“Will you walk a little faster?” said a whiting to a snail. “There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on your tail... won’t you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance? Will you, won’t you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?”

Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore. The White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something. Alice said to herself, “Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What WILL become of me?”

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

‘Digging for apples, indeed!’ said the Rabbit angrily. ‘Here! Come and help me out of THIS!’ (Sounds of more broken glass.)

‘But then,’ thought Alice, ‘shall I NEVER get any older than I am now? That’ll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn’t like THAT!’

Every line in the entire text is drawn clockwise around the arc in a tiny, but almost readable size. The green and pumpkin star-puffs point to everywhere the word occurred in the text. The words are drawn closest to where they appear the most in the text, and are drawn brighter if they’re used more.