The Complete Alice in Wonderland

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DYNAMITE 1

10/6

Dynnamite Entertainment presents:

The Complete Alice In Wonderland™

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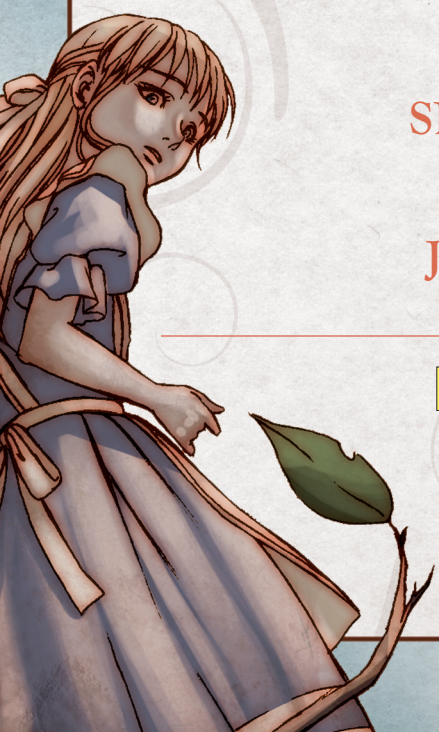

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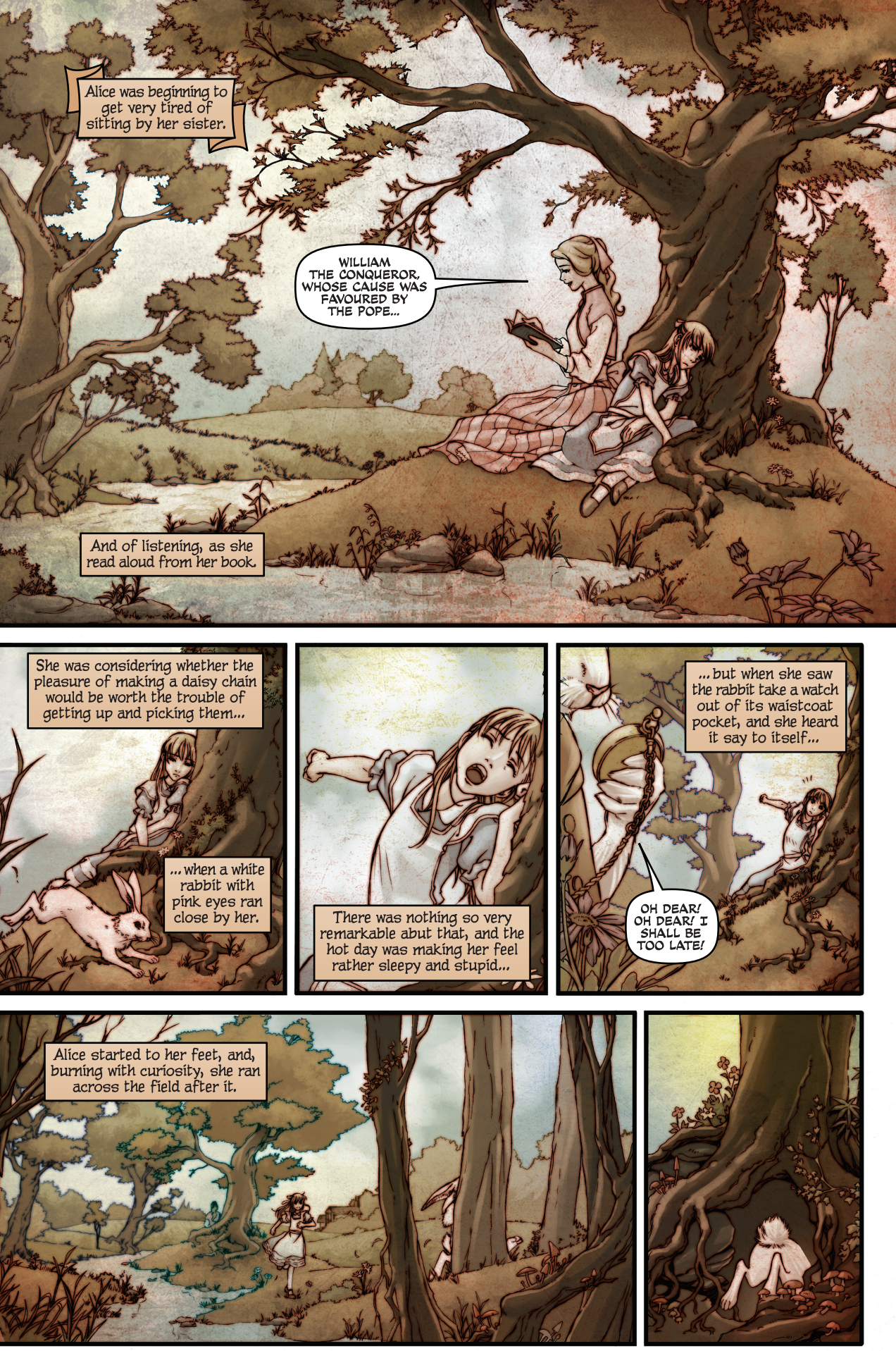
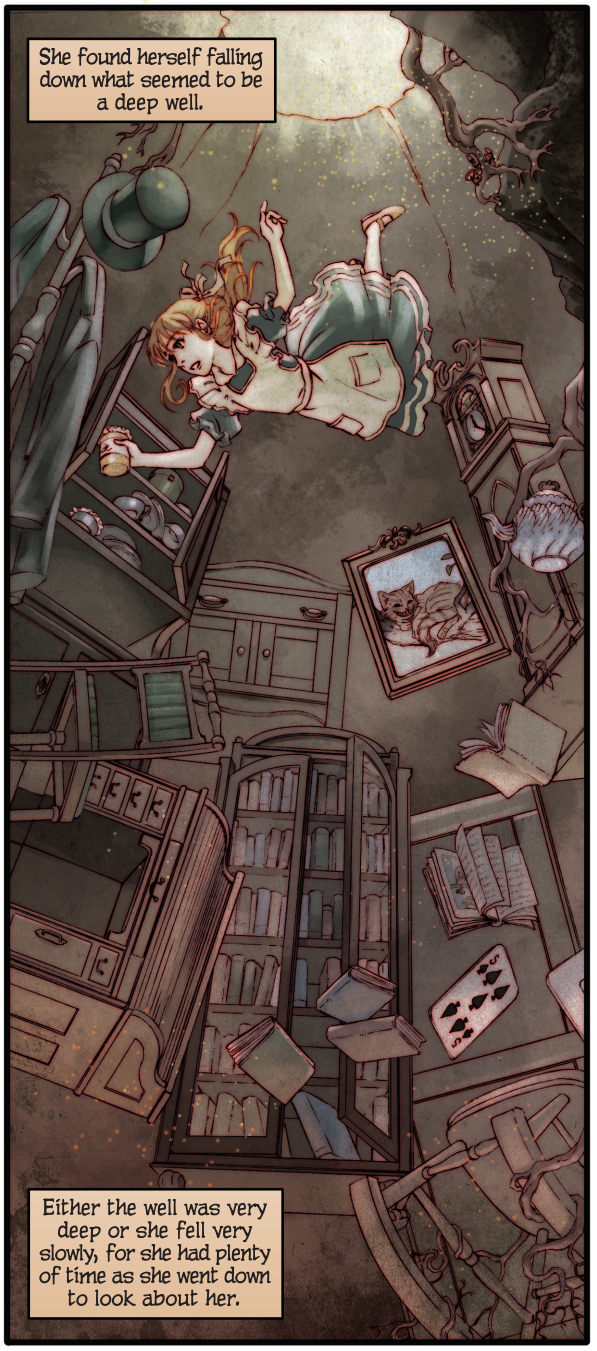
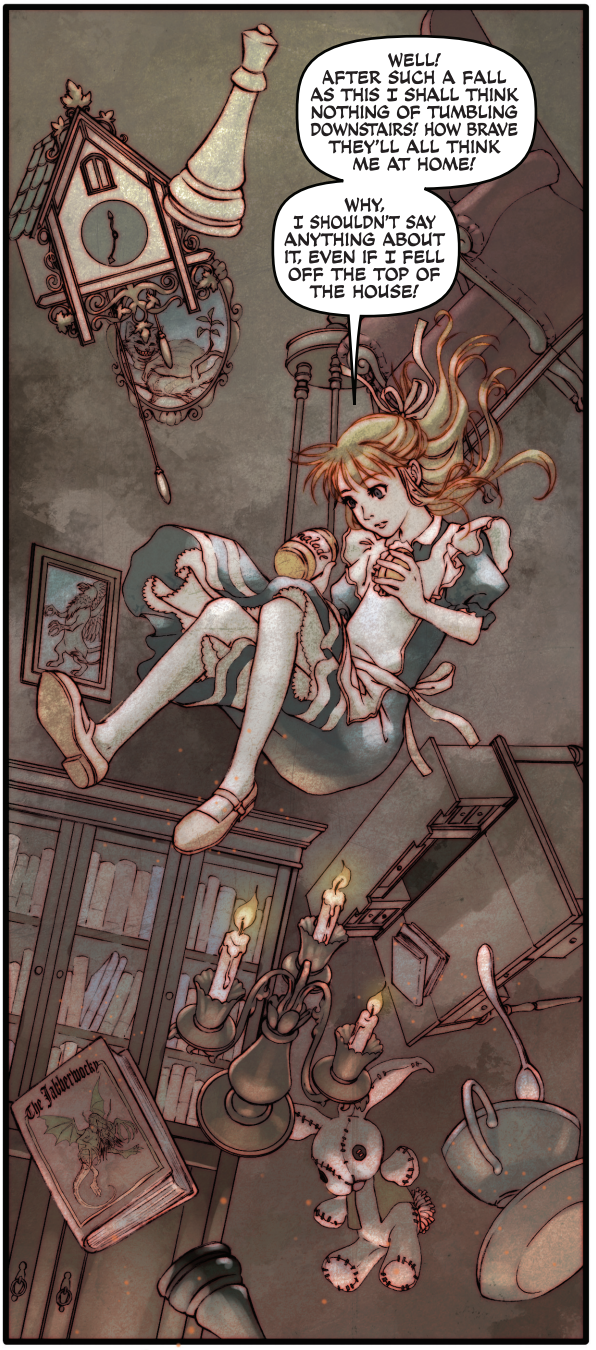
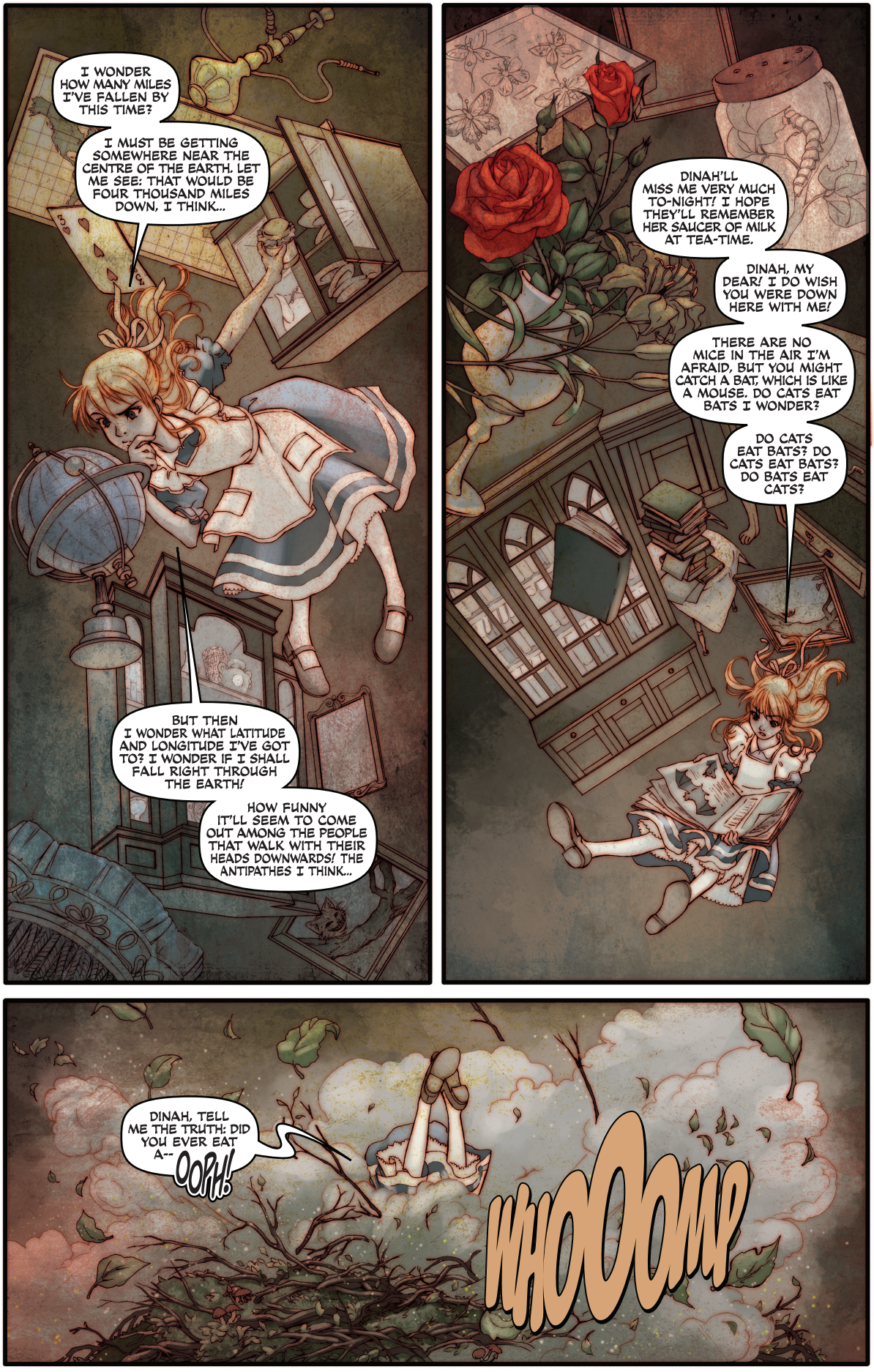
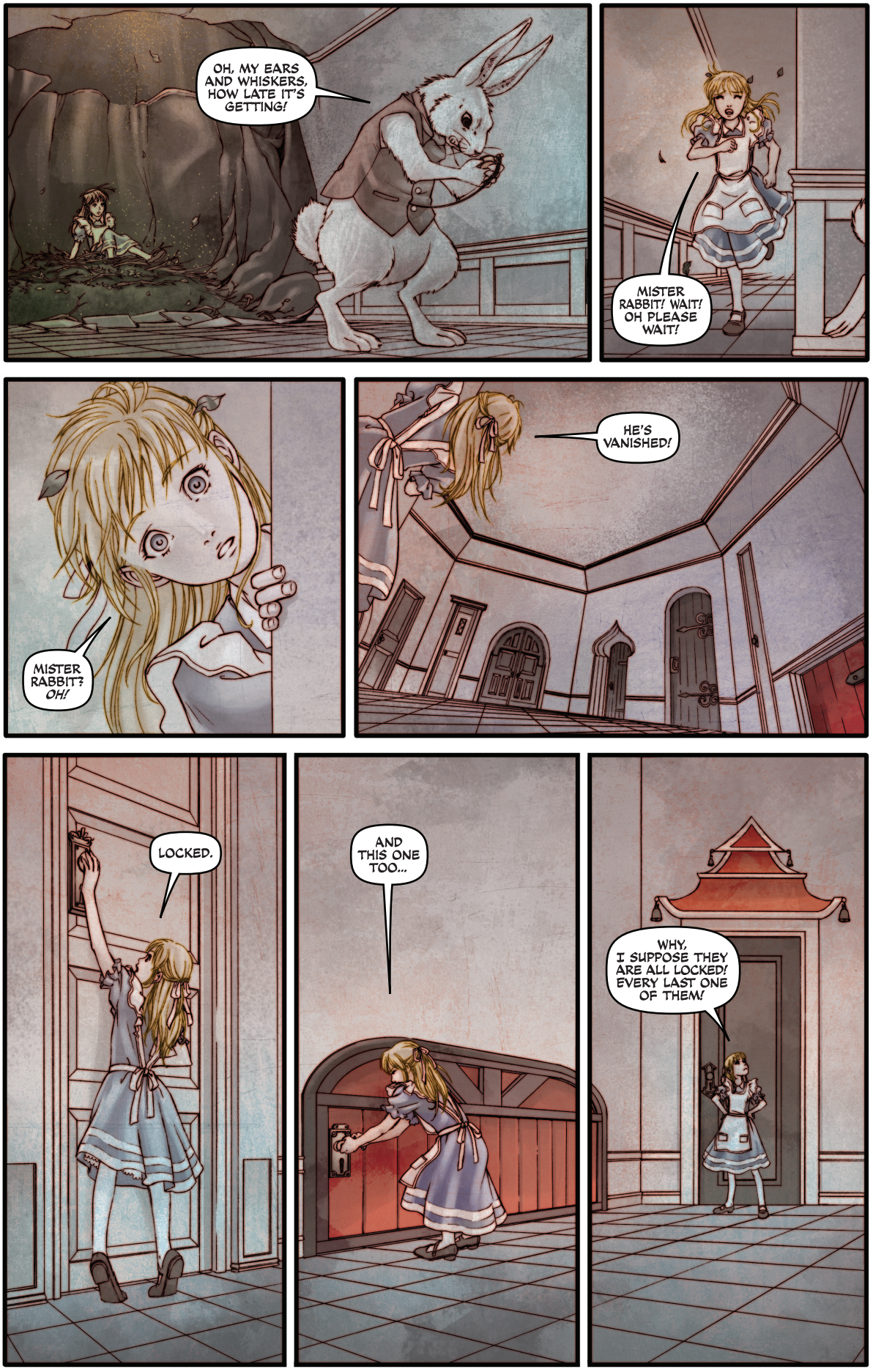

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister.
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, WHOSE CAUSE WAS FAVOURED BY THE POPE...
And of listening, as she read aloud from her book.
She was considering whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking them...
...when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.
There was nothing so very remarkable abut that, and the hot day was making her feel rather sleepy and stupid...
...but when she saw the rabbit take a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and she heard it say to itself...
OH DEAR! OH DEAR! I SHALL BE TOO LATE!
Alice started to her feet, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it.

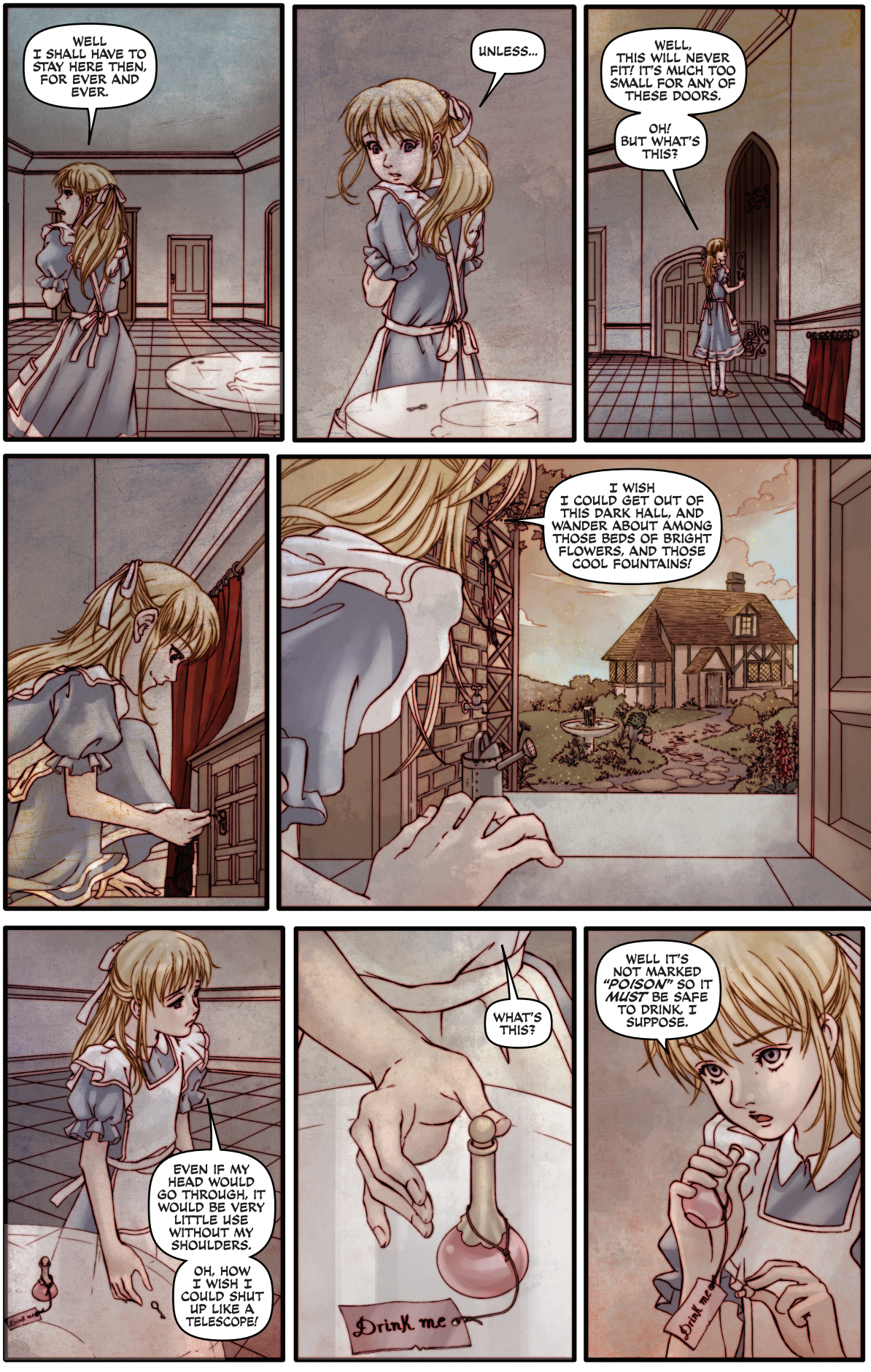
The rabbit hole went along like a tunnel, and then dipped suddenly down, so Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself.

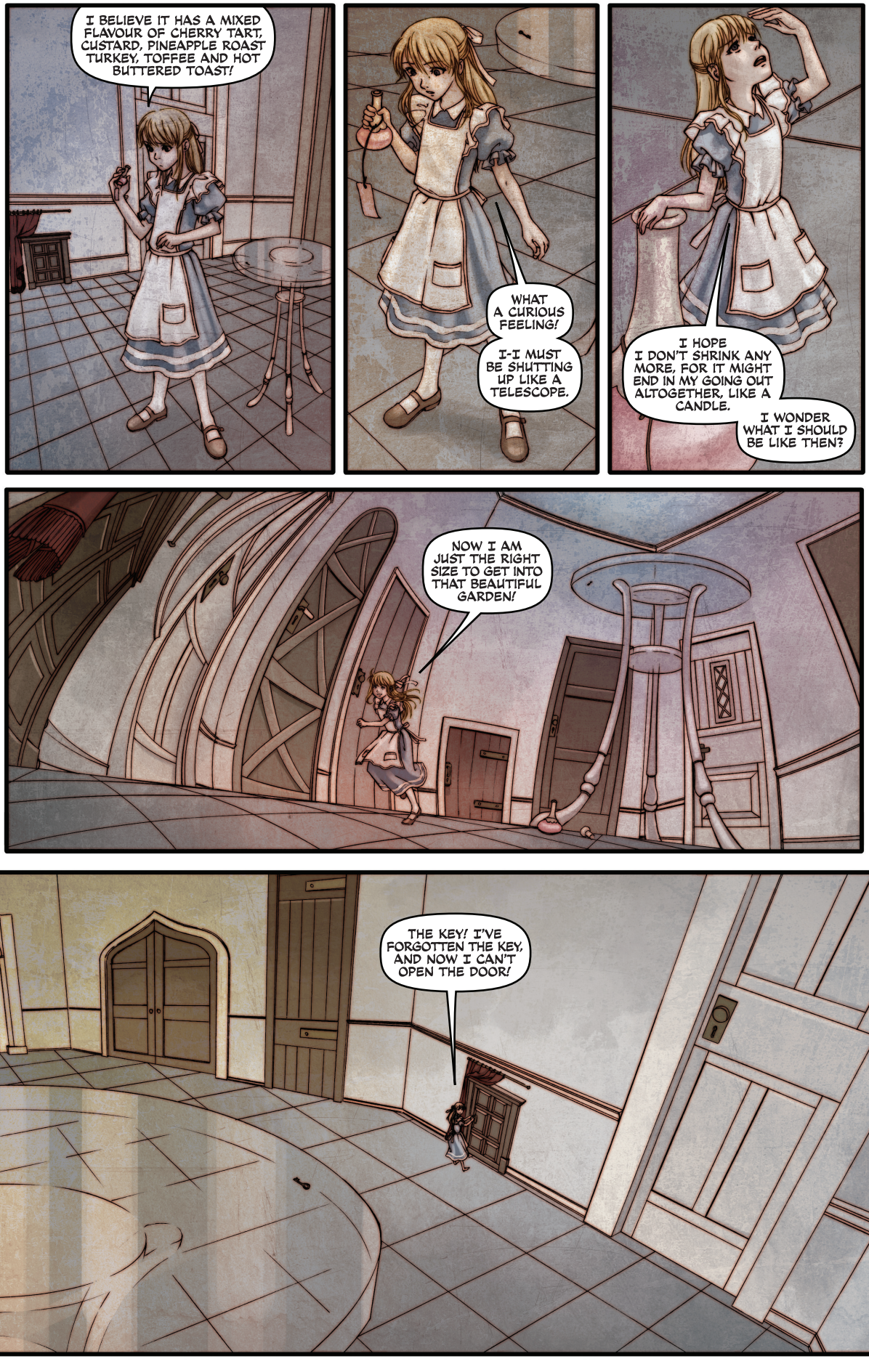

She found herself falling down what seemed to be a deep well.
Either the well was very deep or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her.

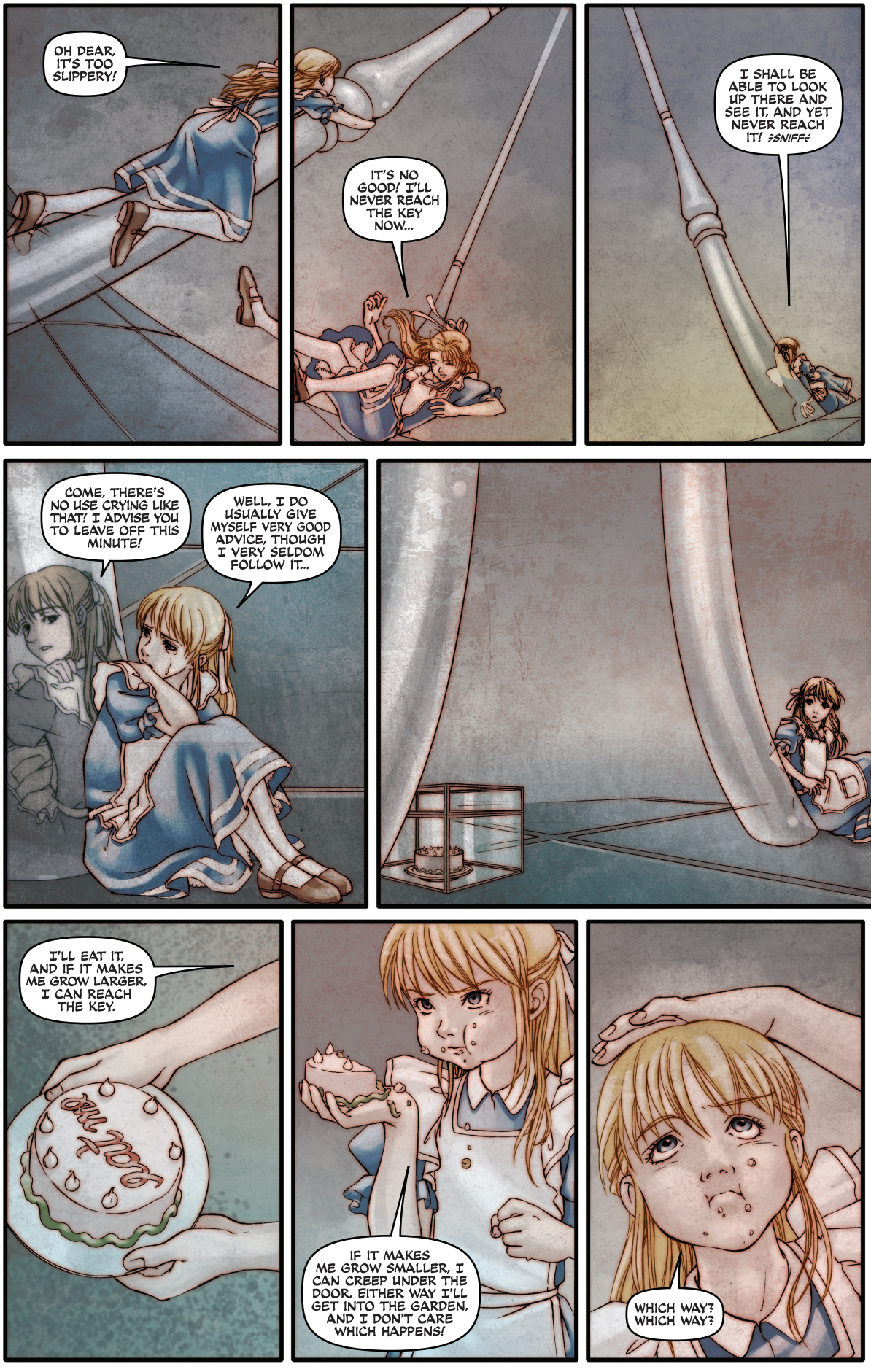

WELL! AFTER SUCH A FALL AS THIS I SHALL THINK NOTHING OF TUMBLING DOWNSTAIRS! HOW BRAVE THEY'LL ALL THINK ME AT HOME!
WHY, I SHOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT, EVEN IF I FELL OFF THE TOP OF THE HOUSE!
The Jabberwocky

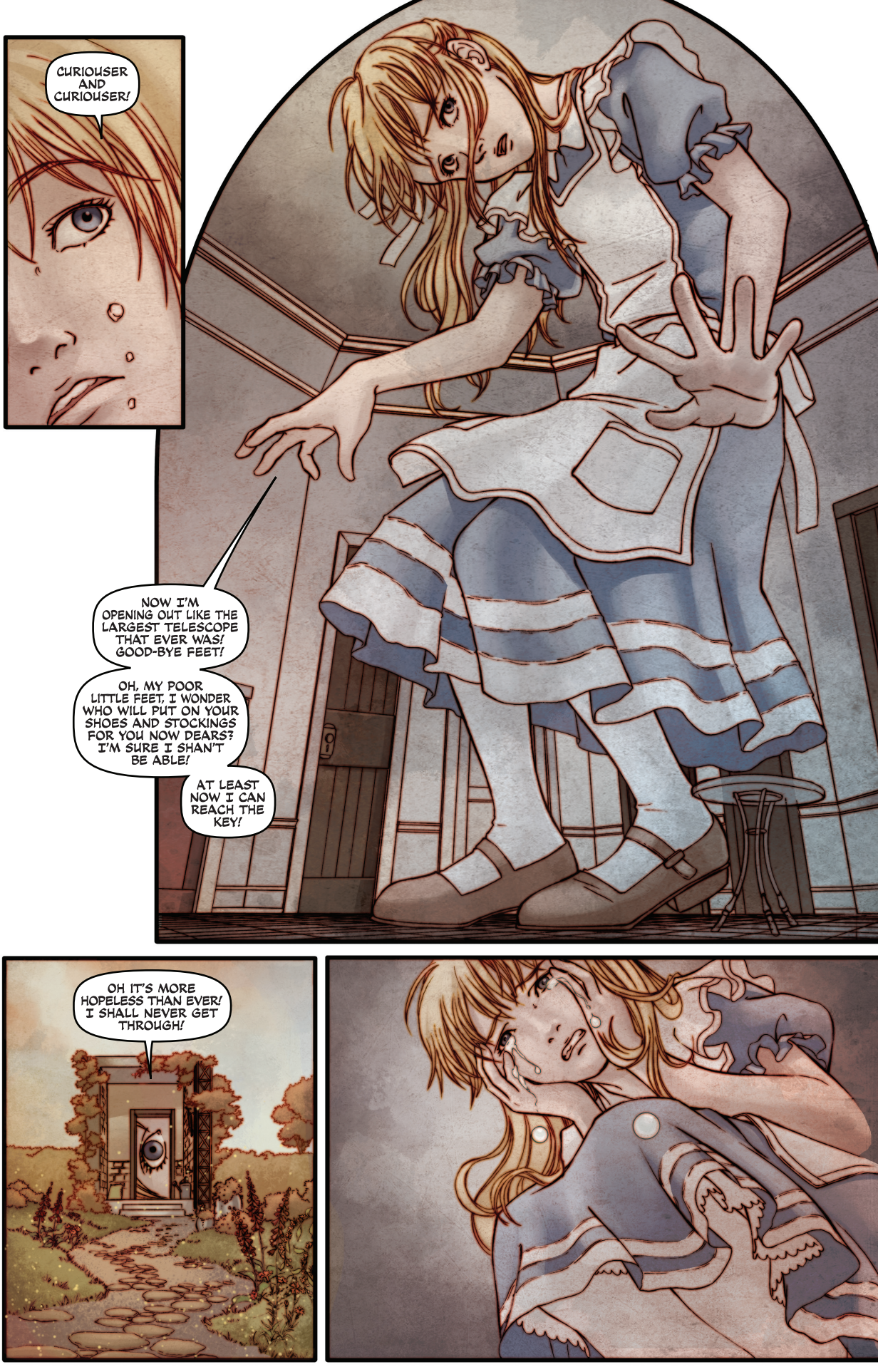

I WONDER HOW MANY MILES I'VE FALLEN BY THIS TIME?
I MUST BE GETTING SOMEWHERE NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH. LET ME SEE: THAT WOULD BE FOUR THOUSAND MILES DOWN, I THINK...
BUT THEN I WONDER WHAT LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE I'VE GOT TO? I WONDER IF I SHALL FALL RIGHT THROUGH THE EARTH!
HOW FUNNY IT'LL SEEM TO COME OUT AMONG THE PEOPLE THAT WALK WITH THEIR HEADS DOWNWARDS! THE ANTIPATHES I THINK...
DINAH'LL MISS ME VERY MUCH TO-NIGHT! I HOPE THEY'LL REMEMBER HER SAUCER OF MILK AT TEA-TIME.
DINAH, MY DEAR! I DO WISH YOU WERE DOWN HERE WITH ME!
THERE ARE NO MICE IN THE AIR I'M AFRAID, BUT YOU MIGHT CATCH A BAT, WHICH IS LIKE A MOUSE. DO CATS EAT BATS I WONDER?
DO CATS EAT BATS? DO CATS EAT BATS? DO BATS EAT CATS?
DINAH, TELL ME THE TRUTH: DID YOU EVER EAT A--
OOPH!
WHOOOMP

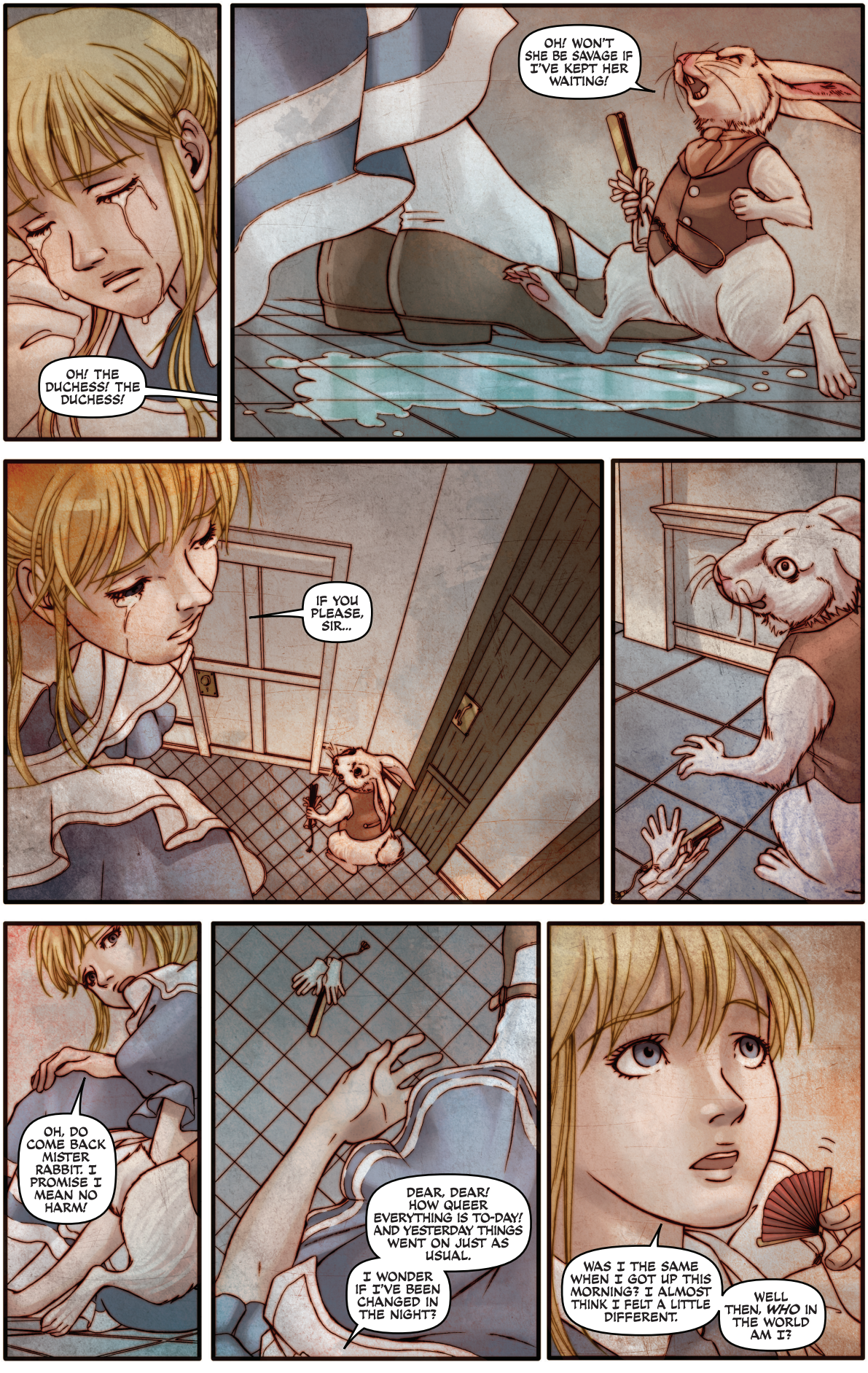

OH, MY EARS AND WHISKERS, HOW LATE IT'S GETTING!
MISTER RABBIT! WAIT! OH PLEASE WAIT!
MISTER RABBIT? OH!
HE'S VANISHED!
LOCKED.
AND THIS ONE TOO...
WHY, I SUPPOSE THEY ARE ALL LOCKED! EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!

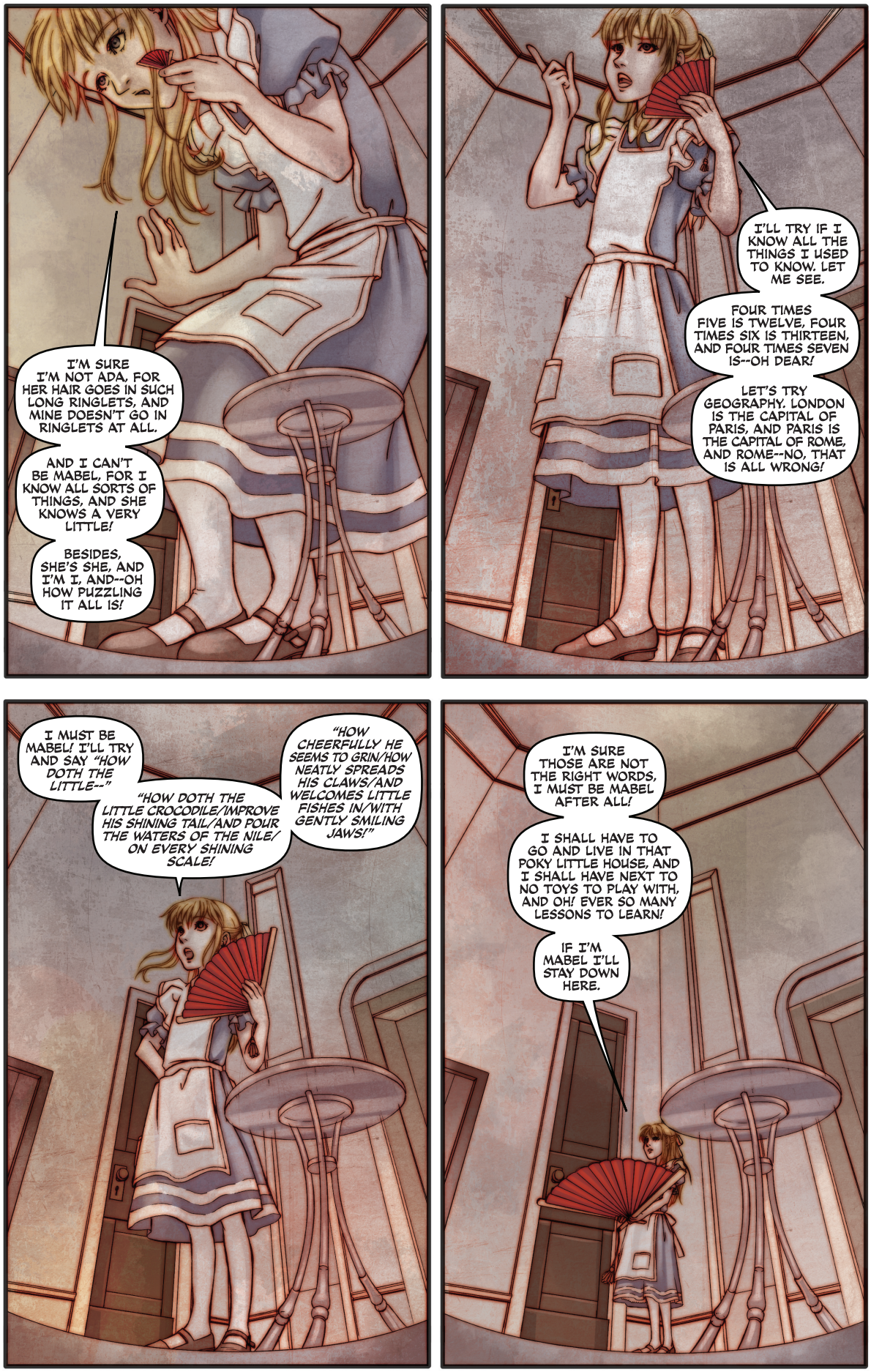

WELL I SHALL HAVE TO STAY HERE THEN, FOR EVER AND EVER.
UNLESS...
WELL, THIS WILL NEVER FIT! IT'S MUCH TOO SMALL FOR ANY OF THESE DOORS.
OH! BUT WHAT'S THIS?
I WISH I COULD GET OUT OF THIS DARK HALL, AND WANDER ABOUT AMONG THOSE BEDS OF BRIGHT FLOWERS, AND THOSE COOL FOUNTAINS!
EVEN IF MY HEAD WOULD GO THROUGH, IT WOULD BE VERY LITTLE USE WITHOUT MY SHOULDERS.
OH, HOW I WISH I COULD SHUT UP LIKE A TELESCOPE!
WHAT'S THIS?
Drink me
WELL IT'S NOT MARKED "POISON" SO IT MUST BE SAFE TO DRINK, I SUPPOSE.
Drink me

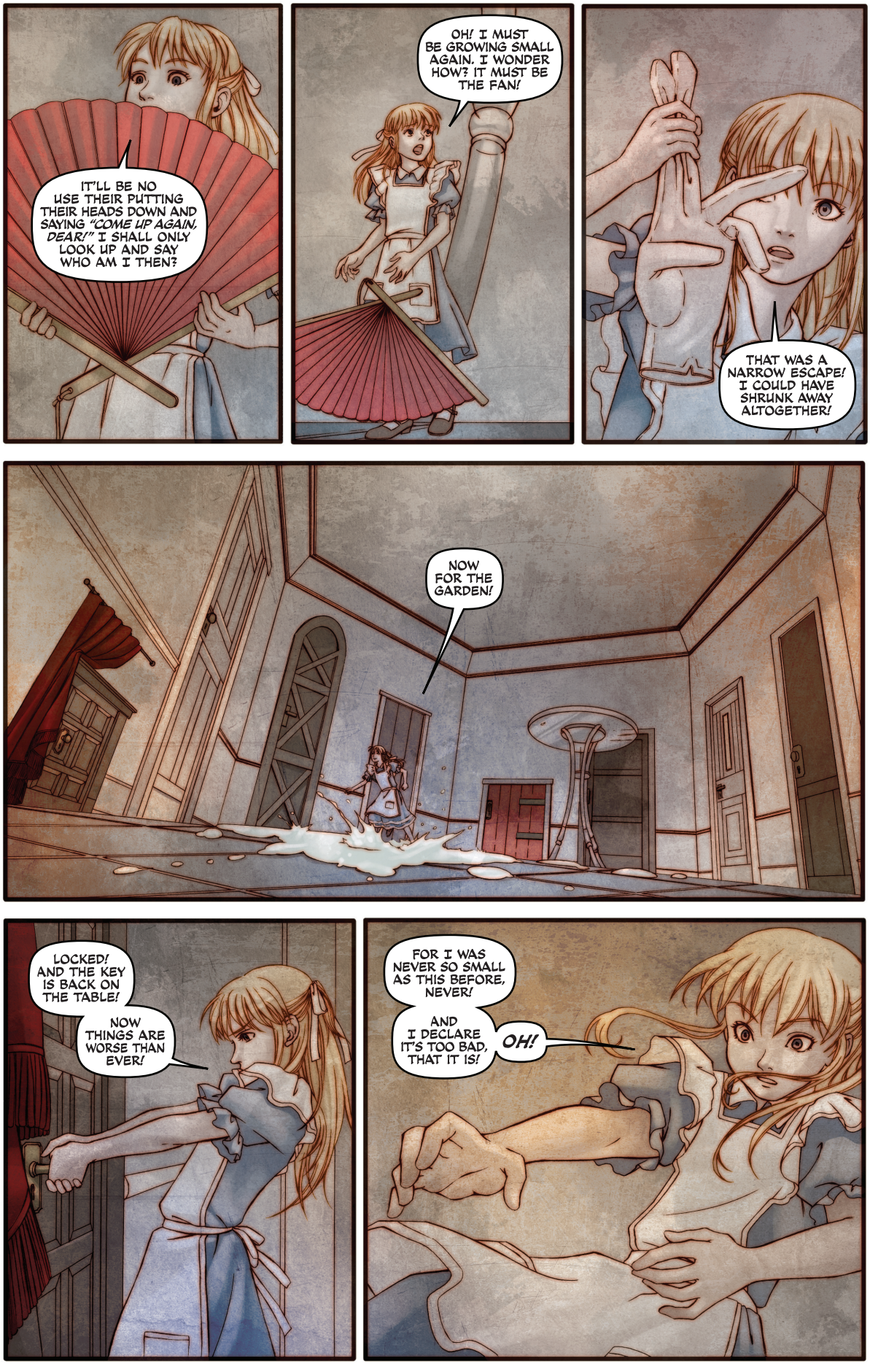

I BELIEVE IT HAS A MIXED FLAVOUR OF CHERRY TART, CUSTARD, PINEAPPLE ROAST TURKEY, TOFFEE AND HOT BUTTERED TOAST!
WHAT A CURIOUS FEELING!
I-I MUST BE SHUTTING UP LIKE A TELESCOPE.
I HOPE I DON'T SHRINK ANY MORE, FOR IT MIGHT END IN MY GOING OUT ALTOGETHER, LIKE A CANDLE.
I WONDER WHAT I SHOULD BE LIKE THEN?
NOW I AM JUST THE RIGHT SIZE TO GET INTO THAT BEAUTIFUL GARDEN!
THE KEY! I'VE FORGOTTEN THE KEY, AND NOW I CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR!

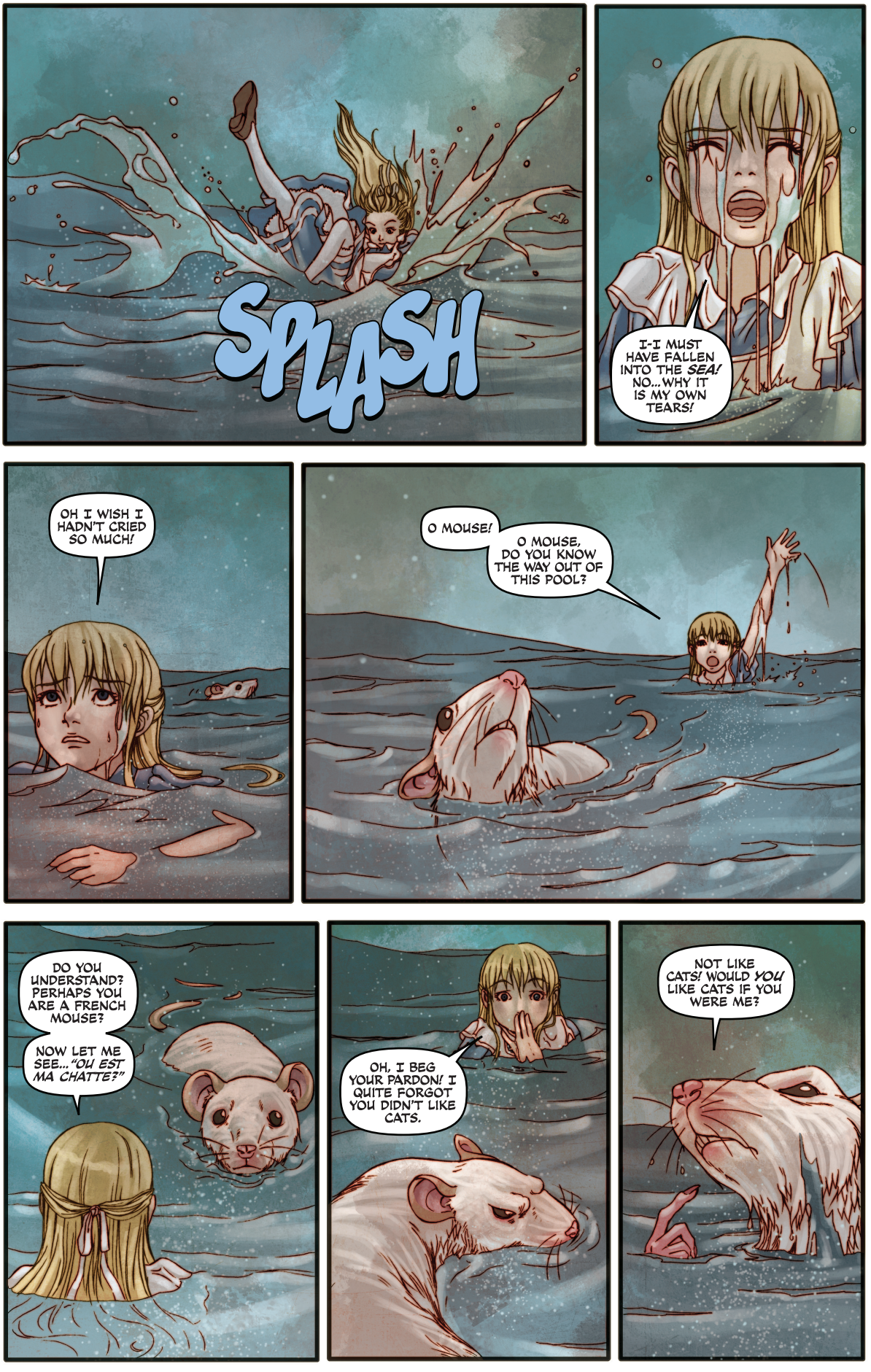

OH DEAR, IT'S TOO SLIPPERY!
IT'S NO GOOD! I'LL NEVER REACH THE KEY NOW...
I SHALL BE ABLE TO LOOK UP THERE AND SEE IT, AND YET NEVER REACH IT! ⁵SNIFF⁵
COME, THERE'S NO USE CRYING LIKE THAT! I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE OFF THIS MINUTE!
WELL, I DO USUALLY GIVE MYSELF VERY GOOD ADVICE, THOUGH I VERY SELDOM FOLLOW IT...
I'LL EAT IT, AND IF IT MAKES ME GROW LARGER, I CAN REACH THE KEY.
EAT ME
IF IT MAKES ME GROW SMALLER, I CAN CREEP UNDER THE DOOR. EITHER WAY I'LL GET INTO THE GARDEN, AND I DON'T CARE WHICH HAPPENS!
WHICH WAY? WHICH WAY?

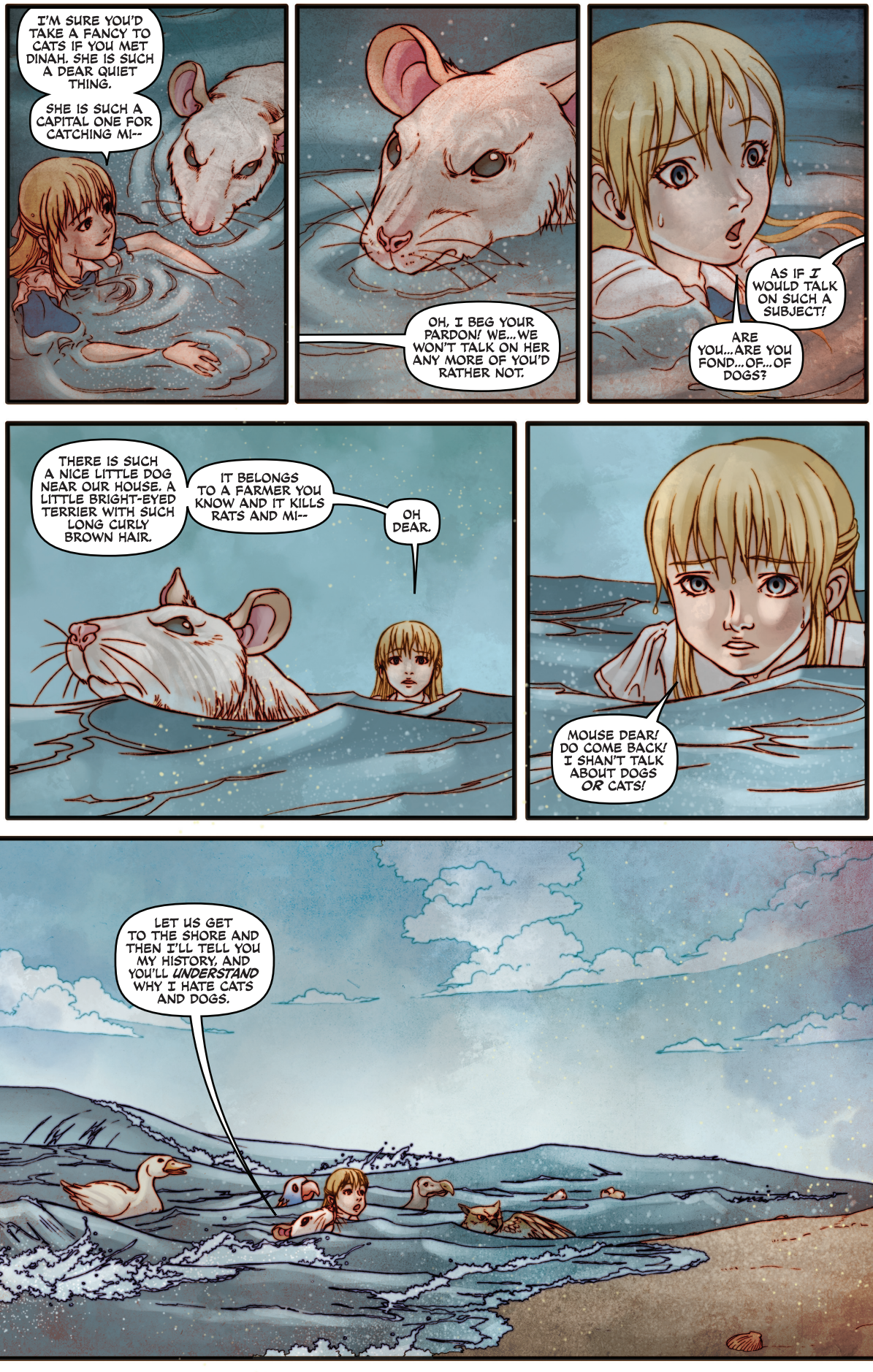

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER!
NOW I'M OPENING OUT LIKE THE LARGEST TELESCOPE THAT EVER WAS! GOOD-BYE FEET!
OH, MY POOR LITTLE FEET, I WONDER WHO WILL PUT ON YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS FOR YOU NOW DEARS? I'M SURE I SHAN'T BE ABLE!
AT LEAST NOW I CAN REACH THE KEY!
OH IT'S MORE HOPELESS THAN EVER! I SHALL NEVER GET THROUGH!

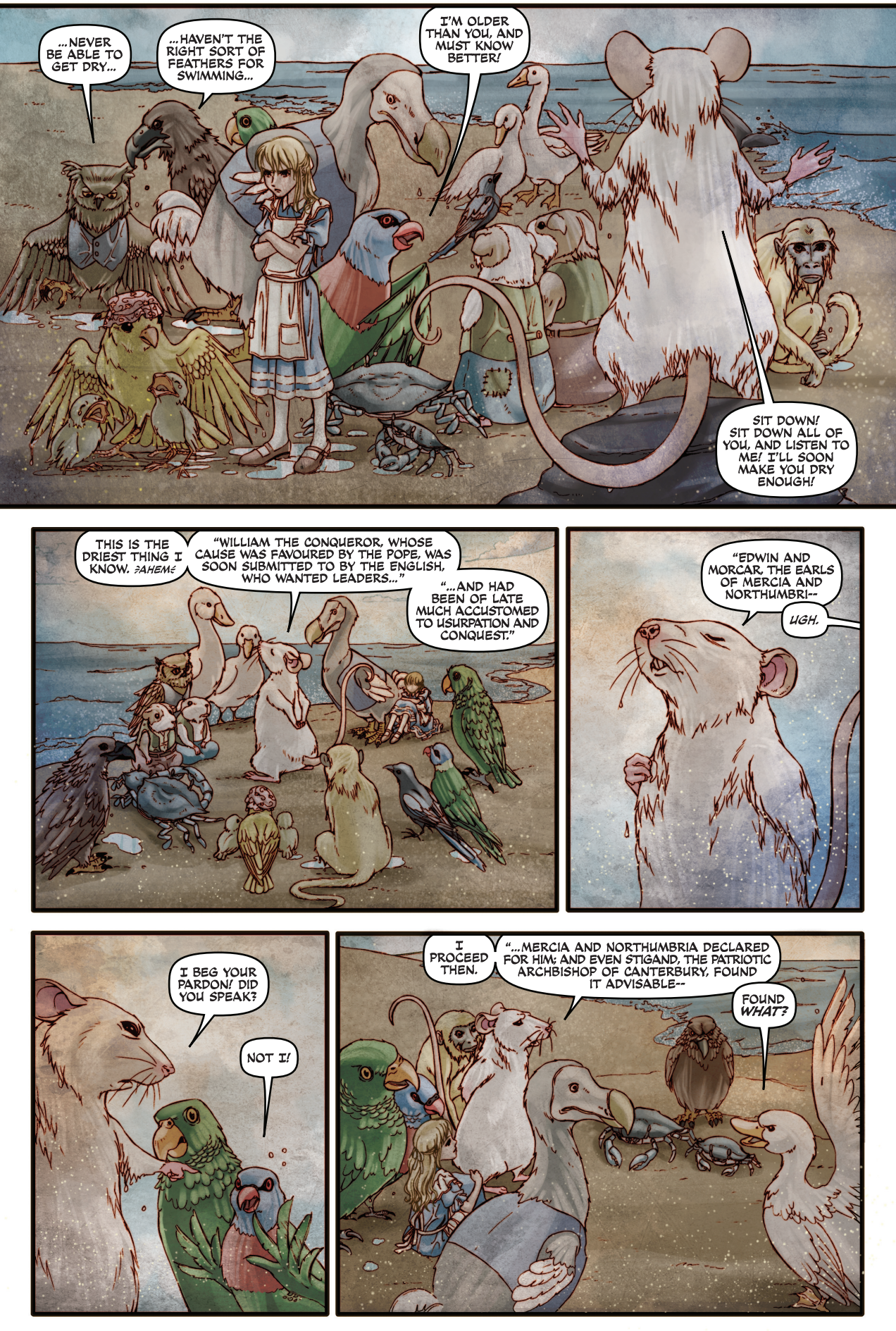

OH! THE DUCHESS! THE DUCHESS!
OH! WON'T SHE BE SAVAGE IF I'VE KEPT HER WAITING!
IF YOU PLEASE, SIR...
OH, DO COME BACK MISTER RABBIT. I PROMISE I MEAN NO HARM!
DEAR, DEAR! HOW QUEER EVERYTHING IS TO-DAY! AND YESTERDAY THINGS WENT ON JUST AS USUAL.
I WONDER IF I'VE BEEN CHANGED IN THE NIGHT?
WAS I THE SAME WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING? I ALMOST THINK I FELT A LITTLE DIFFERENT.
WELL THEN, WHO IN THE WORLD AM I?

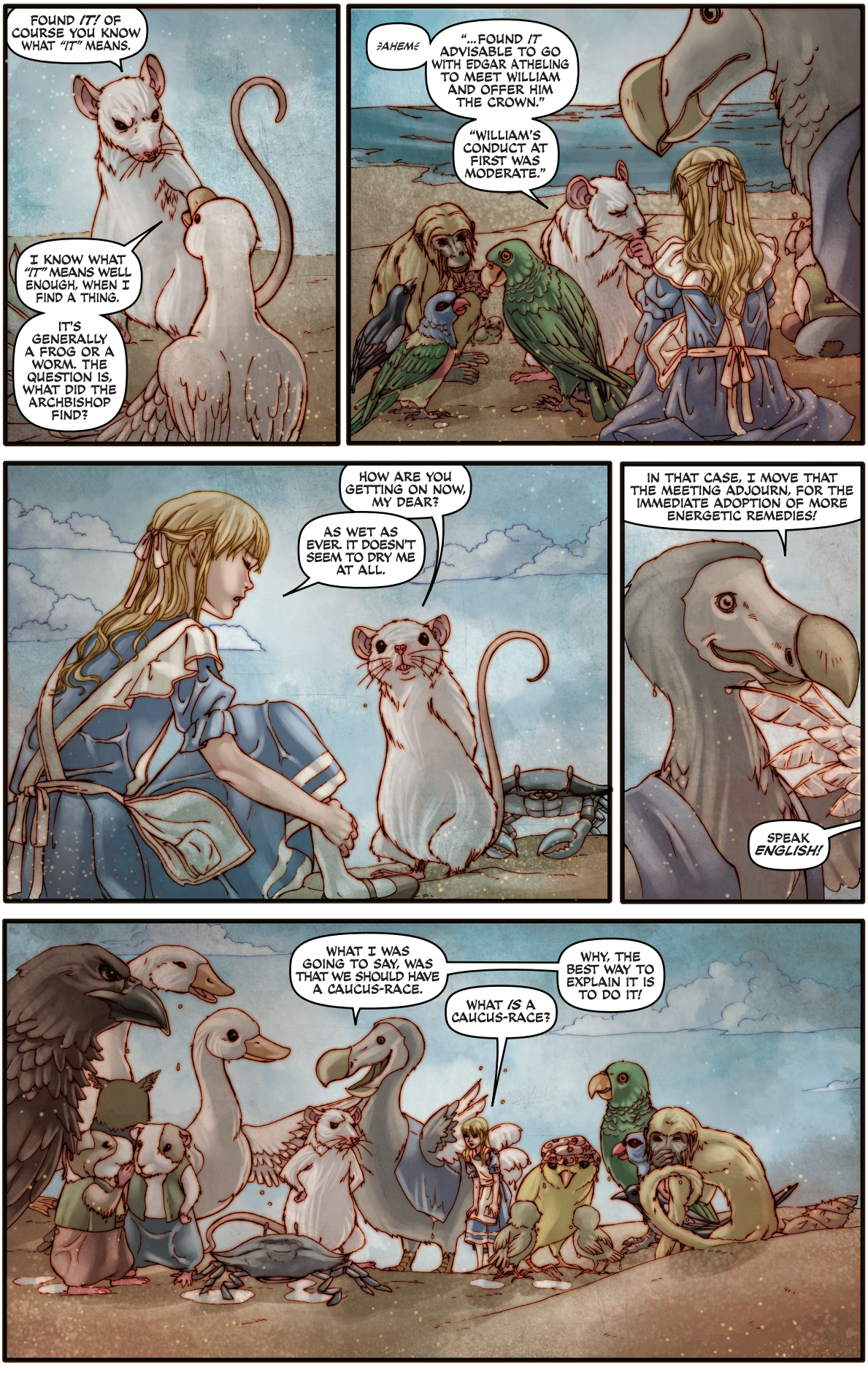

I'M SURE I'M NOT ADA, FOR HER HAIR GOES IN SUCH LONG RINGLETS, AND MINE DOESN'T GO IN RINGLETS AT ALL.
AND I CAN'T BE MABEL, FOR I KNOW ALL SORTS OF THINGS, AND SHE KNOWS A VERY LITTLE!
BESIDES, SHE'S SHE, AND I'M I, AND--OH HOW PUZZLING IT ALL IS!
I'LL TRY IF I KNOW ALL THE THINGS I USED TO KNOW. LET ME SEE.
FOUR TIMES FIVE IS TWELVE, FOUR TIMES SIX IS THIRTEEN, AND FOUR TIMES SEVEN IS--OH DEAR!
LET'S TRY GEOGRAPHY. LONDON IS THE CAPITAL OF PARIS, AND PARIS IS THE CAPITAL OF ROME, AND ROME--NO, THAT IS ALL WRONG!
I MUST BE MABEL! I'LL TRY AND SAY "HOW DOTH THE LITTLE--"
"HOW DOTH THE LITTLE CROCODILE/IMPROVE HIS SHINING TAIL/AND POUR THE WATERS OF THE NILE/ ON EVERY SHINING SCALE!
"HOW CHEERFULLY HE SEEMS TO GRIN/HOW NEATLY SPREADS HIS CLAWS/AND WELCOMES LITTLE FISHES IN/WITH GENTLY SMILING JAWS!"
I'M SURE THOSE ARE NOT THE RIGHT WORDS, I MUST BE MABEL AFTER ALL!
I SHALL HAVE TO GO AND LIVE IN THAT POKY LITTLE HOUSE, AND I SHALL HAVE NEXT TO NO TOYS TO PLAY WITH, AND OH! EVER SO MANY LESSONS TO LEARN!
IF I'M MABEL I'LL STAY DOWN HERE.

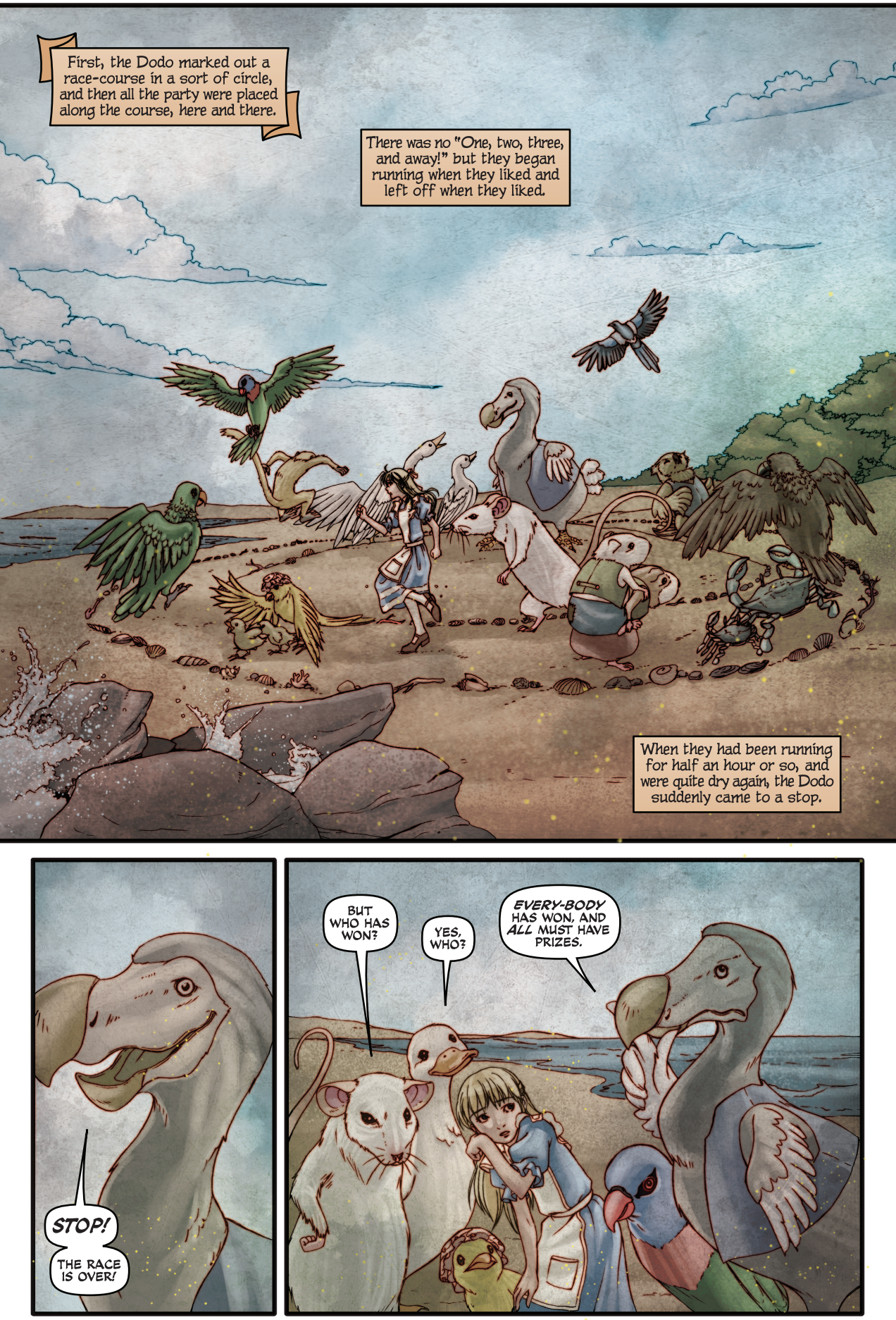

IT'LL BE NO USE THEIR PUTTING THEIR HEADS DOWN AND SAYING "COME UP AGAIN, DEAR!" I SHALL ONLY LOOK UP AND SAY WHO AM I THEN?
OH! I MUST BE GROWING SMALL AGAIN. I WONDER HOW? IT MUST BE THE FAN!
THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! I COULD HAVE SHRUNK AWAY ALTOGETHER!
NOW FOR THE GARDEN!
LOCKED! AND THE KEY IS BACK ON THE TABLE!
NOW THINGS ARE WORSE THAN EVER!
FOR I WAS NEVER SO SMALL AS THIS BEFORE, NEVER!
AND I DECLARE IT'S TOO BAD, THAT IT IS!
OH!

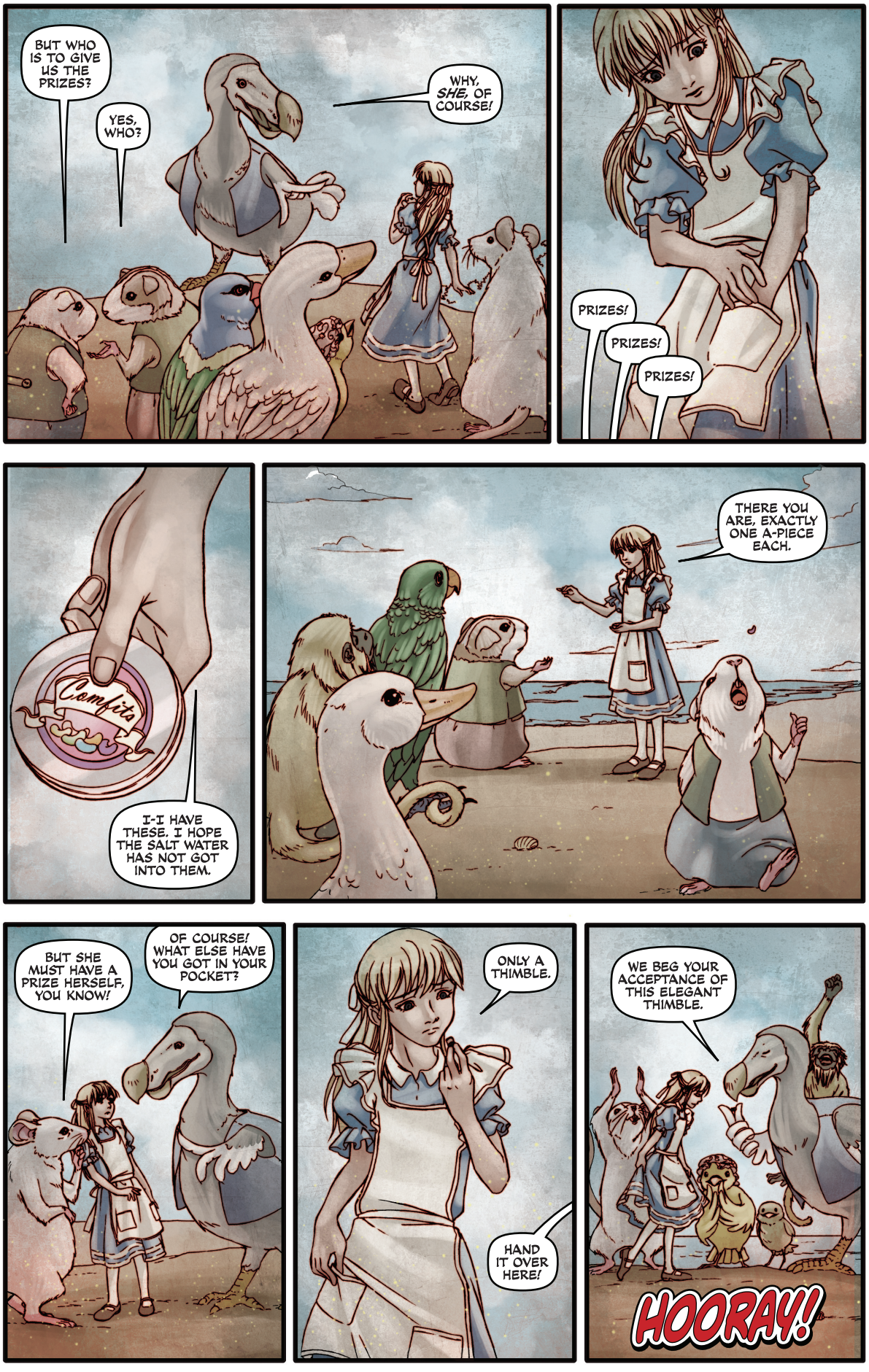

SPLASH
I-I MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE SEA! NO...WHY IT IS MY OWN TEARS!
OH I WISH I HADN'T CRIED SO MUCH!
O MOUSE!
O MOUSE, DO YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT OF THIS POOL?
DO YOU UNDERSTAND? PERHAPS YOU ARE A FRENCH MOUSE?
NOW LET ME SEE... "OU EST MA CHATTE?"
OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON! I QUITE FORGOT YOU DIDN'T LIKE CATS.
NOT LIKE CATS! WOULD YOU LIKE CATS IF YOU WERE ME?

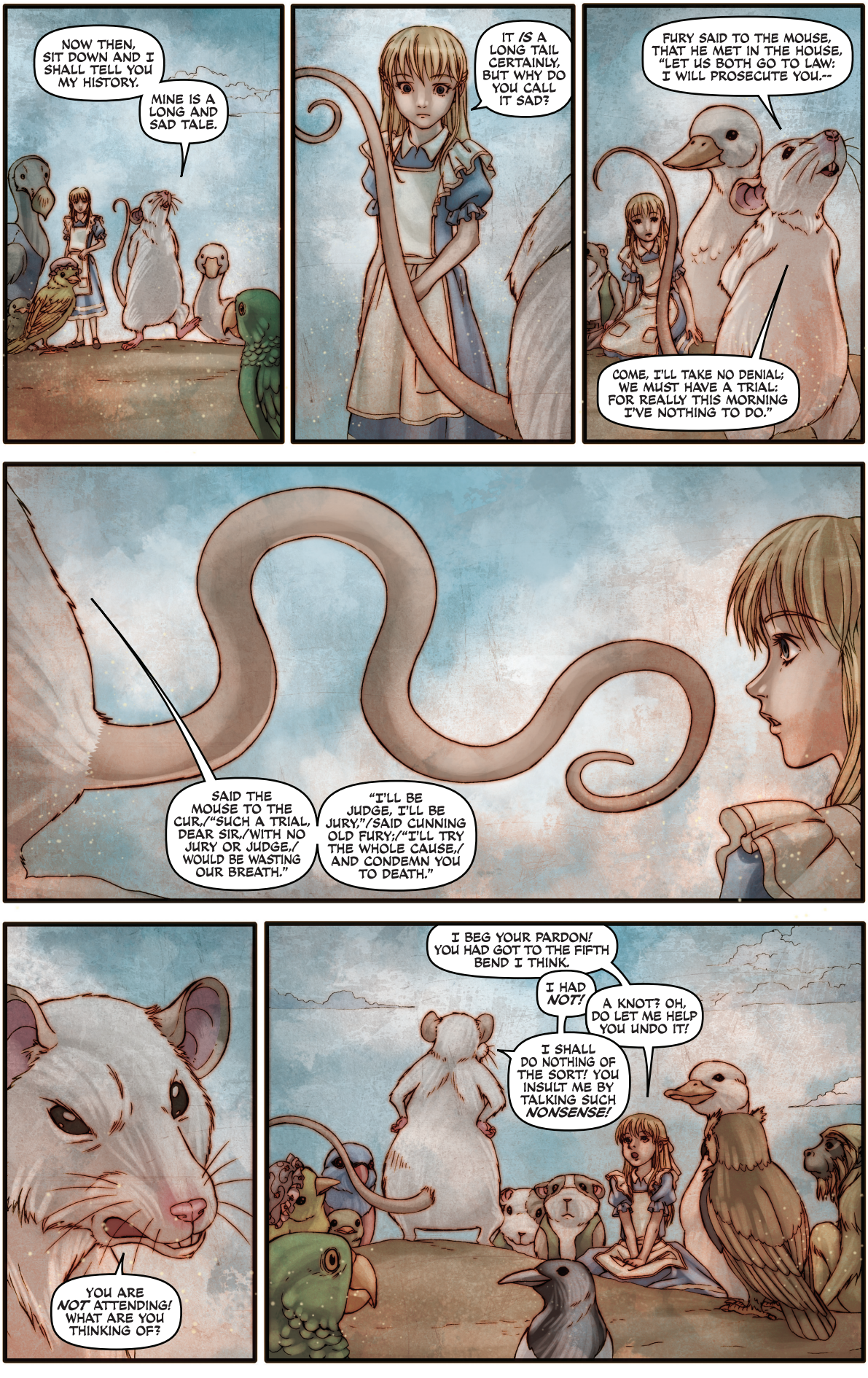

I'M SURE YOU'D TAKE A FANCY TO CATS IF YOU MET DINAH. SHE IS SUCH A DEAR QUIET THING.
SHE IS SUCH A CAPITAL ONE FOR CATCHING MI--
OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON! WE... WE WON'T TALK ON HER ANY MORE OF YOU'D RATHER NOT.
AS IF I WOULD TALK ON SUCH A SUBJECT!
ARE YOU... ARE YOU FOND... OF... OF DOGS?
THERE IS SUCH A NICE LITTLE DOG NEAR OUR HOUSE, A LITTLE BRIGHT-EYED TERRIER WITH SUCH LONG CURLY BROWN HAIR.
IT BELONGS TO A FARMER YOU KNOW AND IT KILLS RATS AND MI--
OH DEAR.
MOUSE DEAR! DO COME BACK! I SHAN'T TALK ABOUT DOGS OR CATS!
LET US GET TO THE SHORE AND THEN I'LL TELL YOU MY HISTORY, AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I HATE CATS AND DOGS.

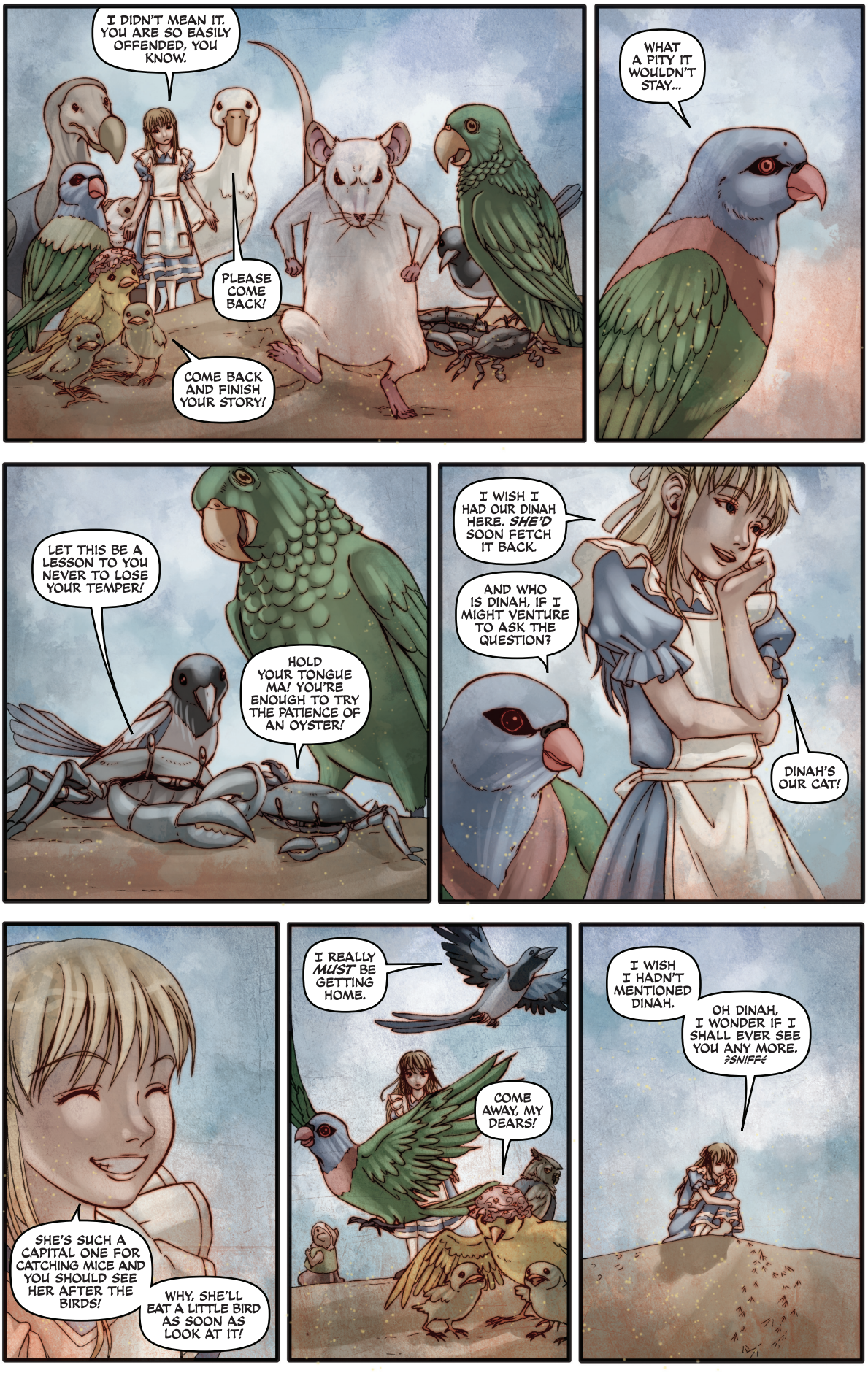

...NEVER BE ABLE TO GET DRY...
...HAVEN'T THE RIGHT SORT OF FEATHERS FOR SWIMMING...
I'M OLDER THAN YOU, AND MUST KNOW BETTER!
SIT DOWN! SIT DOWN ALL OF YOU, AND LISTEN TO ME! I'LL SOON MAKE YOU DRY ENOUGH!
THIS IS THE DRIEST THING I KNOW. AHEM
"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, WHOSE CAUSE WAS FAVOURED BY THE POPE, WAS SOON SUBMITTED TO BY THE ENGLISH, WHO WANTED LEADERS..."
"...AND HAD BEEN OF LATE MUCH ACCUSTOMED TO USURPATION AND CONQUEST."
"EDWIN AND MORCAR, THE EARLS OF MERCIA AND NORTHUMBRI--
UGH.
I BEG YOUR PARDON! DID YOU SPEAK?
NOT I!
I PROCEED THEN.
"...MERCIA AND NORTHUMBRIA DECLARED FOR HIM; AND EVEN STIGAND, THE PATRIOTIC ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, FOUND IT ADVISABLE--
FOUND WHAT?

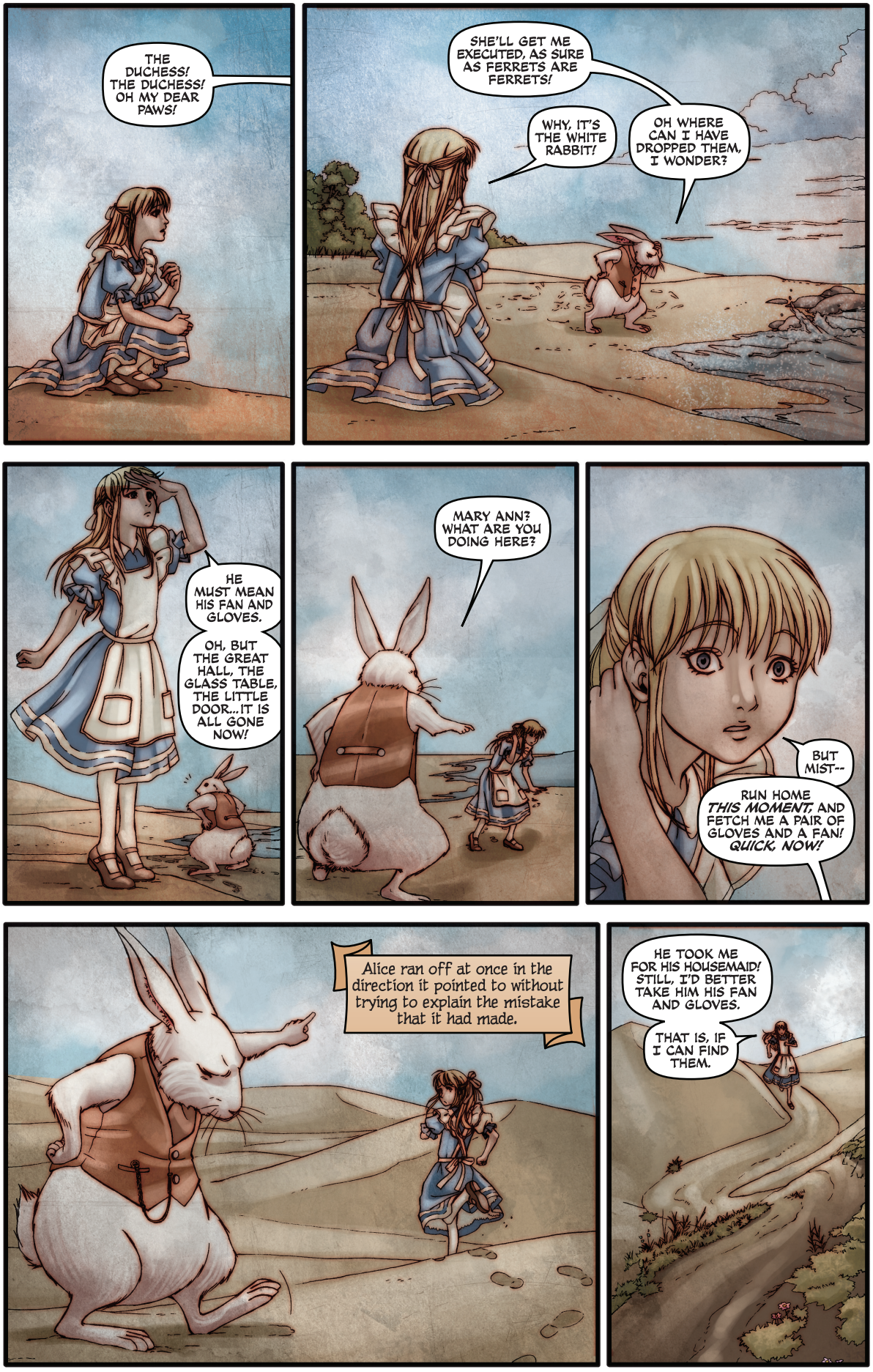

FOUND *IT!* OF COURSE YOU KNOW WHAT *"IT"* MEANS.
I KNOW WHAT *"IT"* MEANS WELL ENOUGH, WHEN I FIND A THING.
IT'S GENERALLY A FROG OR A WORM. THE QUESTION IS, WHAT DID THE ARCHBISHOP FIND?
AHEM
"...FOUND *IT* ADVISABLE TO GO WITH EDGAR ATHELING TO MEET WILLIAM AND OFFER HIM THE CROWN."
"WILLIAM'S CONDUCT AT FIRST WAS MODERATE."
HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON NOW, MY DEAR?
AS WET AS EVER. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO DRY ME AT ALL.
IN THAT CASE, I MOVE THAT THE MEETING ADJOURN, FOR THE IMMEDIATE ADOPTION OF MORE ENERGETIC REMEDIES!
SPEAK *ENGLISH!*
WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY, WAS THAT WE SHOULD HAVE A CAUCUS-RACE.
WHY, THE BEST WAY TO EXPLAIN IT IS TO DO IT!
WHAT *IS* A CAUCUS-RACE?

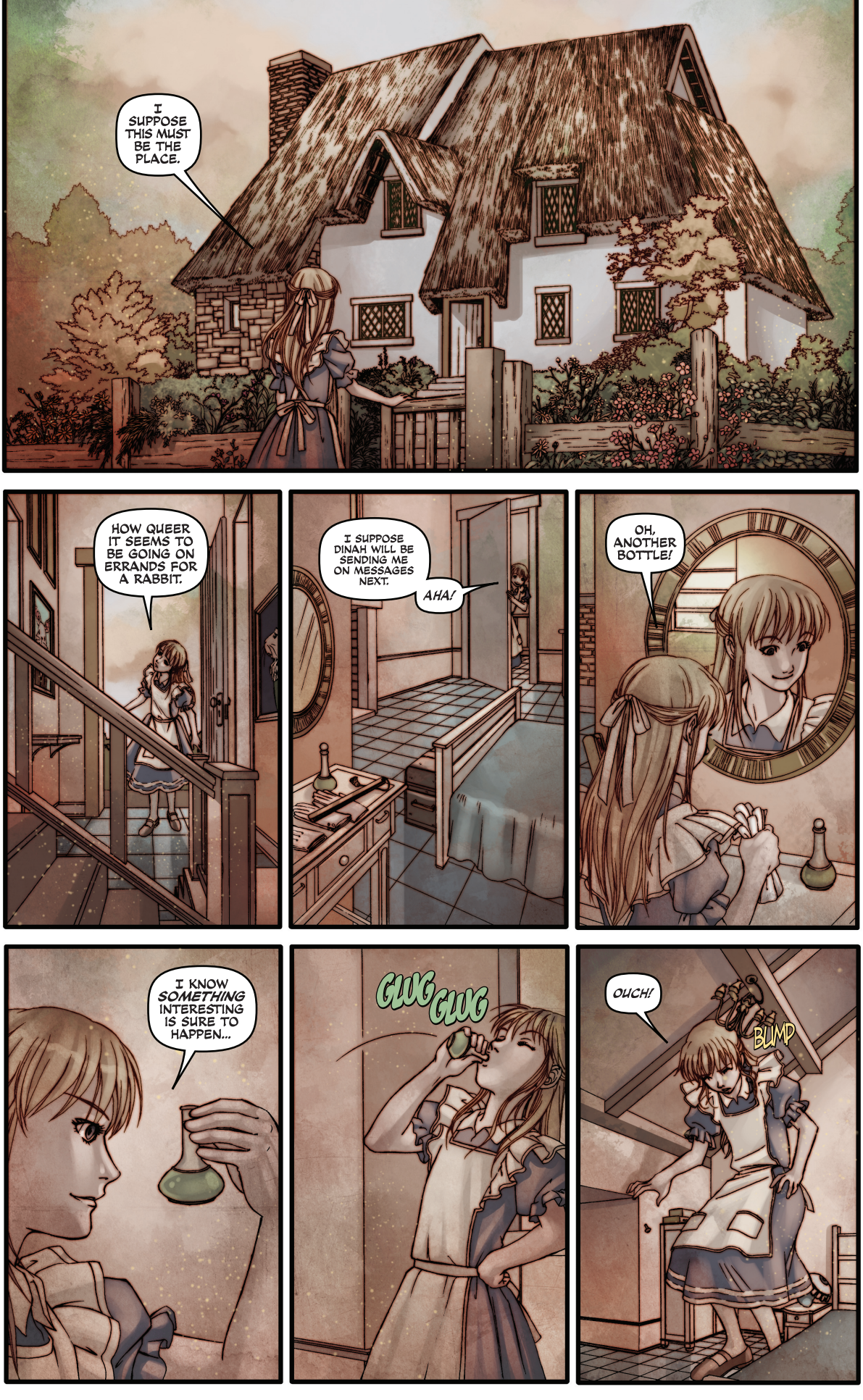

First, the Dodo marked out a race-course in a sort of circle, and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there.
There was no "One, two, three, and away!" but they began running when they liked and left off when they liked.
When they had been running for half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly came to a stop.
STOP!
THE RACE IS OVER!
BUT WHO HAS WON?
YES, WHO?
EVERY-BODY HAS WON, AND ALL MUST HAVE PRIZES.

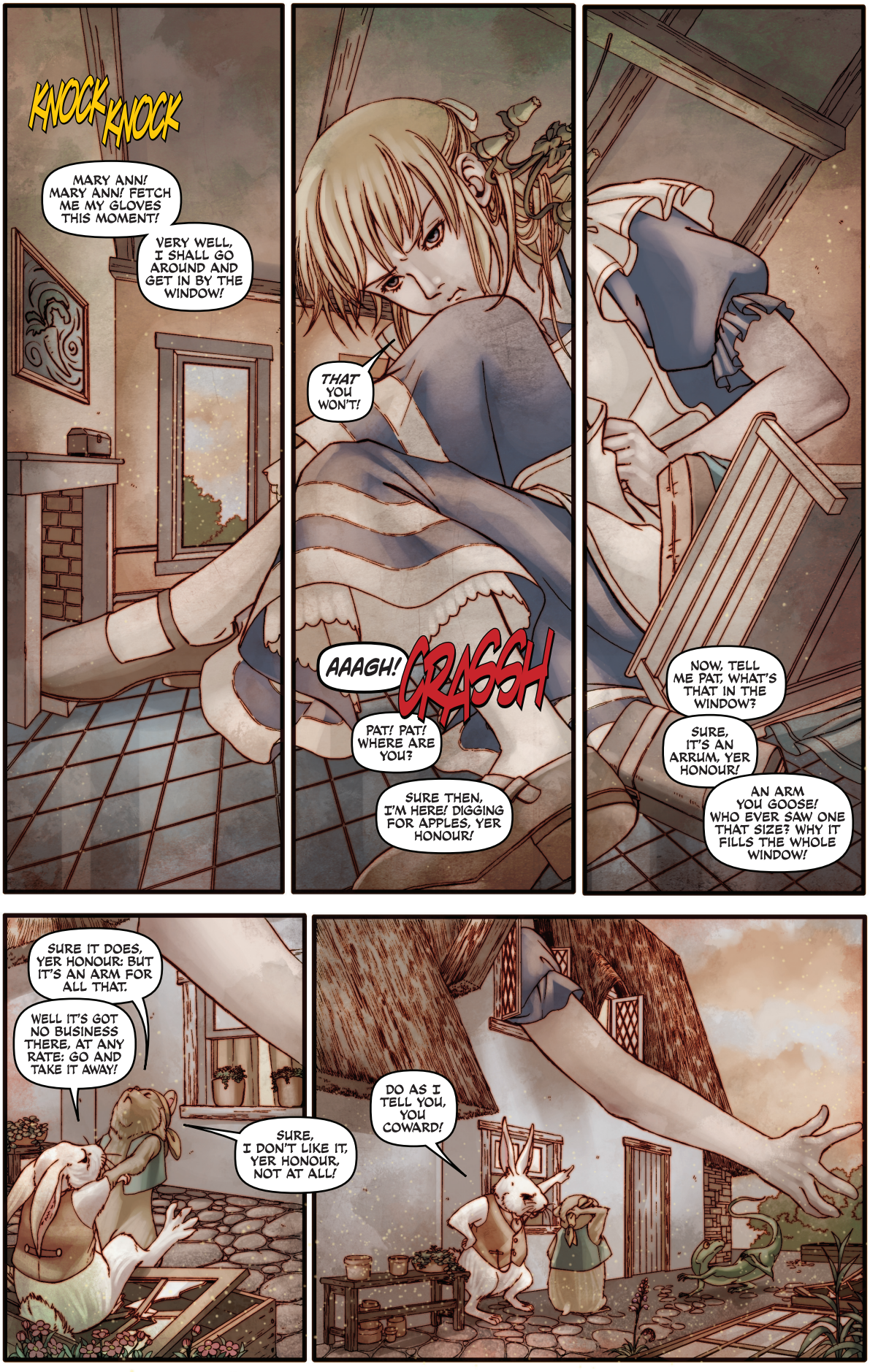

BUT WHO IS TO GIVE US THE PRIZES?
YES, WHO?
WHY, SHE, OF COURSE!
PRIZES!
PRIZES!
PRIZES!
Comfits
I-I HAVE THESE. I HOPE THE SALT WATER HAS NOT GOT INTO THEM.
THERE YOU ARE, EXACTLY ONE A-PIECE EACH.
BUT SHE MUST HAVE A PRIZE HERSELF, YOU KNOW!
OF COURSE! WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR POCKET?
ONLY A THIMBLE.
HAND IT OVER HERE!
WE BEG YOUR ACCEPTANCE OF THIS ELEGANT THIMBLE.
HOORAY!

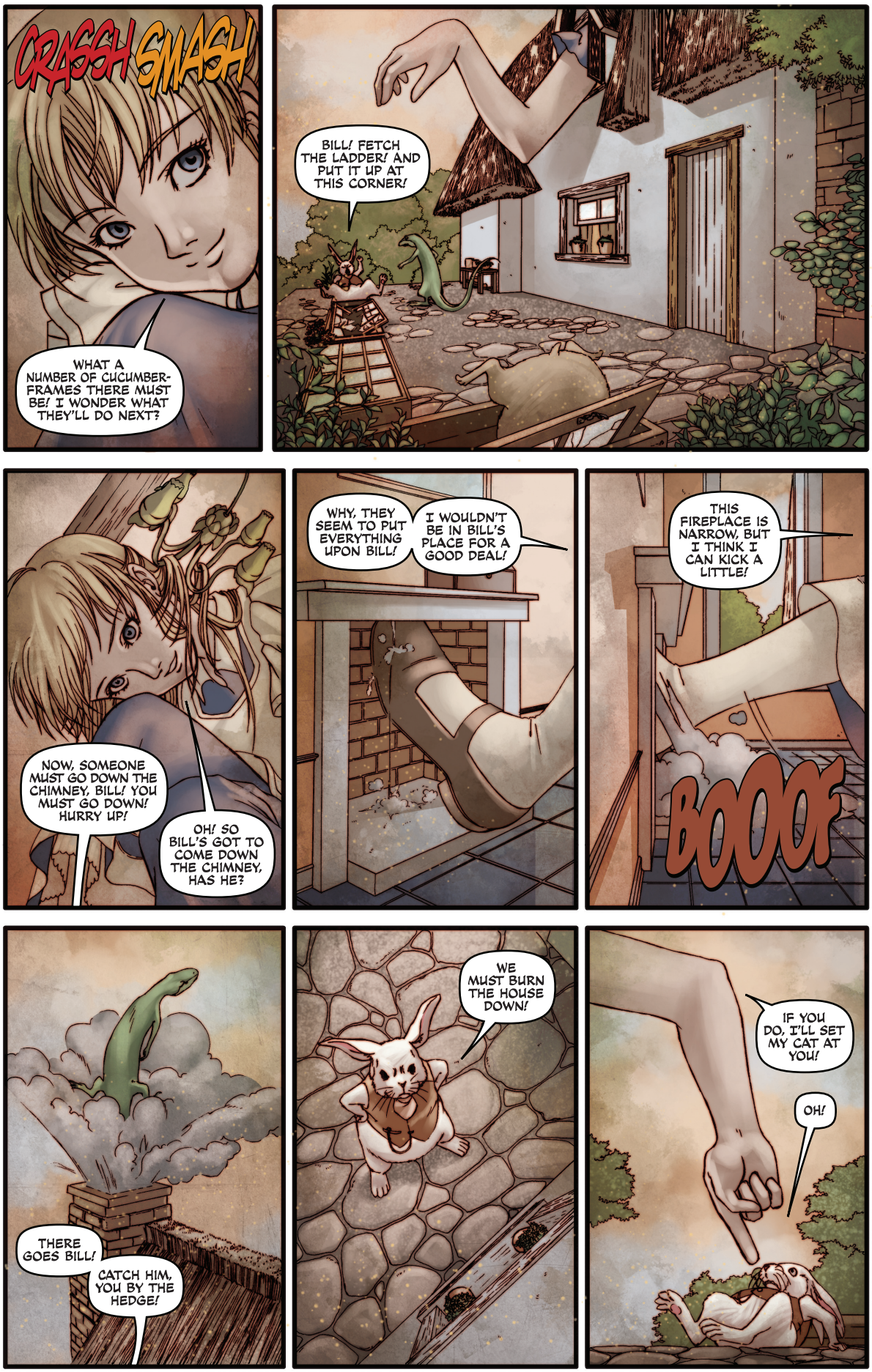

NOW THEN, SIT DOWN AND I SHALL TELL YOU MY HISTORY.
MINE IS A LONG AND SAD TALE.
IT *IS* A LONG TAIL CERTAINLY, BUT WHY DO YOU CALL IT SAD?
FURY SAID TO THE MOUSE, THAT HE MET IN THE HOUSE, "LET US BOTH GO TO LAW: I WILL PROSECUTE YOU.--
COME, I'LL TAKE NO DENIAL; WE MUST HAVE A TRIAL: FOR REALLY THIS MORNING I'VE NOTHING TO DO."
SAID THE MOUSE TO THE CUR,/"SUCH A TRIAL, DEAR SIR,/WITH NO JURY OR JUDGE,/ WOULD BE WASTING OUR BREATH."
"I'LL BE JUDGE, I'LL BE JURY,"/SAID CUNNING OLD FURY;/"I'LL TRY THE WHOLE CAUSE,/ AND CONDEMN YOU TO DEATH."
YOU ARE *NOT* ATTENDING! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF?
I BEG YOUR PARDON! YOU HAD GOT TO THE FIFTH BEND I THINK.
I HAD *NOT!*
A KNOT? OH, DO LET ME HELP YOU UNDO IT!
I SHALL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT! YOU INSULT ME BY TALKING SUCH *NONSENSE!*

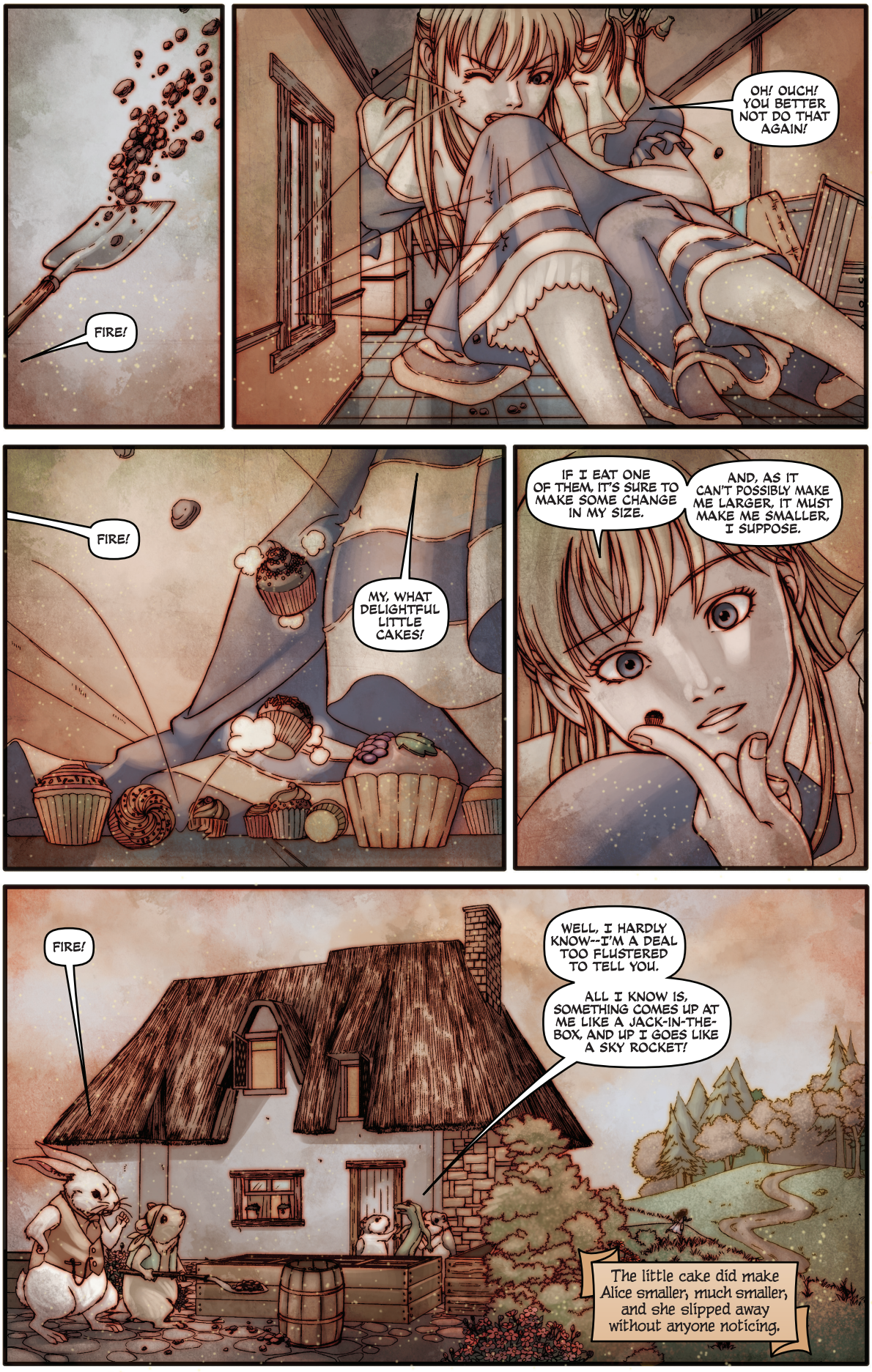

I DIDN'T MEAN IT. YOU ARE SO EASILY OFFENDED, YOU KNOW.
PLEASE COME BACK!
COME BACK AND FINISH YOUR STORY!
WHAT A PITY IT WOULDN'T STAY...
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU NEVER TO LOSE YOUR TEMPER!
HOLD YOUR TONGUE MA! YOU'RE ENOUGH TO TRY THE PATIENCE OF AN OYSTER!
I WISH I HAD OUR DINAH HERE. SHE'D SOON FETCH IT BACK.
AND WHO IS DINAH, IF I MIGHT VENTURE TO ASK THE QUESTION?
DINAH'S OUR CAT!
SHE'S SUCH A CAPITAL ONE FOR CATCHING MICE AND YOU SHOULD SEE HER AFTER THE BIRDS!
WHY, SHE'LL EAT A LITTLE BIRD AS SOON AS LOOK AT IT!
I REALLY MUST BE GETTING HOME.
COME AWAY, MY DEARS!
I WISH I HADN'T MENTIONED DINAH.
OH DINAH, I WONDER IF I SHALL EVER SEE YOU ANY MORE. SNIFF

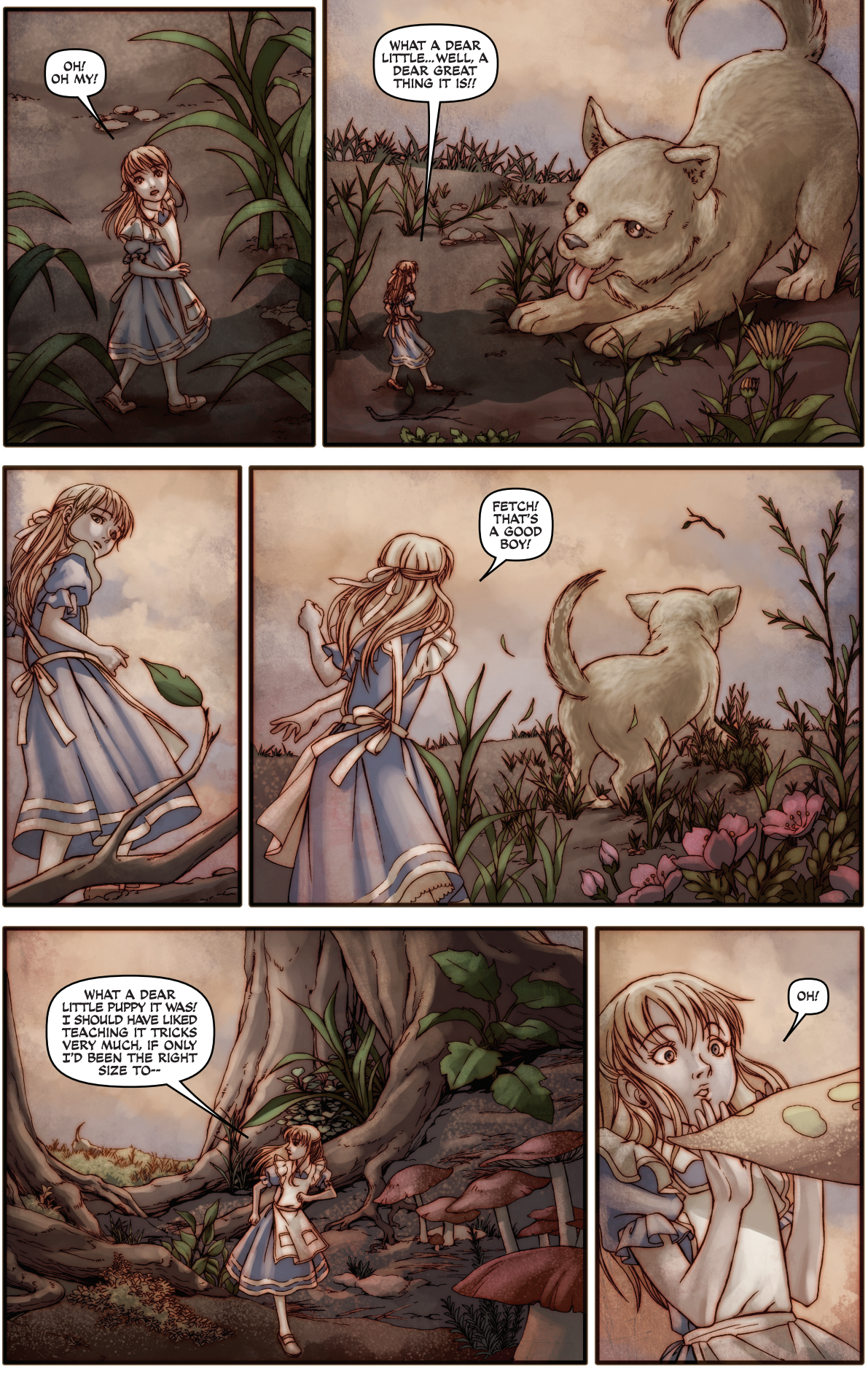

THE DUCHESS! THE DUCHESS! OH MY DEAR PAWS!
SHE'LL GET ME EXECUTED, AS SURE AS FERRETS ARE FERRETS!
WHY, IT'S THE WHITE RABBIT!
OH WHERE CAN I HAVE DROPPED THEM, I WONDER?
HE MUST MEAN HIS FAN AND GLOVES.
OH, BUT THE GREAT HALL, THE GLASS TABLE, THE LITTLE DOOR... IT IS ALL GONE NOW!
MARY ANN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
BUT MIST--
RUN HOME *THIS MOMENT,* AND FETCH ME A PAIR OF GLOVES AND A FAN! *QUICK, NOW!*
Alice ran off at once in the direction it pointed to without trying to explain the mistake that it had made.
HE TOOK ME FOR HIS HOUSEMAID! STILL, I'D BETTER TAKE HIM HIS FAN AND GLOVES.
THAT IS, IF I CAN FIND THEM.

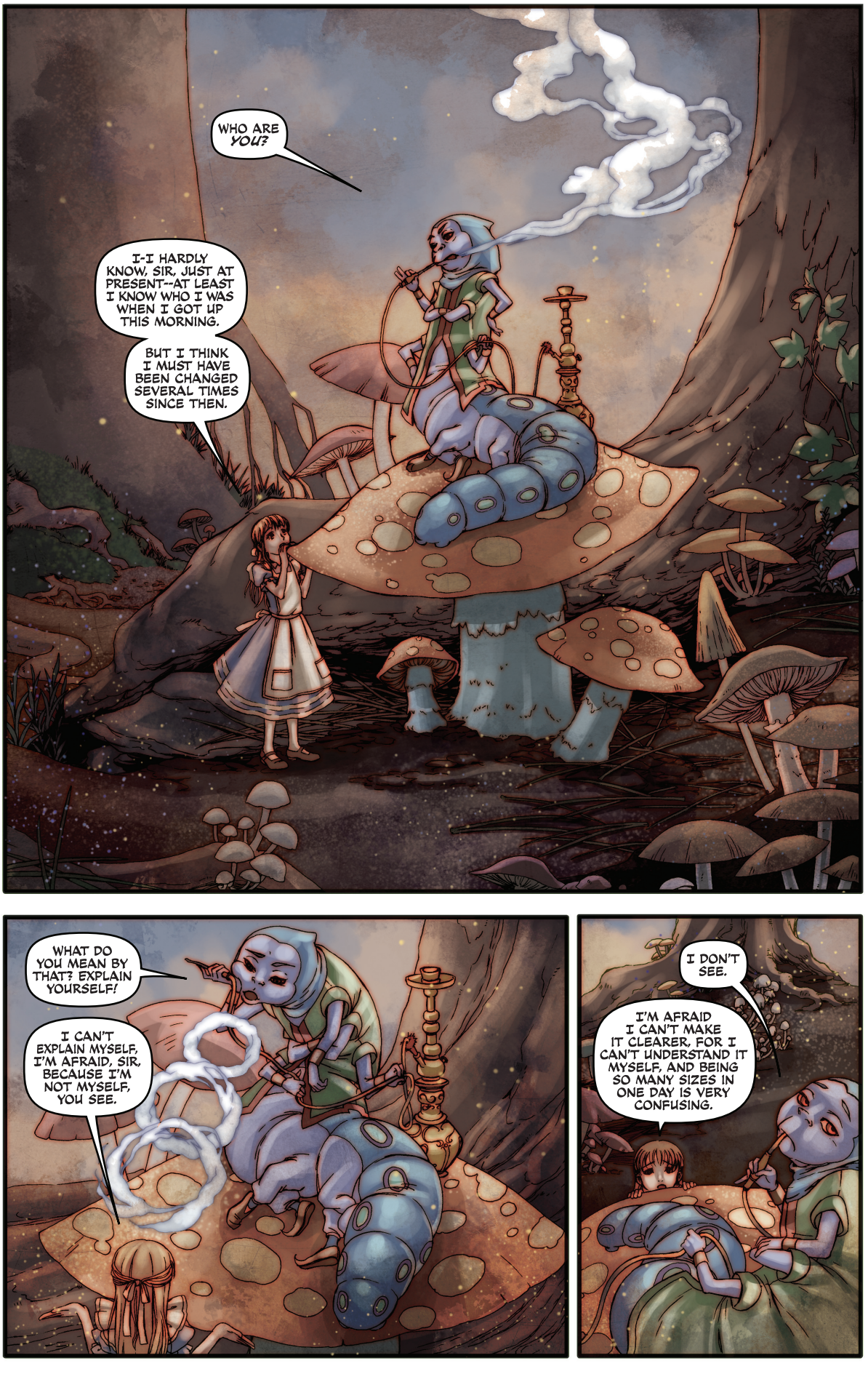

I SUPPOSE THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.
HOW QUEER IT SEEMS TO BE GOING ON ERRANDS FOR A RABBIT.
I SUPPOSE DINAH WILL BE SENDING ME ON MESSAGES NEXT.
AHA!
OH, ANOTHER BOTTLE!
I KNOW SOMETHING INTERESTING IS SURE TO HAPPEN...
GLUG GLUG
OUCH!
BUMP

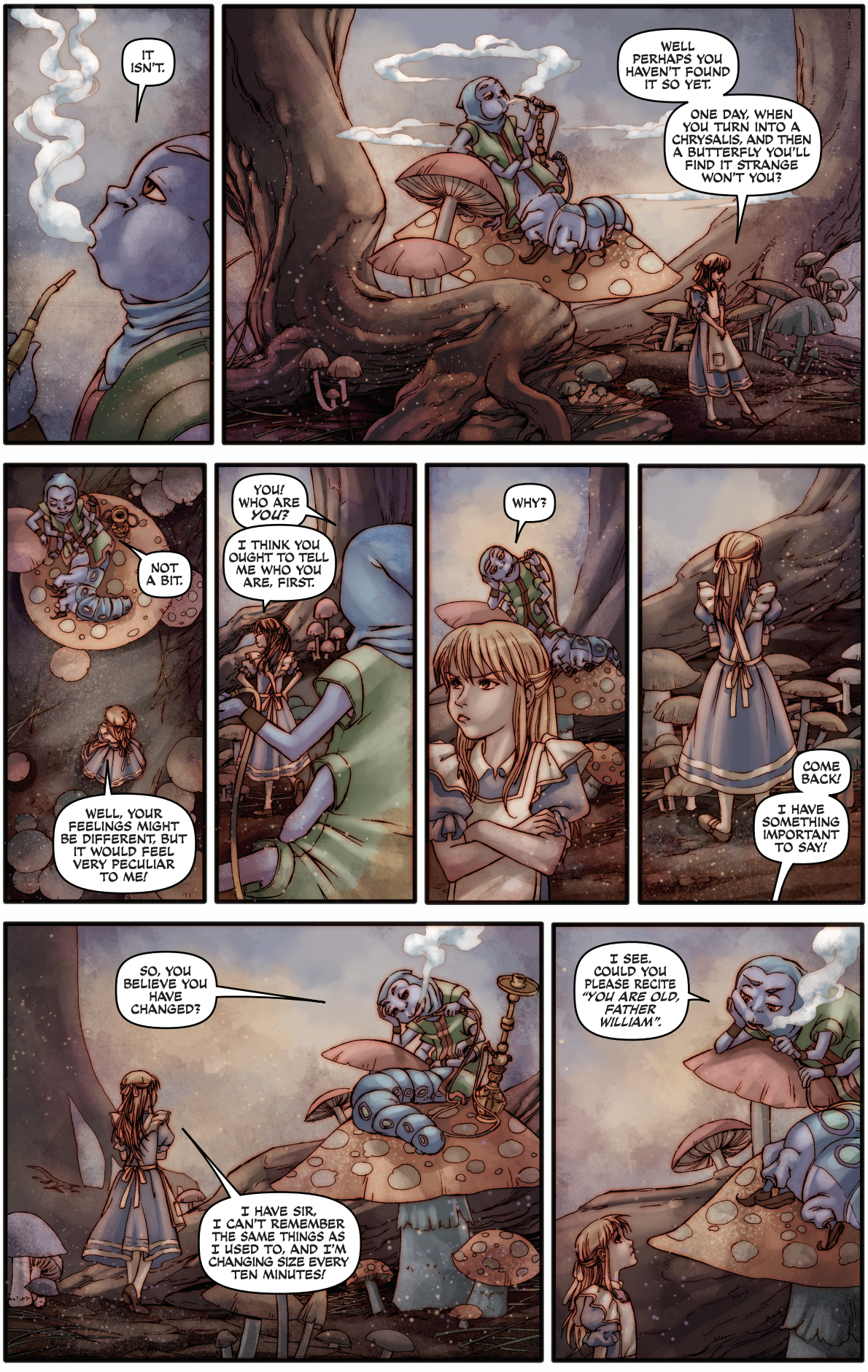

KNOCK KNOCK
MARY ANN! MARY ANN! FETCH ME MY GLOVES THIS MOMENT!
VERY WELL, I SHALL GO AROUND AND GET IN BY THE WINDOW!
THAT YOU WON'T!
AAAGH!
CRASSH
PAT! PAT! WHERE ARE YOU?
SURE THEN, I'M HERE! DIGGING FOR APPLES, YER HONOUR!
NOW, TELL ME PAT, WHAT'S THAT IN THE WINDOW?
SURE, IT'S AN ARRUM, YER HONOUR!
AN ARM YOU GOOSE! WHO EVER SAW ONE THAT SIZE? WHY IT FILLS THE WHOLE WINDOW!
SURE IT DOES, YER HONOUR: BUT IT'S AN ARM FOR ALL THAT.
WELL IT'S GOT NO BUSINESS THERE, AT ANY RATE: GO AND TAKE IT AWAY!
SURE, I DON'T LIKE IT, YER HONOUR, NOT AT ALL!
DO AS I TELL YOU, YOU COWARD!

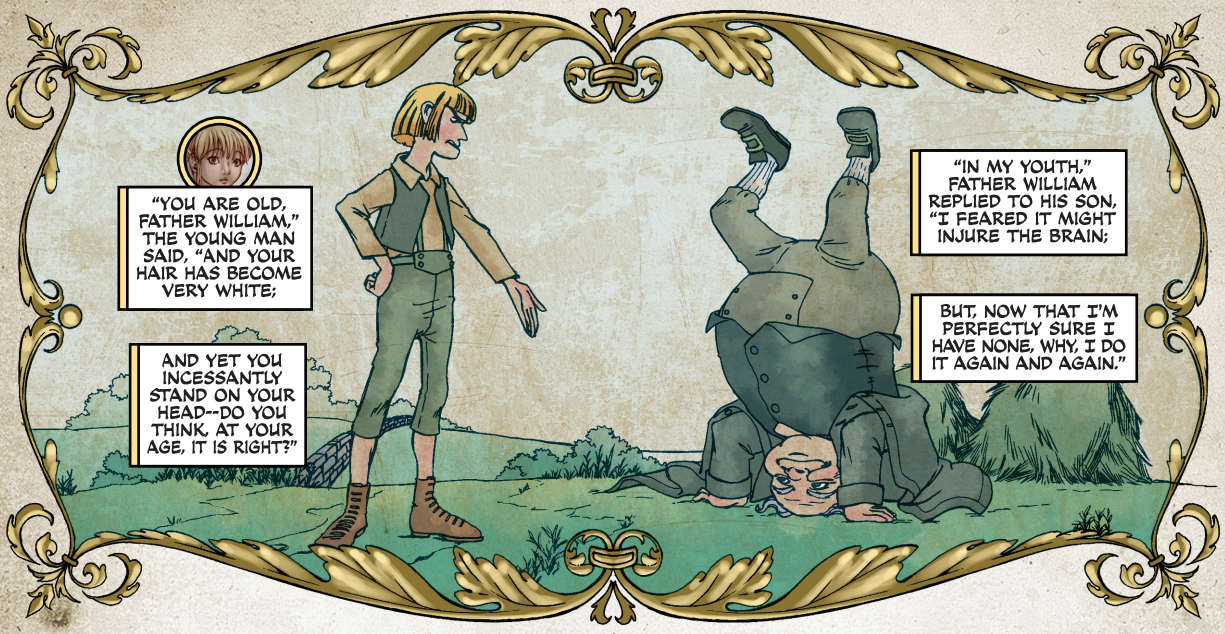

CRASSH SMASH
WHAT A NUMBER OF CUCUMBER-FRAMES THERE MUST BE! I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO NEXT?
BILL! FETCH THE LADDER! AND PUT IT UP AT THIS CORNER!
NOW, SOMEONE MUST GO DOWN THE CHIMNEY, BILL! YOU MUST GO DOWN! HURRY UP!
OH! SO BILL'S GOT TO COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY, HAS HE?
WHY, THEY SEEM TO PUT EVERYTHING UPON BILL!
I WOULDN'T BE IN BILL'S PLACE FOR A GOOD DEAL!
THIS FIREPLACE IS NARROW, BUT I THINK I CAN KICK A LITTLE!
BOOOF
THERE GOES BILL!
CATCH HIM, YOU BY THE HEDGE!
WE MUST BURN THE HOUSE DOWN!
IF YOU DO, I'LL SET MY CAT AT YOU!
OH!

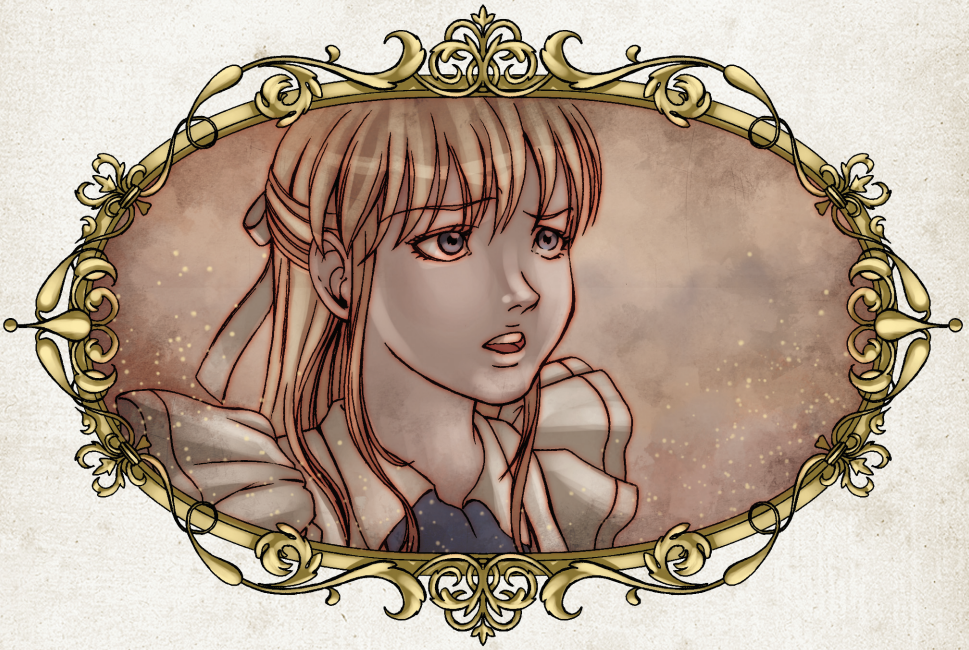

FIRE!
OH! OUCH! YOU BETTER NOT DO THAT AGAIN!
FIRE!
MY, WHAT DELIGHTFUL LITTLE CAKES!
IF I EAT ONE OF THEM, IT'S SURE TO MAKE SOME CHANGE IN MY SIZE.
AND, AS IT CAN'T POSSIBLY MAKE ME LARGER, IT MUST MAKE ME SMALLER, I SUPPOSE.
FIRE!
WELL, I HARDLY KNOW--I'M A DEAL TOO FLUSTERED TO TELL YOU.
ALL I KNOW IS, SOMETHING COMES UP AT ME LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-BOX, AND UP I GOES LIKE A SKY ROCKET!
The little cake did make Alice smaller, much smaller, and she slipped away without anyone noticing.


OH! OH MY!
WHAT A DEAR LITTLE...WELL, A DEAR GREAT THING IT IS!!
FETCH! THAT'S A GOOD BOY!
WHAT A DEAR LITTLE PUPPY IT WAS! I SHOULD HAVE LIKED TEACHING IT TRICKS VERY MUCH, IF ONLY I'D BEEN THE RIGHT SIZE TO--
OH!

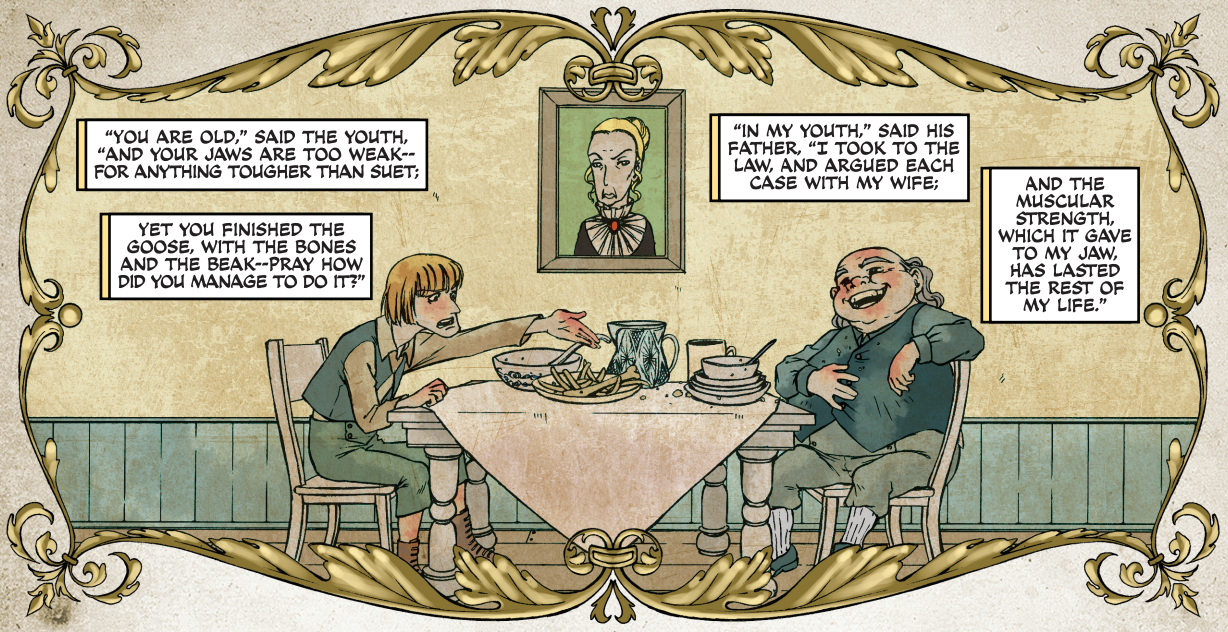

WHO ARE YOU?
I-I HARDLY KNOW, SIR, JUST AT PRESENT--AT LEAST I KNOW WHO I WAS WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING.
BUT I THINK I MUST HAVE BEEN CHANGED SEVERAL TIMES SINCE THEN.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? EXPLAIN YOURSELF!
I CAN'T EXPLAIN MYSELF, I'M AFRAID, SIR, BECAUSE I'M NOT MYSELF, YOU SEE.
I DON'T SEE.
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T MAKE IT CLEARER, FOR I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF, AND BEING SO MANY SIZES IN ONE DAY IS VERY CONFUSING.

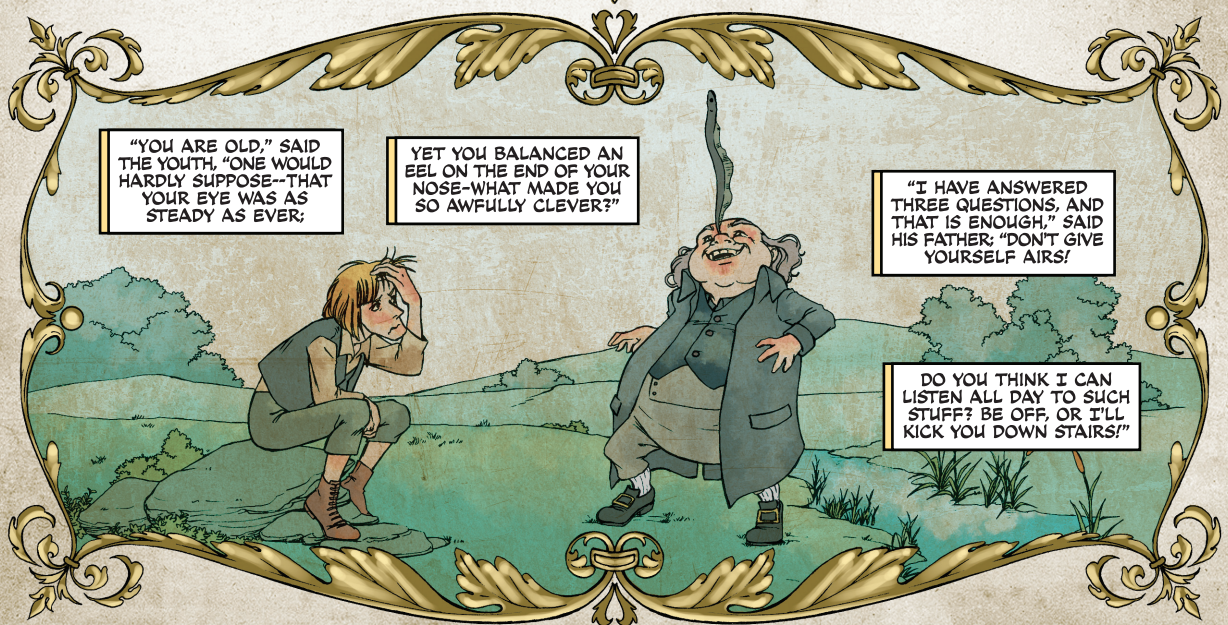

IT ISN'T.
WELL PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T FOUND IT SO YET.
ONE DAY, WHEN YOU TURN INTO A CHRYSALIS, AND THEN A BUTTERFLY YOU'LL FIND IT STRANGE WON'T YOU?
NOT A BIT.
WELL, YOUR FEELINGS MIGHT BE DIFFERENT, BUT IT WOULD FEEL VERY PECULIAR TO ME!
YOU! WHO ARE *YOU?*
I THINK YOU OUGHT TO TELL ME WHO YOU ARE, FIRST.
WHY?
COME BACK!
I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY!
SO, YOU BELIEVE YOU HAVE CHANGED?
I HAVE SIR, I CAN'T REMEMBER THE SAME THINGS AS I USED TO, AND I'M CHANGING SIZE EVERY TEN MINUTES!
I SEE. COULD YOU PLEASE RECITE *"YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM".*

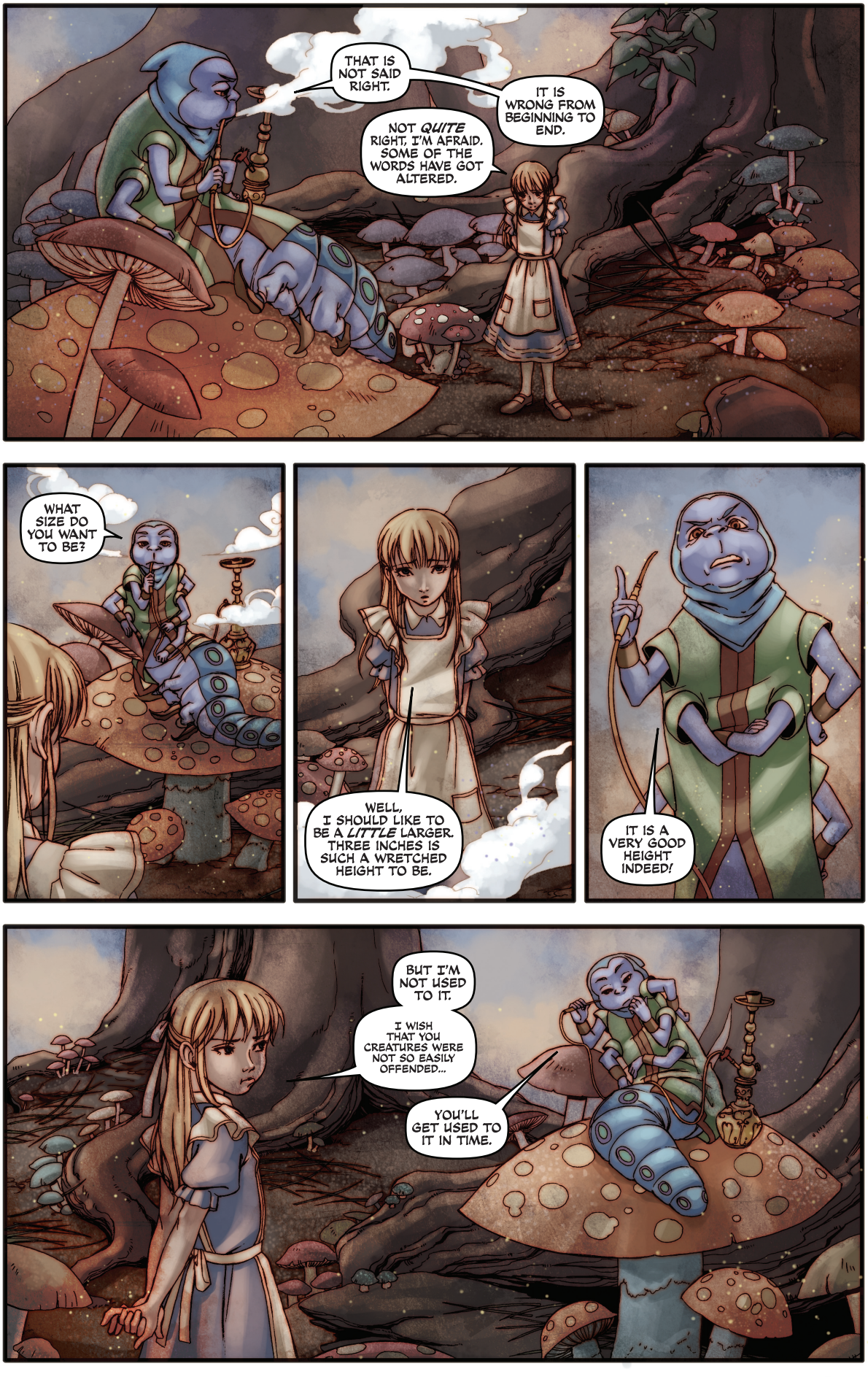

"YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM," THE YOUNG MAN SAID, "AND YOUR HAIR HAS BECOME VERY WHITE;
AND YET YOU INCESSANTLY STAND ON YOUR HEAD--DO YOU THINK, AT YOUR AGE, IT IS RIGHT?"
"IN MY YOUTH," FATHER WILLIAM REPLIED TO HIS SON, "I FEARED IT MIGHT INJURE THE BRAIN;
BUT, NOW THAT I'M PERFECTLY SURE I HAVE NONE, WHY, I DO IT AGAIN AND AGAIN."

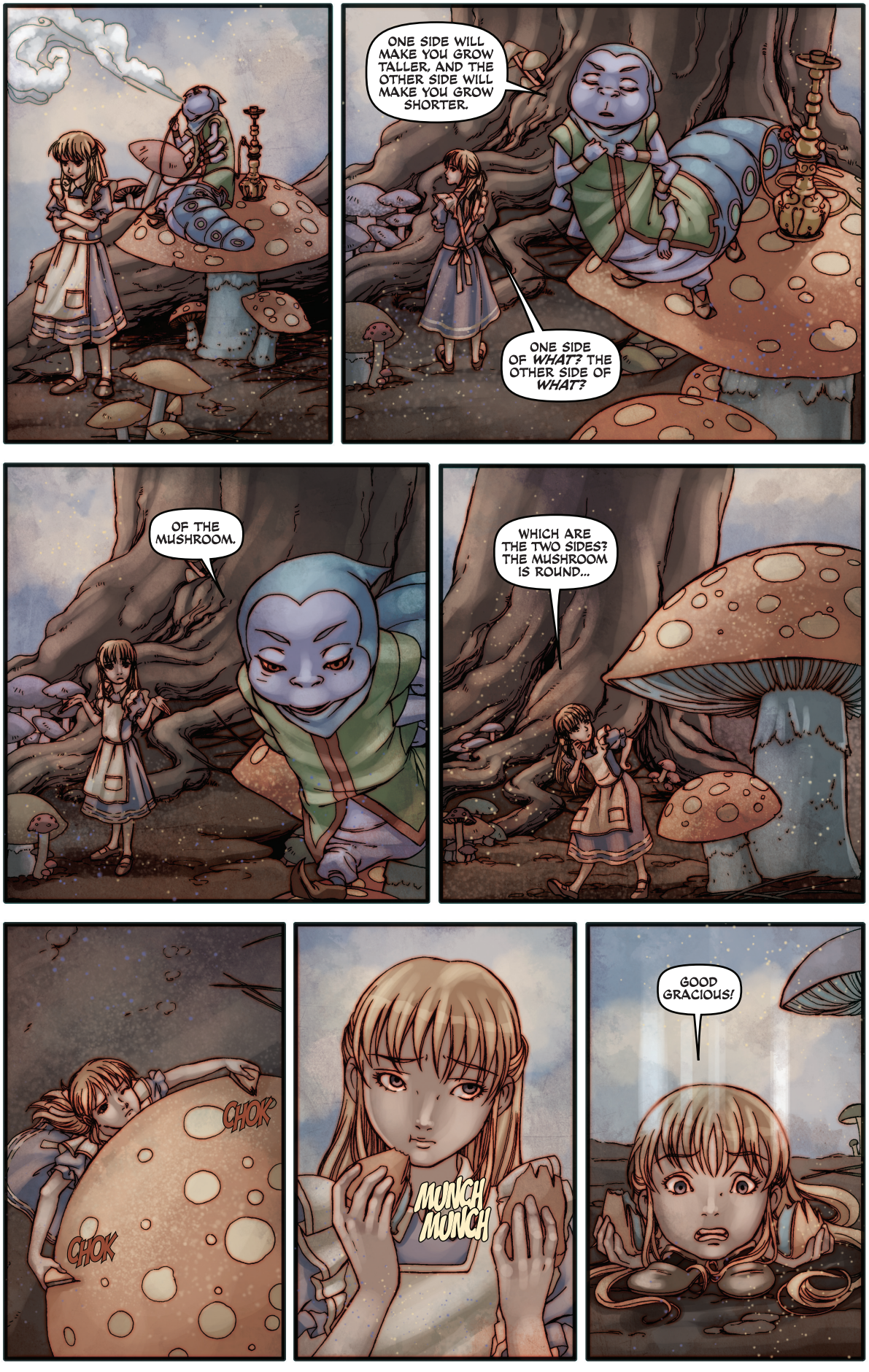


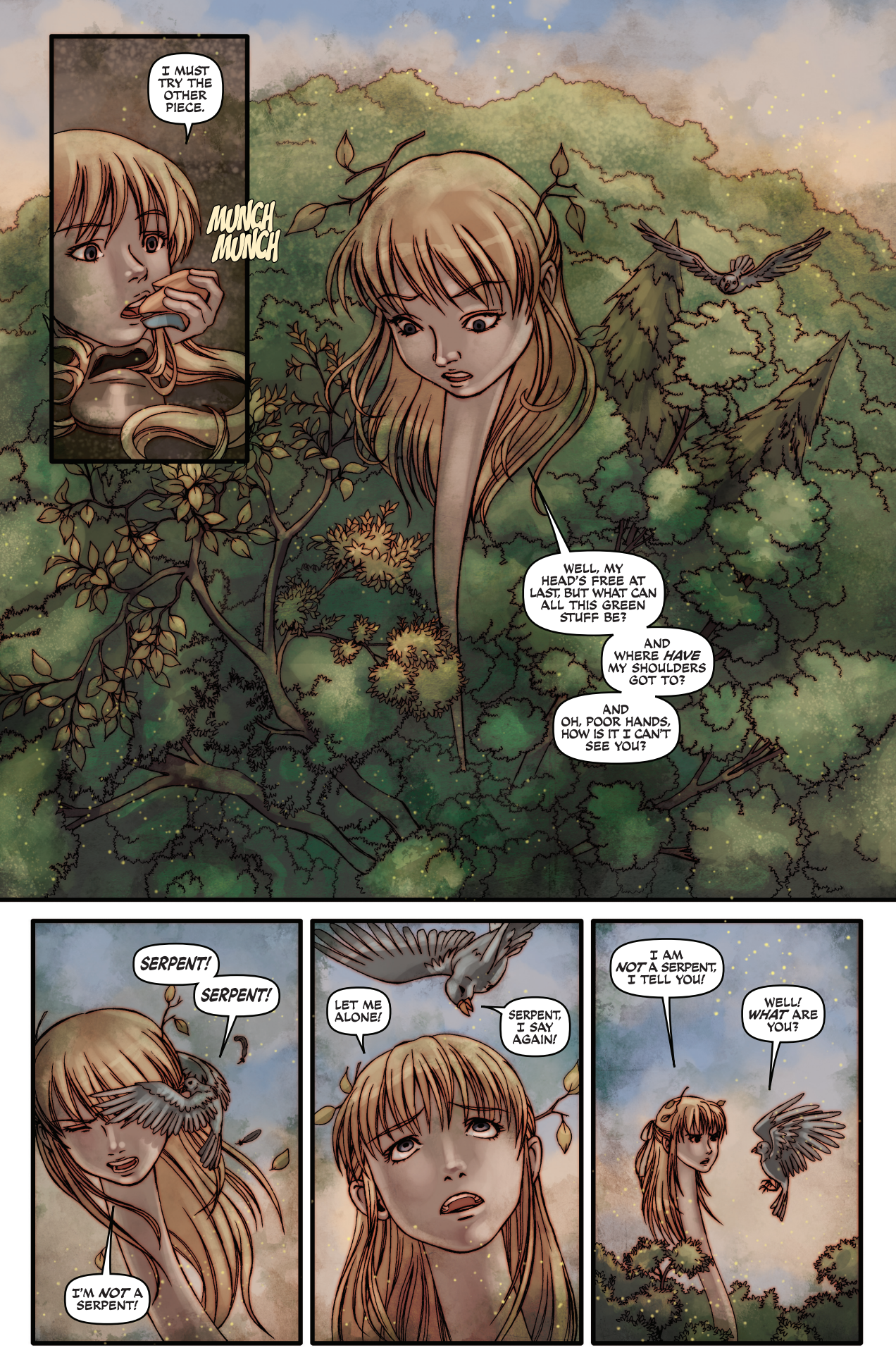
"YOU ARE OLD," SAID THE YOUTH, "AS I MENTIONED BEFORE, AND HAVE GROWN MOST UNCOMMONLY FAT;
YET YOU TURNED A BACK-SOMERSAULT IN AT THE DOOR PRAY, WHAT IS THE REASON OF THAT?"
"IN MY YOUTH," SAID THE SAGE, AS HE SHOOK HIS GREY LOCKS, "I KEPT ALL MY LIMBS VERY SUPPLE
BY THE USE OF THIS OINTMENT--ONE SHILLING THE BOX--ALLOW ME TO SELL YOU A COUPLE?"

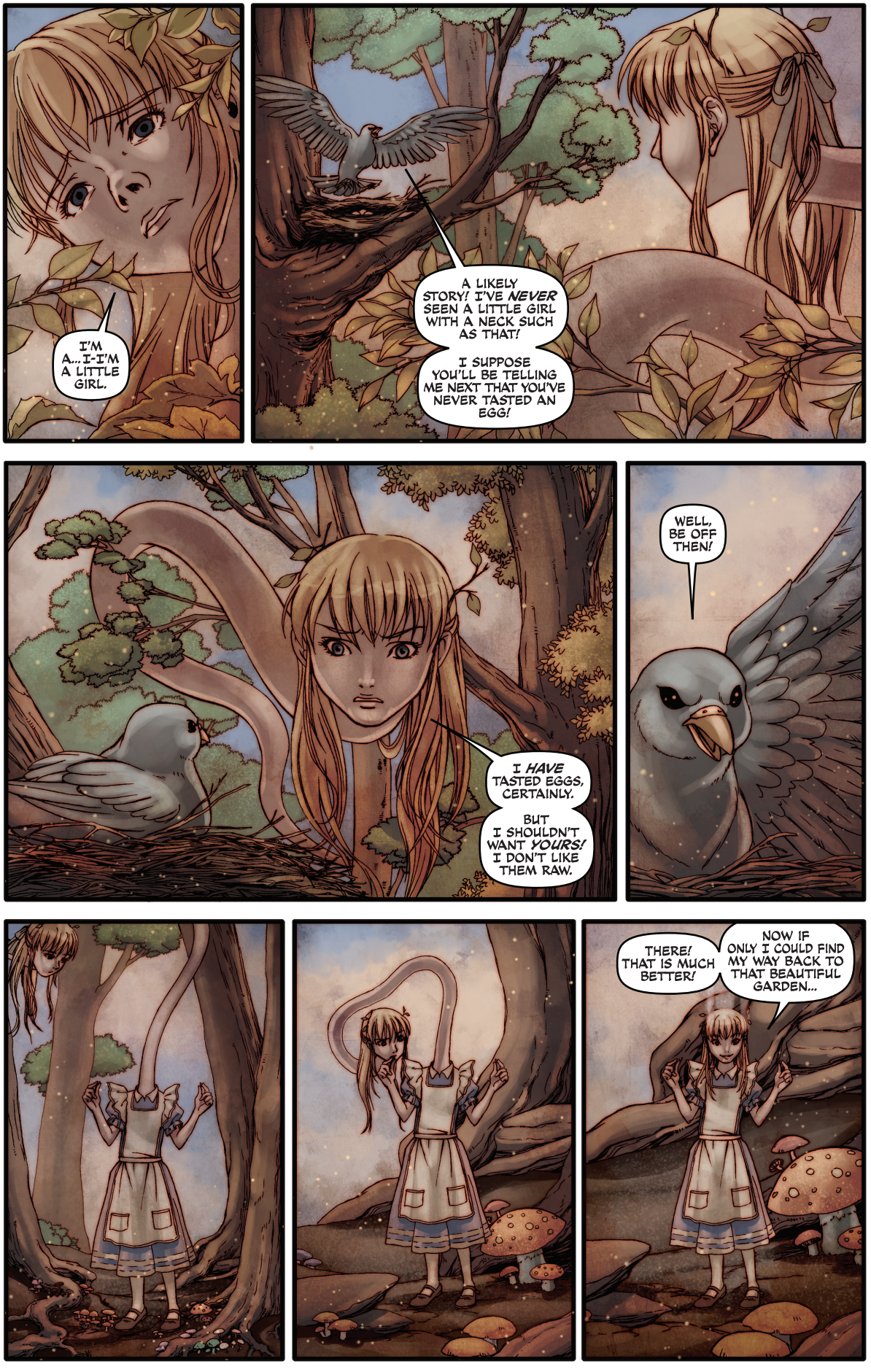

"YOU ARE OLD," SAID THE YOUTH, "AND YOUR JAWS ARE TOO WEAK--FOR ANYTHING TOUGHER THAN SUET;
YET YOU FINISHED THE GOOSE, WITH THE BONES AND THE BEAK--PRAY HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO DO IT?"
"IN MY YOUTH," SAID HIS FATHER, "I TOOK TO THE LAW, AND ARGUED EACH CASE WITH MY WIFE;
AND THE MUSCULAR STRENGTH, WHICH IT GAVE TO MY JAW, HAS LASTED THE REST OF MY LIFE."

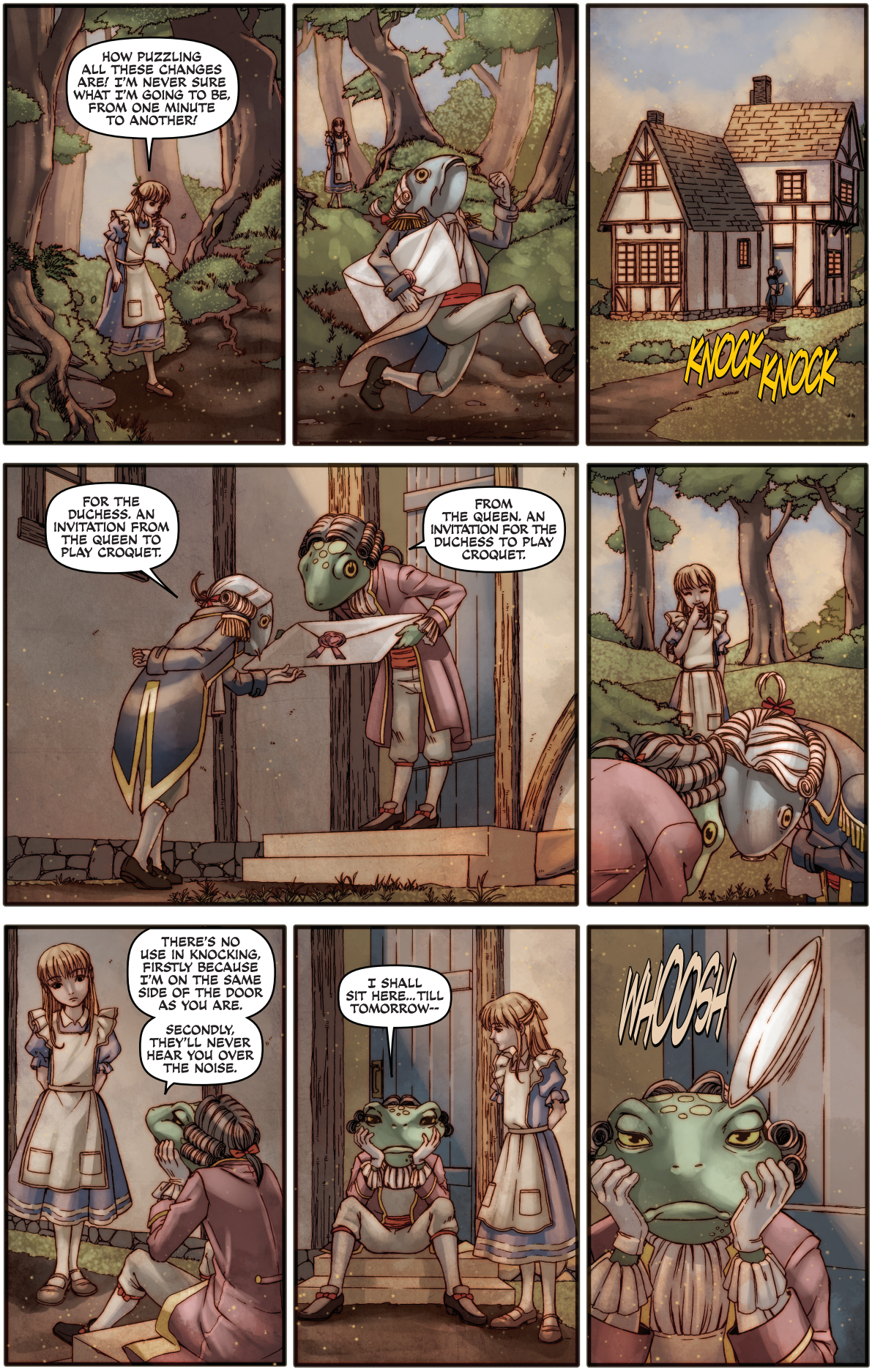

"YOU ARE OLD," SAID THE YOUTH, "ONE WOULD HARDLY SUPPOSE--THAT YOUR EYE WAS AS STEADY AS EVER;
YET YOU BALANCED AN EEL ON THE END OF YOUR NOSE-WHAT MADE YOU SO AWFULLY CLEVER?"
"I HAVE ANSWERED THREE QUESTIONS, AND THAT IS ENOUGH," SAID HIS FATHER; "DON'T GIVE YOURSELF AIRS!
DO YOU THINK I CAN LISTEN ALL DAY TO SUCH STUFF? BE OFF, OR I'LL KICK YOU DOWN STAIRS!"


THAT IS NOT SAID RIGHT.
IT IS WRONG FROM BEGINNING TO END.
NOT *QUITE* RIGHT, I'M AFRAID. SOME OF THE WORDS HAVE GOT ALTERED.
WHAT SIZE DO YOU WANT TO BE?
WELL, I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A *LITTLE* LARGER. THREE INCHES IS SUCH A WRETCHED HEIGHT TO BE.
IT IS A VERY GOOD HEIGHT INDEED!
BUT I'M NOT USED TO IT.
I WISH THAT YOU CREATURES WERE NOT SO EASILY OFFENDED...
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT IN TIME.


ONE SIDE WILL MAKE YOU GROW TALLER, AND THE OTHER SIDE WILL MAKE YOU GROW SHORTER.
ONE SIDE OF *WHAT?* THE OTHER SIDE OF *WHAT?*
OF THE MUSHROOM.
WHICH ARE THE TWO SIDES? THE MUSHROOM IS ROUND...
CHOK
CHOK
MUNCH MUNCH
GOOD GRACIOUS!

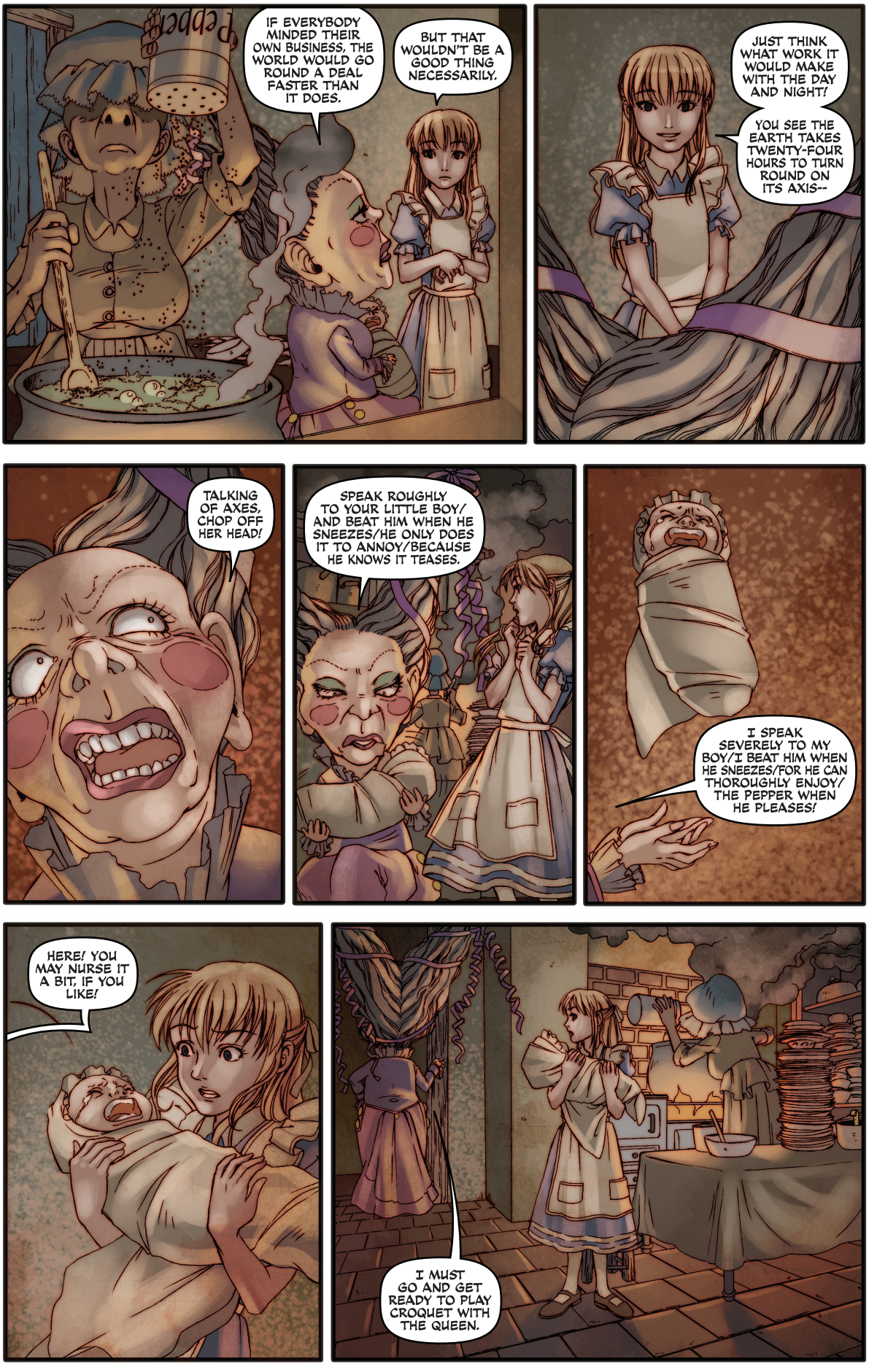

I MUST TRY THE OTHER PIECE.
MUNCH MUNCH
WELL, MY HEAD'S FREE AT LAST, BUT WHAT CAN ALL THIS GREEN STUFF BE?
AND WHERE *HAVE* MY SHOULDERS GOT TO?
AND OH, POOR HANDS, HOW IS IT I CAN'T SEE YOU?
SERPENT!
SERPENT!
I'M *NOT* A SERPENT!
LET ME ALONE!
SERPENT, I SAY AGAIN!
I AM *NOT* A SERPENT, I TELL YOU!
WELL! *WHAT* ARE YOU?

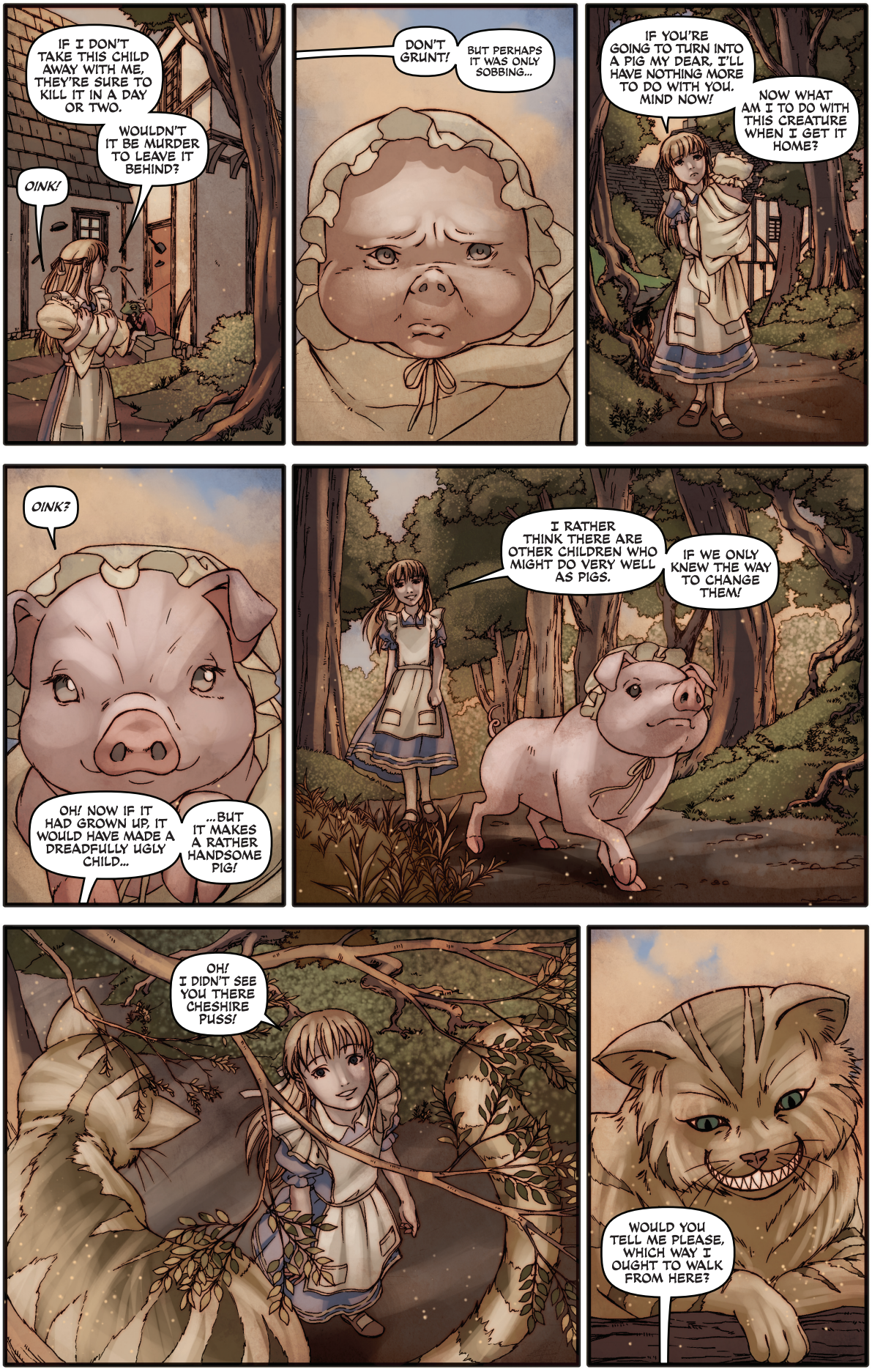

I'M A... I-I'M A LITTLE GIRL.
A LIKELY STORY! I'VE *NEVER* SEEN A LITTLE GIRL WITH A NECK SUCH AS THAT!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE TELLING ME NEXT THAT YOU'VE NEVER TASTED AN EGG!
I *HAVE* TASTED EGGS, CERTAINLY.
BUT I SHOULDN'T WANT *YOURS!* I DON'T LIKE THEM RAW.
WELL, BE OFF THEN!
THERE! THAT IS MUCH BETTER!
NOW IF ONLY I COULD FIND MY WAY BACK TO THAT BEAUTIFUL GARDEN...

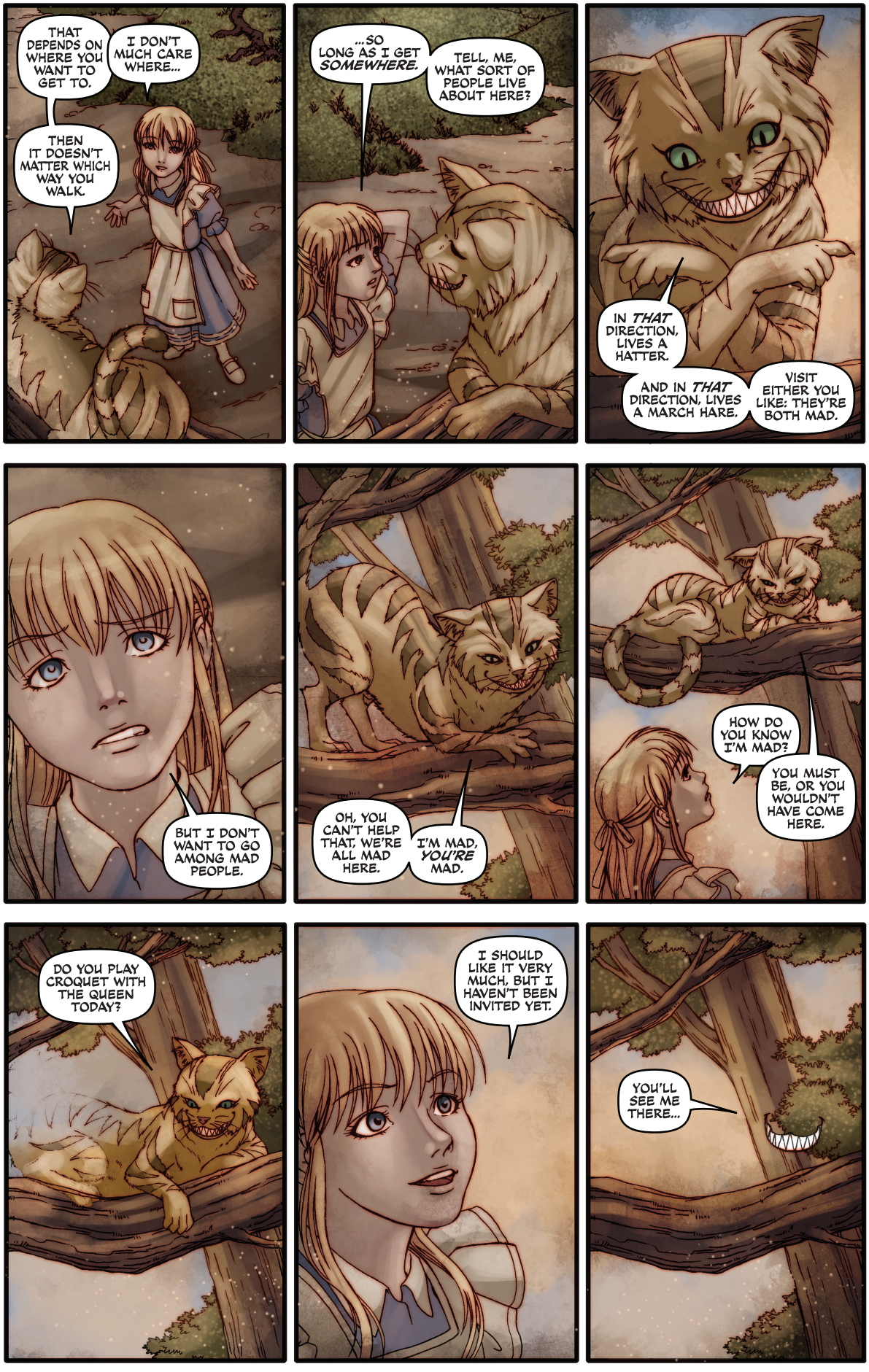

HOW PUZZLING ALL THESE CHANGES ARE! I'M NEVER SURE WHAT I'M GOING TO BE, FROM ONE MINUTE TO ANOTHER!
KNOCK KNOCK
FOR THE DUCHESS. AN INVITATION FROM THE QUEEN TO PLAY CROQUET.
FROM THE QUEEN. AN INVITATION FOR THE DUCHESS TO PLAY CROQUET.
THERE'S NO USE IN KNOCKING, FIRSTLY BECAUSE I'M ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE DOOR AS YOU ARE.
SECONDLY, THEY'LL NEVER HEAR YOU OVER THE NOISE.
I SHALL SIT HERE...TILL TOMORROW--
WHOOSH

--OR THE NEXT DAY, MAYBE...
SMASH
WELL, THERE'S NO USE TALKING TO HIM! HE'S PERFECTLY IDIOTIC!
AH-CHOO!
WAAAAA-CHOO! WA-CHOO! WAAAAAAAAH!

THERE IS ?AH-CHOO? CERTAINLY TOO MUCH PEPPER IN THAT SOUP!
AH-TSHOO! WAAAAAAAAAH
PLEASE, WOULD YOU TELL ME, ?AH-CHOO? WHY YOUR CAT GRINS LIKE THAT?
IT'S A CHESHIRE CAT, AND THAT'S WHY.
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT CHESHIRE CATS ALWAYS GRINNED; IN FACT, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT CATS COULD GRIN.
THEY ALL CAN. AND MOST OF 'EM DO.
YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH AND THAT'S A FACT.
OH, PLEASE MIND WHAT YOU ARE DOING!
SMASH
CRASSH
WHOOSH
AND WATCH OUT FOR HIS LITTLE NOSE!


IF EVERYBODY MINDED THEIR OWN BUSINESS, THE WORLD WOULD GO ROUND A DEAL FASTER THAN IT DOES.
BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE A GOOD THING NECESSARILY.
JUST THINK WHAT WORK IT WOULD MAKE WITH THE DAY AND NIGHT!
YOU SEE THE EARTH TAKES TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO TURN ROUND ON ITS AXIS--
TALKING OF AXES, CHOP OFF HER HEAD!
SPEAK ROUGHLY TO YOUR LITTLE BOY/ AND BEAT HIM WHEN HE SNEEZES/HE ONLY DOES IT TO ANNOY/BECAUSE HE KNOWS IT TEASES.
I SPEAK SEVERELY TO MY BOY/I BEAT HIM WHEN HE SNEEZES/FOR HE CAN THOROUGHLY ENJOY/ THE PEPPER WHEN HE PLEASES!
HERE! YOU MAY NURSE IT A BIT, IF YOU LIKE!
I MUST GO AND GET READY TO PLAY CROQUET WITH THE QUEEN.


IF I DON'T TAKE THIS CHILD AWAY WITH ME, THEY'RE SURE TO KILL IT IN A DAY OR TWO.
WOULDN'T IT BE MURDER TO LEAVE IT BEHIND?
OINK!
DON'T GRUNT!
BUT PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY SOBBING...
IF YOU'RE GOING TO TURN INTO A PIG MY DEAR, I'LL HAVE NOTHING MORE TO DO WITH YOU. MIND NOW!
NOW WHAT AM I TO DO WITH THIS CREATURE WHEN I GET IT HOME?
OINK?
OH! NOW IF IT HAD GROWN UP, IT WOULD HAVE MADE A DREADFULLY UGLY CHILD...
...BUT IT MAKES A RATHER HANDSOME PIG!
I RATHER THINK THERE ARE OTHER CHILDREN WHO MIGHT DO VERY WELL AS PIGS.
IF WE ONLY KNEW THE WAY TO CHANGE THEM!
OH! I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE CHESHIRE PUSS!
WOULD YOU TELL ME PLEASE, WHICH WAY I OUGHT TO WALK FROM HERE?


THAT DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU WANT TO GET TO.
I DON'T MUCH CARE WHERE...
THEN IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH WAY YOU WALK.
...SO LONG AS I GET SOMEWHERE.
TELL, ME, WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE LIVE ABOUT HERE?
IN THAT DIRECTION, LIVES A HATTER.
AND IN THAT DIRECTION, LIVES A MARCH HARE.
VISIT EITHER YOU LIKE; THEY'RE BOTH MAD.
BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO AMONG MAD PEOPLE.
OH, YOU CAN'T HELP THAT, WE'RE ALL MAD HERE.
I'M MAD, YOU'RE MAD.
HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M MAD?
YOU MUST BE, OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE.
DO YOU PLAY CROQUET WITH THE QUEEN TODAY?
I SHOULD LIKE IT VERY MUCH, BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED YET.
YOU'LL SEE ME THERE...

WELL, I'VE OFTEN SEEN A CAT WITHOUT A GRIN, BUT A GRIN WITHOUT A CAT!
IT'S THE MOST CURIOUS THING I EVER SAW IN ALL MY LIFE!
OH DEAR! SUPPOSE THE MARCH HARE SHOULD BE *RAVING* MAD...
I ALMOST WISH I'D GONE TO SEE THE HATTER INSTEAD!
TO BE CONTINUED

All in the Golden Afternoon

"All in the Golden Afternoon" is Lewis Carroll's introductory poem in his book *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* in which he recalls the afternoon on which he improvised the Alice in Wonderland story on a boat-trip from Oxford to Godstow, for the benefit of the three Liddell sisters, Lorina ('Prima'), Alice ('Secunda') and Edith ('Tertia').

All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little hands are plied
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict to 'begin it'-
In gentler tone Secunda hopes
'There will be nonsense in it!' -
While Tertia interrupts the tale
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast -
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
'The rest next time -It is next time!'
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out -
and now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.

Alice! a childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
Plucked in far-off land

Creating Wonderland

THE COMPLETE ALICE IN WONDERLAND • Issue One, Page Two.
Script by Leah Moore and John Reppion

This is a three panel page with one wide letterbox type panel across the top of the page and then two tall panels under it. We have tried to open the layouts up as much as we can where we have the room, just so the backgrounds become a real feature of the story. We love how you handled the interior of the house on the tryout pages so we want to give you plenty of room to show off!

Panel One.

This is a wide panel with Alice crawling along the rabbit hole towards us. We can see the round bright shape of the rabbit hole entrance in the left background, and the rabbits backside going out of shot to the right in the right foreground. Between the rabbit hole entrance and the rabbit, the centre midground we have Alice crawling along on her hands and knees as she follows the rabbit. Roots hang down and brush against her face, and little bugs and beetles hurry out of her way as she passes by. She doesn't lo keen remotely scared. One caption from the narrator.

Cap: The rabbit hole went along like a tunnel, and then dipped suddenly down, so Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself.

Panel Two.

This is a tall shot with Alice falling into shot at the top of the panel. She keeps falling for the next four panels, and we imagine that instead of her skirt inflating like the Disney film, that she should slowly tumble head over heels over the course of the four panels. We thought this would look like she was actually falling rather than floating, and it would enable her to reach out for objects at different angles making the panels more interesting to draw and read. In this shot she is just falling into shot, so maybe we can only se two thirds of her, with her feet still being up out of sight off panel top. She is reaching out to take a jar labelled "Marmalade" off a shelf she is falling past. The rest of the panel is a dark vertical tunnel, which has items of furniture randomly placed here and there on the walls. We had the idea that the items on these panels could prefigure the rest of the story, and kind of resemble things Alice might have herself at home (I think we stole this from the David Bowie film Labyrinth by the way). The walls are dotted with roll top desks, and little glass fronted cupboards and bookcases, it has tall grandfather clocks and rocking chairs. The shelves and cupboards have all kinds of things on them (apart from the marmalade Alice grabs) including a teapot, a cup and saucer, a top hat, a little toy rabbit with buttons for eyes, some playing cards, chess pieces, a nursery rhyme book, open at Humpty Dumpty, to name just a few. You don't have to fit them all in, but it would be cool if there were things to spot in each panel, and if those items were ones that cropped up again in the rest of the book. Some (like humpty dumpty) don't happen until issue 3 or 4 but that will be a nice thing to realise when you re-read it for the second time. One little thing we also thought of was that in each of the four falling panels there should be a framed picture somewhere of the Cheshire cat. They don't have to be in the same frame, or in the same place in the panel even. In the picture in Page Two Panel Two, it's the whole cat, in Page Two Panel Three, it is vanishing away, so we can see through part of it, in Page Three Panel One it's just the head that's left, and on Page Three panel Two it's just the smile. There are two captions from the narrator and one balloon from Alice.

Cap: She found herself falling down what seemed to be a deep well.

Cap: Either the well was very deep or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her.

Panel Three.

This is another tall panel, but Alice is further down the panel now. All the objects and pieces of furniture are different now, so we have an overstuffed armchair, a cuckoo clock, a candelabra, and other items dotted here and there. Maybe there's a framed print of a Gryphon or a copy of The Jabberwocky on a bookshelf. Alice is opening the jar of marmalade as she falls, peering into it to see if there is any actual marmalade inside. Her feet stick out towards the left now, her body turning as she falls. There are two balloons from Alice.

Alice: Well! After such a fall as this I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they'll all think me at home!

Alice: Why, I shouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!

Left: Érica Awano's finished line art for page 2 of this issue
Top right: Érica Awano's rough layout for page 2 of this issue
Bottom right: PC Siqueira's final colors for page 2 of this issue

Notes for the art and colors by Leah and John

Firstly I'd like to say Hello Érica! We are really glad to have you working with us on this project, the samples you did look fantastic, and it will really help us with the scripting knowing the art is in a safe pair of hands! If you need any further reference or inspiration then the original illustrations by John Tenniel are fantastic. The character faces are so weird and unsettling, and the whole vibe is that little bit darker than the Disney Alice we all know and love. The other person I had floating about in my head was Arthur Rackham although his style is obviously more scratchy and busy, where yours is really clean. I just liked the darkness of his drawings, especially the nursery rhymes, and fairy stories, there's a sense of menace there. Obviously quite a lot of Alice's adventures are not at all menacing, but there are parts where things become a bit strange, so maybe bear Rackham in mind for those bits?

For the colorist (these notes were made before PC Siqueira was selected for the project): We would love it if the colouring on this book was very old fashioned looking. The watercolour illustrations you can find in some editions of the book have really nice washed out pastel palettes to them, or maybe like the hand tinted Victorian photographs? I think because we have no time of day (Alice jumps about in space and time so much there's no sunset or night time really, so the light source is usually just a bright sunny day) and because Erica's style is so lovely and clean, we could get away with doing quite simple colouring and shading. I think watercolour is the best way to describe it.