

## Dialogues to report

Mike: "What are you doing here, Liz? I haven't seen you since June."

Liz: "I've just come back from my holiday in Ireland."

Mike: "Did you enjoy it?"

Liz: "I love Ireland. And the Irish people were so friendly."

Mike: "Did you go to the Wicklow Mountains?"

Liz: "It was my first trip. I can show you some pictures. Are you doing anything tomorrow?"

Mike: "I must arrange a couple of things. But I am free tonight."

Liz: "You might come to my place. What time shall we meet?"

Mike: "I'll be there at eight. Is it all right?"

Mike asked Liz  . And he said  since June.

---

Liz explained that  back from her holiday in Ireland.

---

Mike wondered if  it.

---

Liz told him that she  Ireland and that the Irish people  so friendly.

---

Mike wanted to know  to the Wicklow Mountains.

---

Liz said that it  first trip and that she  some pictures.

---

And then she asked him if he  .

---

Mike explained that he  a couple of things.

---

But he added that he  free at night.

---

Liz suggested that he  place and asked him what time  .

---

Mike said he  there at eight.

---

And then he asked  all right.

---

<https://www.e-grammar.org/reported-speech/test2-exercise1/>

## from "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll

<https://www.gutenberg.org/files/11/11-h/11-h.htm#chap07>

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?”

“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 to-day?”

“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 used to queer things happening. While she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

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

“It turned into a pig,” Alice quietly said, just as if it 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 my life!”