Fighting for the Hatter

by Mortwinbeauty

Summary

John Get's pulled into an impossible world, can he save it's inhabitants from what lies in the middle of this land?

Notes

This is only the preface and it is something I plan on continuing once my writer's block relieves itself. I would love ideas and thoughts <3

“John? John Watson?” John looked up in mild surprise and tapped his cane against the ground. "It’s me Mike Stamford.” John cocked his head and nodded in recognition a guarded smile crossing his features.

“Ahh—Yes, hello Mike.” the tired looking man nodded quickly and looked about, paranoid “Listen I need your help..” he whispered quietly. John rose an eyebrow and regarded him with a small amount of caution, listening as Mike plowed on without preamble.

“A couple of friends and I are in trouble, you need to help us.” He said hurriedly. John took in the look of need and utter helplessness and nodded curtly, he had seen the look many times from civilians in the war.

“Okay, Right..Ho--” Before the words were out of his mouth, Mike had grabbed his arm and had
taken off down the street. John stumbled a bit after him, trying to ignore the twinges of pain in his leg.

“Mike—” he called out “Slow down mate” He huffed as Mike didn’t slow a beat and gripped his cane tightly in his hand, tapping after him. John kept a surprising pace and almost ran into Mike when he suddenly stopped.

“Here” He whispered. Mike looked back at John and nodded at him solemnly.

“Good Luck John. We need your help..I have to get back before he notices I’m gone.” Mike gave him one more long look and pressed something into his hand before scampering off into the building. John looked down and found a security card tucked into his palm. He looked up at the building, shaking his head at the absurdity of the situation before walking in the doors and looking around warily.

It was plain, just tiles and ceiling panels, nothing significant or distinct at all. There were no pictures hanging, no details other than the chair in the corner, and a fake potted plant to his left. He spotted a hallway off to his right and approached it cautiously, looking down it, though he wasn’t quite sure what he was looking for. Once he had seen nothing in the dim hallway, he walked down toward a door at the end, where he saw the a black card reader, the only detail near the door.

John approached it and looked at the card in his hand before placing it in the slot. Nervousness broke out through his body, the irrational fear of getting caught and hauled out of a building sang through his head like a drug. He exhaled slowly as a small light flashed green and there was a small audible click. After wiping the sweat of his right palm he reached for the door handle and opened the door with a relieved sigh. It was empty of people, but full of equipment.

Stepping in, he looked around with mild curiosity, it was a lab, a complicated looking lab that gave John an uneasy feeling. John began to walk through, looking at small vials in fridges, weaving through whirring machines and tables. “Bit Different from my day..” he mumbled to himself. He peeked in every drawer and cabinet that he could, trying to find something. John leaned against a lab table and pinched the bridge of his nose, he didn’t even know what he was looking for, why did he agree to this? This was ridiculous and probably some sort of prank.. John was so far into his own internal monologue that he didn’t hear a door open from the other side of the lab, only becoming aware of another presence when he felt something collide with the back of his head. He cried out at the sharp pain and fell to one knee, twisting his body to see the assailant. A tall fuzzy shape stood above him, becoming more clear as the pain in the back of his head turned into a dull throb. The tall shape was a blonde man that looked back at him with a manic grin, that gave him shivers. John was ready to stand and swallow down his fear before he registered a small lilting giggle from off to his right.

“Very good Tiger” a slight Irish brogue sang. “Put him through the Rabbit hole” There was sudden stab of pain in the back of his neck and John opened his mouth to cry out but his world went black as there was another blow to his head.

“Who in the world am I? Ahh that is a great puzzle.”

-Alice

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!