

Why the Book is Better

A Series of Excerpts Exhibiting Why You Should Read the Book

this is a blank page

Books are **EXCITING** didn't you know?

When you read a book you can
hear the sounds, smell the smells, and see the sights.

Check out this compilation of excerpts from popular stories
that started as books, to see why the book *really is better*.

Why the Book is Better

A Series of Excerpts Exhibiting Why You Should Read the Book

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone 5

Wicked 13

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe 19

The Princess Diaries 25

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland 29

Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone

Chapter Sixteen: Through the Trapped Door

In which Hermione continues
to be amazing, and Harry
questions everything.

Snape's.

What do we have to do?

They stepped over the threshold, and immediately a fire sprang up behind them in the doorway. It wasn't ordinary fire either; it was purple. At the same instant, black flames shot up in the doorway leading onward.

They were trapped.

Look!

Hermione seized a roll of paper lying next to the bottles. Harry looked over her shoulder to read it:

Danger lies before you, while *safety* lies behind,
Two of us will help you, which ever you would find,
One among us seven will let you move ahead,
Another will transport the drinker back instead,
Two among our number hold only nettle wine,
Three of us are killers, waiting bidden in line.
Choose, unless you wish to stay here *forevermore*,
To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four:

First, however slyly the poison tries to hide

You will always find some on nettle wine's left side;

Second, different are those who stand at either end,

But if you would move onward, neither is your friend;

Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,

Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides;

Fourth, the second left and the second on the right

Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight.

Brilliant.

This isn't magic — *it's logic* — a puzzle.

A lot of the greatest wizards haven't got an *ounce* of logic,
they'd be stuck in here forever.

But

so will we, won't we?

Of COURSE not.

Everything we need is
here on this paper.

Seven bottles:

three are poison;
two are wine;

one will get us safely through the black fire,
and *one* will get us back through the purple.

But how do we know **which** to drink?

Give
me
a
minute.

Two of us will help you

One will let you move ahead

Neither *dwarf* nor *giant* holds death in their

will always find some on *nettle wine's* left

transport the drinker back

if you would move onward,
neither is your friend

Neither *dwarf* nor *giant* holds death in their insides

on nettle
wine's left

Got it.

The smallest bottle will get us through the black fire —
toward the Stone.

There's only enough there for one of us.

That's hardly one swallow.

Which one will get you back through the purple flames?

Hermione pointed at a rounded bottle
at the right end of the line.

You drink that.

No,
listen,

get back
and get Ron.

Grab brooms from the flying-key room

they'll get you out of the trapdoor and past Fluffy —
go straight to the owlery and send Hedwig to Dumbledore
we need him.

I might be able to hold Snape off for a while
but I'm no match for him, really.

But Harry — what if *You-Know-Who's* with him?

Well —

I was lucky once,
wasn't I?

I might get lucky again.

Wicked

Part II: Gillikin

In which Boq makes a plea for
Miss Galinda's affection, and
Miss Elphie is entertained.

I am *pleased* that you are so taken with me, Master Boq.

I am ***flattered.***

But you **must** see that there can be no *special friendship* between us. Apart from the matter of my feelings, there are too many social impediments for us to proceed. I only agreed to come so that I could tell you this in person. It seemed only fair.

It seemed only fair and it might be fun, too.
That's why I'm hanging around.

There's the issue of different cultures, to start.
I know you are a *Munchkinlander*.
I am a *Gillikin*ese.
I will need to marry one of my own.
It is the only way, I'm sorry,

– but

and furthermore you are a *farmer*, from the agricultural school,
and I require a *statesman* or a *banker*
from Ozma Towers. This is just how things are.

Besides,
you're too short.

What about his subversion of custom by coming here this way,
what about his silliness?
Enough.

That'll do, Miss Elphaba.

Please, you're too certain of yourself.

If I may be so bold.

You're not so **bold** at all — you're about as **bold** as tea made
from used leaves. You're embarrassing me with hanging back so.
Come on, say something interesting.
I'm starting to wish I'd gone to chapel.

You're interrupting.

Miss Elphie, you've done a *wonderful* thing to encourage Miss Galinda to meet me, but I **must** ask you to leave us alone to sort things out.

Neither of you will understand what the other is *saying*.

I'm a Munchkinlander by birth anyway, if not by upbringing,
and I'm a girl by accident if not by choice.

I'm the natural arbiter between you two. I don't believe you can get along without me. In fact if I leave the garden you'll cease to decipher each other's language entirely.

She speaks *the tongue of Rich*,
you speak **Clotted Poor**.

Besides, I paid for this show by wheedling Miss Galinda for three days running.
I get to watch.

It would be SO good of you to stay, Miss Elphaba.

I require a chaperone when with a boy.

See what I mean?

Then if you must stay, *at least* let me talk. Please let me speak, just for a few minutes.

Miss Galinda.

What you say is true.

You are highborn and I am common.

You are Gillikinese and I, Munchkinlander.

You have a social pattern to conform to, and so do I.

And mine doesn't include marrying a girl *too* wealthy,
too foreign, *too* expectant.

Marriage isn't what I came here to propose.

See, I'm glad I didn't leave,
this is just getting good.

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe

Chapter Eleven: Aslan is Nearer

In which the Witch Queen yells a lot,
and Edmund gets smacked.

What is
the meaning
of this?

Speak, *vermin*!

Or do you want my dwarf to find you a tongue with his whip?

What is the meaning of all this **gluttony**,
this **waste**,
this **self-indulgence**?

Where did
you get all
these **things**?

Please, your Majesty, we were given them.
And if I might make so bold as to drink
your Majesty's very good health—

Who
gave them to you?

F-F-F-Father Christmas.

WHAT?

He **has not** been here!

He **cannot** have been here!

How dare
you— but no.

Say you have been lying
and you shall even now
be forgiven.

At that moment one of the young
squirrels lost its head completely. He has - he has - he has!

Edmund saw the Witch bite her lips so
that a drop of blood appeared on her
white cheek. Then she raised her wand. Oh, don't,
please don't!

She had waved her wand and instantly where the merry
party had been there were only statues of creatures.

As for you, she says, giving Edmund a stunning blow on the face
let **that** teach you to ask favor for spies and traitors.

The Princess Diaries

Thursday, October 2, Ladies' Room at the Plaza Hotel

In which Mia's father makes a declaration,
and Mia hiccups repeatedly.

Mia,

I want you to know the truth. I think you're old enough now, and the fact is,
now that I can't have any more children,
this will have a tremendous impact on your life, and it is only fair I tell you.

I am
the prince
of Genovia.

Really, Dad?

Hiccup.

Your mother has always felt very strongly
that there wasn't any reason for you to know,
and I agreed with her.

I had a very, well, unsatisfactory childhood—

Hiccup.

I agreed with your mother that a palace is no place to raise a child.

Of course, at the time I didn't think she intended to raise you in a bohemian artist's loft in Greenwich Village.

but I will admit that it doesn't seem to have done you any harm.
In fact, I think growing up in New York City instilled you with a
healthy amount of skepticism about the human race at large—

Hiccup.

—which is something I didn't gain until college, and I believe is
partly responsible for the fact that I have such a difficult time
establishing close interpersonal relationships with women—

Hiccup.



Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

Chapter Eight: The Queen's Croquet-Ground

In which Alice rants to a cat, and a
king gets his knickers in a twist.

It's the Cheshire Cat:

now I shall have somebody to talk to.

How ^{arc} you ^{gctting} on?

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded.

It's no use speaking to it till its ears
have come, or at least one of them.

I don't think they play **at all** fairly.

and they all quarrel so
dreadfully one can't hear
oneself speak—

and they don't seem to have **any**
rules in particular;

at least, if there are,
nobody
attends to them—

and you've **no idea**
how **confusing** it is
all the things
being **alive;**

for instance, **there's** the arch I've got to go through
next walking about at the other end of the ground—
and I should have **croqueted** the Queen's
hedgehog just now, only

it **ran**
away
when it
saw **mine**
coming!

How do you like the Queen?

Not at all: she's SO extremely—

Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind her, listening: so she went on,

—likely to win,
that it's hardly
worth while
finishing
the game.

The Queen smiled and passed on.

Who ARE you talking to?

It's a friend of mine — a Cheshire Cat:
allow me to introduce it.

I don't like the look
of it AT ALL:

however, it may kiss my hand
if it likes.

I'd rather not.

Don't be impertinent,
and don't look at me like that!

A cat may look at a king. I've read that in some book,
but I don't remember where.

Well, it **must** be removed.

My dear!
I wish you
would have
this cat
removed!

OFF
WITH
HIS
HEAD!

I'll fetch the executioner myself!

So what are you
waiting for?

Go read a book!