

Lewis Carroll
*Alice's Adventures
in Wonderland*



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Retold by Scotia Victoria Gilroy

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Chapter I

'Through the Rabbit-Hole'



One summer afternoon, Alice was sitting on a riverbank listening to her sister read a book. She was beginning to get very tired of listening, because the hot day made her feel very sleepy and her sister's book didn't have any pictures or conversations in it.

"And what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without any pictures or conversations?"

Suddenly, just as Alice's eyes were beginning to close, a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran past her.

There was nothing very strange in that; nor did Alice think it was so unusual to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I will be late!" But when the Rabbit took a watch out of its pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried away, Alice jumped to her feet, for she suddenly realised that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a pocket, or a watch to take out of it.

Full of curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it go down a large rabbit-hole.



Alice followed the rabbit down the rabbit-hole, without thinking about how she was going to get out again.

First the rabbit-hole went straight like a tunnel, but then it suddenly went down, and Alice found herself falling through the air.

Either the hole was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had enough time as she fell to look around. First, she tried to look down and see what was at the bottom, but it was too dark to see anything. Then she looked at the walls next to her, and saw that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves, with strange pictures and maps hanging next to them.

"Well," thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I won't be afraid of falling down stairs! How brave they'll think I am at home! I won't complain, even if I fall off the top of the house!"

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

"I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said out loud. "I must be



near the centre of the earth by now."

Down, down, down. The fall was so slow and gentle, that Alice soon began to feel sleepy, and just as her eyes were beginning to close: bump! bump! Down she landed on a pile of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not hurt at all, and she jumped to her feet. Ahead of her was a long passage, and she could still see the White Rabbit far ahead, hurrying down it.

Alice ran as fast as the wind, and was just in time to hear the Rabbit say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!"

She was close behind the Rabbit when she turned the corner, but suddenly she could no longer see it. Alice found herself alone in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the ceiling.

There were doors all along both walls, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying to open every door, she walked

sadly down the middle, wondering how she was going to get out again.

Suddenly she found a little three-legged table, made of solid glass. There was nothing on it except a tiny golden key. Alice thought that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall, but, sadly, either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, for it would not open any of them. However,



the second time around, she discovered a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high. She tried the little golden key in the lock, and it fit!

Alice opened the door and saw that it led into a beautiful garden, full of bright flowers. But when she tried to go through the door, she discovered that it was too small, and she could not even get her head through it. She was only able to crouch down low to look through it. "If only I could become smaller!" thought Alice.

Alice went back to the table, hoping she might find another key on it, or at least a book of rules explaining how to become smaller. But this time she found a little bottle on the table, ("which certainly was not here before," thought Alice,) and around the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

Alice was a very wise child and knew that it was not a good idea to drink something



without first seeing if it was marked "poison." She had heard stories about children who had got burnt, or eaten up by wild beasts, or other unpleasant things, all because they would not remember the simple rules their parents had taught them.

However, this bottle was not marked "poison," so Alice decided to taste it. It was very nice (it had a mixed flavour of cherry-tart, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast), and she had soon drunk the whole thing.

"What a strange feeling!" said Alice. "I must be shrinking."

And so, in fact, she was: she was now only ten inches high, and she became very happy when she realised that she was now the right size for going through the little door into the lovely garden.

She was still holding the little golden key in her hand, and so she opened the door again, and easily walked through it into the garden.

Chapter II

'The Rabbit's House'



Soon Alice was walking down a little path with flowers on either side. But the flowers were much taller than her! They towered over her like trees.

She suddenly heard footsteps, and she looked up just in time to see the White Rabbit running along. It ran past, and then turned around and walked slowly back again, looking around as if it had lost something. And she heard it speaking to itself, "Oh dear! The Queen! The Queen! She'll kill me, that's for sure! Where did I drop my gloves?"

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, and called out to her in an angry tone, "Mary Ann, what are you doing here? Run home this moment, and get me another pair of gloves! Quick, now!" And Alice was so frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake it had made.

"He thinks I'm his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "He'll be surprised when



he finds out who I am! But I should take him his gloves – that is, if I can find them.”

As she said this, she arrived at a little house, on the door of which was a sign with the name “W. Rabbit” written on it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, afraid that she would meet the real Mary Ann.

“How strange it seems,” Alice said to herself, “to be doing work for a rabbit!”

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table by the window, and on it three pairs of tiny white gloves. She picked up one pair and was just going to leave the room, when she noticed a little bottle that was on a table near the mirror. There was no label this time with the words “DRINK ME,” but she opened it anyway and lifted it to her lips.

“I know something interesting will happen,” she said to herself, “whenever I eat or drink anything; so I’ll see what this bottle does. I hope it will make me grow large again, for I’m tired of being so small.”

It made her grow larger, and much sooner than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, her head was touching the ceiling. She quickly put down the bottle, saying to herself, “That’s enough! I hope I won’t grow any more. Already I’m too big to go through the door! I wish I hadn’t drunk quite so much.”

But, sadly, it was too late to wish that! She continued growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor. In another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm around her head. Still she went on growing, and she had to put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney. “What is going to happen to me?” she wondered.

Luckily for Alice, she soon stopped growing. But she was very uncomfortable, and because there seemed to be no way for her to leave the room, she began to feel very unhappy.

"It was much more pleasant at home," thought poor Alice, "when I wasn't always growing larger and smaller!"

After a few minutes she heard a voice outside.

"Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" said the voice. "Bring me my gloves this moment!" Then she heard the sound of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled until she shook the house, forgetting that she was now about a hundred times larger than the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

The Rabbit came up to the door and tried to open it, but couldn't, because Alice's elbow was pressed against it. Alice heard it run back outside.

Then she heard the Rabbit's angry voice: "Bill! Bill! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Right here, sir, digging in the garden."

"Digging in the garden!" said the Rabbit angrily. "Come and help me!"



"Yes, sir."

"Tell me, Bill, what's that in the window?"

"It's an eye, sir, looking out at us!"

"An eye! Whoever saw one that size? It fills the whole window!"

"Sure it does, sir, but it's an eye after all!"

"Well, it shouldn't be there! Go and take it away!"

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then, such as, "I don't like it, sir, at all, at all!" and "Do as I tell you, you coward!"

After a little while, Alice heard the noise of many feet and a lot of voices talking together: "What's happening?" – "What's the trouble?" – "There's a monster in the house!" – "What's going to be done?" – "The Master has told Bill to go down the chimney!" – "Come on, Bill, you can do it!" – "Don't be afraid now, dear Bill!" And there was the sound of a ladder against the outside wall.

"Oh! So Bill's going to come down the chimney, is he?" said Alice to herself. "Poor Bill! This fireplace is narrow, but I think I can kick a little!"

She pulled her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess what kind it was) scratching inside the chimney close above her. Then, saying to herself, "This is Bill," she kicked once, and

waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing she heard was a lot of voices: "There goes Bill!" Then the Rabbit's voice alone: "Catch him!" Then silence, and then more voices: "Hold up his head – Give him something to drink – Don't choke him – How was it? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!"

Then came a little, squeaking voice. ("That's Bill," thought Alice.) "Well, I hardly know, and I'm too upset to tell you. All I know is that something kicked me really hard, and up I went like a rocket!"

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

After this there wasn't any talking, and Alice could hear them begin to move again, and she heard the Rabbit say, "A small pile will be enough, to begin with."

"A pile of what?" thought Alice; but she didn't have to wonder long, for the next moment a shower of little stones came in through the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll stop this," she said to

herself, and shouted out, "Don't do that again!" which produced more silence.

Alice noticed with surprise that the little stones were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and an idea came into her head. "If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make some change in my size; and since it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose."

So she ate one of the cakes, and was happy to find that she began to shrink. As soon as she was small enough to go through the door she ran out of the house, and found a large crowd of little animals and birds outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, held up by two guinea-pigs who were giving it something to drink out of a bottle. They all ran angrily towards Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran away as fast as she could, and soon found herself in a thick forest.

Chapter III

'Advice from a Caterpillar'



Alice felt very tired, so she stopped and leaned against a flower to rest, and fanned herself with one of the leaves. This reminded her of how small she now was.

"Oh dear!" she said to herself. "I'd almost forgotten that I have to get big again! Let me see – how will I do it? I suppose I have to eat or drink something, but the great question is, what?"

Alice looked all around her at the flowers and the grass, but she could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink.

There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself; and when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, she decided to look and see what was on top of it.

She looked over the edge of the mushroom, and she saw a huge, blue caterpillar that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long pipe.

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for a while in silence. At last the



Caterpillar took the pipe out of its mouth and said in a sleepy voice,

"Who are YOU?"

Alice replied, rather shyly, "I – I hardly know, sir, right now – at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar coldly. "Explain yourself!"

"I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice, "but when you have to turn into a cocoon – you will, someday, you know – and then after that into a butterfly, I think it will feel a bit strange, won't it?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," said Alice; "all I know is, it would feel very strange to me."

"You!" said the Caterpillar. "Who are YOU?"

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such short remarks, and she tried to make herself look as tall as possible and said, very seriously, "I think you ought to tell me who YOU are, first."

"Why?" asked the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a very unpleasant mood, she turned away.

"Come back!" the Caterpillar called after her. "I've something important to say!"

Alice turned and came back again.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing her anger as well as she could.

"No," said the Caterpillar.

For a few minutes the Caterpillar smoked its pipe without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the pipe out of its mouth again, and said, "What size do you want to be?"

"Well, I would like to be a little larger," said Alice. "Three inches is such a terrible height to be."

"It's a very good height!" said the Caterpillar angrily, pulling itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

"But I'm not used to it!" said Alice. And she thought to herself, "I wish the creatures in this forest wouldn't be so easily offended!"

"You'll get used to it eventually," said the Caterpillar.

Then it slowly got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, saying as it went, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

"One side of what? The other side of what?" thought Alice to herself.

"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar,



just as if she had asked it out loud, and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice stood staring at the mushroom for a minute, trying to decide which were the two sides of it. This was a difficult question because it was perfectly round. However, at last she stretched her arms around it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

"And now which is which?" she said to herself, and ate a little bit of the right-hand bit to try the effect: the next moment she felt herself shrinking. She was already so small, she became frightened she would disappear completely, so she quickly took a bite of the other piece. Suddenly she was taller than the trees, and birds were flying around her head!

"Oh dear!" Alice said, "How will I ever be my own size again?"

But she kept taking small bites of each piece, shrinking and growing again and again, until, at last, she reached the normal height for a little girl.

Chapter IV

'The Cheshire Cat'



Alice was walking through the forest, when she was suddenly surprised by a large cat sitting on the branch of a tree.

The Cat grinned when it saw Alice. It looked friendly, she thought, but it had very long claws and many teeth, so she felt that it should be treated with respect.

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why you are grinning like that?"

"I'm a Cheshire cat," the cat replied. And it grinned even more.

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats could grin."

"They all can," said the Cat, "and most of them do."

Alice thought about this for a moment. Then she said, "Cheshire Cat, would you tell me, please, which way I should go from here?"

"That depends on where you want to be," said the Cat.



"I don't care where –" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.

" – as long as I get somewhere," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk for long enough."

Alice felt that this must be true, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live around here?"

"In that direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw around, "lives a Hatter: and in that direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to be among mad people," said Alice.

"Oh, there's nothing you can do to change that," said the Cat. "We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" asked Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."



Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on, "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. Do you agree?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well then," the Cat went on, "you see, a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's happy. Now, I growl when I'm happy, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"I call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Are you going to play croquet with the Queen today?"

"I would like to very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and disappeared

Alice was not very surprised by this, since she was getting used to strange things happening. While she was looking at the place where the Cat had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By the way, have you seen the White Rabbit today?" it asked.

"Yes, I have," replied Alice. "I saw him at his house."

"I thought so," said the Cat, and disappeared again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting it to appear again, but it didn't. After a minute or two she started walking in the direction in which the Cat had told her the March Hare lived.

"I've seen hatters before," she said to herself. "The March Hare will be more interesting, and perhaps since this is May it won't be completely mad – at least not as mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on the branch of a tree.

"Do you enjoy playing croquet?" it asked.

"Yes, I do. Very much," replied Alice.

"That's wonderful," said the Cat. "The Queen will enjoy playing with you."

"I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and

disappearing so suddenly: you make me quite dizzy."

"All right," said the Cat, and this time it disappeared slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained for a while after the rest of it was gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice, "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I've ever seen in all of my life!"

She had not gone much further before she saw the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like long ears and the roof was covered with fur. It was so large a house that she did not want to go nearer until she had eaten some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and grown to about two feet high. Even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself, "What if it is completely mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

Chapter V

'A Mad Tea Party'



There was a table under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

"Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice, "only it's asleep, so I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it.

"No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's plenty of room!" said Alice, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in a friendly tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very nice of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.



"It wasn't very nice of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was your table," said Alice, "it's laid for a great many more than three."

The Hatter was staring at Alice. Then, after a moment, he said, "What day of the month is it?" He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice thought a little, and then said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wasn't good for the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the best butter," protested the March Hare.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter complained. "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and

looked at it with resignation: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the best butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, but doesn't tell what time it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does your watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied confidently, "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time."

"Which is just the case with mine," said the Hatter.

Alice felt very puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English.

"I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to say myself."

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it drinking tea all day."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's him."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, looking at Alice as if she couldn't know anything about anything at all. "You've probably never even spoken to Time."

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied, "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! That explains it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock

in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully, "but then – I wouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter, "but you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked."



"Is that the way you manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head sadly. "Not I! We quarrelled last March – just before he went mad, you know," (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare). "It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

*'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'*

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard some-thing like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

*'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle –''*

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle –*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and shouted, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How brutal!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a sad voice, "he won't do anything I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

"Is that why so many tea-things are on this table?" she asked.

"Yes, it is," said the Hatter with a sigh, "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash cups and saucers."

"Then you keep moving around, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter. "As things get used up." The Hatter seemed to be getting tired of answering Alice's questions.

But Alice continued, "But what happens when you come to the beginning again?"

"Can we please change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this."

"Yes," said the Hatter, "this is a ridiculous conversation."

"But," said Alice, "if you keep moving around the table, you'll soon get back to the beginning! I don't think –"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

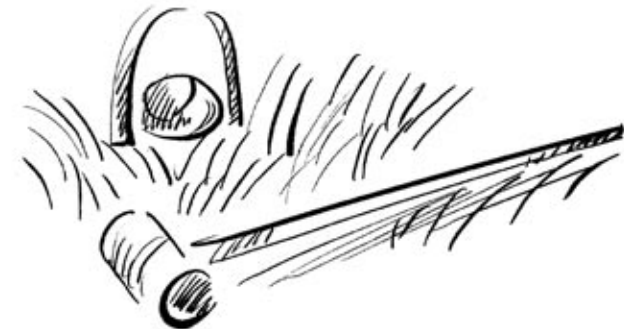
This rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She stood up in great disgust, and walked away. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took any notice of her leaving, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the tea-pot.

"I'll never go there again!" said Alice as she walked through the forest. "It's the stupidest tea party I've ever been to in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very strange," she thought. "But everything is strange today. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Chapter VI

'The Queen's Croquet Game'



The first thing Alice saw when she came into the daylight on the other side of the tree was a large rose-bush. The roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners busily painting them red. Alice thought this was very strange, and went nearer to watch them. The gardeners had flat, rectangular bodies, just like playing cards, with hands and feet at the sides. They were all arguing about the painting job, but one of them noticed Alice, and they suddenly stopped talking.

"Would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

"You see, Miss," the Two of Spades responded, "this should have been a red rose-tree, but we planted a white one by mistake; and if the Queen found out, we would all have our heads cut off, you know. So we're doing our best, before the Queen comes – " At this moment the Five of Spades, who had been nervously looking across the garden, called out,



"The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners threw themselves flat upon their faces.

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs, then ten courtiers, then the royal children. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognised the White Rabbit. At the end of this long procession came the King and Queen of Hearts.

When the procession came to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen shouted, "Who is this?"

Nobody answered her, so she turned to Alice and said, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, your Majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I don't need to be afraid of them!"

"And who are these?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying around the rose-bush.

"How should I know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage, "It's no business of mine."

The Queen turned red with fury. After staring at her angrily for a moment like a wild beast, she screamed, "Off with her head! Off –"

"Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly, and the Queen was silent.

The Queen went over to the gardeners.

"What has been going on here?" None of the gardeners was brave enough to answer her, but after the Queen examined the roses and saw what they had been doing, she shouted, "Off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind with the gardeners.

"Can you play croquet?" the Queen asked, looking at Alice.

"Yes!" shouted Alice.

"Come on, then!" shouted the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering what would happen next.

When they reached the croquet-ground, the Queen shouted, "Get to your places." People began running about in all directions,

knocking into each other; however, they got settled in a minute or two, and the game began. Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet game in her life: the balls were live hedgehogs, the mallets live flamingos, and the soldiers had to fold over and stand on their hands and feet, to make the arches.

The main difficulty Alice found at first was in controlling her flamingo. Every time she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to hit the hedgehog on its head, it would twist itself around and look up into her face with such a puzzled expression that she could not help laughing. And when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, she discovered that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was crawling away. Also, the folded soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground. Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game.



The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went about, shouting, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!"

Alice began to feel very uneasy. She hadn't had a fight with the Queen yet, but she knew that it might happen any minute, "and then," she thought, "what would become of me?"

She was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air. It puzzled her very much at first, but, after watching it a minute or two, she saw that it was a grin, and she said to herself, "It's the Cheshire Cat: now I will have somebody to talk to."

"How are you doing?" asked the Cat, as soon as his whole head had appeared. Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had someone to listen to her.

"Who are you talking to?" asked the King, coming up to Alice, and looking at the Cat's head with great curiosity. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

"It's a friend of mine – a Cheshire Cat," said Alice.

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King. "However, it may kiss my hand if it likes."

"I'd rather not," the Cat remarked.

"Don't be rude!" said the King, and he called the Queen, who was passing at that moment. "My dear! I wish to have this cat removed!"

The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. "Off with his head!" she said.

A large crowd soon gathered around the Cat's head, which was still grinning in the air, and everyone began arguing about whether a head could be cut off when it wasn't attached to a body.

"This is a good time to escape from here!" said Alice to herself, and she had just started to run away when the White Rabbit ran past her, and said to her, "Come on! The trial's just beginning!"

"What trial is it?" Alice shouted as she ran; but the Rabbit only answered, "Come on!" and grabbed her by the hand and began to run faster.

Chapter VII

"Who Stole the Tarts?"



The King and Queen of Hearts were sitting on their throne when Alice arrived, with a great crowd around them – all sorts of little birds and animals, as well as the whole pack of cards. The Knave was standing in front of them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a piece of paper in the other. In the middle of the court was a table with a large dish of tarts on it: they looked so good, that it made Alice very hungry to look at them. "I wish they'd finish the trial quickly," she thought, "and give out the refreshments." But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking at everything around her, to pass the time.

Alice had never been in a court before, but she had read about them in books, and she was pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. "That's the judge," she said to herself, "because of his large wig."



The judge was the King, and he wore his crown over his wig, which did not look very comfortable.

"And that's the jury-box," thought Alice, "and those twelve creatures," (she had to say 'creatures' because some of them were animals, and some were birds), "I suppose they are the jurors." She said this last word two or three times to herself, being rather proud of it: for she thought that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it.

"Herald, read the accusation!" said the King.

The White Rabbit blew on the trumpet, and then looked at the paper, and read:

*'The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!'*

"Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit interrupted. "There's a lot to come before that!"

"Call the first witness," said the King; and the White Rabbit blew on the trumpet, and called out, "First witness!"

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other. "I beg your pardon, your Majesty," he began, "for bringing these in: but I haven't quite finished my tea."

"You should have finished," said the King. "When did you begin?"

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. "Fourteenth of March, I think it was," he said.

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," added the Dormouse.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury, and the jury wrote down all three dates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

"Stolen!" the King exclaimed.

"I keep them to sell," the Hatter explained.

"I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."

"Give your evidence," said the King, "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed immediately."

This did not encourage the witness at all. He kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking nervously at the King and Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread and butter.

Just at this moment Alice felt a very strange sensation. She realised that she was beginning to grow larger again.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. "I can hardly breathe."

"I can't help it," said Alice, "I'm growing."

"You've no right to grow here," said the Dormouse.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Alice, "you know you're growing too."

"Yes, but I grow at a reasonable speed," said the Dormouse, "not in this ridiculous way." And he got up and went to the other side of the court.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily to the Hatter, "or I'll have you executed!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, "and I had just begun my tea – and everything was twinkling – and the March Hare said –"

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it!" said the March Hare.

"He denies it," said the King.

"Well, anyway, the Dormouse said –" the Hatter continued, looking around to see if the Dormouse would deny it too, but he denied nothing, being fast asleep.

"After that," continued the Hatter, "I cut some bread and butter –"

"But what did the Dormouse say?" one of the jury asked.

"I can't remember," said the Hatter.

The King sighed. Then he said, "If that's all you know about it, you may leave." And the Hatter quickly left the court.

"Call the next witness!" said the King.

The next witness was the Dormouse.

It was fast asleep when they called its name, so they had to pick it up and carry it.

"Where were you when the tarts were stolen?" asked the King.

The Dormouse yawned, and began to sing, sleepily, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle...*"

The jury all began to write this down.

"Off with his head!" shouted the Queen.

"Really, dear, you must try to control your temper," whispered the King. Meanwhile, the March Hare had taken the Dormouse back to its seat, where it curled into a ball and began to snore.

"Call the next witness!" the King shouted.



Alice watched the White Rabbit as he looked at the list, feeling curious to see who the next witness would be. "For they haven't got much evidence yet," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his tiny little voice, the name, "Alice!"

"Here!" cried Alice, completely forgetting how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up so quickly that she knocked the whole jury box over, and all of the jurors fell onto the floor.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, and began helping them back into their seats.

"What do you know about this business?" the King asked Alice.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing at all?" asked the King.

"Nothing at all," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down, when the

White Rabbit interrupted: "Unimportant, your Majesty means, of course."

"Unimportant, of course, I meant," the King quickly said, and continued to himself, "important – unimportant – important – unimportant –" as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote down "important," and some "unimportant."

At this moment the King, who had been looking at a large book, shouted, "Silence!" Then he read out from the book: "Rule Forty-two. All people more than a mile high must leave the court."

Everybody looked at Alice.

"I'm not a mile high," said Alice. "Besides, that's not a regular rule: you invented it right now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it should be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned white with anger, and shut the book. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first – verdict afterwards."

"Nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Be quiet," shouted the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't," said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted. Nobody moved.

"Who likes you?" said Alice. She had grown to her full size by this time. "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

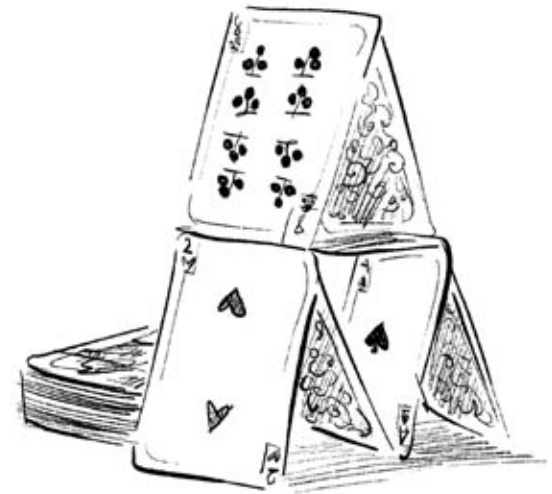
When she said this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she screamed, half from fear and half from anger, and tried to hit them away, and found herself lying on the riverbank, with her head in her sister's lap, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fallen down from the trees onto her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister; "What a long sleep you've had!"

"Oh, I've had such a strange dream!" said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she

could remember, all the strange adventures that you have just been reading about. And when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It was a strange dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to have your tea; it's getting late."

So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran about what a wonderful dream it had been.



Notes

Glossary

account - wyjaśnienie
accusation - oskarżenie
ahead - z przodu, naprzód
alone - sama
along - wzdłuż
anger - złość
armchair - fotel



arm-in-arm - ramię w ramię
at least - przynajmniej
beast - zwierzę
bookshelf - półka na książki
brave - dzielny
brutal - brutalny
burnt - wypalony
butterfly - motyl



by mistake - omyłkowo / przypadkowo
ceiling - sufit
chain - łańcuch
cherry-tart - wiśniowy placek
chimney - komin



claw - pazur
club - pałka
cocoon - kokon
confusing - zagmatwany
confusion - zamęt
consider - zastanawiać się
contemptuously - z pogardą
courage - odwaga
court - sąd
courtier - dworzanin
covered - pokryty
coward - tchórz
croquet - krokiet
crowd - tłum
crown - korona

crumbs - okruchy
cupboard - szafka, kredens
curiosity - ciekawość
curious - ciekawy
curious - dziwny
cushion - poduszka



daylight - światło dzienne
difficulty - trud
direction - kierunek
disgust - wstręt
edge - krawędź
elbow - łokieć
escape - ucieczka
evidence - dowód
explanation - tłumaczenie, wyjaśnienie
feeling - poczucie
field - pole
fireplace - kominek



flamingo - flamingo
folded - założone
footsteps - kroki
frightened - przestraszony
fur – futro
further - dalej
fury - furia
golden - złocisty
guinea-pig - świnka morska
hare - zając
hatter - kapelusznik
hedgehog - jeż



height - wzrost
hint - wskazówka
housemaid - służąca / gospoia
I beg your pardon - bardzo przepraszam
I can't help it - to nie moja wina, nic na to
nie poradzę
in a twinkling - w oka mgnieniu
in fact - faktycznie

inch - cal
instead of - zamiast
irritated - rozdrażniony
judge - sądzić
juror - członek jury
jury-box - ława przysięgłych
label - naklejka
ladder - drabina
lap - kolana
lit up - oświetlony
lizard - jaszczur



lock - zamek
locked - zamknięty na klucz
lovely - śliczny / uroczy
mad - szalony
mallet - drewniany młotek
(w grze w krykieta)
manners - maniery
mile - mila
mixed - pomieszany

monster - potwór
mood - nastrój
narrow - wąski
no longer - już nie
nonsense - bzdura
offended - obrażony, urażony
on either side - po obu stronach
ought to - powinni
out loud - na głos
pack of cards - talia kart
pair - para
path - szlak, ścieżka
paw - łapa
pile - stos
pineapple - ananas
playing cards - karty do gry



plenty - dużo, mnóstwo
pocket - kieszeń
poison - trucizna

poor fellow - biedak / biedaczek
 procession - pochód
 proud - dumny
 puzzled - zakłopotana
 puzzling - zagadkowe
 rabbit-hole - królicza nora
 reason - powód
 reasonable - rozsądny
 rectangular - prostokątny
 refreshments - przekąski
 remark - uwaga
 respect - szacunek
 ridiculous - bzdurny, śmieszny
 riverbank - brzeg rzeki
 roast turkey - pieczony indyk
 rocket - rakiet
 rose-bush - krzak róży

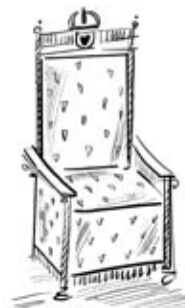


royal - królewski
 rude - niekulturalny, niegrzeczny
 rudeness - niegrzeczność

rules - zasady
 sensation - uczucie
 sentence - wyrok
 shower - przelotny nagły deszcz
 shyly - nieśmiało
 soldier - żołnierz
 speed - szybkość
 squeaking - piszczący / piskliwy
 stick - kij
 stolen - kradziony
 stone - kamień
 tart - placek



tea-tray - taca
 three-legged - trójnogi
 throne - tron



tidy - porządný
timidly - nieśmiało
to appear - pojawić się
to argue - kłócić się
to be attached - połączony
to beat time - wybijać takt / rytm
to bite - gryźć
to brush away - odsuwać na bok
(w tym kontekście odmiatać)
to catch - łapać
to choke - dusić
to complain - skarżyć się
to crawl - pełzać
to crouch - kucnąć / przykucnąć
to curl into a ball - zwinąć się w kłębek
to deny - zaprzeczyć
to dig - kopać
to disappear - zniknąć
to encourage - zachęcić
to expect - oczekiwać
to fan - chłodzić, wachlować się
to feel dizzy - kręcić się w głowie
to fit - pasować
to follow - śledzić

to gather - gromadzić się
to get used to - przystosować się,
przywyknąć
to grab - chwycić
to grin - uśmiechać się (szczерzyć zęby)
to growl - warknąć
to guess - zgadzać
to hang - wisieć
to hold - trzymać
to hope - mieć nadzieję
to hurry - śpieszyć się
to interrupt - przerwać
to invent - odkrywać
to kick - kopać
to kiss - pocałować
to kneel - klękać
to knock - pukać
to knock into - wpadać na siebie
to knock over - przewracać
to lead into - prowadzić (do)
to lean - opierać się
to lift - ponosić / podnieść
to murder - zabijać
to notice - zauważyć

to offer - zaproponować, zaoferować
to pinch - uszczypnąć
to point - wskazać
to pour - nalewać
to press - przycisnąć
to produce - powodować
to protest - protestować
to prove - dowodzić
to pull - ciągać
to purr - mruczeć
to quarrel - kłócić się, awanturować
to realize - zdać sobie sprawę z czegoś
to remind - przypomnieć
to remove - pozbyć
to repeat - powtarzać
to scratch - drapać
to shake - wstrząsać
to shout - wołać
to shrink - kurczyć się
to snore - chrapać
to squeeze - rozpychać się
to stare - wpatrywać się, gapić się
to steal - kraść
to stretch - rozciągać się

to swallow - połykać
to take notice - zauważyć
to tower (over someone) -
górować nad kimś
to tremble - drżeć
to twinkle - migotać
to twist - krecić
to unroll - rozwijać
to wag - merdać (ogonem)
to waste something - zmarnować coś
to wonder - zastanawiać się
to yawn - ziewać
toffee - toffi
tree branch - gałąź
trembling - drżący
trial - wyrok
trumpet - trąbka



tunnel - tunel

uneasily - niespokojnie
 uneasy - zaniepokojony
 unpleasant - nieprzyjemny
 unusual - niezwykły
 upright - do przodu, wyprostowany
 upset - zdenerwowany, przygnębiony
 verdict - decyzja, werdykt
 verse - wiersz
 wearily - ze znużeniem
 whiskers - wąsy (u kota)
 whisper - szept
 wig - peruka



wind – wiatr
 with resignation - z rezygnacją
 witness - świadek
 Your Majesty - Wasza Wysokość

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