The Lobster Quadrille

An impromptu dance-party, Wonderland style.

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Hovering on the outer edge of the circle tapping one foot against the waterlogged ground Alice watched the odd assortment of animals and birds whirling around all to the rhythm of unseen musicians. She still did not quite trust the evidence of her own eyes however the music was like nothing else she had ever heard, and it seemed to draw Alice in despite any initial reservations on her part. Alice shifted her weight from one foot to another and sighed as she combed her fingers through her water-logged hair trying in vain to smooth out the worse of the tangles from her long tresses.

Alice took one uncertain step, unsure of how deep the growing pool of water really was, the toe of her shoes sank a centimeter and then deeper and deeper.

In the back of her mind, she could felt the pulse and the temp of music sweep her up completely. Suddenly, the tempo changed and while the words were unfamiliar the melody and the feeling of the song caught her up and she could not help but join in the song.

Grasping the various upper extremities that they extended to her in either of her own Alice allowed her initial reserve to seep away subsumed in the melody and the obvious enjoyment and good fellowship of the creatures who shared the pool of water with her.

Alice tossed her head back and let out a peal of laughter. There was no one here but these birds and animals, the music so it did matter what she looked like or did not look like, that would come later,
but right now all she had was the moment, and that was enough for her.

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