



Alice in Wonderland
Curious Garden Edition

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright © 2025 Diana Elizabeth Clarke
Published by Elizabeth Publications
Baltimore, Maryland
elizabethpublications.com

This edition of *Alice in Wonderland* was designed and produced by Elizabeth Publications, in partnership with the MFA Creative Writing & Publishing Arts program at the University of Baltimore.

This book is a redesign of the original work written by Lewis Carroll.
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland was first published in 1865 by Macmillan Publishers.

The artwork and design within this edition of *Alice in Wonderland* is owned by the artist and cannot be reproduced or sold without written permission from the publisher.

CREDITS

Designer, Typesetter, and Artist: Diana Elizabeth Clarke
Supervisor: Lauren Smedley

Printed in the United States of America

ISBN (Paperback): 979-8-9993382-0-4

Alice in Wonderland

Lewis Carroll

PREVIEW



BALTIMORE, MD



TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE
Down the Rabbit-Hole 1

CHAPTER TWO
The Pool of Tears 9

CHAPTER THREE
A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale 17

CHAPTER FOUR
The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill 25

CHAPTER FIVE
Advice from a Caterpillar 35

CHAPTER SIX
Pig and Pepper 45

PREVIEW

DESIGNER'S FOREWORD

CHAPTER SEVEN

A Mad Tea-Party

55

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Queen's Croquet-Ground

65

CHAPTER NINE

The Mock Turtle's Story

75

CHAPTER TEN

The Lobster Quadrille

85

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who Stole the Tarts?

95

CHAPTER TWELVE

Alice's Evidence

103

Alice in Wonderland is not just a story . . . it's an experience.

The purpose of this book is to experience Wonderland through the perspective of watching something beautiful turn unexpected, consuming, and even maddening. *Only mad people live here*, but madness can be exciting.

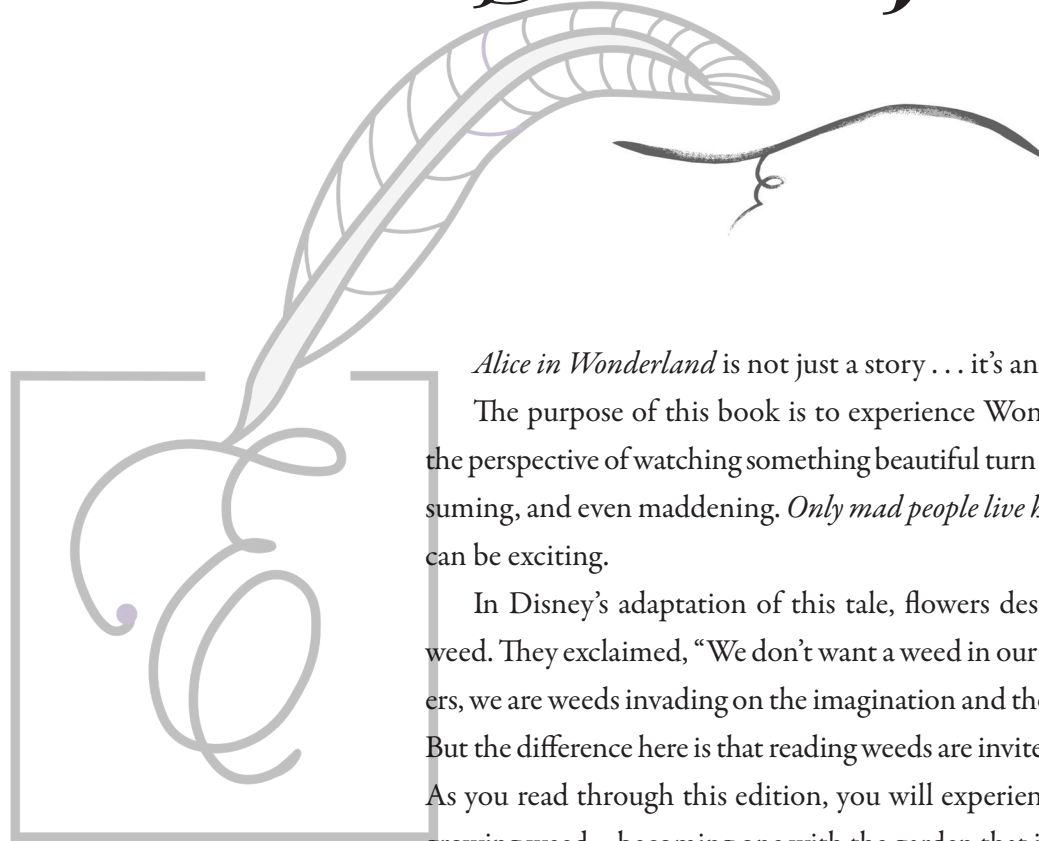
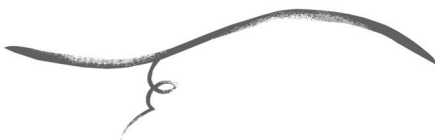
In Disney's adaptation of this tale, flowers described Alice as a weed. They exclaimed, "We don't want a weed in our garden." As readers, we are weeds invading on the imagination and thoughts of writers. But the difference here is that reading weeds are invited and welcomed. As you read through this edition, you will experience this story as a growing weed—becoming one with the garden that is Wonderland.

I encourage you to fully immerse into this story and let yourself be swept away into a new world full of surprises and curiosity! Read through this book as fast or as slow as you want—but don't forget to stop and smell the roses.

Diana Clarke

DIANA ELIZABETH CLARKE

PREVIEW



CHAPTER ONE

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 conversations?”

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,

PREVIEW

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

f
a
l
l
i
n
g
d
o
w
n

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 underneath, 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 curtsy 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!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other,

trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; "and even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words "DRINK ME," beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see