

Alice in Wonderland

A Reading A-Z Level S Leveled Book

Word Count: 1,625



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A Selection from

Alice in Wonderland

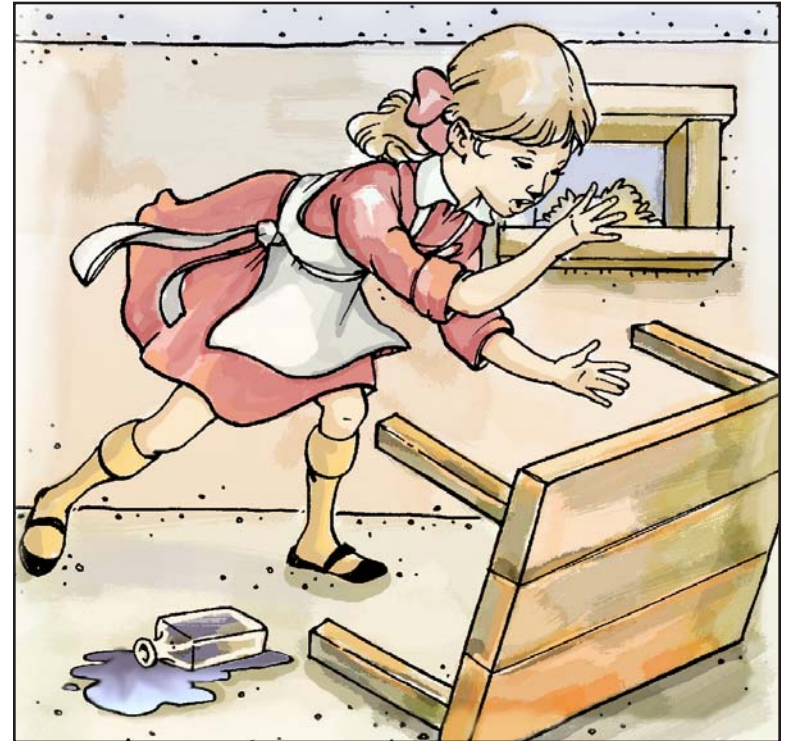


Written by Lewis Carroll • Illustrated by Joel Snyder

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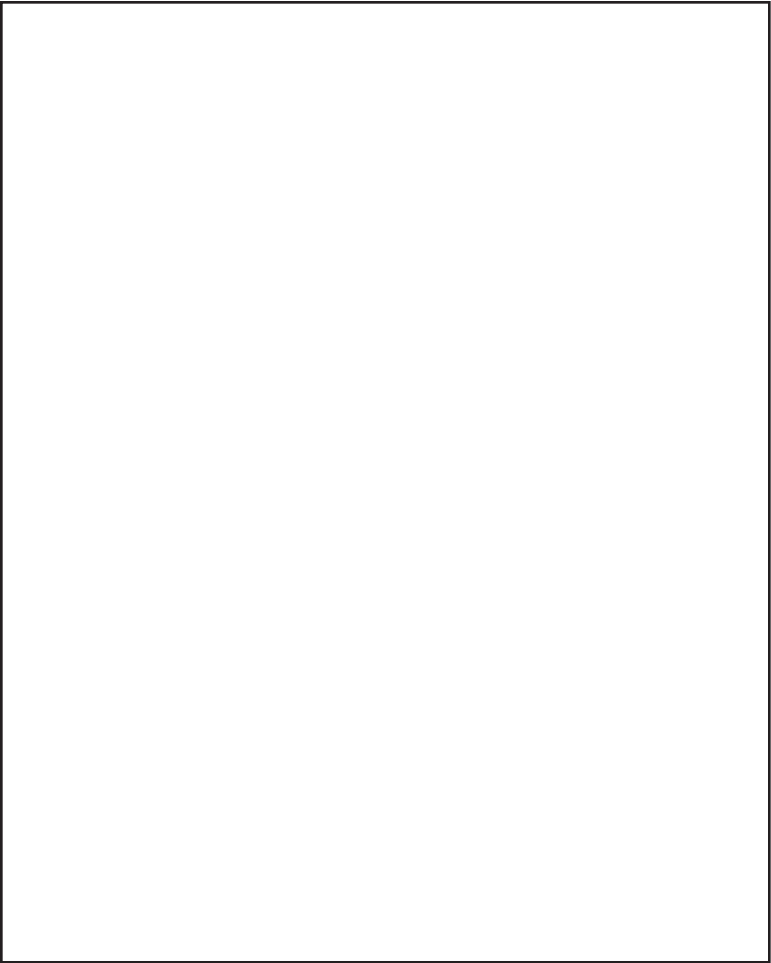
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The poor little lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea pigs. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared. But she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

If you would like to read more of Alice's adventures, ask your librarian to help you find Alice in Wonderland or Through the Looking-Glass by Lewis Carroll.



In this classic story, Alice follows the White Rabbit down a rabbit hole. She encounters many strange characters and adventures, including drinks that make her grow and food that makes her shrink. This part of the story begins when Alice once again catches up with the White Rabbit, who seems to be in a very big hurry.



Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice. He called to her in an angry tone.

“Why, Mary Ann, what are you doing here? Run home this moment and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan. Quick, now!”

Alice was so frightened that she ran off at once in the direction he pointed without trying to explain the mistake he had made.

So she swallowed one of the cakes. She was delighted to find that she began shrinking. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house. She found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside.



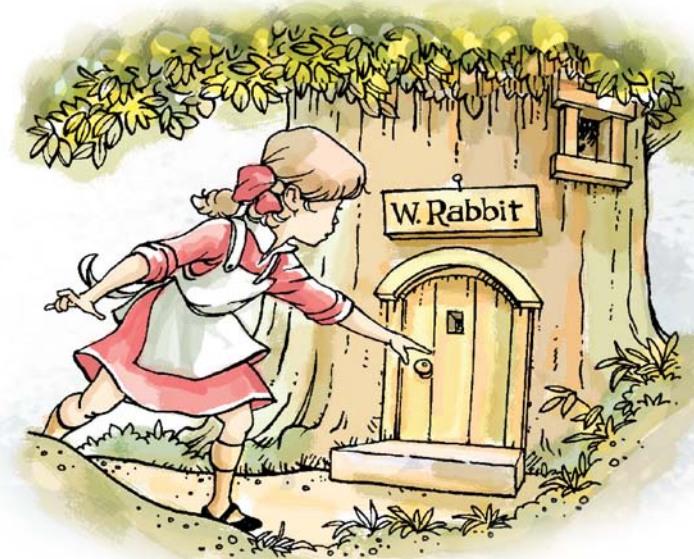


Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor. A bright idea came into her head.

If I eat one of these cakes, she thought, it's sure to make some change in my size. As it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose.

“He took me for his maid,” she said to herself as she ran. “But I’d better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them.” As she said this, she came upon a neat little house. On the door was the name W. RABBIT. She went in without knocking and hurried upstairs. She was very afraid that she might meet with the real Mary Ann and be kicked out of the house.

“How strange it seems,” Alice said to herself, “to be running errands for a rabbit! I suppose my cat Dinah will be sending me on errands next!”





By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table by the window. On it was a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white gloves. She took the fan and gloves, and was just going to leave when her eye fell upon a little bottle near the mirror.

There was no label this time with the words “DRINK ME.” Nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. “I know something interesting is sure to happen,” she said to herself. “Something interesting always happens when I eat or drink anything. So I’ll just see what this bottle does. I hope it’ll make me grow large again. I’m tired of being such a tiny little thing!”

A bucketful of what? thought Alice. But she had not long to wonder, for a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window. Some of them hit her in the face.

“I’ll put a stop to this,” she said to herself. She shouted out, “You’d better not do that again!” which produced another dead silence.





“We must burn the house down!” said the Rabbit’s voice. Alice called out as loud as she could, “If you do, I’ll set Dinah at you!”

There was a dead silence instantly. Alice thought to herself, *I wonder what they will do next? If they had any sense, they’d take the roof off.* After a minute or two, they began moving about again. Alice heard the Rabbit say, “A bucketful will do, to begin with.”

It did indeed, and much sooner than she expected. Before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head against the ceiling. She had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself, “That’s quite enough. I hope I won’t grow any more. As it is, I can’t get out the door. I do wish I hadn’t drunk so much!”



Alas, it was too late to wish that! She went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor. In another minute there was not even room for this, and she lay with one elbow against the door and the other curled round her head. Still she went on growing. As a last resort, she put one arm out the window and one foot up the chimney. She said to herself, "I can do no more, whatever happens. What will become of me?"



The first thing she heard was a chorus of "There goes Bill!" Then the Rabbit's voice—"Catch him, you by the hedge!" then silence. And then another confusion of voices—"Hold up his head—Don't choke him—How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!"

Last came a feeble, squeaking voice. (*That's Bill*, thought Alice.) "Well, I hardly know—I'm a bit too flustered to tell you. All I know is, something comes at me like a jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a skyrocket!"

"So you did, old fellow!" said the others.

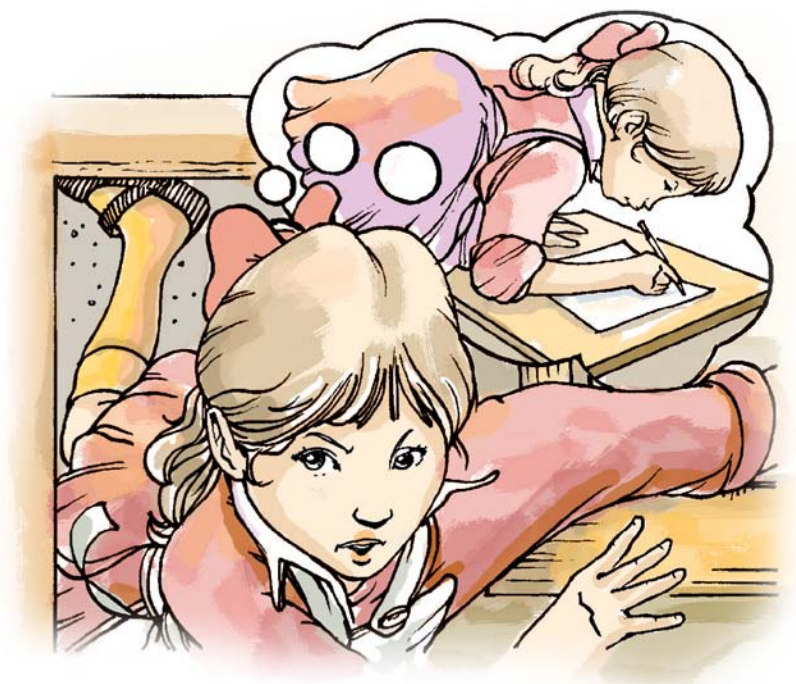
“Oh! So Bill’s got to come down the chimney, has he?” said Alice to herself. “This fireplace is narrow, to be sure. But I think I can kick a little!”

She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could. She waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn’t guess what it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney. “This must be Bill,” she said to herself. Then she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.



Luckily for Alice, the little bottle had had its full effect, and she grew no larger. Still, it was very uncomfortable, and there seemed to be no chance of ever getting out of the room again. No wonder she felt unhappy.

“It was much pleasanter at home,” poor Alice said to herself. “I wasn’t always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered around by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn’t gone down that rabbit hole. And yet, it’s rather strange, you know, this sort of life. I wonder what will happen to me.”



“When I used to read fairy tales,” she said, “I imagined that this kind of thing never happened. Now here I am in the middle of a fairy tale! There ought to be a book written about me! And when I grow up, I’ll write one. But wait, I suppose I’m grown up now.”

She continued in a sorrowful tone. “Won’t I ever grow up from where I am now? That will be good, in one way—I’ll never have to be an old woman. But then, I’ll also always have lessons to do!”



She waited for some time without hearing anything more. At last came a rumbling of little wheels and a good many voices all talking together. She made out the words: “Where’s the other ladder?—Bill’s got the other—Bill! Fetch it here, lad!—Here, put ’em up at this corner—No, tie them together first—Bill! Catch hold of this rope—Will the roof hold?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it’s coming down! (a loud crash)—Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who’s to go down the chimney?—Nay, I won’t! You do it!—Bill’s to go down—Here, Bill! The master says you’re to go down the chimney!”

“An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!”

“Sure, it does, your honor, but it’s an arm for all that.”

“Well, it’s got no business there, at any rate. Go and take it away!”

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then. At last, she spread out her hand again and made another snatch in the air. This time there were two little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass.



“Oh, you foolish Alice,” she answered herself. “How can you do lessons in here? Why, there’s hardly any room in here for you, and none at all for school books.”

She went on talking, taking first one side and then the other, until after a few minutes she heard a voice outside and stopped to listen.

“Mary Ann! Mary Ann!” said the voice. “Fetch me my gloves this moment!” Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her.



The Rabbit came up to the door and tried to open it. But, as the door opened inwards and Alice's elbow was pressed against it, that attempt failed. Alice heard him say to himself, "Then I'll get in the window."

That you won't, thought Alice. After waiting until she thought she heard the rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a crash of broken glass.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before. "Digging for apples, your honor!"

"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit angrily. "Come and help me out of this." (Sounds of more broken glass.)

"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, your honor!"

