

Devising Workshop!

What: “Alice” Devising Workshop

When: Tuesday August 19th – Friday August 22nd **12pm-5pm**

Where: HHS Auditorium.

Who: Any HHS student!!

Why: If you come to all four days and stay the entire time you will automatically be cast in the show!!!!

The workshop is a week-long this year because we will be creating “Alice in Wonderland” from scratch! We will need to make a script and create everything! This summer I’ve started my Masters of Fine Arts in Dance/Choreography and will bring so many amazing ways to start creating and devising theatre. Be prepared to move and have your world turned upside down!

What is Devised Theatre:

Devised theatre (also called **collaborative creation**.) is a form of theatre where the script originates not from a writer or writers, but from collaborative, usually improvisatory, work by a group of people (usually, but not necessarily, the performers). Design elements can carry as much or more weight as performers, spoken text is often only one fragment of what makes up a devised “play,” and storytelling sometimes takes a back seat to pure experience. At early points in the TEAM’s process it can be hard to tell what anyone’s discipline is because everyone shares the duties of playwright and dramaturg, director and performer.

RULES:

1. You must wear tennis shoes
2. You have to arrive on time and stay the whole time
3. Wear clothing you can move in/ get dirty/ don’t care about
4. Bring a notebook and things to write with
5. Buying and bringing Alice’s Adventure’s in Wonderland and Alice through the Looking-Glass might be a good idea...

Audition packet!

Auditions seem to be an odious word. I still cringe at the word, *Auditions*. But let us break that habit and have fun with these auditions.

For the Fall show, we always like to start the year off right, with fun. So the auditions are fun, easy and entertaining.

Alice in Wonderland Audition

Dates:

Sept 3rd @ 3-5 in the Black Box theatre

OR

Sept 4th @ 3-5 in the Black Box theatre

***Please don't come to both, as much as I enjoy your company, you only come one day to auditions. From there I narrow it down for Callbacks.

CALLBACKS:

Sept 5th @ 3-5 in the Black Box theatre

A callback is when the director calls you back in to see you read again for the parts of the play. By this time I'll know what parts I'm looking to fill and who might be good to fill them.

FIRST REHEARSAL

Monday September 8th
3-5pm in the Black Box

AUDITION TIPS for actors

1. Stay CALM. Nerves do you no good at audition time. Trust yourself. PRACTICE at home, with a friend or alone; get familiar with the audition material and character you are playing.
2. SPEAK UP. Do not talk to the floor. Try to focus on the “imaginary partner” or character you are talking to in a monologue or your partner if sharing a scene.
3. Make it easy for the director to see you. OPEN OUT, profiles and back positions do not give you a good opportunity to be seen by the evaluator. Keep your hair out of your eyes. FACIAL expression is a big part of any audition.
4. Work for believable VOCAL EXPRESSION. Be conversational and try to incorporate some body language.
5. ENJOY YOURSELF. If you make a mistake, move on. No one is perfect. Have fun getting into the mind of another person. Concentrate and give it your all.
6. Even though you may cast yourself for a specific part, be open to play any character. Many times a director sees something you have (vocally, physically or emotionally) as best for another part. No one knows the play as well as the director.
7. Try not to pre-cast others. This only adds to their disappointment if they do not get the part.
8. Most importantly do not “trash” others. Bad mouthing or complaining is the worst kind of actor, friend, or player in any theatre troupe. A POSITIVE ATTITUDE can take you a long way in theatre and life.
9. Always check the callboard. If you get called back and the director does not know you, it may be wise to wear the same thing you wore at auditions. When called back, be prepared to try anything. Improvisations can often reveal a lot about your skills and abilities. Have fun!
10. If you do not get cast, get involved in the drama program in some other way. It does not mean that you do not have talent. Trying out is already the first step to making it. If you really want to know how to improve, do come and ask the director once the show is cast. Directors take notes on things that need more work. Learn about your strengths and weaknesses; do not be afraid to ask.
11. Once you get cast, be prompt and reliable. If you cannot make a rehearsal or reading, ALWAYS COMMUNICATE to the director. Do not expect someone else to tell the person in charge that you can't make it.
12. Finally, if you are cast, be ready to work and learn all the rules of theatre etiquette “There is no business like show business”

Question' s e-mail afigg-franzoi@mtsd.k12.wi.us phone #238-5674

AUDITION TIPS for parents

1. It is all about encouragement. Trying out is the first step to making it. It takes courage and determination to try out. If your son or daughter gets a part, congratulate them. If they do not, congratulate them for trying. Don't let them give up on their desire to do it again.
2. Be aware that theatre, like any sport, requires skill. Perhaps with a little more time those skills can be improved and developed.
3. Be positive. Complaining about the students who did get a part or the director's inability to make a good decision does not help your child learn how to deal with disappointment or competition.
4. The fine arts are not fair. The world of theatre has some very unique circumstances.
As in real life, there may only be one person who makes the decisions (like one boss or coach. It is always from that person's point of view.) If the director needs a small person to play the part, she/he will not cast someone who is tall. Perhaps the character needs to look older and your child looks too young. These are only a few of the factors a director takes into consideration. Rest assured, no one knows the play better than the director. Their perception of who will be best for a part should be trusted.
5. Some characters require a great deal of understanding and emotional output. Maturity and some experience often have an advantage. If a show is more complex or challenging, those skills must be evidenced in the audition process.
6. "There are no small parts, only small actors." If your son or daughter does not get the "lead" do not allow them to drop the show. This is surely a sign of immaturity and it certainly can influence future casting. Every experience, whatever the part, is a learning experience. How else will they improve their skills? Learning from others is a powerful tool.
7. If you feel you want to know what areas your son or daughter can improve upon for future auditions, make an appointment to talk "face to face". It is the coward who leaves the "nasty phone call". Directors are not rookies. Most of them have a degree in theatre or have had a lot of experience doing their craft. They will be willing to talk about the strengths and weaknesses about any one's audition.
8. If your son or daughter gets cast. Help them understand their commitment to the rehearsal process. If there are exceptions, work it out with the director. Secondly, join the "friends of drama". This is a group of adults who help the production behind the scenes. Once you are part of the theatre family, it is pretty hard to quit. It is a wonderful arena for learning new skills, meeting new people and collecting many fond memories.

But What to I prepare for Auditions?

- Luckily I'm a nice lady for the first auditions of the year and give you this lovely packet.
- Within this packet is everything you need for the auditions (besides a fully clothed human body and an open mind).
- These next few pages are filled with text from the book. Read them, familiarize yourself with them and practice them.
 - We are not working with a script, so I'm giving you parts from the book.
 - Read them and devise your own scene
 - You also don't have use what I give you in the packet.
- While you don't have to memorize them, think how impressed Ms. Figg-Franzoi will be if you do come memorized.
- Practice with other people, but know that you will be jumping up and doing scenes with new people at times. Be open to this, it's fun!

Reading the Scenes is only part of the audition. Next comes the Improvisation part. We have lots of weird creatures in this play and magical creatures, so I'll be asking you to move like animals and show me you are willing to "look silly" during auditions. We will all "look silly" together, so join us!

We will also be improvising scenes together, little scenes with a theme I'll give you.

So, sit back, relax, have fun and join us for the Fall play auditions!

Monologues

ALICE: [*Angrily*] Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. [*Calling after him*] I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmmm. He won't answer me. And I do *so* want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! [*Falling*] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

Mad Hatter:

If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*. I dare say you never even spoke to Time! He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner. We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know— (pointing with his tea spoon at the March Hare,) —it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

*"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!"*

You know the song, perhaps? It goes on, you know,' the Hatter continued, 'in this way:—

*"Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—"*

Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse, when the Queen jumped up and bawled out, "He's murdering the time! Off with his head! And ever since that, he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now. Tea Time.

Devised SCENES

Excerpts from the Book:

Character: Alice

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs.

'Well!' thought Alice to herself, 'after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!' (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end! 'I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?' she said aloud. 'I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think--' (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) '--yes, that's about the right distance--but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?' (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. 'I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think--' (she was rather glad there *was* no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) '--but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?' (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke--fancy *curtseying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) 'And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.' when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Characters: Alice, Lory, Mouse, Eaglet, Duck, Dodo

They were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

The first question of course was, how to get dry again: they had a consultation about this, and after a few minutes it seemed quite natural to Alice to find herself talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life.

At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of authority among them, called out, 'Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! *I'll* soon make you dry enough!' They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.

'Ahem!' said the Mouse with an important air, 'are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! "William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria—"

'Ugh!' said the Lory, with a shiver.

'I beg your pardon!' said the Mouse, frowning, but very politely: 'Did you speak?'

'Not I!' said the Lory hastily.

'I thought you did,' said the Mouse. '—I proceed. "Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him: and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable—"

'Found *what?*' said the Duck.

'Found *it*,' the Mouse replied rather crossly: 'of course you know what "it" means.'

'I know what "it" means well enough, when *I* find a thing,' said the Duck: 'it's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?'

The Mouse did not notice this question, but hurriedly went on, "'How are you getting on now, my dear?' it continued, turning to Alice as it spoke.

'As wet as ever,' said Alice in a melancholy tone: 'it doesn't seem to dry me at all.'

'In that case,' said the Dodo solemnly, rising to its feet, 'I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies—'

'Speak English!' said the Eaglet. 'I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and, what's more, I don't believe you do either!' And the Eaglet bent down its head to hide a smile: some of the other birds tittered audibly.

'What I was going to say,' said the Dodo in an offended tone, 'was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race.'

'What *is* a Caucus-race?' said Alice; not that she wanted much to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.

'Why,' said the Dodo, 'the best way to explain it is to do it.' (And, as you might like to try the thing yourself, some winter day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)

Characters: Alice and Caterpillar

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

'Who are *you*?' said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, 'I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.'

'What do you mean by that?' said the Caterpillar sternly. 'Explain yourself!'

'I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir' said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you see.'

'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar.

'I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly,' Alice replied very politely, 'for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.'

'It isn't,' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet,' said Alice; 'but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?'

'Not a bit,' said the Caterpillar.

'Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,' said Alice; 'all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*.'

'You!' said the Caterpillar contemptuously. 'Who are *you*?'

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such *very* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, 'I think, you ought to tell me who *you* are, first.'

'Why?' said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

'Come back!' the Caterpillar called after her. 'I've something important to say!'

This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.

'Keep your temper,' said the Caterpillar.

'Is that all?' said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

'No,' said the Caterpillar.

Characters: Alice, Tweedledee and Tweedledum

They were standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck, and Alice knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had 'DUM' embroidered on his collar, and the other 'DEE.' 'I suppose they've each got "TWEEDLE" round at the back of the collar,' she said to herself.

They stood so still that she quite forgot they were alive, and she was just looking round to see if the word "TWEEDLE" was written at the back of each collar, when she was startled by a voice coming from the one marked 'DUM.'

'If you think we're wax-works,' he said, 'you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing, nohow!'

'Contrariwise,' added the one marked 'DEE,' 'if you think we're alive, you ought to speak.'

'I'm sure I'm very sorry,' was all Alice could say.

'I know what you're thinking about,' said Tweedledum: 'but it isn't so, nohow.'

'Contrariwise,' continued Tweedledee, 'if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.'

'I was thinking,' Alice said very politely, 'which is the best way out of this wood: it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?'

But the little men only looked at each other and grinned.

They looked so exactly like a couple of great schoolboys, that Alice couldn't help pointing her finger at Tweedledum, and saying 'First Boy!'

'Nohow!' Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

'Next Boy!' said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee, though she felt quite certain he would only shout out 'Contrariwise!' and so he did.

'You've been wrong!' cried Tweedledum. 'The first thing in a visit is to say "How d'ye do?" and shake hands!' And here the two brothers gave each other a hug, and then they held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with her.

Characters: Alice, Mad-Hatter, March Hare, Dormouse

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. 'Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,' thought Alice; 'only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind.'

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: 'No room! No room!' they cried out when they saw Alice coming. 'There's *plenty* of room!' said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

'Have some wine,' the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. 'I don't see any wine,' she remarked.

'There isn't any,' said the March Hare.

'Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it,' said Alice angrily.

'It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited,' said the March Hare.

'I didn't know it was *your* table,' said Alice; 'it's laid for a great many more than three.'

'Your hair wants cutting,' said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

'You should learn not to make personal remarks,' Alice said with some severity; 'it's very rude.'

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, 'Why is a raven like a writing-desk?'

'Come, we shall have some fun now!' thought Alice. 'I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that,' she added aloud.

'Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?' said the March Hare.

'Exactly so,' said Alice.

'Then you should say what you mean,' the March Hare went on.

'I do,' Alice hastily replied; 'at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know.'

'Not the same thing a bit!' said the Hatter. 'You might just as well say that "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 Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, 'that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe"!'.

'It *is* the same thing with you,' said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

Characters: Alice, Queen of Hearts, King of Hearts, Knave of Hearts, Three cards

'Idiot!' said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Alice, she went on, 'What's your name, child?'

'My name is Alice, so please your Majesty,' said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, 'Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!'

'And who are *these*?' said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rosetree; for, you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

'How should *I* know?' said Alice, surprised at her own courage. 'It's no business of *mine*.'

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, screamed 'Off with her head! Off—'

'Nonsense!' said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said 'Consider, my dear: she is only a child!'

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave 'Turn them over!'

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

'Get up!' said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else.

'Leave off that!' screamed the Queen. 'You make me giddy.' And then, turning to the rose-tree, she went on, 'What *have* you been doing here?'

'May it please your Majesty,' said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, 'we were trying—'

'*I* see!' said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. 'Off with their heads!' and the procession moved on, the knave remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

'You shan't be beheaded!' said Alice, and she put them into a large flower-pot that stood near.

'Are their heads off?' shouted the Queen.

'Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!' the knave shouted in reply.

'That's right!' shouted the Queen. 'Can you play croquet?'

The Knave was silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

'Yes!' shouted Alice.

'Come on, then!' roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

Characters: Alice and the White Rabbit

'It's—it's a very fine day!' said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

'Very,' said Alice: '—where's the Duchess?'

'Hush! Hush!' said the Rabbit in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered 'She's under sentence of execution.'

'What for?' said Alice.

'Did you say "What a pity!"?' the Rabbit asked.

'No, I didn't,' said Alice: 'I don't think it's at all a pity. I said "What for?"'

'She boxed the Queen's ears—' the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter. 'Oh, hush!' the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. 'The Queen will hear you! You see, she came rather late, and the Queen said—'

Characters: Alice and the Red Queen

'Where do you come from?' said the Red Queen. 'And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers all the time.'

Alice attended to all these directions, and explained, as well as she could, that she had lost her way.

'I don't know what you mean by YOUR way,' said the Queen: 'all the ways about here belong to ME—but why did you come out here at all?' she added in a kinder tone. 'Curtsey while you're thinking what to say, it saves time.'

Alice wondered a little at this, but she was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it. 'I'll try it when I go home,' she thought to herself, 'the next time I'm a little late for dinner.'

'It's time for you to answer now,' the Queen said, looking at her watch: 'open your mouth a LITTLE wider when you speak, and always say "your Majesty."'

'I only wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty—'

'That's right,' said the Queen, patting her on the head, which Alice didn't like at all, 'though, when you say "garden,"—I'VE seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness.'

Alice didn't dare to argue the point, but went on: '—and I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill—'

'When you say "hill,"' the Queen interrupted, 'I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley.'

'No, I shouldn't,' said Alice, surprised into contradicting her at last: 'a hill CAN'T be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense—'

The Red Queen shook her head, 'You may call it "nonsense" if you like,' she said, 'but I'VE heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!'

Alice curtseyed again, as she was afraid from the Queen's tone that she was a LITTLE offended: and they walked on in silence till they got to the top of the little hill.

'I declare it's marked out just like a large chessboard!' Alice said at last. 'It's a great huge game of chess that's being played—all over the world—if this IS the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I WISH I was one of them! I wouldn't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though of course I should LIKE to be a Queen, best.'

She glanced rather shyly at the real Queen as she said this, but her companion only smiled pleasantly, and said, 'That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play; and you're in the Second Square to begin with: when you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a Queen—' Just at this moment, somehow or other, they began to run.

Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began: all she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all she could do to keep up with her: and still the Queen kept crying 'Faster! Faster!' but Alice felt she COULD NOT go faster, though she had not breath left to say so.

The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and the other things round them never changed their places at all: however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. 'I wonder if all the things move along with us?' thought poor puzzled Alice. And the Queen seemed to guess her thoughts, for she cried, 'Faster! Don't try to talk!'

Not that Alice had any idea of doing THAT. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath: and still the Queen cried 'Faster! Faster!' and dragged her along. 'Are we nearly there?' Alice managed to pant out at last.

'Nearly there!' the Queen repeated. 'Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!' And they ran on for a time in silence, with the wind whistling in Alice's ears, and almost blowing her hair off her head, she fancied.

'Now! Now!' cried the Queen. 'Faster! Faster!' And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.

The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, 'You may rest a little now.'

Alice looked round her in great surprise. 'Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was!'

'Of course it is,' said the Queen, 'what would you have it?'

'Well, in OUR country,' said Alice, still panting a little, 'you'd generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we've been doing.'

'A slow sort of country!' said the Queen. 'Now, HERE, you see, it takes all the running YOU can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!'

Characters: Alice and the White Knight

'It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?' said the White Knight, as he came up panting.

'I don't know,' Alice said doubtfully. 'I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen.'

'So you will, when you've crossed the next brook,' said the White Knight. 'I'll see you safe to the end of the wood—and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move.'

'Thank you very much,' said Alice. 'May I help you off with your helmet?' It was evidently more than he could manage by himself; however, she managed to shake him out of it at last.

'Now one can breathe more easily,' said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

He was dressed in tin armour, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulder, upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

'I see you're admiring my little box,' the Knight said in a friendly tone. 'It's my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain can't get in.'

'But the things can get OUT,' Alice gently remarked. 'Do you know the lid's open?'

'I didn't know it,' the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. 'Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them.' He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. 'Can you guess why I did that?' he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

'In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey.'

'But you've got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle,' said Alice.

'Yes, it's a very good bee-hive,' the Knight said in a discontented tone, 'one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which.'

'I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for,' said Alice. 'It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back.'

'Not very likely, perhaps,' said the Knight: 'but if they DO come, I don't choose to have them running all about.'

'You see,' he went on after a pause, 'it's as well to be provided for EVERYTHING. That's the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet.'

'But what are they for?' Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

'To guard against the bites of sharks,' the Knight replied. 'It's an invention of my own. And now help me on. I'll go with you to the end of the wood—What's the dish for?'

'It's meant for plum-cake,' said Alice.

'We'd better take it with us,' the Knight said. 'It'll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag.'