“Curiouser and curiouser!” cried Alice (she was so much surprised that she quite forgot how to speak good English). “Now I’m opening out like the largest telescope that ever was!”

The next moment Alice’s head struck the roof of the hall. In fact she was now rather more than nine feet high. At once she picked up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was all she could do, lying down, to look through into the garden with one eye. She began to cry again. Soon there was a large pool of tears all around her.

After a time she heard a pattering of feet, and she hastily dried her eyes. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. In a timid voice Alice began, “If you please, Sir—”

The Rabbit started violently, and scurried away into the darkness. In his shock, he had dropped the fan and gloves. Alice picked them up, and fanned herself. “Dear, dear!” she said. “How odd everything is today!”

She looked down and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit’s little white gloves. “How can I have done that?” she thought. “I must be growing small again.” Indeed she was now only two feet high, and still shrinking rapidly.

Alice was a good deal frightened at the sudden change. She soon realized that the cause of it was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily. “At least now I’m the right size for the garden!” she said Alice. But, alas! She found that the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before.

“Things are worse than ever!” cried Alice. “I never was so small as this before, never!” As she said these words her foot slipped, and — splash! — she fell up to her chin in salt water. It was the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high. “I wish I hadn’t cried so much!” said Alice. Just then she heard something else splashing about in the water — it was a mouse.

“O Mouse,” ventured Alice, “do you know the way out of this pool?” The Mouse said nothing. “Perhaps it doesn’t understand English,” thought Alice. “I daresay it’s a French mouse.” So she tried. “Quelle est ma chatte?” which meant “Where is my cat?” and was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden start, and began to swim away as fast as it could. “Oh, I forgot you don’t like cats!” cried Alice hastily. “Mouse dear! Do come back again!”

The pool was crowded, as a duck, a dodo and several other curious creatures had fallen into it. Alice led the way, and they all swam to the shore.