On Cats, Bells and Glass Cages

by karrenia_rune

Summary

The Cheshire Cat has always been a bit of enigma wrapped up in a riddle, but for all that, he is still very much a cat, so it should follow that it would be possible to bell and cage him, right?

Disclaimer: Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass are the original creations of Lewis Carroll. They do not belong to me. Also written and posted for the Live journal challenge 50scenes, table 1, prompt #05 glass.

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“It’s as clear as melted pond water after the early thaw that something had to be done here,” remarked the King of Hearts.

His spouse, the Queen of Hearts, snorted like a royal mare and then she began to sneeze, making white powder makeup on her face and neck and cheeks puff out from her like a shower of minuscule dandelion puffs.

However, he full well knew her volatile temperament. He was also aware of the fact that she absolutely refused to let anyone gainsay her will,” refrained from making any comment on it.

“Dear, she finally remarked, “It’s a valid idea in theory, but in practice, well, let us be candid, rather foolhardy. You would first have to find the peculiar feline and once you do, he would have to be fully solidified.”
She paused for a moment and held up her be-ringed hands up so that she could perform the precise calculations more easily, mouthing off the figures as she did so, “Well, the odds of that happening must be staggering, quite staggering. I’d say, at least a thousand to one.”

“Hmm, I was thinking more along the lines of a say a hundred to one,” he said.

“A Cat may look at a king, and a king may look at a cat, she opined. “And I ’m afraid that should we perfore make your idea into a royal proclamation we can hardly make an exception for That Cat as we could for the least of his species. “

“A royal proclamation! he repeated, enthused by the idea. “He would have to comply and I would not have to locate and then trap him in a glass cage and then put a bell around his neck.”

“My dear, whatever are you going on about?” she asked anxiously. “

“You see, the way I figure it,” he mused, “that if the Cheshire Cat wore a bell around his neck, that even where he to disappear into thin or thick air, as the case may be, with a bell anyone would be able to hear him coming and going, even that one could not see him.”

“Capital idea, old bean! exclaimed the Queen of Hearts, “but where would we get a bell?”

“Hmm, I suppose we could have one custom-made.”

“Hmm, she replied as she placed a fist to her chin as she mulled the idea over. “Excellent idea in conception, much more difficult in execution then. I shall have to give the matter more consideration.”

“Yes, dear,” he sighed and trundled along in her wake

Over her shoulder she shouted out, “What material were you thinking to make the bell out of?”

“Brass for the frame and a glass casing in the interior,” he replied.

“Quite tasteful,” she replied.

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