**Chapter I. The Looking Glass House**

One thing was for very certain, and that was that the white kitten had nothing to do with it – it was the black kitten’s fault entirely. The white kitten had been having its face washed by the older cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it quite well considering); so it couldn’t have been the white kitten that had caused all of the trouble.

Georgie had been trying to lace up her spikes but every time she turned her back the black kitten had pulled at her laces messing them up again. Finally she scooped up the kitten and brought her to the window.

“Now listen up Kitty, you mischievous darling, or I will put you out into the cold. Soon it will be summer and do you know what that means, Kitty? Well I will explain it to you. In the summer time there will be a grand competition between all of the best athletes and if I am to win that competition, I can’t have you messing up my shoelaces now can I?”

The black kitten tilted its head to the side as though it could understand what she was saying. She continued on pointing outside at the frost bitten hurdles.

“Now Kitty, when I compete I will have to run as fast as I can while leaping over those hurdles” she declared and the kitten purred in response.

“Kitty, can you understand me?” asked Georgie. “Now don’t smile my dear, I’m asking you seriously because when I was talking just now, you watched as if you understood it. Kitty, dear, let’s pretend that you’re my opponent the Red Queen! Do you know, I think if you crouched down like you were starting a race, you’d look exactly like her. Now do try. There’s a dear!”

And Georgie got her spikes to put in front of the kitten for inspiration. However, the kitten just went back to playing with the laces. So, to punish it, she held it up to the Looking-glass, that it might see how sulky it was – “and if you’re not good directly,” she added, I’ll put you through into Looking-glass House. The glass will melt away at my touch and it will become soft like gauze so that we would be able to pass through. How would you like that?” The kitten meowed in protest.

And certainly as she said it the glass turned to mist and melted away so that they could get through. In another moment, Georgie had jumped lightly down and was now in the Looking-glass room. She noticed a fire burning in the corner and concluded that she would like very much to warm her hands upon that fire She crouched in front of the fire to try and get warm and noticed a book beside it that wasn’t in her drawing room. She picked it up to read it but was unable to make heads or tales of it.