

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CHAPTER 6:

PIG AND PEPPER

Adapted for The Ten Minute Tutor by: Debra Treloar

For a while Alice 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.

Alice wanted 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 under his arm a great letter and handed it to the other and said in a grave tone,
"For the Duchess;
from the Queen."

The Frog... Foot-man said in the same grave tone,
"From the Queen,
for the Duchess."



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Then they both bowed so low that their heads touched each other.

All this made Alice 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.

Alice 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, indeed, a great noise in the house... a howling and sneezing. Now and then a great crash, as if a dish or a pot had been broken to bits.

"Please, then," said Alice, "how do I to get in?"

"There might be some sense in you knocking," 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 speaking, which Alice 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.

Alice caught the child, which held out its arms and legs on all sides, "just like a star-fish," Alice 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 Alice, "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 Alice, "that is not a nice thing to do."

The child grunted again and Alice 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!"

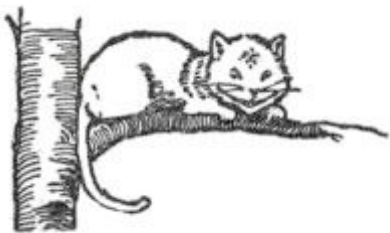
The poor thing sobbed once more (or grunted, Al-ice couldn't tell which).

"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 Alice, "would you please tell me which way I should walk from here?"

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

"I don't care where... " said Alice.

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

"... so long as I get somewhere," Alice added.

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

Alice knew that this was true, so she asked: "What sort of people live near here?"

"That way," said the Cat, with a wave of its right paw, "lives a Hatter; 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 people live," said Alice.

"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 Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice 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 happy.

Now I growl when I'm happy and wag my tail when I'm angry. So you see... I'm mad."

"I say the cat purrs. I do not call it a growl," said Alice.

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

"I would like to, but I haven't been asked yet," said Alice.

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

Alice did not think this was so strange as she was now used to strange things happening.

While she still looked at the place where it had been, it came back again, 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.

