Mad Mad

by SlothsTheSinICaterTo

Summary

The moment everything slips away the Mad Hatter ponders over his new disposition. "He remembered what the cat had uttered the first time the girl had arrived. We're all mad here. The Hatter giggled out loud, his giggle turned serious. He wasn't mad, he was mad mad."

Notes

This story is 'M' rated, although it does not have any sexual implications or explicit violence in it. It however has dark themes and disturbing imaginary.

In this story you might find grammatical incorrectness, deliberate or the opposite. I am not interested in complaints about it, though.

You've been warned, read at your own discretion.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Mad Mad
He closed his eyes just for a minute. And opened them to gaze into the huge pale moon hanging lowly in the air. The dead trees stood unmoving in the heavy wind that whistled a sinister tune. The host of the run-down tea party, the hatter sat in his plush *violet velvet* armchair, just like his dark coat... *Violet velvet* – he liked the sound of that... Twirling a white porcelain teapot on his finger topped with a long deep-purple fingernail. The others short and going lime and pink, candy colored, twinkling in the night. The tea inside the pot let out a complaining sound when making round. *Swoosh. Clink u clink u* – the porcelain lid complained. The man chuckled, Alice would disagree. The child knew so much of adult words, too mature for her little age, mumbling on about *laws* and *facts* of the world. She would argue heatedly that the tea lid would fall and tea then would spill. Foolish child, what was in the world above, was not the same *down the rabbit hole*.

The hatter shook his head, oh he shouldn't have let this occur, so *bonkers* was he now. And with a mighty turn, the Red Queen had taken rule. He shouldn't have let it occur... Now this man had turned into the epitome of the land of rolling heads and rotting flesh.

*Swoosh, clink u clink u.* The tea kettle went when it turned and he called it a kettle because it was fit. Sinister bright green, his eyes shone with no sense in them showing. Beneath the top hat that was bound with a ribbon and a *burgundy-red* splattered spade ace card tucked behind, glinted long hair, which was no longer jolly and just as *burgundy-red*.

*Swoosh, clink u clink u.* Round and round the tea kettle went. He gazed down his leg, crossed atop the other, trouser pant torn and showing striped sock. The man with the hat could see, but not tell, what was the second color of the sock. Was it black or red, along the white, not like he could tell. The tea pot swirling, his other hand's fingers beat a dreadful march on the armchair.

*Swoosh, clink u clink u.* Speaking of tea, his teacup – not full. The hatter then set down the drowsy-dizzy pot on the table. He checked his cracked cup, hole for a bottom. Again the face of the child arose, he need not raise his eyes to the end of the table, to see her visage in his mind. She would argue yet again, saying that the tea would spill from such a battered cup. How little of much did she know…

He traced the rim of his cup. Picking out a needle that was tucked conveniently in his sleeve with the others. The shiny metal stick with a round yellow bulb twinkled catching light. Yes, the Hatter did know some *laws* of this place too, but *laws* were meant to be broken. And break one he would. That was his specialty now. Lifting his head, he looked at the maggot-feed that were his tea partners. Turning to the other left side, he viewed the White Rabbit sitting still in his chair, unmoving red eyes wide with fear. The sinister-minded man pushed the dead creature's head back. Gingerly pushing the teacup aside, he put his own cup in its place. He raised the needle to the rabbit's neck and slashed it with the pin. The wound was deep and messy gaping open like a drawer, showing all its secret contents for everyone to see. The blood sprouted like a fountain, dyeing the White Rabbit's fur and vest in crimson, spilling into the readied cup and drowning the table cloth in a nice, ruby color. The Mad Hatter knew that blood was pumped by the heart and once it was dead, the liquid blood did not flow, but that mattered not, because he was thirsty. Once the cup was filled to the brim, he removed it and brought it back in front of himself. The rabbit's head lolled to the side. Platter in one hand, cup in the other, he brought the red watery liquid to lips. He tasted and savored, so good was the taste. Cool and refreshing.

Drinking, the man thought about times beyond now. He remembered what the cat had uttered the
first time the girl had arrived. *We're all mad here.* The Hatter giggled out loud, his giggle turned serious. He wasn't mad, he was *mad mad.* Lifting the shredded table cloth, he viewed underneath, looking over the carcass of the Cheshire Cat. He examined the corpse with his eyes and the seamstress inside begged him to make a shawl out of it. Such a lovely pelt it would be! A combination of gray and blue so electric, always fluctuating it would be. Shaking his head the Mad Hatter sighed, he had business to do, not shawls to sew!

Needlessly stirring his teacup, filled with a beverage he couldn't resist. Readyng his platter he cut himself some cake. He ate it in silence, which was louder than ever. The filling was soft and alive, squirming beneath teeth. The worms were annoying, he couldn't tell whether he liked his cake better or not spilt. This was good too.

The Dormouse was right, drowned in her teacup, but the Mad Hatter could no longer tell what was she so right about. He shook his head, what was he rambling on about?

Lifting his eyes he gazed at the scenery. Dyed in magnificent darkness, tinted with purples, blues, greens and bright, tantalizing reds. The moon yellow and full, hung with an air of despair. In front of the host, at the end of the table, in the intricate armchair, slouched and still sat Alice. She was older now but not destined to change by the day. No longer needing books on the seat to stare him down. Eyes blue and frozen – they were her most beautiful feature. As wide as they could be but hollow indeed. Covered with heavy not matching dark lashes, the sky-blues sat in her skull, accented by the lovely color of her dress. He wouldn't have picked better himself! The girl sat lonely in the big old armchair, the croaking *ravens* in the scorched black trees behind her, molding the perfect scene in creation.

The Hatter rose from his seat, walking gracefully around the table. The heels of his boots making a *clicking* sound. He stopped by the girl to inspect her up close. He threw some of the dishes off of the table, they clattered down without a sound. The man with the hat then turned the girl from sitting in her chair, to half lying on the table. He leaned in very close, tilting his head. Her corpse smelled of berries. Indeed she was older. Alas her hair hadn't lost its childish appeal, still as pale and as curled as it had been, splayed on the white table cloth. The velvet black bow in her hair clashing so wonderfully. Her face was still chubby but her cheeks were so pale. The lips were of such a marvelous shade, that he didn't even know how to name it. They were dark, but not rich like blood, more like cherries – dark and ripe. Yes, just like black cherries… Her little mouth was open, but not in a screaming fashion, more like an imitation of a breath or a gasp. The Mad Hatter dragged his hands down her breasts and moved his spidery appendages then away from the girl. The man tapped his lips with a finger, thinking. She was about thirteen maybe fifteen summers of age, he estimated. The Hatter told himself he liked the other Alice better, he liked her the other way, the old way, the way of yesterday. But he never liked her childish banter and while she was a wonder, she still talked too much. However the silence the older child version emitted was just as nagging. The Mad Hatter knew how to fix that but a dilemma was near. He would have to sew her maw shut, but what thread to use? Perhaps a tempting red to match her lips? No, no, no, no he shook his hatted head, that would steal the appeal of her eyes. Then how about a blue? No, that wouldn't do any good…

After going through his palette, the Hatter sighed in defeat. He couldn't make a match. Stopping with the choices he knew wouldn't disappoint. Either a thick black thread he concurred or something invisible-like. Something there and yet not… A strand of her hair could serve such a purpose. *Shudder shudder,* travelling his body – delight. What he was about to do… *Ku ku ku ku ku…*  

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The Mad Hatter opened his eyes. The cheery atmosphere greeting his vision. The sun warmed his skin and smiled charmingly, the gaze of the clouds as adoring as *her* eyes. The banter was, as
always, lively in the air. He could make bits and bites out of conversations. The man with the hat stared down the blissfully ignorant child, sitting opposite him, across the long feast-covered table. She sat as little as seven springs should be, raised on a dozen of books. The girl held a steaming cup in her hands, drinking tea, just as lovely as she. He could hear the White Rabbit and March Hare arguing about the pocket-watch mania they both shared. A sinister grin split his face into two.

"Would you like some tea, dear?" the Mad Hatter asked without blinking, his gaze trailing the child.

Alice could have sworn her tea had tasted like blood.

End Notes

This is the second fic of mine to be inspired by the song White Rabbit by Egypt Central. The other one is of the Labyrinth fandom, called Goblins in the Details.

Mad Mad was originally written in 2013

Feedback is very appreciated and responded to!

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