Children Literature Additional Material

MAHA SALEH

The origins of children's literature

By: M O Grenby

By the end of the 18th century, children's literature was a flourishing, separate and secure part of the publishing industry in Britain. Perhaps as many as 50 children's books were being printed each year, mostly in London, but also in regional centres such as Edinburgh, York and Newcastle. By today's standards, these books can seem pretty dry, and they were often very moralising and pious. But the books were clearly meant to please their readers, whether with entertaining stories and appealing characters, the pleasant tone of the writing, or attractive illustrations and eye-catching page layouts and bindings.

Early writing for children

This was new. At the beginning of the century very few such enjoyable books for children had existed. Children read, certainly, but the books that they probably enjoyed reading (or hearing) most, were not designed especially for them. Fables were available, and fairy stories, lengthy chivalric romances, and short, affordable pamphlet tales and ballads called chapbooks, but these were published for children and adults alike. Take Nathaniel Crouch's *Winter-Evenings Entertainments* (1687). It contains riddles, pictures, and 'pleasant and delightful relations of many rare and notable accidents and occurrences' which has suggested to some that it should be thought of as an early children's book. However, its title-page insists that it is 'excellently accommodated to the fancies of old or young'.

Meanwhile, the books that were published especially for children before the mid-18th century were almost always remorselessly instructional (spelling books, school books, conduct books) or deeply pious. Yet just because a book seems dull or disciplinary to us today, this doesn't mean that children at the time didn't enjoy it. Godly books of the sort produced from the 1670s by Puritans like John Bunyan are a case in point. James Janeway's *A Token for Children* (1671-72) gives what its subtitle describes as 'an Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives and Joyful Deaths of Several Young Children'. These children lie on their deathbeds, giving accounts of the sins too often committed by children – idleness, disobedience, inattention to lessons, boisterousness, neglecting religious duties – but tell those assembled round them that rescue awaits all who abandon such

wickedness, and they explain how happy they are to be going to their eternal reward. Hardly fun, we might think, yet memoirs and letters, as well as continuing sales over more than a century, testify to young readers' genuine enjoyment of these descriptions of heroic and confident, if doomed, children.

The 18th century

In the first half of the 18th century a few books that didn't have an obviously instructional or religious agenda were published especially for children, such as *A Little Book for Little Children* (c.1712), which included riddles and rhymes; and a copiously illustrated bestiary, *A Description of Three Hundred Animals* (1730), the second part of which was published 'particularly for the entertainment of youth'. But the turning point came in the 1740s, when a cluster of London publishers began to produce new books designed to instruct and delight young readers. Thomas Boreman was one, who followed his *Description of Three Hundred Animals* with a series of illustrated histories of London landmarks jokily (because they were actually very tiny) called the *Gigantick Histories* (1740-43). Another was Mary Cooper, whose two-volume *Tommy Thumb's Pretty Song Book* (1744) is the first known nursery rhyme collection, featuring early versions of well-known classics like 'Bah, bah, a black sheep', 'Hickory dickory dock', 'London Bridge is falling down' and 'Sing a song of sixpence'.

The father of children's literature

But the most celebrated of these pioneers is John Newbery, whose first book for the entertainment of children was A Little Pretty Pocket-Book Intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Little Master Tommy and Pretty Miss Polly (c.1744). It was indeed a pretty book, small, neat and bound in brightly coloured paper, and Newbery advertised it as being sold with a ball (for a boy) and a pincushion (for a girl) – these toys were to be used to record the owner's good and bad deeds (by means of pins stuck either to the black side of the ball or pincushion, or the red). Newbery's books perfectly embodied the educational ideas of John Locke, who had advocated teaching through amusement. But Newbery has become known as the 'father of children's literature' chiefly because he was able to show that publishing children's books could be a commercial success. This may have been because he made most of his money from selling patent medicines, and by publishing for adults

> Nevertheless, his children's book business flourished, and, following his death in 1767, it was taken over by his descendants, surviving into the 19th century.

Newbery was a great innovator too. He produced the first children's periodical for example, called The Lilliputian Magazine (1751-52), a miscellany of stories, verse, riddles and chatty editorials. And his most famous work, The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes (1765) has a good claim to be called the first children's novel. It tells the story of a poor orphan, Margery, who makes a career for herself as a teacher before, like a less glamorous Cinderella (with no fairy godmother, balls to attend, or glass slipper), she marries the local landowner who she has impressed by her honesty, hard work and good sense.

A rapid expansion of children's literature

The reasons for this sudden rise of children's literature have never been fully explained. The entrepreneurial genius of figures like Newbery undoubtedly played a part, but equally significant were structural factors, including the growth of a sizeable middle class, technical developments in book production, the influence of new educational theories, and changing attitudes to childhood. Whatever the causes, the result was a fairly rapid expansion of children's literature through the second half of the 18th century, so that by the early 1800s, the children's book business was booming. For the first time it was possible for authors to make a living out of writing solely for children, and to become famous for it. Children's literature, as we know it today, had begun.

Children's Genres

Let's start this analysis by defining children's literature as both fiction and non-fiction books written especially for children from 0 to 12 years old. Let's not include literature for teenagers - from a youth librarian's point of view, that is a different type of book - young adolescent literature or YA Lit.

Typically, Children's books are classified by the following genre:

1- Picture Books. Children's books that provide a "visual experience" - telling a story with pictures. There may or may not be text with the book. The content of the book, however, can be fully explained or illustrated with pictures. Note that picture books do not even need to tell stories - they might illustrate letters of the alphabet or numbers. A picture book may even tell a story entirely with illustrations. Many times, these books are published in a small size, something that children can actually hold in their small hands - these books are called hand-books. (Note that "hand-books" are not a genre,

but are a format for a book.) There are fun books for young, non-reading children to play with. Often, they can tell the story based on the illustrations, pretending to "read" the book.

2- Picture Story Books. Children's books that contain pictures or illustrations that complement the story, often mirroring the plot. Both the text and the illustrations are important to the development of the story. The pictures are the "eye-candy" that get people's attention, but the text is also needed to complete the story. In well-written picture books, the 2 work together in a seamless fashion. As we read and enjoy the book, we don't even think about which is more important, the illustrations or the text. Often, the pictures are what set the mood or allow us to anticipate what will happen next.

3- Traditional Literature. Stories that are passed down from generation to generation, changing slowly over time are called traditional literature. In many ways, this is what makes them so fascinating - they provide a link between the past and the future. The stories, while retaining much of their original flavor and content have to evolve in subtle ways to remain meaningful in different eras. Traditional literature is a great starting point to introduce children to the concept of a story and introduce them to different types of stories or genres. We can further break traditional literature down as:

Folktales. These feature common folks, such as peasants, and commonplace events. There maybe be some "make-believe" elements, like talking animals, but the stories, overall, sound logical - even realistic. Folk tales seek to explain things about life, nature, or the human condition.

Fairy Tales. Also called "magic stories," these are filled with dreamlike possibility. Fairy tales feature magical and enchanted forces. They always have a "happily ever after" ending, where good is rewarded and evil is punished.

Fables. Short stories, in verse or prose, with an moral ending. These types of stories are credited Aesop (6th century BC), who told tales of animals and other inanimate objects that teach lessons about life.

Legends. While based in history, these stories embellish the life of a real person. The facts and adventures of the person are exaggerated, making the individual famous for their deeds.

Myths. Some stories have to be told as related tales to be meaningful. Myths portray themselves as representing a distant past. They contain common themes and characters, often "gods." Myths attempt to explain the beginning of the world, natural phenomena, the relationships between the gods and humans, and the origins of civilization. Myths, like legends, are stories told as though they were true.

4- Historical Fiction. These are stories that are written to portray a time period or convey information about a specific time period or an historical event. Authors use historical fiction to create drama and interest based on real events in people's lives. The characters may be real, based on real people, or entirely made up. In many ways, these types of books can be more powerful teaching tools than nonfiction, especially for children. Often, historical fiction presents history from the point of view of young participants. There are few contemporary accounts of how children have experienced and participated in history - children's historical fiction attempts to help readers see how history affects people of the same age. When these books are written for young readers, they are called chapter books because they expand the concept of a story by presenting a tale in segments, each building on the last and leading to a final resolution (Note that "hand-books" are not a genre, but are a format for a book). Children's historical fiction features youth a playing an important, participatory role in history.

5- Modern Fantasy. This broad genre is probably easier to define by example or by what it is NOT. The stories are contemporary or are nondescript as to when they occur. They are imaginative tales require young readers to accept elements and story lines that clearly cannot be true - readers must suspend disbelief. The stories may be based on animals that talk, elements of science fiction, supernatural or horror, or combinations of these elements. When written for young readers, these books are called chapter books - a format that breaks a story into sequential chapters that move towards a final resolution. "Charlottes Web," "Winnie the Pooh," "Alice in Wonderland", "Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory," and "The Wizard of Oz" are all examples of modern fantasy written for young readers up to 12 years old.

6- Realistic Fiction. Books that are written for today's youths, representing contemporary times, based on real-world situations are called realistic fictions. Similar to historical fiction, except these stories are based on current events. They feature children as their main characters and often allow young

readers to "experience" different settings, cultures, and situations than what is the norm for their lifestyle. Children's realistic fiction features main characters of approximately the age (or slightly older than) the book's intended audience. The books present a "real-world" problem or challenge and show how a young person solves that problem. By nature, children's realistic fiction is positive and upbeat, show young readers how they too can conquer their problems. When written for young readers (up to 12 years old), these books are called chapter books (a format, not a genre)

7- Non-fiction or Informational Books. Books that are designed to help readers learn more about real things. They provide young readers information without the literary devises common to fiction. They can be a challenging genre for children because a given presentation about the real-world has to assume something about a reader's abilities, understanding or interests. The challenge is to match high interest topics with appropriate reading levels and background knowledge. For example, may children are interested in jets and rockets, but few are ready to read "rocket science." In schools, these books have traditionally been used for academic study and research projects. Today, more and more librarians are recognizing the value of ALL reading - both fiction and nonfiction. Perhaps the best way to reach out to "unmotivated readers" is to find a high-interest topic and a book that matches that young reader's abilities and understanding. Many reading specialists and librarians believe that we do not promote enough non-fiction to young readers. Studies tend to show that many children that are not interested in fiction will become motivated readers if introduced to appropriate nonfiction - this is especially true of non-majority youth.

8- Biography. A form of non-fiction that is based on the life of a person. Children enjoy reading stories about other people - biographies and form an effective "bridge" between storytelling and nonfiction - after all - everyone's life is a story! Because biographies are almost always published about notable people in notable fields, biographies are often used to introduce children to the concept of nonfiction. Biographies can also be extremely motivating - young children love to dream about what they will be when they grow up. The lives of famous, important people let children see how the process of growing up shapes the opportunities, choices, and challenges people face in life.

9 - Poetry and Drama. Poems and drama are important genres that introduce children to verse, prose, rhythm, rhyme, writing styles, literary devices, symbolism, analogies, and metaphors. From a librarian's point of view, they are important because they are written at different reading levels so that a young reader's interests can be matched with text that is consistent with their abilities. This is especially important for "reluctant readers" that may read below their age group. The simple language used in some poems and drama can be appreciated by readers of varying abilities, providing a context to teach a variety of language arts skills.

A Hole in the Fence

In a small village, a little boy lived with his father and mother. He was the only son for them. The parents of the little boy were very depressed due to his bad temper. The boy used to get angry very soon and taunt others with his words. His bad temper made him fall for angry words. He scolded kids, neighbours and even his friends due to anger. He invited all worries for his parents through the verbal usage. While he forgot what he spoke in anger, his friends and neighbours avoided him.

His mother and father consoled him in many ways to give up his anger and develop kindness. Unfortunately, all their attempts failed. Finally, the boy's father came up with an idea.

One day, his father gave him a huge bag of nails. He asked his son to hammer one nail to the fence every time he became angry and to lose his temper. The little boy found it hilarious and accepted to do what his father said.
The nails drove him to hammer in the fence for 30 times on the first day! Every time he lost his temper, he ran to the fence and hammered a nail. In the next few days, the number of nails hammered on the fence was reduced to half. The little boy found it very difficult to hammer the nails and decided to control his temper.

Gradually, the number of nails hammered to the fence was reduced and the day arrived when no nail was hammered! Yet, the boy did not lose his temper. He told his father that it was several days that he did not hammer any nail and he did not lose his temper!

Now, his father told him to remove the nails every day as he had controlled his anger. Several days passed and the boy was able to pull out most of the nails from the fence. However, there remained a few nails that the boy could not pull out.

The boy told his father about the same. The father appreciated him and asked him pointing to the hole, 'What do you see there?'
The boy replied, 'a hole in the fence!'

He told the boy, "The nails were your bad temper and they were hammered on people. You can remove the nails but still see the holes in the fence. Again, you cannot pull out a few nails. The fence never look the same! It has scars all over! You can stab a man with a knife, but the wound will remain there forever. Your bad temper and anger were like that! Words are more painful than physical abuse! Use words for good. Use them to embrace the relationships. Use them to show your heart!"

Inappropriate verbal usage would cause permanent marks than physical damage!

Let our Words be kind and sweet.

True Wealth

Once upon a time, there lived a very rich and wealthy man in a big town. He had all sorts of wealth and led a luxurious life. He had every luxury at his footstep and could afford to feed for the entire people of his town. He always boasted his luxurious life to his friends and relatives.

His son was studying in a distant place and he returned home for vacation. The rich man wanted to show off to his son how rich his father was and how he made him very proud. But his son wasn't ever fond of any luxurious lifestyle. However, the rich man wanted to make his son realize that his lifestyle was extremely rich and how the poor people did suffer. He planned for a day visit to the entire town to show him off the life of the poor people.

The father and the son took a chariot and visited the entire town. They returned home after two days. The father was happy that his son was very quiet after seeing the poor people honouring the rich man and after seeing the sufferings of the poor ones due to lack of facilities.

The rich man asked his son, 'Dear boy, how was the trip? Have you enjoyed it?'

'Yes my dad, it was a great trip with you.' The son replied.

So, what did you learn from the trip? – The Father asked.

The son was silent.

Finally you have realized how the poor suffer and how they actually are – said the father.

No father – replied the son.

He added, 'We have only two dogs, they have 10 dogs. We have a big pool in our garden, but they have a massive bay without any ends! We have luxurious and expensive lights imported from various countries, but they have countless stars lighting their nights. We have a house in a small piece of land, but they have abundant fields that go beyond the sight. We are served by servants, but they serve people. We are protected by huge and strong walls around our property, but they bond with each other and surround themselves. We only buy food from them, but they are so rich to cultivate their own food.'

The rich father was stunned to hear his son's words and he was completely speechless.

Finally the son added, 'Dad thank you so much for showing me who is rich and who is poor and let me understand how poor we are!'

True wealth is not measured by money and property we have! It is in the friendship, relationship and good compassion we share with the others.

Money Can't Buy Everything

Nick is a 10 year old boy. He was the only son to his parents. His father was a hard-working business man and he could hardly spend time with his son. Nick's father would reach home after he slept, and leave home, before he woke up, or sleep until he left for school. His father hardly had any time for Nick or his family. He could not accompany him or the family. Just like any other boy, Nick wanted to go outdoors with his father and have fun.
One day, Nick was surprised to see his father at home in the evening.
"Dad, it is a big surprise to see you at home", Nick said.
"Yes son, my meeting was cancelled and my next flight is delayed by 2 hours. So I'm at home", his father replied.
The conversation between Nick and father:
Dad, may I please ask you a few questions?
Yes, my dear son, please proceed.
When will you be back?
Tomorrow noon!
Dad, how much do you earn a year?
Dear, it's a very big amount and you won't be able to understand it.
Ok dad, are you happy with the amount you earn?

Yes my dear. I'm very happy, and in fact I'm planning to launch our new branch and a new business in a few months. Isn't that great?
Yes, dad. I'm happy to hear that.
So, do you have any other questions Nick?

Yes, father, I do have one more question.

Ask me then!

Dad, you don't want to tell me how much you earn a year or a month. But can you tell me what you earn a day or even half a day?

Nick, why are you asking this question? I have provided you with all the possible luxuries.

No dad, you have always given the best to me, but please answer me. It would be really nice if you can tell me how much you earn in an hour?

Nick, this is not fair and you should not be questioning your father about his income.

Nick asked his mother to support him.

Nick and his mom requested to answer his hourly income, if not the daily income.

Nick's father replied, it will be around Rs.1000/- per hour.

Nick ran to his room upstairs, and came down with his piggy bank that contained his savings.

Dad, I have Rs.3000/- in this box. Can you spare three hours with me? I want to go to beach and have dinner with you tomorrow evening. Can you please mark this in your schedule?

Nick's father was speechless!

Running behind money makes children deprived of love and care from parents. Money can't buy everything!

A Merchant and his Donkey

One beautiful spring morning, a merchant loaded his donkey with bags of salt to go to the market in order to sell them. The merchant and his donkey were walking along together. They had not walked far when they reached a river on the road.

Unfortunately, the donkey slipped and fell into the river and noticed that the bags of salt loaded on his back became lighter.

There was nothing the merchant could do, except return home where he loaded his donkey with more bags of salt. As they reached the slippery riverbank, now deliberately, the donkey fell into the river and wasted all the bags of salt on its back again.

The merchant quickly discovered the donkey's trick. He then returned home again but re-loaded his donkey with bags of sponges.

The foolish, tricky donkey again set on its way. On reaching the river he again fell into the water. But instead of the load becoming lighter, it became heavier.

The merchant laughed at him and said: "You foolish donkey, your trick had been discovered, you should know that, those who are too clever sometimes over reach themselves."

ALICE'S ADVENTURES
IN WONDERLAND By Lewis Carroll

CHAPTER I

Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice 'without pictures or conversations?'

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

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. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled 'ORANGE MARMALADE', but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

'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 curtsey 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.'

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. 'Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!' (Dinah was the cat.) 'I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?' And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, 'Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?' and sometimes, 'Do bats eat cats?' for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, 'Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?' when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, 'Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!' She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool

fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; 'and even if my head would go through,' thought poor Alice, 'it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.' For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ('which certainly was not here before,' said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words 'DRINK ME' beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say 'Drink me,' but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. 'No, I'll look first,' she said, 'and see whether it's marked "*poison*" or not'; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked 'poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked 'poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

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'What a curious feeling!' said Alice; 'I must be shutting up like a telescope.'

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; 'for it might end, you know,' said Alice to herself, 'in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?' And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

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And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; 'for it might end, you know,' said Alice to herself, 'in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?' And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

'Come, there's no use in crying like that!' said Alice to herself, rather sharply; 'I advise you to leave off this minute!' She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. 'But it's no use now,' thought poor Alice, 'to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!'

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words 'EAT ME' were beautifully marked in currants. 'Well, I'll eat it,' said Alice, 'and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!'

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, 'Which way? Which way?', holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

CHAPTER II.

The Pool of Tears

'Curiouser and curiouser!' cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English); 'now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!' (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). 'Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure *I* shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you: you must manage the best way you can;—but I must be kind to them,' thought Alice, 'or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas.'

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. 'They must go by the carrier,' she thought; 'and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

Alice's Right Foot, Esq.

Hearthrug,

near The Fender,

(with Alice's love).

Oh dear, what nonsense I'm talking!'

Just then her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact she was now more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and began to cry again.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' said Alice, 'a great girl like you,' (she might well say this), 'to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!' But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, 'Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!' Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, 'If you please, sir—' The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and skurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking: 'Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!' And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

'I'm sure I'm not Ada,' she said, 'for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say "*How doth the little*—"' and she crossed her hands on her lap as if she

were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

'How doth the little crocodile

Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of the Nile

On every golden scale!

'How cheerfully he seems to grin,

How neatly spread his claws,

And welcome little fishes in

With gently smiling jaws!'

'I'm sure those are not the right words,' said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on, 'I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying "Come up again, dear!" I shall only look up and say "Who am I then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else"—but, oh dear!' cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears, 'I do wish they *would* put their heads down! I am so *very* tired of being all alone here!'

As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. 'How *can* I have done that?' she thought. 'I must be growing small again.' She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.

'That *was* a narrow escape!' said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; 'and now for the garden!' and she ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little

door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, 'and things are worse than ever,' thought the poor child, 'for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!'

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, 'and in that case I can go back by railway,' she said to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion, that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

'I wish I hadn't cried so much!' said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. 'I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day.'

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was: at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.

'Would it be of any use, now,' thought Alice, 'to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk: at any rate, there's no harm in trying.' So she began: 'O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse!' (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse: she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother's Latin Grammar, 'A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!') The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

'Perhaps it doesn't understand English,' thought Alice; 'I daresay it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror.' (For, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again: 'Ou est ma chatte?' which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of

the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. 'Oh, I beg your pardon!' cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. 'I quite forgot you didn't like cats.'

'Not like cats!' cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. 'Would *you* like cats if you were me?'

'Well, perhaps not,' said Alice in a soothing tone: 'don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing,' Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, 'and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she's such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!' cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. 'We won't talk about her any more if you'd rather not.'

'We indeed!' cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of his tail. 'As if *I* would talk on such a subject! Our family always *hated* cats: nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!'

'I won't indeed!' said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. 'Are you—are you fond—of—of dogs?' The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: 'There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh, such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things—I can't remember half of them—and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and—oh dear!' cried Alice in a sorrowful tone, 'I'm afraid I've offended it again!' For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

So she called softly after it, 'Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats or dogs either, if you don't like them!' When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low trembling voice, 'Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs.'

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it: there were a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

CHAPTER XII

Alice's Evidence

'Here!' cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of goldfish she had accidentally upset the week before.

'Oh, I *beg* your pardon!' she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the goldfish kept running in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

'The trial cannot proceed,' said the King in a very grave voice, 'until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—*all*,' he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said do.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; 'not that it signifies much,' she said to herself; 'I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the trial one way up as the other.'

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

'What do you know about this business?' the King said to Alice.

'Nothing,' said Alice.

'Nothing *whatever*?' persisted the King.

'Nothing whatever,' said Alice.

'That's very important,' the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: '*Un*important, your Majesty means, of course,' he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

'*Un*important, of course, I meant,' the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone,

'important—unimportant—unimportant—important—' as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down 'important,' and some 'unimportant.' Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; 'but it doesn't matter a bit,' she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, cackled out 'Silence!' and read out from his book, 'Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court*.'

Everybody looked at Alice.

'*I'm* not a mile high,' said Alice.

'You are,' said the King.

'Nearly two miles high,' added the Queen.

'Well, I shan't go, at any rate,' said Alice: 'besides, that's not a regular rule: you invented it just now.'

'It's the oldest rule in the book,' said the King.

'Then it ought to be Number One,' said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. 'Consider your verdict,' he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

'There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty,' said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; 'this paper has just been picked up.'

'What's in it?' said the Queen.

'I haven't opened it yet,' said the White Rabbit, 'but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody.'

'It must have been that,' said the King, 'unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know.'

'Who is it directed to?' said one of the jurymen.

'It isn't directed at all,' said the White Rabbit; 'in fact, there's nothing written on the *outside*.' He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added 'It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses.'

'Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?' asked another of the jurymen.

'No, they're not,' said the White Rabbit, 'and that's the queerest thing about it.' (The jury all looked puzzled.)

'He must have imitated somebody else's hand,' said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

'Please your Majesty,' said the Knave, 'I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did: there's no name signed at the end.'

'If you didn't sign it,' said the King, 'that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.'

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

'That *proves* his guilt,' said the Queen.

'It proves nothing of the sort!' said Alice. 'Why, you don't even know what they're about!'

'Read them,' said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. 'Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?' he asked.

'Begin at the beginning,' the King said gravely, 'and go on till you come to the end: then stop.'

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:—

'They told me you had been to her,

And mentioned me to him:

She gave me a good character,

But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.'

'That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet,' said the King, rubbing his hands; 'so now let the jury—'

'If any one of them can explain it,' said Alice, (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) 'I'll give him sixpence. *I* don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.'

The jury all wrote down on their slates, '*She* doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it,' but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

'If there's no meaning in it,' said the King, 'that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know,' he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; 'I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. "*—said I could not swim—*" you can't swim, can you?' he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. 'Do I look like it?' he said. (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard.)

'All right, so far,' said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: '"*We know it to be true—*" that's the jury, of course—"*I gave her one, they gave him two—*" why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know—'

'But, it goes on "*they all returned from him to you,*"' said Alice.

'Why, there they are!' said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. 'Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Then again—"*before she had this fit—*" you never had fits, my dear, I think?' he said to the Queen.

'Never!' said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

'Then the words don't *fit* you,' said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.

'It's a pun!' the King added in an offended tone, and everybody laughed, 'Let the jury consider their verdict,' the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

'No, no!' said the Queen. 'Sentence first—verdict afterwards.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said Alice loudly. 'The idea of having the sentence first!'

'Hold your tongue!' said the Queen, turning purple.

'I won't!' said Alice.

'Off with her head!' the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

'Who cares for you?' said Alice, (she had grown to her full size by this time.) 'You're nothing but a pack of cards!'

'Wake up, Alice dear!' said her sister; 'Why, what a long sleep you've had!'

'Oh, I've had such a curious dream!' said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, 'It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly: but now run in to your tea; it's getting late.' So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:—

First, she dreamed of little Alice herself, and once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers—she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool—she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farm-yard—while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.

THE END

Poetry

Friends

By Abbie Farwell Brown

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face

Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things;
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.

Money *By Gareth Lancaster*

If I had lots of money
I would just eat milk and honey
And never once would clean my teeth.

If I had lots of cash
I would throw a great big bash
And just invite my closest friends.

If I had lots of spend
All my toys I could mend
Especially the ones I like the best.

If I had lots to use
You would see me on the news
As I gave it away to everyone.

So if I had lots of money
I think it might be funny
And I would make sure everybody laughed!
