



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?



How do you know I'm mad?
We're all mad here. I'm mad.
You're mad
or you wouldn't have come here.



Explain yourself!

I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir.
Because I'm not myself, you see.



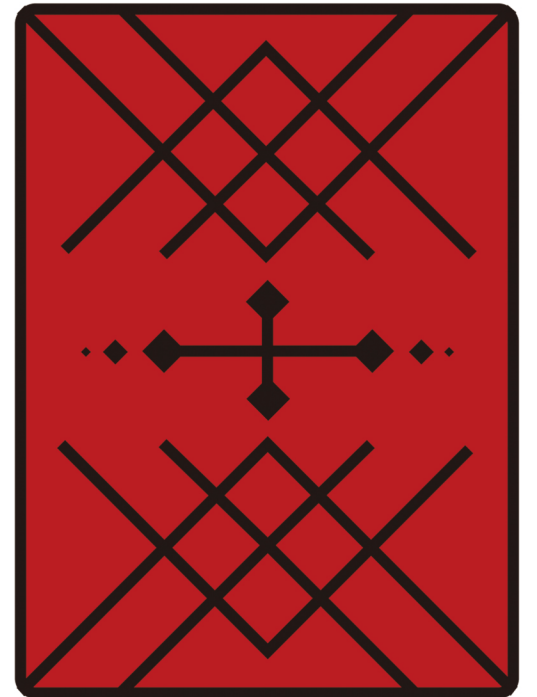
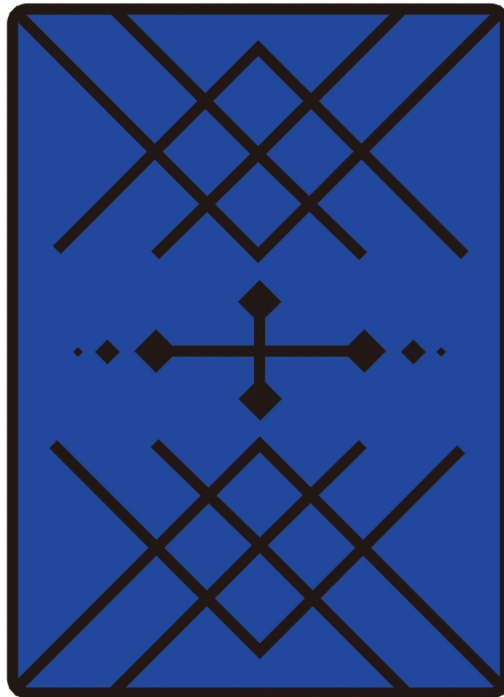
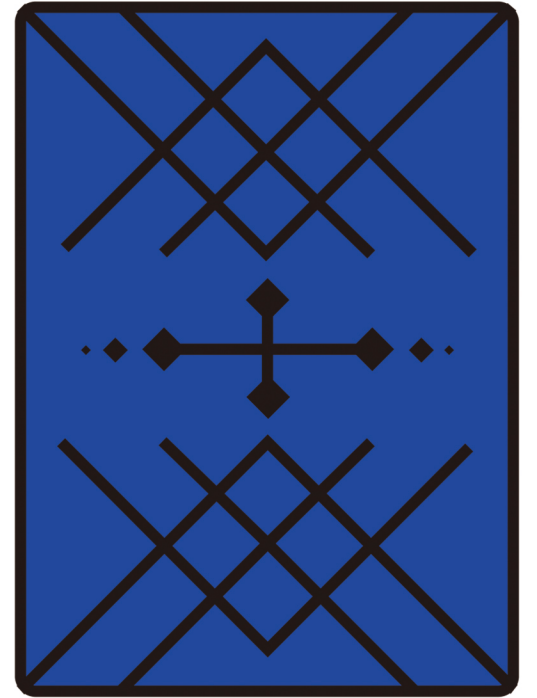
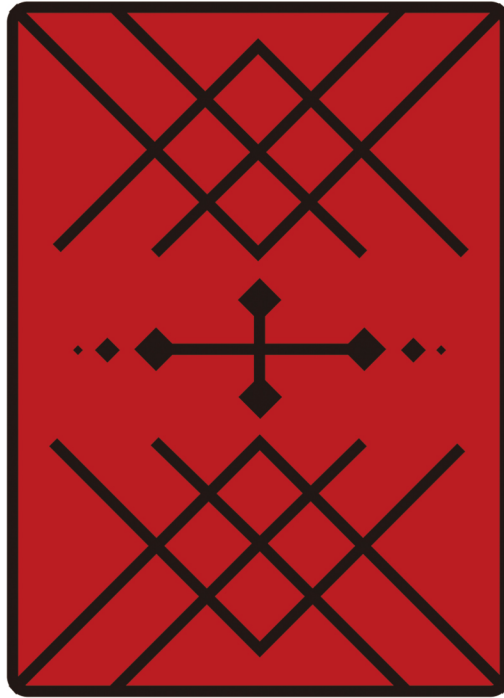
Somehow it seems to fill my head
with ideas --
I don't exactly know what they are!



What mattered it to her just then that
the rushes had begun to fade,
and to lose all their scent and beauty,
from the very moment that she picked them



I am real!
You won't make yourself a bit realer by crying.
There's nothing to cry about.
I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?





That's not your fault
you're beginning to fade,
you know.



I can't go back to yesterday because
I was a different person then.



It sounds uncommon
NONSENSE



Shall we be trotting home again?
But answer came there none