

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By Lewis Carroll

CHAPTER 2 :

THE POOL OF TEARS

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

"How strange! Oh my!" said Alice, "how tall I am, and all at once, too! Good-bye, feet." (For when she looked down at her feet they seemed so far off, she thought they would soon be out of sight.) "Oh, my poor feet, who will put on your shoes for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't do it. I shall be a great deal too far away to take care of you. You must get on the best you can; but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or they won't walk the way I want them to go! Let me see... I'll give them a new pair of shoes each, for Christ-mas."

She stopped to think how she would send them. "They must go by mail," she thought; "and how funny it'll seem to send shoes to your own feet. How odd the address would look!"

ALICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ.,

Hearth-rug,

Near the fire

(With love Alice)



"Oh dear, there's no sense in that at all."

Just then her head struck the roof of the hall. In fact she was now more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the small key and went back to the door.

Poor Alice! It was too much to bare, when she lay down on one side, to look through to the garden with one eye: - but there was no way she would fit, so she sat down and had a good cry.

"Shame on you," said Alice to her-self, "a great big girl like you, to cry in this way! Stop it at once, I tell you!" But she went on crying all the same, and shed tears un-till there was a large pool all around her which reached half way down the hall.



At last she heard the sound of feet close by, so she dried her eyes quick-ly, so she could see who it was. It was the White Rab-bit. He had come back, dressed in fine clothes, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the oth-er.

He trot-ted a-long ver-y quick-ly and talked to him-self as he went, "Oh! the Duch-ess, the Duch-ess! Oh! Won't she be an-gry if I've made her wait?"

Al-ice felt so bad and so in need of help from some one, that when the Rab-bit came near, she said in a low tim-id voice, "If you please, sir..." The Rab-bit jumped as if he had been shot, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, then ran off in-to the dark-ness as fast as his two hind feet could take him.

Al-ice took up the fan and gloves and as the hall was quite hot, she fanned her-self as she went on talk-ing.

"Dear me! How strange everything has been to-day! Could I have been changed in the night? Let me think: - am I the same per-son I was when I got up to-day? It seems to me that I don't feel quite the same. But if I'm not the same, then who in the world am I?"

Then she thought of all the girls that she knew who were the same age, to see if she could have been changed in-to one of them.

"I'm sure I'm not A-da," she said, "for her hair is in such long curls and mine doesn't curl at all; and I'm sure I can't be Ma-bel, for I know a-bout all sorts of things, and she knows very lit-tle!

Then, she's her, and I'm I, and... oh dear, how strange it all is!
I'll try and see if I know all the things I used to know.

Let me see: four times five is twelve,
and four times six is thir-teen,
and four times sev-en is... oh dear!

That is not right. I must have been changed for Ma-bel! I'll try
if I know '30 Days has December'," and she placed her hands
on her lap, as if she were at school and tried to say it.

But her voice was hoarse and strange and the words did not
come out the same as they used to do.

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Al-ice, and
her eyes filled with tears as she went on, "I must be Ma-bel
af-ter all, and I shall have to go and live in that po-key lit-tle
house and have no toys to play with, and oh! Such hard
things to learn! No, I've made up my mind; if I'm Ma-bel, I'll
stay down here! It'll be no use for them to put their heads
down and say, 'Come up, dear!' I shall look up and say,
'Who am I, then? Tell me that first, and then if I like it, I'll come
up; if not, I'll stay down here till I'm some one else'... but, oh
dear," cried Al-ice with a fresh burst of tears.

"I do wish they would put their heads down! I am so tired of
this place!"

As she said this she looked down at her hands and saw that she had put on one of the Rab-bit's white kid gloves while she was talk-ing.

"How can I have done that?" she thought. "I must have shrunk a-gain." She got up and went to the glass ta-ble to com-pare her height to that, and found that she was now no more than two feet high, and still shrink-ing quite fast. She soon found out that this was caused by the fan she was hold-ing and she dropped it at once, or she might have shrunk to the size of a bug. Al-ice was, at first, in shock at the quick change, but glad that it was no worse.

"Now for the gar-den," and she ran with all her speed back to the small door; but, oh dear! The door was shut, and the key lay on the glass ta-ble, "and things were as worse as ev-er," thought the poor girl, "for I was nev-er as small as this, nev-er! It's too bad, that it is!"



As she said these words her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt wa-ter. At first she thought she must be in the sea, but she soon re-a-lized that she was in the pool of tears that she had wept when she was nine feet high.

"I wish I had-n't cried so much!" said Al-ice as she swam round and tried to find her way out. "I shall now be drowned in my own tears. This is a strange thing for sure! But all things are strange to-day."

Just then she heard a splash in the pool a lit-tle way off, and she swam near to make out what it was. At first she thought it must be a whale, but when she thought how small she was now, she soon saw that it was a mouse that had slipped in-to the pond.

"Would it be of an-y use to speak to this mouse? All things are so strange down here, I won-der if it can talk, at least there is no harm in try-ing." So she said: "Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I have swum here for so long, I am ver-y tired, Mouse!" The Mouse looked at her and seemed to wink at her with one of its small black eyes, but it did'nt speak. "It may be a French Mouse," thought Al-ice, so she said: "Où est ma chatte?" (Where is my cat?) It was all the French she could think of just then. The Mouse gave a quick leap out of the wa-ter, and seemed in a great fright, "Oh, I do beg your par-don," said Al-ice. "I quite for-got you don't like cats."

"Not like cats!" cried the Mouse in a shrill, harsh voice. "Would you like cats if you were me?"

"Well, I guess not," said Alice, "but please don't get mad. And yet I wish I could show you our cat, Dinah. I'm sure you'd like cats if you could see her. She is such a dear thing," Alice went on half to her-self as she swam around in the pool. "She sits and purrs by the fire and licks her paws and wash-es her face... and she is such a nice soft thing to hold... and she's a fine one to catch mice... Oh, dear!" cried Alice, for this time the Mouse was in such a great fright and each of its' hairs stood on end. "We won't talk of her if you don't like it."

"We talk!" cried the Mouse, who shook down to the end of his tail. "As if... I... would talk of such low, mean things as cats! All mice hate them. Don't let me hear her name a-gain!"

"I won't," said Alice, in a hur-ry to change the top-ic. "Are you fond... of... of dogs?" The mouse did not speak, so Alice went on: "There is such a nice dog near our house, I should like to show you! A ti-ny bright-eyed dog, you know, with oh! such long cur-ly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its din-ner and do all sorts of things... I can't tell you the half of them.

And it kills all the rats, and mmm... oh dear!" said Alice get-ting worr-ied, "I've made it mad a-gain!"

For the Mouse swam away from her as fast as it could go, and made quite a stir in the pool as it went. So she called it in a soft, kind voice, "Mouse dear! Do come back and we won't talk of cats or dogs if you don't like them!" When the Mouse heard this it turned round and swam back to her; its face was quite pale, (with rage, Alice thought).

It said in a low, weak voice, "Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you why it is I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was by this time, quite crowded with the birds and beasts that had slipped in-to it. Alice led the way and they all swam to the shore.

