

# Through the Looking Glass By Lewis Carroll

1. Adjective \_\_\_\_\_

2. Noun \_\_\_\_\_

3. Noun \_\_\_\_\_

4. Noun \_\_\_\_\_

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... However, there was the (\_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ full in sight, so there was nothing to be done but start again. This time she came upon a large \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, with a border of daisies, and a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ growing in the middle.

"O Tiger-lily," said Alice, addressing herself to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, "I wish you could talk!"

"We can talk," said the Tiger-lily: "when there's anybody worth talking to."

Alice was so astonished that she could not speak for a minute: it quite seemed to take her breath away. At length, as the Tiger-lily only went on waving about, she spoke again, in a timid voice--almost in a whisper. "And can all the flowers talk?"

"As well as you can," said the Tiger-lily. "And a great deal louder."

"It isn't manners for us to begin, you know," said the Rose, "and I really was wondering when you'd speak! Said I to myself, 'Her face has got some sense in it, though it's not a clever one!' Still, you're the right colour, and that goes a long way."

"I don't care about the colour," the Tiger-lily remarked. "If only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right."

Alice didn't like being criticised, so she began asking questions. "Aren't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?"

"There's the tree in the middle," said the Rose: "what else is it good for?"

"But what could it do, if any danger came?" Alice asked.

"It says 'Bough-wough!'" cried a Daisy: "that's why its branches are called boughs!"

"Didn't you know that?" cried another Daisy, and here they all began shouting together, till the air seemed quite full of little shrill voices. "Silence, every one of you!" cried the Tiger-lily