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Title: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland Author: Lewis Carroll Release Date: June 25, 2008 eBook #11 Most Recently Updated: October 12, 2020 Language: English Character Coding Set: UTF-8 - START THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND Producer Arthur DiBianca and David Ledger and having nothing in common: once or twice she looked into a book that her sister had read, but there were no photos or conversations, and what is the benefit of the book, thought Alice without photos or conversations? So she is considering in her mind (as well as she could, on a hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the hassle of standing up and choosing a daisy when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran beside her. There was nothing so remarkable in that; and Alice doesn't think it's so much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to herself, Oh dear! Oh dear! I'm going to be late! (When she thought about it afterwards, she came in to know that she had to wonder about it, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when Rabbit actually took the watch out of his vest pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started on her feet because he flashed on her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a vest-pocket, or a watch to pull out of it, and lit with curiosity, she ran across the field after him, and fortunately just in time to see him pop down a large rabbit hole underneath. At another point down went Alice after him, never once considering how in the world she had to come out again. The rabbit hole went straight like a tunnel for some way, and then plunged suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a minute to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling a very deep well. Either the well was very deep or she fell very slowly because she had a lot of time when she came down to look about her and wonder what would happen next. First, she tried to look down and understand where she was going, 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 bookshelves; she saw maps and pictures hanging on pegs. She removed the jar from one of the shelves as it passed; she was called ORANGE MARMALADE, but to her great disappointment she was empty: she didn't want to throw the jar for fear of killing someone downstairs, so managed to put it in one of the cupboards as she fell past it. Well! Thought Alice to herself, after such a fall as this, I will not think about falling down the stairs! How brave they'll all think I'm 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. The fall will never end? I wonder how many miles I've dropped by this time? She said out loud. I have to be somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see: it would be four thousand miles down, I think -- (for, you see, Alice learned a few things of this kind in her lessons at school, and although it wasn't a good opportunity to showcase her knowledge, since there was no one to listen to her, yet it was a good practice to say it) , that's about the right distance, but then I'm interested what latitude or longitude should I have? (Alice had no idea what the latitude was, or longitude either, but thought they had good great words to say.) It has now started again. I wonder if I'll fall right through the ground! How ridiculous it will seem to come out among people who walk head down! Antipathy, I think - (she was very glad that no one listened, this time as it didn't sound at all the right word) - but I have to ask them what the name of the country, you know. Please, ma'am, is it New Zealand or Australia? (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke-fantasy curtseys as you fall in the air! And what an ignorant little girl she would think I asked! No, he would never do to ask: maybe I'll see it written somewhere. Down, down, down. There was nothing to do, so Alice soon began to speak again. Dina will miss me very much at night, I must think! (Dina was a cat.) I hope they will remember her saucer of milk in tea time. My dear Dina! I wish you were here with me! I'm afraid there are no mice in the air, but you can catch a bat, and it's very similar to a mouse, you know. But cats eat bats, I wonder? And so Alice began rather sleepily, and went on to say to herself, in a dreamy sort of way: Cats eating bats? Do cats eat bats? and sometimes do bats eat cats? For, you see, since she could not answer any of the questions, it didn't matter much, as she put it. She felt that she was thrust, and only began to dream that she was going hand in hand with Dina, and said to her very earnestly: Now, Dina, me the truth: will you ever eat a bat?. When suddenly, blow! Blow! down she stumbled upon a pile of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over. Alice was not a little hurt, and she sprang to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark over her head; in front of her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down on it. There was no moment to be lost: Far went Alice like the wind, and just in time to hear him say as he turned the corner: Oh, my ears and mustache, how late it gets! She was close behind him when she turned the corner, but Rabbit was no longer visible: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was illuminated by a number of lamps hanging from the roof. There were doors all over the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice was all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she was walking sadly down the middle, wondering how she would ever get out again. Suddenly she came across a small three-legged table, all of solid glass: there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that she might belong to one of the hall's doors; But, alas! either the locks were too big, or the key was too small, but, anyway, it wouldn't open any of them. However, the second time, she stumbled upon a low curtain she hadn't noticed before, and behind it there was a small door about fifteen inches high: she tried a little golden key in the castle, and much to her delight it installed! Alice opened the door and found that she had led into a small passage, not much bigger than a rat hole: she knelt down and looked along the aisle into the most beautiful garden you've ever seen. How she wanted to get out of this dark hall and wander among these beds with bright flowers and these cool fountains, but she could not even drag her head through the doorway. And even if my head had passed, thought poor Alice, there would be very little use without my shoulders. Oh, I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could if I only knew how to start. For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things have happened lately that Alice began to think that very few things were really impossible. There seemed to be no point waiting at the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she could find another key on it, or, at any rate, a book of rules for closing people like telescopes; this time she found a small bottle on it, (which of course wasn't here before, Alice said), and on the bottle's neck 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 wise little Alice is not going to do it in a hurry. No, I'll be the first to watch, she said, and Whether it is labeled poison or not; because she read reading cute little stories about children who got burned, and eaten by wild beasts and other nasty things, all because they won't remember the simple rules their friends taught them: for example, that red-hot poker will burn you if you keep it too long; and that if you cut your finger very deep with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she never forgot that if you drink a lot from a bottle of marked poison, it will almost certainly disagree with you sooner or later. However, this bottle was not labeled as poison, so Alice ventured to try it, and find it very good, (he had, in fact, a kind of mixed taste of cherry pie, custard, pine apple, roast turkey, toffee and hot butter toast), she very soon finished it. I must be closing like a telescope. And so it really was: she was now only ten inches tall, and her face perked up at the thought that she was now the right size in order to walk through a small door into this beautiful garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink further: she felt a little nervous about it; For it may end, Alice said to herself, to come out like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then? And she tried to imagine what a candle flame was like after the candle was blown out because she couldn't remember having ever seen such a thing. After a while, discovering that nothing else had happened, she decided to go into the garden at once; but alas for poor Alice! when she came to the door, she found that she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she returned to the table for him, she found that she could not get to him: she could see it perfectly clearly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb on one of the feet of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she was tired of herself trying, the poor thing sat down and cried. Come, there's no point crying like that! Said Alice to herself, quite abruptly, and I advise you to leave this moment! She generally gave herself very good advice (although she very rarely followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so much to bring tears to her eyes; and as soon as 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 loved to pretend to be two people. But now there is no point, thought poor Alice, to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable man! Soon her eye fell on a small glass box she opened it, and found a very small cake in it, on which the words EAT ME were beautifully marked in the currants. Well, I will eat, said Alice, and if it makes me grow bigger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow less, I can crawl under the door; so anyway I'll get into the garden and I don't care what happens! She ate a little, and said anxiously to herself: Which way? Which way?, holding her hand on top of her head to feel which way she was growing, and she was very surprised to learn that she had stayed the same size: to be sure that this usually happens when one eats a cake, but Alice got so much in the way expecting nothing but out of the way things would happen that seemed rather dull and silly for life to go down the common path. So she got to work, and very soon finished the cake. I don't know what kind of curious and curious one! Alice exclaimed (she was so surprised that at the moment she had completely forgotten how to speak English); Now I open up as the biggest telescope that has ever been! Goodbye, legs! (because when she looked at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight, they were getting so far). Oh, my poor feet, I wonder who's going to wear your shoes and stockings for you now, darling? I'm sure I can't! I'll be too far away to bother myself about you: you have to 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 kept planning for herself how she would manage it. And how strange the directions will look! Alice's right leg, Esq., Hearthrug, next to Fender, (with Alice's love). Oh, my God, what nonsense I'm saying! It was then that her head hit the roof of the hall: in fact she was now more than nine feet tall, and she immediately took a small golden key and hurried to the garden door. Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying on one side to look across into the garden with one eye; but the pass was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and cried again. You should be ashamed of yourself, said Alice, a great girl like you, (she may well say it), keep crying that way! Stop this moment, I tell you! But she continued all the same, shedding gallons of tears until there was a large pool around her, about four inches deep and reaching half down Hall. After a while she heard a little knock of her feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit coming back, superbly dressed, with a pair of white baby gloves in one hand and a big fan in the other: he came trotting along in a big hurry, muttering to himself as he came, Oh! Duchess, Duchess! About! wouldn't she be wild if I kept her waiting! Alice felt so desperate that she was willing to seek help from anyone, and she so, when The Rabbit approached her, she began, in a low, timid voice: If you like, sir, Rabbit started furiously, dropped white baby gloves and fan, and skurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go. Alice took the fan and gloves, and as the hall was very hot, she continued to inflate herself all the time she kept saying, Darling, darling! How weird everyone is today! And yesterday everything went as usual. I wonder if I was changed at night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is who am I? It's a big puzzle! And she began to think over all the children she knew who were the same age as herself to see if she could be changed for any of them. I'm sure I'm not Ada, she said, because her hair goes into such long curls, and mine are not part of the rings at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel because I know all sorts of things and she, oh! She knows so little! Besides, she's her and I am, and- oh my God, how baffling it all is! I'll try if I know everything I've known before. Let me see: four times five twelve, and four times six thirteen, and four times seven - oh my God! I'll never get to my 20s at this rate! However, the multiplication table does not mean: let's try geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome is no, it's all wrong, I'm sure! I must have been cheated on Mabel! I'll try to say: How little and she crossed her arms on her knees, as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words didn't come as much as they did: How did the little Crocodile Improve its shiny tail, and pour the water of the Nile on every gold scale! How fun he seems to be smiling as gently spread his claws, and greet the little fish in with gently smiling jaws! I'm sure these are not the words said by poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she continued: I must be Mabel after all, and I'll have to go and live in that poky house, and almost no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I did, my view of it; If I'm Mabel, I'll stay here! It will not use them to put their head down and say: Come again, dear! I'll just look up and say: Who am I then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll go: if not, I'll stay here until I'm someone else, but, my goodness! Alice exclaimed, with a sudden burst of tears: I want them to put their heads down! I'm so very tired of being all alone here! When she said this, she looked at her hands, and was surprised to see that she was wearing one of the little white rabbit gloves as she spoke. How can I do that? I thought, I have to be small again. She got up and went to the table to measure herself by them, and found that, almost as she could guess, she was now about two feet tall, and continued to shrink quickly: she soon found out that the reason for this was the fan she was holding, and she threw it hastily, just in time to avoid contraction altogether. It was a narrow escape! Said Alice, much frightened by the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still there; And now for the garden!, and she ran all the speed back to the little door, but alas! the little door was closed again, and the little golden key lay on the glass table as before, and worse than ever, thought the poor child, because I had never been as small as it used to be, ever! And I declare that it is very bad that it is! As she said these words, her foot slipped, and at another moment, a splash! she was up to chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she somehow fell into the sea, in which case I could go back by rail,' she told herself. (Alice has been by the sea once in her life, and has come to the general conclusion that wherever you go on the English coast you will find a number of bathing cars in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden peaks, then a row of apartment buildings, and behind them a train station.) However, she soon found out that she was in a pool of tears, which she cried when she was nine feet tall. I wish I hadn't cried so much! Said Alice as she swam, trying to find a way out. I will be punished for it now, I suppose, being drowned in my own tears! It will be a strange thing to be sure! However, everything is strange today. It was then that she heard something splashing in the pool a little far away, and she swam closer to understand what it was: at first she thought it must be a walrus or a hippo, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made that it was only a mouse that slipped like herself. Would it be a good god, now, thought Alice, to talk to this mouse? Everything is so out of the way here that I must think very he can say: at any rate, there is no harm in trying. And she started: Oh mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I'm very tired of swimming here, Oh mouse! (Alice thought it must be the right way to talk to a mouse: she had never done this before, but she remembered what she saw in her brother's Latin grammar. Mouse is mouse! The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to wink at her with one of his little eyes, but he said nothing. Perhaps he does not understand English, Alice thought; I dare say it's a French mouse, come with William the Conqueror. (For, for all her knowledge of history, Alice has not had a very clear idea of how long ago anything happened.) So she started again: Oz est ma chatte?, which was the first sentence in her French book lesson. The mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to tremble all over with fear. Oh, I'm sorry! Alice exclaimed hastily, fearing that she had offended the feelings of the poor animal. I forgot you don't like cats. Not like cats! Exclaimed the mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. Would you like cats if you were me? Well, maybe not, said Alice in a soothing tone: Don't be angry about it. And yet I would show you our cat Dina: I think you would fancy cats if you could only see her. She's such an expensive quiet thing, Alice continued, half-swimming lazily in the pool, and she sits purring so beautifully by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face, and she's such a sweet soft thing to look after a mouse, and she's such a capital thing for catching mice - oh, I'm sorry! Alice exclaimed again, during which time the mouse was bristling all over, and she was sure it must have been truly offended. We won't talk about it anymore if you don't want to. We really are! The mouse exclaimed, which trembled to the end of the tail. It's like I'd like to talk about it! Our family has always hated cats: nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again! I won't really! Said Alice, in great hurry to change the subject of the conversation. You-you-love-of-dogs? The mouse did not answer, so Alice continued to look: There is such a cute little dog near our house I would like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with such long curly brown hair! And he'll bring things when you throw them and he'll sit and ask for dinner and all sorts of things -- I can't remember half of them and he belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and oh my God! Alice exclaimed in a sad tone: I am afraid I have offended him again! For the mouse floats away from it like how it could go and make quite a thrill in the pool as it went. So she called quietly after him: Mouse dear! Come back again and we won't talk about cats or dogs either if you don't like them! When the mouse heard this, she turned around and slowly swam towards her: her face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and she said in a low trembling voice, Let's get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my story, and you'll understand why I hate cats and dogs. It was time to go because the pool was getting quite crowded with birds and animals that had fallen into it: there were Duck and Dodo, Laurie and Eaglet, and a few other curious creatures. Alice led along the way, and the whole party swam to the shore. They were a really strange-looking party that gathered on the shore-birds with draggled feathers, animals with fur clinging next to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable. The first question, of course, was how to dry again: they held a consultation on this, and a few minutes later Alice seemed quite natural to find herself talking familiar with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with Laurie, who finally began to sn stolen, and only said: I am older than you, and should know better, and this Alice would not allow, not knowing how old it was, and as Laurie positively refused to say his age, there was no more to say. At last the mouse, which seemed to be a man of power among them, shouted, Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! I'll soon make you dry enough! They all sat down at once, in a big ring, with a mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she was sure she would catch a strong sneer if she didn't dry out very soon. Oh! Said mouse with important air, are you all ready? That's the driest thing I know. Silence on all sides, please! William the Conqueror, whose cause was favored by the Pope, was soon introduced to the British, who wanted leaders, and lately much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, Earls of Mercia and Northumbria, Ugh! said Laurie, with a shiver. I beg your pardon! Said the mouse, frowning, but very politely: Did you speak? Not me! Laurie said hastily. I thought you did, mouse said. I'm a protea. Edwin and Morcar, Earls of Mercia and Northumbria, announced for him: and even Sigand, the patriotic Archbishop of Canterbury, considered it appropriate - Find what? Said duck. Come on, the mouse said rather cross-answered, of course you know what it means. I know what it means well enough when I find a thing said duck: It is usually a frog or a worm. The question is, what is it? Archbishop to find? The mouse did not notice the question, but hurriedly continued, - it felt appropriate to go with Edgar Atelling to meet with William and offer him the crown. William's behavior was moderate at first. But the audacity of his Normans: How do you get now, my darling? He continued, addressing Alice as he spoke. As wet as ever, said Alice in a melancholy tone: It doesn't seem to dry me at all. In this case, said dodo solemnly, up to his feet, I move that meeting to postpone, for the immediate adoption of more vigorous remedies- Speak English! Said Eaglet. I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you either! And Igit tilted his head to hide the smile: some other birds giggled audibly. What I wanted to say, said Dodo in an offended tone, was that the best thing you needed to keep us dry would be a caucus-race. What is a caucus race? Said Alice, and she did not that she wanted to know much, but Dodo stopped as if he thought someone should talk, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything. Why, Dodo said, the best way to explain it is to do it. (And as you would like to try things yourself, on some winter day, I'll tell you how the Dodo succeeded.) First he marked the race course, in a sort of circle, (the exact shape didn't matter, he said), and then all the parties were placed along the course, here and there. There was no one, two, three, and away, but they started to work when they liked and stopped when they liked, so it wasn't easy to know when the race was over. However, when they ran half an hour or so and were pretty dry again, Dodo suddenly shouted: The race is over!, and they all crowded around him, gasping, and asking: But who won? Dodo could not answer this question without much thought, and he sat for a long time with one finger pressed on his forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in his photographs), while the rest waited in silence. At last, Dodo said, Everyone has won, and everyone should have prizes. But who should give prizes? A pretty chorus of voices asked. Why, of course, she said to Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger, and the whole party immediately thronged around her, calling in confusion: Prizes! Prizes! Alice had no idea what to do, and in desperation put her hand in her pocket and took out a box of comfits (fortunately, salt water did not get into it) and handed them as prizes. There was exactly one piece, all around. But it should have a prize itself, you know, said mouse. Of course, Dodo said very seriously. What else do you have in your pocket? He went on, turning Alice. Just a thimble, Alice said sadly. Give it back here, Dodo said. Then they all thronged around her again, while dodo solemnly presented the thimble, saying: We ask your acceptance of this elegant thimble: And when he finished that short speech, they all cheered. Alice thought it was all very absurd, but they all looked so serious that she dared not laugh; and, since she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took a thimble, looking as solemn as she could. The next thing to eat comfits: it caused some noise and confusion as the big birds complained that they couldn't taste them and the little ones suffocated and had to be patted on the back. However, it was over at last and they again sat down in the ring, and begged the mouse to tell them something more. You promised to tell me your story, Alice said, and why you hate - C and D, she added in a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again. My long and sad story! The mouse said, turning to Alice, and sighs. This long tale, of course, said Alice, looking down with astonishment at the tail of the mouse: But why do you call it sad? And she continued perplexed about it while Mouse spoke, so her idea of a fairy tale was something like this: Fury told the mouse that he had met in the house. Let's both go to court: I'll prosecute you.-Come, I won't accept the rejection: We have to have a trial: Actually, this morning I have nothing to do. I'll be a judge, I'll be a juror, said the cunning old Fury: I'll try the whole thing, and doom you to death. You're not going! Said Alice's mouse seriously. What are you thinking? I apologize, said Alice very humbly: You got to the fifth bend, I think? I didn't have one! Exclaimed the mouse, sharply and very angrily. Nod! Said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and anxiously looking about her. Oh, let me help undo that! I'm not going to do anything like that, the mouse said as she got up and left. You're insulting me by saying such nonsense! I didn't mean that! Poor Alice begged. But you are so easily offended, you know! The mouse just got bored in response. Please come back and finish your story! Alice called after him, but she and everyone else joined the chorus: Yes, please!, but the mouse just shook his head impatiently, and went a little faster. It's a shame he won't stay! Laurie sighed as soon as he was completely out of sight; and the old crab took the opportunity to say to his daughter, My dear! Let this be a lesson for you never to lose your temper! Keep your mouth shut, Mum! Said Crab, a little quick. You're enough to try the patience of the oysters! I wish our Dina here, I know what I'm doing! Said Alice out loud, addressing no one in particular. She'll soon get it back! And who would Dina, if I could risk asking a question? Laurie said. Alice responded eagerly because she was always willing to talk about her pet: Dina is our cat. And it's so big for catching mice that you can't think of! And, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a bird as soon as look at it! This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some birds hurried at once: one old Magpie began to wrap very carefully, noting: I really need to go home: Night air doesn't fit my throat! And the Canary shouted in a trembling voice to his children: Go away, my dears! It's time you were all in bed! Under various pretexts they all moved away, and Alice was soon left alone. I wish I hadn't mentioned Dean! She said to herself in a melancholy tone. No one seems like her, here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dina! I wonder if I'll ever see you anymore! And then poor Alice cried again, because she felt very alone and invulnerable. After a while, however, she again heard a little thud of footsteps in the distance, and she looked looking, half hoping that the mouse had changed her mind, and returned to finish her story. It was the White Rabbit, slowly trotting back, and anxiously looking as he went as if he had lost something; and she heard him muttering to himself the Duchess! Duchess! Oh my fur and mustache! She's going to execute me, just like ferrets are ferrets! Where can I drop them, I wonder? Alice guessed at the moment that she was looking for a fan and a pair of white baby gloves, and she very good-naturedly started hunting about them, but they were nowhere to be seen - everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the large hall, with a glass table and small door, disappeared completely. Very soon Rabbit noticed Alice when she went hunting, and shouted to her in an angry tone: Why, Mary Ann, what are you doing here? Run home at this point and bring me a pair of gloves and a fan! Fast, now! And Alice was so scared that she ran straight in the direction she pointed out, not trying to explain the mistake she had made. He took me by the maid, she said to herself as she fled. How surprised he will be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take his fan and gloves, that is, if I can find them. When she said this, she came across a neat house with a bright brass plate called W on the door. she entered without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear, so she didn't have to meet the real Mary Anne, and found himself out of the house before she found a fan and gloves. How strange it seems Alice told herself to go message for the rabbit! I suppose Dina will send me messages further! And she began imagining the sort of things that would happen: Miss Alice! Come straight here and get ready for the walk! Coming in a minute, nurse! But I have to see that the mouse doesn't come out. Only I don't think - continued Alice - that they would allow Dina to stay in the house if she started ordering people about like this! By this time she had found her way into a neat little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white baby gloves: she took a fan and a pair of gloves, and was just about to leave the room when her eye fell on a small bottle that was standing near the looking glass. This time there was no label with the words DRINK ME, but nevertheless she unsinked it and put it to her lips. I know something interesting is bound to happen, she said to herself, whenever I eat or drink something; so I just see what this bottle does. I hope this will make me grow big again because actually I am very tired of being such a tiny little thing! He did it really, and much earlier than she expected: before she drank half a bottle, she found her head snuggled against the ceiling, and had to bend over to save her neck from a fracture. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself: It's quite enough, I hope I won't grow anymore- Like this, I can't get out the door, I wish I had been drinking so much! Alas! it was too late to wish it! She continued to grow and grow, and very soon had to kneel on the floor: a minute later there was not even room for it, and she tried the effect of lying with one elbow to the door, and the other hand curled around the head. Yet she continued to grow, and as the last resource, she put one hand out of the window, and one foot up the chimney,



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