Down the Rabbithole
by subcircus

Summary

Amanda wasn't sure how she ended up in this nightmare, but if anyone actually carried out the Queen's command then she was in very real danger.

“Amanda Darieux, you are accused of stealing the tarts. How do you plead?” asked the judge.

“Not guilty, your honour,” she replied.

“Off with your head!” cried the Queen. Amanda gulped and rubbed her neck. No matter how ridiculous this seemed, she was in very real danger.

“If it please the court, witnesses must be called before sentence is passed,” explained the very timid defence counsel. “And we must recess for tea.”

Amanda rolled her eyes. She had heard that a lawyer who defends himself had a fool for a client. This time the client had a fool for a lawyer.

“If it please the court,” she began.

“It does not! Off with her head!” demanded the Queen.

“If it please the court,” she tried again, almost shouting to be heard over the hubbub, “I did not steal the tarts, it was the Knave of Hearts,” she finished, pointing at the culprit.

There was a gasp from the crowd. The Knave came forward.

“She lies! She is not only a thief, but a liar! A bad liar at that!” he said excitedly.
“Guilty!” declared the foreman of the jury.

“Off with her head!” yelled the Queen of Hearts. Amanda put up her hands in an attempt to placate the advancing guards. When that didn’t work, she kicked the nearest one, a two of clubs, where she was hoping his groin was.

Her luck was in, as the card doubled over in agony, creating a tube that Amanda was able to shove toward the advancing pack of guards. The two of clubs bounced and rolled, comically smashing into his fellows and sending them flying.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Amanda pelted for the door. Her exit was blocked by a surly looking pair of tens, who had lowered their pikes across the doorway. Amanda dropped to the floor and used a combination of her momentum and the slinky lycra she was wearing to slide under them like a baseball player sliding into third.

Clear of the door, she got to her feet and ran down the corridor. Halfway down, she spotted the White Rabbit carrying her sword toward the courtroom. It was marked with a large tag that read ‘Everdense’. Amanda grabbed the sword as she ran past.

“Hey! Come back!” he called, hopping up and down on the spot.

Amanda ran out of the palace, and through the gardens, the entire deck of cards and menagerie that populated this insane place hot on her heels. Risking a look back, she stumbled on a stray hedgehog, and went tumbling to the ground.

Now furious, the Queen marched up to her. Amanda flipped over onto her back and stared up into the Queen’s red face.

“OFF WITH HER HEAD!”

Amanda was pretty angry herself by this stage.

“What the hell am I running for? I’ve got a sword, and you are just a bunch of playing cards,” she said, glaring at the Queen. Uncertain, the Queen took a step backward, allowing Amanda the room to get to her feet. She stood, legs apart, sword raised, ready.

“It wasn’t like this with the other girl,” the Queen said meekly.

“Yeah? Well, tough cookies sister. The other girl wasn’t a thousand years old. Now, are you going to let me walk out of here, or do you want to fight?”

The Queen looked around for support, but her subjects had retreated to a safe distance. She slumped.

“You may leave,” she replied, defeated. Amanda gave a curt bow, turned sharply on her heel, and left.

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