



Through the Looking- Glass
Lewis Carroll, adapted by LAMDA

As Alice shows her cat the Looking-Glass House, she is amazed when the glass they're looking through melts away. Alice finds herself in the Looking-Glass room and is excited to discover what lies within it.

ALICE: First, there's the room you can see through glass- that's just the same as our drawing room, only things go the other way. And then there's the bit behind the fireplace- I do wish I could see *that* bit! I wonder whether they've a fire in the winter: you can never tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then the smoke comes up in that room too- but that may be only pretence, just to make it look as if they had a fire. The books are something like our books. Only the words go the wrong way: I know that, because I've held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.

How would you like to live in the Looking-Glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they'd give you milk in there? But oh, Kitty! Now we come to the passage. You can just see a little peep of the passage in the Looking-Glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open: and it's very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond.

Oh, Kitty! How nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-Glass House! I'm sure it's got such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend there's a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let's pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through.

(The glass begins to melt away)

Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now! Wait... it should be easy enough to just *(Alice starts to climb through the glass)* climb through... *(Alice jumps lightly down into the Looking-Glass room)*

Wow.

(Alice looks around)

Oh! The pictures- they're alive! And this clock has the face of a little old man. And here are the Red King and the Red Queen. And there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel- and here are two castles walking arm in arm.

(Alice peers at the two castles)

I don't think they can hear me. I'm nearly sure they can't see me. I feel somehow as if I were invisible. I've got to see what the rest of the house is like!

Chapter 1, 'Looking Glass-House'