Chapter 1: Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice 'without pictures or conversation?'

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to
look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too
dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and
noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here
and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took
down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled `ORANGE
MARMALADE', but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not
like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into
one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

`Well!' thought Alice to herself, `after such a fall as this, I shall think
nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home!
Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the
house!' (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end! `I wonder how
many miles I've fallen by this time?' she said aloud. `I must be getting
somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four
thousand miles down, I think--' (for, you see, Alice had learnt several
things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was
not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no
one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) `--yes, that's
about the right distance--but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude
I've got to?' (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but
thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. `I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth!
How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their
heads downward! The Antipathies, I think--' (she was rather glad there
was no one listening, this time, as it didn’t sound at all the right word)
`--but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know.
Please, Ma' am, is this New Zealand or Australia?' (and she tried to curtsey
as she spoke-- fancy curtseying as you’re falling through the air! Do you
think you could manage it?) `And what an ignorant little girl she’ll think
me for asking! No, it’ll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up
somewhere.'

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began
talking again. `Dinah’ll miss me very much to-night, I should think!' (Dinah was the cat.) `I hope they’ll remember her saucer of milk at
tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?' And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, 'Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?' and sometimes, 'Do bats eat cats?' for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, 'Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?' when suddenly, thump! thump! Down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment. She looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, 'Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!'