

*stretched on tiptoe, peeping over the edge of a ~~large~~
~~mushroom~~, left, on which sits the CATERPILLAR with its
arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking
not the smallest notice of herself or anything else. To
the right is the ~~door~~ ~~of the~~ ~~DUCHESS'~~ ~~house~~. At last the
CATERPILLAR takes the hookah out of its mouth.*

CATERPILLAR (after a pause)

Who are you?

ALICE

I—I hardly know, sir, just at present. At least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I must have changed several times since then.

CATERPILLAR

What do you mean by that? Explain yourself.

ALICE

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

CATERPILLAR

I don't see.

ALICE

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

CATERPILLAR

It isn't.

ALICE

Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet. But when

Start

you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, you should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?

CATERPILLAR

Not a bit.

ALICE

Well, perhaps your feelings may be different. All I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*.

CATERPILLAR

You! Who are you?

ALICE (*controlling her temper*)

I think you ought to tell me who you are first.

CATERPILLAR

Why? (ALICE cannot answer, so she turns to go.)
Come back! I've something important to tell you.
(ALICE turns back and waits expectantly.)
Keep your temper!

ALICE (*swallowing her anger*)

Is that all?

CATERPILLAR

No. (He draws a few leisurely puffs from his pipe and then removes it from his mouth, preparatory to entering into a real conversation.) So you think you're changed, do you?

ALICE

I'm afraid I am, sir. I can't remember things as I used, and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together.

Stop