

# ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Lewis  
Carroll

## CHAPTER I. Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was  
beginning to  
get very tired

of sitting by her  
sister on the bank,

and of having  
nothing  
to do:

once or twice  
she had peeped  
into the book her  
sister was reading,

but it had no  
pictures or  
conversations in it,

'and what is the  
use of a book,'  
thought Alice  
'without pictures  
or conversations?'

So she was  
considering in  
her own mind

(as well as  
she could,  
for the hot day  
made her feel  
very sleepy  
and stupid),

whether the  
pleasure of  
making a  
daisy-chain

would be worth  
the trouble of  
getting up and  
picking the daisies,

when suddenly  
a White Rabbit  
with pink eyes  
ran close by her.

There was  
nothing so VERY  
remarkable  
in that;

nor did Alice  
think it so  
VERY much

out of the way  
to hear the Rabbit  
say to itself,  
'Oh dear!

Oh dear!

I shall be late!

(when  
she thought it  
over afterwards,

it occurred to her  
that she ought to  
have wondered  
at this,

but at the time it  
all seemed  
quite natural);

but when  
the Rabbit  
actually

TOOK A  
WATCH OUT OF  
ITS  
WAISTCOAT-POCKET,

and looked at it,  
and then  
hurried on,

Alice started  
to her feet,  
for it flashed  
across her mind  
that she had  
never before seen

a rabbit with  
either a  
waistcoat-pocket,

or a watch  
to take out of it,  
and burning  
with curiosity,

she ran across  
the field after it,

and fortunately  
was just in time  
to see it pop  
down a large  
rabbit-hole  
under the hedge.

In another  
moment down  
went Alice  
after it,

never once  
considering how in  
the world she was  
to get out again.

The rabbit-hole  
went straight on  
like a tunnel  
for some way,

and then  
dipped  
suddenly down,

so suddenly  
that Alice  
had not a moment

to think  
about stopping  
herself before she  
found herself  
falling down a  
very deep well.

Either the well  
was very deep,  
or she fell  
very slowly,

for she had  
plenty of time  
as she went down

to look about her  
and to wonder  
what was going  
to happen next.

First,

she tried to  
look down  
and make out  
what she was  
coming to,

but it was too  
dark to see  
anything;

then she looked  
at the sides  
of the well,

and noticed that  
they were filled  
with cupboards  
and book-shelves;

here and there she  
saw maps  
and pictures  
hung upon pegs.

She took  
down a jar  
from one of  
the shelves  
as she passed;

it was labelled  
'ORANGE  
MARMALADE',

but to her great  
disappointment  
it was empty:

she did not  
like to drop  
the jar

for fear of  
killing somebody,

so managed  
to put it into one  
of the cupboards  
as she fell past it.

'Well!'

thought Alice  
to herself,  
'after such a  
fall as this,

I shall think  
nothing of  
tumbling  
down stairs!

How brave  
they'll all think  
me at home!

Why,  
I wouldn't say  
anything about it,

even if I fell off  
the top of  
the house!'

(Which was  
very likely true.)

Down, down,  
down.

Would the  
fall NEVER  
come to an end!

'I wonder how  
many miles  
I've fallen by  
this time?'

she said aloud.

'I must be getting  
somewhere  
near the centre  
of the earth.

Let me see:

that would be  
four thousand  
miles down,

I think—'  
(for,  
you see,

Alice had learnt  
several things of  
this sort in her  
lessons in the  
schoolroom,

and though  
this was not  
a VERY

good opportunity  
for showing  
off her knowledge,

as there  
was no one  
to listen to her,

still it was good  
practice to say  
it over)'

yes,  
that's about the  
right distance—

but then I wonder  
what Latitude  
or Longitude  
I've got to?'

(Alice  
had no idea what  
Latitude was,

or Longitude  
either,  
but thought they  
were nice  
grand words  
to say.)

Presently  
she began again.

'I wonder if I  
shall fall right  
THROUGH  
the earth!

How funny  
it'll seem to come  
out among the  
people that walk  
with their heads  
downward!

The Antipathies,

I think—'  
(she was rather  
glad there WAS  
no one listening,

this time,  
as it didn't sound  
at all the  
right word)'

but I shall have  
to ask them what  
the name of  
the country is,

you know.

Please, Ma'am,  
is this New  
Zealand or  
Australia?'

(and she tried to  
curtsey as  
she spoke—

fancy  
CURTSEYING as  
you're falling  
through the air!

Do you think you  
could manage it?)

'And what an  
ignorant little girl  
she'll think  
me for asking!

No, it'll never do to ask:	But do cats eat bats, I wonder?'	when suddenly, thump!	how late it's getting!'
perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.'	And here Alice began to get rather sleepy,	thump!	She was close behind it when she turned the corner,
Down, down, down.	and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way,	down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves,	but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen:
There was nothing else to do,	'Do cats eat bats?'	and the fall was over.	she found herself in a long, low hall,
so Alice soon began talking again.	Do cats eat bats?'	Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment:	which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.
'Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!'	and sometimes, 'Do bats eat cats?'	she looked up, but it was all dark overhead;	There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked;
(Dinah was the cat.)	for,	before her was another long passage,	and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other,
'I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time.	you see, as she couldn't answer either question,	and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it.	trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle,
Dinah my dear!	it didn't much matter which way she put it.	There was not a moment to be lost:	wondering how she was ever to get out again.
I wish you were down here with me!	She felt that she was dozing off,	away went Alice like the wind,	Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table,
There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid,	and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah,	and was just in time to hear it say,	all made of solid glass;
but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse,	and saying to her very earnestly, 'Now, Dinah, tell me the truth:	as it turned a corner, 'Oh my ears and whiskers,	
you know.	did you ever eat a bat?'		

there was nothing  
on it except a  
tiny golden key,

and Alice's  
first thought  
was that it  
might belong

to one  
of the doors  
of the hall;

but,  
alas!

either the locks  
were too large,  
or the key  
was too small,

but at any rate  
it would not open  
any of them.

However,  
on the second  
time round,

she came upon  
a low curtain  
she had not  
noticed before,

and behind it  
was a little door  
about fifteen  
inches high:

she tried the little  
golden key  
in the lock,

and to her  
great delight  
it fitted!

Alice  
opened the door  
and found that it  
led into a  
small passage,

not much  
larger than  
a rat-hole:

she knelt down  
and looked along  
the passage into  
the loveliest  
garden you  
ever saw.

How she longed  
to get out of  
that dark hall,

and wander about  
among those beds  
of bright flowers  
and those cool  
fountains,

but she could  
not even  
get her head  
through the  
doorway;

'and even if my  
head would  
go through,'

thought  
poor Alice,  
'it would be of  
very little use  
without my  
shoulders.

Oh,

how I wish  
I could  
shut up like  
a telescope!

I think I could,  
if I only  
knew how  
to begin.'

For,

you see,  
so many

out-of-the-way  
things  
had happened  
lately,

that Alice  
had begun  
to think

that very few  
things indeed  
were really  
impossible.

There seemed  
to be no use  
in waiting by  
the little door,

so she went back  
to the table,  
half hoping  
she might  
find another  
key on it,

or at any rate  
a book of rules  
for shutting people  
up like telescopes:

this time  
she found a little  
bottle on it,

('which certainly  
was not  
here before,')

said Alice,)

and round  
the neck of the  
bottle was a  
paper label,

with the words  
'DRINK ME'  
beautifully

printed on it  
in large letters.

It was all  
very well  
to say 'Drink me,')

but the wise  
little Alice  
was not

going to do  
THAT in a hurry.

'No,  
I'll look first,'  
she said,

'and see whether  
it's marked  
"poison"  
or not';

for she had  
read several nice  
little histories  
about children

who had  
got burnt,

and eaten up by  
wild beasts and  
other unpleasant  
things,

all because they  
WOULD not  
remember

the simple  
rules their friends  
had taught them:

such as,

that a  
red-hot poker  
will burn you if  
you hold it  
too long;

and that if you  
cut your finger  
VERY deeply

with a knife,  
it usually bleeds;

and she had never  
forgotten that,  
if you drink much  
from a bottle  
marked 'poison,'

it is almost certain  
to disagree  
with you,  
sooner or later.

However,  
this bottle  
was NOT  
marked 'poison,'

so Alice ventured  
to taste it,  
and finding  
it very nice,

(it had,

in fact,  
a sort of mixed  
flavour of  
cherry-tart,  
custard,  
pine-apple,

roast turkey,  
toffee,  
and hot  
buttered toast,)

she very soon  
finished it off.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* 'What a  
curious feeling!'

said Alice;

'I must be  
shutting up like  
a telescope.'

And so it  
was indeed:

she was now  
only ten  
inches high,

and her face  
brightened up  
at the thought

that she was now  
the right size  
for going through  
the little door into  
that lovely garden.

First, however,  
she waited for  
a few minutes  
to see  
if she was  
going to shrink  
any further:

she felt a little  
nervous  
about this;

'for it might end,  
you know,'  
said Alice  
to herself,

'in my going  
out altogether,  
like a candle.

I wonder what I  
should be  
like then?'

And she  
tried to fancy  
what the flame  
of a candle

is like after the  
candle is  
blown out,

for she could not  
remember ever  
having seen  
such a thing.

After a while,  
finding  
that nothing  
more happened,

she decided on  
going into the  
garden at once;

but,  
alas for  
poor Alice!

when  
she got to  
the door,

she found she  
had forgotten  
the little  
golden key,

and when  
she went back to  
the table for it,

she found she  
could not  
possibly reach it:

she could see it  
quite plainly  
through the glass,

and she tried  
her best to climb  
up one of  
the legs of  
the table,

but it was  
too slippery;

and when  
she had tired  
herself out  
with trying,

the poor  
little thing  
sat down  
and cried.

'Come,  
there's no use in  
crying like that!'

said Alice  
to herself,  
rather sharply;

'I advise you to  
leave off  
this minute!'

She generally  
gave herself very  
good advice,

(though she  
very seldom  
followed it),

and sometimes  
she scolded  
herself so severely

as to bring tears  
into her eyes;

and once she  
remembered  
trying to box

her own ears for  
having cheated  
herself in a game  
of croquet she was  
playing  
against herself,

for this  
curious child  
was very fond  
of pretending  
to be two people.

'But it's no  
use now,'  
thought  
poor Alice,

'to pretend to  
be two people!

Why,

there's hardly  
enough of me  
left to make  
ONE respectable  
person!'

Soon her eye  
fell on a little  
glass box

that was lying  
under the table:

she opened it,  
and found in it a  
very small cake,

on which the  
words 'EAT ME'  
were beautifully

marked in  
currants.

'Well,  
I'll eat it,'  
said Alice,

'and if it makes  
me grow larger,  
I can reach  
the key;

and if it makes  
me grow smaller,  
I can creep  
under the door;

so either way  
I'll get into  
the garden,

and I don't care  
which happens!'

She ate a  
little bit,

and said anxiously  
to herself,  
'Which way?

Which way?',

holding her hand  
on the top  
of her head  
to feel which way  
it was growing,

and she was  
quite surprised  
to find that  
she remained  
the same size:

to be sure,  
this generally  
happens when one  
eats cake,

but Alice  
had got so much  
into the way

of expecting  
nothing but  
out-of-the-way  
things  
to happen,

that it  
seemed quite  
dull and stupid

for life  
to go on in the  
common way.

So she set  
to work,  
and very soon  
finished off  
the cake.