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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

EMMA CHICHESTER CLARK



Based on the original story by

LEWIS CARROLL



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Emma Chichester Clark

*Based on the original story by
Lewis Carroll*

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藏书章

HarperCollins Children's Books







Alice was sitting with her sister on the riverbank. She'd never felt so bored. There was nothing to do. She'd half-thought of making a daisy chain, but couldn't be bothered to get up and pick the daisies. Her sister's book looked duller than dull. "What's the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversation?"

But at that moment a white rabbit with pink eyes and a jacket to match rushed by. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'll be late!" he said as he looked at his pocket watch.

Alice leapt up and ran after him, just as he disappeared down a rabbit hole. Suddenly she was falling...

falling...

and falling...





Down...

down...

down...

she fell, quite slowly
looking at shelves all around
her as she went. She seemed
to be falling forever and was
just wondering if she was
anywhere near the centre of
the earth, when she landed –
thump! – on a pile of dry leaves

The White Rabbit rushed
ahead down a long, dark
passage. “Oh, my ears and
whiskers!” he muttered. “How
late it’s getting.”

Alice raced after him, but he
completely vanished, and she
found herself alone in a long
hall with doors on either side.
Every door was locked. How
was she to get out again?

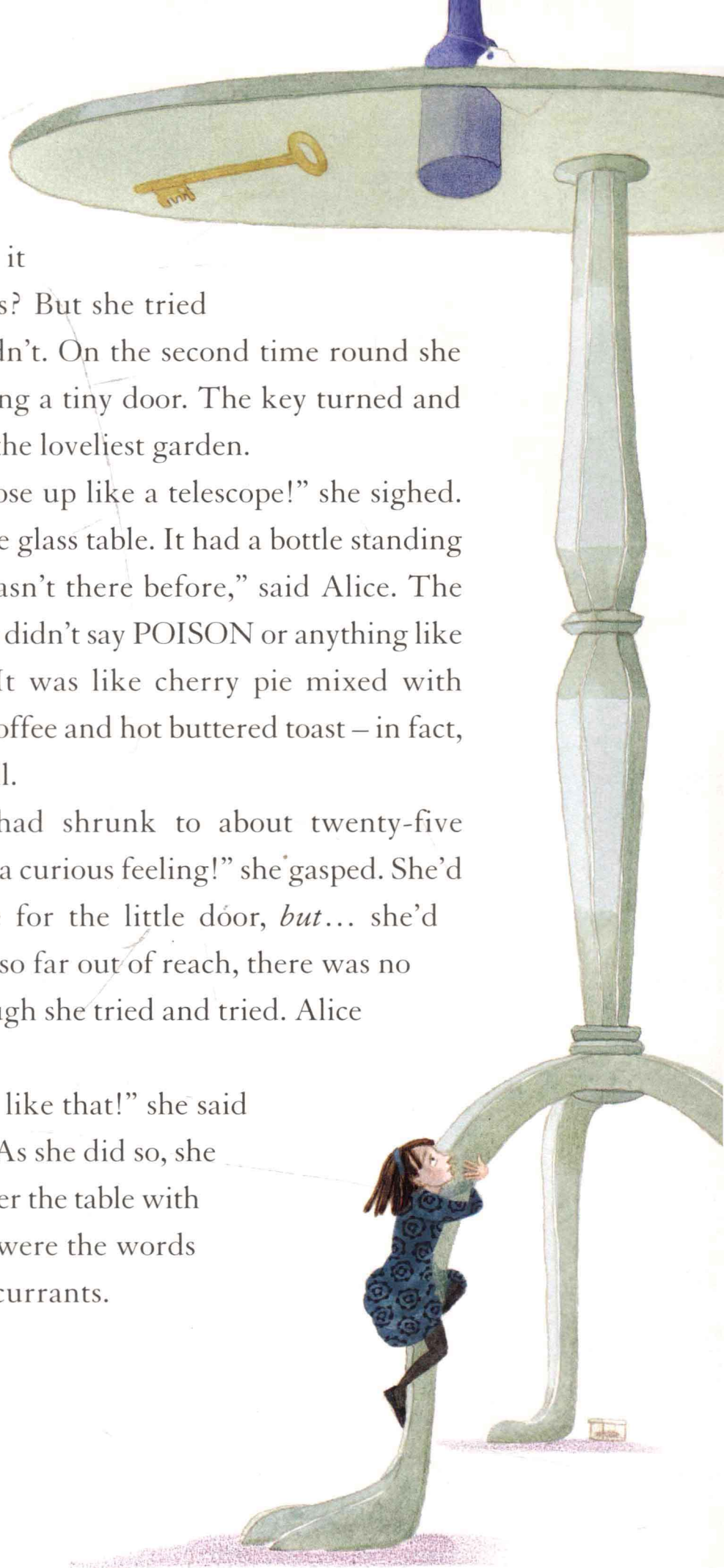
Eventually Alice noticed a
glass table with a little golden

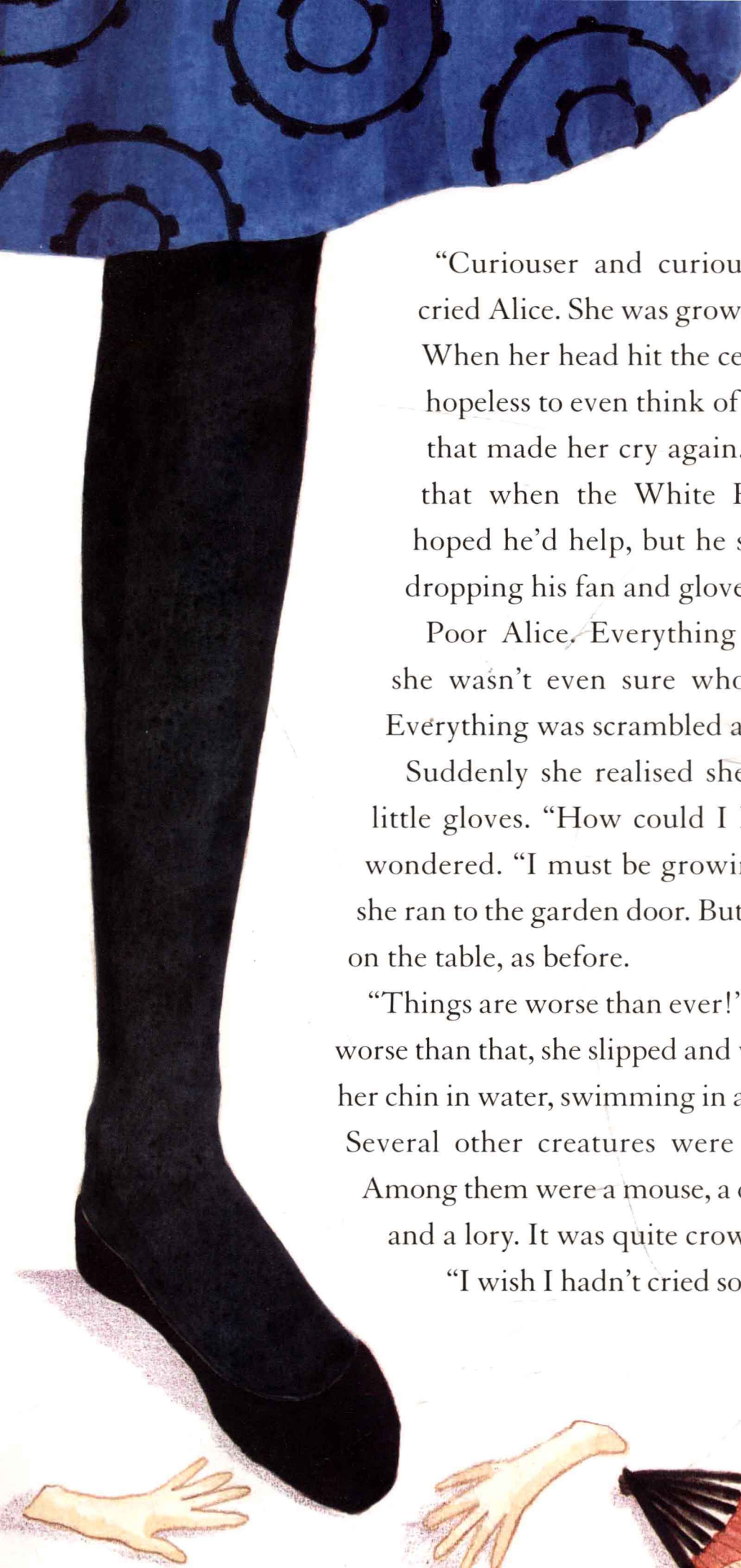
key lying on it. Surely it must fit one of the doors? But she tried them all twice and it didn't. On the second time round she found a low curtain hiding a tiny door. The key turned and Alice peered through to the loveliest garden.

"Oh, I wish I could close up like a telescope!" she sighed. She wandered back to the glass table. It had a bottle standing on it. "That certainly wasn't there before," said Alice. The label said DRINK ME. It didn't say POISON or anything like that, so she had a sip. It was like cherry pie mixed with pineapple, roast turkey, toffee and hot buttered toast – in fact, very nice! She drank it all.

Minutes later Alice had shrunk to about twenty-five centimetres high. "What a curious feeling!" she gasped. She'd become the perfect size for the little door, *but...* she'd forgotten the key. It was so far out of reach, there was no way she could get it, though she tried and tried. Alice burst into tears.

"There's no use crying like that!" she said crossly, wiping her eyes. As she did so, she saw a small glass box under the table with a tiny cake inside. On it were the words EAT ME, written in currants. Alice began...



A large illustration on the left side of the page shows Alice's lower body. She is wearing a long, flowing blue dress with a pattern of dark blue circles and a long black stocking. Her foot is visible at the bottom, wearing a black shoe. The background is white.

“Curiouser and curiouser! Goodbye, feet!” cried Alice. She was growing... taller and taller. When her head hit the ceiling, she knew it was hopeless to even think of the lovely garden and that made her cry again. She felt so desperate that when the White Rabbit appeared, she hoped he’d help, but he shrieked with horror, dropping his fan and gloves, and ran away.

Poor Alice. Everything was so peculiar that she wasn’t even sure who she was any more. Everything was scrambled and upside down.

Suddenly she realised she’d put on one of the little gloves. “How could I have done that?” she wondered. “I must be growing small again.” And she ran to the garden door. But it was locked, the key on the table, as before.

“Things are worse than ever!” cried Alice. But then, worse than that, she slipped and was immediately up to her chin in water, swimming in a pool of her own tears. Several other creatures were splashing about too. Among them were a mouse, a duck, a dodo, an eaglet and a lory. It was quite crowded.

“I wish I hadn’t cried so much,” sniffed Alice.

A small illustration at the bottom of the page shows two yellow gloves and a fan. The gloves are on the left, and the fan is on the right. The fan has a black frame and red and white stripes. The background is white.



Alice led the party to the shore. They were all cross and dripping.

“The best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus race,” said the Dodo. He paused and waited for someone to speak.

“What is a Caucus race?” asked Alice obligingly.

“The best way to explain it is to do it,” said the Dodo. He marked out a racecourse in a sort of circle. All of them stood inside it. There was no, “One, two, three, GO!” Everyone ran when they liked and stopped when they liked, so it was hard to know when it ended, but after about half an hour, when everyone was dry, the Dodo called out, “The race is over!”

“Who’s the winner?” they all asked.

“Everybody has won, and all must have prizes!” replied the Dodo, looking at Alice, who had no idea what to do. She found some sweets in her pocket and handed them out. There was a lot



of complaining – some saying that they didn't taste of anything. But after they'd all been eaten, the Mouse began to speak.

"Mine is a long and sad tale..."

"It certainly is a long tail," said Alice. "But why sad?"

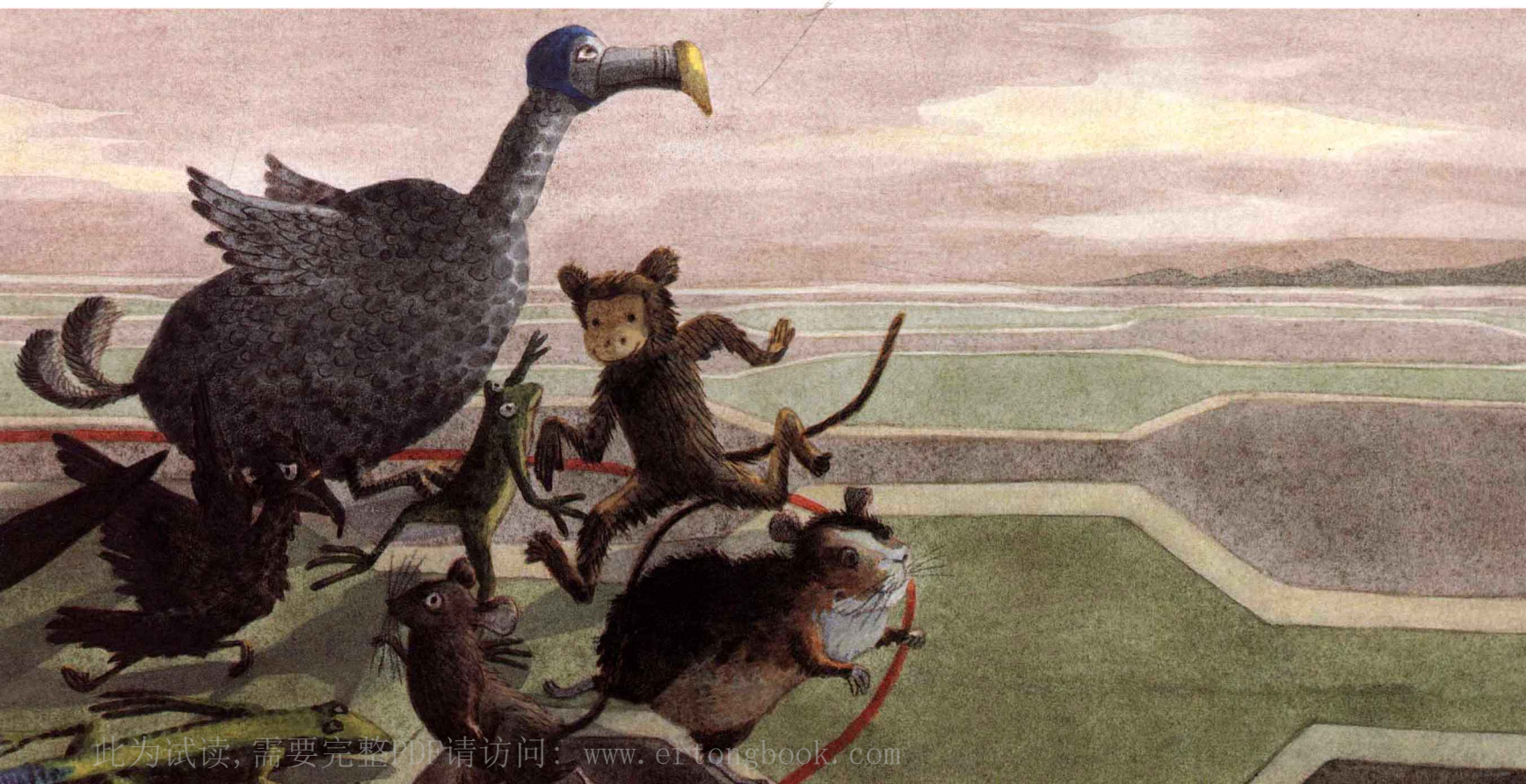
"You're not listening properly!" snapped the Mouse and he stomped off.

"Come back!" cried the others, but he just walked faster.

"I wish Dinah was here," said Alice to nobody in particular. "She'd soon get him back."

"Who's Dinah?" asked the Lory.

"Oh, Dinah's my cat," said Alice fondly. "She's so good at catching mice and birds..." Alice stopped. She was suddenly alone once more. At the mention of dear Dinah, they'd all hurried away.



“Oh, my dear Dinah!” sighed Alice. “I wonder if I’ll ever see you any more!” This thought, and being so lost and alone, made Alice cry all over again, until hearing the pattering of footsteps, she looked up and saw the White Rabbit, anxiously searching for something.

“Mary Ann!” he said crossly when he noticed Alice. “What are you doing out here? Run home and fetch me my fan and gloves! Quick now!”

Alice was so shocked at being ordered about by a rabbit, she ran off in the direction he pointed. “He must have thought I was his maid,” she guessed. “I suppose Dinah’ll be ordering me about next!”



Alice arrived at a little house with W. RABBIT on the door and ran upstairs to the bedroom where, as well as the gloves and fan, there was a bottle on the mantelpiece. “Something interesting is sure to happen,” she said to herself as she put it to her lips. “I hope it’ll make me taller again. I’m so tired of being such a tiny little thing.” She put her hand on top of her head to see which way it was growing.

Sure enough, sooner than she’d hoped, she had grown so large she couldn’t possibly

move or get out of the room. She had to fold herself up, dangling one arm out of the window and one foot up the chimney. It was very uncomfortable and Alice felt extremely unhappy.

“Mary Ann!” cried the White Rabbit. “Fetch me my gloves at once!” He was trying to open the door but Alice’s other elbow was pressed against it.

Alice forgot that she was about a thousand times bigger than the Rabbit and began to shake with fright which made the whole house tremble.



"I'll go round and get in the window," Alice heard the Rabbit say.

"That you won't!" she thought. She spread out the hand that was outside and snatched in the air.

There was a shriek and a crash, then the Rabbit's angry voice, "Pat! Pat! See that arm in the window? It's got no business there! Take it away!"

"Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all!" said another voice.

Alice didn't like it at all either. She wished they could pull her out of the window. But the plan was to send Bill down the chimney – whoever Bill was. Alice drew her foot back and when she heard scrabbling sounds, she gave a sharp kick.

"There goes Bill!" cried the Rabbit. "Well, we'll burn the house down!" he said.

"If you do," shouted Alice, "I'll set Dinah on you!" That silenced them.

A minute later she heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do it!" and suddenly a shower of pebbles came rattling through the window.

"Stop it at once!" cried Alice, but as she watched, the pebbles were turning into little cakes all over the floor. She ate one and immediately began shrinking. When she was small enough, she ran down the stairs and away as fast as she could. There was a little group crowded around a half-conscious lizard. "I suppose that's Bill," thought Alice.







On the far side of a thick wood Alice stopped to catch her breath. "The first thing I've got to do," she said, "is grow to my right size again. I guess I'd better eat or drink something, but the question is, what?"

In front of her was a large mushroom. As she peeped over the edge, her eyes met those of a big blue caterpillar.

"Who are you?" it asked.

"I... I hardly know, sir, just now," Alice began. "At least, I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since then."

The Caterpillar was not at all sympathetic. It just repeated the question, "Who are you?"

Alice began to feel irritated. "I think you ought to tell me who *you* are first," she said.

"Why?" asked the Caterpillar. He seemed so grumpy, Alice began to walk away.

“Come back!” said the Caterpillar.

“I’ve something important to say!”

Alice stopped.

“Keep your temper!” he said.

“Is that all?” said Alice angrily.

“What size do you want to be?”
asked the Caterpillar.

“Well, I would like to be a little larger, if you wouldn’t mind,” she replied. “Eight centimetres is such a wretched height.”

“It is a very good height indeed!”
the Caterpillar snapped. Then he yawned twice, slid down from the mushroom and began to crawl away, muttering as he went, “One side will make you taller; the other, shorter.”

“One side of what?” thought Alice.

“Of the mushroom,” said the Caterpillar, just as though she had spoken aloud.

Alice stretched round it and broke off a piece in each hand. “Which is which?” she wondered.

