

Lewis Carroll - Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865)
 from CHAPTER V - *Advice from a Caterpillar*

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

“Who are YOU?” said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, “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?” said the Caterpillar sternly. “Explain yourself!”

“I can't explain MYSELF, I'm afraid, sir” said Alice, “because I'm not myself, you see.”

“I don't see,” said the Caterpillar.

“I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly,” Alice replied very politely, “for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.”

“It isn't,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet,” said Alice; “but when you have to turn into a chrysalis – you will some day, you know – and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?”

“Not a bit,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,” said Alice; “all I know is, it would feel very queer to ME.”

“You!” said the Caterpillar contemptuously. “Who are YOU?”

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation.



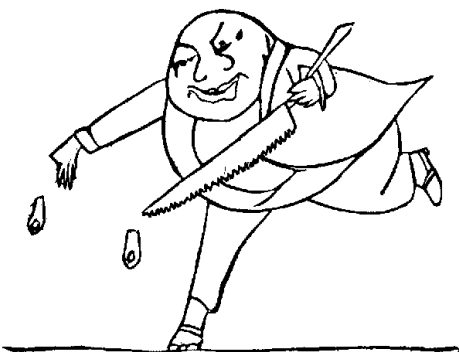
Edward Lear from *A Book of Nonsense* (1861)



There was a Young Lady whose eyes,
Were unique as to colour and size;
When she opened them wide,
People all turned aside,
And started away in surprise.



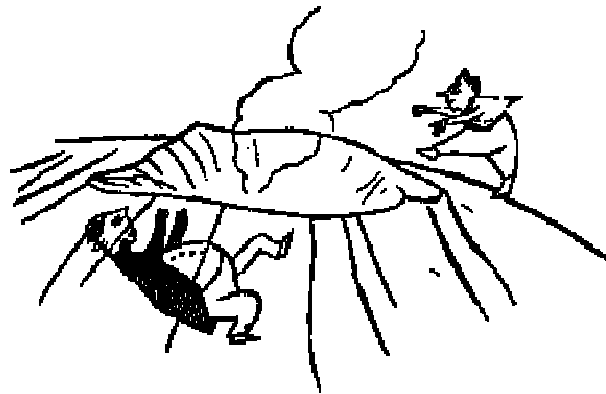
There was an Old Man of Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born;
So he sat on a chair,
Till he died of despair,
That dolorous Man of Cape Horn.



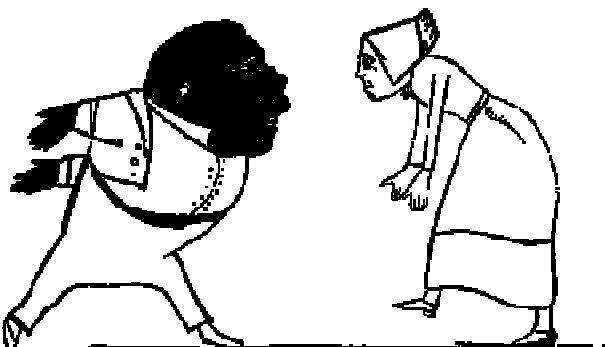
There was an Old Man of the Nile,
Who sharpened his nails with a file,
Till he cut out his thumbs,
And said calmly, 'This comes
Of sharpening one's nails with a file!'



There was a Young Lady of Lucca,
 Whose lovers completely forsook her;
 She ran up a tree,
 And said, 'Fiddle-de-dee!'
 Which embarrassed the people of Lucca.



There was an Old Person of Gretna
 Who rushed down the crater of Etna;
 When they said 'Is it hot?'
 He replied 'No, it's not!'
 That mendacious Old Person of Gretna.



There was an Old Man of Jamaica,
 Who suddenly married a Quaker;
 But she cried out, 'Alack!
 I have married a black!'
 Which distressed that Old Man of Jamaica.