Alice in Wonderland

Teacher’s Pack

BITESIZE THEATRE COMPANY
Here is the story of Alice in Wonderland, split into short sections. After each section there is a number of Drama exercises and games that you can try in class.

1) **Alice falls asleep and meets the White Rabbit**

Alice is walking along the riverbank with his older sister, who is reading, out loud, a book about William the Conqueror, to which Alice is supposed to be paying attention, but it is soon clear that her mind is elsewhere. Her sister gives up and leaves Alice daydreaming by the river. Alice is very surprised to see a White Rabbit go by, particularly one wearing a waistcoat. He is out for a Sunday Afternoon stroll. He stops and takes out a pocket-watch."Oh dear! Oh dear! Now, I shall be too late!". He rushes off and disappears down a rabbit hole. Curiosity gets the better of Alice, and she immediately follows him down the rabbit hole.

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1. Your teacher takes a boring class. What do you do? What do you say?
2. Your big brother tells you to take care be good don’t be silly. What do you do? What do you say?
3. You are in the car you look out of the window and you see a cow wearing a hat. What do you do? What do you say?
4. You are feeding your dog and suddenly it speaks to you? What do you do? What do you say? How do you feel?
2)  **Alice follows the White Rabbit down the rabbit hole**

Alice emerges in a hallway full of doors of different colours and sizes. She is just in time see the White Rabbit disappear through one. When Alice tries to follow she finds that it’s locked. “Curiouser and curiouser! It's locked and I’m sure this is the way he went! Perhaps I should try another door, after all, there are so many to choose from!”. But they are all locked except for a very small door, which Alice opens. Through it she can see a wonderful garden on the other side, but she’s much too big to get through the tiny door. While she wonders how she might make herself small enough to get into the garden, the White Rabbit enters by one of the doors, and leaves by another, but again Alice is unable to follow him. She starts to cry and only stops when she finds that the Rabbit has dropped a key which fits one of the doors. As she opens it, she is suddenly engulfed by a huge wave and has to tread water furiously to stay afloat.

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1  You see a pretty and interesting place through a window. You want to keep looking and find a way to go there but suddenly a shutter comes down. What do you do? What do you say? How do you feel?

2  You eat a sweet, but it tastes strange. Suddenly you see flashing lights and swirls and stars and you are spinning around. When you stop what has happened to you? What do you do? What do you say? How do you feel?

3  You are lost in a crowd, you shout out and look for your mum or dad but can’t find them. You start to cry. Everyone melts away and the tears grow into a large puddle up to you knees. What do you do? What do you say? How do you feel? What happens next?
3) **Alice joins in the Caucus Race**

Alice is joined by a mouse and together they swim to shore, where they find a Dodo and a Duck who have also been caught in the wave and are trying to dry off on the sand. “Really Dodo, I don't know what your making all this fuss about. It's just a drop of water, my dear.” “That's easy enough for you to say, Mistress Duck. I near drownded. I did. One minute, I was minding my own business and the next I was up to my wings in the stuff.” The Mouse immediately takes charge and tries to dry them off by telling them a dry tale. This doesn’t work so Alice recites “How doth the little busy bee”, but the words come out all wrong and still no one is dry, so the Dodo suggests a Caucus race. “What's a Caucus-race ?”, asks Alice. “Why, the best way to explain it, is to do it.” So they all take part in the caucus race and so do two members of the audience. When it’s done they all get prizes, even Alice. Suddenly the White Rabbit arrives, he is on his way to the Duchesses house for tea, but he’s lost his white gloves. Mistaking Alice for his housemaid, Mary Ann, he sends her to fetch him some more.

1. You meet a dinosaur. You know he should be extinct, but he’s telling you to respect your elders. What do you do? What do you say?

2. The caucus race goes on and on, There are two of you. Imagine you are in the middle of a sticky problem, you have forgotten your homework, you have to make an excuse and convince the teacher, your partner, it’s not your fault but they tell you off, just as you think it’s over the conversation starts all over again. This happens again and again and again. Act out the situation and each time change the words that you say, the excuse that you make, but your partner does the same each time.
4) **Alice grows until she fills the Rabbit's House**

When Alice enters the Rabbit's house, she quickly finds him some more gloves, but she also finds a small bottle, fortunately NOT marked poison, so she takes a drink. This may have been a mistake, though for she begins to grow... and grow... and grow until she fills the whole house, jamming the front door tight shut. The White Rabbit comes to see where she’s got to and finding that he can’t get through the front door, calls for Pat the gardener and Bill the Lizard to bring a ladder, climb onto the roof and go down the chimney. They are worried by the prospect and suggest going through the window instead. “What a splendid idea! I wonder I didn’t think of it.” Only then do they realise that Alice’s giant head is blocking the window. “Argh! A monster. Save me. Save me”. They start to throw carrots at Alice through the window, one of which she manages to eat. Fortunately, this causes her to shrink and she’s able to slip away unnoticed.

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1. You are at your friend’s house and their mum calls you by their name and expects you to do all the things that they do? Your identity is mistaken for theirs. How do you feel?

2. You are trapped in a box and can’t get out. The Fire Brigade have to be sent for, but while you are waiting your family and friends try to help. What do you do? What do you say? How do you feel? What do they try to do?

3. Imagine you are a fly or a ladybird or a spider? Try to get the attention of a human. What do you do? What do you say?
5) Alice meets the Caterpillar and the Duchess

Trying to find her way to beautiful garden, Alice comes across a very bossy caterpillar, whose only advise is that “One path will take you there quicker, and the other path will take you there slower”. Alice takes one path since “clearly both paths will take me there”, and finds herself outside a grand house. A Frog footman is accepting a Letter brought by a Fish footman. “For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.” From inside the house there is a load of crashing, banging and sneezing, and the Duchess comes out carrying a baby through a cloud of smoke and steam. “Cook! More pepper I think.” But Alice thinks there must be too much pepper already. At this remark the Cook leaves in a huff and the baby turns into a pig.

1 Dames.
Throughout history from the Greeks right through to the Elizabethan period and later acting was for men only. Not all men though for you need ed to be able to read to be an actor and the only way to do that was to be born into a rich family, be a monk because they read the Bible or to be trained as an actor. it was unheard of for a woman to be an actor, for a start they weren’t taught to read Their place was to stay at home; sewing, cooking, cleaning and looking after babies. So girls, would never need to read or write. Now, if they were rich, they might be taught to dance and play a musical instrument, but they’d still spend most of their time; cooking, sewing and looking after babies.

2 Now as young apprentice actor a boy ’s first parts, would be as messengers, with only a few words to say, that he could remember without having them written down. As he got older and learnt to read, his parts would get bigger and then when he’s about 14, before his voice breaks, he would get to play girl's parts. Well, there were no women actors only men, so men play all the parts, men and women. Have you seen any plays where men pretend to be women. Yes, Pantomimes.
Pantomimes have all sorts of stock characters hero, baddies, dames, fairies Who knows what a dame is?
Try to change your Physical stance, to walk, to gesture, to speak like the opposite sex. This is difficult. When you exaggerate and stylize this process you end up with larger than life characters like ugly sisters, try to play the Duchess as a dame.
6) Alice meets the Mock Turtle and hears his history

"Now, my dear, “said the Duchess,”have you seen the Mock Turtle yet ?” “No,”said Alice,” I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is.” So Alice is given into the care of a Gryphon, who takes her to visit the Mock Turtle and listen to his History. He tells her all about his schooldays and then prompted by the Gryphon, he tells her and demonstrates “what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!”. After it's finished the Turtle and the Gryphon leave without saying goodbye or telling her which way she should go.

1 When you create a character you need to take into consideration the speed at which that character moves, speaks and thinks. For example the White rabbit thinks quickly, moves at a fast pace; after all he's always late, and he speaks in short panicked snatches. The Mock Turtle is slow and cumbersome , he has no urgency about him , nothing matters so he doesn't rush. Sort the characters from the story into two the fast paced and the slow characters, then chose one from each list and compare and contrast the actions and voice for each. Fast/Slow. Clever/Stupid. Happy/Sad .
Alice then has the strangest feeling that someone is watching her, but when ever she turns around there’s no one there. Then out of nowhere the Cheshire Cat appears grinning from ear to ear. “I'm very glad you’re here, Cheshire Puss. Could you please tell me which way I ought to go from here?” “That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.” One path leads to the Mad Hatter’s House the other to the March Hare’s Garden. “You could visit either. It makes no difference, they’re both quite mad.” Having met Hatter’s before Alice decides to visit the March Hare. When she arrives the March Hare and the Mad Hatter are having tea in the Garden. The Dormouse is their too, but asleep inside the giant yellow teapot. Alice sits down to have tea with the madcap pair but they bamboozle her with their zany conversation. The Hatter sings a song; “Twinkle, twinkle little bat”; which he had sung at a grand concert given by the Queen of Hearts and the audience join in. But then he tells a sad tale of how his watch has stopped because he fallen out with Time, and ever since that It's always tea-time. Alice leaves still having had no tea.

1 The March Hare and the Mad Hatter are Similar characters, both are mad and wacky but what can we do to make them different and easily identified. One fat/one thin, one tall/one short, different accents, with a partner, working together as a team to be mad and wacky find the differences between the two characters and then create a scene with Alice who is much more normal. What sort of crazy things can you do at the tea party?
Alice eventually finds the Beautiful Garden

The path eventually leads her to the beautiful garden, she had been looking for. As she strolls across the lawn, she comes across three cards; the Two, Five and Seven of Hearts, they are painting all the white roses, red. “Why are you painting those roses?”, asks Alice. “Why the fact is, Miss, this here ought to have been a red rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake......and if the Queen was to find out, we should all have our heads cut off, for sure.” At that moment a huge procession of cards approaches, ahead of the arrival of the Queen of Hearts. The three cards run around in panic, and leave. Alice is fascinated by the procession and introduces herself to the Queen. The Queen is very fond of beheading people and shouts “Off with her head!”, but the King intervenes and instead Alice is invited to play croquet. But the game is a little more difficult than Alice is used to. For one thing the mallets are Flamingos and the balls are Hedgehogs, “and the hoops don’t stand still for one minute to the next”, she complains to the Cheshire Cat.
9) **The trial of the Knave of Hearts**

“I must see after another execution I’ve ordered. Let the trial begin!” shouts the Queen. The King presides as Judge, the audience are sworn in as the Jury, and the prisoner; the Knave of Hearts brought in. “For the benefit of the jury, I shall read the accusation. *The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts all on a summer day: The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, and took them quite away!*.” The verdict is called for. “No, no. Sentence first, verdict afterwards.”, yells the Queen. “Stuff and nonsense.”, shouts Alice,” The idea of having the sentence first!” The Queen does not like to be contradicted in this way and calls for the Royal Executioner to cut off her head.”Who cares for you? You're nothing but a pack of cards!”.

1. Cards are flat and 2 dimensional. Not full rounded characters like the others. How can we create these characters? How do we get a sense of them being alike in a pack.

2. Status game. Each member of the group is given a card taped to their back but can’t see what they are. Bow and give status to Jack, Queen, King and Ace and 2,3,4,5 are the poor relations.

3. Who wears the boots King or Queen. Role reversal. Queen more bossy than King. How can you tell?
Alice wakes up on the riverbank

The cards surround Alice and she is whirled back... back......back... to wake up once more on the riverbank, with her sister calling for her to come in to tea. “Alice! Alice! Oh, there you are. Wake up, Alice dear. You must have fallen asleep”. “Oh, and I’ve had the most curious dream.”
Music

It's easy to play Mozart!
Did you spot 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star!' in the show?
Here's the way to play the song Wolfgang wrote at the age of seven.
You can try this - even if you have never played the piano before!

And here's where to find them in the music...

C D E F G A

Now try playing this simple tune!
Coloured-in notes are worth one beat, and see-through notes are worth two beats. Good luck!

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star!
W.A. Mozart

A-Mazing Mozart
Some children display remarkable skills at an early age and are called child prodigies.
Mozart was a child prodigy.
Did you know that he taught himself to play the harpsichord when he was only 3, learned the violin when he was 7 and had composed his first symphony by the time he was 8?!

"Music is the key that unlocks the beating heart from the chest." "

Other brilliant babies include:
- Local boy Anthony McQuone of Weybridge, Surrey, could speak Latin and quote Shakespeare when he was 2!
- Andragone DeMello spoke his first word when he was 7 weeks old, was playing chess at 2 years old and graduated from university with a maths degree when he was 7!!
- Kim Ung-Yong of South Korea has the highest ever recorded IQ of 210 (150 is 'genius' level). He could speak 4 languages and perform integral calculus before he was 5 (I'm not sure I even know what that is!!).
Here are some pictures of a sculpture entitled 'Mad Hatter's Tea Party' by Edwin RUSSELL which can be found outside the County Bookshop in Golden Square, Warrington. Warrington has connections with Lewis Carroll who was born nearby at Newton-by-Daresbury, Cheshire in 1832. The north-east corner of Cheshire has a history of hat-making, so this is an obvious subject to depict from the works of Carroll. It is located in a contemporary shopping precinct in the heart of Warrington, unveiled by HRH the Prince and Princess of Wales on May 30th, 1984 and was commissioned by the Legal And General Assurance Society. It is made from granite and weighs 8 tons. The sculpture features the Mad Hatter, Sleepy Dormouse, March Hare and Alice herself seated at the head of the table. Empty seats were left to allow children to join the story book characters. Empty plates are arranged on the table which are two brass plates which bear the inscriptions.

“It was curious to watch people using the benches to sit on; as the sculptor presumably intended. I was in the area for over half an hour and while I saw several groups of people sitting down, none of them faced inwards to engage with the carved characters, but all faced away”
LEWIS CARROLL

Lewis Carroll was the pseudonym of the writer and mathematician Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, (born Jan 27, 1832, died Jan 14, 1898), known especially for ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND (1865) and THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS (1872), children's books that are also distinguished as satire and as examples of verbal wit. Carroll invented his pen name by translating his first two names into the Latin "Carolus Lodovicus" and then anglicizing it into "Lewis Carroll."

The son of a clergyman and one of 11 children, Carroll began at an early age to entertain himself and his family with magic tricks, puppet shows, and poems written for homemade newspapers. From 1846 to 1850 he attended Rugby School; he graduated from Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1854. Carroll remained there, lecturing on mathematics and writing treatises and guides for students. Although he took deacon's orders in 1861, Carroll was never ordained a priest, partly because he was afflicted with a stammer that made preaching difficult and partly, perhaps, because he had discovered other interests.

Carroll was a proficient photographer. He excelled especially at photographing children. Alice Liddell, one of the three daughters of Henry George Liddell, the dean of Christ Church, was one of his photographic subjects and the model for the fictional Alice. Carroll's comic and children's works also include The Hunting of the Snark (1876), two collections of humorous verse, and the two parts of Sylvie and Bruno (1889, 1893), unsuccessful attempts to re-create the Alice fantasies.

As a mathematician, Carroll was conservative and derivative. As a logician, he was more interested in logic as a game than as an instrument for testing reason. In his diversions as a photographer and author of comic fantasy, he is most memorable and original. He is the man who, in "Jabberwocky" invented the word chortle, a portmanteau word that combines "snort" and "chuckle".

His Early life

Dodgson's family was predominantly northern English, with some Irish connections. Conservative and High Church Anglican, most of Dodgson's ancestors belonged to the two traditional English upper-middle class professions: the army and the Church. His great-grandfather, also Charles Dodgson, had risen through the ranks of the church to become a bishop; his grandfather, another Charles, had been an army captain, killed in action in 1803 when his two sons were hardly more than babies.

The elder of these, yet another Charles, reverted to the other family business and took holy orders. He went to Rugby School, and thence to Christ Church, Oxford. He was mathematically gifted and won a double first degree which could have been the prelude to a brilliant academic career. Instead he married his first cousin in 1827 and retired into obscurity as a country parson.

Young Dodgson was born in the little parsonage of Daresbury near Warrington, Cheshire, the oldest boy but already the third child of the four-and-a-half year old marriage. Eight more were to follow and, remarkably for the time, all of them, seven girls and four boys, survived into adulthood. When Charles was 11 his father was given the living of Croft-on-Tees in North Yorkshire, and the whole family moved to the spacious Rectory. This remained their home for the next twenty-five years.

Dodgson senior made some progress through the ranks of the church: he published some sermons, translated Tertullian, became an Archdeacon of Ripon Cathedral, and involved himself, sometimes influentially, in the intense religious disputes that were dividing the Anglican church at the time. He was High Church, inclining to Anglo-Catholicism, an admirer of Newman and the Tractarian movement, and he did his best to instil such views in his children.

In his early years, young Dodgson was educated at home. His "reading lists", preserved in the family, testify to a precocious intellect: at the age of seven he was reading The Pilgrim's Progress. It is often said that he was naturally left-handed and suffered severe psychological trauma by being forced to suppress this natural tendency, but there is no documentary evidence to support this. He also suffered from a stutter that often influenced his social life throughout his years.
At twelve he was sent away to a small private school at nearby Richmond, where he appears to have been happy and settled. But in 1845, young Dodgson moved on to Rugby School, where he was evidently less happy, for as he wrote some years after leaving the place:

"I cannot say ... that any earthly considerations would induce me to go through my three years again ... I can honestly say that if I could have been ... secure from annoyance at night, the hardships of the daily life would have been comparative trifles to bear."

The nature of this nocturnal "annoyance" will probably never now be fully understood, but it may be that he is delicately referring to some type of sexual molestation. Scholastically, though, he excelled with apparent ease. "I have not had a more promising boy his age since I came to Rugby" observed R.B. Mayor, the Maths master.

**Academic life**

He left Rugby at the end of 1850 and, after an interval which remains unexplained, went on in January 1851 to Oxford, attending his father's old college, Christ Church. He had only been at Oxford two days when he received a summons home. His mother had died of "inflammation of the brain" at the age of forty-seven. Whatever Dodgson's feelings may have been about his mother's death, he did not allow them to distract him too much from his purpose at Oxford. He may not always have worked hard, but he was exceptionally gifted and achievement came easily to him. The following year he received a first in Honour Moderations, and shortly after he was nominated to a Studentship (the Christ Church equivalent of a fellowship), by his father's old friend Canon Edward Pusey. His early academic career veered between high-octane promise and irresistible distraction. He failed an important scholarship, but his talent as a mathematician won him the Christ Church Mathematical Lectureship, which he continued to hold for the next twenty-six years. The income was good, but the work bored him and his stammer hampered him. Many of his pupils were older and richer than he was, and almost all of them were uninterested.

At Oxford he was also diagnosed as an epileptic, then a considerable social stigma to bear. However, recently John R. Hughes, director of the University of Illinois at Chicago's epilepsy clinic, has argued that Dodgson may have been mis-diagnosed.

**Photography**

In 1856, Dodgson took up the new art form of photography, first under the influence of his uncle Skeffington Lutwidge, and later his Oxford friend Reginald Southey and art photography pioneer Oscar Rejlander. Dodgson soon excelled at the art, and it became an expression of his very personal inner philosophy; a belief in the divinity of what he called beauty, by which he seemed to mean a state of moral or aesthetic or physical perfection. A state of grace or a means of retrieving lost innocence, he found this divine beauty not only in people but also in the magic of theatre, in the poetry of words and in mathematical formulae.

He also found photography to be a useful entrée into higher social circles. Once he had a studio of his own, he made portraits of notable sitters such as John Everett Millais, Ellen Terry, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Julia Margaret Cameron and Alfred, Lord Tennyson. He also made some landscapes and anatomy studies.

Dodgson abruptly ceased to photograph in 1880. Over twenty-four years he had completely mastered the medium, set up his own studio at the top of Tom Quad, and created around 3,000 images, but less than 1,000 have survived. He spent several hours each day creating a diary detailing the circumstances surrounding the making of each photograph.

With the advent of Modernism tastes changed, and his photography was forgotten, although he is now considered one of the very best Victorian photographers, and is certainly the one who has had the most influence on modern art photographers.
Character
The young adult Charles Dodgson was about six feet tall, slender and handsome, with curling brown hair and blue eyes. At the unusually late age of seventeen, he suffered a severe attack of whooping cough which left him with poor hearing in his right ear and was probably responsible for his chronically weak chest in later life. The only overt defect he carried into adulthood was what he referred to as his "hesitation" -- a stammer he had acquired in early childhood and which was to plague him throughout his entire life.

The stammer has always been a potent part of his myth; it is part of the mythology that Dodgson only stammered in adult company, and was free and fluent with children, but there is no evidence to support this idea. Many children of his acquaintance remembered the stammer while many adults failed to notice it. It came and went for its own reasons, but not as a cliched manifestation of fear of the adult world. Dodgson himself was far more acutely aware of it than most people he met; he caricatured himself as 'the Dodo' in *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, referring to his difficulty in pronouncing his last name. Although his stammer troubled him— even obsessed him sometimes — it was never bad enough to stop him using his other qualities to do well in society.

At a time when people devised their own amusements and singing and recitation were required social skills, the young Dodgson was well-equipped as an engaging entertainer. He could sing tolerably well and was not afraid to do so in front of an audience. He was adept at mimicry and storytelling, and was reputedly quite good at charades.
There are brief hints at a soaring sense of the spiritual and the divine; small moments that reveal a rich and intensely lived inner life. ‘That is a wild and beautiful bit of poetry, the song of “call the cattle home”,’ he suddenly observed, in the midst of an analysis of Charles Kingsley’s novel Alton Locke: ‘I remember hearing it sung at Albrighton: I wonder if any one there could have entered into the spirit of Alton Locke. I think not. I think the character of most that I meet is merely refined animal... How few seem to care for the only subjects of real interest in life.’

He was also quite socially ambitious, anxious to make his mark on the world as a writer or an artist. His scholastic career was seen as something of a stop-gap to other more exciting attainments that he desired. Although he is known to have a great number of friends among his colleagues at Oxford University, in London, he also enjoyed the company of children. The three Liddell girls were special favorites. His favorite, Alice, was the inspiration for Alice in Alice in Wonderland.

In the interim between his early published writing and the success of Alice, he began to move in the Pre-Raphaelite social circle. He first met John Ruskin in 1857 and became friendly with him. Dodgson developed a close relationship with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his family, and also knew William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais and Arthur Hughes among other artists. He also knew the fairy-tale author George MacDonald well — it was the enthusiastic reception of Alice by the young MacDonald daughters that convinced him to submit the work for publication.

**Writing career**

During his writing career, Dodgson wrote poetry and short stories, sending them to various magazines and enjoying moderate success. Between 1854 and 1856, his work appeared in the national publications, The Comic Times and The Train, as well as smaller magazines like the Whitby Gazette and the Oxford Critic.

Most of his output was humorous, sometimes satirical, but his standards and ambitions were exacting. "I do not think I have yet written anything worthy of real publication (in which I do not include the Whitby Gazette or the Oxonian Advertiser), but I do not despair of doing so some day", he wrote in July 1855. Years before Alice, he was thinking up ideas for children's books that would make money: "Christmas book [that would] sell well... Practical hints for constructing Marionettes and a theatre." The ideas got better as he got older, but his canny mind, with an eye to income, was always there.

In 1856 he published his first piece of work under the name that would make him famous. A very predictable little romantic poem called "Solitude" appeared in The Train under the authorship of 'Lewis Carroll'. This pseudonym was a play on his real name; Lewis was the anglicised form of Ludovicus, which was the Latin for Lutwidge, and Carroll being an anglicised version of Carolus, the Latin for Charles.

In the same year, a new Dean, Henry Liddell, arrived at Christ Church, bringing with him a young wife and children, all of whom would figure largely in Dodgson's life over the following years. He became close friends with the mother and the children, particularly the three sisters Lorina, Edith and Alice Liddell, from whom it is often said he may have derived his own "Alice", a suggestion backed up by the acrostic of Alice's full name that appears at the end of Through the Looking Glass. Dodgson himself later denied his "little heroine" was based on any real child. It seems there became something of a tradition of his taking the girls out on the river for picnics at Godstow or Nuneham Courtenay.

It was on one such expedition, in 1862, that Dodgson invented the outline of the story that eventually became his first and largest commercial success — the first Alice book. Having told the story and been begged by Alice Liddell to write it down, Dodgson eventually presented Alexandra Kitchin ("Xie"), daughter of the Dean of Durham, with a hand-written, illustrated manuscript entitled Alice's Adventures Under Ground, dated 1887. Later he took the little book to Macmillan, who liked it immediately.
After the possible alternative titles *Alice Among the Fairies* and *Alice’s Golden Hour* were rejected, the work was finally published as *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* in 1865 under the Lewis Carroll pen-name Dodgson had first used some nine years earlier. The illustrations this time were by Sir John Tenniel; Dodgson evidently realised that a published book would need the skills of a professional artist. The first edition copy of *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*, now highly sought after by literary collectors, changed hands to a private collector on January 26, 2006. It was sold at Christie’s for £4,800 by the Duke of Gloucester, its previous owner, to pay for his father’s death duties (The Sunderland Echo, 28th January, 2006).

With the immediate, phenomenal success of *Alice*, the story of the author's life becomes effectively divided in two: the continuing story of Dodgson's real life and the evolving myth surrounding "Lewis Carroll." Carroll quickly became a rich and detailed alter ego, a persona as famous and deeply embedded in the popular psyche as the story he told.

It is undisputed that throughout his growing wealth and fame, he continued to teach at Christ Church until 1881, and that he remained in residence there until his death. He published *Through the Looking-Glass and what Alice Found There* in 1872; his great Joycean mock-epic *The Hunting of the Snark*, in 1876 (inspired by and dedicated to his other great child-friend after Alice Liddell, Gertrude Chataway), and his last novel, the two-volume *Sylvie and Bruno*, in 1889 and 1893 respectively.

He also published many mathematical papers and books under his own name.

**Other selected works**

- *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants*
- *Symbolic Logic*
- *Euclid and his Modern Rivals*
- *The Alphabet Cipher*
- *What the Tortoise Said to Achilles.*
- *Hiawatha’s Photographing* (a parody of *The Song of Hiawatha*)

**Inventions**

Dodgson seems to have thought a lot about how to solve some common technical problems of the day. The fact that he was able to understand and use new technologies is amply demonstrated by his use of cameras, which were not as user-friendly as they are today.

One such invention, as cited in his journal on September 24, 1891 and as published in, was a system of writing called Nyctography and a tool called the Nyctograph. He invented this because he would be unable to sleep at night and would want to write down his ideas to clear his head. But, wanting to go quickly back to bed, he did not want to go through all the mechanical steps involved in lighting a lamp. He designed a card with square holes in a regular grid. One would always make a dot in the upper-left corner and then make other dots and/or strokes. These symbols were designed to look somewhat like the letters or numbers they represented. This did not seem to be used for any longer writings, since no writings with these symbols survive. But it is probable that Lewis Carroll himself would use this to make short notes to jog his memory, and then he would probably write the idea out in his journal. He also invented the pencil and paper game Word Ladder.
WORD LADDER

Rules
The player is given a start word and an end word. In order to win the game, the player must change the start word into the end word progressively, creating an existing word at each step. To do so, the player can do one of the following on each step.

- Add a letter
- Remove a letter
- Change a letter
- Use the same letters in different order (an anagram)

Example
In this example, the player is given the start word peaks and the end word roman.

peaks

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Step</th>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Action</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>speak</td>
<td>(different letter order)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>peak</td>
<td>(removed a letter)</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>peat</td>
<td>(changed a letter)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>meat</td>
<td>(changed a letter)</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>mat</td>
<td>(removed a letter)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>man</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>mane</td>
<td>(added a letter)</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>mine</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>miner</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>minor</td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>manor</td>
<td>(changed a letter)</td>
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<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>roman</td>
<td>(different letter order)</td>
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Process
Usually, the best and quickest way to change one word into another is to simplify the start word into a three-letter word (there are many in the English language), change that three-letter word into a word that suits the needs of the player and then build on it until the end word is achieved.

Other versions
Generally, some scoring system is used to favour few-word transitions over many-word transitions, so a word ladder with fewer words gets more points than one with a lot of them, provided they have the same start and end words. Some other versions of the game only allow letters to be changed that is, no adding or removing letters or changing letter order——this version has been called “word golf”). Another demands that the end word has some kind of relationship with the start word (synonymous, antonymous, semantic...). This was also the way the game was originally devised by Lewis Carroll when it first appeared in Vanity Fair.

SOME FOR YOU TO TRY

1. Change TEA into POT (3 steps)
2. Change CAT into PIG (3 steps)
3. Change TART into CAKE (3 steps)
4. Change HUGE into TINY (6 steps)
### WORD SEARCH 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A E M K N A V E Z K N G</th>
<th>ALICE</th>
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<tr>
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<td>FROG</td>
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<td>Q U E E N G E J J K L E</td>
<td>DODO</td>
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<td>F C M B C M A N O P K S</td>
<td>HATTER</td>
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<td>R K U V K Q R A B B I T</td>
<td>QUEEN</td>
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<td>O D C A T P T R S T N U</td>
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<td>RABBIT</td>
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<td>S G F I S H S D W A S F</td>
<td>CAT</td>
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## WORD SEARCH 2

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# SOLUTIONS

## WORD SEARCH 1

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## WORD SEARCH 2

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| W | I | L | U | A |
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| S | R | M | T | W | E |
| C | E | I | R | E | T | T | A | H | D | A | M | O | O |
| A | W | T | N | L | C | N | F |
| R | H | E | A | G | O | D | O | D | E | D | H |
| R | I | A | C | O | B | U | R | E | M | E |
| O | T | P | E | S | C | I | R | O | A |
| L | E | A | S | T | H | H | L | C | R |
| S | L | P | S | R | E | E | S | A | K | T |
| T | L | G | T | A | R | S | E | N | T | S |
| R | A | O | Y | B | Q | A | S | H | D | U |
| A | Y | H | B | U | B | C | G | R |
| E | I | E | I | A | B | R | T |
| H | N | D | G | T | D | I | Y | L |
| F | G | U | D | R | T | P | E |
| O | C | A | L | I | C | E | E | I | H | H |
| N | A | K | H | L | O |
| E | C | A | R | S | U | C | U | A | C | L | N | L |
| E | D | E |
| U | S | D | R | I | N | K | M | E |
| Q |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
The Mad Hatter and the March Hare got lost in the Queen's Maze. They left some of their belongings in there, so Alice had to go back in and find them. Can you help her find the hat, the teapot and the cake in that order, and get out of the maze, before the Queen catches you?
Notes by Mike Batt
A fantasy musical and theatrical treatment of Lewis Carroll's nonsense poem of the same name, - this project tells the story of a group of characters, -all with names beginning with "B", for no obvious reason - who go off in search of the Snark - whatever that is. It is a different thing to each character. The Bellman leads the way, but is his confident, "I see-no-danger-therefore-there-is-no -danger" approach the right one? The Baker, whose Uncle once told him that "If your Snark be a boojum, you vanish away', - thinks not. But perhaps it is this careful and fearful attitude that leads the Baker to find what he fears most - a boojum!

I wrote new songs, using my own lyrics throughout, but quoted Carroll in full, as spoken narration. The first album contained only about half the score - being the complete concert piece at the time of release. It was years later that I completed it for the stage, and we are yet to record the full score as a record.

An equally important (to me) part of the artistic core of my Snark piece is the design, which I created as I went along writing the piece, producing hundreds of sketches to enable me to realise it in my specialist medium of projection design. The above pic is a very early one that I put together using my unique system of slide projectors-effectively to create stage scenery: I draw the pictures of, say the moon, then the mountain, etc, colour them and then photograph them onto separate transparencies which we then project onto a screen, programming in animation movements by firing off lots of different stills projectors. Many people have described these as computer graphics, but they are in fact "paintings" made up of my own artwork (done by hand) and then the only "computerised" element is the combination of them by computerising the projectors to flash and fade on and off.
My Snark piece has had many manifestations, beginning with a concert at the Barbican (1994)- (attended in the audience by ABBA, who got from it the idea of doing their CHESS concert tour, and Cameron Mackintosh, who was an early SNARK fan but who then got very tied up with Les Mis, and so had his hands a bit full when it came to our finding a willing producer). We then did it as a costumed concert at the Albert Hall, which was a right laugh.

Celebs volunteered to sell programmes (it was all for the ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND) so we had Torvill and Dean and loads of other famous people selling programmes. Billy Connolly played the Bellman, John Hurt narrated, Julian Lennon was the Baker, Roger Daltrey the Barrister, Deniece Williams the Beaver, Captain Sensible was the Billiard Marker, Midge Ure played Guitar, Justin Hayward was the Butcher. I conducted and sang "Children Of The Sky". We went on to do two successful concert versions in Australia before going for the big one and mounting it (excuse the expression) in the West End.
Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch -
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought -
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two!
And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe

Lewis Carroll's Explanation:

Brillig
Bryllig (derived from the verb to bryl or broil). The time of broiling dinner, i.e. the close of the afternoon.

Slithy
Slythy (compounded of slimy and lithe). Smooth and active. The proper pronunciation for the word, slithey is slithey with a long "i" (such as in lithe).

Tove
Tove, a species of badger. They had smooth white hair, long hind legs, and short horns like a stag; lived chiefly on cheese. "Toves" should be pronounced to rhyme with "groves".

Gyre
Gyre, verb (derived from gyaour or giaour, 'a dog'). To scratch like a dog.

Gimble
Gymble (whence gimblet). To screw out holes in anything.

Wabe
Wabe (derived from the verb to swab or soak). The side of a hill (from its being soaked by the rain.)

Mimsy
Mimsy (whence mimserable and miserable.) Unhappy.

Borogove
Borogove. An extinct kind of parrot. They had no wings, beaks turned up, and made their nests under sundials; lived on veal. The first 'o' in 'borogoves' is pronounced like the 'o' in 'worry'. The word is commonly mispronounced as "borogroves"......and this misspelling even appears in some American editions of the book.

Humpty Dumpty's Explanation:

Four o'clock in the afternoon —— the time when you begin broiling things for dinner.

Lithe and slimy. Lithe is the same as "active." ... It's like a portmanteau —— there are two meanings packed up into one word.

Something like badgers —— they're something like lizards —— and they are something like corkscrews......They make their nests under sundials — also they live on cheese.

To go round and round like a gyroscope

To make holes like a gimlet.

The grass plot round a sundial ... because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it ... and a long way beyond it on each side. (Humpty Dumpty's explanation was made with some "insights" from Alice.)

Filmsy and miserable.

A thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round —— something like a live mop.

I'm not certain about mome. I think it's short for 'from home' — meaning that they'd lost their way.

A rath is a sort of green pig.

Outgribing is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle.
Masks

To create many of the characters in Alice, we used masks. The masks we used in this production are based on a simple eyemask.

This is then built up using papier mache techniques, but using canvas and PVA. Then they are covered in fur-type fabrics to give the final effect. Below is the mask for a CROW made using the same method.

There are some masks below which can be cut out, glued to stiff card, decorated and threaded with elastic. You can use them to recreate some of the script below. ALICE and the COOK don’t need masks.

Remember that when using a mask the audience will not be able to see your facial expressions and so it’s important that you use the characters physical actions to describe how they are feeling.
SCENE 1

The Shoreline.

ALICE, DODO & MOUSE. (The DODO and MOUSE have masks and the MOUSE will also need a long tail.) Everyone is “dripping wet” from having been in the pool of tears.

DODO: And how are we to get dry?

ALICE: I really don't know what your making all this fuss about. It's only a drop of water.

DODO: That's easy enough for you to say, Miss. I near drownded. I did. One minute, I was minding my own business and the next I was up to my wings in the stuff.

MOUSE: [taking charge] That's enough. Sit down, both of you! I'll soon make you dry!

DODO: And how, pray, do you intend to do that?

MOUSE: I shall tell you a story. A dry story.

ALICE: Oh, good I like stories. What story will you tell?

MOUSE: It's my own story. And mine is a long and sad tale.

ALICE: [picking up the MOUSE's tail] I'll give you it's a long tail, but why do you call it sad?

MOUSE: [snatching back its tail] Ahem! If you are all ready I'll proceed ?......

Fury said to a mouse, That he met in the house.
Let us both go to law: I will prosecute you.
Come I'll take no denial. We must have a trial.
For really this morning I've nothing to do......
[everyone is nodding off. To ALICE] You're not attending!

ALICE: [jumping] I... I am!

MOUSE: Well, if you're sure !...... Then I'll continue.... Now, where did I get to?

ALICE: [picking up the MOUSE's tail again] I think you'd got to the fifth bend.

MOUSE: [snatching back its tail] I had not!

ALICE: A knot! Oh, do let me undo it for you!

MOUSE: I shall do nothing of the sort. You insult me by talking such nonsense!

ALICE: I didn't mean to! You're so easily offended, you see!.... Anyway, perhaps, I could try, instead. I'll recite a rhyme. It's called, 'How doth the little buzzy bee'.....

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!

.... Oh! I'm terribly sorry. I...I... don't think those are quite the right words....

DODO: No need to worry, my dear. I'm sure it'll all come out in the wash! [chuckles] Now, how dry are you getting, my dear?

ALICE: As wet as ever, I'm afraid. It doesn't seem to have dried me at all.
SCENE 2  The Duchess’ House

FISH, FROG and DUCHESS have masks. The FISH-footman knocks on the door. It is opened from inside by the FROG-footman. The FISH-footman hands him a letter.

FISH: For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.
FROG: From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet.

They both bow low, bump into each other and fall over. From inside there comes a constant howling and sneezing. There is a great crash and the door closes. The FISH gets up and leaves in fright, the FROG just sits there. ALICE approaches the door and knocks.

FROG: There’s no use in knocking, and that for two reasons. First, because I’m on the same side of the door as you are. Secondly, because they’re making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you. Now, there might be some sense in knocking if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were inside, you might knock, and I could let you out…. But now, I shall have to sit here till tomorrow….. or the next day, maybe.

ALICE: Please then, how am I to get in?
FROG: Are you to get in at all? That’s the first question, you know.
ALICE: Oh, there’s no use talking to you. It’s really dreadful the way all the creatures here, argue. It’s enough to drive one crazy!
FROG: Really!
ALICE: If only there was someone else to ask.

The door opens and the DUCHESS comes out in a cloud of smoke carrying a baby, The COOK follows carrying a cauldron of soup and a peppermill.

DUCHESS: [sneeze. To the baby] Pig!
ALICE: [ALICE jumps] Oh!. Oh! [sneeze.]
DUCHESS: [starts to sing while violently tossing the baby up and down]
Speak roughly to your little boy, and beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases.
[sneeze.] Cook! More pepper I think.
COOK: More pepper. Duchess. [She grinds pepper into the soup.]
ALICE: [sneeze.] I’d say there was too much pepper in the soup already! [sneeze.]
COOK: Too much pepper? Too much pepper? And what do you know? Too much pepper indeed ? [she grinds more pepper into the soup]
ALICE: When I’m a Duchess, I won’t have any pepper in my kitchen at all. Soup does very well without…. [sneeze]
COOK: Huh!
ALICE: Indeed, maybe it’s pepper that makes people hot-tempered… and then, I suppose, it would be vinegar that makes them sour… and…. and barley-sugar that makes children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew that. Don’t you ? [to the DUCHESS who is shaking the Baby] Oh, please mind what you’re doing!

DUCHESS: If everybody minded their own business, the world would go round a deal faster than it does.
The HATTER and HARE have masks. The Mad HATTER and the March HARE sit at one end of the table taking tea. ALICE enters.

HATTER: No room! No room!

ALICE: There's plenty of room! [ALICE sits down.]

HARE: Have some wine.

ALICE: [looking about] I don't see any wine.

HARE: There isn't any.

ALICE: Then it wasn't very polite of you to offer me some.

HARE: It wasn't very polite of you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE: I didn't know it was your table. It's laid for a great many more than two.

HATTER: [opening his eyes very wide] Why is a Raven like a writing desk?

ALICE: Mmmm! This could be fun.... I think I can guess that.

HARE: Do you mean, that you think you can find out the answer to it?

ALICE: Exactly so.

HARE: Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE: I do... at least... at least I mean what I say... which is the same thing, you know.

HATTER: Not the same thing a bit! You might just as well say 'I see what I eat' is the same as 'I eat what I see'...

HARE: Or that 'I like what I get' is just the same as.... 'I get what I like'.

HATTER: [takes out his watch and shakes it] What day of the month is it?

ALICE: Em....The fourth.

HATTER: Tut! Two days wrong! I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!

HARE: It was best butter.

HATTER: Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well. You shouldn't have put the butter in with the bread-knife. I want a clean cup. Let's all move one place on. Move on, move on, move on, move on. [They move round the table. To ALICE] Have you guessed the riddle yet?

ALICE: No! I give up. What's the answer?

HATTER: I haven't the slightest idea.

ALICE: I think you might do something better with the time than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers.

HATTER: If you knew Time, as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's him.

HARE: We quarrelled with him last March... just before he went mad, you know...
HATTER: it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing.
[sings] Twinkle Twinkle Little Bat
How I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly
Like a tea-tray in the sky. You know the song perhaps?

ALICE: Well, I've heard something like it.

HATTER: Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen jumped up and shouted, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head' [ALICE gasps]..... And ever since that he won't do a thing I ask! It's always three o'clock.

HARE: Yes! It's always tea-time. We've no time to wash up in between whiles.

HATTER: And so we keep moving round, as the things get used up.

ALICE: But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

HARE: More tea. More tea.
FISH (Footman)
FROG (Footman)
MARCH HARE
MAD HATTER
MOUSE
DODO