! Our family always hated cats! Nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't talk to me about them any more!

ALICE: I won't indeed! Are you--are you--fond of--dogs?

There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh! such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things--I can't remember half of them--and it belongs to a farmer, and he says it kills all the rats and--oh dear! I'm afraid I've offended it again!

Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats and dogs any more, if you don't like them!

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): Let's get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs.

CHARLES: The pool was getting quite full of birds and animals that had fallen into it. There was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore. They were indeed a curious looking party that assembled on the bank--the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them--all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable. The first question of course was, how to get dry: they had a consultation about this, and Alice hardly felt at all surprised at finding herself talking familiarly with the birds, as if she had known them all her life.

At last the mouse, who seemed to have some authority among them, called out...

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): Sit down, all of you, and attend to me! I'll soon make you dry enough!

Ahem! Are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! "William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria - "

CHARLES (*as the DUCK*): Ugh!

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): I beg your pardon? Did you speak?

CHARLES (*as the DUCK*): Not I!

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): I thought you did. I proceed. "Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable -"

CHARLES (*as the DUCK*): Found WHAT?

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): Found IT. Of course you know what "it" means?

CHARLES (*as the DUCK*): I know what "it" means well enough, when I find a thing. It's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): - "found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William's conduct was at first moderate. But the insolence of his Normans -"

How are you getting on now, my dear?

ALICE: As wet as ever. It doesn't seem to dry me at all.

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies -

CHARLES (*as the DUCK*): Speak English! I don't know the meaning of half of those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you do either!

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): What I was going to say was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race.

ALICE: What IS a Caucus-race?

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): Why, the best way to explain it is to do it.

(Caucus-race Interlude.)

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): The exact shape doesn't matter!

(Caucus-race Interlude Part II.)

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): The race is over!

ALICE: But who has won?

(Pause.)

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): EVERYBODY has won and all must have prizes!

ALICE: But who is to give the prizes?

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): Why YOU of course!

CHARLES (*as every creature*): Prizes! Prizes! Prizes! Prizes! Etc.

(ALICE pulls out a box of comfits.)

CHARLES: (*as the MOUSE*): But she must have a prize herself, you know.

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): Of course. What have you got in your pocket?

ALICE: Only a thimble.

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): Hand it over here.

We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble.

(Crunch. Crunch. Crunch. Suddenly CHARLES starts choking, and ALICE pounds him on the back.)

you hate - *(in a whisper)* - C and D.

CHARLES: (*as the MOUSE*): Mine is a long and a sad tale!

(ALICE looks behind the MOUSE at his tail.)

ALICE: It IS a long tail, certainly but why do you call it sad?

CHARLES: (*as the MOUSE*):

We lived beneath the mat

Warm and snug and fat

But one woe, & that

Was the cat!

To our joys

a clog, In

our eyes a

fog, On our

hearts a log

Was the dog!

When the

cat's away,

Then

the mice

will

play,

But, alas!

one day, (So they say)

Came the dog and

cat, Hunting

for a

rat,

Crushed

the mice

all flat,

Each

one

as

he

sat

Underneath the mat,

warm, & snug, & fat--Think of that!

You are not attending! What are you thinking of?

ALICE: I beg your pardon. You had got to the fifth bend, I think?

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): I had not!

ALICE: A knot! Oh, do let me help to undo it!

CHARLES (*as the MOUSE*): I shall do nothing of the sort! You insult me by talking such nonsense!

ALICE: I didn't mean it! But you're so easily offended, you know.

Please come back and finish your story!

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): Yes, please do!

(*ALICE and the DODO watch the MOUSE "leave".*)

What a pity it wouldn't stay!

ALICE: I wish I had our Dinah here. She'd soon fetch it back!

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?

ALICE: Dinah's our cat. And she's such a capital one for catching mice, you can't think! And oh! I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!

CHARLES (*as the DODO*): I really must be getting home: the night air does not suit my throat.

CHARLES (*as the DUCK*): She's no fit company!

(*CHARLES leaves.*)

ALICE: I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah! Nobody seems to like her down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world. Oh my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!

(*The pattering of feet.*)

CHARLES (*as the WHITE RABBIT*): The Queen! The Queen! oh my dear paws! oh my fur and whiskers! She'll have me executed as sure as ferrets are ferrets. Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder. Why Mary Ann! What *are* you doing here? Go home this moment, and look on my dressing table for my gloves and fan and fetch them here as quick as you can run, do y'hear!

CHARLES: Alice soon found herself in front of a neat little house. She went in, hurried upstairs, and found her way into a tidy little room. And was just going to leave the room. When her eye fell upon a little bottle. There was no label on it this time with the words “drink me”, but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips.

ALICE: I know something interesting is sure to happen, whenever I eat or drink anything, so i’ll see what this bottle does. I do hope it will make me grow larger, for I’m quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!

CHARLES: It did so indeed, and much sooner than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and she stooped to save her neck from being broken.

ALICE: That’s quite enough - I hope I sha’n’t grow anymore - I wish I hadn’t drunk so much.

CHARLES: Alas! It was too late:

ALICE: Alice went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down: in another minute there was not room even for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and as a last resort she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself “Now I can do no more -what will become of me?”

CHARLES: Luckily for Alice the little magic bottle had now had its full effect and she grew no larger.

ALICE: Still it was very uncomfortable. It was much pleasanter at home when one wasn’t always growing larger and smaller and being ordered around by mice and rabbits.

CHARLES: Mary Ann. Mary Ann. Fetch me my gloves this moment then came a little pattering feet on the stairs: Alice knew it was the rabbit coming to look for her and she trembled till she shook the house.

ALICE: Quite forgetting she was now about a thousand times as large as the rabbit and had no reason to be afraid of it.

CHARLES: Presently the rabbit came to the door and tried to open it.

ALICE: But as Alice’s elbow was pressed hard against it, the attempt proved a failure...

CHARLES: Then I’ll go round and get in at the window...

ALICE: That you won’t. After waiting till she fancied she heard the rabbit just under the window, Alice suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air.

CHARLES: She did not get hold of anything.

ALICE: She heard a shriek and a fall and a crash of breaking glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber frame, or something of the sort.

CHARLES: Pat! Pat! Where are you? Sure I'm here. Diggin' for apples your honor. Here, come and help me out of this.

ALICE: I wonder what they will do next.

(Silence.)

CHARLES: Where's the other ladder - why, I hadn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other - here, put 'em up at this corner - no, tie 'em together first - they don't reach high enough yet - oh, they'll do well enough, don't be particular - here, Bill! catch hold of this rope - will the roof bear? - mind that loose slate - oh, it's coming down! heads below! -

(A loud crash)

- now, who did that? - it was Bill, I fancy - who's to go down the chimney? - nay, *I* sha'n't! *you* do it! *that* I won't then - Bill's got to go down - here, Bill, the master says you've got to go down the chimney.

ALICE: Oh, so Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he? Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal: the fireplace is a pretty tight one, but I think I can kick a little! This is Bill. There goes Bill!

CHARLES: We must burn the house down!

ALICE: If you do, I'll set Dinah at you!

(Silence.)

Alice found to her great delight that she was getting smaller: very soon she was able to get up out of the uncomfortable position in which she had been lying, and in two or three minutes more she was once more three inches high. She ran out of the house as quick as she could, ran her hardest, and soon found herself in a thick wood.

(For some time they look at each other in silence.)

CHARLES *(as the CATERPILLAR):* Who are you?

ALICE: I--I hardly know, just at present--at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since that.

CHARLES *(as the CATERPILLAR):* What do you mean by that? Explain yourself!

ALICE: I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, because I'm not myself, you see.

CHARLES *(as the CATERPILLAR):* I don't see.

ALICE: I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly, for I can't understand it myself, and really to be so many different sizes in one day is very confusing.

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*): It isn't.

ALICE: Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet but when you have to turn into a chrysalis, you know, and then after that into a butterfly, I should think it'll feel a little queer, don't you think so?

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*): Not a bit.

ALICE: All I know is it would feel queer to me.

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*): You! Who are you?

ALICE I think you ought to tell me who you are, first.

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*): Why?

(ALICE gets up and walks away.)

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*): Come back! I've something important to say!

(ALICE turns around and comes back)

Keep your temper.

ALICE: Is that all?

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*): No.

(Silence.)

So you think you're changed, do you?

ALICE: Yes, sir. I can't remember the things I used to know--I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee" and it came all different!

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*): Try and repeat "You are old, father William".

ALICE:

"You are old, father William," the young man said,

"And your hair is exceedingly white:

And yet you incessantly stand on your head--

Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*):

"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."

ALICE:

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
"And have grown most uncommonly fat:
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door--
Pray what is the reason of that?"

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*):

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple.
By the use of this ointment, five shillings the box--
Allow me to sell you a couple."

ALICE:

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
"For anything tougher than suet:
Yet you eat all the goose, with the bones and the beak--
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*):

"In my youth," said the old man, "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."

ALICE:

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
"That your eye was as steady as ever:
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose--
What made you so awfully clever?"

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*):

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father, "don't give yourself airs!
"Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

(Pause.)

That is not said right.

ALICE: Not quite right, I'm afraid, some of the words have got altered.

CHARLES (*as the CATERPILLAR*): It is wrong from beginning to end.

(Silence.)

What size do you want to be?

ALICE: Oh, I'm not particular as to size, only one doesn't like changing so often, you know.

CHARLES *(as the CATERPILLAR)*: Are you content now?

ALICE: Well, I should like to be a little larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind. Three inches is such a wretched height to be.

CHARLES *(as the CATERPILLAR)*: It is a very good height indeed!

ALICE: But I'm not used to it! I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!

CHARLES *(as the CATERPILLAR)*: You'll get used to it in time.

One side will make you grow taller and the other side will make you grow shorter.

ALICE: One side of what? The other side of what?

CHARLES *(as the CATERPILLAR)*: Of the mushroom.

(The CATERPILLAR disappears.)

ALICE: Alice nibbled a little bit of the mushroom to try: the next moment she felt a violent blow on her chin: she had struck her foot! Alice was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but as she did not shrink any further, and had not dropped the top of the mushroom, she did not give up hope yet. There was hardly room to open her mouth, with her chin pressing against her foot, but she did it at last, and managed to bite off a little bit of the top of the mushroom. "My head's free at last!" said Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be seen: she looked down upon an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of the sea of green leaves that lay far below her. What can all that green stuff be? And where have my shoulders got to? And Oh! My poor hands! How is it I can't see you?

CHARLES: Serpent!

ALICE: I'm not a serpent! Let me alone!

CHARLES *(as a PIGEON)*: Serpent, I say again! I've tried every way! Nothing seems to suit 'em!

ALICE: I haven't the least idea what you mean.

CHARLES *(as a PIGEON)*: I've tried the roots of trees, I've tried banks, I've tried hedges - but them serpents! There's no pleasing 'em! As if it wasn't trouble enough

hatching the eggs! Without being on the look out for serpents, day and night! Why, I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!

ALICE: I'm very sorry you've been annoyed.

CHARLES (*as a PIGEON*): And just as I'd taken the highest tree in the wood and was just thinking I was free of 'em at last, they must needs come wriggling down from the sky! Ugh! Serpent!

ALICE: But I'm not a serpent. I'm a-- I'm a---

CHARLES (*as a PIGEON*): Well! What are you? I see you're trying to invent something.

ALICE: I-- I'm a little girl.

CHARLES (*as a PIGEON*): A likely story indeed. I've seen a good many little girls in my time, but never one with such a neck as yours! No, you're a serpent, I know that well enough! I suppose you'll tell me next that you never tasted an egg!

ALICE: I have tasted eggs, certainly but indeed I don't want any of yours. I don't like them raw.

CHARLES (*as a PIGEON*): Well, be off, then!

ALICE: Alice remembered the pieces of mushroom which she still held in her hand, and set to work very carefully, nibbling first one side and then the other, until she succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual size. "Well, that's half my plan done now! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another." Then she noticed that one of the trees had a doorway leading right into it and in she went. Once more she found herself in the long hall and close to the little glass table. She began by taking the little golden key and unlocking the door.

CHARLES: Alice found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flowerbeds and the cool fountains.

ALICE: Now, I'll manage better this time. Alice falls asleep.

(She goes to sleep. He smiles. She starts awake.)

ALICE: Cheshire Puss!

(The CAT grins a little wider.)

ALICE: Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.

ALICE: I don't much care where -

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): Then it doesn't matter which way you go.

ALICE: So long as I get SOMEWHERE.

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): Oh, you're sure to do that ... if you only walk long enough.

(ALICE thinks about this.)

ALICE: What sort of people live about here?

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): In THAT direction lives a Hatter. And in THAT direction lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad.

ALICE: But I don't want to go among mad people.

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): Oh, you can't help that: we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

ALICE: How do you know I'm mad?

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): You must be... or you wouldn't have come here.

ALICE: And how do you know that you're mad?

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): To begin with: a dog's not mad. You grant that?

ALICE: I suppose so.

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): Well, then, you see, a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad.

ALICE: I call it purring, not growling.

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): Call it what you like. Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?

ALICE: I should like it very much but I haven't been invited yet.

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): You'll see me there.

(The CAT vanishes.)

ALICE: I've seen hatters before. The March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad--at least not so mad as it was in March.

(Suddenly the CHESIRE CAT reappears.)

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): By the by, whatever happened to the baby?

ALICE: It turned into a pig.

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): I thought it might.

ALICE: And I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly. You make one quite giddy.

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): All right.

(The CHESIRE CAT disappears.)

ALICE: I've often seen a cat without a grin but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I've ever seen in my life.

CHARLES: Alice had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur.

ALICE: I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!

CHARLES: There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and then talking over its head.

ALICE: Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse.

CHARLES: The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it.

CHARLES: (*as the HATTER*): No room!

CHARLES: (*as the March HARE*): No room!

ALICE: There's PLENTY of room!

CHARLES (*as the MARCH HARE*): Have some wine.

ALICE: I don't see any wine.

CHARLES (*as the MARCH HARE*): There isn't any.

ALICE: Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

CHARLES (*as the MARCH HARE*): It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE: I didn't know it was YOUR table. It's laid for a great many more than three.

(The HATTER looks at ALICE for a long time.)

CHARLES: *(as the HATTER):* Your hair wants cutting.

ALICE: You should learn not to make personal remarks. It's very rude.

CHARLES *(as the HATTER):* Why is a raven like a writing-desk?

ALICE: Come, we shall have some fun now! I'm glad they've begun asking riddles. I believe I can guess that.

CHARLES *(as the MARCH HARE):* Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?

ALICE: Exactly so.

CHARLES *(as the MARCH HARE):* Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE: I do. At least--at least I mean what I say--that's the same thing, you know.

CHARLES *(as the HATTER):* Not the same thing a bit! You might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!

CHARLES *(as the MARCH HARE):* You might just as well say that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like"!

CHARLES *(as the DORMOUSE):* *(As if talking in her sleep)* You might just as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe"!

CHARLES *(as the HATTER):* It IS the same thing with you.

(ALICE and the HATTER are quiet for awhile. The HATTER takes his watch out of his pocket, looks at it, shakes it and then holds it to his ear.)

What day of the month is it?

ALICE: The fourth.

CHARLES *(as the HATTER):* Two days wrong! I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!

CHARLES *(as the MARCH HARE):* It was the BEST butter.

CHARLES *(as the HATTER):* Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well. You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.

CHARLES (*as the MARCH HARE*): It was the BEST butter, you know.

(*ALICE takes the watch from the HARE. CHARLES is surprised by her action. He stares at her.*)

ALICE: What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!

CHARLES (*as the HATTER*): Why should it? Does YOUR watch tell you what year it is?

ALICE: Of course not, but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

CHARLES (*as the HATTER*): Which is just the case with MINE.

ALICE: I don't quite understand you.

CHARLES (*as the HATTER*): The Dormouse is asleep again.

Have you guessed the riddle yet?

ALICE: No, I give up. What's the answer?

CHARLES (*as the HATTER*): I haven't the slightest idea.

CHARLES (*as the MARCH HARE*): Nor I.

ALICE: I think you might do something better with the time than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers.

CHARLES: (*as the HATTER*): If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting IT. It's HIM.

ALICE: I don't know what you mean.

CHARLES (*as the HATTER*): "Twinkle, twinkle, little bat! How I wonder what you're at!" You know the song, perhaps?

ALICE: I've heard something like it.

CHARLES (*as the HATTER*): It goes on, you know, in this way--

"Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle--"

CHARLES (*as the MARCH HARE*): Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.

ALICE: I'm afraid I don't know one.

CHARLES (*as the MARCH HARE*): Then the Dormouse shall! WAKE UP, DORMOUSE!

ALICE (*as the DORMOUSE*): I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

CHARLES: Tell us a story!

And be quick about it or you'll be asleep again before it's done.

ALICE (*as the DORMOUSE*): Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well -

ALICE: What did they live on?

ALICE (*as the DORMOUSE*): They lived on treacle.

ALICE: They couldn't have done that, you know, they'd have been ill.

ALICE (*as the DORMOUSE*): So they were. VERY ill.

ALICE: But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

CHARLES: Take some more tea.

ALICE: I've had nothing yet so I can't take more.

CHARLES: You mean you can't take LESS. It's very easy to take MORE than nothing.

ALICE: Nobody asked YOUR opinion.

CHARLES: Who's making personal remarks now...

ALICE: Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

ALICE (*as the DORMOUSE*): It was a treacle-well.

ALICE: There's no such thing!

CHARLES: Shhh!

ALICE (*as the DORMOUSE*): If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE: No, please go on! I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be ONE.

ALICE *(as the DORMOUSE):* One, indeed! And so these three little sisters--they were learning to draw, you know-

ALICE: What did they draw?

ALICE *(as the DORMOUSE):* Treacle.

CHARLES: I want a clean cup. Let's all move one place on.

ALICE: But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

CHARLES: You can draw water out of a water-well, so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well--eh, stupid?

ALICE: But they were IN the well.

ALICE *(As the DORMOUSE):* Of course they were - well in.

They were learning to draw and they drew all manner of things - everything that begins with an M -

ALICE: Why with an M?

CHARLES: Why not?

(ALICE is silent. The DORMOUSE begins to snore.)

ALICE *(as the DORMOUSE):* Ouch! - that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness-- you know you say things are "much of a muchness"- did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

ALICE: Really, now you ask me, I don't think -

CHARLES: Then you shouldn't talk!

ALICE: At any rate I'll never go THERE again! It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!

(She disappears. Silence. CHARLES takes out a pack of cards.)

CHARLES: A large rose tree stood near the center of the garden: the roses on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. This Alice thought a very curious thing, and she went near to watch them.

CHARLES *(as TWO):* Look out, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!

CHARLES *(as FIVE):* I couldn't help it. Seven jogged my elbow.

CHARLES (as *SEVEN*): That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!

CHARLES (as *FIVE*): You'd better not talk! I heard the Queen say only yesterday she thought of having you beheaded!

CHARLES (as *TWO*): What for?

CHARLES (as *SEVEN*): That's not your business, Two!

CHARLES (as *FIVE*): Yes, it is his business! And I'll tell him: it was for bringing tulip roots to the cook instead of potatoes.

CHARLES (as *SEVEN*): Well! Of all the unjust things -

ALICE: Would you tell me please why you are painting those roses?

CHARLES (as *TWO*): Why, Miss, the fact is, this ought to have been a red rose tree, and we put a white one in by mistake, and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off. So, you see, we're doing our best, before she comes, to -

THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN!

CHARLES: First came ten soldiers carrying clubs: these were all shaped like the three gardeners, flat and oblong, with their hands and feet at the corners. Next the ten courtiers; these were all ornamented with diamonds and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the Royal children: there were ten of them and the little dears came jumping merrily along, hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly kings and queens, among whom Alice recognized the White Rabbit: It was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the Queen's crown on a cushion, and, last of all this grand procession, came The Queen of Hearts.

CHARLES (as *the QUEEN*): What's your name?

ALICE: My name is Alice, so please your Majesty.

CHARLES (as *the QUEEN*): Who are these?

ALICE: Why they are nothing but a pack of cards.

CHARLES (as *the QUEEN*): Off with her head -

ALICE: Nonsense!

CHARLES (as *the QUEEN*): What have you been doing here?

CHARLES (as *TWO*): May it please your Majesty, we were trying--

CHARLES (*as the QUEEN*): I see! Off with their heads!

(The QUEEN stands with her back to Alice. Alice takes the cards.)

ALICE: You shan't be beheaded!

CHARLES (*as the QUEEN*): Are their heads off?

ALICE: Their heads are gone.... if it please your Majesty!

CHARLES (*as the QUEEN*): That's right! Can you play croquet?

ALICE: Yes!

CHARLES (*as the QUEEN*): Come on then! Get to your places!

CHARLES: People began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other; however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began.

ALICE: Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life;

CHARLES: It was all ridges and furrows; the balls were live hedgehogs, the mallets live ostriches, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet, to make the arches.

ALICE: The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her ostrich:

CHARLES: She succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down...

ALICE: But generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head...

CHARLES & ALICE: It WOULD twist itself round and look up in her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing:

ALICE: And when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.

CHARLES & ALICE: The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs;

CHARLES: And in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about.

CHARLES (*as the QUEEN*): Off with her head! Off with her head!

ALICE: (*as the QUEEN*): Off with his head! Off with his head!

What will become of me? They're dreadfully fond of beheading people here; the great wonder is, that there's any one left alive!

(*ALICE starts to leave.*)

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): How are you getting on?

ALICE: I don't think they play at all fairly, and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speak--and they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them--and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance--and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!

CHARLES (*as the CHESIRE CAT*): How do you like the Queen?

ALICE: Not at all...she's so extremely -

(*The CHESIRE CAT disappears.*)

Oh...Your Majesty.

CHARLES (*as the QUEEN*): Have you seen the Mock Turtle?

ALICE: No. I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is.

CHARLES (*as the QUEEN*): Come on then, and it shall tell you its history.

ALICE: Everybody says 'come on!' I was never so ordered about in my life!

CHARLES (*as the QUEEN*): Up, lazy thing! This young lady wants to know your history. I must go back and see after some executions I ordered.

(*The QUEEN winks at ALICE and disappears into the box. A long silence.*)

(*The MOCK TURTLE begins to sob.*)

ALICE: What is your sorrow?

CHARLES (*as the MOCK TURTLE*): I'll tell it. Sit down, and don't speak till I've finished.

ALICE: I don't see how you can ever finish, if you don't begin.

CHARLES (*as the MOCK TURTLE*): Once I was a real Turtle.

(The TURTLE starts to weep.)

When we were little - we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle--we used to call him Tortoise--

ALICE: Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?

CHARLES (*as the MOCK TURTLE*): We called him Tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull! You may not have lived much under the sea--

ALICE: I haven't.

CHARLES (*as the MOCK TURTLE*): And perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster -

ALICE: I once tasted - no, never.

CHARLES (*as the MOCK TURTLE*): So you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!

ALICE: No, indeed. What sort of a thing is it?

CHARLES (*as the MOCK TURTLE*): Why, you form into two lines along the sea shore! With seals, turtles, salmon, and so on. Each with a lobster as partner! Advance twice, set to partners. Change lobsters, and retire in same order - Then, you know, you throw the lobsters as far out to sea as you can - Then you swim after them! Turn a somersault in the sea! Change lobsters again! And - then that's all.

ALICE: It must be a very pretty dance.

CHARLES: Would you like to see a little of it?

ALICE: Very much indeed.

CHARLES: Come, let's try the first figure.

(They dance.)

ALICE: Thank you.

CHARLES: Shall we try a second figure? Or would you prefer a song?

ALICE: Oh, a song, please!

CHARLES:

Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau-ootiful Soo-ooop!

The trial's beginning!

ALICE: What trial is it?

CHARLES: Come on!

The Queen was seated on her throne when Alice arrived, with a great crowd assembled around her: the Knave was in custody: and before the Queen stood the white rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other.

Herald! Read the accusation!

The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
All on a summer day:

ALICE:

The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!

CHARLES: Now for the evidence and then the sentence. No. First the sentence, and then the evidence.

ALICE: Nonsense! The idea of having the sentence first!

CHARLES: Hold your tongue!

ALICE: I won't. You are nothing but a pack of cards. Who cares for you?

CHARLES: At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream of fright, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, gently brushing away some leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on to her face.

“Wake up!, Alice dear!” he said, “what a nice long sleep you've had!”

“Oh, I've had such a curious dream!” and Alice told him all her Adventures and when she had finished, he kissed her and said “it *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly! But now run in to your tea: it's getting late.”

He sat there some while longer, watching the setting sun, and thinking of Alice and her adventures, till he too began dreaming after a fashion: He saw an ancient city, and a quiet river winding near it along the plain, and up the stream went slowly gliding a boat. He could hear voices of laughter like music over the water. And there was another Alice who sat listening with bright eager eyes to a tale that was being told and he listened for the words of the tale and lo it was their dream. So the boat wound slowly along beneath the bright summer day with its music of voices and laughter till it passed round one of the many turnings of the stream and he saw it no more.

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