

AI-Generated Graded Readers

Masaru Uchida, Gifu University

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About This Edition

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.

The text was generated using ChatGPT and prepared for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

Source Text

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Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Simplified Edition, Adapted and Simplified by ChatGPT)

Part 1

Alice sat by the river with her sister. The day was warm, and the air felt still and heavy. Her sister read a book and did not speak. Alice tried to look at the book once or twice, but it had no pictures and no talking in it. She thought, "A book without pictures or talking is not very good." She felt bored and tired. Nothing seemed interesting, and her eyes wanted to close because of the heat.

She thought about making a chain of small flowers. She wondered if it was worth the effort to stand up and pick them. While she was thinking slowly and sleepily, something strange happened. A White Rabbit ran past her. Its eyes were pink, and it moved very quickly.

At first, Alice did not think this was very strange. But then the Rabbit spoke. It said, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" Alice later understood that she should have been surprised, but at that moment it felt almost natural. Then the Rabbit took a watch out of its pocket and looked at it while running.

Alice jumped to her feet at once. She had never seen a rabbit with a pocket or a watch before. Curiosity filled her mind. Without thinking about danger or how she would return, she ran across the field after the Rabbit. Just in time, she saw it disappear into a large hole under a hedge.

Alice followed it immediately. She did not stop to think how she would get out again. The hole first went straight like a tunnel. Then suddenly it dropped down. Alice fell before she could stop herself.

She was falling down a very deep well. The fall felt slow, almost gentle. She had enough time to look around her and think. The sides of the well were covered with shelves and cupboards. She saw maps and pictures hanging on hooks. As she passed one shelf, she took a jar labeled "ORANGE MARMALADE." She looked inside and felt disappointed because it was empty. She did not want to drop the jar and hurt someone below, so she carefully placed it into another cupboard while

still falling.

She thought, “After a fall like this, falling down stairs will feel easy. Everyone at home will think I am brave.” She imagined falling from the top of a house and not even talking about it.

Down she went, still falling. She began to wonder how far she had fallen. She said aloud, “I must be near the center of the earth. Maybe four thousand miles down.” She remembered lessons from school. Even though no one listened, she liked saying the facts again. Then she added, “I wonder what my latitude or longitude is.” She did not really know what those words meant, but she liked how important they sounded.

After a while she said, “What if I fall through the earth and come out on the other side? Maybe people there walk upside down.” She tried to imagine asking someone politely where she was. She even imagined making a polite bow while falling through the air, which made her smile a little.

There was nothing else to do, so she began talking again. She thought about her cat Dinah. “Dinah will miss me tonight,” she said softly. “I hope they remember to give her milk.” She imagined Dinah catching bats in the air. Then she wondered, “Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats?” The questions repeated in her mind as she grew sleepy.

Her thoughts became dreamlike. She imagined walking with Dinah and asking her serious questions. Just then—thump!—she landed on a pile of sticks and dry leaves. The fall ended suddenly.

Alice stood up quickly. She was not hurt at all. Above her everything was dark. In front of her stretched a long passage. The White Rabbit ran ahead, still hurrying. Alice ran after it as fast as she could. She heard it say, “Oh my ears and whiskers! I am late!” Then it turned a corner and disappeared.

Alice reached the corner but could not see the Rabbit anymore. She found herself in a long hall with a low ceiling. Lamps hung from above and filled the hall with light. Doors stood all around the walls, but every one of them was locked.

She walked from one door to another, trying each handle. None opened. At last she walked slowly down the middle of the hall, wondering how she would ever

leave.

In the center she found a small glass table with three legs. On it lay a tiny golden key. Alice thought it must open one of the doors. She tried every lock again, but the key was either too small or the locks were too big. Nothing worked.

While walking around once more, she noticed a small curtain she had not seen before. Behind it stood a tiny door, only a little higher than her knee. She tried the golden key in the lock. It fit perfectly.

Alice opened the door and looked through. Beyond it was a narrow passage leading to a beautiful garden. She saw bright flowers and cool fountains shining in the light. She wished deeply to walk there. But the doorway was too small. She could not even push her head through.

She sighed and thought, "Even if my head could pass, my shoulders could not." Then she added, "I wish I could close myself like a telescope." So many strange things had already happened that she began to believe almost anything was possible.

She returned to the table, hoping to find another key or maybe instructions. This time she noticed a small bottle that had not been there before. Around its neck hung a label with large clear words: "DRINK ME."

Alice looked at it carefully. "I must be careful," she said. She checked to see if it said "poison." She remembered stories about children who were hurt because they ignored simple rules. She knew hot things burn and sharp knives cut. She also knew drinking poison causes harm.

The bottle did not say poison. So she tasted it slowly. The drink tasted sweet and mixed, like many pleasant foods together. She liked it very much and soon finished it.

A strange feeling spread through her body. "How curious!" she said. "I must be closing like a telescope." She was right. She grew smaller and smaller until she was only ten inches high.

She felt happy because now she could enter the little door and reach the garden. Still, she waited a moment, worried she might disappear completely like a candle flame after it goes out. When nothing more happened, she walked toward the door.

But when she reached it, she suddenly stopped. She had forgotten the golden key on the table. She ran back, but now she was too small to reach it. She could see it clearly through the glass, yet the table legs were too smooth to climb.

Tired and upset, Alice sat down and began to cry. Tears filled her eyes as she said sharply to herself, "Crying will not help. Stop at once!" She often gave herself good advice, though she did not always follow it.

While she sat there sadly, she noticed a small glass box under the table. Inside was a tiny cake with the words "EAT ME" made from small sweet fruits. Alice smiled a little. "If it makes me bigger, I can reach the key," she said. "If it makes me smaller, I can go under the door. Either way is good."

She took a small bite and waited, holding her hand on her head to feel any change. Nothing happened at first. This surprised her, because she now expected strange things all the time. So she finished the cake completely and waited to see what would happen next.

Part 2

The moment Alice finished the cake, she felt a sudden change begin. Her body stretched upward quickly, faster than she expected. "How strange!" she cried. "I am opening like the biggest telescope ever!" She looked down at her feet, but they seemed very far away now. They grew smaller and smaller in her sight as her body became taller.

"Good-bye, feet!" she said in surprise. "Who will put on your shoes now?" She tried to imagine sending presents to her own feet. The idea felt funny to her, and she laughed a little at the thought of writing directions to them like letters. Still, she tried to be kind in her thoughts, worrying that her feet might refuse to walk where she wanted if she treated them badly.

She continued growing until her head suddenly struck the ceiling of the hall. She was now more than nine feet tall. Quickly she picked up the little golden key and hurried toward the garden door. She lay on her side and tried to look through the doorway with one eye, but it was useless. She was far too large to pass through.

The disappointment felt heavy inside her. She sat down and began to cry again. “You should be ashamed,” she told herself firmly. “A big girl like you should not cry like this.” Yet she could not stop. Tears flowed from her eyes again and again. Soon they formed a pool around her feet. The water spread across the hall until it became deep enough to reach halfway up the room.

After some time she heard small running footsteps in the distance. She wiped her eyes quickly to see who was coming. The White Rabbit returned, dressed neatly and carrying white gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. It hurried along, speaking nervously to itself. “The Duchess will be angry if I am late!”

Alice felt desperate for help. In a quiet voice she said, “If you please, sir—” The Rabbit jumped in fright, dropped the gloves and fan, and ran away as fast as it could into the darkness.

Alice picked up the fan and gloves. The hall felt hot, so she began fanning herself while speaking aloud. “Everything is so strange today,” she said. “Yesterday everything felt normal. I wonder if I changed during the night.” She tried to remember how she had felt when she woke that morning. The question troubled her deeply. “If I am not the same person,” she said slowly, “then who am I?”

She began thinking about other children she knew, comparing herself with them. “I cannot be Ada,” she said. “Her hair curls, and mine does not. I cannot be Mabel either. She knows very little, and I know many things.” She paused and frowned. “But do I still know them?”

She tried to test herself. “Four times five is twelve... four times six is thirteen...” She stopped, confused. “That is wrong!” she cried softly. She tried geography next but mixed up cities and countries. Fear grew inside her. “Perhaps I really have changed into someone else,” she whispered.

She tried to repeat a poem she knew, but the words came out wrong. Tears filled her eyes again. She imagined being forced to live another girl’s life with many lessons and few toys. The thought made her feel lonely and unhappy.

As she spoke, she noticed something surprising. One of the Rabbit’s small gloves was now on her hand. “How did that happen?” she wondered. At the same

time she felt herself shrinking again. She rushed to the table and measured herself beside it. She was now only about two feet tall and still getting smaller.

She realized the fan was causing the change. Quickly she dropped it before she disappeared entirely. "That was close!" she said, breathing quickly with fear. Relieved that she still existed, she ran toward the little door again.

But the door was locked once more, and the golden key remained on the glass table above her reach. "Things are worse than ever," she said sadly. "I have never been this small before."

Suddenly her foot slipped. Splash! She fell into cold salt water up to her chin. At first she thought she had fallen into the sea. She remembered visiting the seaside once and imagined trains and houses along the shore. Soon she understood the truth. She was swimming in the pool of tears she had cried earlier when she was tall.

"I wish I had not cried so much," she said while swimming. "Now I may drown in my own tears." The idea felt strange and almost funny, yet frightening at the same time.

She heard another splash nearby and swam toward it. At first she thought it might be a large animal, but then she remembered her small size. It was only a mouse swimming in the water like herself.

Alice wondered if speaking to it would help. Everything here seemed unusual enough for a mouse to talk. So she politely said, "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming."

The Mouse looked at her carefully but did not answer. Alice thought perhaps it did not understand English. She tried speaking French, repeating the first sentence she knew from her lessons. The Mouse suddenly jumped in fear and shook with anger.

"Oh, I am sorry!" Alice said quickly. "I forgot that you may not like cats." The Mouse cried in a sharp voice, "Would you like cats if you were me?"

Alice spoke gently. "Perhaps not. Please do not be angry. Our cat Dinah is very kind." She began describing Dinah happily, forgetting the Mouse's feelings. She spoke about Dinah catching mice and birds.

The Mouse became very upset and swam away quickly. Alice realized her mistake at once. “We will not talk about cats anymore!” she called after it. The Mouse slowly returned, its voice trembling with emotion.

“Let us reach the shore,” it said. “Then I will tell you my history, and you will understand why I hate cats and dogs.”

By now many animals and birds had fallen into the pool. A Duck, a Dodo, a Lory, and an Eaglet swam nearby along with other strange creatures. Alice led the way, and together they swam toward the shore, all wet and tired, ready to find a way to become dry again.

Part 3

The animals and birds gathered together on the bank. They looked very strange as they stood there in a group. Their feathers hung down heavily with water, and the fur of the animals clung closely to their bodies. Everyone felt cold, wet, and uncomfortable. The first question was simple but important: how could they get dry again?

They began discussing the problem at once. After only a few minutes, Alice felt as if she had known them for a long time. Talking with animals no longer seemed surprising. She even argued politely with the Lory, who finally said in an annoyed voice, “I am older than you, so I must know better.” Alice wanted to know its age before agreeing, but the Lory refused to say, and the conversation ended there.

At last the Mouse, who appeared to be the leader of the group, called out loudly, “Sit down, everyone, and listen to me. I will make you dry quickly.” All the creatures obeyed and sat in a large circle, with the Mouse in the center. Alice watched carefully, hoping the plan would work because she felt sure she would catch a cold if she stayed wet much longer.

The Mouse cleared its throat importantly. “Are you ready?” it asked. “This is the driest thing I know.” Then it began speaking in a serious voice about history. It told a long story about kings, leaders, and events from the past. The words sounded important, but they did not help anyone feel dry.

The Lory suddenly shivered and made a sound of discomfort. The Mouse stopped and frowned. "Did you speak?" it asked politely but firmly. The Lory quickly denied it. The Mouse continued reading its history speech, but soon the Duck interrupted, confused by one of the sentences.

The Mouse grew slightly impatient but continued speaking quickly. Alice listened carefully, yet she still felt just as wet as before. Finally she said sadly, "It does not seem to dry me at all."

The Dodo stood up with great seriousness. "We must try a stronger method," it declared. The Eaglet complained about difficult words, saying it did not understand anything being said. Some birds laughed quietly.

The Dodo explained, "The best way to get dry is a Caucus-race." Alice asked what that meant, mostly because no one else spoke. The Dodo answered, "The best way to explain is to do it."

It marked a rough circle on the ground. The exact shape did not matter, it said. Everyone stood along the circle wherever they liked. There was no signal to start. Some began running immediately, others later. They ran whenever they wished and stopped whenever they wished.

Alice ran too, though she did not understand the rules. After about half an hour, everyone felt dry again. Suddenly the Dodo shouted, "The race is over!" All the animals gathered around it, asking eagerly, "Who has won?"

The Dodo thought for a long time, pressing one finger against its head. The group waited silently. Finally it announced, "Everyone has won, and everyone must receive a prize."

"But who will give the prizes?" they all asked together.

The Dodo pointed at Alice. "She will," it said.

Alice felt confused and nervous. She searched her pockets and found a small box of sweets that had stayed dry. She handed one sweet to each animal. There was exactly enough for everyone.

The Mouse then said, "She must also receive a prize." The Dodo agreed and asked Alice what else she had. She sadly showed a small thimble. The Dodo took it and presented it back to her with great ceremony while the others cheered loudly.

Alice thought the situation very silly, but everyone looked serious, so she bowed politely and accepted the thimble without laughing.

After eating the sweets, the group became noisy again. Large birds complained they could not taste theirs, while small animals nearly choked and needed help. When the confusion ended, they sat once more in a circle.

Alice reminded the Mouse gently, “You promised to tell your history and explain why you hate cats and dogs.” The Mouse sighed deeply and said, “My story is long and sad.”

Alice looked at its tail and misunderstood. She imagined the story shaped like the tail itself. While the Mouse spoke, she pictured the words twisting and bending like lines of a poem. Because she was thinking about this picture, she stopped listening carefully.

The Mouse suddenly said sharply, “You are not paying attention! What are you thinking about?” Alice apologized politely and guessed where the story had reached. The Mouse became angry and accused her of speaking nonsense. It stood up and began walking away.

Alice felt sorry at once. “Please come back and finish your story!” she called. The others joined her request, but the Mouse only shook its head and walked faster until it disappeared.

The Lory sighed. An old Crab began giving advice to its child about controlling anger, but the young Crab answered rudely. Alice spoke aloud without thinking. “I wish Dinah were here. She would bring the Mouse back quickly.”

The animals immediately reacted with fear. Some birds hurried away at once. A Magpie wrapped itself carefully and announced it must go home. A Canary called its children to leave. One by one they all found reasons to depart.

Soon Alice stood alone again. She felt lonely and sad. “I wish I had not spoken about Dinah,” she said quietly. “No one here likes her, but she is the best cat in the world.” Tears came to her eyes again.

After a short time she heard footsteps approaching. She looked up hopefully, thinking the Mouse might return. Instead, the White Rabbit appeared again, walking nervously and searching the ground.

It spoke anxiously to itself. “The Duchess! Oh my paws and whiskers! She will have me punished if I have lost them!” Alice understood that it was searching for the gloves and fan.

The Rabbit suddenly noticed Alice and shouted angrily, “Mary Ann! What are you doing here? Run home at once and bring me my gloves and fan!”

Alice felt so surprised and frightened that she obeyed immediately. She ran in the direction it pointed without explaining the mistake. As she ran, she thought, “It thinks I am its servant. How surprised it will be when it learns who I really am.” Still, she decided it would be easier to help for now.

Soon she reached a neat little house with a bright metal plate on the door that read “W. RABBIT.” She entered quickly and hurried upstairs, afraid of meeting the real servant before finding the items.

“How strange,” she said to herself, “to run errands for a rabbit.” She imagined her cat Dinah ordering her about at home and smiled at the silly picture.

In a small tidy room she found a table near the window. On it lay a fan and several pairs of tiny white gloves. She picked up one fan and a pair of gloves, ready to leave. Then she noticed a small bottle beside the mirror. There was no label this time.

She looked at it thoughtfully. “Whenever I eat or drink something here, something happens,” she said. Curious again, she drank a little.

At once she began growing larger. Her head pressed against the ceiling. She quickly put the bottle down. “That is enough!” she cried. But it was too late. She kept growing until she had to kneel on the floor. Soon even that was impossible. She lay with one arm out the window and one foot up the chimney, filling the entire room.

At last the growing stopped. She felt uncomfortable and trapped. “Life at home was easier,” she thought sadly. “There I did not change size every moment or take orders from rabbits and mice.” Yet she also felt that this strange life was exciting, like a story from a book.

She began talking to herself again, imagining writing a book about her adventures when she grew older. Then she wondered if she would ever grow older

at all if she stayed trapped there.

While she was thinking, she heard the Rabbit outside calling, “Mary Ann! Bring my gloves this moment!” Footsteps climbed the stairs. Alice trembled slightly even though she was now far larger than the Rabbit.

The Rabbit tried to open the door but failed because her elbow blocked it. She heard it say, “Then I will come in through the window.” Alice quickly stretched out her hand toward the window. She heard a crash and a small cry, as if something had fallen into glass below.

Angry voices gathered outside. Someone suggested sending another animal down the chimney. Alice heard them calling for Bill. She waited quietly, then felt scratching above her in the chimney.

“This must be Bill,” she thought. She lifted her foot and gave one strong kick upward.

Immediately she heard shouting outside. “There goes Bill!” voices cried. Soon they talked about burning the house down. Alice shouted loudly, “If you do, I will send Dinah after you!” Silence followed at once.

After a while small stones flew through the window and struck her. She noticed something surprising. The stones changed into little cakes on the floor. An idea came to her mind. “If I eat one, it must change my size again,” she said.

She ate a cake and began shrinking immediately. As soon as she became small enough, she ran out of the house. Many animals stood outside, helping the poor Lizard Bill recover. They rushed toward her, but she ran away quickly into a thick wood until she felt safe.

Breathing heavily, she leaned against a flower and rested. “First I must return to my normal size,” she said. “Then I must find the beautiful garden.” She looked around carefully for something to eat or drink that might help.

Near her stood a large mushroom almost as tall as she was. Curious, she stood on tiptoe and looked over its top. There she saw a large blue Caterpillar sitting calmly, smoking a long pipe and watching her without surprise.

Part 4

Alice and the Caterpillar looked at each other quietly for some time. The Caterpillar sat on the top of the mushroom with its arms folded, slowly blowing smoke into the air. At last it removed the pipe from its mouth and spoke in a slow, sleepy voice. "Who are you?"

The question made Alice feel uneasy. She answered shyly, "I hardly know at present, sir. I know who I was this morning, but I think I have changed many times since then."

The Caterpillar spoke again, sounding slightly annoyed. "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

Alice tried to answer politely. "I cannot explain myself clearly because I am not myself anymore. I keep changing size, and it is very confusing."

"I do not see," said the Caterpillar calmly.

Alice sighed. "I cannot understand it either. When you change size many times in one day, it feels very strange."

"It does not," said the Caterpillar shortly.

Alice felt a little irritated but tried to remain polite. "Perhaps you have not changed yet. But when you turn into something else one day, you may feel strange too."

The Caterpillar replied firmly, "Not at all."

Alice began to lose patience. "Well, it would feel strange to me," she said.

The Caterpillar lifted itself slightly and asked again, "Who are you?"

The conversation returned to the beginning, and Alice felt annoyed. She stood up straight and said seriously, "I think you should tell me who you are first."

"Why?" asked the Caterpillar.

Alice could not think of a good answer. The Caterpillar seemed in a bad mood, so she turned away to leave. Immediately it called after her, "Come back. I have something important to say."

That sounded promising. Alice returned and waited.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

Alice swallowed her irritation. "Is that all?" she asked.

“No,” said the Caterpillar. It smoked quietly for several moments before speaking again. “So you think you have changed?”

“Yes,” said Alice. “I cannot remember things properly, and I change size every few minutes.”

The Caterpillar asked her to repeat a poem. Alice folded her hands and began speaking carefully. She tried her best, but the words came out wrong. When she finished, the Caterpillar said firmly, “That is completely wrong.”

Alice looked down sadly. “Some words changed without me meaning to,” she said softly.

Silence followed. Finally the Caterpillar asked, “What size do you want to be?”

Alice answered quickly. “I am not particular about size, but I do not like changing all the time.”

“I do not understand,” said the Caterpillar again.

Alice stayed quiet. She had never been disagreed with so often before and felt her temper rising. The Caterpillar asked, “Are you satisfied with your size now?”

“I would like to be a little taller,” Alice said. “Three inches feels very small.”

The Caterpillar stood upright angrily. It was exactly three inches tall. “It is a very good height,” it said.

“I am not used to it,” Alice replied sadly. She wished the creatures she met were not so easily offended.

“You will get used to it,” said the Caterpillar. It began smoking again, leaving Alice to wait patiently.

After some time it removed the pipe once more, yawned, and climbed down from the mushroom. As it slowly crawled away into the grass, it said, “One side will make you grow taller. The other side will make you grow shorter.”

Alice looked confused. “One side of what?” she thought.

The Caterpillar answered without turning back, “Of the mushroom.” Then it disappeared from sight.

Alice examined the mushroom carefully. It was round, so she could not easily tell which side was which. Finally she stretched her arms around it and broke off a piece with each hand.

“Now which one changes what?” she wondered aloud. She took a small bite from the piece in her right hand. Immediately her chin struck her foot. She had shrunk suddenly and felt frightened.

Quickly she ate some of the other piece. At first she struggled because her chin pressed tightly against her foot, but she managed to swallow a small bite. At once her head lifted upward again.

“My head is free!” she cried happily. But her joy changed into alarm. Her shoulders were gone from sight. When she looked down, she saw only a very long neck rising above the trees like a tall plant.

“Where are my shoulders? Where are my hands?” she said in surprise. She tried moving her hands, but she could only see leaves shaking far below.

She bent her neck in different directions and discovered it moved easily like a snake. She curved it downward toward the trees, but suddenly a loud hiss sounded near her face. A large pigeon flew toward her, beating its wings angrily.

“Serpent!” cried the Pigeon.

“I am not a serpent!” Alice said quickly. “Leave me alone!”

“Serpent!” the Pigeon repeated, though more quietly now. It complained about snakes stealing eggs and disturbing its nest day and night.

Alice listened patiently and finally understood the mistake. “I am a little girl,” she explained uncertainly, remembering how many times she had changed that day.

The Pigeon did not believe her. “No little girl has a neck like that,” it said firmly. “You must be a serpent.”

Alice argued politely, saying that girls also eat eggs, but the Pigeon insisted that anyone who eats eggs must be a kind of serpent. Alice felt confused and chose not to argue further.

At last the Pigeon returned to its nest and told her to go away. Alice carefully moved through the trees, her long neck becoming tangled in branches again and again. She slowly ate small pieces of mushroom, growing taller and shorter until she finally returned to her usual size.

The feeling seemed strange at first, but soon she grew comfortable again. “Half

my plan is finished,” she said to herself. “Now I must find the beautiful garden.”

While walking, she came upon a small open space with a little house about four feet high. She stopped immediately. “If I enter at my present size, I will frighten whoever lives there,” she thought.

She ate a small piece of mushroom again until she became about nine inches tall. Then she approached the house carefully.

She stood watching it, wondering what to do next. Suddenly a servant dressed in fine clothes ran out of the woods. His face looked like a fish, though his clothing made him seem important. He knocked loudly on the door.

Another servant opened it, this one with a round face like a frog. Both had curled white hair. Alice hid nearby and listened closely.

The Fish servant handed over a large letter and spoke in a serious voice. “For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.”

The Frog servant repeated the message with the words arranged differently but equally serious. Then both bowed deeply, and their curled hair became tangled together.

Alice laughed quietly and had to hide behind a tree so they would not hear her. When she looked again, the Fish servant had gone, and the Frog servant sat staring up at the sky without moving.

Alice walked slowly to the door and knocked.

“There is no use knocking,” said the servant without looking at her. “First, I am on the same side of the door as you. Second, there is too much noise inside for anyone to hear.”

Indeed, loud sneezing, shouting, and crashing sounds came from inside the house. Alice asked politely how she could enter.

The servant answered calmly without paying attention to her question. “If you were inside, you could knock and I could let you out.”

Alice grew frustrated. “How am I to get in?” she repeated.

The servant said lazily, “I shall sit here until tomorrow.” A large plate suddenly flew out of the door and broke against a tree behind him, but he acted as if nothing had happened.

Alice finally decided speaking was useless. She opened the door herself and stepped inside.

The room was a large kitchen filled with smoke. A Duchess sat in the middle holding a baby. A cook stood near the fire stirring a pot of soup. The air was full of pepper, making everyone sneeze constantly except the cook and a large grinning cat sitting by the fire.

Alice watched the cat carefully. Its wide smile never disappeared. She gathered her courage and asked politely, “Why does your cat grin like that?”

“It is a Cheshire Cat,” said the Duchess. “That is why.”

Part 5

The Duchess suddenly shouted the word “Pig!” so loudly that Alice jumped in surprise. For a moment she thought the Duchess was speaking to her, but she soon saw that the word was meant for the baby she held. Alice felt safer and continued looking around the kitchen.

The air was thick with pepper. Every breath made her sneeze. The baby sneezed again and again while crying loudly between each sneeze. The Duchess sneezed from time to time as well, but the cook never did. The large cat sat near the fire, smiling widely without moving.

Alice gathered her courage and spoke politely. “Please, would you tell me why your cat smiles like that?”

“It is a Cheshire Cat,” repeated the Duchess calmly. “That is what they do.”

Alice did not know that Cheshire Cats always smiled, but she decided not to argue. She watched the baby carefully. It cried so loudly that Alice felt sorry for it.

Suddenly the cook threw a large pan across the room. It flew past the Duchess and the baby and broke against the wall. Alice felt shocked but noticed that the Duchess did not seem surprised at all. Plates, cups, and other kitchen things continued flying through the air as the cook worked angrily.

Alice thought, “If people treated things this way at home, there would be no

dishes left.” She felt nervous but also curious.

The Duchess rocked the baby roughly and began singing in a loud voice. The song sounded strange and unpleasant. Each time she reached a certain word, she shook the baby strongly. The poor child cried louder each time.

Alice watched with growing concern. She felt that the baby was not being treated kindly. The cook continued throwing objects while the Duchess sang without stopping.

After finishing her song, the Duchess suddenly stood up. She pushed the baby toward Alice and said, “Here! You may hold it if you like. I must go and prepare for croquet with the Queen.” Without waiting for an answer, she hurried out of the room.

Alice stood holding the baby awkwardly. It moved and twisted in her arms, making strange sounds between sneezes. The kitchen remained noisy, and the cook still paid no attention to anything except the soup.

Alice decided it would be safer to leave. She carried the baby outside into the fresh air. Once outside, she felt relief as the smoke and pepper smell disappeared.

She looked down carefully at the baby. Its face seemed unusual. Its nose turned upward strangely, and its eyes looked small and sharp. The baby continued making odd noises, more like grunts than cries.

Alice spoke gently. “If you are going to turn into a pig,” she said thoughtfully, “it would be better for you to stop being a baby.” The child gave another loud grunt.

As she walked farther away from the house, the baby’s shape changed more and more. Its face grew longer, and its body felt heavier and different in her arms. Alice stopped walking and looked closely.

“You are becoming a pig,” she said calmly. She placed the creature carefully on the ground. At once it ran happily into the woods, no longer looking like a baby at all.

Alice watched it go and felt satisfied. “It would have made a very ugly child,” she said, “but it makes quite a good pig.”

She turned back toward the path, thinking about how many strange events had

happened already that day. Everything felt unpredictable, yet she began to accept it as normal.

Suddenly she noticed the Cheshire Cat sitting on a branch of a nearby tree. Its wide smile appeared first, followed slowly by the rest of its body. Alice felt surprised but not frightened.

“Good afternoon,” she said politely.

The Cat smiled even wider. “Where are you going?” it asked.

Alice answered honestly. “I would like to know which way I should go from here.”

“That depends on where you want to go,” said the Cat.

Alice thought for a moment. “I do not much care where,” she replied.

“Then it does not matter which way you go,” said the Cat calmly.

Alice agreed but added, “I only wish to get somewhere.”

“You will certainly do that,” said the Cat. “If you walk long enough, you will arrive somewhere.”

Alice felt that this answer was true but not very helpful. She decided to ask another question. “What sort of people live around here?”

The Cat lifted one paw and pointed in one direction. “In that direction lives a Hatter,” it said. Then it pointed the other way. “In that direction lives a March Hare. You may visit either one. Both are mad.”

Alice did not like this idea. “I do not want to meet mad people,” she said.

“You cannot help that,” said the Cat. “We are all mad here. I am mad. You are mad.”

Alice disagreed politely. “How do you know I am mad?”

The Cat answered calmly, “You must be, or you would not have come here.”

Alice did not know how to reply. She changed the subject instead. “Why is the Hatter mad?”

“Because he wears a hat,” said the Cat simply. Then it added, “And the March Hare is mad because it is March.”

Alice felt unsure whether this explanation made sense, but she continued speaking. “I would rather visit the March Hare first.”

The Cat began slowly disappearing. First its tail faded, then its body, until only the smile remained floating in the air. Alice watched in amazement.

“I have often seen a cat without a smile,” she said quietly, “but never a smile without a cat.”

The smile slowly vanished as well, leaving Alice alone again.

She walked through the woods, thinking carefully about her next step. Soon she saw a house that looked slightly larger than the previous one. Smoke rose gently from its chimney, and she heard faint sounds inside.

Remembering the Cat’s advice, she decided this must belong to the March Hare. Before approaching, she ate a small piece of mushroom to adjust her size once more. She wanted to be neither too large nor too small.

When she felt satisfied with her height, she walked toward the house carefully, ready to meet whoever lived there next.

Part 6

Alice walked slowly toward the house that stood among the trees. As she came closer, she noticed many strange details. The roof seemed uneven, and the garden looked untidy, as if no one cared for it properly. Broken cups and plates lay scattered outside. She remembered what the Cheshire Cat had said and thought, “This must be the house of the March Hare.”

Before going nearer, she took a small bite from the mushroom again to make sure she was the right size. She felt it was safer not to appear too large or too small. When she felt comfortable with her height, she stepped carefully toward the door.

Under a tree in front of the house stood a long table. The March Hare and the Hatter sat at it, drinking tea. Between them sat a small Dormouse, fast asleep. The three shared one corner of the large table, though many empty places remained around them.

As soon as Alice approached, they shouted together, “No room! No room!”

Alice looked at the long table and saw many open seats. “There is plenty of room,” she said calmly, and she sat down at one end.

The Hatter looked at her closely. "Have some wine," he said politely.

Alice looked around but saw only tea. "I do not see any wine," she said.

"There is none," said the Hatter.

"Then it was not polite to offer it," Alice replied.

"It was not polite to sit down without being invited," said the Hatter.

Alice felt annoyed but answered calmly, "I did not know the table belonged only to you."

The March Hare changed the subject suddenly. "Your hair needs cutting," he said while looking at her carefully.

Alice disliked personal remarks. "You should learn not to speak so rudely," she said.

The Hatter smiled slightly. "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" he asked suddenly.

Alice felt pleased. She enjoyed puzzles. "I believe I can guess the answer," she said.

"Do you mean you think you can find the answer?" asked the March Hare.

"Yes," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare replied.

"I do," Alice answered. "At least I mean what I say. That is the same thing."

"Not the same at all," said the Hatter. "You might as well say that seeing what you eat is the same as eating what you see."

The March Hare added, "Or that liking what you get is the same as getting what you like."

The Dormouse suddenly spoke while half asleep. "I breathe when I sleep is the same as I sleep when I breathe."

Alice felt confused by the strange conversation. She tried to return to the puzzle. "Have you guessed the answer yet?" asked the Hatter.

"No," Alice admitted. "What is the answer?"

"I have no idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice felt disappointed. "Then why ask the question?" she said.

The Hatter ignored her complaint and checked his watch. He shook it and held it to his ear. "It tells the day but not the hour," he said sadly.

Alice looked at the watch. "That is strange," she said. "My watch tells the time."
"Your watch is wrong," said the Hatter.

The conversation moved from one strange topic to another without sense. Alice began to feel tired of it. The March Hare poured tea into the Dormouse's nose to wake it. The Dormouse started suddenly and began telling a story about three sisters who lived in a well and learned to draw.

Alice tried to listen, but the story made little sense. Each time she asked a question, the others accused her of interrupting. Finally she stood up in frustration. "This is the most foolish tea party I have ever attended," she said.

She walked away from the table while the Hatter and the March Hare placed the Dormouse inside a teapot and continued their conversation as if nothing unusual had happened.

Alice walked through the woods again, thinking carefully. "I have never spent time with such strange people," she said to herself. She felt both confused and curious about what she might meet next.

Soon she reached a large garden surrounded by trees. At the entrance stood three gardeners shaped like playing cards. Their bodies were flat and painted red and white. They worked quietly near a row of rose bushes.

Alice noticed something strange. The roses were white, but the gardeners painted them red with careful strokes. Curious, she approached them.

"Why are you painting the roses?" she asked politely.

One gardener looked up nervously. "The Queen ordered red roses," he whispered. "We planted white ones by mistake. If she finds out, we will be punished."

Alice understood their fear. She watched them work quickly, trying to finish before anyone arrived.

Suddenly they froze. "The Queen is coming!" one whispered.

Alice turned and saw a grand procession approaching. Soldiers shaped like cards marched first. Then came musicians, followed by royal children and guests.

At last the King and Queen appeared, walking proudly through the garden.

The Queen looked around sharply. Her voice sounded loud and commanding. “Who is this?” she demanded, pointing at Alice.

Alice felt nervous but remembered to be polite. She bowed slightly. “My name is Alice,” she said.

The Queen stared at her for a moment. “And who are these?” she asked, pointing at the gardeners, who quickly lay flat on the ground to hide their painted sides.

Alice hesitated. She felt it would be unfair to betray them. “I do not know,” she said carefully.

The Queen grew angry. “Off with her head!” she shouted suddenly.

Alice felt frightened but noticed that no one moved to carry out the order. The King quietly told the Queen to calm down, and the procession continued toward the croquet ground.

Alice followed them, curious to see what would happen next. She soon discovered a strange game of croquet. Instead of balls, they used live animals, and instead of sticks, they used birds. The game became noisy and confusing as players argued and moved constantly.

The Queen shouted orders again and again, often demanding punishment for small mistakes. Alice felt uneasy but continued watching, trying to understand the strange rules.

In the middle of the game, Alice suddenly noticed the Cheshire Cat appearing again in the air nearby. Its smile formed slowly before the rest of its face appeared.

“How are you enjoying the game?” asked the Cat.

Alice answered honestly, “I do not think they play fairly.”

The Cat smiled wider, as if amused. Around them, the strange game continued, full of shouting, confusion, and constant change, while Alice wondered what new surprise would come next.

Part 7

The croquet game grew more confusing every minute. The players moved without waiting for turns, and the animals used as equipment refused to behave properly. The birds that served as sticks twisted their heads and walked away whenever they wished. The small animals meant to be balls ran off across the field. Alice tried to follow the rules, but she could not understand them at all.

The Queen walked around shouting loudly. Each time something displeased her, she cried, “Off with his head!” The soldiers hurried about nervously, though no one seemed actually punished. Alice noticed that many players quietly escaped whenever the Queen looked in another direction.

The Cheshire Cat’s head floated beside Alice again. Its body appeared slowly afterward, as if forming from the air itself. Alice felt glad to see a familiar face among so many strange people.

“How do you like the Queen?” the Cat asked softly.

Alice looked around carefully before answering. She spoke in a low voice. “I think she is very fond of giving orders.”

The Queen suddenly turned toward them. “Who are you speaking to?” she demanded.

Alice pointed upward. “A friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat.”

The Queen looked up and saw only the Cat’s head floating in the air. She frowned deeply. “I do not like its look,” she said. “It must be removed. Off with its head!”

The executioner stepped forward but stopped in confusion. “How can I cut off a head without a body?” he asked. The King and Queen began arguing about the problem. The Cat only smiled wider while watching them.

Alice suggested gently, “Perhaps you should ask the Duchess. It belongs to her.”

The Queen agreed and ordered someone to fetch the Duchess immediately. While they waited, the Cat slowly disappeared again, leaving nothing but its smile before that too faded away. When the Duchess arrived, the Cat had vanished completely, and the executioner felt very disappointed.

The Queen quickly lost interest and returned to the game. Soon afterward she ordered Alice to walk with the Duchess. Alice felt uncertain because she

remembered the strange kitchen, but the Duchess now behaved kindly.

She placed her arm around Alice and spoke in a gentle voice. “Everything has a lesson,” she said. “You only need to find it.”

Alice listened politely, though she did not always understand the meaning. The Duchess continued speaking, finding lessons in nearly everything they saw. Alice felt uncomfortable walking so closely beside her because the Duchess held her too tightly.

After a while the Queen noticed them talking together. She frowned and shouted angrily, “Either you leave the field, or your head will be removed!”

The Duchess quickly hurried away without another word. Alice felt relieved to be alone again.

Soon the Queen approached Alice once more. “Have you seen the Mock Turtle?” she asked.

Alice admitted she had never heard of such a creature.

“Then you shall,” said the Queen. She called a Griffin, a creature with the body of a lion and the wings of an eagle. “Take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle,” she ordered. “I must return to my duties.”

Alice followed the Griffin across the garden and into a quieter area. At last they reached a lonely place near the sea. There sat the Mock Turtle, looking very sad, with tears in its eyes.

The Griffin said, “Tell her your story,” and then lay down nearby to rest.

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply and began speaking slowly. It told Alice about its school days under the sea. The lessons sounded strange. They studied things called “Reeling” and “Writhing,” along with other subjects whose names made Alice wonder if she had heard correctly.

Alice listened carefully, trying not to laugh even when the story sounded very odd. The Mock Turtle spoke about dances and games performed under the water. It described a dance called the Lobster Quadrille, where sea animals moved in careful patterns.

The Griffin occasionally added comments, urging the Turtle to continue. At last the Mock Turtle suggested demonstrating the dance. The two creatures moved

slowly across the sand, showing the steps while singing a song about sea creatures and changing tides.

Alice watched with interest. Though she did not fully understand the dance, she enjoyed observing their movements. The music and rhythm felt calm compared to the noise of the croquet game.

After the dance, the Mock Turtle sang another sad song. Its voice sounded soft and full of feeling. Alice listened quietly, feeling both curious and slightly sad without knowing why.

Suddenly the Griffin jumped up. “The trial is beginning!” it cried. “We must go at once!”

Alice felt excited. She had never seen a trial before. She followed quickly as they hurried back toward the garden.

When they arrived, a large court stood ready. The King and Queen sat on high seats. Many animals and card soldiers filled the room. At the center stood a table with a plate of tarts.

Alice learned that someone had stolen the Queen’s tarts, and a trial would decide who was guilty. The Knave of Hearts stood before the court, guarded by soldiers.

The White Rabbit acted as the messenger, holding a trumpet and a scroll. He called the court to order and began reading the accusation aloud.

Alice looked around carefully, taking in every detail. The jurors wrote notes constantly, though she was not sure they understood anything. Some wrote even before hearing the evidence.

Witnesses were called one by one. Each gave strange and confusing answers. The Hatter appeared as a witness, still holding a cup of tea. He seemed nervous and spoke quickly, afraid of the Queen’s anger.

Alice watched closely as the questioning continued. The court felt less like a serious trial and more like another strange game. Still, she remained curious about how it would end.

As the trial went on, Alice noticed something unusual. She began growing again, slowly but steadily. At first she ignored it, but soon she felt much larger than

before. She wondered if anyone else had noticed.

The court continued arguing loudly while Alice grew taller and more confident. She felt less afraid of the Queen than she had earlier. Watching the confusing trial, she began to think that none of the rules made sense at all.

Soon she realized she was nearly her full height again. Standing among the tiny court members, she felt brave enough to speak if needed. The trial moved toward its conclusion, and Alice sensed that something important was about to happen next.

Part 8

The court grew louder as the trial continued. The King sat proudly on his seat, wearing his crown slightly crooked, while the Queen watched everyone with sharp eyes. The jurors wrote quickly on their small boards, though many looked confused about what they were writing. Alice stood near the back, now much taller than before, watching everything carefully.

The White Rabbit called the next witness in a nervous voice. The witness stepped forward slowly and began speaking, but the answers made little sense. Each question seemed to create more confusion instead of clarity. Alice began to feel that the trial was not fair at all.

While she listened, she noticed she was still growing. Her shoulders rose higher above the crowd, and the small animals around her began to look up in surprise. She tried to stand quietly so she would not disturb anyone, but it became difficult to ignore her increasing size.

Another witness spoke, then another, yet none gave clear information about the missing tarts. The King kept writing notes, sometimes before the witness finished speaking. Alice wondered if he understood the case any better than she did.

At last the White Rabbit called Alice's name. "Alice!" he announced loudly.

Alice stepped forward, feeling nervous but also curious. As she moved, she accidentally knocked over the jury box with the edge of her skirt. The jurors fell onto the floor in a small heap. She quickly helped them back into their places,

feeling embarrassed.

The King looked at her seriously. “What do you know about this matter?” he asked.

“Nothing,” Alice replied honestly.

“Nothing whatever?” asked the King.

“Nothing whatever,” she repeated.

The King nodded as if this answer were very important. Some jurors wrote it down carefully. Alice watched them with surprise.

The Queen suddenly shouted, “Off with her head!” as she often did. But Alice no longer felt afraid. She had grown nearly to her full size, and the court now seemed small and foolish to her.

The White Rabbit hurriedly interrupted. “There is more evidence to present!” he said, holding up a paper. The King ordered him to read it.

The paper contained a strange poem. The words sounded confusing and unclear. Everyone tried to understand its meaning. The King asked the jurors to consider whether the poem proved guilt.

Alice listened carefully and then spoke. “This poem does not prove anything,” she said calmly.

The Queen turned red with anger. “Silence!” she shouted.

But Alice continued, feeling bold now. “The rules do not make sense,” she said. “You are deciding the punishment before proving the crime.”

The King looked uncertain. The Queen rose from her seat, furious. “Off with her head!” she cried again.

Alice stood straight and answered loudly, “You are nothing but a pack of cards!”

At that moment, the entire court rose into the air. The soldiers, the King, the Queen, and all the playing cards flew toward her like a storm of paper. Alice raised her hands to protect herself as the cards rushed closer and closer.

Suddenly everything disappeared.

She found herself lying on the riverbank beside her sister. Leaves fell gently onto her face. The warm afternoon sunlight shone through the trees. For a moment she felt confused, unsure where she was.

Her sister brushed away the leaves and smiled gently. “Wake up, Alice,” she said. “You have been asleep for a long time.”

Alice sat up slowly and looked around. The river flowed quietly beside her. There were no strange creatures, no Queen, no talking animals—only the peaceful world she knew.

She told her sister about the wonderful dream she had just experienced. She described the White Rabbit, the strange tea party, the croquet game, and the trial. Her sister listened quietly, smiling at the story.

When Alice finished, she stood and walked home, thinking about the curious dream and how real it had felt. The bright flowers and soft wind seemed ordinary again, yet she carried the memory of Wonderland with her.

Her sister remained by the river, thinking about Alice’s story. She imagined the strange world her sister described and pictured Alice growing older while still remembering her sense of wonder and curiosity.

The afternoon slowly turned toward evening. The sounds of nature filled the air, calm and gentle. Though the dream had ended, its feeling remained, like a story waiting quietly inside memory.

And so Alice’s adventure came to an end, leaving behind only the warmth of imagination and the quiet happiness of returning home.