

## The pool of tears

**G**oodbye, feet!’ said Alice, looking down at them.

The cake had made her as tall as a tree and her feet were a long way from her head.

‘Oh, my poor feet! Who will put on your shoes and socks every morning? I can’t do it,’ Alice said. ‘I can’t reach you. But I must be kind to you. I’ll send you a new pair of boots every year.’

She started to laugh. ‘How silly – sending presents to my feet!’ she said. ‘The address on the parcel will look very strange.’

*To  
Alice’s Right Foot  
The Floor  
Near the Cupboard  
With Love from Alice*



‘Ouch! I’ve hit my head on the ceiling! I’m still growing! But I can get the key now,’ thought Alice.

Alice picked up the tiny gold key from the table and went back to the little door. She opened it, but now she was too big to fit through it! So she put the key back on the glass table. Then she sat down and started to cry again.

‘Stop that!’ she told herself. ‘You’re too big to cry like that!’

But she did not stop. She cried and cried and cried. Because she was so big now, there was soon a huge pool of tears.

After a short time, she heard little footsteps and quickly dried her eyes. It was the White Rabbit again. This time he was dressed in a nice blue coat. He carried a pair of white gloves and a large fan.

‘I’m late!’ the White Rabbit cried. ‘I’m late for the Duchess! She’ll be so angry with me. Oh, my ears and whiskers!’

‘Please, sir,’ Alice asked the White Rabbit politely, ‘will you help me?’

But when he saw Alice, the White Rabbit was afraid. He ran away into the darkness, dropping his gloves and his fan. Alice picked them up.

‘This is such a strange day,’ she sighed. ‘Am I still Alice? I’m not my friend Ada because she has curly, dark hair and I have straight, blonde hair. I’m not Mabel because I’m clever and she is not. I know lots of things. I’ll try to remember some of them.’

‘Four times five is twelve – oh, that’s not right!’ she said. ‘Four times six is thirteen – oh no, I’ve forgotten how to