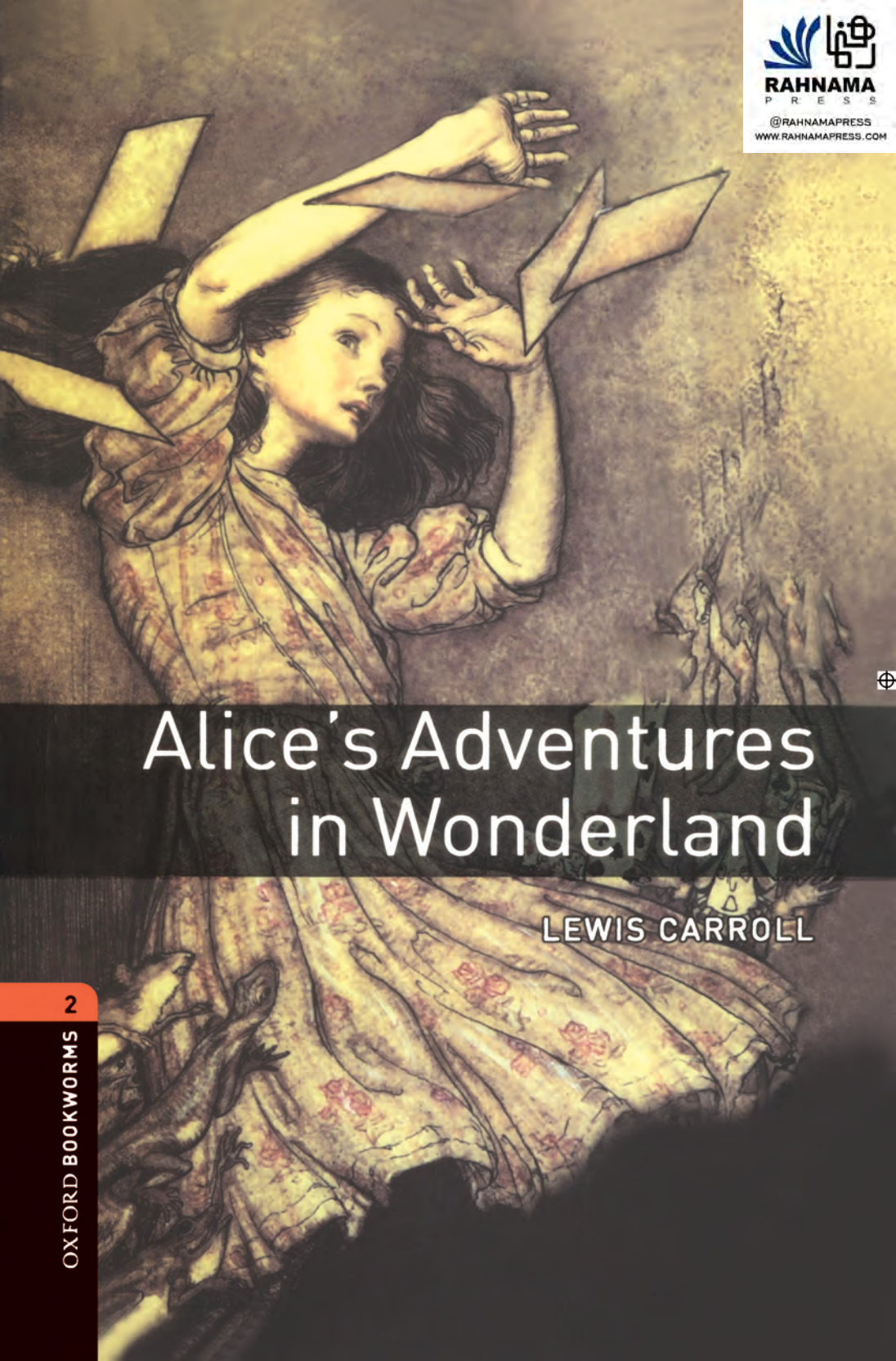




RAHNAMA
P R E S S

@RAHNAMAPRESS
WWW.RAHNAMAPRESS.COM



Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

LEWIS CARROLL

2

OXFORD BOOKWORMS

CONTENTS

STORY INTRODUCTION	i
1 Down the rabbit-hole	1
2 The pool of tears	7
3 Conversation with a caterpillar	12
4 The Cheshire Cat	16
5 A mad tea-party	23
6 The Queen's game of croquet	27
7 Who stole the tarts?	35
GLOSSARY	42
ACTIVITIES: Before Reading	44
ACTIVITIES: While Reading	45
ACTIVITIES: After Reading	48
ABOUT THE AUTHOR	52
ABOUT THE BOOKWORMS LIBRARY	53

1

Down the rabbit-hole

*A*lice was beginning to get very bored. She and her sister were sitting under the trees. Her sister was reading, but Alice had nothing to do. Once or twice she looked into her sister's book, but it had no pictures or conversations in it.

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

She tried to think of something to do, but it was a hot day and she felt very sleepy and stupid. She was still sitting and thinking when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran past her.



Suddenly a White Rabbit ran past her.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

There was nothing really strange about seeing a rabbit. And Alice was not *very* surprised when the Rabbit said, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (Perhaps it *was* a little strange, Alice thought later, but at the time she was not surprised.)

But then the Rabbit *took a watch out of its pocket*, looked at it, and hurried on. At once Alice jumped to her feet.

'I've never before seen a rabbit with either a pocket, or a watch to take out of it,' she thought. And she ran quickly across the field after the Rabbit. She did not stop to think, and when the Rabbit ran down a large rabbit-hole, Alice followed it immediately.

After a little way the rabbit-hole suddenly went down, deep into the ground. Alice could not stop herself falling, and down she went, too.

It was a very strange hole. Alice was falling very slowly, and she had time to think and to look around her. She could see nothing below her because it was so dark. But when she looked at the sides of the hole, she could see cupboards and books and pictures on the walls. She had time to take things out of a cupboard, look at them, and then put them back in a cupboard lower down.

'Well!' thought Alice. 'After a fall like this, I can fall anywhere! I can fall downstairs at home, and I won't cry or

Down the rabbit-hole



Alice was falling very slowly.

say a word about it!’

Down, down, down. ‘How far have I fallen now?’ Alice said aloud to herself. ‘Perhaps I’m near the centre of the earth. Let me think . . . That’s four thousand miles down.’ (Alice was very good at her school lessons and could remember a lot of things like this.)

Down, down, down. Would she ever stop falling? Alice was very nearly asleep when, suddenly, she was sitting on the ground. Quickly, she jumped to her feet and looked around. She could see the White Rabbit, who was hurrying away and

still talking to himself. ‘Oh my ears and whiskers!’ he was saying. ‘How late it’s getting!’

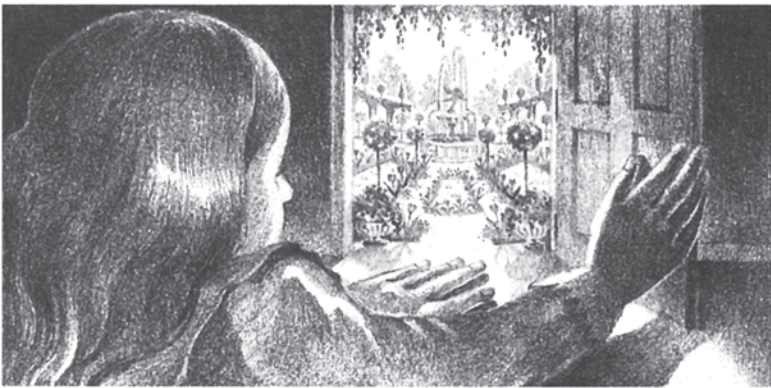
Alice ran after him like the wind. She was getting very near him when he suddenly turned a corner. Alice ran

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

round the corner too, and then stopped. She was now in a long, dark room with doors all round the walls, and she could not see the White Rabbit anywhere.

She tried to open the doors, but they were all locked. 'How will I ever get out again?' she thought sadly. Then she saw a little glass table with three legs, and on the top of it was a very small gold key. Alice quickly took the key and tried it in all the doors, but oh dear! Either the locks were too big, or the key was too small, but she could not open any of the doors.

Then she saw another door, a door that was only forty centimetres high. The little gold key unlocked this door easily, but of course Alice could not get through it – she was much too big. So she lay on the floor and looked through the open door, into a beautiful garden with green trees and bright flowers.



Alice looked through the door into a beautiful garden.

Down the rabbit-hole

Poor Alice was very unhappy. ‘What a wonderful garden!’ she said to herself. ‘I’d like to be out there – not in this dark room. Why can’t I get smaller?’ It was already a very strange day, and Alice was beginning to think that anything was possible.

After a while she unlocked the door again, got up and went back to the glass table. She put the key down and then she saw a little bottle on the table (‘I’m sure it wasn’t here before,’ said Alice). Round the neck of the bottle was a piece of paper with the words DRINK ME in large letters.

But Alice was a careful girl. ‘It can be dangerous to drink out of strange bottles,’ she said. ‘What will it do to me?’ She drank a little bit very slowly. The taste was very nice, like chocolate and oranges and hot sweet coffee, and very soon Alice finished the bottle.

* * *

‘What a strange feeling!’ said Alice. ‘I think I’m getting smaller and smaller every second.’

And she was. A few minutes later she was only twenty-five centimetres high. ‘And now,’ she said happily, ‘I can get through the little door into that beautiful garden.’

She ran at once to the door. When she got there, she remembered that the little gold key was back on the glass table. She ran back to the table for it, but of course, she was now much too small! There was the key, high above

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

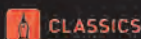


There, on top of the mushroom, was a large caterpillar, smoking a pipe. After a while the Caterpillar took the pipe out of its mouth and said to Alice in a slow, sleepy voice, 'Who are you?'

What strange things happen when Alice falls down the rabbit-hole and into Wonderland! She has conversations with the Caterpillar and the Cheshire Cat, goes to the Mad Hatter's tea party, plays croquet with the King and Queen of Hearts . . . (Word count 6,315)



700 Headwords



For apps, e-books,
audio downloads, and
free resources go to
www.oup.com/elt/gradedreaders

Text adaptation by **Jennifer Bassett**

Cover image by Arthur Rackham copyright © Arthur Rackham Estate courtesy of Corbis and Bridgeman Art Library

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

www.oup.com/elt

CEFR	
B1	
A2	
A1	

OXFORD ENGLISH
ISBN 978-0-19-479051-2



9 780194 790512