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**Your commentary should be focused on *non-canonical constituent order and information packaging*.**

They had begun to fear that there was no end to the stair, it went round and round so steadily, when, creeping through a rack, they found themselves in a great hall, supported by thousands of pillars of gray stone. Where the little light came from they could not tell. This hall they  
5 began to cross in a straight line, hoping to reach one side, and intending to walk along it till they came to some opening. They kept straight by going from pillar to pillar, as they had done before by the trees. Any honest plan will do in Fairyland, if you only stick to it. And no plan will do if you do not stick to it.

10 It was very silent, and Alice disliked the silence more than the dimness,— so much, indeed, that she longed to hear Richard’s voice. But she had always been so cross to him when he had spoken, that he thought it better to let her speak first; and she was too proud to do that. She would not even let him walk alongside of her, but always went slower  
15 when he wanted to wait for her; so that at last he strode on alone. And Alice followed. But by degrees the horror of silence grew upon her, and she felt at last as if there was no one in the universe but herself.

The hall went on widening around her; their footsteps made no noise; the silence grew so intense that it seemed on the point of taking shape.  
20 At last she could bear it no longer. She ran after Richard, got up with him, and laid hold of his arm.

He had been thinking for some time what an obstinate, disagreeable girl Alice was, and wishing he had her safe home to be rid of her, when, feeling a hand, and looking round, he saw that it was the disagreeable  
25 girl. She soon began to be companionable after a fashion, for she began to think, putting everything together, that Richard must have been several times in Fairyland before now. “It is very strange,” she said to herself; “for he is quite a poor boy, I am sure of that. His arms stick out beyond his jacket like the ribs of his mother’s umbrella. And to think of  
30 me wandering about Fairyland with *him*!

The moment she touched his arm, they saw an arch of blackness before them. They had walked straight to a door—not a very inviting one,

for it opened upon an utterly dark passage. Where there was only one door, however, there was no difficulty about choosing. Richard walked  
35 straight through it; and from the greater fear of being left behind, Alice faced the lesser fear of going on. In a moment they were in total darkness. Alice clung to Richard’s arm, and murmured, almost against her will, ‘Dear Richard!’ It was strange that fear should speak like love; but it was in Fairyland. It was strange, too, that as soon as she spoke  
40 thus, Richard should fall in love with her all at once. But what was more curious still was, that, at the same moment, Richard saw her face. In spite of her fear, which had made her pale, she looked very lovely.

“Dear Alice!” said Richard, “how pale you look!”  
“How can you tell that, Richard, when all is as black as pitch!”  
45 “I can see your face. It gives out light. Now I see your hands. Now I can see your feet. Yes, I can see every spot where you are going to—No, don’t put your foot there. There is an ugly toad just there.”

The fact was, that the moment he began to love Alice, his eyes began to send forth light. What he thought came from Alice’s face, really came  
50 from his eyes. All about her and her path he could see, and every minute saw better; but to his own path he was blind. He could not see his hand when he held it straight before his face, so dark was it. But he could see Alice, and that was better than seeing the way—ever so much.

At length Alice too began to see a face dawning through the darkness.  
55 It was Richard’s face; but it was far handsomer than when she saw it last. Her eyes had begun to give light too. And she said to herself—“Can it be that I love the poor widow’s son?—I suppose that must be it,” she answered herself, with a smile; for she was not disgusted with herself at all. Richard saw the smile, and was glad.