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Opening extract from
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

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Lewis Carroll

Illustrated by
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CHAPTER 1

Down the Rabbit-hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and having nothing to do. She was considering (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy) whether making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran by.

Alice found nothing remarkable in that, nor to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!", but when it actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket and looked at it, she started to her feet, burning with curiosity. She ran across the field after it, just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

Down went Alice after it, never thinking how she was to get out again. The rabbit-hole went straight on for some way, and then dipped down so suddenly that Alice found herself falling down a deep well.

She fell very slowly, so she had plenty of time to look around her. The sides of the well were filled with cupboards and bookshelves; here and there maps and pictures hung on pegs.

**Down,
down,
down.**

Would the fall never end? “I wonder how many miles I’ve fallen?” she said aloud. “I must be getting near the centre of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right through! How funny it’ll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards. I shall have to ask them, ‘Please, is this New Zealand or Australia?’”

**Down,
down,
down.**

As there was nothing else to do, Alice continued talking. “I expect Dinah’ll miss me tonight.” (Dinah was the cat.) “Dinah, my dear, I wish you were with me. There are no mice, I’m afraid, but you might catch a bat.” Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on, “Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats?”

She was just dozing off, when she landed with a thump on a heap of dry leaves. The fall was over. Before her was another long passage, with the White Rabbit still in sight, hurrying down it. Away went Alice, just in time to hear it say, “Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it’s getting!”

She turned a corner, to find herself in a long, low hall, lit by lamps hanging from the roof. The White Rabbit was nowhere to be seen. There were doors all round the hall, but they were locked, and Alice walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

