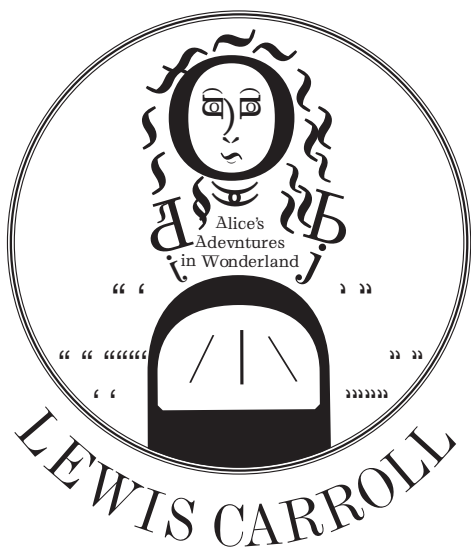
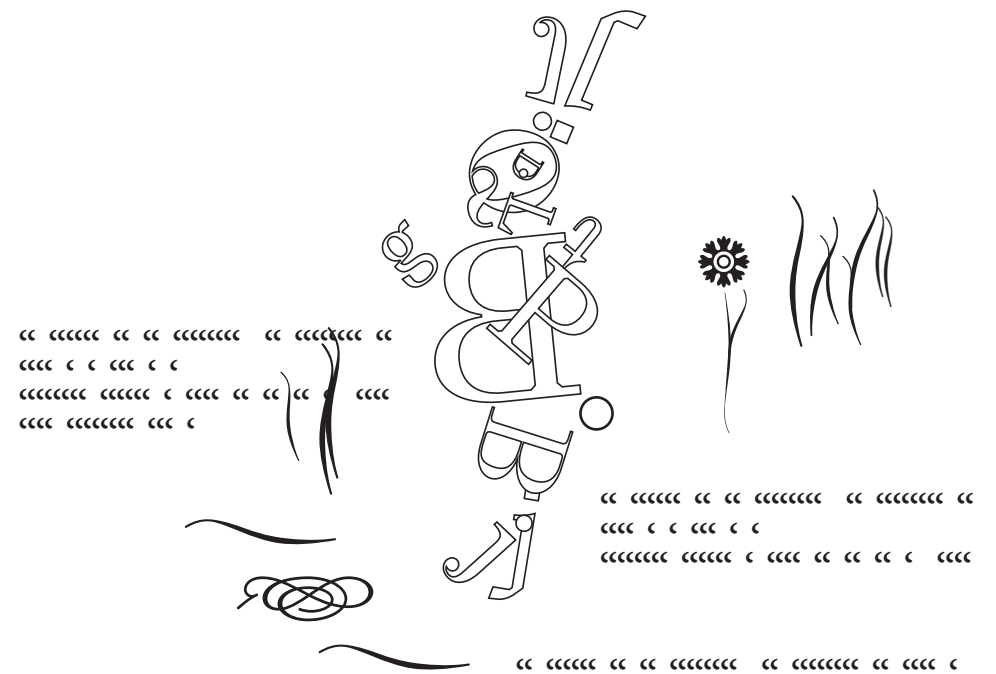




ALICE'S
Adventures
in Wonderland

by LEWIS CARROLL



CHAPTER I.

DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE.



DOWN THE

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,

is the use of
what the of
and a
book,"
conversations?"
or "without
pictures

thought Alice,

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,

RABBIT-HOLE.

“Oh dear!

Oh

d e a r !

I shall be too

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 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

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 bookshelves:
here and there

she saw
maps
and
pictures
hung
upon pegs.

down, so suddenly that Alice
had not a moment to think
about stopping herself before
she found herself falling
down what seemed to be a
very deep well.

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

"ORANGE
MARMALADE,"

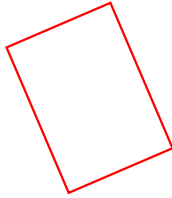
but to her great
disappointment
it was empty:
she did not like
to drop the jar
for fear of killing
somebody
underneath, so
managed to put
it into one of the
cupboards as she
fell past it.

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.

“ 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.)

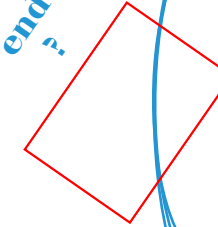
**Down,
down,
down.**
Would
the fall
never
come
to an
end ?

**“ —yes, that ’s about
the right distance—
but then I wonder what
—— Latitude ——
—— or ——
—— Longitude ——
—— I ’ve got to ?” ——**

(Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

I’ve fallen by this time?”

**she
said
aloud.**



“ I wonder how many miles

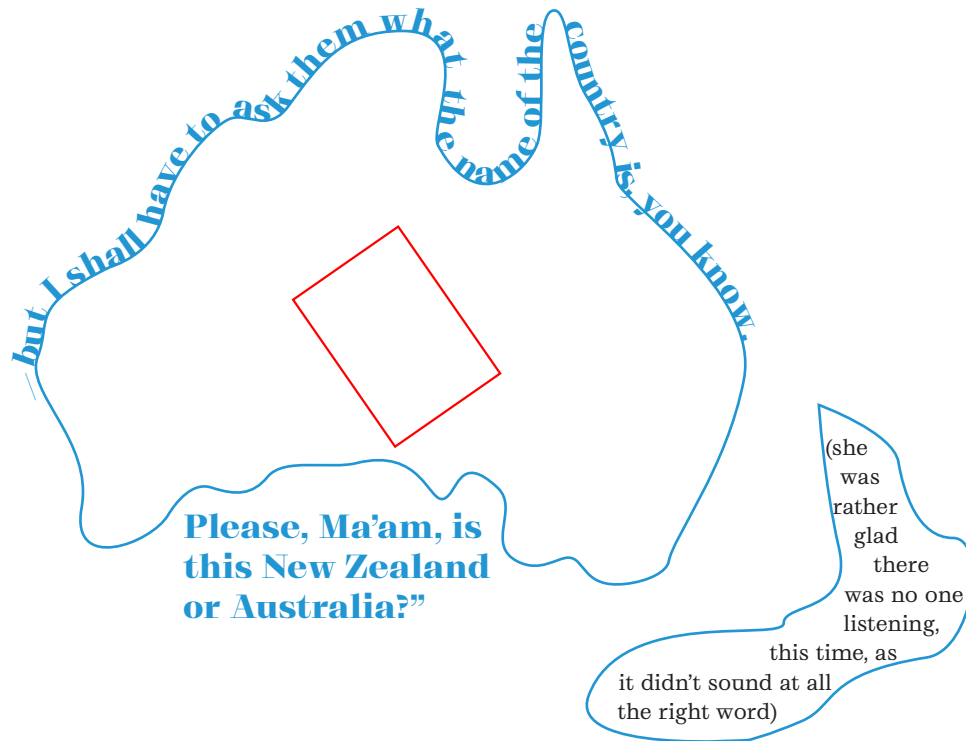
**“ I must be getting some-
where near the centre of the earth.
Let me see: that would be four
thousand down, I think.”**

(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)

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 downwards!
The Antipathies, I think—”**

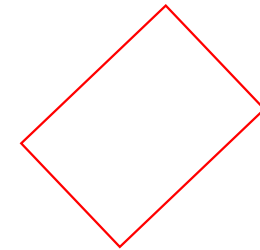


“And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.”

(and she tried to curtsy as she spoke—fancy curtsying as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?)

**Down,
down,
down.**

There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again.



“Dinah'll miss me very much tonight, I should think!”
(Dinah was the cat.)
**“I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time.
Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me!
There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat,
and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?”**

DOWN THE

And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way,

“Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?” and sometimes, “Do bats eat cats?”

for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly,

“Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?”

when suddenly, **thump! thump!**
down she came upon a
heap of sticks and dry
leaves, and the **fall** was over.



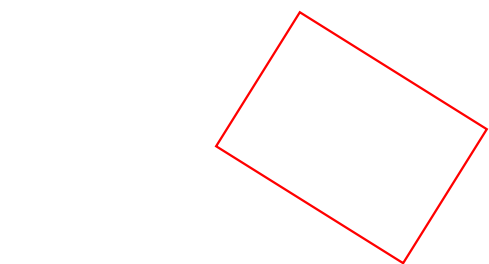
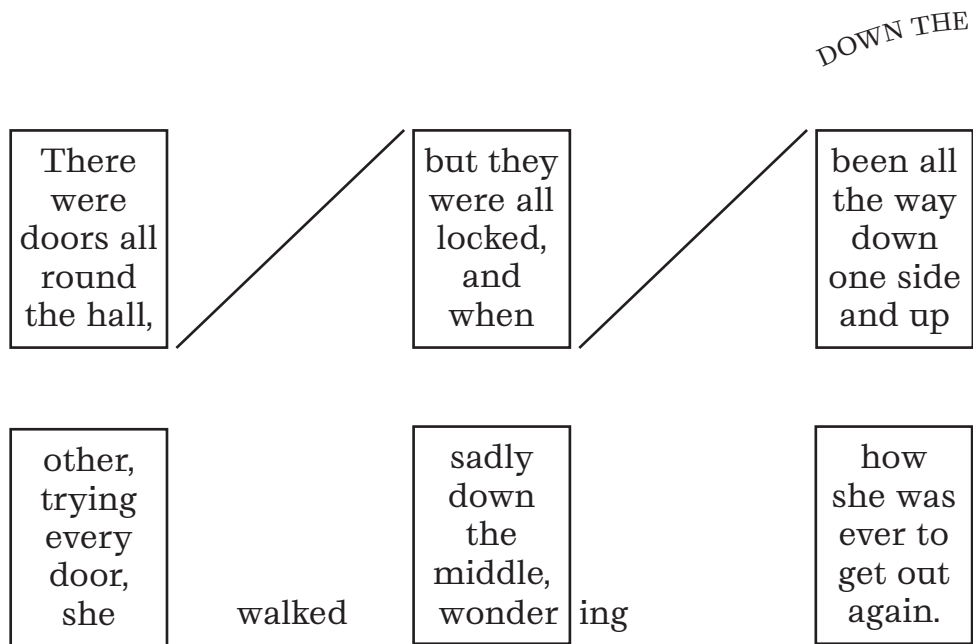
RABBIT-HOLE

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment:
she ^{up,}looked
but it was all dark overhead;
before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner,

“Oh my ears and
whiskers, how
late
it's
getting!”

She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.





Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it but



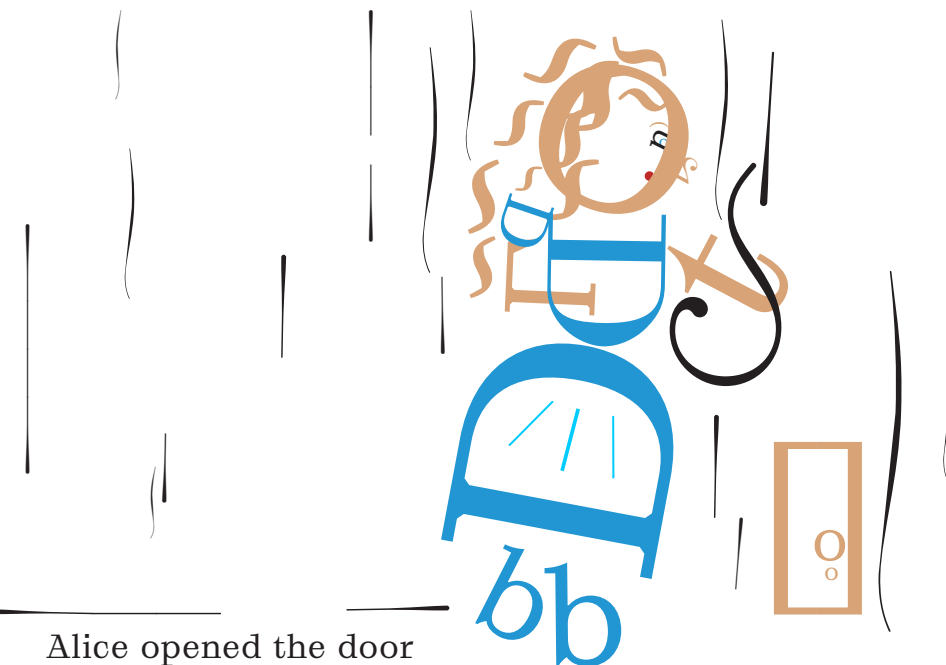
and Alice's first idea was that

this 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

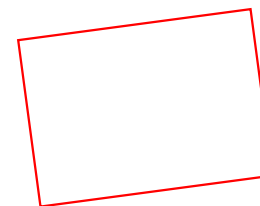


in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

RABBIT-HOLE.



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;



"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

"and even if my head would go through,"

Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

thought poor Alice,

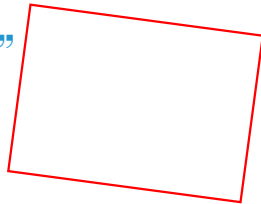
There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes:



(“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and tied 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 will look first,” she said,

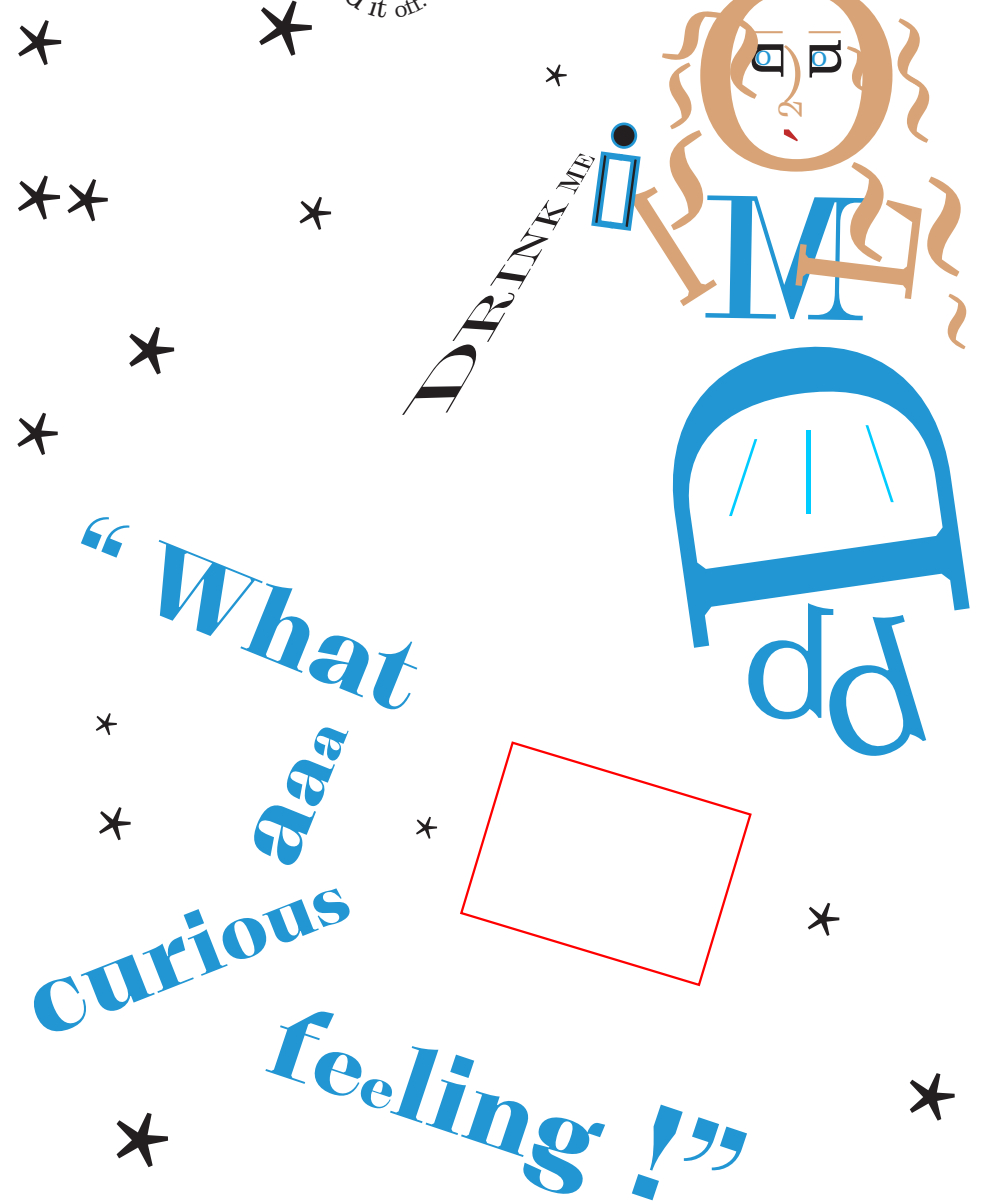


and see whether it's marked 'poison' or not:”

for she had read several nice little stories 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, toffy, and hot buttered toast,)

she very soon finished it off.



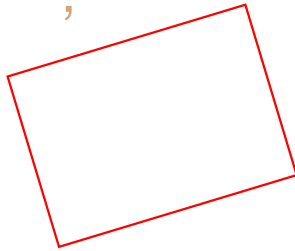
said Alice,

“ I must be shutting up like a telescope.”

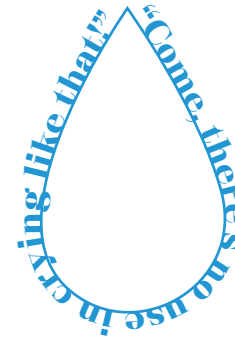
And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous 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 looks 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

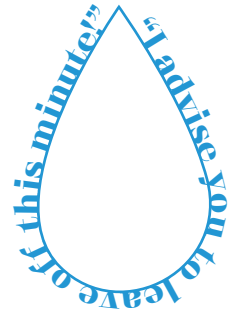
the
little
golden
KEY
H
Y
,



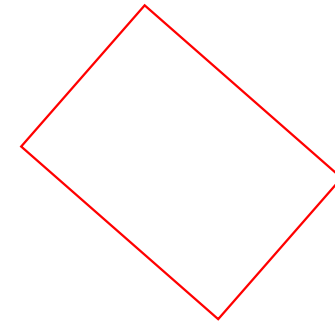
and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb^{up} one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and c_r
i
e_d.



said Alice to herself, rather sharply,



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

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!”

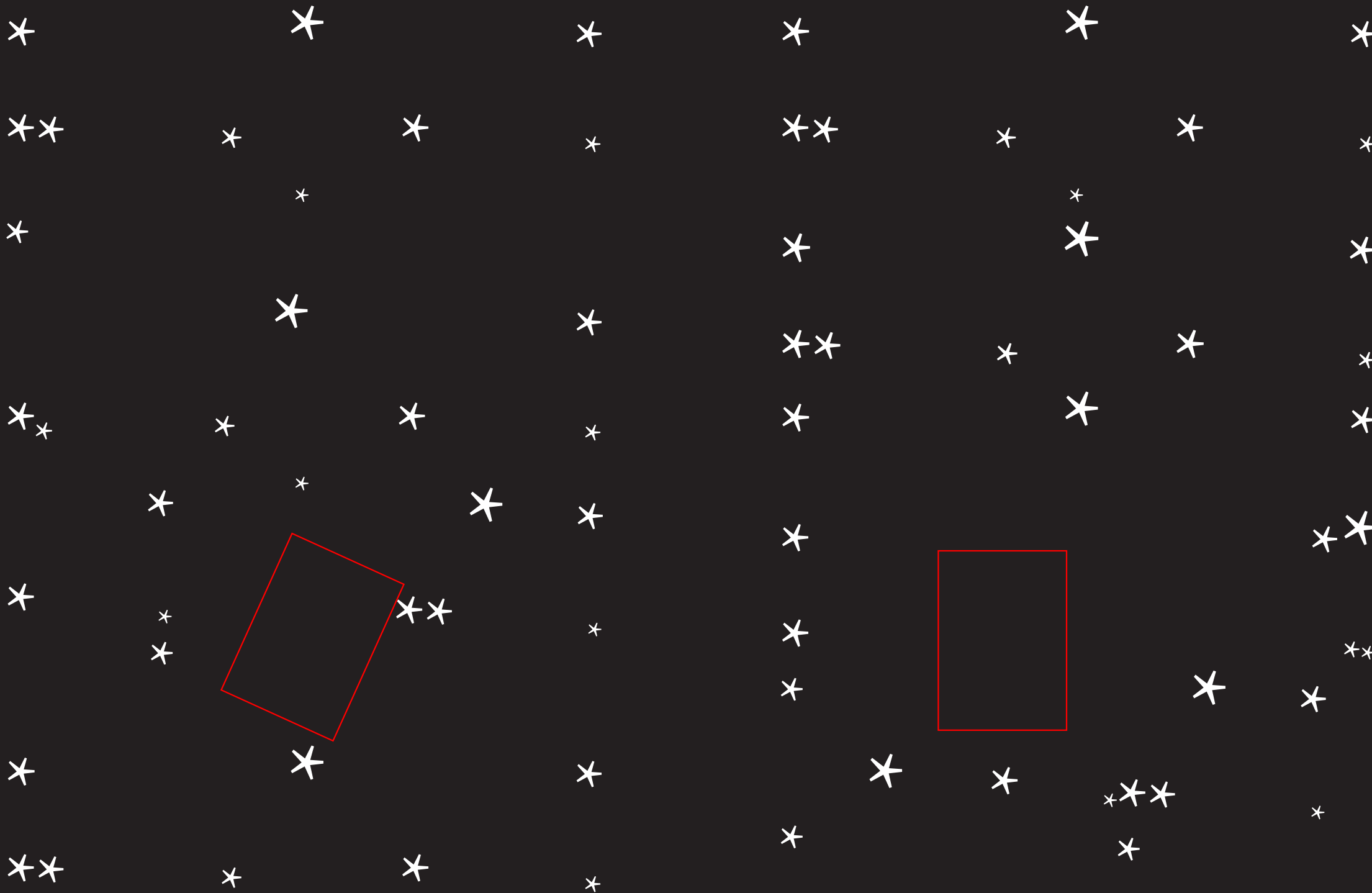
She ate a little bit,
and said anxiously to herself
“Which way? Which way?”
holding her hand on the top of her head to feel

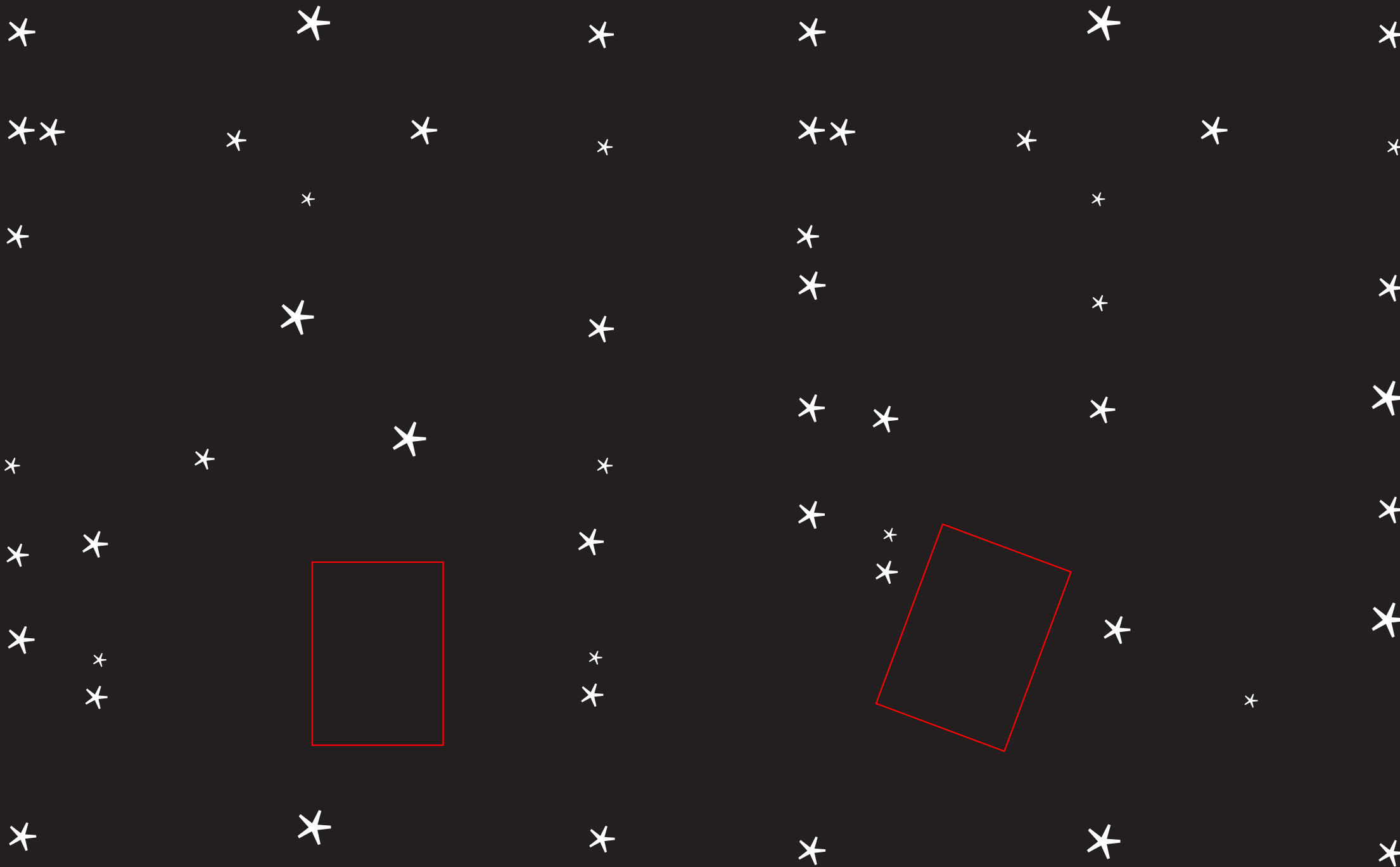
ME”

which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised
to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this
is what 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.

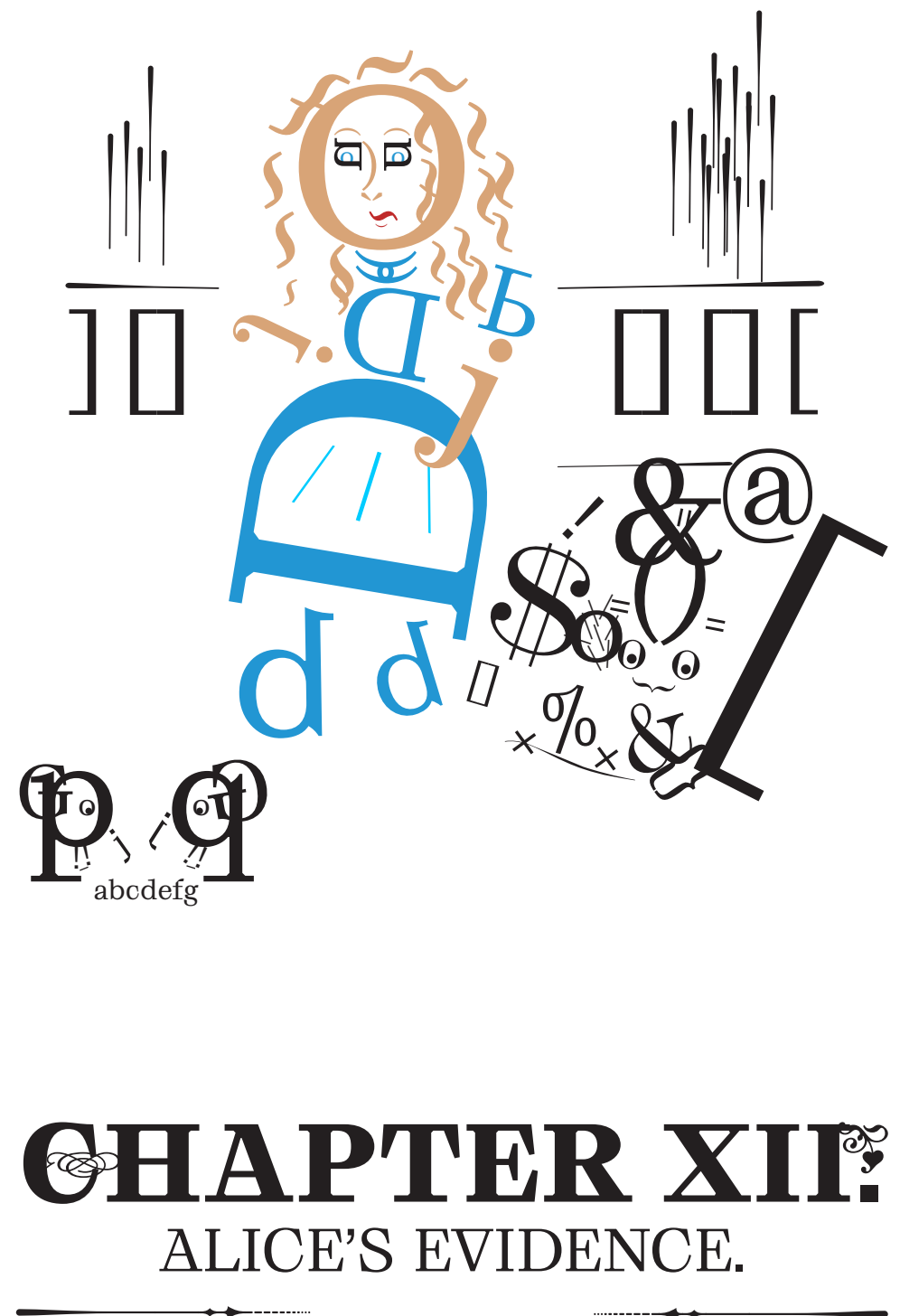
So she set to work, and very

soon finished off the cake.





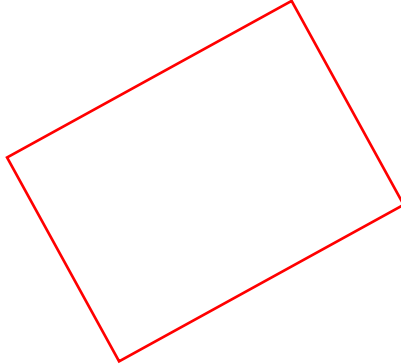




“HERE!”

c Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how
 i **large** she had grown in the last few minutes, she jum^mped
 e^d up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box
 with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the
 jurymen on to the heads
 of the crowd below, and there they lay s p r a w l i n g
 about, reminding her very much of a globe of gold-fish she
 had accidentally upset the week before.

“Oh, I **beg** your pardon!”



she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began
 picking them up again
 as quickly as she could,
 for the accident of the gold-fish kept running in her head,
 and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected
 at once and put back into the jury
 -box, or they wouldw

die.

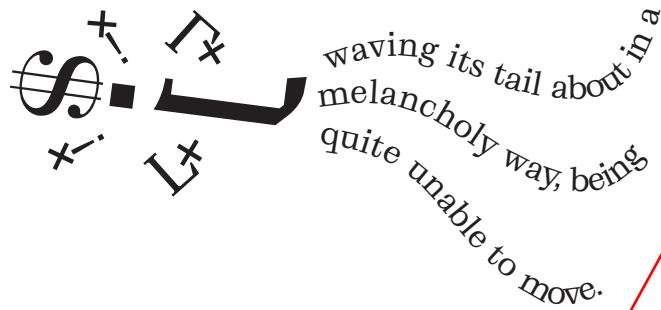
“The trial cannot proceed,”

said the King in a very grave voice,

“until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—all,”

he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head *spæmumop*, and the poor little thing



She soon got it out again, and put it right;

“not that it signifies much,”

she said to herself;

“I should think it would be quite as much use in the trial one way up as the other.”

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.



“What do you know about this business?”
the King said to Alice.



“Nothing,” said Alice.



“Nothing whatever?” persisted the King.



“Nothing whatever,” said Alice.



“That’s VERY important,”
the King said, turning to the jury.



They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted:



“Unimportant, your Majesty means, of course,” he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.



“Unimportant, of course, I meant,” the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, **“important—unimportant—unimportant—important—”** as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down "important," and some "unimportant." Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates;



she thought to herself.

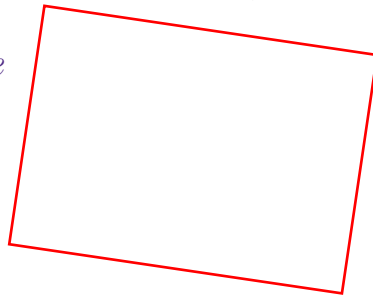
At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, called out



"Silence!" and read out from his book,
"Rule Forty-two.

**All persons more than a mile
high to leave the court.**

Everybody looked at Alice.



"I'm not a mile high," said Alice.



"You are," said the King



"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.



"Well, I shan't go, at any rate,"

said Alice;

**"besides, that's not a regular rule:
you invented it just now."**



"It's the oldest rule in the book,"

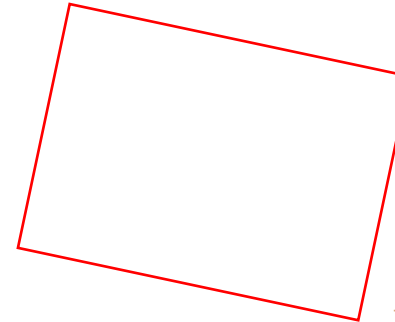
said the King.



**"Then it ought to be
Number One,"**

said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his notebook hastily.



**"Consider your
verdict,"** he said to the
jury, in a low trembling voice.



**"There's more evidence to come yet,
please your Majesty,"** said the White
Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry;

"this paper has just been picked up."



"What's in it?" said the Queen.



"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody."

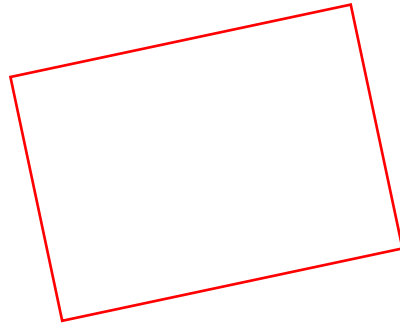


"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to **no-body**, which isn't usual, you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.



"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit; "in fact, there's nothing written on the outside." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses."



"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.



"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)



"He must have imitated somebody else's **hand**," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)



"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they **can't** prove I did: there's **no name** signed at the end."



"If you **didn't** sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter **worse**. You **must** have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.



"That **proves** his guilt," said the Queen.



"It proves **nothing** of the sort!" said Alice. "Why, you don't even know what they're about!"



"Read them," said the King.



The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.



"Begin at the **beginning**," the King said, gravely "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:—

*"They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.*

*He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?*

*I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.*

*If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.*

*My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.*

*Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."*



"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; **"so now let the jury——"**



"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice, (she had grown so **large** in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) **"I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."**

The jury all wrote down on their slates, **"*She doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it,*"** but none of them attempted to explain the paper.



"If there's no meaning in it," said the King, **"that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know,"** he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; **"I seem to see some meaning in them, after a I I ."**
***"—said I could not swim—"**
you can't swim, can you?"

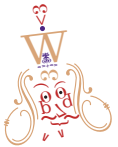
he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly.



“Do I look like it?” he said.

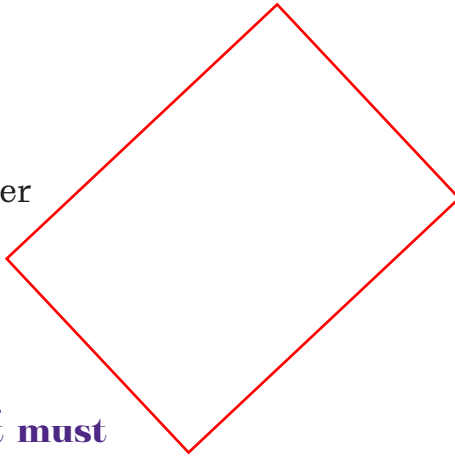
(Which he certainly did **not,** being made entirely of cardboard.)



“All right, so far,”

said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself:

“‘We know it to be true—’* that’s the jury, of course—‘I gave her one, they gave him two—’* why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know—*”**



“But, it goes on

****‘they all returned from him to you,’** ”** said Alice.



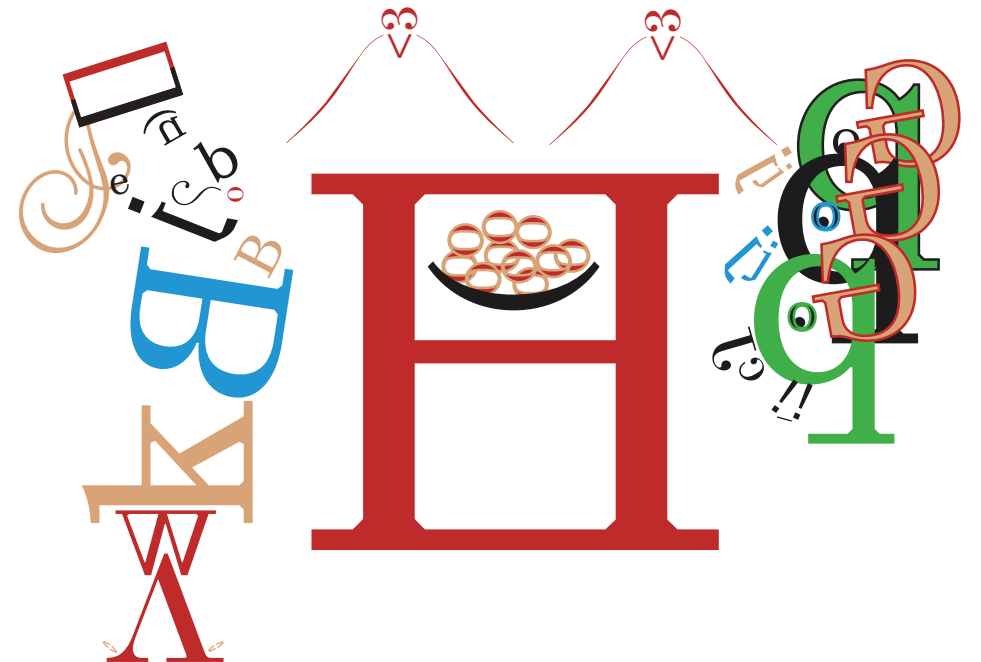
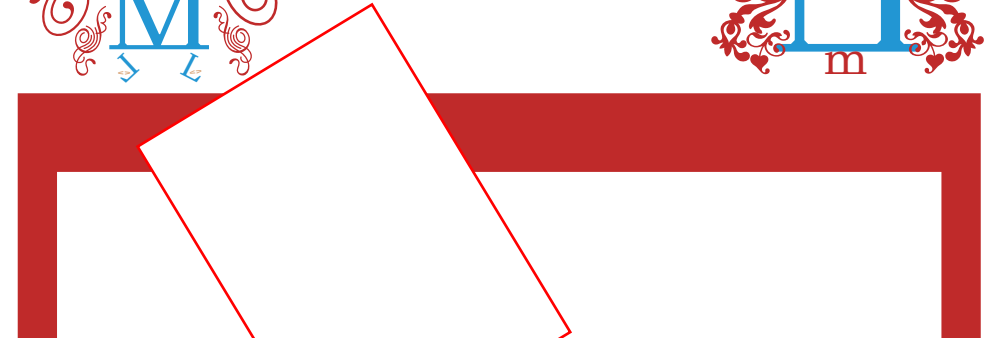
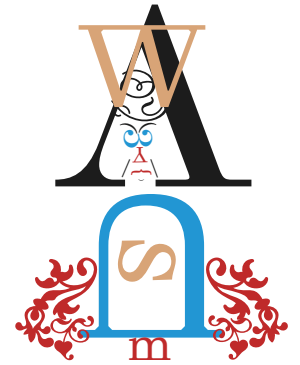
“Why, there they are!” said the

King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts

on the table. **“Nothing can be clearer than that. Then again—**‘before she had this fit—’****

you never had fits, my dear, I think?”

he said to the Queen.



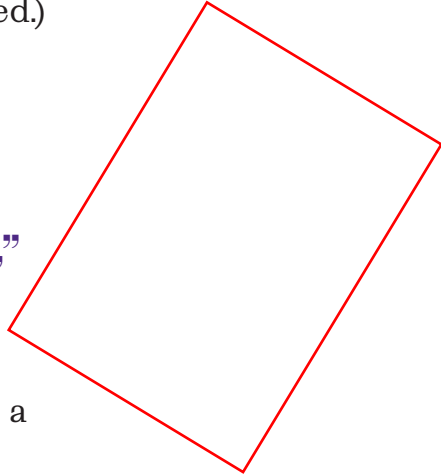


“Never!” said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke.

(The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)



“Then the words don’t **fit you,”** said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.



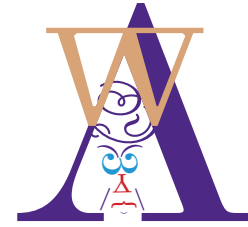
“It’s a pun!” the King added in an angry tone, and everybody laughed. **“Let the jury consider their verdict,”** the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.



“No, no!” said the Queen. **“Sentence first verdict afterwards.”**

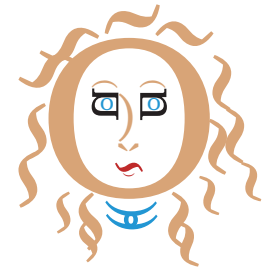
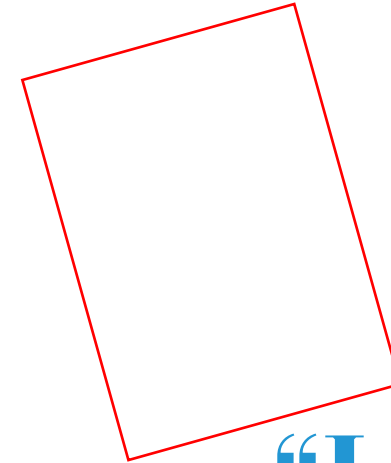


“Stuff and nonsense!” said Alice loudly. **“The idea of having the sentence first!”**



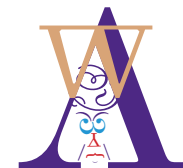
“Hold your tongue!”

said the Queen, turning purple.



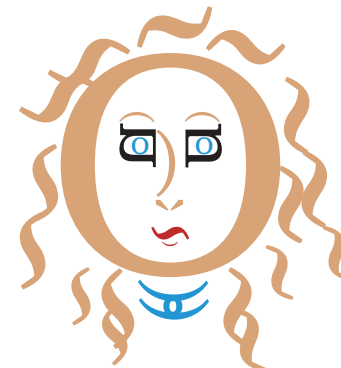
“I won’t!”

said Alice.



“Off with her head!”

the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.



“Who cares for you?”

said Alice, (she had grown to her full size by this time.)

“You’re nothing but a pack of cards!”

ALICE'S

EVIDENCE.

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying ^{down} upon her; she gave a little ^{wing} scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

**“Wake up,
Alice dear!”**
said her sister;

**“Why, what a
l o n g
sleep you’ve
had!”**

“Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!”

said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, **“It was a curious dream, dear, certainly: but now run in to your tea; it’s getting late.”** So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

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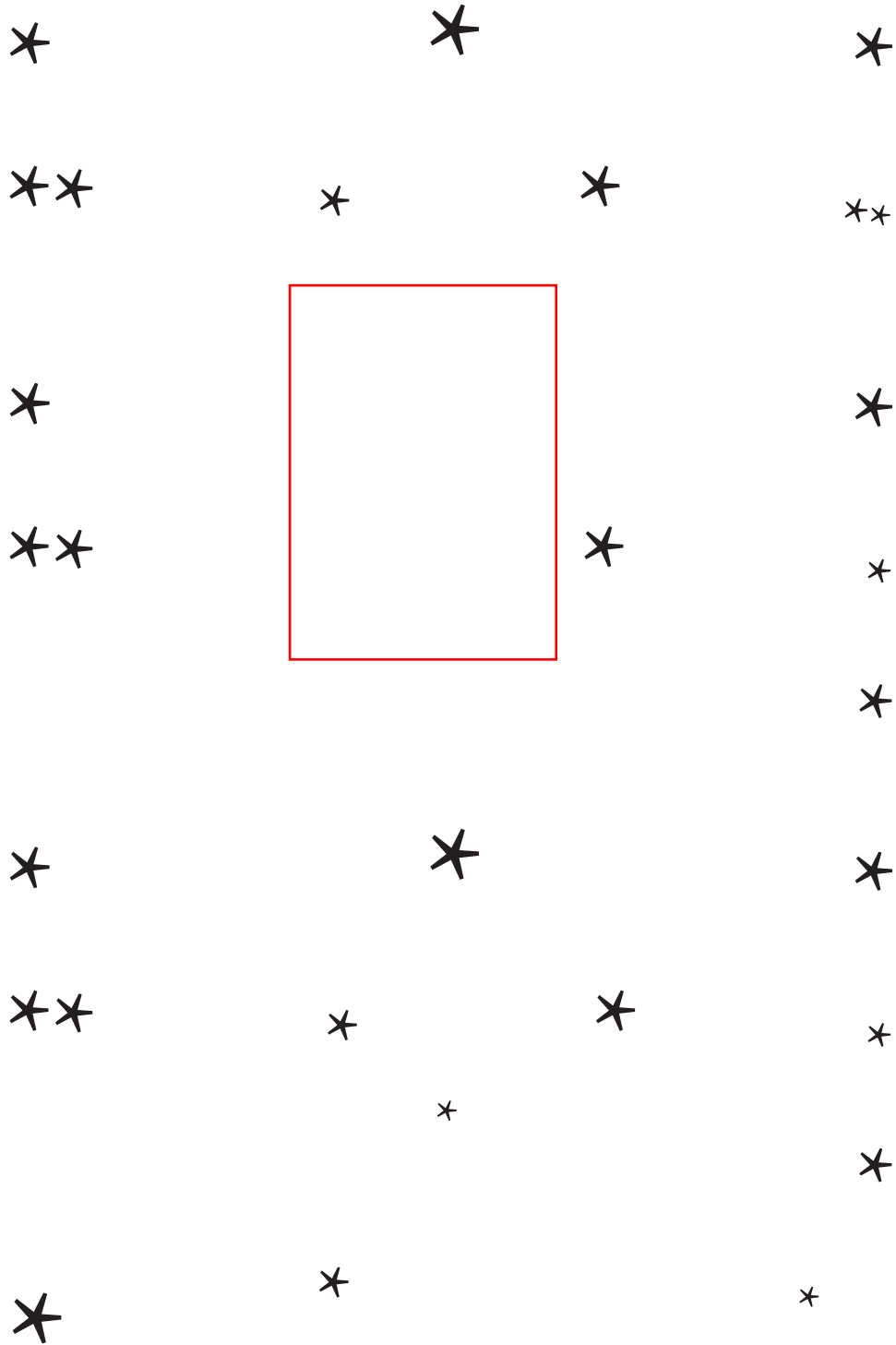
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ALICE'S

EVIDENCE.



But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful

Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream :—

First, she dreamed of little Alice herself:— once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers—she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head, to keep back the

wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White

Rabbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool —she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her

unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess' knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed

guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farm-yard—while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long-ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.

THE END.
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designed by Aleksandra Tsvetanova

