

White Queen  
Oh, don't go on like that! Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come today. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything only don't cry!

ALICE (*laughing through her tears*)

Can *you* keep from crying by considering things?

WHITE QUEEN (*with great decision*)

That's the way it's done; nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with—how old are you?

ALICE

I am seven and a half exactly.

WHITE QUEEN

You needn't say "exactly." I can believe it without that. Now I'll give *you* something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months and a day.

ALICE

I can't believe *that*!

WHITE QUEEN (*in a pitying tone*)

Can't you? Try again! Draw a long breath and shut your eyes.

ALICE (*laughing*)

There's no use trying. One can't believe impossible things.

WHITE QUEEN

I daresay you haven't had much practise. When I was your age, I always did it for half an hour a day.

Why, sometimes, I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes the shawl again! (*She seizes shawl. Triumphantly.*) I've got it! Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!

ALICE

Then I hope your finger is better now?

WHITE QUEEN

Oh, much better. Much be-etter! Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh! (*She flies off, right. DIM-OUT.*)

STOP

## SCENE 5

### THE SHEEP SHOP

(† 43. \* 16)

*The bleating continues loud and insistent, and when the LIGHTS come up, ALICE finds that she is in a shop, leaning her elbows on the counter and looking across at an old SHEEP, who is sitting in an armchair, knitting, and looking at her every now and then through a great pair of spectacles.*

SHEEP (*in a bleating voice*)

What is it you want to buy?

ALICE

I don't quite know yet. I should like to look all around me first, if I might.