



ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL
B1

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND

Lewis Carroll



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B1



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

AS AVENTURAS DE ALICE DEBAIXO DA TERRA

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND

AS AVENTURAS DE ALICE DEBAIXO DA TERRA

Lewis Carroll

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
Support

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Autor

Lewis Carroll (1832 - 1898)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR - Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 - Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 - Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 - Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens, o ambiente e os principais acontecimentos da obra original.

O objetivo não é substituir a obra original, mas criar uma passagem gradual entre o inglês que você já conhece e a linguagem literária do texto completo.

Como usar En/Pt

No texto simplificado em inglês, En/Pt abre a página correspondente.

A página En/Pt apresenta três camadas independentes, sempre nesta ordem: a tradução em português do texto simplificado; o trecho correspondente do original em inglês; e a tradução em português do original.

No texto original em inglês, Pt abre diretamente o mesmo parágrafo na versão portuguesa. Nessa versão, En retorna ao mesmo parágrafo no

texto original em inglês. Na página [En/Pt, Original English](#) retorna de Original Português ao mesmo parágrafo original.

Como usar o glossário

As palavras e expressões incluídas no glossário são marcadas no texto. Clique ou selecione uma delas para abrir a entrada correspondente.

Cada entrada apresenta:

- a palavra ou expressão original em inglês;
- a sua pronúncia fonética;
- a tradução em português;
- um exemplo de uso em português;
- um exemplo de uso em inglês;
- até seis trechos do livro em que a palavra ou expressão aparece, ou todos os trechos disponíveis quando houver menos de seis ocorrências.

Cada ocorrência apresentada no glossário inclui um link direto para o ponto exato do livro em que a palavra ou expressão foi usada.

Depois de consultar uma ocorrência, o leitor pode retornar diretamente ao ponto do texto de onde abriu o glossário ou navegar para qualquer outra ocorrência da mesma palavra ou expressão dentro do livro.

A função da tradução em português

Procuramos oferecer traduções em português claras, naturais e literariamente agradáveis, tanto para o texto simplificado quanto para o texto original.

Ainda assim, a tradução deve ser entendida apenas como instrumento de apoio. Este livro não foi concebido para ser lido principalmente em português: seu objetivo é ajudar você a ler em inglês e recorrer ao português somente quando necessário.

Sempre que possível, tente primeiro compreender o trecho em inglês. Consulte a tradução para confirmar o sentido, esclarecer uma dificuldade ou comparar estruturas; depois, retorne ao texto em inglês.

Sobre este livro

Em uma tarde tranquila, Alice segue um Coelho Branco até um mundo subterrâneo onde nada obedece à lógica comum. Depois de mudar de tamanho várias vezes, ela encontra um Rato solene, participa de uma corrida sem sentido, ouve os conselhos da Lagarta e conhece a Duquesa, a Cozinheira e o Gato de Cheshire. Um chá estranho apresenta o Chapeleiro e a Lebre de Março, enquanto a Rainha de Copas governa seu jardim com ameaças e confusão. No julgamento das tortas roubadas, Alice se torna corajosa o bastante para rejeitar os absurdos da corte. Esta primeira versão da aventura de Alice conserva a espontaneidade e o encanto da história que Lewis Carroll contou originalmente em voz alta.

Contato

MicMac from Las Vegas LLC

Contato: admin@esleasyread.com

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- Tik-Tok of Oz

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[Chapter I](#)

Chapter I

En/Pt Alice was tired of sitting with her sister by the riverbank and having nothing to do. She looked at her sister's book, but it had no pictures or conversation. Then a white rabbit with pink eyes ran past her. Alice thought this was odd, but she was amazed when the rabbit took a watch from its waistcoat pocket and looked at it. Full of curiosity, she ran after it and saw it go into a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. She followed it at once and soon fell down what seemed to be a deep well. She had time to look around as she fell. The sides of the well had cupboards, bookshelves, maps, and pictures. She even took an empty jar marked "Orange Marmalade" and put it in a cupboard so it would not hurt anyone below. Alice tried to stay calm. She wondered how far she had fallen and guessed she might be near the center of the earth. She also wondered if she would fall through the earth to a strange country. She talked to herself to pass the time and thought about Dinah, her cat, who would miss her at tea-time. She grew sleepy and began asking herself if cats eat bats or bats eat cats. Then, bump, she landed on a pile of sticks and shavings, safe and unharmed. She saw the rabbit still hurrying away, so she followed it into a long hall with lamps on the roof. There were many doors, but they were all locked. She found a small glass table with a tiny golden key, but it did not open any door. On another turn, she found a very low door behind a curtain. The key fit, and she opened it. Beyond it was a small passage and a beautiful garden. Alice wished she could go there, but she was too big to fit through. She hoped she might shrink like a telescope. She went back to the table and found a bottle that was not there before. It said "DRINK ME." She checked carefully for poison, then drank it. It tasted like many sweet foods mixed together. After that, she shrank until she was only ten inches tall. She was pleased because now she could fit through the little door. But she waited to see if she would shrink more. Nothing happened, so she went to the door. Then she remembered she had left the little golden key on the table, and she could not reach it. She tried to climb the glass leg, but it was too slippery. At last she sat down and cried. Then she told herself to stop crying. Under the table she found a small ebony box with a cake inside. The card on it said "EAT ME." Alice ate it, hoping it would make her bigger or smaller so she could get into the garden. At first nothing changed, but then she finished the cake. Soon

she began to grow larger and larger, like the longest telescope ever seen. She looked down at her feet and worried about them. She thought she would have to send them new boots at Christmas. She even planned how to do it, as if sending gifts to her own feet were a normal thing.

En/Pt ALICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ.

THE CARPET,

En/Pt Alice was now more than nine feet tall, and her head hit the roof. She picked up the little golden key and went to the garden door, but she could not get through. She sat down and cried again. She told herself to stop crying, but she went on, making a pool of tears around her. Soon she heard small footsteps. The white rabbit came back, very well dressed, with white gloves and a flower bunch. Alice asked him for help in a soft voice, but he was frightened, dropped his things, and ran away into the dark. Alice took the gloves and the flower bunch. As she smelled the flowers, she wondered why everything was so strange. She thought she might have changed in the night. She tried to remember who she was. She compared herself with girls she knew. She knew she was not Gertrude or Florence. She then tried to remember lessons and facts, but she got them all wrong. She thought maybe she was Florence after all. She recited a poem, but the words came out wrong too. Then she cried because if she was Florence, she would have to live in a small house, do many lessons, and have very few toys. She decided that if she was Florence, she would stay below and not go up. Then she noticed that she had put on one of the rabbit's gloves. She thought she was shrinking. She measured herself and found she was about two feet high, and then smaller and smaller. She dropped the flower bunch, and this stopped the shrinking. Soon she was only three inches high. She hurried back to the little door, but it was locked again, and the key was on the glass table. Then she slipped and fell into the salt water. At first she thought it was the sea, but it was really the pool of tears she had cried earlier. She swam about and wished she had not cried so much. Then she saw a small animal in the water. It was a mouse. Alice spoke to it and asked how to get out. The mouse did not answer. Alice thought it might be French, so she spoke French to it. The mouse jumped with fright. Alice said sorry, and then mentioned cats. The mouse became angry and said its family hated cats. Alice tried to change the subject and asked about dogs, but that upset the mouse too. She called after it and asked it to come back.

The mouse finally returned and said they should get to shore, where it would tell its story and explain why it hated cats and dogs. By then many birds and animals had fallen into the pool too. Alice led them all to the shore.

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[Chapter I](#)

Chapter I

Pt 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 where 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 was worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. There was nothing very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself "dear, dear! I shall be too 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, 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, full of curiosity, she hurried across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In a 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 what seemed a 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 would 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 were maps and [pictures](#) hung on pegs. She took a jar down off 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 most 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 of showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to hear her, still it was good practice to say it over,) "yes that's the right distance, but then what Longitude or Latitude-line shall I be in?" (Alice had no idea what Longitude was, or Latitude either, but she 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 be to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! 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 will miss me very much tonight, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time! Oh, dear Dinah, I wish I had you here! 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, my dear. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and kept 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, 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 was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, my dear, tell me the truth. Did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, bump! bump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and shavings, and the fall was over. Alice was not a bit hurt, and jumped on to her feet directly: 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 just heard it say, as it turned a corner, "my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She turned the corner after it, and instantly found herself in a long, low hall, lit up by a row of lamps which hung from the roof. There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all round it, and tried them all,

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 lying upon it, but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall, but alas! either the locks were too large, or the key too small, but at any rate it would open none of them. However, on the second time round, she came to a low curtain, behind which was a door about eighteen inches high: she tried the little key in the keyhole, and it fitted! Alice opened the door, and looked down a small passage, not larger than a rat-hole, 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 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 began to think very few things indeed were really impossible. There was nothing else to do, 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 up people like telescopes: this time there was a little bottle on it - "which certainly was not there before" said Alice - and tied 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 I'll look first," said the wise little Alice, "and see whether the bottle's marked "poison" or not," for Alice had read several nice little stories about children that got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had given them, such as, that, if you get into the fire, it will burn you, and that, if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it generally bleeds, and she had never forgotten that, if you drink a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later. However, this bottle was not marked poison, so Alice tasted it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off. "What a curious feeling!" said Alice, "I must be shutting up like a telescope." It was so indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up as it occurred to her that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see whether she was going to shrink any further: she felt a

little nervous about this, "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle, and what should I be like then, I wonder?" and she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember having ever seen one. However, nothing more happened so she decided on going into the garden at once, but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for the key, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it plainly enough through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried. "Come! there's no use in crying!" said Alice to herself rather sharply, "I advise you to leave off this minute!" (she generally gave herself very good advice, and sometimes scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes, and once she remembered boxing her own ears for having been unkind to herself in a game of croquet she was playing with herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people,) "but it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!" Soon her eyes fell on a little ebony box lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which was lying a card with the words EAT ME beautifully printed on it in large letters. "I'll eat," said Alice, "and if it makes me larger, I can reach the key, and if it makes me smaller, I can creep under the door, so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!" She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself "which way? which way?" and laid her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure this is what generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, and it seemed quite dull and stupid for things to go on in the common way. So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake. "Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, (she was so surprised that she quite forgot how to speak good English,) "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight, they were getting so far off,) "oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't! I shall be a great deal too far off to bother myself about you: you must manage the best way you can - but I must be kind to them," thought Alice,

"or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas." And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it "they must go by the carrier," she thought, "and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

Pt ALICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ.

Pt THE CARPET,

Pt with ALICE'S LOVE oh dear! what nonsense I am talking!" Just at this moment, her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact, she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key, and hurried off to the garden door. Poor Alice! it was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye, but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and cried again. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you," (she might well say this,) "to cry in this way! Stop this instant, I tell you!" But she cried on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool, about four inches deep, all round her, and reaching half way across the hall. After a time, she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the white rabbit coming back again, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand, and a nosegay in the other. Alice was ready to ask help of any one, she felt so desperate, and as the rabbit passed her, she said, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, Sir - " the rabbit started violently, looked up once into the roof of the hall, from which the voice seemed to come, and then dropped the nosegay and the white kid gloves, and skurried away into the darkness, as hard as it could go. Alice took up the nosegay and gloves, and found the nosegay so delicious that she kept smelling at it all the time she went on talking to herself - "dear, dear! how queer everything is today! and yesterday everything happened just as usual: I wonder if I was changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I think I remember feeling rather different. But if I'm not the same, who in the world am I? Ah, that's the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them. "I'm sure I'm not Gertrude," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all - and I'm sure I ca'n't be Florence, for I know all sorts of things, and

she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, she's she, and I'm I, and - oh dear! how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is fourteen - oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at this rate! But the Multiplication Table don't signify - let's try Geography. London is the capital of France, and Rome is the capital of Yorkshire, and Paris - oh dear! dear! that's all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Florence! I'll try and say "How doth the little,"" and she crossed her hands on her lap, and began, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not sound the same as they used to do: "How doth the little crocodile Improve its shining tail, And pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale! "How cheerfully it seems to grin! How neatly spreads its claws! And welcomes little fishes in With gently-smiling jaws!" "I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought "I must be Florence after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No! I've made up my mind about it: if I'm Florence, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying 'come up, dear!' I shall only look up and say 'who am I then? answer me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else - but, oh dear!" cried Alice with a sudden burst of tears, "I do wish they would put their heads down! I am so tired of being all alone here!" As she said this, she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to find she had put on one of the rabbit's little gloves while she was talking. "How can I have done that?" thought she, "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: soon she found out that the reason of it was the nosegay she held in her hand: she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether, and found that she was now only three inches high. "Now for the garden!" cried Alice, as she hurried back to the little door, but the little door was locked again, and the little gold key was lying on the glass table as before, and "things are worse than ever!" thought the poor little girl, "for I never was as small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, it is!" At this moment her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had fallen into the sea: then she remembered that she was under ground, and she soon made out that it was the pool of tears she had wept

when she was nine feet high. "I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out, "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! Well! that'll be a queer thing, to be sure! However, every thing is queer today." Very soon she saw something splashing about in the pool near her: at first she thought it must be a walrus or a hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was herself, and soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself. "Would it be any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this mouse? The rabbit is something quite out-of-the-way, no doubt, and so have I been, ever since I came down here, but that is no reason why the mouse should not be able to talk. I think I may as well try." So she began: "oh Mouse, do you know how to get out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, oh Mouse!" The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing. "Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice; "I daresay it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror!" (for, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened,) so she began again: "où est ma chatte?" which was the first sentence out of her French lesson-book. The mouse gave a sudden jump in the pool, and seemed to quiver with fright: "oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings, "I quite forgot you didn't like cats!" "Not like cats!" cried the mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice, "would you like cats if you were me?" "Well, perhaps not," said Alice in a soothing tone, "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," said Alice, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face: and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse, and she's such a capital one for catching mice - oh! I beg your pardon!" cried poor Alice again, for this time the mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain that it was really offended, "have I offended you?" "Offended indeed!" cried the mouse, who seemed to be positively trembling with rage, "our family always hated cats! Nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't talk to me about them any more!" "I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the conversation, "are you - are you - fond of - dogs?" The mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "there is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh! such long curly brown hair!

And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things - I ca'n't remember half of them - and it belongs to a farmer, and he says it kills all the rats and - oh dear!" said Alice sadly, "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" for the mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went. So she called softly after it: "mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats and dogs any more, if you don't like them!" When the mouse heard this, it turned and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale, (with passion, Alice thought,) and it said in a trembling low voice "let's get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs." It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite full of birds and animals that had fallen into it. There was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

Índice - Versão em Português

[1 - Capítulo I](#)

1 - Capítulo I

En Alice estava cansada de ficar sentada com a irmã à beira do rio, sem nada para fazer. Olhou para o livro da irmã, mas ele não tinha figuras nem diálogos. Foi então que um coelho branco de olhos cor-de-rosa passou correndo por ela. Alice achou aquilo estranho, mas ficou realmente maravilhada quando o coelho tirou um relógio do bolso do colete e olhou as horas. Cheia de curiosidade, correu atrás dele e o viu entrar numa grande toca sob a cerca viva. Seguiu-o imediatamente e logo caiu no que parecia ser um poço muito fundo. Teve tempo de olhar ao redor enquanto caía. As paredes do poço tinham armários, estantes de livros, mapas e quadros. Chegou até a pegar um pote vazio com o rótulo “Geleia de Laranja” e a colocar num armário, para que não machucasse ninguém lá embaixo. Alice tentou manter a calma. Perguntava-se a que profundidade teria caído e imaginou que devia estar perto do centro da terra. Também se perguntava se acabaria atravessando a terra até chegar a algum país estranho. Falava sozinha para passar o tempo e pensava em Dinah, sua gata, que sentiria sua falta na hora do chá. Foi ficando com sono e começou a se perguntar se os gatos comem morcegos ou se os morcegos comem gatos. Então, pumba, caiu sobre um monte de gravetos e aparas de madeira, sã e salva. Viu o coelho ainda correndo apressado e o seguiu até um longo corredor com lâmpadas no teto. Havia muitas portas, mas todas trancadas. Encontrou uma pequena mesa de vidro com uma minúscula chave dourada, mas ela não abria nenhuma porta. Numa outra volta, encontrou uma porta muito baixa atrás de uma cortina. A chave serviu, e ela a abriu. Do outro lado havia uma pequena passagem e um jardim lindíssimo. Alice desejou poder ir até lá, mas era grande demais para passar. Esperava poder encolher como uma luneta. Voltou até a mesa e encontrou uma garrafa que não estava ali antes. Nela se lia “BEBA-ME”. Ela verificou com cuidado se havia veneno e depois bebeu. Tinha gosto de várias coisas doces misturadas. Depois disso, encolheu até ficar com apenas vinte e cinco centímetros de altura. Ficou contente porque agora podia passar pela portinha. Mas esperou para ver se encolheria ainda mais. Nada aconteceu, então foi até a porta. Foi então que se lembrou de ter deixado a pequena chave dourada sobre a mesa, e não conseguia alcançá-la. Tentou subir pela perna de vidro, mas era escorregadia demais. Por fim, sentou-se e chorou. Depois disse a si mesma que

parasse de chorar. Debaixo da mesa encontrou uma pequena caixa de ébano com um bolo dentro. O cartão nela dizia “COMA-ME”. Alice o comeu, na esperança de que a fizesse maior ou menor, para poder entrar no jardim. A princípio nada mudou, mas depois ela terminou o bolo. Logo começou a crescer, cada vez mais, como a mais comprida luneta já vista. Olhou para os próprios pés e ficou preocupada com eles. Pensou que teria de mandar botas novas para eles no Natal. Chegou até a planejar como fazer isso, como se enviar presentes aos próprios pés fosse algo perfeitamente normal.

En AO PÉ DIREITO DA SENHORITA ALICE

En O TAPETE,

En Alice já media mais de dois metros e setenta, e sua cabeça batia no teto. Pegou a pequena chave dourada e foi até a porta do jardim, mas não conseguiu passar. Sentou-se e chorou de novo. Disse a si mesma que parasse de chorar, mas continuou, formando uma poça de lágrimas ao redor de si. Logo ouviu passinhos leves. O coelho branco voltou, muito bem-vestido, com luvas brancas e um buquê de flores. Alice pediu-lhe ajuda em voz suave, mas ele se assustou, deixou cair suas coisas e fugiu correndo para a escuridão. Alice pegou as luvas e o buquê. Ao cheirar as flores, ficou se perguntando por que tudo era tão estranho. Pensou que talvez tivesse mudado durante a noite. Tentou se lembrar de quem era. Comparou-se com meninas que conhecia. Tinha certeza de que não era Gertrude nem Florence. Depois tentou se lembrar de lições e fatos, mas errava tudo. Pensou que talvez fosse Florence, afinal. Recitou um poema, mas as palavras também saíram erradas. Então chorou, pois, se fosse Florence, teria de morar numa casinha pequena, fazer muitas lições e ter poucos brinquedos. Decidiu que, se fosse Florence, ficaria ali embaixo e não subiria. Foi então que notou que havia calçado uma das luvas do coelho. Pensou que estava encolhendo. Mediu-se e viu que tinha cerca de sessenta centímetros de altura, e depois foi ficando cada vez menor. Deixou cair o buquê, e isso fez o encolhimento parar. Logo estava com apenas sete centímetros e meio de altura. Correu de volta para a portinha, mas ela estava trancada de novo, e a chave estava sobre a mesa de vidro. Então escorregou e caiu na água salgada. A princípio pensou que fosse o mar, mas era, na verdade, a poça de lágrimas que ela mesma havia chorado antes. Nadou por ali e desejou não ter chorado tanto. Foi então que viu um pequeno

animal na água. Era um rato. Alice falou com ele e perguntou como sair dali. O rato não respondeu. Alice pensou que talvez ele fosse francês, então falou francês com ele. O rato deu um pulo assustado. Alice pediu desculpas e depois mencionou os gatos. O rato ficou zangado e disse que sua família odiava gatos. Alice tentou mudar de assunto e perguntou sobre cachorros, mas isso também aborreceu o rato. Ela o chamou de volta e pediu que voltasse. O rato finalmente voltou e disse que deviam chegar à margem, onde contaria sua história e explicaria por que odiava gatos e cachorros. A essa altura, muitos pássaros e outros animais também haviam caído na poça. Alice levou todos até a margem.

Chapter I

B1 Português (simplified)

Alice estava cansada de ficar sentada com a irmã à beira do rio, sem nada para fazer. Olhou para o livro da irmã, mas ele não tinha figuras nem diálogos. Foi então que um coelho branco de olhos cor-de-rosa passou correndo por ela. Alice achou aquilo estranho, mas ficou realmente maravilhada quando o coelho tirou um relógio do bolso do colete e olhou as horas. Cheia de curiosidade, correu atrás dele e o viu entrar numa grande toca sob a cerca viva. Seguiu-o imediatamente e logo caiu no que parecia ser um poço muito fundo. Teve tempo de olhar ao redor enquanto caía. As paredes do poço tinham armários, estantes de livros, mapas e quadros. Chegou até a pegar um pote vazio com o rótulo “Geleia de Laranja” e a colocar num armário, para que não machucasse ninguém lá embaixo. Alice tentou manter a calma. Perguntava-se a que profundidade teria caído e imaginou que devia estar perto do centro da terra. Também se perguntava se acabaria atravessando a terra até chegar a algum país estranho. Falava sozinha para passar o tempo e pensava em Dinah, sua gata, que sentiria sua falta na hora do chá. Foi ficando com sono e começou a se perguntar se os gatos comem morcegos ou se os morcegos comem gatos. Então, pumba, caiu sobre um monte de gravetos e aparas de madeira, sã e salva. Viu o coelho ainda correndo apressado e o seguiu até um longo corredor com lâmpadas no teto. Havia muitas portas, mas todas trancadas. Encontrou uma pequena mesa de vidro com uma minúscula chave dourada, mas ela não abria nenhuma porta. Numa outra volta, encontrou uma porta muito baixa atrás de uma cortina. A chave serviu, e ela a abriu. Do outro lado havia uma pequena passagem e um jardim lindíssimo. Alice desejou poder ir até lá, mas era grande demais para passar. Esperava poder encolher como uma luneta. Voltou até a mesa e encontrou uma garrafa que não estava ali antes. Nela se lia “BEBA-ME”. Ela verificou com cuidado se havia veneno e depois bebeu. Tinha gosto de várias coisas doces misturadas. Depois disso, encolheu até ficar com apenas vinte e cinco centímetros de altura. Ficou contente porque agora podia passar pela portinha. Mas esperou para ver se encolheria ainda mais. Nada aconteceu, então foi até a porta. Foi então que se lembrou de ter deixado a pequena chave dourada sobre a mesa, e não conseguia alcançá-la. Tentou subir pela perna de vidro, mas era escorregadia demais. Por fim, sentou-se e chorou. Depois disse a si mesma que parasse de chorar. Debaixo da mesa encontrou uma pequena caixa de ébano com um bolo dentro. O cartão nela dizia “COMA-ME”. Alice o comeu, na esperança de que a fizesse maior ou menor, para poder

entrar no jardim. A princípio nada mudou, mas depois ela terminou o bolo. Logo começou a crescer, cada vez mais, como a mais comprida luneta já vista. Olhou para os próprios pés e ficou preocupada com eles. Pensou que teria de mandar botas novas para eles no Natal. Chegou até a planejar como fazer isso, como se enviar presentes aos próprios pés fosse algo perfeitamente normal.

Original English

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 where 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 was worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. There was nothing very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself "dear, dear! I shall be too 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, 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, full of curiosity, she hurried across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In a 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 what seemed a 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 would 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 were maps and pictures hung on pegs. She took a jar down off 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 most 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 of showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to hear her, still it was good practice to say it over,) "yes that's the right distance, but then what Longitude or Latitude-line shall I be in?" (Alice had no idea what Longitude was, or Latitude either, but she 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 be to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! 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 will miss me very much tonight, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time! Oh, dear Dinah, I wish I had you here! 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, my dear. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and kept 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, 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 was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, my dear, tell me the truth. Did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, bump! bump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and shavings, and the fall was over. Alice was not a bit hurt, and jumped on to her feet directly: 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 just heard it say, as it turned a corner, "my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She turned the corner after it, and instantly found herself in a long, low hall, lit up by a row of lamps which hung from the roof. There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all round it, and tried them all, 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 lying upon it, but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that it might belong

to one of the doors of the hall, but alas! either the locks were too large, or the key too small, but at any rate it would open none of them. However, on the second time round, she came to a low curtain, behind which was a door about eighteen inches high: she tried the little key in the keyhole, and it fitted! Alice opened the door, and looked down a small passage, not larger than a rat-hole, 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 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 began to think very few things indeed were really impossible. There was nothing else to do, 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 up people like telescopes: this time there was a little bottle on it - "which certainly was not there before" said Alice - and tied 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 I'll look first," said the wise little Alice, "and see whether the bottle's marked "poison" or not," for Alice had read several nice little stories about children that got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had given them, such as, that, if you get into the fire, it will burn you, and that, if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it generally bleeds, and she had never forgotten that, if you drink a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later. However, this bottle was not marked poison, so Alice tasted it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off. "What a curious feeling!" said Alice, "I must be shutting up like a telescope." It was so indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up as it occurred to her that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see whether she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this, "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle, and what should I be like then, I wonder?" and she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember having ever seen one. However, nothing more happened so she decided on going into the garden at once, but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for the key, she found she could not

possibly reach it: she could see it plainly enough through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried. "Come! there's no use in crying!" said Alice to herself rather sharply, "I advise you to leave off this minute!" (she generally gave herself very good advice, and sometimes scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes, and once she remembered boxing her own ears for having been unkind to herself in a game of croquet she was playing with herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people,) "but it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!" Soon her eyes fell on a little ebony box lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which was lying a card with the words EAT ME beautifully printed on it in large letters. "I'll eat," said Alice, "and if it makes me larger, I can reach the key, and if it makes me smaller, I can creep under the door, so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!" She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself "which way? which way?" and laid her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure this is what generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, and it seemed quite dull and stupid for things to go on in the common way. So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake. "Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, (she was so surprised that she quite forgot how to speak good English,) "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight, they were getting so far off,) "oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't! I shall be a great deal too far off to bother myself about you: you must manage the best way you can - but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas." And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it "they must go by the carrier," she thought, "and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

Original Português

Alice começava a ficar muito cansada de estar sentada ao lado da irmã, à margem do rio, sem nada para fazer. Uma ou duas vezes, espiara o livro que a irmã estava lendo, mas ele não tinha figuras nem conversas; e para que serve um livro, pensou Alice, sem figuras nem conversas? Assim, refletia consigo mesma - tão bem quanto conseguia, pois o dia quente a

deixava muito sonolenta e aturdida - se o prazer de fazer uma corrente de margaridas compensava o trabalho de se levantar e colher as flores, quando um coelho branco de olhos cor-de-rosa passou correndo bem perto dela. Não havia nada de muito extraordinário nisso, e Alice tampouco achou tão fora do comum ouvir o coelho dizer para si mesmo: "Ai, ai! Vou chegar muito atrasado!" Mais tarde, ao pensar no assunto, ocorreu-lhe que deveria ter se espantado, mas naquele momento tudo lhe pareceu perfeitamente natural. Porém, quando o coelho realmente tirou um relógio do bolso do colete, olhou as horas e continuou correndo, Alice se levantou de um salto, pois lhe veio à mente que nunca antes vira um coelho com bolso no colete, muito menos com um relógio para tirar dele. Cheia de curiosidade, atravessou o campo correndo atrás do animal e chegou bem a tempo de vê-lo entrar numa grande toca de coelho sob a cerca viva. No instante seguinte, Alice entrou atrás dele, sem sequer pensar em como conseguiria sair dali outra vez. A toca seguia em linha reta, como um túnel, por certa distância, e depois descia de repente - tão de repente que Alice não teve um momento sequer para pensar em parar antes de se ver caindo no que parecia ser um poço muito fundo. Ou o poço era realmente muito profundo, ou ela caía muito devagar, pois teve bastante tempo, durante a descida, para olhar ao redor e imaginar o que aconteceria em seguida. Primeiro tentou olhar para baixo e descobrir onde iria chegar, mas estava escuro demais para ver qualquer coisa. Depois examinou as paredes do poço e notou que estavam cheias de armários e estantes de livros; aqui e ali havia mapas e quadros pendurados em ganchos. Ao passar por uma das prateleiras, pegou um pote. Nele estava escrito "Geleia de Laranja", mas, para sua grande decepção, o pote estava vazio. Não quis deixá-lo cair, com medo de matar alguém lá embaixo, e por isso conseguiu colocá-lo num dos armários enquanto continuava caindo. "Bem!", pensou Alice, "depois de uma queda como esta, não vou achar nada demais cair de uma escada! Como todos em casa vão pensar que sou corajosa! Ora, eu nem diria nada, mesmo que caísse do alto da casa!" O que provavelmente era verdade. Para baixo, para baixo, para baixo. Será que a queda nunca terminaria? "Quantos quilômetros será que já caí?", disse em voz alta. "Devo estar chegando perto do centro da Terra. Vejamos: isso daria uns seis mil e quatrocentos quilômetros de profundidade, eu acho..." Pois Alice aprendera várias coisas desse tipo nas aulas e, embora aquela não fosse uma oportunidade muito boa de exhibir seus conhecimentos, já que não havia ninguém para ouvi-la, ainda assim era um bom exercício repeti-los. "Sim, essa é a distância certa. Mas em que linha de longitude ou latitude estarei?" Alice não fazia ideia do que fossem longitude ou latitude, mas achava que eram palavras bonitas e importantes para pronunciar. Pouco depois, começou novamente: "Será

que vou atravessar a Terra de um lado ao outro? Como seria engraçado sair no meio das pessoas que andam de cabeça para baixo! Mas vou ter de perguntar o nome do país, naturalmente. Por favor, senhora, isto é a Nova Zelândia ou a Austrália?" E tentou fazer uma reverência enquanto falava - imagine fazer uma reverência enquanto se cai pelo ar! Você conseguiria? "E como ela vai me achar uma menina ignorante por perguntar! Não, não posso perguntar. Talvez eu veja o nome escrito em algum lugar." Para baixo, para baixo, para baixo. Não havia mais nada a fazer, e Alice logo tornou a falar: "Dinah vai sentir muito a minha falta esta noite, eu acho!" Dinah era a gata. "Espero que se lembrem do pires de leite dela na hora do chá! Ah, minha querida Dinah, queria que você estivesse aqui! Receio que não haja ratos no ar, mas talvez você pudesse apanhar um morcego, que se parece muito com um rato, sabe, querida. Mas será que gatos comem morcegos?" A essa altura, Alice começava a ficar bastante sonolenta e repetia para si mesma, como num sonho: "Gatos comem morcegos? Gatos comem morcegos?" Às vezes trocava as palavras: "Morcegos comem gatos?" Como não sabia responder a nenhuma das perguntas, não fazia muita diferença a ordem em que as formulava. Sentiu que estava cochilando e começou a sonhar que caminhava de mãos dadas com Dinah, dizendo-lhe com toda a seriedade: "Agora, Dinah, querida, diga a verdade: você já comeu um morcego?" De repente, tum! tum! Caiu sobre um monte de gravetos e aparas de madeira, e a queda terminou. Alice não se machucou nem um pouco e se levantou imediatamente. Olhou para cima, mas tudo estava escuro. Diante dela havia outro corredor comprido, e o Coelho Branco ainda podia ser visto, correndo apressado por ele. Não havia um instante a perder: Alice disparou como o vento e apenas conseguiu ouvi-lo dizer, ao dobrar uma esquina: "Pelas minhas orelhas e bigodes, como está ficando tarde!" Ela virou a esquina atrás dele e se viu de repente num salão comprido e baixo, iluminado por uma fileira de lâmpadas penduradas no teto. Havia portas por todo o salão, mas todas estavam trancadas. Depois de dar a volta completa e experimentar cada uma delas, Alice caminhou tristemente pelo centro, perguntando-se como conseguiria sair dali. De repente, encontrou uma mesinha de três pernas, toda feita de vidro maciço. Sobre ela havia apenas uma minúscula chave dourada. A primeira ideia de Alice foi que a chave pertencesse a uma das portas do salão, mas, infelizmente, ou as fechaduras eram grandes demais, ou a chave era pequena demais; de qualquer modo, não abria nenhuma delas. Ao dar uma segunda volta, porém, Alice encontrou uma cortina baixa. Atrás dela havia uma porta de cerca de quarenta e cinco centímetros de altura. Experimentou a pequena chave na fechadura, e ela serviu. Alice abriu a porta e viu um corredor estreito, pouco maior que uma toca de rato, que levava ao jardim mais

encantador que se possa imaginar. Como desejava sair daquele salão escuro e passear entre os canteiros de flores luminosas e as fontes frescas! Mas não conseguia sequer passar a cabeça pela porta. “E mesmo que a cabeça passasse”, pensou a pobre Alice, “não adiantaria muito sem os ombros. Ah, como eu gostaria de poder me fechar como uma luneta! Acho que conseguiria, se soubesse por onde começar.” Tantas coisas extraordinárias haviam acontecido recentemente que Alice começava a acreditar que pouquíssimas coisas eram realmente impossíveis. Como não havia mais nada a fazer, voltou à mesa, meio esperançosa de encontrar outra chave, ou pelo menos um livro de regras ensinando as pessoas a se fecharem como lunetas. Desta vez havia sobre a mesa uma pequena garrafa - “que certamente não estava ali antes”, disse Alice - e, amarrado ao gargalo, um rótulo de papel no qual se lia, em belas letras grandes: “BEBE-ME”. Era muito fácil mandar que ela bebesse, “mas primeiro vou olhar”, disse a prudente Alice, “para ver se a garrafa está marcada com a palavra ‘veneno’”. Alice lera várias histórias agradáveis sobre crianças que se queimavam, eram devoradas por animais selvagens ou sofriam outras coisas desagradáveis porque não se lembravam das regras simples ensinadas pelos amigos: se você entra no fogo, ele queima; se corta o dedo muito profundamente com uma faca, em geral ele sangra; e ela nunca esquecera que, quando se bebe de uma garrafa marcada “veneno”, é quase certo que aquilo fará mal, mais cedo ou mais tarde. A garrafa, porém, não estava marcada como veneno. Alice provou o líquido e o achou muito gostoso - tinha, na verdade, uma mistura de sabores de torta de cereja, creme, abacaxi, peru assado, caramelo e torrada quente com manteiga - e logo bebeu tudo. “Que sensação curiosa!”, disse Alice. “Devo estar me fechando como uma luneta.” E era exatamente isso: agora tinha apenas vinte e cinco centímetros de altura. Seu rosto se iluminou ao perceber que finalmente estava do tamanho certo para atravessar a portinha e entrar naquele lindo jardim. Primeiro, porém, esperou alguns minutos para ver se continuaria encolhendo. Sentia-se um pouco nervosa. “Porque isso pode terminar, sabe”, disse para si mesma, “comigo desaparecendo por completo, como uma vela. E como será que eu ficaria então?” Tentou imaginar como é a chama de uma vela depois que ela é apagada, mas não se lembrava de jamais ter visto uma. Nada mais aconteceu, e Alice decidiu entrar imediatamente no jardim. Mas, pobre Alice! Ao chegar à porta, descobriu que havia esquecido a pequena chave dourada sobre a mesa. Quando voltou para buscá-la, percebeu que não havia a menor possibilidade de alcançá-la. Consequia vê-la perfeitamente através do vidro e tentou com todas as forças subir por uma das pernas da mesa, mas ela era escorregadia demais. Depois de se cansar com as tentativas, a pobre criaturinha sentou-se e começou a chorar. “Vamos! Não

adianta chorar!", disse Alice para si mesma, com certa severidade. "Aconselho você a parar neste instante!" Em geral, dava a si mesma conselhos muito bons e às vezes se repreendia com tanta dureza que chegava a ficar com lágrimas nos olhos. Certa vez, lembrava-se, dera um tapa nas próprias orelhas por ter sido injusta consigo mesma numa partida de críquete que jogava sozinha, pois essa criança curiosa gostava muito de fingir que era duas pessoas. "Mas agora não adianta fingir que sou duas pessoas!", pensou a pobre Alice. "Mal resta o bastante de mim para formar uma única pessoa respeitável!" Logo seus olhos encontraram uma caixinha de ébano debaixo da mesa. Alice a abriu e encontrou dentro dela um bolo muito pequeno. Sobre o bolo havia um cartão com as palavras "COMA-ME", impressas em belas letras grandes. "Vou comer", disse Alice. "Se isso me fizer crescer, poderei alcançar a chave; e, se me fizer diminuir, poderei passar por baixo da porta. De um jeito ou de outro, entrarei no jardim, e não me importa o que aconteça!" Comeu um pedacinho e perguntou ansiosamente a si mesma: "Para que lado? Para que lado?" Pôs a mão sobre a cabeça para sentir em que direção estava crescendo e ficou bastante surpresa ao perceber que continuava do mesmo tamanho. É claro que isso geralmente acontece quando se come bolo, mas Alice se acostumara a esperar apenas acontecimentos extraordinários, e parecia-lhe muito sem graça e tolo que as coisas seguissem seu curso normal. Por isso, continuou comendo e logo terminou o bolo. "Mais curioso e mais curioso!", gritou Alice. Estava tão surpresa que se esqueceu de falar corretamente. "Agora estou me abrindo como a maior luneta que já existiu! Adeus, pés!" Ao olhar para baixo, seus pés pareciam quase fora de vista, de tão distantes que ficavam. "Ah, meus pobres pezinhos! Quem vai calçar seus sapatos e suas meias agora, queridos? Eu certamente não posso! Estarei longe demais para me incomodar com vocês. Terão de se virar da melhor maneira possível. Mas preciso tratá-los bem", pensou Alice, "ou talvez não andem para onde eu quiser! Já sei: vou dar a eles um novo par de botas todo Natal." E continuou planejando como faria aquilo. "As botas terão de ser enviadas por um entregador", pensou. "Como vai parecer engraçado mandar presentes para os próprios pés! E como o endereço vai ficar estranho!"

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B1 Português (simplified)

AO PÉ DIREITO DA SENHORITA ALICE

O TAPETE,

Original English

ALICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ.

THE CARPET,

Original Português

AO ILUSTRÍSSIMO PÉ DIREITO DE ALICE

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Original Português

O TAPETE,

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B1 Português (simplified)

Alice já media mais de dois metros e setenta, e sua cabeça batia no teto. Pegou a pequena chave dourada e foi até a porta do jardim, mas não conseguiu passar. Sentou-se e chorou de novo. Disse a si mesma que parasse de chorar, mas continuou, formando uma poça de lágrimas ao redor de si. Logo ouviu passinhos leves. O coelho branco voltou, muito bem-vestido, com luvas brancas e um buquê de flores. Alice pediu-lhe ajuda em voz suave, mas ele se assustou, deixou cair suas coisas e fugiu correndo para a escuridão. Alice pegou as luvas e o buquê. Ao cheirar as flores, ficou se perguntando por que tudo era tão estranho. Pensou que talvez tivesse mudado durante a noite. Tentou se lembrar de quem era. Comparou-se com meninas que conhecia. Tinha certeza de que não era Gertrude nem Florence. Depois tentou se lembrar de lições e fatos, mas errava tudo. Pensou que talvez fosse Florence, afinal. Recitou um poema, mas as palavras também saíram erradas. Então chorou, pois, se fosse Florence, teria de morar numa casinha pequena, fazer muitas lições e ter poucos brinquedos. Decidiu que, se fosse Florence, ficaria ali embaixo e não subiria. Foi então que notou que havia calçado uma das luvas do coelho. Pensou que estava encolhendo. Mediu-se e viu que tinha cerca de sessenta centímetros de altura, e depois foi ficando cada vez menor. Deixou cair o buquê, e isso fez o encolhimento parar. Logo estava com apenas sete centímetros e meio de altura. Correu de volta para a portinha, mas ela estava trancada de novo, e a chave estava sobre a mesa de vidro. Então escorregou e caiu na água salgada. A princípio pensou que fosse o mar, mas era, na verdade, a poça de lágrimas que ela mesma havia chorado antes. Nadou por ali e desejou não ter chorado tanto. Foi então que viu um pequeno animal na água. Era um rato. Alice falou com ele e perguntou como sair dali. O rato não respondeu. Alice pensou que talvez ele fosse francês, então falou francês com ele. O rato deu um pulo assustado. Alice pediu desculpas e depois mencionou os gatos. O rato ficou zangado e disse que sua família odiava gatos. Alice tentou mudar de assunto e perguntou sobre cachorros, mas isso também aborreceu o rato. Ela o chamou de volta e pediu que voltasse. O rato finalmente voltou e disse que deviam chegar à margem, onde contaria sua história e explicaria por que odiava gatos e cachorros. A essa altura, muitos pássaros e outros animais também haviam caído na poça. Alice levou todos até a margem.

Original English

with ALICE'S LOVE oh dear! what nonsense I am talking!" Just at this moment, her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact, she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key, and hurried off to the garden door. Poor Alice! it was as much as she

could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye, but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and cried again. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you," (she might well say this,) "to cry in this way! Stop this instant, I tell you!" But she cried on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool, about four inches deep, all round her, and reaching half way across the hall. After a time, she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the white rabbit coming back again, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand, and a nosegay in the other. Alice was ready to ask help of any one, she felt so desperate, and as the rabbit passed her, she said, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, Sir - " the rabbit started violently, looked up once into the roof of the hall, from which the voice seemed to come, and then dropped the nosegay and the white kid gloves, and skurried away into the darkness, as hard as it could go. Alice took up the nosegay and gloves, and found the nosegay so delicious that she kept smelling at it all the time she went on talking to herself - "dear, dear! how queer everything is today! and yesterday everything happened just as usual: I wonder if I was changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I think I remember feeling rather different. But if I'm not the same, who in the world am I? Ah, that's the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them. "I'm sure I'm not Gertrude," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all - and I'm sure I can't be Florence, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, she's she, and I'm I, and - oh dear! how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is fourteen - oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at this rate! But the Multiplication Table don't signify - let's try Geography. London is the capital of France, and Rome is the capital of Yorkshire, and Paris - oh dear! dear! that's all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Florence! I'll try and say "How doth the little,"" and she crossed her hands on her lap, and began, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not sound the same as they used to do: "How doth the little crocodile Improve its shining tail, And pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale! How cheerfully it seems to grin! How neatly spreads its claws! And welcomes little fishes in With gently-smiling jaws!" "I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought "I must be Florence after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No! I've made up my mind about it: if I'm Florence,

I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying 'come up, dear!' I shall only look up and say 'who am I then? answer me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else - but, oh dear!' cried Alice with a sudden burst of tears, "I do wish they would put their heads down! I am so tired of being all alone here!" As she said this, she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to find she had put on one of the rabbit's little gloves while she was talking. "How can I have done that?" thought she, "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: soon she found out that the reason of it was the nosegay she held in her hand: she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether, and found that she was now only three inches high. "Now for the garden!" cried Alice, as she hurried back to the little door, but the little door was locked again, and the little gold key was lying on the glass table as before, and "things are worse than ever!" thought the poor little girl, "for I never was as small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, it is!" At this moment her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had fallen into the sea: then she remembered that she was underground, and she soon made out that it was the pool of tears she had wept when she was nine feet high. "I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out, "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! Well! that'll be a queer thing, to be sure! However, every thing is queer today." Very soon she saw something splashing about in the pool near her: at first she thought it must be a walrus or a hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was herself, and soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself. "Would it be any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this mouse? The rabbit is something quite out-of-the-way, no doubt, and so have I been, ever since I came down here, but that is no reason why the mouse should not be able to talk. I think I may as well try." So she began: "oh Mouse, do you know how to get out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, oh Mouse!" The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing. "Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice; "I daresay it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror!" (for, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened,) so she began again: "où est ma chatte?" which was the first sentence out of her French lesson-book. The mouse gave a sudden jump in the pool, and seemed to quiver with fright: "oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's

feelings, "I quite forgot you didn't like cats!" "Not like cats!" cried the mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice, "would you like cats if you were me?" "Well, perhaps not," said Alice in a soothing tone, "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," said Alice, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face: and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse, and she's such a capital one for catching mice - oh! I beg your pardon!" cried poor Alice again, for this time the mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain that it was really offended, "have I offended you?" "Offended indeed!" cried the mouse, who seemed to be positively trembling with rage, "our family always hated cats! Nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't talk to me about them any more!" "I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the conversation, "are you - are you - fond of - dogs?" The mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "there is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh! such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things - I ca'n't remember half of them - and it belongs to a farmer, and he says it kills all the rats and - oh dear!" said Alice sadly, "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" for the mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went. So she called softly after it: "mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats and dogs any more, if you don't like them!" When the mouse heard this, it turned and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale, (with passion, Alice thought,) and it said in a trembling low voice "let's get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs." It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite full of birds and animals that had fallen into it. There was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

Original Português

COM O AMOR DE ALICE "Meu Deus! Que bobagens estou dizendo!" Nesse exato momento, sua cabeça bateu no teto do salão. Na verdade, Alice já tinha um pouco mais de dois metros e setenta de altura. Pegou imediatamente a pequena chave dourada e correu até a porta do jardim. Pobre Alice! Mesmo deitada de lado, mal conseguia espiar o jardim com um dos olhos; atravessar a porta estava mais impossível do que nunca. Sentou-se e tornou a chorar. "Você deveria ter vergonha de si mesma", disse Alice. "Uma menina grande como você" - e ela realmente podia dizer isso - "chorando desse jeito! Pare neste instante, estou mandando!" Mas

continuou chorando assim mesmo, derramando litros e litros de lágrimas, até formar ao redor de si uma grande poça de uns dez centímetros de profundidade, que se estendia até a metade do salão. Depois de algum tempo, ouviu ao longe o leve ruído de passinhos e enxugou os olhos para ver quem vinha. Era o Coelho Branco, que voltava esplendidamente vestido, com um par de luvas brancas de pelica numa das mãos e um buquê na outra. Alice estava tão desesperada que pediria ajuda a qualquer pessoa. Quando o coelho passou por ela, disse numa voz baixa e tímida: “Por favor, senhor...” O coelho deu um pulo violento, olhou para o teto do salão, de onde a voz parecia vir, deixou cair o buquê e as luvas brancas e fugiu para a escuridão com toda a velocidade. Alice pegou o buquê e as luvas. O perfume das flores era tão agradável que ela continuou cheirando-as enquanto falava consigo mesma: “Meu Deus, como tudo está estranho hoje! Ontem tudo aconteceu como de costume. Será que fui mudada durante a noite? Deixe-me pensar: eu era a mesma quando me levantei esta manhã? Acho que me lembro de ter me sentido um pouco diferente. Mas, se não sou a mesma, quem sou eu neste mundo? Ah, esse é o grande enigma!” Começou então a pensar em todas as crianças de sua idade que conhecia, para descobrir se poderia ter sido transformada em alguma delas. “Tenho certeza de que não sou Gertrude”, disse, “porque o cabelo dela cai em longos cachos, e o meu não forma cachos de jeito nenhum. E tenho certeza de que não posso ser Florence, porque sei todo tipo de coisa, enquanto ela... ah, ela sabe tão pouco! Além disso, ela é ela, e eu sou eu, e... meu Deus, como tudo isso é confuso! Vou verificar se ainda sei as coisas que sabia antes. Vejamos: quatro vezes cinco são doze, quatro vezes seis são treze, quatro vezes sete são quatorze... meu Deus! Desse jeito nunca vou chegar a vinte! Mas a tabuada não importa. Vamos tentar geografia. Londres é a capital da França, Roma é a capital de Yorkshire, e Paris... ah, meu Deus! Está tudo errado, tenho certeza! Devo ter sido transformada em Florence! Vou tentar recitar ‘Como faz o pequeno...’” Cruzou as mãos no colo e começou, mas sua voz soava rouca e estranha, e as palavras não saíram como costumavam sair: “Como faz o crocodilo Brilhar a cauda dourada, Derramando as águas do Nilo Em cada escama encantada! ‘Como sorri alegremente! Como abre as garras ligeiro! E recebe o peixinho inocente Com um sorriso faceiro!’” “Tenho certeza de que essas não são as palavras certas”, disse a pobre Alice. Seus olhos se encheram de lágrimas quando pensou: “Finalmente, devo ser Florence, e terei de morar naquela casinha apertada, quase sem brinquedos e com tantas lições para aprender! Não! Já me decidi: se sou Florence, vou ficar aqui embaixo! Não adiantará colocarem a cabeça pela toca e dizerem: ‘Suba, querida!’ Eu apenas olharei para cima e direi: ‘Quem sou eu, então? Respondam primeiro. Se eu gostar de ser essa pessoa, subirei; se não,

ficarei aqui embaixo até me tornar outra pessoa.' Mas, ah, meu Deus!", gritou Alice, irrompendo de repente em lágrimas. "Como eu queria que eles colocassem a cabeça aqui! Estou tão cansada de ficar sozinha!" Enquanto dizia isso, olhou para as mãos e ficou surpresa ao ver que, sem perceber, havia colocado uma das pequenas luvas do coelho. "Como consegui fazer isso?", pensou. "Devo estar diminuindo outra vez." Levantou-se e foi até a mesa para medir sua altura. Pelo que conseguiu calcular, tinha agora cerca de sessenta centímetros e continuava encolhendo rapidamente. Logo descobriu a causa: era o buquê que segurava. Jogou-o fora depressa, bem a tempo de evitar desaparecer por completo, e percebeu que agora tinha apenas sete centímetros e meio de altura. "Agora, para o jardim!", gritou Alice, correndo de volta à portinha. Mas a porta estava trancada outra vez, e a pequena chave dourada continuava sobre a mesa de vidro. "As coisas estão piores do que nunca!", pensou a pobre menina. "Eu jamais fui tão pequena, nunca! E isso é realmente injusto!" Nesse momento, seu pé escorregou e - splash! - ela se viu mergulhada até o queixo em água salgada. Sua primeira ideia foi que tivesse caído no mar. Depois se lembrou de que estava debaixo da terra e logo compreendeu que aquela era a poça de lágrimas que chorara quando tinha mais de dois metros e setenta de altura. "Queria não ter chorado tanto!", disse Alice, nadando de um lado para o outro e procurando uma saída. "Agora suponho que serei castigada, morrendo afogada nas minhas próprias lágrimas! Bem, isso seria realmente uma coisa estranha! Mas tudo está estranho hoje." Logo viu alguma coisa chapinhando na água perto dela. A princípio, pensou que fosse uma morsa ou um hipopótamo. Então se lembrou de como ela própria estava pequena e percebeu que era apenas um rato, que escorregara para dentro da poça como ela. "Será que adiantaria falar com este rato?", pensou Alice. "O coelho certamente é uma criatura extraordinária, e eu também tenho sido extraordinária desde que descí para cá; mas isso não quer dizer que o rato não saiba falar. Acho que vale a pena tentar." Então começou: "Ó Rato, você sabe como sair desta poça? Estou muito cansada de ficar nadando aqui, ó Rato!" O rato olhou para ela com certa curiosidade e pareceu piscar um dos olhinhos, mas não disse nada. "Talvez ele não entenda inglês", pensou Alice. "Quem sabe seja um rato francês que veio para cá com Guilherme, o Conquistador!" Apesar de todo o seu conhecimento de história, Alice não tinha uma ideia muito clara de quanto tempo fazia que as coisas haviam acontecido. Por isso, tentou novamente: "Où est ma chatte?" Era a primeira frase de seu livro de francês: "Onde está minha gata?" O rato deu um salto repentino dentro da água e pareceu estremecer de medo. "Ah, peço desculpas!", gritou Alice depressa, receando ter ferido os sentimentos do pobre animal. "Eu me esqueci completamente de que você

não gosta de gatos!” “Não gosto de gatos!”, gritou o rato numa voz aguda e apaixonada. “Você gostaria de gatos se estivesse no meu lugar?” “Bem, talvez não”, disse Alice em tom conciliador. “Não fique zangado. Mesmo assim, gostaria de poder mostrar a você nossa gata Dinah. Acho que você passaria a gostar de gatos se pudesse vê-la. Ela é uma criaturinha tão querida e tranquila”, continuou Alice, meio falando consigo mesma enquanto nadava preguiçosamente pela poça. “Fica ronronando tão agradavelmente junto ao fogo, lambendo as patas e lavando o rosto. É tão macia e gostosa de pegar no colo, e é excelente para apanhar ratos... Ah! Peço desculpas!” A pobre Alice se desculpou novamente, pois dessa vez o pelo do rato estava todo eriçado, e ela teve certeza de que o ofendera de verdade. “Eu ofendi você?” “Ofendeu, sim!”, gritou o rato, que parecia tremer de raiva. “Minha família sempre odiou gatos! Criaturas nojentas, baixas e vulgares! Não fale mais deles comigo!” “Não falarei mesmo!”, disse Alice, apressando-se a mudar de assunto. “Você... você... gosta de... cachorros?” O rato não respondeu, e Alice continuou com entusiasmo: “Há um cachorrinho tão bonito perto da nossa casa que eu gostaria de mostrar a você! Um pequeno terrier de olhos brilhantes, sabe, com um pelo castanho, comprido e encaracolado! Ele busca as coisas que jogamos, senta-se sobre as patas traseiras e pede o jantar, e faz todo tipo de coisas - nem consigo lembrar a metade delas. Pertence a um fazendeiro, e ele diz que o cachorro mata todos os ratos e...” “Ah, meu Deus!”, disse Alice tristemente. “Receio tê-lo ofendido outra vez!” O rato nadava para longe dela com todas as forças, agitando bastante a água da poça. Alice chamou suavemente: “Rato querido! Volte, por favor! Não falaremos mais de gatos nem de cachorros, se você não gosta deles!” Ao ouvir isso, o rato se virou e nadou devagar de volta. Seu rosto estava muito pálido - de raiva, pensou Alice - e ele disse numa voz baixa e trêmula: “Vamos chegar à margem. Então contarei minha história, e você entenderá por que odeio gatos e cachorros.” Já era mais do que hora de sair dali, pois a poça ficava cada vez mais cheia de aves e animais que haviam caído nela. Havia um Pato e um Dodô, um Lóris e uma Aguieta, além de várias outras criaturas curiosas. Alice foi na frente, e o grupo inteiro nadou até a margem.

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Glossary: New Words

Priority words from the simplified reading, selected by CEFR level, rarity and editorial usefulness. Each entry shows up to six real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

beyond /bɪ'pnd/ (1 occurrence)

Português: além

Simple English: At or to the side that is further; exceeding a point.

Example: *Her talents go beyond just singing; she can also dance beautifully.*

Uses in this book:

1. Beyond it was a small passage and a beautiful garden. [Back to B1](#)

Bunch /bʌntʃ/ (3 occurrences)

Português: bando; monte; grupo

Simple English: A group of items connected or gathered together.

Example: *She picked a bunch of bananas from the store.*

Uses in this book:

1. The white rabbit came back, very well dressed, with white gloves and a flower bunch. [Back to B1](#)
2. Alice took the gloves and the flower bunch. [Back to B1](#)
3. She dropped the flower bunch, and this stopped the shrinking. [Back to B1](#)

even /'i:vən/ (10 occurrences)

Português: mesmo; sequer; até

Simple English: Used to emphasize something surprising or unexpected.

Example: *Even the most skilled artists can make mistakes sometimes.*

Forms in this book: even, evening

Uses in this book:

1. She even took an empty jar marked "Orange Marmalade" and put it in a cupboard so it would not hurt anyone below. [Back to B1](#)
2. She even planned how to do it, as if sending gifts to her own feet were a normal thing. [Back to B1](#)

hurt (1 occurrence)

Português: machucar; magoar; ferido

Uses in this book:

1. She even took an empty jar marked “Orange Marmalade” and put it in a cupboard so it would not hurt anyone below. [Back to B1](#)

inch (6 occurrences)

Português: polegada; medida; unidade

Simple English: a unit of length equal to 2.54 centimetres

Example: *The shelf is twelve inches wide.*

Uses in this book:

1. After that, she shrank until she was only ten inches tall. [Back to B1](#)
2. Soon she was only three inches high. [Back to B1](#)

mixed /mɪkst/ (2 occurrences)

Português: misto; misturado; mixado

Simple English: Consisting of different types combined together.

Example: *The salad was a mixed variety, containing both leafy greens and colorful vegetables.*

Uses in this book:

1. It tasted like many sweet foods mixed together. [Back to B1](#)

passage /'pæsɪdʒ/ (2 occurrences)

Português: passagem; trecho

Simple English: A narrow corridor giving access to rooms or areas.

Example: *The passage led us to the library at the end of the hall.*

Uses in this book:

1. Beyond it was a small passage and a beautiful garden. [Back to B1](#)

pick (2 occurrences)

Português: escolher; buscá; picareta

Uses in this book:

1. She picked up the little golden key and went to the garden door, but she could not get through. [Back to B1](#)

picture (2 occurrences)

Português: foto; imagem; retrato

Uses in this book:

1. She looked at her sister's book, but it had no pictures or conversation. [Back to B1](#)
2. The sides of the well had cupboards, bookshelves, maps, and pictures. [Back to B1](#)

Pile /paɪl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: pilha; monte; empilhar

Simple English: A large amount or number of similar things together.

Example: *There was a pile of leaves in the yard after the fall.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then, bump, she landed on a pile of sticks and shavings, safe and unharmed. [Back to B1](#)

slip (1 occurrence)

Português: escorregar; deslizar; erro

Simple English: to slide accidentally or make a small mistake

Example: *Be careful not to slip on the wet floor.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then she slipped and fell into the salt water. [Back to B1](#)

subject /səb'dʒekt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: assunto; sujeito; objecto

Simple English: The topic being discussed or studied.

Example: *History is my favorite subject.*

Uses in this book:

1. Alice tried to change the subject and asked about dogs, but that upset the mouse too. [Back to B1](#)

tear /tɪər/ (2 occurrences)

Português: lágrima; rasgo; rasgar

Simple English: Drop of salty liquid produced by the eyes naturally.

Example: *A tear rolled down her cheek during the sad movie.*

Uses in this book:

1. She told herself to stop crying, but she went on, making a pool of tears around her. [Back to B1](#)

2. At first she thought it was the sea, but it was really the pool of tears she had cried earlier. [Back to B1](#)