



*The March Hare and the Hatter were having tea.*

'Do you mean you know the answer?' said the March Hare.

'Yes,' said Alice.

'Then you must say what you mean,' the March Hare said.

'I do,' Alice said quickly. 'Well, I mean what I say. And that's the same thing, you know.'

'No, it isn't!' said the Hatter. 'Listen to this. *I see what I eat* means one thing, but *I eat what I see* means something very different.'

Alice did not know what to say to this. So she took some tea and some bread-and-butter while she thought about it. The Dormouse woke up for a minute and then went to sleep again. After a while the Hatter took out his watch, shook it, then looked at it sadly.

'Two days slow! I told you that butter wasn't good for watches!' he said angrily to the March Hare.

'It was the *best* butter,' said the March Hare sadly.

Alice was looking at the watch with interest. 'It's a strange watch,' she said. 'It shows the day of the week, but not the time.'

'But we know the time,' said the Hatter. 'It's always six o'clock here.'

Alice suddenly understood. 'Is that why there are all these cups and plates?' she said. 'It's always tea-time here, and you go on moving round the table. Is that right? But what happens when you come to the beginning again?'

'Don't ask questions,' said the March Hare crossly. 'You must tell us a story now.'

'But I don't know any stories,' said Alice.