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Opening extract from

Alice Through the Looking Glass

Original Story written by

Lewis Carroll

Illustrated and retold by

Emma Chichester Clark

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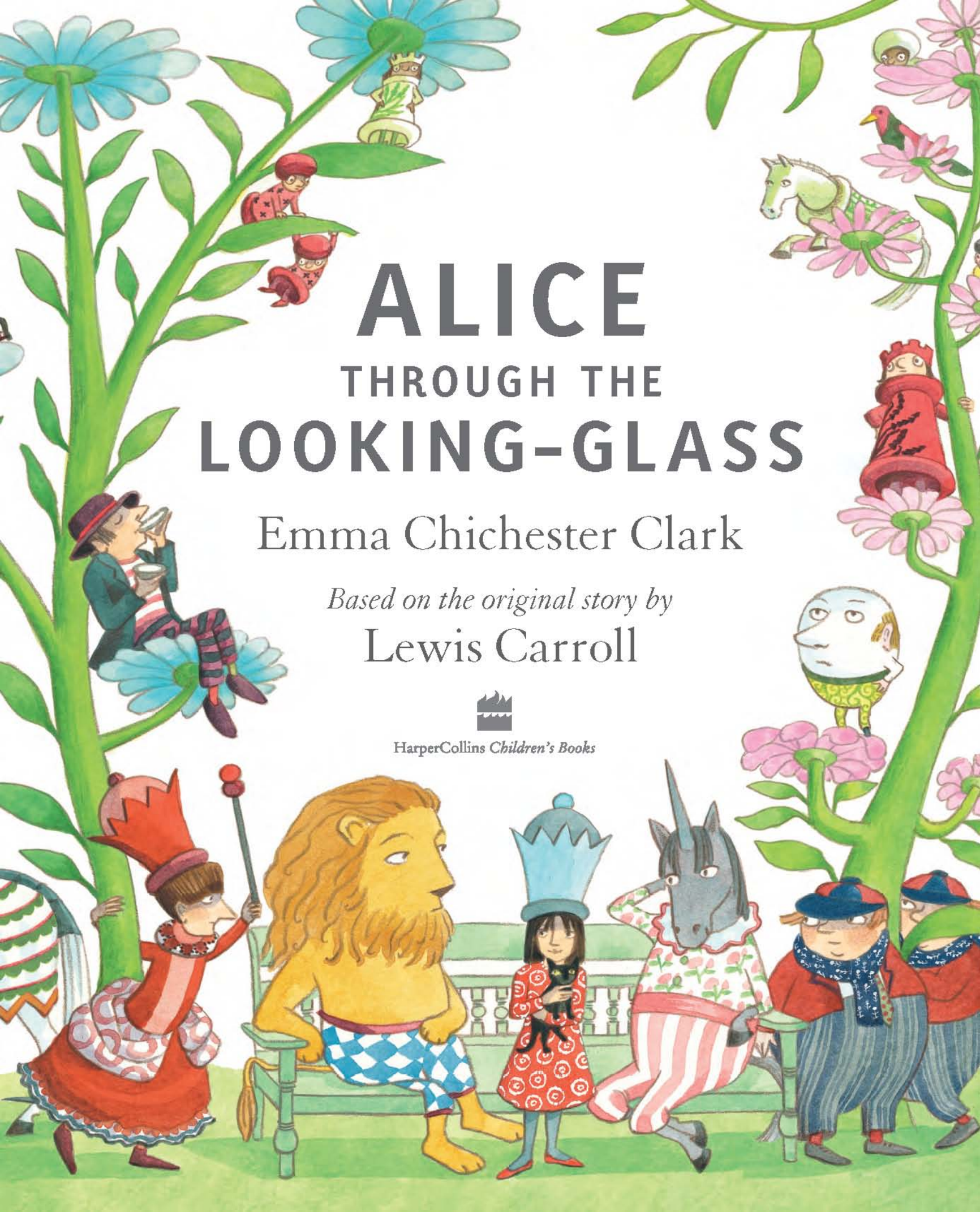
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ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

Emma Chichester Clark

Based on the original story by

Lewis Carroll

HarperCollins *Children's Books*





Snow was falling softly against the windowpanes and Alice was playing her favourite game of 'Let's pretend' with her little black kitten.

"Kitty, can you play chess?" she asked. "Let's pretend you're the Red Queen! If you sat up and folded your arms you'd look just like her. Look at you!"

She held the kitten up to the mirror.

"Oh, Kitty! How nice it would be if we could only get through into the Looking-glass House where everything is back to front! I'm sure it has such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend the glass has got all soft, so that we can get through..."

And, suddenly, like a bright silvery mist,

the glass began

to melt away...





In a moment, Alice found herself in the Looking-glass room. Instead of being like the old room she had come from, it was completely different. Everything, even the pictures, seemed to be alive and the chess pieces were walking about in pairs!

"Here are the Red King and Queen!" Alice whispered. "And the White King and Queen and two Castles walking arm in arm! I don't think they can hear me," she went on, "and I'm *sure* they can't see me!"

Beside her, on the table, a little white pawn rolled about, squeaking and kicking its legs in the air!

"It's the voice of my child!" cried the White Queen, looking up. "My precious Lily!"

Alice, anxious to help, knelt down and lifted the White Queen on to the table.

"What – was – that?" gasped the White Queen. The rapid journey through the air had quite taken her breath away.

Next Alice gently picked up the White King and put him beside the Queen but he fainted in astonishment.

"I shall *never* forget that!" he said eventually.

Meanwhile, Alice had found a book. It was written in a very strange language:

YKCOWREBBAL

But when she held it up to the mirror, it all became clear.

"It's a Looking-glass book, so everything is back to front," thought Alice. "But, oh! I must hurry and see the garden before I have to go back!"



JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought –
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
A frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

She seemed to float down the stairs and into the garden where she suddenly found herself face to face with the Red Queen (who had grown considerably).

"Where are you from and where are you going?" said the Red Queen. "Look up and speak nicely!"

"I'm finding my way around the garden..." began Alice.

"I don't know what you mean by *your* way!" said the Queen. "All ways about here belong to me!"

Alice looked at the view. There were squares everywhere. "It's just like a giant chessboard!" she said. "Oh, I wish I could join in! I'd love to be a Queen!"

"Well, you can! You're already on the Second Square," said the Red Queen. "You'll go by train through the Third – the Fourth belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee – the Fifth is over some water – and the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty. The Seventh is all forest – a Knight will guide you – and in the Eighth Square we shall all be Queens together for a feast!"

The Queen took Alice's hand. "Faster! Faster!" she cried as they ran. "Don't try to talk!"

They skimmed through the air, the wind whistling in their ears, but when they stopped Alice was amazed to find they hadn't moved at all! "In *our* country," she said, "you'd generally get to somewhere else, after running."

But the Queen had vanished!