

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland some PUNS

Chapter III: *tale/tail*

‘You promised to tell me your **history**, you know,’ said Alice, ‘and why it is you hate—C [cats] and D [dogs],’ she added in a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again.

‘Mine is a long and a sad **tale!**’ said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

‘It *is* a long **tail**, certainly,’ said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse’s **tail**; ‘but why do you call it sad?’ [...]

Chapter VII: *it/him, beat*

Alice sighed wearily. ‘I think you might do something better with the time,’ she said, ‘than waste **it** in asking riddles that have no answers.’

‘If you knew Time as well as I do,’ said the Hatter, ‘you wouldn’t talk about wasting **it**. It’s **him**.’

‘I don’t know what you mean,’ said Alice.

‘Of course you don’t!’ the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. ‘I dare say you never even spoke to Time!’

‘Perhaps not,’ Alice cautiously replied: ‘but I know I have to **beat** time when I learn music.’

‘Ah! that accounts for it,’ said the Hatter. ‘He won’t stand **beating**. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he’d do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o’clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you’d only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!’

Chapters VII [& XI]: *little sisters* [Liddell sisters], *well/treacle well*, *draw, muchness*

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Binsey,_Oxfordshire

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Treacle>

‘Once upon a time there were three **little sisters**,’ the Dormouse began in a great hurry; ‘and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a **well**—’

[...] and repeated her question. ‘Why did they live at the bottom of a **well**?’

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, ‘It was a **treacle-well**.’

‘There’s no such thing!’ Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went ‘Sh! sh!’ and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, ‘If you can’t be civil, you’d better finish the story for yourself.’

‘No, please go on!’ Alice said very humbly; ‘I won’t interrupt again. I dare say there may be **one**.’

‘One, indeed!’ said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. ‘And so these three **little sisters**—they were learning to **draw**, you know—’

‘What did they **draw**?’ said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

‘**Treacle**,’ said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

‘I want a clean cup,’ interrupted the Hatter: ‘let’s all move one place on.’

[...]

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: ‘But I don’t understand. Where did they **draw** the **treacle** from?’

‘You can **draw** water out of a water-**well**,’ said the Hatter; ‘so I should think you could **draw** treacle out of a **treacle-well**—eh, stupid?’

‘But they were *in* the **well**,’ Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

‘Of course they were,’ said the Dormouse; ‘—**well** in.’

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

‘They were learning to **draw**,’ the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; ‘and they **drew** all manner of things—everything that begins with an **M**—’

‘Why with an **M**?’ said Alice.

‘Why not?’ said the March Hare. Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: ‘—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and **muchness**—you know you say things are “much of a **muchness**”—did you ever see such a thing as a **drawing** of a **muchness**?’

‘Really, now you ask me,’ said Alice, very much confused, ‘I don’t think—’

‘Then you shouldn’t talk,’ said the Hatter.

& XI: **treacle**

‘Give your evidence,’ said the King.

‘Shan’t,’ said the cook.

The King looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said in a low voice, ‘Your Majesty must cross-examine THIS witness.’

‘Well, if I must, I must,’ the King said, with a melancholy air, and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said in a deep voice, ‘What are **tarts** made of?’

‘Pepper, mostly,’ said the cook.

‘**Treacle**,’ said a sleepy voice behind her.

C. IX: **extras**, **crab**, **lesson-lessen**

‘We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—’

‘I’ve been to a day-school, too,’ said Alice; ‘you needn’t be so proud as all that.’

‘With **extras**?’ asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

‘Yes,’ said Alice, ‘we learned French and music.’

‘And washing?’ said the Mock Turtle.

‘Certainly not!’ said Alice indignantly.

‘Ah! then yours wasn’t a really good school,’ said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. ‘Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, “French, music, *and washing*—extra.”’

‘You couldn’t have wanted it much,’ said Alice; ‘living at the bottom of the sea.’

‘I couldn’t afford to learn it.’ said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. ‘I only took the regular course.’

‘What was that?’ inquired Alice.

‘**Reeling** [Reading] and **Writhing** [Writing], of course, to begin with,’ the Mock Turtle replied; ‘and then the different branches of Arithmetic—**Ambition** [Addition], **Distraction** [Subtraction], **Uglification** [Multiplication], and **Derision** [Division].’

‘I never heard of “**Uglification**,”’ Alice ventured to say. ‘What is it?’

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. ‘What! Never heard of **uglifying!**’ it exclaimed. ‘You know what to beautify is, I suppose?’

‘Yes,’ said Alice doubtfully: ‘it means—to—make—anything—prettier.’

‘Well, then,’ the Gryphon went on, ‘if you don’t know what to **uglify** is, you *are* a simpleton.’

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said ‘What else had you to learn?’

‘Well, there was **Mystery** [History],’ the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, ‘—**Mystery**, ancient and modern, with **Seaography** [Geography]: then **Drawling** [Drawing] —the **Drawling**-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us **Drawling**, **Stretching** [Sketching], and **Fainting in Coils** [Painting in Oils].’

‘What was *that* like?’ said Alice.

‘Well, I can’t show it you myself,’ the Mock Turtle said: ‘I’m too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.’

‘Hadn’t time,’ said the Gryphon: ‘I went to the Classics master, though. He was an old **crab**, *he* was.’

‘I never went to him,’ the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: ‘he taught **Laughing** [Latin] and **Grief** [Greek], they used to say.’

‘So he did, so he did,’ said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

‘And how many hours a day did you do **lessons?**’ said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

‘Ten hours the first day,’ said the Mock Turtle: ‘nine the next, and so on.’

‘What a curious plan!’ exclaimed Alice.

‘That’s the reason they’re called **lessons**,’ the Gryphon remarked: ‘because they **lessen** from day to day.’

Chapter X: **whiting-blacking**, **soles & eels**, **porpoise/purpose**

‘Thank you,’ said Alice, ‘it’s very interesting. I never knew so much about a **whiting** before.’

‘I can tell you more than that, if you like,’ said the Gryphon. ‘Do you know why it’s called a **whiting?**’

‘I never thought about it,’ said Alice. ‘Why?’

‘*It does the boots and shoes*,’ the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. ‘**Does the boots and shoes!**’ she repeated in a wondering tone.

‘Why, what are *your* shoes done with?’ said the Gryphon. ‘I mean, what makes them so shiny?’

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. ‘They’re done with **blackening**, I believe.’

‘Boots and shoes under the sea,’ the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, ‘are done with a **whiting**. Now you know.’

‘And what are they made of?’ Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

‘**Soles and eels** [heels], of course,’ the Gryphon replied rather impatiently: ‘any shrimp could have told you that.’

‘If I’d been the whiting,’ said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, ‘I’d have said to the **porpoise**, “Keep back, please: we don’t want *you* with us!”’

‘They were obliged to have him with them,’ the Mock Turtle said: ‘no wise fish would go anywhere without a **porpoise**.’

‘Wouldn’t it really?’ said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

‘Of course not,’ said the Mock Turtle: ‘why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say “With what **porpoise**?”’

‘Don’t you mean “**purpose**?”’ said Alice.

‘I mean what I say,’ the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone. [...]

C. XI: **tea-T**

‘Give your evidence,’ the King repeated angrily, ‘or I’ll have you executed, whether you’re nervous or not.’

‘I’m a poor man, your Majesty,’ the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, ‘—and I hadn’t begun my **tea**—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the **twinkling** of the tea—’

‘The **twinkling** of the what?’ said the King.

‘It began with the **tea**,’ the Hatter replied.

‘Of course **twinkling begins with a T!**’ said the King sharply. ‘Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!’