My Name is Bill

by karrenia_rune

Summary

An excerpt from the diary of Bill the Lizard, and a little of his reflecting on why he seems to be constantly underfoot yet constantly over-looked.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Disclaimer: Alice in Wonderland and the characters who inhabit the world are the original creations of Lewis Carroll and whoever owns his estate now; they are not mine.

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It was not as if he had some unrealized need to be the center of attention, but every now and then he would come to a complete stop, frozen in mid-motion of whatever task he had been presently engaged in and clasp his two hands over his abdomen. The hay would be left only half-stacked waiting to be taken up one bale at a time to the roof and laid down one upon another.

That gnawing sensation that Bill felt in his belly might well be nothing more than hunger; he could not remember the last decent sit-down and eat it when it was a still hot meal he had enjoyed in quite some time. The gruel and hot tea while nourishing was fine as far as it went, but after a while one did crave a little more variety in his diet.

Bill came to realize with a start and a little snort that his employer had been calling him for at least the past five minutes while he had stood stock still in the middle of the ground floor of the partially completed house doing his level best imitation of statuary.

It was unfortunate what had happened to the house. It was never meant to accommodate anyone over the size of a generous two, three feet on the outside but the blond human girl, who kept growing and
growing; the result being that it had simply been too much for the structure to handle and it had collapsed.

Bill answered the questions of his employer as best he could wondering if, and trying very hard not to feel sorry for himself that if it was only when something needed doing around the house, such as sweeping, or dusting, or haying, or the like was the time anyone realized that he was around.

Not that he minded, really, he liked the work. It was just something else that was eating at him and which made him lose his focus on his surroundings from time to time.

End Notes

written for the prompt #45 ignored from the Live Journal Community 50scenes

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