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Opening extract from

Alice in Wonderland

Illustrated by

Emma Chichester Clark

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Emma Chichester Clark

Based on the original story by

Lewis Carroll

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…