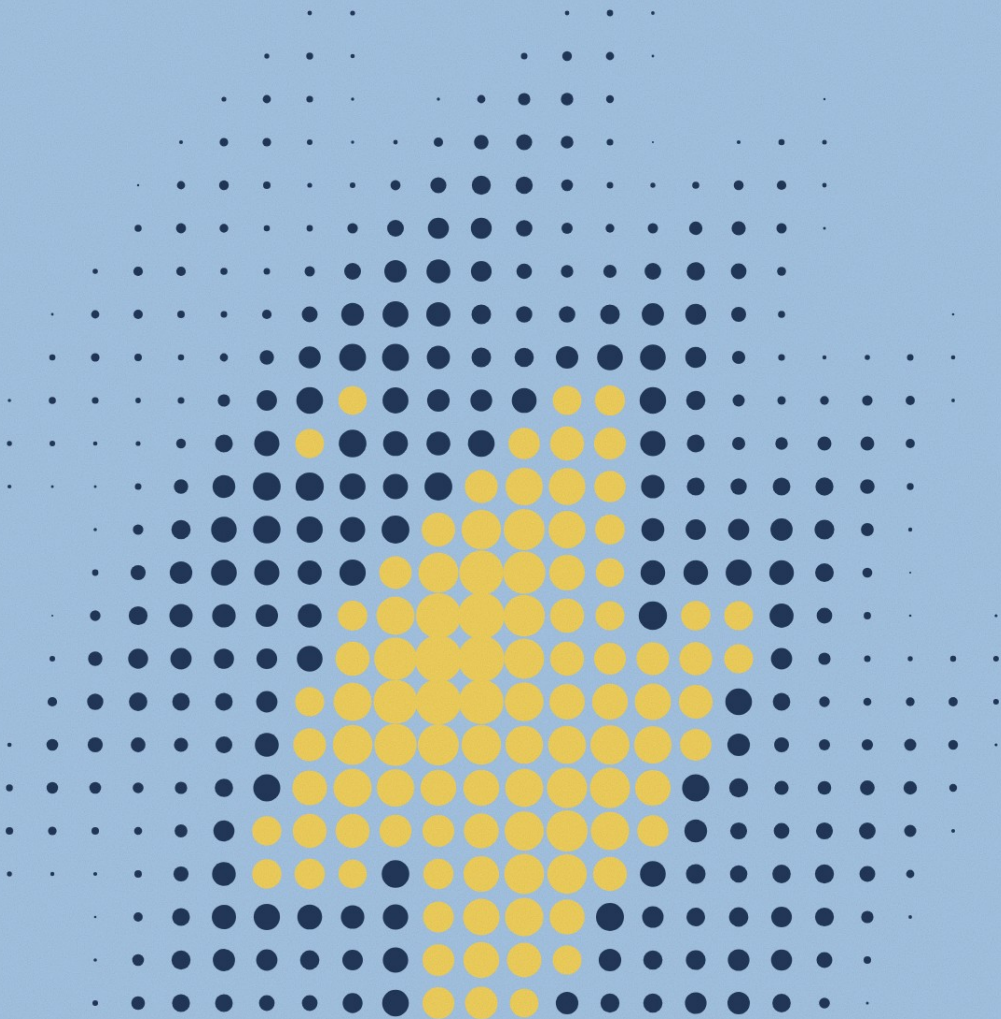




Through the Looking-Glass

LEWIS CARROLL

JVA EDITORA



LEWIS CARROLL

Through the Looking-Glass

First published: 1871

Public domain edition

JVA Editora

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

And What Alice Found There

By Lewis Carroll

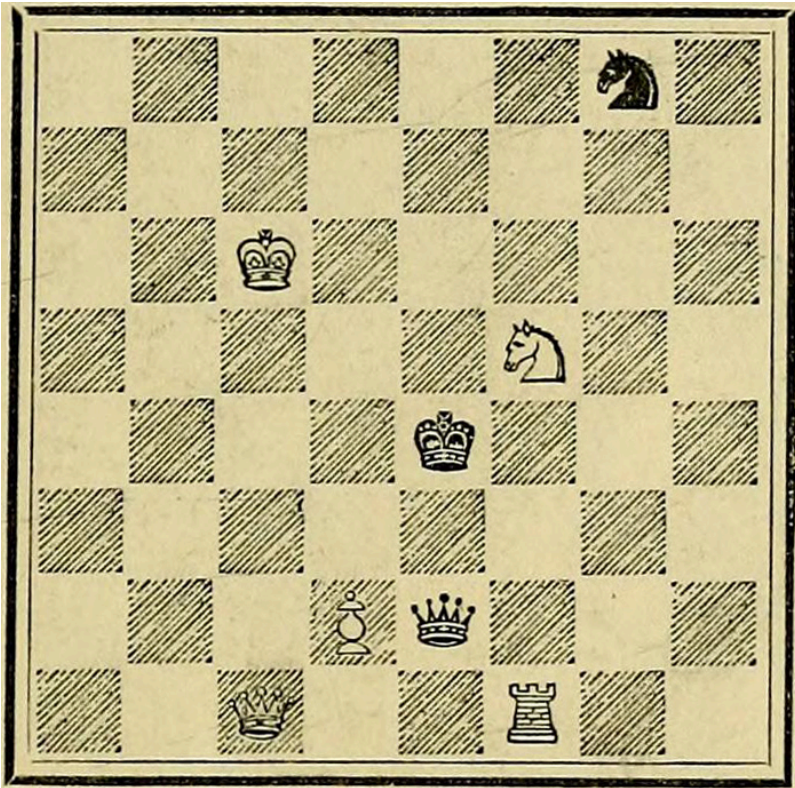
The Millennium Fulcrum Edition 1.7

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

(As arranged before commencement of game.)

WHITE		RED.	
PIECES.	PAWNS.	PAWNS.	PIECES.
Tweedledee.	Daisy.	Daisy.	Humpty Dumpty.
Unicorn.	Haigha.	Messenger.	Carpenter.
Sheep.	Oyster.	Oyster.	Walrus.
W. Queen.	“Lily.”	Tiger-lily.	R. Queen.
W. King.	Fawn.	Rose.	R. King.
Aged man.	Oyster.	Oyster.	Crow.
W. Knight.	Hatta.	Frog.	R. Knight.
Tweedledum.	Daisy.	Daisy.	Lion.

RED.



WHITE.

White Pawn (Alice) to play, and win in eleven moves.

1. Alice meets R. Q.
 1. R. Q. to K. R.'s 4th
2. Alice through Q.'s 3d (by railway) to 4th
(*Tweedledum and Tweedledee*)
 2. W. Q. to Q. B.'s 4th (*after shawl*)
3. Alice meets W. Q. (*with shawl*)
 3. W. Q. to Q.B.'s 5th (*becomes sheep*)
4. Alice to Q.'s 5th (*shop, river, shop*)

4. W. Q. to K. B.'s 8th (*leaves egg on shelf*)
5. Alice to Q.'s 6th (*Humpty Dumpty*)
 5. W. Q. to Q. B.'s 8th (*flying from R. Kt.*)
6. Alice to Q.'s 7th (*forest*)
 6. R. Kt. to K.'s 2nd (*ch.*)
7. W.Kt. takes R.Kt.
 7. W. Kt. to K. B.'s 5th
8. Alice to Q.'s 8th (*coronation*)
 8. R. Q. to K.'s sq. (*examination*)
9. Alice becomes Queen
 9. Queens castle
10. Alice castles (*feast*)
 10. W.Q. to Q.R.'s 6th (*soup*)
11. Alice takes R.Q. & wins

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter—
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.

A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing—
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing—
Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say 'forget.'

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near.

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness—
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,

And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For 'happy summer days' gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory—
It shall not touch with breath of bale
The pleasance of our fairy-tale.

Contents

CHAPTER I. Looking-Glass House

CHAPTER II. The Garden of Live Flowers

CHAPTER III. Looking-Glass Insects

CHAPTER IV. Tweedledum And Tweedledee

CHAPTER V. Wool and Water

CHAPTER VI. Humpty Dumpty

CHAPTER VII. The Lion and the Unicorn

CHAPTER VIII. “It’s my own Invention”

CHAPTER IX. Queen Alice

CHAPTER X. Shaking

CHAPTER XI. Waking

CHAPTER XII. Which Dreamed it?



CHAPTER I.

Looking-Glass House

One thing was certain, that the *white* kitten had had nothing to do with it:—it was the black kitten’s fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering); so you see that it *couldn’t* have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children’s faces was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose: and just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to purr—no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great arm-chair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again; and there it was, spread over the hearth-rug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

“Oh, you wicked little thing!” cried Alice, catching up the kitten, and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. “Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You *ought*, Dinah, you know you *ought*!” she added, looking

reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage—and then she scrambled back into the arm-chair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again. But she didn't get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help, if it might.

“Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?” Alice began. “You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me—only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire—and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty, we'll go and see the bonfire to-morrow.” Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck, just to see how it would look: this led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

“Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty,” Alice went on as soon as they were comfortably settled again, “when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me!” she went on, holding up one finger. “I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty: I heard you! What's that you say?” (pretending that the kitten was speaking.) “Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's *your* fault, for keeping your eyes open—if you'd shut them tight up, it wouldn't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen!