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When Lewis Carroll Faced the Jabberwocky

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Lewis Carroll ran across the Oxford commons with horror in his eyes, tripping over his coat and stuttering, “B-b-beware! B-b-beware!” The grass was wet and he kept slipping, his feet flying in the air and his ass hitting the ground with a thud. In one hand he held his Bible, streaked with grass stains. Chunks of mud fell from its pages. He slid to a stop outside the rectory and hurled one of his pocket watches into the fog. “B-b-beware! B-b-beware!” he yelled, falling up the rectory stairs, pushing students out of the way. When he reached his study, he barricaded the door with a bookshelf and huddled into a corner, his mind dripping onto the hardwood floor. The door hammered loudly. He shook and stuttered, “G-g-go away, go away! Callooh! Callay!”