“Some-times be-ing push-ed up a-against a wall, feel-ing ex-pos-ed, will give you the cour-age to stand up and climb right o-ver”

Hear The Blend On The End

<table>
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<th>b-a-n-d</th>
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<td>p-a-s-t</td>
<td>b-l-a-s-t</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

No-tic-ing all the sounds in words helps you to say, read and spell them cor-rect-ly

When you read - blends can slow you down. When you spell, trying to hear the sounds of the let-ters in the blends can be hard for some of us. Prac-tic-ing blends can help you to read, write and spell bet-ter.

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“Some-times be-ing push-ed up a-gainst a wall, feel-ing ex-pos-ed will give you the cour-age to stand up and climb right over”

**SOME MORE Common Words To Make Up 25% Of All The Words We Use**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>be-fore</th>
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<td>(they are)</td>
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</table>
“Some-times be-ing push-ed up a-gainst a wall, feel-ing ex-pos-ed will give you the cour-age to stand up and climb right over”

Con-junc-tion - Co-join - Use Com-mas

and but or yet so for nor

Joining Sentences

1. The man drives the van, and he sells the flow-ers.

2. Max a-rrived ear-ly for school, but Ben was late.

3. You need to place your bid on E-bay now, or it will be too late.

4. Jack fell a-sleep in class, yet he slept well the night be-fore.

5. Eve-ry-one wan-ted to go to the con-cert, so they hired a min-i-van to drive them.

6. She stuffed the food in her mouth, for she was hun-gry.

7. No one got to the par-ty on time, nor had they re-mem-bered it was fancy dress.
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CHAPTER 4:

THE RABBIT SENDS A BILL

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

It was the White Rab-bit who trot- ted back a-gain. It looked from side to side as it went, as if it had lost some- thing. Then Al-ice heard it say to it-self, "The Duch-ess! The Duch-ess!

Oh, my dear paws! She'll get my head cut off as sure as rats are rats! Where can I have lost them?" Al-ice guessed at once that he was in search of the fan and the pair of white kid gloves.

So, like the good girl that she was, she went to look for them, but could not find them. All things seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool.
The great hall with the glass table and the little door were all gone.

Soon the Rab-bit saw Al-ice and called out to her, "Why, Ann, what are you do-ing here? Run home at once, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick-ly, now!"

Al-ice was in such a fright that she ran off and did not stop to say who it was.

"He must think I am his maid," she said to her-self as she ran.

"What will he say when he finds out who I am! But, I must find his fan and gloves and take them to the rab-bit."

As she said this, she came to a small neat house. On the door was a bright brass plate with the name W. Rab-bit on it.

"How strange that I am do-ing things for a Rab-bit!

I guess Di-nah will send me to do jobs for her next!"

By this time, she had run up the stairs to a ti-dy room with a ta-ble near the wall. On it was a fan and two or three pairs of small white gloves.

She picked them up, and turned to leave the room, when she saw a small bot-tle close by.
There was no label on it this time with the words "Drink me," but Al-ice held it to her lips.

"I know I may change in some way, if I eat or drink any thing. I'll just see what it does and hope it will make me grow large again. I am quite tired of this size," Al-ice said to her-self.

It did as she had wished, for in a short time her head pressed against the roof so hard that she could-n't stand up straight.

She quick-ly put down the bot-tle and said, "That is as much as I need... I hope I won't grow any more... As it is, I can't get out the door... I wish I had-n't drunk so much!"

But it was too late to wish that!

She grew and grew, un-til she had to kneel down on the floor. Then there was no room and she had to lie down. She grew and grew un-til she had to put one arm out the win-dow and one foot up the chim-ney.

"Now I don't fit any-more," she said to her-self.

There seemed no chance now that she would ev-er get out of the room.
"I wish I was at home," thought poor Al-ice, "where I wouldn't change so much, and where I didn't have to do things for mice and rab-bits. I wish I hadn't gone down that rab-bit hole... and yet... it's strange, you know, this sort of life!

When I used to read fair-y tales, I thought they were just made up by some one, and now here I am in one my-self. When I grow up I'll write a book a-bout these strange things... but I feel grown up now," she added in a sad tone, "at least... there's no room to grow in this house an-y more."

She heard a voice out-side and stopped to list-en.

"Ann! Ann!" said the voice, "fetch me my gloves, quick!" Then came the sound of feet on the stairs.

Al-ice knew it was the Rab-bit and that it had come back to look for her.

She shook with fear till she also shook the house.

Poor thing! She didn't know that she was now more than ten times big-ger than the Rab-bit, and that she did not need to be a-fraid of it.

Soon the Rab-bit came to the door and tried to come in, but Al-ice's arm pushed a-gainst it so hard the door would not move.
Al-ice heard it say, “Then I’ll go round and get in at the win-dow.”

"No you won’t!" thought Al-ice and she wait-ed un-til she heard the Rab-bit quite near the win-dow. She spread out her hand and made a grab in the air.

She did not get hold of it, but she heard a squeal and a fall.

Next came an an-gry voice... the Rab-bit’s... "Pat! Pat! Where are you?"

Then a voice, which was new to her said, "I'm here! Dig-ging for apples, yer hon-our!"

"Dig-ging for ap-ple-s, in-deed!" said the Rab-bit. "Here! Come and help me out of this! Now, tell me, Pat, what's that in the win-dow?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer hon-our"

"An arm, you goose! Who e- ver saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole win-dow!"

"Sure it does, yer hon-our; but it’s just an arm, all the same."
"Well, it should not be there; go and take it out!"

For a long time they seemed to stand still, but now and then Al-ice could hear a few words in a low voice, such as, "Sure I don't like it, yer hon-our, not at all, not at all!"

"Do as I tell you, you cow-ard!"

So, A-lice spread out her hand again and made an-oth-er grab in the air. This time there were two lit-tle squeals.

"I should like to know what they'll do next! As to their threats to pull me out, I wish they could. I don't want to stay in here."

She wait-ed for some time, but all was still; then came the noise of small cart wheels and voi-ces, which said;

"Where is the oth-er lad-der? Why, I only brought one;

Bill's got the oth-er.

Bill, bring it here, lad!

Here, put 'em up at here.

No, tie 'em first... they don't reach near-ly as high as they should yet... Oh, they'll do.

Here, Bill! Catch hold of this rope... Will the roof hold?
Mind that loose roof tile… Oh no, here it comes!

Look out! (Then a loud crash!)

...Now who did that? thought Al-ice. It was Bill, I guess...

Who's to go down the chim-ney?

No, I won’t! You do it!... I won't then!...

Bill's got to go down...

Here, Bill, you've got to go down the chim-ney!"

"So, Bill's got to come down, has he?" said Al-ice to her-self.

"They seemed to make Bill do all the work. I would not want to be in Bill's place. The fire-place is very small, but I think I can move my leg to kick."

She drew her foot as far as she could, and wait-ed un-til she heard a small an-i-mal (she did not know what sort it was) come scratch! scratch! down the chim-ney quite close to her.

Then she said to her-self: "This is for Bill," and gave one sharp kick and wait-ed to see what would hap-pen next.

The first thing she heard was, "There goes Bill!" then the Rab-bit's voice, "Catch him, you by the fence!"

All was still, then more voices... "Hold up his head...

Mind now... Don't choke him...
How was it, old fellow?
What sent you up so fast? Tell us all about it!

At last came a weak voice ("That's Bill," thought Al-ice),

"Well, I don't know... mind you, but I'm a bit too shocked to tell you... all I know is, a thing comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I go up like a rocket!"

"So you did, old fellow," said the others.

"We must burn the house down," said the Rab-bit's voice, and Al-ice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll set Di-nah on to you!"

At once all went quiet, and Al-ice thought, "What will they do next? If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off."

Then she heard the Rab-bit say, "One load will do to start with."

"A load of what?" thought Al-ice, but she did not have to wait long, for some small stones flew in at the window. Some of them hit her in the face.

"I will stop this," she said to her-self, and shout-ed out,

"You stop that, at once!" And a-gain it went quiet..
Al-ice saw the stones had all changed in-to small cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came to her.

"If I eat one of these cakes," she said, "it may make me change in my size; and as it can’t make me big-ger, I hope I will change back to the size I used to be."

So she ate one of the cakes and was glad to see that she shrank quite fast. Soon she was so small, she could get through the door. So she ran out of the house and found quite a crowd of an-i-mals and birds in the yard.

The poor liz-ard, Bill, was in the mid-dle of the group, held up by two guin-ea pigs. They gave him some-thing to drink out of a bot-tle. They all made a rush at Al-ice, as soon as she came out, but she ran off as hard as she could, and was soon safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said Al-ice to her-self, as she walked in the wood, "is grow to my right size again. Then the next thing is to find my way to that love-ly gar-den."

It was a fine plan, no doubt, but the hard thing was that she did not know how to do it. As she looked round the trees, she heard a small bark just o-ver her head from a branch that made her look up.
A great big pup-py looked down at her with large round eyes. It stretched out one paw and tried to touch her. "Poor thing!" said Al-ice in a kind tone.

She tried hard to show that she wanted to be its friend, but she was wor-ried in case it would eat her up.

Al-ice could not think what to do next, so she picked up a stick and held it out to the pup-py.

It jumped from the tree with a yelp of joy to play with it.

Then Al-ice hid round be-hind a large plant that stood near, but the pup-py soon found her and made a dash for the stick a-gain.

It tum-bled head o-ver heels in its hur-ry to get hold of it.

Al-ice felt that it was like hav-ing a game with a horse and thought at a-ny mo-ment she might be crushed un-der its big feet.

At last, to her joy, it seemed to grow tired of the game and sat down with its tongue out of its mouth and its big eyes half shut.
This seemed like a good time for Al-ice to get a-way, so she ran un-til she was quite tired and out of breath and the pup-py's bark sound-ed quite faint.

"What a dear pup-py it was," said Al-ice, as she stopped to rest and fan her-self with a leaf. "I would love to teach it tricks, if... if I was the right size to do it! Oh dear! I've got to grow a-gain! Let me see... how am I to do it? I guess I ought to eat or drink some-thing, but I don't know what!"

Al-ice looked all round her at the blades of grass, the flow-ers, the leaves, but could not see any thing that looked like the right thing to eat or drink to make her grow.

There was a large mush-room near her. It was a-bout the same height as she was and af-ter she had looked all a-round it, she thought she might as well look to see what was on top of it.

She stood up as tall as she could, and her eyes met those of a large blue cat-er-pil-lar that sat on top.

Its arms were fold-ed and it was smok-ing a strange pipe with a long stem that bent and curved round it like a hoop.
# Woman’s Got Soul

**By Tommy Rando**

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<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>When I hear your voice......got me</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Telling me to come back home</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>I know I’m in a better place</td>
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<td>4.</td>
<td>That shelters me, I’m not alone</td>
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<td>5.</td>
<td>I remember you holdin’ me</td>
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<td>6.</td>
<td>Holdin’ me we couldn’t let go</td>
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<td>7.</td>
<td>I remember you saying to me</td>
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<td>8.</td>
<td>Love is worth more than gold</td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Chorus</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>The woman’s got soul</td>
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<td>10.</td>
<td>She’s got soul</td>
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<td>11.</td>
<td>The woman’s got soul, don’t you know...</td>
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<td>12.</td>
<td>She’s got soul</td>
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<td>13.</td>
<td>The woman’s got soul</td>
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<td>14.</td>
<td>She don’t need no fancy things,</td>
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<td>15.</td>
<td>To make her feel right at home</td>
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<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>She just sing me a melody so sweet</td>
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<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>I’m in neutral.</td>
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|   |  
|---|---
| 18. | I know she’s looking out for me  
| 19. | Helping me to find my soul  
| 20. | She came into my life and touched  
| 21. | A part of me that I didn’t know  

**Chorus**  
22. The woman’s got soul  
23. She’s got soul  
24. The woman’s got soul, don’t you know...  
25. She’s got soul  
26. The woman’s got soul  
27. I’m richer than anybody  
28. Worth more than money and gold  
29. She came into my life and touched  
30. A part of me that I didn’t know...  

**Chorus**  
31. The woman’s got soul yeah  
32. Do do do do do do do do do  
33. She’s got soul  
34. She’s got soul  
35. The woman’s got soul
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<tr>
<td>36.</td>
<td>She got soul in her heart, in her heart</td>
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<td>37.</td>
<td>In heart yeah.</td>
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<td>38.</td>
<td>The woman’s got the soul in her heart</td>
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<td>39.</td>
<td>She got soul</td>
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<td>40.</td>
<td>She’s got soul</td>
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<td>41.</td>
<td>When I see you looking back,</td>
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<td>42.</td>
<td>Tearing up apart</td>
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<td>43.</td>
<td>The woman’s got the best of me in heart</td>
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<td>44.</td>
<td>She got soul yeah – she’s got soul</td>
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<td>45.</td>
<td>Some old souls are wiser than before</td>
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<td>46.</td>
<td>I know I been working every day yeah yeah</td>
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<td>Chorus</td>
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<td>47.</td>
<td>She got soul in her heart</td>
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<td>48.</td>
<td>She got soul in her heart</td>
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<td>49.</td>
<td>Yeah........</td>
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<td>50.</td>
<td>She’s got soul</td>
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<td>51.</td>
<td>Don’t you know</td>
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<td>52.</td>
<td>She’s got soul</td>
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<td>53.</td>
<td>The woman’s got the soul in her heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54.</td>
<td>She got soul</td>
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</table>
“Sometimes being pushed up against a wall, feeling exposed will give you the courage to stand up and climb right over”

How To Get Over A Bad Day

1. Keep a bad experience in perspective don’t let your imagination run away with you.
2. Use music, physical activity, breathing, or your imagination to help you to calm down and recover.
3. When you feel calmer think how you could put a plan in place to stop this occurring again.
4. Box the bad experience up and put it in storage.
5. Find somebody in your school who you can talk to – this could be an older student or a special teacher.
6. Make time to do the things you are really good at.
7. Eat well, sleep well and drink plenty of water.
8. Create some positive sayings.
   “Just because I find learning hard, it doesn’t mean I’m not intelligent.”
   “People who make my life hard are just ignorant.”
   “I am not going to let this situation ruin my day.”
   “I am going to get through this.”
Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials F-1 to F-7 students should be able to...

F-1 – Identify the consonant blend on the end of each word and read each word emphasizing all the sounds of each letter in each word.

F-2 – Attempt to read all of the words on this sheet. Students can use the outlines to write them too. Teachers can display this table for future reference.

F-3 – Discuss that conjunctions join sentence parts. Read four sentences noting the comma in each before the conjunction.

F-4 – Discuss what happens in the fourth chapter of Alice in Wonderland? Who tried to climb down the chimney? How did Alice play with the puppy?

F-5 – What is soul? Discuss. Read ten lines of this song?

F-6 – Say three strategies they could use to get over a bad day.

F-7 – Did Tommy find learning to read music easy or hard? Why did he go to the USA? What was his message to you? Why is vocabulary so important?

This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist.... These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student’s answers can be spoken, written or read.

😊 Smile – “Way To Go – That Is A Great Effort”😊
“You can train your brain. Brain neu-rons that re-peat-ed-ly fire to-geth-er, wire to-geth-er ma-king learn-ing per-man-ent”

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“You can train your brain. Brain neu-rons that re-peat-ed-ly fire to-geth-er, wire to-geth-er ma-king learn-ing per-man-ent”

9 More Commonly Used Prefixes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prefix</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Words</th>
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<td>inter-</td>
<td>(between)</td>
<td>interval, interchange, interview</td>
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<td>fore-</td>
<td>(earlier)</td>
<td>forehead, foreword, forecast</td>
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<tr>
<td>de-</td>
<td>(reverse)</td>
<td>devalue, descend, defrost</td>
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<td>trans-</td>
<td>(across)</td>
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<td>(half)</td>
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<tr>
<td>under-</td>
<td>(too little)</td>
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“You can train your brain. Brain neu-rons that re-peat-ed-ly fire to-geth-er, wire to-geth-er mak-ing learn-ing per-man-ent”

Con-junc-tion - CO-JOIN - Use Com-mas

be-cau-se while how-ev-er when un-ti-l
un-less be-fore wheth-er once pro-vi-ded

Mak-ing Sen-ten-ces More Pow-er-ful

1. You have lost weight, because you have been working so hard.
2. Do your homework, while you have time.
3. You can run to catch the train, however you may still miss it.
4. Come over to my house, when you’ve finished your jobs.
5. The dogs kept barking, until the family came home.
6. You can stay with Grandma, unless you want to come shopping.
7. Put up the umbrella, before the rain gets really heavy.
8. You can’t quit, whether you want to or not.
9. The building started to look like a home, once the roof went on.
10. You can go to the festival, provided you take your little sister with you.
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CHAPTER 5:
A CATERPILLAR TELLS ALICE WHAT TO DO

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

The Cat-er-pil-lar looked at Al-ice, and she stared at it, but did not speak. At last, it took the pipe from its mouth and said, "Who are you?"

Al-ice said, "I'm not sure, sir, who I am just now... I know who I was when I left home, but I think I have changed two or three times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Cat-er-pil-lar.

"I fear I can't tell you, be-cause I don't know, my-self; but to change so man-y times all in one day, makes my head hurt."

"It doesn't," said the Cat-er-pil-lar.
"Well, may-be your head hasn’t hurt yet," said Al-ice, "but when you have to change... and you will some day, you know... I think you'll feel strange then, don't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Cat-er-pil-lar.

"Well, you may not feel as I do," said Al-ice. "All I know is, it feels strange to me to change so much."

"You!" said the Cat-er-pil-lar with its nose in the air. "Who are you?"

Which brought them back to where they start-ed.

Al-ice was not pleased at this, so she said, in as stern a voice as she could, "I think you ought to tell me who you are first."

"Why?" asked the Cat-er-pil-lar.

As Al-ice could not think what to say and as the cat-er-pil-lar did not seem to want to talk, she turned a-way.

"Come back!" said the Cat-er-pil-lar. "I have some-thing to say to you!"

Al-ice turned and came back.

"Mind your tem-per," said the Cat-er-pil-lar.

"Is that all?" said Al-ice, as she hid her an-ger as well as she could.
"No," said the Cat-er-pil-lar.

Al-ice wait-ed a long time, while it sat and smoked, but did not speak. At last, it took the pipe from its mouth, and said, "So you think you have changed, do you?"

"I fear I have, sir," said Al-ice, "I don't know things I used to... and I only stay the same size for a short time."

"What things don't you don't know?"

"Well, I tried to say things I knew at school, but the words came out all wrong."

"Let me hear you say the poem, 'YOU ARE OLD, FATHER,'" said the Cat-er-pil-lar.

Al-ice folded her arms, and be-gan:

""You are old, Fath-er , the young man said,  
'And your hair has be-come ver-y white,  
And yet you stand all the time on your head...  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

'In my youth,' the Fath-er said to his son,  
'I feared it might in-jure the brain;  
But now that I know full well I have none,  
Why, I do it a-gain and a-gain.'  
'You are old,' said the son, 'shall I tell you once more?
And you now weigh as much as a tonne;
Yet you turned a back som-er-sault in at the door...
Please, tell me now, how was that done?'

'In my youth,' said the father, as he shook his grey locks.
'I kept all my limbs ver-y sup-ple
By the use of this oint-ment... one shil-ling for the box...
Al-low me to sell you a coup-le.'

'You are old,' said the son, 'and your jaws are too weak
For an-y thing tough-er than soap;
Yet you ate up the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Please, how did you man-age to cope?'

'In my youth,' said his fath-er, 'I took to the law
And ar-gued each case with my wife;
And the ver-y great strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has last-ed the rest of my life.'

'You are old,' said the son; 'one would hard-ly sup-pose
That your eyes were as stead-y as ev-er;
Yet you bal-ance an eel on the end of your nose...
What makes you al-ways so clev-er?'

'I have re-plied to three ques-tions, and that is e-nough,' said the fath-er; 'don't give your-self airs!
Do you think I can lis-ten all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down the stairs!'"
"That was not said right," said the Cat-er-pil-lar.

"Not quite right, I fear," said Al-ice, "some of the words are wrong."

"It is wrong from start to fin-ish," said the Cat-er-pil-lar.

After a while it said, "What size do you want to be?"

"Oh, I don't care what size, but I do not like to change so much, you know."

"I don't know!" it said.

Al-ice was much too cross to speak, for she had nev-er, in all her life, been talked to in that kind of rude way.

"Do you like what size you are now?" asked the Cat-er-pil-lar.

"Well, I'm not quite as large as I would like to be," said Al-ice; "three inch-es is such a small height to be."

"It is a good height, in-deed!" said the Cat-er-pil-lar, and sat it-self up tall as it spoke.

(It was just three inch-es high...)

"But I'm not used to it!" begged poor Al-ice.

And she thought, "I wish things here were not so strange!"
"You'll get used to it in time," said the Cat-er-pil-lar and put the pipe to its mouth. Al-ice wait-ed in case it chose to speak.

At last it took the pipe from its mouth, yawned once or twice, then got down from its mush-room and crawled off in the grass. As it went it said,
"One side will make you tall, and one side will make you small.

"One side of what?" thought Al-ice to her-self.

"Of the mush-room," said the Cat-er-pil-lar, as if it had heard her speak... soon it was out of sight.

Al-ice stood and looked at the mush-room a long time and tried to make out which were the two sides of it.

It was round, so this is a hard thing to do.

At last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

"Now which is which?" she said to her-self, and ate a small piece of the right-hand bit, to see what it would do.

The next thing she felt, was her chin hit her foot with a hard blow.

She got a big fright at this quick change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost as she was shrink-ing so fast... so she took a bit at once from her left hand.
"Great, my head's free at last!" said Al-ice, with great joy, which quickly changed to fear when she found that her waist and hands were no-where to be seen. All she could see when she looked down was a long neck, which seemed to rise like a plant stem out of a sea of green leaves from far below her.

"What can all that green stuff be?" said Al-ice. "And where has my waist gone? And oh! My poor hands, why can't I see them?"

She moved her hands as she spoke. The green leaves shook as if to let her know her hands were there, but she could not see them. As there seemed to be no chance to get her hands up to her head, she tried to get her head down to her hands and was hap-py to find that her neck would bend like a snake.

Just as she bent it down to dive in to the sea of green, (which she found out was the tops of the trees which she had just been walk-ing under) a loud “hiss” made her draw back in haste!

A large bird had flown in-to her face, and struck her with its wings.

"Snake! snake!" screamed the bird.
"I'm not a snake," said Al-ice. "Leave me a-lone!"

"Snake, I say, Snake!" cried the bird, then add-ed with a kind of sob, "I have tried lots of ways, but I do not like them."

"I don't know what you mean," said Al-ice.

The bird seemed not to hear her, but went on talk-ing,
"I've tried the roots of trees and I've tried a hedge, but those snakes! There is no way to please them. It is hard work to hatch the eggs, but now I have to watch for snakes night and day too! Why, I have not had a wink of sleep for the past three weeks!"

"It's sad for you to be so up-set," said Al-ice, who be-gan to see what it meant.

"And just when I had built my nest in this high tree," the bird went on, rais-ing its voice e-ven high-er, "just as I thought I should be free of them at last, they fall down from the sky! Ugh! Snake!"

"But I'm not a snake, I tell you!" said Al-ice. "I'm a... I'm a..."

"Well! What are you?" said the bird. "I can see you will not tell me the truth!"
"I… I am a lit-tle girl," said Al-ice. But she was not sure what she was, when she thought of all the chang-es she had gone through that day.

"I've seen girls in my time, but none with a neck like that!" said the bird. "No! no! You're a snake so don't say you're not. I guess next you'll say you don't eat eggs!"

"Of course I eat eggs," said Al-ice, "girls eat eggs just as much as snakes do, you know."

"I don't know," said the bird, "but if they do, then they are kinds of snake! That's all I can say."

This was such a new thing to Al-ice that at first, she did not speak. This gave the bird a chance to add, "You want eggs now, I know that much."

"But I don't want eggs and even if I did, I would-n't want yours. I don't like them raw."

"Well, be off, then!" said the bird as it sat down in its nest.

Al-ice crouched down through the trees as well as she could, for her neck would twist a-round the branch-es and now and then she had to stop to get them off.

At last, she thought of the mush-room in her hands.
Al-ice set to work with great care, to take a small bite first from the right hand, then from the left, till at last she came down to the right size. It was so long since she had been this height, that she felt quite strange, at first. But she soon got used to it.

"Good, there's half my plan done now!" she said. "How strange all these things are! I'm nev-er sure, what I shall be next! I'm glad... I'm back to my right size. The next thing is, to get in-to that gar-den... How that will be done, I would like to know?"

As she said this, she saw in front of her, a small house, not more than four feet high.

"Who lives there?" thought Al-ice, "it will not do at all, to walk up on them at this size. I would scare them out of their wits!"

So she ate some of the right hand bit, a-gain and did not dare go near the house until she had brought her-self down to nine inch-es high.
Evie – I’m losing You (Part 3)

Stevie Wright – By Harry Vanda & George Young

1. When I woke this morning, I was king of the world.
2. Longing to know, if we had a boy or a girl.
3. Yes I had a feeling, as proud as any man, could ever hope to be.
4. Without any warning.
5. I don’t know where I am.
6. It seems so unreal, that I just can’t understand.
7. With each passing minute, the one that I love, is slipping away from me.

Chorus

8. Before I know it… I’m losing you…. (yeah, yeah)
9. Losing you…..Losing you….. (I’m losing you)
10. Before I know it… I’m losing you
11. Losing you… (Ow)…. Losing you
12. There’s no need to worry,
13. I can still hear them say.
14. One’s born every minute, every hour every day.
15. So just you relax, take the weight off your back, there’s nothing you can do.
17. For how could they know, this simple thing could go wrong.

18. For once in a million, it just happens along.

19. (happens along)

20. I can’t understand it,

21. I can’t think at all, I don’t know what to do

**Chorus**

22. Before I know it... I’m losing you (oh, oh)

23. Losing you....Losing you......(I’m losing you)

24. Before I know it...I’m losing you (losing you)...Losing you. (Ow)... Losing you....Yeah....I’m losing you.

25. I can’t believe this is happening.

26. I can’t believe this is real.

27. I don’t believe I can take anymore.

28. I can’t carry on, no

29. I can’t carry on.

30. When I had the faith.

31. Well I’d go down on my knees.

32. Will somebody help me, won’t somebody, please.

33. So tell me I’m sleeping.
34. Just tell me I’m dreaming.

35. I’ll wake up again.

**Chorus**

36. Before I know it... I’m losing you....(Losing you)
   
   I’m losing you....Losing you......(I’m losing you)

37. Before I know it... I’m losing you.... (Oh yeah)
   
   Losing you.....(Yeah)..... Losing you

...Repeat chorus.....................
“You can train your brain. Brain neu-rons that re-peat-ed-ly fire to-geth-er, wire to-geth-er ma-king learn-ing per-man-ent”

What is Brain Training?

1. Neurons that repeatedly fire together wire together - This is how we learn to;
   
<table>
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<tr>
<td>Count</td>
<td>Read</td>
<td>Spell</td>
<td>Write</td>
<td>Tie shoelaces</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Functional Magnetic Resonance Imaging (fMRI) shows the brain at work while people are doing a series of thinking exercises.

3. Olympic athletes practice a particular skill until they over learn it.

4. We can do the same to learn any skill whether it is a physical or mental skill.

5. You just have to be motivated.

6. Daily practice is what is required.

(10-15 minutes every day)
Deborah

**Student Weekly Review**
At the end of tutorials F-8 to F-14 students should be able to...

- **F-8** – Discuss the phonic symbol for the sound ‘ng’ being ‘ŋ’
  How does the ‘g’ get silent what does the ‘n’ say?

- **F-9** – Read or say the eight prefixes. Say two words that begin with each prefix.

- **F-10** – Discuss what a conjunction is. Why is a comma used before a conjunction?

- **F-11** – What was the poem about in the fifth chapter of Alice in Wonderland? How did Alice change her size? Why was the bird afraid of Alice?

- **F-12** – Why is the singer losing Evie? What happened to her? Read 14 lines of this song.

- **F-13** – What are neurons? What happens when they fire together again and again? How can brain training help us to overcome our difficulties?

- **F-14** – What happened to Deborah when she was four years old? What career did she choose in America for her job? How successful was she? What was her message about failing?

This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist. These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student's answers can be spoken, written or read.

😊Smile – “You Are A Champion... Good On You”😊

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"When we spend all our time wish-ing our life could be dif-fer-ent, we need to re-mem-ber that trees grow tall and reach for the sky in strong winds and dia-monds are cre-at-ed un-der pres-sure”

Blend Racing

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<td>plot</td>
<td>plop</td>
<td>place</td>
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</table>

Train You Brain To Hear The Sounds

Time one ______ min-utes_______sec-onds

Time two_______min-utes_______sec-onds

Time Three_______min-utes_______sec-onds

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“When we spend all our time wish-ing our life could be dif-fer-ent, we need to re-mem-ber that trees grow tall and reach for the sky in strong winds and dia-monds are cre-at-ed un-der pres-sure”

**MANY MORE Common Words That Make Up 25% Of All The Words We Use**

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<td>* moth-er</td>
<td>mother</td>
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</table>
“When we spend all our time wishing our life could be different, we need to remember that trees grow tall and reach for the sky in strong winds and diamonds are created under pressure.”

**Conjunction** - **Co-Join** - **Use Commas**

<table>
<thead>
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<th>never-the-less</th>
<th>more-o-ver (what’s more)</th>
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<td>fur-ther-more</td>
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<td>even though</td>
<td>mean-while</td>
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<td>on the con-trar-y</td>
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**Use Fancy Conjunctions To Blow Them Away With Your ‘Brilliance’**

1. You are crazy, **nevertheless** you are also very funny.
2. It was a Sunday, **moreover** I wanted to sleep in.
3. You will succeed in life, **in addition** to being very wealthy.
4. You cannot go for the job interview, **furthermore** you are not yet 15 years old.
5. The fire started in the kitchen, **consequently** the dinner was burnt.
6. I saw a rainbow, **even though** it was not raining.
7. I was singing a rap song, **meanwhile** my brother was blocking his ears.
8. I thought she was right, **but on the contrary** she was wrong.
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CHAPTER 6:

PIG AND PEPPER

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

For a while Al-ice stood and looked at the house and tried to think what to do next, when a foot-man ran out of the wood (from the way he was dressed, she took him to be a Foot-man... though if she had judged by his face she would have called him a fish) and knocked at the door with his fist. A Foot-man with a round face and large eyes, came to the door.

Al-ice want-ed to know what, it all meant. So she crept a short way out of the wood to hear what they said.

The Fish... Foot-man took from un-der his arm a great let-ter and hand-ed it to the oth-er and said in a grave tone, "For the Duch-ess; from the Queen."

The Frog... Foot-man said in the same grave tone, "From the Queen, for the Duch-ess."
Then they both bowed so low that their heads touched each other.

All this made Al-ice laugh so much that she had to run back to the wood in case they heard her. When she next peeped out, the Fish-Foot-man was gone and the other one sat on the ground near the door and stared up at the sky.

Al-ice went up to the door and knocked.

"There's no need for you to knock," said the Foot-man, "I'm on the same side of the door that you are, and there is so much noise in that room that no one could hear you."

There was, in-deed, a great noise in the house... a howl-ing and sneez-ing. Now and then a great crash, as if a dish or a pot had been bro-ken to bits.

"Please, then," said Al-ice, "how do I to get in?"

"There might be some sense in you knock-ing," the Foot-man went on, "if we were not both on the same side of the door. If you were in the room, you could knock and I could let you out, you know."

He looked up at the sky all the time he was speak-ing, which Al-ice thought was quite rude.
"But per-haps he can't help it," she thought, his eyes are so near the top of his head.

"How am I to get in?" she asked.

"I shall sit here," the Foot-man said, "un-til to-mor-row…"

Just then the door of the house o-pened and a large plate flew out, straight at his head. It just missed his nose and broke on one of the trees be-hind him.

"... or next day, may-be," he went on in the same tone as if he had not seen the plate.

"How am I to get in?" Al-ice asked as loud as she could speak.

"Will you get in at all?" he said. "That's the first thing, you know."

It was..., no doubt..., but Al-ice didn't like to be told so.

The Foot-man seemed to think this was a good time to say a-gain, "I shall sit here on and off, for days and days."

"But what am I to do?" asked Al-ice.

"Do what you like," he said.

"Oh, there's no use try-ing to talk to him," said Al-ice. "He has no sense at all." And she o-pened the door and went in.
The door led in to a large room that was full of smoke from end to end.

The Duch-ess sat on a stool with a child in her arms. The cook stood near the fire and stirred a large pot full of soup.

"There's too much pep-per in that soup!" Al-ice said to her-self as well as she could while sneez-ing.

There was too much of it in the air, for the Duch-ess sneezed now and then too. As for the child, it sneezed and howled all the time.

A large cat sat by the fire grin-ning from ear to ear.

"Please, can you tell me," said Al-ice, not quite sure that it was right for her to speak first, "why does your cat grin like that?"

"It's a Che-shire cat," said the Duch-ess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word so loud that Al-ice jumped; but she soon saw that the Duch-ess spoke to the child and not to her, so she went on:
"I didn’t know that Che-shire cats grinned. In fact, I didn’t know that cats could grin."

"They all can," said the Duch-ess; "and most of them do."

"I don't know an-y that do," Al-ice said, quite pleased to have some one to talk with.

"You don't know much," said the Duch-ess; "and that’s a fact!"

Al-ice did not like the tone in which this was said, and thought it would be best to speak of some-thing else.

When she tried to think of what to say, the cook took the pot from the fire, and then start-ed throw-ing things at the Duch-ess and the child… the tongs came first, then pots, pans, plates and cups. All flew thick and fast through the air. The Duch-ess did not seem to see them, e-ven when they hit her. The child cried so loud the whole time, that no-one could not tell if the blows hurt or not.

"Oh, please mind what you do!" cried Al-ice, as she jumped up and down in great fear, in case she was hit.

"Hold your tongue," said the Duch-ess. Then she be-gan a sort of song to the child and gave it a hard shake at the end of each line of the song.

At the end of the song she threw the child at Al-ice.
"Here, you may nurse it a bit if you like because I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen," and she left the room in a hurry.

The cook threw a fry-pan after her as she went, but it just missed her.

Al-ice caught the child, which held out its arms and legs on all sides, "just like a star-fish," Al-ice thought.

The poor thing snorted like a steam train when she caught it and wriggled about so much, it was hard to hold it. As soon as she found out the right way to nurse it, (which was to twist it up in a sort of knot, then keep a tight hold of its right ear and left foot), she took it out in the fresh air.

"If I don't take this child with me," thought Al-ice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two... it would be wrong to leave it here."

She said the last words out loud and the child grunted (it had stopped sneezing by this time).

"Don't grunt," said Al-ice, "that is not a nice thing to do."

The child grunted again and Al-ice looked at its face to see what was wrong with it. There could be no doubt that it had a turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a child's nose. Its eyes were very small too. In fact she did not like the look of the thing at all.
"Per-haps that was not a grunt, but a sob," and she looked to see if there were tears in its eyes. No, there were no tears.

"If you're go-ing to turn in to a pig, my dear," said Al-ice, "I'll have no more to do with you. Mind now!"

The poor thing sobbed once more (or grunted, Al-ice couldn't tell which).

"Now, what am I to do with this thing when I get it home?" thought Al-ice.

Then it grunt-ed so loud it made her look down at its face with some fear. This time there could be no doubt a-bout it... it was a pig!

So she set it down, and felt glad to see it trot off in to the woods.

As she turned to walk on, she saw the Che-shire Cat on the branch of a tree a lit-tle way off.

The Cat grinned when Alice saw it.

It looked like a good cat, she thought. But it had long claws and large teeth, so she felt she ought to be kind to it.
"Puss," said Al-ice, "would you please tell me which way I should walk from here?"

"That de-pends a good deal on where you want to go to," said the Cat.

"I don't care where..." said Al-ice.

"Then you don't care which way you walk," said the Cat.

"... so long as I get somewhere," Al-ice add-ed.

"Oh, you're sure to do that if you don't stop," said the Cat.

Al-ice knew that this was true, so she asked: "What sort of peo-ple live near here?"

"That way," said the Cat, with a wave of its right paw, "lives a Hat-ter; and that way," with a wave of its left paw, "lives a March Hare. Go and see the one you like... they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go where mad peo-ple live," said Al-ice.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat, "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" asked Al-ice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."
Al-ice didn't think that proved it at all, but she went on, "and how do you know that you're mad?"

"First," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You agree?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you know a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's hap-py.

Now I growl when I'm hap-py and wag my tail when I'm an-gry. So you see... I'm mad."

"I say the cat purrs. I do not call it a growl," said Al-ice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Are you to play cro-quet with the Queen to-day?"

"I would like to, but I haven't been asked yet," said Al-ice.

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, then it fa-ded out of sight.

Al-ice did not think this was so strange as she was now used to strange things hap-pen-ing.

While she still looked at the place where it had been, it came back a-gain, all at once.

"By the way, where is the child?" it asked.
"It turned in-to a pig," Al-ice said.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, then fa-ded out of sight a-gain.

Al-ice wait-ed to see if it would come back, then walked the way the March Hare lived.

"I've seen Hat-ters," she said to her-self; "so I'll go see the March Hare." As she said this, she looked up, and there saw the Cat on a branch of the tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" asked the Cat.

"I said pig. And I wish you wouldn't come and go, all at once, like you do. You make me quite gid-dy."

"All right," said the Cat. This time it faded out in such a way that its tail went first. Then the last thing Al-ice saw was the grin, which stayed some time af-ter the rest of it had gone.

"Well, I've seen a cat with-out a grin," thought Al-ice; "but a grin with-out a cat! That's the strang-est thing I have ev-er seen in all my life!"

She soon came to the house of the March Hare.

She thought it must be the right place, as the chim-neys were shaped like ears, and the roof was cov-ered with fur.
It was such a big house, that she did not want to go too near while she was so small.

So she ate a small piece of mush-room from the left-hand and made her-self two feet high. Then she walked up to the house, al-though with some fear, in case it should be mad as what the Cat said.
Jump In My Car
Ted Mulry - By Ted Mulry

1. Jump in my car,
2. I wanna take... you home.
3. Mmm, jump in my car,
4. it’s too far to walk on your own.
5. (No thank you sir...)
6. Ah, c’mon, I’m a trust worthy guy
7. (No thank you sir...)
8. Oh little girl I wouldn’t tell you no lie
9. (I know your game...)
10. How can you say that, we only just met.
11. (You’re all the same)
12. Ooh, she’s got me there, but I’ll get her yet.
13. (I got you there...)
14. No you didn’t, I was catching my breath)
15. And look it’s startin’ to rain,
16. and baby you’ll catch your death.
17. (Well, I don’t know...)
18. Ah, come on it costs nothin’ to try,
19. and you’ll arrive home nice and dry.
<p>| | |</p>
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<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Mmmmm-mmm jump in my car,</td>
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<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>I wanna take you home.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>C’mon jump in my car,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>it’s too far to walk on your own....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>Mmmmm-mmm, jump in my car,</td>
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<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>I wanna take you home.</td>
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<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>C’mon jump in my car,</td>
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<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>it’s too far to walk on your own.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>(Well maybe I will...)</td>
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<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>Ah, that’s better now, you’re talkin’ sense.</td>
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<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>(Jeepers keep still...)</td>
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<td>31.</td>
<td>Well, if you like I’ll just put up a fence.</td>
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<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>(No need to get smart)</td>
</tr>
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<td>33.</td>
<td>Well alright we’ll soon be on our... way...</td>
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<td>34.</td>
<td>(We better start...)</td>
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<td>35.</td>
<td>What for?</td>
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<td>36.</td>
<td>(Because it’s such a long way...)</td>
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<td>37.</td>
<td>Well, why where do you live?</td>
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<tr>
<td>38.</td>
<td>(I live down south, – it’s roughly eighty four miles)</td>
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<tr>
<td>39.</td>
<td>Hey slow down, you must be jokin’ there,</td>
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<tr>
<td>40.</td>
<td>behind that cute smile.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Line</td>
<td>Lyrics</td>
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<td>------</td>
<td>--------</td>
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<td>41.</td>
<td>(Oh no, I’m not…)</td>
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<tr>
<td>42.</td>
<td>Well, if you’re not there’s only one thing to say…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43.</td>
<td>(And what’s that…?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44.</td>
<td>Get out the car, get on your way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45.</td>
<td>Get out of my car.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46.</td>
<td>(But you just said that… you’d take me home)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47.</td>
<td>Well it’s just too far</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48.</td>
<td>(But there’s no way that I can get there alone)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49.</td>
<td>I couldn’t care less</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50.</td>
<td>(Maybe I could…. See you next week)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52.</td>
<td>But you look a mess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53.</td>
<td>(Look who’s talking, you got no right to speak)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54.</td>
<td>Get outta my car.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55.</td>
<td>(You told me that you were a really nice guy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56.</td>
<td>Well I ain’t</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57.</td>
<td>Yeah! Get outta my car.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58.</td>
<td>Get out, get out of my car.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“When we spend all our time wish-ing our life could be dif-fer-ent, we need to re-mem-ber that trees grow tall and reach for the sky in strong winds and dia-monds are cre-at-ed un-der pres-sure”

Spelling List
- cat
- hat
- mat
- pat
- bat
- sat
- fat
- vat

Learn From Barbara Arrowsmith Young

Barbara Arrowsmith Young is featured in the book The Brain That Changes Itself by Dr Norman Doidge

1. At birth her left and right brain parts were unequal
2. Her strength was excellent auditory and visual memory
3. But she had many learning difficulties
4. What did she do about it?
5. What is she doing now?
6. What is her key message?
Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials F-15 to F-21 students should be able to...

F-15 – Read the table of words on the blend race as quickly and accurately as possible re-reading any mistakes. You can make a note of your time down the bottom of the worksheet.

F-16 – Attempt to read all the words on this sheet. Students can use the outline to write them too. Teachers can display this table for future reference.

F-17 – Discuss why do fancy conjunctions add impact to a sentence. Read three sentences that use a fancy conjunction.

F-18 – Discuss what happens in the sixth chapter of Alice in Wonderland? Why did the baby grunt? What was special about the cat?

F-19 – Discuss whether you should ever jump in a stranger’s car. Why or why not? What is funny about the end of this song?

F-20 – How did Barbara Arrowsmith Young teach herself to tell the time? What were her strengths? What does she do now?

F-21 – Did Chris like school? What happened when a teacher tried to help him to spell in front of the other students? What is Chris doing now? Why is he such a good teacher?

This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist…. These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student’s answers can be spoken, written or read.

😊 Smile – “You are getting better and better at reading.” 😊

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"If you want to soar like an eagle, don’t hang around with the turkeys"

**Phonics Re-vi-sion**

1. **Alphabet** has 26 letters  
   - Alphabet sounds and short sounds
2. **Vowels** are a, e, i, o, u and tricky y  
   - Vowels have short and long sounds.
3. **Consonants** are  
   b,c,d,f,g,h,j,k,l,m,n,p,q,r,s,t,v,w,x,y,z
4. **Special partners** th, ch, th, ch, sh, ph, qu, wh
5. Words have **phonemes** which help you to attack them: b-a-t = 3, sh-u-t = 3, b-r-a-n-ch = 5, r-i-dg-e = 3
6. In consonant-vowel-consonant **CVC words** the vowel says its short sound c-u-t, m-a-d
7. Words have a beat or rhythm – **Syllables**. At the end of syllables or short words the vowels says its alphabet name me, re-ap-pl-y (us-u-al-ly)

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9. **C c** has a soft sound “**sss**” when it comes before **e, i, y** in words
   - **city, centre, cycle**

10. **G g** has a soft sound “**juh**” when it comes before **e,i,y** in words (usually)
    - **gym, giant, cage**

11. **O o** can say in words: “**oh-**” **top, “oh—**” **rose, “ew—**” **to, “uh—**” **come**

12. **U u** can say in words “**uh—**” **up, “you—**” **cute, “oo—**” **put, “ew—**” **blue, u makes ‘q’ say ‘kw’ queen**

13. **Blends** are when two or more letters, consonants or **vowels**, come together in a word. They can be at the beginning, middle or end of a word and can be hard to hear - **step, strand, beach, light**

14. **E e** can say in words “**eh—**” **egg, “ee—**” **email, e silent on the end of words hope, “uh—**” (lazy vowel) **the**

15. **I i** can say “**ih—**” **fish, “iy—**” **ice, “eh—**” **friend, “ee—**” **taxi, “uh—**” (lazy vowel) **rabbit**

16. **ŋ** is the phonic symbol for ‘**ng**’ sound - ‘**n’ is sounded “**ŋ**” - ‘**g’ is silent:
    - **sing, sang, long, clung**
“If you want to soar like an ea-gle
don’t hang a-round with turkeys”

**Suffixes - Letters At End**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Suffix</th>
<th>Example Words</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-s, es</td>
<td>hop-s, jump-s, box-es</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ed</td>
<td>hop-ed, jump-ed, box-ed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ing</td>
<td>hopp-ing, jump-ing, box-ing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ly, ily</td>
<td>bad-ly, happ-ily, safe-ly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-er (more)</td>
<td>fast-er, bigg-er, slow-er</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-er (a person)</td>
<td>farm-er, teach-er, track-er</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-er (action or process)</td>
<td>chatt-er, stutt-er, re-port-er</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-or (a person)</td>
<td>doct-or, invent-or, senat-or</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ar (relating to/being)</td>
<td>sol-ar, doll-ar, coll-ar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-ar (a person)</td>
<td>li-ar, begg-ar, burgl-ar</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Notice how the base word changes in some cases.
“If you want to soar like an eagle don’t hang around with the turkeys”

### Punctuation Revision

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Capitals</strong></th>
<th>For people’s names and important places, things and events.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Superman</strong></td>
<td>The London Olympic Pic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Capitals</strong></td>
<td>To start a sentence and full-stops to end a sentence.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>The cat sat on the mat.</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Commas</strong></th>
<th>For pauses in sentences.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>It is windy, but it is not cold.</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Commas</strong></td>
<td>For lists.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Shar-pen-er, pen-cil, rul-er, and pens.</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Commas</strong></td>
<td>To add an extra thought into a sentence.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>That ba-by is cry-ing, I de-ci-ded, be-cause he is hun-gry.</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Commas</strong></td>
<td>To compare or contrast.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>The more he ran, the slow-er he went.</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Question Marks</strong></th>
<th>For questions.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>What is the time?</em></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Exclamations</strong></th>
<th>To show a cry of surprise, anger, excitement or pain.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Ouch!</em></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Apostrophes</strong></th>
<th>To replace missing letters in words.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>comin’</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Apostrophes</strong></td>
<td>To make words shorter (contractions).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>do + not = do n’t</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Apostrophes</strong></td>
<td>To show ownership.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Bob’s car</em></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
A table was set out, in the shade of the trees in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hat-ter were hav-ing tea.

A Dor-mouse sat in the mid-dle, but it seemed to be a-sleep.

The ta-ble was a long one, but the three were all crowd-ed at one cor-ner of it.

"No room! No room!" they called as soon as they saw Al-ice.

"There's lots of room," she said, and sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in a kind tone.
Al-ice looked all a-round the ta-ble, but there was not a thing on it but tea.

"I don't see the wine," she said.

"There isn't an-y," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't po-lite to ask me to have wine," said Al-ice.

"It wasn't po-lite of you to sit down when no one asked you to take a seat," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was your ta-ble," said Al-ice; "it is set for more than three."

"Your hair needs a cut," said the Hat-ter. He had looked hard at Al-ice for some time and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to speak to a guest like that," said Al-ice; "it is ve-ry rude."

The Hat-ter stretched his eyes quite wide at this; but all he said was, "Why is a crow like a desk?"

"Oh good, we shall have some fun now," thought Al-ice. "I think I can guess that," she added out loud.

"Do you mean that you think you can work out the an-sw-er?" asked the March Hare.

"I do," said Al-ice.
"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Al-ice said; "at least... at least I mean what I say... that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing one bit!" said the Hat-ter. "Why, you might just as well say, 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!

"You might just as well say," added the Dor-mouse, who seemed to be talk-ing in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It is the same with you," said the Hat-ter.

No one spoke for some time, while Al-ice tried to think what she knew of crows and desks - which wasn't much.

The Hat-ter was the first to speak. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turn-ing to Al-ice.

He had his watch in his hand and looked at it and shook it now and then, while he held it to his ear.

Al-ice thought for a while then said, "The fourth."
"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hat-ter. "I told you but-ter wouldn't suit this watch," he add-ed with a look at the March Hare.

"It was the best but-ter," the March Hare said.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in," the Hat-ter growled.
"You should not have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it; then dipped it in-to his cup of tea and looked at it a-gain; but all he could think to say was, "it was the best but-ter, you know."

"Oh, what a fun-ny watch!" said Al-ice. "It tells you the day of the month and doesn't tell you what time it is!"

"Why should it?" growled the Hat-ter.

"Does your watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," said Al-ice, "but there's no need for it, since it stays the same year for such a long time."

"Which is just the case with mine," said the Hat-ter; which seemed to Al-ice to have no sense in it at all.

"I don't quite know what you mean," she said.
"The Dor-mouse has gone to sleep, once more," said the Hat-ter, so he poured some tea on the tip of its nose.

The Dor-mouse shook its head, and said with its eyes still closed, "Of course, of course… just what I want-ed to say my-self."

"Have you guessed the rid-dle yet?" the Hat-ter asked Al-ice.

"No, I give up," she said. "What is the an-swer?"

"I do not know at all," said the Hat-ter.

"Me eith-er," said the March Hare.

Al-ice sighed. "I think you might do bet-ter with your time, than waste it, by ask-ing rid-dles that have no an-swers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't say 'waste it…' It's …'him'…"

"I don't know what you mean," Al-ice said.

"Of course you don't!" said the Hat-ter with a toss of his head. "I dare say you have nev-er spok-en to Time."

"May-be not," she said, "but I know I have to beat in time when I learn to sing."
"Oh! That's it!" said the Hat-ter. "He won't stand a beat-ing. Now if you kept on good terms with him, he would do an-y thing you liked with the clock.

Say it was nine o’clock and time to go to school, you would just have to give a hint to Time, and round goes the clock! Half-past one, time for lunch."

"I wish it was," the March Hare said to it-self.

"That would be great, I'm sure," said Al-ice: "but then... I would not be hun-gry."

"Not at first, per-haps, but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked," said the Hat-ter.

"Is that what you do?" asked Al-ice.

The Hat-ter shook his head and sighed. "Not me," he said. "Time and I fell out last March.

It was at the great con-cert giv-en by the Queen of Hearts and I had to sing:

'Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle bat!
How I wonder what you're at!"

Do you know the song, per-haps?"

"I've heard some-thing like it," said Alice with a smile.
"It goes on, you know," the Hat-ter said, "like this:

'Up a-bove the world you fly,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky,  
Twin-kle, twin-kle...'"

Here the Dor-mouse shook it-self and sang in its sleep,  
"twin-kle, twin-kle, twin-kle, twin-kle..." and went on for so long, they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, while I sang the first verse," the Hat-ter went on, "the Queen yelled out 'See how he mur-ders the time! Off with his head!' And ev-er since then, he won't do a thing I ask! It's al-ways six o'clock now."

A bright thought came in-to Al-ice's head. "Is that why there are so man-y tea things set out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hat-ter with a sigh. "It's al-ways tea time and we've no time to wash the things."

"Then you keep mov-ing round the table, I guess," said Al-ice.

"Quite right," said the Hat-ter; "as the things get used up."

"But when you come back to where you started, what do you do then?" Al-ice dared to ask.

"I'm tired of this," yelled the March Hare. "I vote you tell us a story."
"...I'm a-fraid... I don't know one," said Al-ice.

"I want a clean cup," spoke up the Hat-ter.

He moved on as he spoke and the Dor-mouse moved in-to his place. The March Hare moved in-to the Dor-mouse's place and Al-ice was not too pleased, took the place of the March Hare.

The Hat-ter was the on-ly one to get a bet-ter place from the change. Al-ice was much worse off, and the March Hare had knocked the milk jug in to his plate.

"Now, for your sto-ry," the March Hare said to Al-ice.

"I'm sure I don't know,"... Alice be-gan, "I... I don't think..."

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hat-ter.

This was more than Al-ice could stand; so she got up and walked off, and though she looked back once or twice and hoped they would call af-ter her, they didn't seem to know that she was gone.

The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the poor Dor-mouse in-to a tea-pot.
"Well, I won't go there a-gain," said Al-ice as she found her way through the wood.

"It's the dull-est tea-par-ty I have been to in all my life."

As Al-ice said this, she saw one of the trees had a door in it.

"That's strange!" she said. "But then, I have-n't seen any-thing to-day that isn't strange. I think I may as well go in."

She went in and once more she found her-self in a long hall, and near to the lit-tle glass ta-ble. She took up the lit-tle key and un-locked the door that led to the gar-den. Then she ate some of the mush-room which she still had with her.

When she was a-bout a foot tall, she went through the door and walked down the lit-tle hall.

Then... she found herself, at last, in the love-ly garden, where she had seen the bright blooms and the cool foun-tains.
Waltzing Matilda

By Banjo Paterson

1. Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong.
2. Under the shade of a coolibah tree.
3. And he sang, as he watched and waited till his billy boiled.
4. You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
5. Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong.
6. Up got the swaggie and grabbed him with glee.
7. And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker-bag.
8. You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus

10. You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
11. And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker-bag.
12. You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

13. Down came the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred.
14. Up came the troopers One, Two, Three.
| 15. | Who’s the jolly jumbuck you’ve got in your tucker-bag? |
| 16. | You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me. |

**Chorus**

| 17. | Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda. |
| 18. | You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me. |
| 19. | Who’s the jolly jumbuck you’ve got in your tucker-bag? |
| 20. | You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me. |

| 21. | Up got the swaggie and jumped into the billabong. |
| 22. | “You’ll never catch me alive”, said he. |
| 23. | And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong. |
| 24. | You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me. |

**Chorus**

| 25. | Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda. |
| 26. | You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me. |
| 27. | And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong. |
| 28. | You’ll come a Waltzing Matilda with me. |
“If you want to soar like an eagle don’t hang a-round with the tur-keys”

Create Your Own Learning Profile

1. Consider your strengths and your weakness

2. Identify how you like to learn

   1. Listening  2. Watching  

3. Identify how you like to Remember

   • Relate new information to something you already know
   • Keep information in your brain so you can recall it when you need it

4. Tell those responsible for teaching you. Good teachers will find ways to help you to learn.

5. Ask a parent or a friend to help you to write your learning profile down, 1–2 pages only.

   1. Include Personal Information – age, level etc.
   2. Include your Personality Traits
   3. Include your Learning Strengths
   4. Your Learning Weaknesses
   5. How you like to learn
   6. Fears, Worries and Concerns
   7. Contact details – phone, email etc.
Student Weekly Review

At the end of tutorials F-22 to F-28 students should be able to…

F-22 – Choose 4 numbers from the phonics revision sheet and discuss the learning.

F-23 – Read all the different suffixes. Understand that they have meanings. ‘er’ – more, or an action, or a process. ‘or’ – a person, or a job. ‘ar’ – related to, or a state of being, or used to describe a person.

F-24 – Identify each punctuation mark and discuss what they are used for using the examples in blue.

F-25 – Discuss what happens in the seventh chapter of Alice in Wonderland? Why is it always teatime?

F-26 – Discuss what a swagman, a billabong, a jumbuck and a tucker bag is? Why did the swagman jump into the billabong and drown?

F-27 – Discuss their learning profile. Create a point form document with 3 Learning Strengths, 3 Learning Weaknesses and 3 ways they like to learn.

F-28 – How old is Frankie? How many jobs does she have? What year of school is she doing? What is the key to her success? This is not a test, not an exam, not even a checklist…. These questions are just a way of reviewing how the student is going. All concepts taught will be reinforced in future Ten Minute Tutorials. Student’s answers can be spoken, written or read.

😊 Smile – “Well Done – You Are A Great Learner”😊

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CHAPTER 8:
THE QUEEN’S CROQUET GROUND
Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

A large rose tree grew near the garden gate. The flowers on it were white, but three men who seemed to be in a great hurry were painting them red.

Alice thought this was a very strange thing to do, so she went nearer to watch them.

Just as she came up to them, she heard one of them say,
"Look out now, Five! Don't splash paint on me like that!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five. "Six knocked my arm."

Then Six looked up and said, "That's right, Five! Put the blame on to some one else."

"You needn't talk," said Five. "I heard the Queen say your head must come off."

"What for?" asked the one who spoke first, who was number Two.
"What’s it to you, Two?" said Six.

"It’s a lot to him and I will tell him," said Five. "Six brought the cook tu-lip roots in-stead of on-ions."

Six threw down the brush and said, "Well, of all the things to get wrong..."

Just then he saw Al-ice, who stood and watched them. He stopped him-self at once.

Five and Two looked a-round al-so, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me, please," said Al-ice, "why are you paint-ing those ros-es?"

Five and Six did not speak, but looked at Two, who said in a low voice,

"Why, the fact is..., you see..., Miss, this here should have been a red rose tree, and by mis-take a white one was put in. If the Queen was to find out, we would all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we are hard at work to get it paint-ed, so that she won’t..."

Just then Five, who had stood and watched the gate for some time, called out, "The Queen! The Queen!" The three men at once threw them-selves flat down on their fa-ces.
Al-ice heard the tramp-ing of feet and looked a-round glad at last, that she would see the Queen.

First came ten sol-diers with clubs. They were all shaped like the three men at the rose tree, long and flat like cards, with their hands and feet at the cor-ners.

Next came ten men with dia-monds and they walked two by two like sol-diers. The ten chil-dren of the King and Queen came next. They had hearts and did a skip and a jump and were hold-ing hands. Next came the guests, most of whom were Kings and Queens.

Al-ice saw the White Rab-bit, with them. He did not seem at ease, though he smiled at all that was said. He didn't see Al-ice as he went by. Then came the Knave of Hearts with the King's crown on a red vel-vet cush-ion and last of all came The King and Queen of Hearts.

At first Al-ice thought she should lie down on her face like the three men at the rose tree, "but what would be the point of such a fine show," she thought, "if they all had to lie down and couldn't see it?"

So she stood and wait-ed. When they came to her, they all stopped and looked at her.
The Queen said in a stern voice, "Who is this?"
She spoke to the Knave of Hearts, who bowed and smiled but did not speak.

"Fool!" said the Queen with a toss of her head; then she turned to Al-ice and asked, "What is your name, child?"

"My name is Al-ice, so please your ma-jes-ty," said Al-ice, but she thought to her-self, "Why they are just a pack of cards. I don't need to fear them."

"And who are these?" asked the Queen, as she point-ed to the three men who still lay on the ground at the rose tree (for you see, they still all lay on their faces so their backs were the same as the rest of the pack.) She could not tell who they were.

"How should I know?" said Al-ice, and thought it strange that she should speak to a Queen in that way.

The Queen turned red with rage, glared at her for a mo-ment, then screamed, "Off with her head! Off..."

"Non-sense!" said Al-ice, in a loud, firm voice, and the Queen said no more.

The King laid his hand on the Queen's arm and said, "Think, my dear, she is just a child!"
The Queen turned from him with a scowl and said to the Knave, "Turn them o-ver!"

The Knave did so, with one foot.

"Get up!" said the Queen in a loud voice. The three men jumped up and bowed to the King and Queen.

"Stop that!" screamed the Queen; "you make me diz-zy."

Then she turned to the rose tree and asked, "What have you been do-ing here?"

"May it please your ma jes-ty," said Two, and went down on one knee as he spoke, "we were try-ing..."

"I see!" said the Queen, who in the mean time had seen that some of the ros-es were paint-ed red and some were still white.

"Off with their heads!" and the crowd moved on, while three of the sol-diers stayed to cut off the heads of the poor men, who ran to Al-ice for help.

"They will not hurt you," she said, as she hid them in a large flow-er pot that stood near.

The three sol-diers walked a-round and looked for them for a while, then marched off.
"Are their heads cut off?" shout-ed the Queen.

"Their heads are gone, if it pleases your ma-jes-ty," the sol-dier shouted back.

"That's right!" shouted the Queen.

"Can you play cro-quet?" she asked Al-ice.

"Yes," shouted Al-ice.

"Come on then!" roared the Queen, and Al-ice went with them.

"It's... it's a fine day!" said a weak voice at her side. It was the White Rab-bit who peeped up in-to her face.

"Yes," said Al-ice: "where's the Duch-ess?"

"Hush! Hush!" said the Rab-bit, in a low tone. He looked back as he spoke, then step-ping up on tip-toe, put his mouth close to her ear and whis-pered, "She's to have her head cut off."

"What for?" asked Al-ice.

"Did you say, 'What a pit-y!'?" the Rab-bit asked.

"No, I didn't," said Al-ice: "I don't think it is a pit-y at all. I said 'What for'!"

"She boxed the Queen's ears..." the Rab-bit be-gan.
Al-ice gave a lit-tle scream of joy.

"Oh, hush!" the Rab-bit whis-pered in a great fright.

"The Queen will hear you! You see she came late, and the Queen said…"

"Each one to his place!" shout-ed the Queen in a loud voice, and peo-ple ran this way and that, in a hur-ry and the game be-gan.

Al-ice thought she had nev-er seen such a strange cro-quet ground in all her life.

The field was all lump-y. The balls were live hedge-hogs, the mal-lets were live birds, and the sol-di-ers bent down and stood on their hands and feet to make the arch-es.

At first Al-ice found it hard to use a live bird for a mal-let. It was a large bird with a long neck and long legs.

She tucked it un-der her arm with its legs down, but just as she got its neck straight and thought she could give the ball a good hit with its head, the bird would twist its neck a-round and give her such a strange look, that she could not help laugh-ing.
By the time she got its head down a-gain, the hedge-hog had crawled off.

Then there was al-ways a lump or a hole in the way of where she want-ed to send her ball. Then she couldn't find an arch in its place, for the sold-iers would stand up and walk off when they liked. Al-ice soon made up her mind that it was a ve-ry hard game.

The Queen was soon in a rage and stomped a-bout, shout-ing "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!"

Al-ice did not feel good. True, she had not as yet, felt the an-ger of the Queen, but she did not know how soon it would be be-fore it would be her turn; "and then," she thought, "what will I do?"

As she was look-ing a-round for a way to leave with-out be-ing seen, she saw a strange thing in the air. At last she saw it was a grin, and she said to her-self, "It's the Cat; now I shall have some one to talk to."

"How do you do?" said the Cat as soon as its whole mouth showed.

Al-ice wait-ed un-til she saw the eyes, then nod-ded. "It's no use speak-ing un-til its ears are there, or at least one of them."

Soon the whole head came in view, so she put down her bird and told him a-bout the game.
She was glad that she had some one who was pleased to talk to her.

"I don't think they are at all fair in this game," said Al-ice; "and they all talk so loud-ly, that I can't hear my-self speak... and they don't have any rules to play by; and if they have, they don't use them... and I don't like us-ing an-i-mals to play with".

"The arch I have to go through next just walked off to the far end of the ground... and I should have struck the Queen's hedge-hog, but it ran off when it saw that mine was near-er!"

"How do you like the Queen?" asked the Cat in a low voice.

"Not at all," said Al-ice, "she's so..." Just then she saw that the Queen was stand-ing be-hind her and had heard what she had said; so she went on, "sure to win the game that it's not worth-while ev-en play-ing." The Queen smiled and walked by.

"Who are you talk-ing to?" said the King, as he came up to Al-ice and stared at the Cat's head as if it were a strange sight.

"It's a friend of mine... a Che-shire Cat," said Al-ice.

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King; "it may kiss my hand if it likes."
"I don't want to," said the Cat.

"Don't be rude; and don't look at me like that," said the King.

"A cat may look at a king," said Al-ice. "I've read that in some book, but I can't tell where."

"Well, it must go from here," said the King in a firm voice, and he called to the Queen, who was near.

"My dear! I wish you would see that this cat leaves here at once!"

The Queen had on-ly one cure for all ills, great and small. "Off with his head," she said, and did not even look a-round.

"I'll get the sol-dier my-self," said the King, and rushed off.

Al-ice thought she might as well go back, and see how the game went on. She heard the Queen's voice in the dis-tance, as she screamed with rage, "Off with his head! He has missed his turn!"

Al-ice did not like the look of things at all. The game was so mixed up she could not tell when her turn was. So she went back to talk some more with her friend, the Cat. When she reached the place, she found quite a crowd a-round him.
The King, the Queen and the sol-dier who had come with the axe, to cut off the Cat's head, were all talking at once, while the oth-ers stood with closed lips and looked quite wor-r-ied.

As soon as they saw Al-ice, they want-ed her to say which one was right, but as they all spoke at once, she found it hard to make out what they said.

The sol-dier said that you couldn’t cut off a head unless there was a bod-y to cut it off from. He had nev-er had to do such a thing, and he would-n’t start now. The King said that all heads could be cut off, and that he should not talk non-sense. The Queen said, if some-thing wasn't done now, heads should come off all round. (It was this last threat that had made the whole crowd look so scared as Al-ice came up.)

Al-ice could only think to say, "Ask the Duch-ess, it's her Cat."

"Fetch her here," the Queen said to the sol-dier, and off he went like a roc-ket.

The Cat's head start-ed to fade out of sight as soon as he was gone, and by the time he had come back with the Duch-ess, it could not be seen at all.
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CHAPTER 9:

THE MOCK TURTLE

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

As the Duch-ess a-pproached the par-ty with the sold-ier she
turned to A-lice.

"How glad I am to see you once more, my dearl!" said the
Duch-ess as she took Al-ice's arm, and they walked off side by
side.

Al-ice was glad to see her
in such a good mood,
and thought to her-self
that the Duch-ess might
not be as bad as she first
thought.

Then Al-ice fell in-to deep
thought a-bout what she
would do if she were a
Duch-ess.

She quite for-got the Duch-ess by her side, and jumped when
she heard her voice so close to her ear.
"You have some-thing on your mind, my dear, and that makes you for-get to talk. I can't tell you just now what the mor-al of that is, but I will think of it in a bit."

"Are you sure it has one?" asked Al-ice.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duch-ess; "all things have a mor-al if you can find it." And she moved up close to Al-ice's side as she spoke.

Al-ice did not like the Duch-ess to be so close, but she did-n't want to be rude, so she did-n't say so.

"The game is not so bad now," said Al-ice, think-ing she should fill in the time with some talk.

"'It is so," said the Duch-ess, "and the mor-al of that is...'Oh, 'it's love, 'it's love, that makes the world go round!'"

"Some one said, it's be-cause each one minds his own work," said Al-ice.

"Ah! well, it means much the same thing," said the Duch-ess, then add-ed, "and the mor-al of that is...'Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves.'"

"How she likes to find strange mor-als in things," said Al-ice.

"Why don't you talk more and not think so much?" asked the Duch-ess.
"I have a right to think," said Al-ice in a sharp tone, for she was tired.

"Just as much right," said the Duch-ess, "as pigs have to fly; and the more..."

But here the voice of the Duch-ess stopped in the mid-dle of her pet word, "mor-al," and Al-ice felt the arm that linked hers shake with fright.

Al-ice looked up and there was the Queen in front of them with her arms fold-ed, and a big frown on her face.

"A fine day, your ma-jes-ty!" said the Duch-ess, in a weak voice.

"Now, I'm warn-ing you," shout-ed the Queen, with a stomp of her foot on the ground as she spoke; "ei-ther you or your head must be off, and in a-bout half the time it takes! Make your choice!" The Duch-ess took her choice and was gone in an in-stant.

"Now let's get on with the game," said the Queen to Al-ice. Al-ice was in too great a fright to speak, so she went with her, back to the cro-quet ground.

The guests had all sat down in the shade to rest while the Queen was a-way, but as soon as they saw her they rushed back to the play the game.
The Queen said if they were not back in their places at once, it would cost them their lives.

All the time the game went on, the Queen kept shouting, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" so that by the end of half an hour, there was no one left on the grounds but the King, the Queen, and Alice.

Then the Queen, quite out of breath, said to Alice, "Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?"

"No," said Alice, "I don't know what a Mock-turtle is."

"It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from," the Queen said.

"I've never seen or heard of one," Alice said.

"Come on then, he will tell you his story," said the Queen.

As they walked off, Alice heard the King say softly to all those the Queen had sent to death, "You may all go free!"

"What a good thing," thought Alice, for she felt very sad that all those men must have their heads cut off.

They soon came to where a Gryphon was fast asleep in the sun.

"Get up!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle."
I must leave now;” she said, and she walked a-way and left Al-ice with the Gry-phon.

Al-ice did not like its looks, but she thought she would be as safe with it, as she was with the Queen, so she wait-ed.

The Gry-phon sat up and rubbed its eyes. It watched the Queen un-til she was out of sight and then it laughed.

"What fun!” it said, half to it-self, half to Alice.

"What is the fun?” she asked.

"Why… the Queen…” the gry-phon said. "It's a hab-it of hers; they nev-er cut off those heads, you know. Come on."

Soon they saw the Mock Tur-tle sitting sad and a-lone on a ledge of rock, and as they came clos-er, Al-ice could hear him sigh as if his heart would break.

"What makes him so sad?” Al-ice asked.

"It is a hab-it of his,” said the Gry-phon; "he’s not sad, you know. Come on!"

So they went up to the Mock Tur-tle, who looked up at them with large eyes full of tears, but did not speak.
"This young lady," said the Gryphon, "wants to know about your past life, she does."

"I will tell it to her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, sad voice.
"Sit down both of you and don't speak a word until I finish."

So they sat down, and no one spoke for a very long time.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle. When we were young we went to school in the sea.

We were taught by an old Turtle... we used to call him Tor-toise..."

"Why did you call him Tor-toise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"He taught us, that's why," said the Mock Turtle: "you are quite strange not to know that!"

"Shame on you to ask such a simple thing," added the Gryphon. They both sat and looked at poor Alice, who felt as if she wanted to sink into the earth.

Then the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Carry on! I haven't got all day"

The Mock Turtle said, "Yes, well, we went to school in the sea, though you may not think it's true..."
"I didn't say I didn't believe you!" said Al-ice.

"You did," said the Mock Tur-tle.

"Hold your tongue," add-ed the Gry-phon.

The Mock Tur-tle went on:

"We were taught well... in fact we went to school each day..."

"I've been to school too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"Were you taught wash-ing?" asked the Mock Tur-tle.

"Of course not," said Al-ice.

"Ah! Then yours was not a good school," said the Mock Tur-tle.

"Now at... ours... they had at the end of the day, 'French, mu-sic, and wash-ing..."

"Washing? You couldn't have need-ed that much in the sea," said Al-ice.

"I didn't learn it," said the Mock Tur-tle, with a sigh. "I just took the first les-son."

"What was that?" asked Al-ice.

"Reel-ing and Writh-ing, of course!" the Mock Tur-tle said.
"An old eel used to come in once a week. He taught us to swim, to stretch and to faint in coils."

"What is that?" Al-ice asked.

"Well, I can't show you, my-self," he said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gry-phon did not learn it."

"How many hours a day did you do les-sons?" asked Al-ice.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Tur-tle; "nine the next and so on."

"What a strange plan!" said Al-ice.

"That's why they're called les-sons," said the Gry-phon: "they less-en from day to day."

This was such a new thing to Al-ice that she sat still for a long time to think and didn't speak.

Then she said, "But then there would come a day when you would have no school."

"Of course there would," said the Mock Tur-tle.

"What did you do then?" asked Al-ice.

"I'm tired of this," said the Gry-phon: "tell her a-bout the games we played."
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CHAPTER 10:

THE LOBSTER DANCE

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

The Mock Tur-tle sighed, looked at Al-ice and tried to speak, and for a min-ute or two his sobs choked his voice.

"It’s like he has a bone in his throat," said the Gry-phon, and he set to work to shake him and slap him on the back.

At last the Mock Tur-tle found his voice and with tears run-ning down his cheeks, he went on:

"You may not have lived much in the sea"...
("I have-n’t," said Al-ice)
"So you can-not know what a fine thing a Lob-ster Dance is!"

"No," said Al-ice. "What sort of dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gry-phon, "you first form a line on the sea-shore..."
"Two lines!" cried the Mock Tur-tle. "Seals, tur-tles, and so on; then... when you've cleared all the small fish out of the way..."


"You move to the front twice..."

"Each with a lob-ster by his side!" cried the Gry-phon.

"Of course," the Mock Tur-tle said: "move to the front twice..."

"Change and come back in same way," said the Gry-phon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Tur-tle went on, "you throw the..."

"The lob-sters!" shout-ed the Gry-phon, with a jump in-to the air.

"As far out to sea as you can...", fin-ished the Mock Tur-tle.

"Then swim out for them," screamed the Gry-phon.

"Do a som-er-sault in the sea!" cried the Mock Tur-tle.

"Change a-gain!" yelled the Gry-phon at the top of his voice.

"Then back to land, and... that is all the first part," said the Mock Tur-tle.
Both the Gry-phon and the Mock Tur-tle had jumped a-bout like mad things all this time.

Now they sat down quite sad and still, and looked at Al-ice.

"It must be a pret-ty dance," Al-ice said.

"Would you like to see some of it?" asked the Mock Tur-tle.

"Oh, yes," she said.

"Come, let's try the first part!" said the Mock Tur-tle to the Gry-phon.

"We can do it without lob-sters, you know. Who will sing?"

"Oh..., you... sing," said the Gry-phon. "I don't know the words."

So they danced round and round Al-ice. Now and then they stepped on her toes when they passed too close.

They waved their paws to keep time, while the Mock Tur-tle sang a fun-ny kind of song, each verse of which end-ed with these words:
“Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?’
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?”

"Thank you, it’s a fine dance to watch," said Al-ice, glad that it was o-ver at last.

"Now," said the Gry-phon, "tell us a-bout what you have seen and done in your life."

"I could tell you some of the strange things that I have seen to-day," said Al-ice, but she doubt-ed they would want to hear it.

"All right, go on," they both cried.

So Al-ice told them what she had done that day, from the time when she first saw the White Rab-bit.

They came up quite close to her, one on each side, and sat still un-til she got to the part where she tried to say, "You are old, Fath-er Wil-liam," and the words came out all wrong.

The Mock Tur-tle drew in a long breath and said, "That is quite strange!"
"It's as strange as it can be," said the Gry-phon.

"It came out all wrong!" the Mock Tur-tle said, while he seemed to be deep in thought. "I should like to hear her try to say some-thing now. Tell her to be-gin."

He looked at the Gry-phon as if he thought he had the right to make Al-ice do what he wan- ted.

"Stand up and say, 'Tis the voice of the Slug-gard,'" said the Gry-phon.

"They do love to try and make me do things!" thought Al-ice.

"I might as well be at school." She stood up and tried to re-peat it, but her head was so full of the Lob-ster Dance, that she didn't know what she was say-ing, and the words came out ver-y weird:

"Tis the voice of the lob-ster; I heard him de-clare,
'You have baked me too brown, I must su-gar my hair.'
As a duck with its eye-lids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his but-tons, and turns out his toes."

"That's not the way I used to say it when I was a child," said the Gry-phon.

"Well, I've never heard it before," said the Mock Tur-tle, "but it makes no sense at all."
Alice did not speak; she sat down with her face in her hands, and thought, "Will things ever be the way they used to be?"

"I would like you to tell what it means," said the Mock Turtle.

"She can't do that," said the Gryphon. "Go on with the next verse."

"But his toes?" the Mock Turtle went on. "How could he turn them out with his nose?"

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon said once more; "it begins with 'I passed by his garden.'"

Alice thought she must do as she was told, but she felt sure it would all come out wrong, and she went on:

"I passed by his garden and marked with one eye, How the owl and the oyster were sharing the pie."

"What... is... the use of saying all that stuff!" the Mock Turtle broke in, "if you don't say what it means as you go on? I tell you it's all nonsense."

"Yes, I think you might as well stop," said the Gryphon, and Alice was glad to.
"Shall we try the Lob-ster dance once more?" the Gry-phon asked, "or would you like the Mock Tur-tle to sing you a song?"

"Oh, a song please, if the Mock Tur-tle does not mind," Al-ice said with so much zest that the Gry-phon threw back his head and said, "Hm!

Well, each one to his own taste. Sing her 'Tur-tle Soup,' will you, old fel-low?"

The Mock Tur-tle heaved a deep sigh, and in a voice choked with sobs, be-gan his song. But just then, the cry of "The tri-al is on!" was heard from a long way off.

"Come on," cried the Gry-phon. He took Al-ice by the hand, and ran off, not wait-ing to h0ear the rest of the song.

"What trial is it?" Al-ice pant-ed as she ran, but the Gry-phon on-ly said, "Come on!" and ran as fast as he could.
The King and Queen of Hearts were seat-ed on their throne with a big crowd a-round them, when Al-ice and the Gry-phon got there.

There were all sorts of small birds and an-i-mals, as well as the whole pack of cards.

The Knave stood in front of them in chains, with a sol-dier on each side to guard him. Near the King was the White Rab-bit, with a trum-pet in one hand and a roll of pa-per in the other. In the mid-dle of the court was a ta-ble with a large dish of tarts on it.

They looked so good that it made Al-ice feel as if she would like to eat some of them.

"I wish they’d get the tri-al o-ver," she thought, "and pass a-round those tarts!"
But there seemed no chance of this, so she looked a-round at
the strange things a-bout her.

This was the first time Al-ice had
been in a court of this kind, and
she was quite pleased to find
that she knew the names of most
of the things she saw there.

"That's the judge," she thought, "I
know him by his great wig."

The judge, was the King, and as
he wore his crown on top of his
wig, he looked quite strange.

"And that's the ju-ry box," thought Al-ice, "and those twelve
things" (she had to say "things," you see, for some of them
were an-i-mals and some were birds), "I guess, are the ju-rors."

She said the ju-rors word two or three times as she was proud
that she knew it. She was right when she thought that not
man-y girls of her age would have known what it all meant.

The twelve ju-rors all wrote on stone slates.

"What can they have to write down?" Al-ice asked the
Gry-phon, in a low voice. "The tri-al has not be-gun yet."
"They're put-ting down their names," the Gry-phon said, "in case they for-get them."

"Stu-pid things!" Al-ice said in a loud voice, but then stopped, for the White Rab-bit cried out, "Si-lence in court!" and the King looked a-round to find out who had spok-en.

Al-ice could see that the ju-rors all wrote down "stu-pid things!" on their slates.

"A nice mess their slates will be in by the time the tri-al ends," thought Al-ice.

One of the ju-rors had a pen-cil that squeaked as he wrote. This, of course, Al-ice could... not... stand, so she went next to him, and when she had the chance, took it from him. She did this in such a way that the poor ju-ror (it was Bill, the Liz-ard) could not find it, so he wrote with one fin-ger for the rest of the day. Of course, this was no use, as it left no mark on the slate.

"Read the charge!" said the King.

The White Rab-bit blew three blasts on the trum-pet, and then from the pa-per in his hand read:

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a sum-mer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them all a-way!"
"The ju-ry will now take the case," said the King.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rab-bit said in haste. "There is a great deal more to come first."

"Call the first wit-ness," said the King, and the White Rab-bit blew three blasts on the trum-pet, and called out, "First wit-ness."

The first to come was the Hat-ter. He came in with a tea cup in one hand and a piece of bread and but-ter in the oth-er.

"I beg your par-don, your ma jes-ty," he said, "but I had to bring these in, as I was not quite done with my tea when I was sent for."

"You should have been done," said the King. "When did you be-gin?"

The Hat-ter looked at the March Hare, who had just come in-to court, arm in arm with the Dor-mouse. "Fourth of March, I think it was," he said.

"Fifth," said the March Hare.

"Sixth," add-ed the Dor-mouse.
"Write that down," said the King to the jury, and they wrote down all three dates on their slates, then added them up and changed the sum to shillings and pence.

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hat-ter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hat-ter.

"You stole it!" cried the King, as he turned to the jury, who wrote it down.

"I keep them to sell," the Hat-ter added. "I've none of my own. I'm a hat-ter."

The Queen put on her eye-glass-es and stared hard at the Hat-ter, who turned pale with fright.

"Tell us what you know of this case," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have your head off on the spot."

This didn't seem to calm him at all. He shift-ed from one foot to the other and looked at the Queen. In his fright he bit a large piece out of his tea-cup instead of the bread and butter.

Just then Al-ice felt a strange thrill, and did not know why until she saw she had begun to grow a-gain.

"I wish you wouldn't push," said the Dor-mouse. "I haven't got room to breathe."
"I can't help it," said Al-ice; "I'm grow-ing."

"You've no right to grow here," said the Dor-mouse.

"Don't talk such non-sense," said Al-ice. "You grow too."

"Yes, but not so fast as to squeeze the breath out of those who sit by me." He got up and moved to the oth-er side of the court.

At this time the Queen had stopped star-ing at the Hat-ter, and just as the Dor-mouse crossed the court, she said to one of the men,

"Bring me the list of those who sang in the last con-cert."

The poor Hat-ter shook so much, that both his shoes came off.

"Say what you know of this case," the King called out a-gain, "or I'll have your head off, if you shake."

"I am a poor man, your ma-jes-ty," the Hat-ter be-gan in a weak voice, "and I had just be-gun my tea, no more than a week or so..., and what with the bread and but-ter so thin... and the twink-ling of the tea..."

"The twink-ling of what?" asked the King.

"It be-gan with the tea," the Hat-ter said.

"Of course twink-ling be-gins with a T!" said the King. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"
"I am a poor man," the Hat-ter went on, "and most things twink-led af-ter that... but the March Hare said..."

"I didn't," said the March Hare in great haste.

"You did," said the Hat-ter.

"I de-ny it," said the March Hare.

"He de-nies it," said the King: "leave out that part."

"Well, I'm sure the Dor-mouse said..." the Hat-ter went on, look-ing at the Dor-mouse to see if he would de-ny it too, but he was fast a-sleep.

"Then I cut some more bread and..."

"But what did the Dor-mouse say?" asked one of the ju-ry.

"That I can't say," said the Hat-ter.

"You must say or I'll have your head off," said the King.

The poor Hat-ter dropped his cup and bread, and went down on one knee. "I am a poor man," he be-gan.

"You are a poor speak-er," said the King.

Now one of the guin-ea pigs cheered, and one of the men seized him, threw him in to a bag, which he tied up with strings, and then sat on it.
"If that's all you know, you may stand down," the King said.

"I am as low as I can get now," said the Hat-ter; "I'm on the floor as it is."

"Then you may sit down," the King said.

"I'd like to get through with my tea first," said the Hat-ter with a look at the Queen who was still reading the list in her hand.

"You may go," said the King, and the Hat-ter left the court in such a hurry that he did not even put his shoes on.

"And just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the soldiers, but the Hat-ter was out of sight before the man could get to the door.

"Call the next witness," said the King.

The next to come was the Duchess' cook. Alice guessed who it was by the way the people near the door began to sneeze.

"Tell what you know of this case," said the King.

"Won't," said the cook.

The King looked at the White Rabbit, who said in a low voice, "Your majesty must make her tell."

"Well, if I must, I must," said the King with a sad look.
He folded his arms and frowned at the cook till his eyes were almost out of sight, then asked in a stern voice, "What are tarts made of?"

"Pep-per, most-ly," said the cook.

"Sug-ar," said a weak voice near her.

"Catch that Do-r-mouse," the Queen shrieked out. "Off with his head! Turn him out of the court! Pinch him! Off with his head!"

The whole court ran here and there, find-ing the Do-r-mouse, and by the time this was done, the cook had gone.

"That's all right," said the King, as he was glad to be rid of her.

"Call the next," and he add-ed in a low voice to the Queen, "Now, my dear, you must take the next wit-ness in hand; this makes my head ache!"

Al-ice watched the White Rab-bit as he looked down the list.

She thought to her-self, "I want to see what the next witness will be like, as they haven't found out much yet."

I-mag-ine, how she felt when the White Rab-bit read out, at the top of his shrill lit-tle voice, the name "Al-ice!"
"Here!" cried Al-ice, but she for-got how large she had grown and jumped up in such a hur-ry that the edge of her skirt caught on the ju-ry box and tossed them all out on to the heads of the crowd be-low.

They all lay there sprawl-ing a-bout, which made her think of a bowl of gold-fish which she had bumped the week be-fore.

"Oh, I do beg your par-don!" she said, and picked them up and put them back in the ju-ry box as fast as she could.

"The tri-al can not go on," said the King, "un-til all the men are back in place... All!" he said with great force and looked hard at Al-ice.

She looked at the ju-ry box and saw that in her hur-ry she had put the Liz-ard in head first.
The poor thing was waving its tail in the air and could not move. She soon got it out and put it right; "not that it matters much," she thought; "I think it would be as much use in the trial, one way up as the other."

As soon as their slates and pencils had been handed back to them, the jury set to work to write about their fall. The Lizard, who seemed too weak to write, just sat, and gazed up at the roof of the court.

"What do you know of this case?" the King asked Alice.

"Not one thing," said Alice.

"Not one thing, at all?" asked the King.

"Not one thing, at all," said Alice.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury.

The King sat for some time and wrote in his notebook, then he called out, "Silence!" and read from his book, "Rule Forty-two. Everyone more than a mile high is to leave the court."

All looked at Alice.

"I'm not a mile high," said Alice.

"You are," said the King.
"Not far from two miles high," add-ed the Queen.

"Well, I will not go," said Al-ice, "I know that's a new rule you have just made up."

"It's the first rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Rule One," said Al-ice.

The King turned pale and snapped shut his note-book.

"The ju-ry can now take the case," he said in a weak voice.

"There's more to come yet, please your ma-jes-ty," said the White Rab-bit, as he jumped up; "this pa-per has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" asked the Queen.

"I haven't read it yet," said the White Rab-bit, "but it seems to be a note from the Knave of Hearts to some one."

"Whose name is on it?" said one of the ju-rors.

"There's no name on it," said the White Rab-bit. He looked at it with more care as he spoke, and add-ed, "it isn't a note at all; it's a set of rhymes."

"Please your ma-jes-ty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove that I did; as there is no name at the end."
"If you did not sign it," said the King, "that makes your case worse.

You must have meant some harm or you would have signed your name like an hon-est man."

All clapped their hands, as this was the first smart thing the King had said that day.

"That proves his guilt," said the Queen.

"It does not prove a thing," said Al-ice, "Why you don't e-ven know what the rhymes are."

"Read them," said the King.

"Where shall I be-gin, your ma-jes-ty?" the White Rab-bit asked.

"Why at the first verse, of course," the King said "and go on un-til you come to the end, then stop."
The White Rab-bit read:

"They told me you had been to her,
And spoke of me to him:
She gave me a good name, in-deed,
But said I could not swim.
"He sent them word that I had gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the mat-ter on
What would be-come of you?

"I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three, or more;
They all came back from him to you,
Though they were mine be-fore.

"My no-tion was, she liked him best,
(Be-fore she had this fit)
This must be kept from all the rest
But him and you and it."

"That's the best thing we've heard yet," said the King, rub-bing
his hands ve-ry pleased; "so now let the ju-ry..."

"If one of you can tell what it means," said Al-ice (she had
grown so large by now that she had no fear of the King)
"I will be glad to hear it. I don't think it makes a grain of
sense."
The jury all wrote down on their slates, "She doesn't think it makes a grain of sense."

But no one tried to say what it meant.

"If there's no sense in it," said the King, "that saves a world of work, you know, as we don't need to try to find it.

And yet I don't know," he went on, as he spread out the rhymes on his knee, and looked at them with one eye:
"I seem to find some sense in them... 'said I could not swim'... you can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head with a sigh.
"Do I look like it?" he said. (Which was plain, as he was made of card board.)

"All right, so far," said the King, and he went on: "'We know it to be true'... that's the jury, of course... 'I gave her one, they gave him two'... that must be what he did with the tarts, you know..."

"But it goes on, 'they all came back from him to you,'" said Alice.

"Why, there they are," said the King, pointing to the tarts.
"Isn't that as clear as can be? Then it goes on, 'before she had this fit'... you don't have fits, my dear?" he said to the Queen.

"No! no!" said the Queen in a great rage, throw-ing an ink-stand at the Liz-ard as she spoke.

"Then the words don't fit you," he said, as he looked a-round the court with a smile. But no one spoke. "It's a joke," he added in a fierce voice, and all the court laughed. "Let the ju-ry now bring in their verdict," the King said.

"No! no!" said the Queen. "Sen-tence first... then the ver-dict."

"Such rub-bish!" said Al-ice out loud. "Of course the ju-ry must make..."

"Hold your tongue!" screamed the Queen.

"I won't!" said Al-ice.

"Off with her head!" shout-ed the Queen at the top of her voice, but no one moved.

"Who cares a-bout you?" said Al-ice.

(She had grown to her full size by this time.)

"You are noth-ing but a pack of cards!"
At this the whole pack rose up in the air and flew down up-on her. She gave a lit-tle scream and tried to beat them off... ... but then she found her-self ly-ing on the grass with her head in the lap of her sis-ter, who was brush-ing a-way some dead leaves that had fall-en down from the trees on to her face.

"Wake up, Al-ice dear," said her sis-ter; "what a long sleep you have had!"

"Oh, I've had such a strange dream!" said Al-ice, and then she told her sis-ter as well as she could all the strange things that you have just read a-bout.

When she came to the end of it, her sis-ter kissed her and said: "It was a strange dream, dear, I'm sure; but we must run now to have our tea... it's get-ting late."

So Al-ice got up and think-ing while she ran, what a strange but won-der-ful dream it had been.