

Unit 18, Lesson 5



“Alice in Wonderland”
p. 337-342 *Classics for Young Readers, Vol 6*

May 9, 2014

Standards

R1.3.6.C Compare the **literary elements** within and among texts used by an author, including **characterization**, setting, plot, **theme**, and **point of view**.

R6.A.2.3.1: Make inferences and/or draw conclusions based on information from text.

R6.A.2.6.1: Identify the author's intended purpose of text.

R6.A.1.2.2: Define and/or apply how the meaning of words or phrases changes when using context clues given in explanatory sentences.

Objectives

- Students will be able to summarize our story thus far focusing on key events.
- Students will be able to make a prediction on how the story will end based on clues from the story.

Essential Question?

- What is literal language? How does it create conflict in our story?

Let's review...

- What happened in our story thus far?

it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking, as it went, "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*?" thought Alice to herself.

"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and, as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

"And now which is which?" she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect.

The next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin: it had struck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly: so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot, that there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

[After a good deal of violent shrinking down and shooting up, Alice manages, by very carefully nibbling first at one side of the mushroom and then at the other, to succeed in restoring herself to her usual height. She proceeds on her way and continues to have extraordinary adventures. She comes across a tiny house and uses the mushroom to shrink herself to nine inches. In this house she

morsel: a tiny piece

meets a very cross Duchess. The Duchess has a large cat—a Cheshire cat—that grins from ear to ear. The Duchess is holding a crying baby. When the Duchess suddenly leaves to go play croquet with the Queen, she flings the baby at Alice. When Alice takes the baby into her arms, she hears a grunting sound.]

"Don't grunt," said Alice; "that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a very turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose: also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear" said Alice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?" when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be no mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any further.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have made a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "if one



only knew the right way to change them—” when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had very long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

“Cheshire Puss,” she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. “Come, it’s pleased so far,” thought Alice, and she went on: “Would you tell me, please,

which way I ought to go from here?”

“That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,” said the Cat.

“I don’t much care where—,” said Alice.

“Then it doesn’t matter which way you go,” said the Cat.

“—so long as I get *somewhere*,” Alice added as an explanation.

“Oh, you’re sure to do that,” said the Cat, “if you only walk long enough.”

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. “What sort of people live about here?”

bough: a branch

“In *that* direction,” the Cat said, waving its right paw round, “lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction,” waving the other paw, “lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they’re both mad.”

“But I don’t want to go among mad people,” Alice remarked.

“Oh, you can’t help that,” said the Cat: “we’re all mad here. I’m mad. You’re mad.”

“How do you know I’m mad?” said Alice.

“You must be,” said the Cat, “or you wouldn’t have come here.”

Alice didn’t think that proved it at all; however, she went on: “And how do you know that you’re mad?”

“To begin with,” said the Cat, “a dog’s not mad. You grant that?”

“I suppose so,” said Alice.

“Well, then,” the Cat went on, “you see a dog growls when it’s angry, and wags its tail when it’s pleased. Now *I* growl when I’m pleased, and wag my tail when I’m angry. Therefore I’m mad.”

“I call it purring, not growling,” said Alice.

“Call it what you like,” said the Cat. “Do you play croquet with the Queen today?”

“I should like it very much,” said Alice, “but I haven’t been invited yet.”

“You’ll see me there,” said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so well used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

“By the by, what became of the baby?” said the Cat. “I’d nearly forgotten to ask.”

mad: insane

"It turned into a pig," Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself: "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say 'pig,' or 'fig'?" said the Cat.

"I said 'pig,'" replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy!"

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!"

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up toward it rather timidly, saying to herself, "Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

giddy: dizzy

Let's see what you know...

What does Alice mean when she says, "I don't much care where—"?

- She is willing to go anywhere at all.
- She wants to go up in the tree with the Cheshire Cat.
- She is not picky about a specific place as long as she goes somewhere that makes sense.
- She wants to have tea with the Queen.

What does the Cat mean when it says, "Oh, you're sure to do that...if you only walk long enough"?

- It means that Alice will literally get somewhere if she walks long enough.
- It means that everything is meaningless and Alice will get nowhere.
- It means that if she walks toward the March Hare's residence, she will find her way home.
- It means that Alice's madness has led her into being lost.

Based on what you know about Wonderland, what do you think Alice's experience will be in the next chapter?

- She will finally meet a creature that understands her.
- She will find the White Rabbit and easily follow its directions home.
- She will meet more creatures that are confusing and twist her words.
- She will convince several creatures to change the way they use language.

All Nonsense?

Think about the following questions... Are they all pure nonsense?

1. What truth about the real world of human beings is contained in the Cat's statement, "Oh, you can't help that... we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad?"
2. Alice asks the Cat which way she ought to go, and the Cat responds: "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to." What is the sense behind this nonsense?

Homework

- COMPLETE YOUR HW TICKET
- Read pages 342-351 of “Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland” in your “Classics for Young Readers” book for THURSDAY.
- Please complete your Scantron tests