Alice Tripping on Wonderland

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Summary

Alice is a sheltered and innocent 17 year old boy who finds himself at a party with some substances far less innocent than he would imagine. In a split second decision to reach for popularity, Alice chooses to take a trip to a place that he could never imagine to ever go and his life - and the way he views life - will never be the same.

Notes

Dear reader,

Before you embark on a wondrous journey with our beloved Alice, There are two things that I would like you to know so that you get the entirety of the experience intended.

First, I would like to warn you that this Alice (as well as many other characters) is not the same as you know them either through the original text, the movie, or even the video game version. Yes, my version is based off of the original story, but it contains numerous differences.

Second, while you read, I have added some links on certain words that are links to either music or pictures so you can further experience that story being told. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.
Thank you!
"Now Alice, don't forget that we will be attending your grandmother's birthday tomorrow afternoon." The woman lifted her suitcase from the ground and walked towards her son who was eating a bowl of cereal.

He spoke through the chewing of his off-brand cinnamon squares, "Mom, you know I don't like seeing grandma-"

"Alice Christopher Hart!" She cut him off, "Don't you dare say that about your grandmother!" scowling now, "Especially after all that she has done for you!" Her face softened knowing her son's distaste for his grandmother, and then after a sigh, she leaned over and gave him a kiss on the forehead. "She loves you, Alice."

Alice hated his name, especially since he inherited it from his grandmother. It wasn't that he doesn't love his grandmother; she was just a babbling old badger. They said that she had been that way ever since she was in her teens when she was proposed to by some guy, but he couldn't remember what the guy's name was. It just wasn't that important to him.

Changing the subject she stood up straight, "Don't forget to do your homework, alright?"

"Yeah, mom." He rolled his eyes, "just because we moved doesn't mean I am going to stop doing my homework."

"I know... sometimes, though I wish you did something on the weekends." Her voice almost sounded desperate for her son to gain some popularity. "You are just always loafing around here."

He paused from his early morning meal as his voice went up a slight octave. "Actually mom, my new friend Harry wanted me to ask if I could spend the night."

Missing the question, "You have a new friend?"

"Yeah, can I spend the night at his house?"

Avoiding the question again, "He isn't gay or anything, right?" He half-expected this question. He expected this question ever since he came out to his mother as a bisexual. Alice had never actually been in a relationship with either gender, so he wouldn't know what to do even if a guy had hit on him anyway.

"No, mom," getting slightly impatient looking up at her from his breakfast, "Now may I please stay over at Harry's?"

She smiled now that he was getting tired of the interrogation. "Sure, you can go."

"Thanks mom!" He leaned up to give her another kiss on the cheek and she was off to work.

It was the second Saturday after school had started. Alice went two weeks without a single friend until that previous Thursday at the end of seventh hour, art, when Harry White saw the picture that Alice had painted. Alice was very fond of his own art as well as others were, but no one had quite the interest that Harry had until that moment. Harry said things like the paintings had a very "appealing strangeness" to it. Whatever that meant. Alice didn't even really think his paintings had anything strange about them accept for his excessive use for color, though he saw that as a flaw more than anything. But it was a start. Alice never had very many friends in his old school and it seemed like things were going to be the same for him at this one. Well, until now.
Friday he sat with Harry and his friends at lunch. Harry was tall and thin with shaggy orange hair. And not the unattractive orange hair either, Harry's was wind shaken with blond spots in it. It was safe to say that Alice didn't find him hard to look at.

Next to Harry sat Cindy Shin, a short girl with glasses and dark hair up in a green ribbon. Across from her was Chad Lory. Stuck up, well dressed, wealthy; Chad had no time for anyone who didn't catch his interests. But it seemed that Chad specifically had an interest in Alice's abilities with paint. As well as Chad's girlfriend Molly.

Molly White, who was also Harry's twin sister, sat between Chad and Alice with Harry on the other side of him as they passed around his paintings and past art projects. Molly was even thinner than Harry and she was "well-endowed" as well. Harry was fairly protective over his sister, but he didn't seem too concerned seeing that she was dating his best friend whom he could trust.

Alice wasn't used to the attention that he was getting over his paintings, even from a small group. But even more curious were the questions that they were asking him like-

"Were you doing anything while you painting?"

To which he answered, "My mom makes me stop to do chores sometimes when I paint," and then they would laugh which made him feel like he was missing the punch line to a joke. But he would nervously laugh with them.

After Alice answered all of the questioning to the best of his abilities, he couldn't help but think that they weren't going to let him sit with them at lunch anymore, but his suspicions were subsided when Harry invited him to stay over and hang out that Saturday. When Alice agreed, Harry told him to bring his paintings along with him so they could look at them.

Alice had always been a proper boy. A book smart boy who stayed in the corner and read. Always unacknowledged and forgotten. So when this opportunity came up, he wasn't going to pass it up. Junior year, he decided he was going to be accepted. He was going to do what was accepted. He wanted to understand the accepted.

When eight o'clock Saturday came around Alice packed up to stay over at the Whites' house which included bringing along his paintings for show. When he arrived he parked his red Volvo that he had gotten for his birthday in front of the house, he noticed the numerous amount of other vehicles. 'I guess Harry's family is wealthier than I thought' Alice thought to himself. He got walked up to the porch and saw his reflection in the glass. He flipped his blond shaggy hair and knocked on the door. Why did he care so much about how he looked?

When Harry opened the door, he smiled to see Alice, "Hey everyone, the new kid is here!" Alice stepped into the house and saw the multitude of people. 'A party?' he wondered to himself quietly.

Looking confused yet composed, "You didn't say anything about a party-"

"Oh yeah, we have tons of parties!" He grabbed onto Alice by the arm and started showing him around and having him meet people saying "This is the trippy painter I told you about!" Alice listened to the grumble of the party and the conversations.

Person 1: Who is that?
Person 2: Isn't he straight edge?
Person 1: Who invited the straight edge guy?
Person 3: I heard there isn't a single straight thing about him.
Person 2: Really?
Person 3: Yeah, I heard he knows igloos.
Person 1&2: Whoa!

Alice didn't understand what most of them were speaking of. It was like they were speaking another language completely. His knowledge of the term "straight edge" was a ruler or something that you used in math to draw a straight line. And what was this igloo thing they were saying about him? But if this is the way they thought, he knew he needed to learn it, to conform to the party. He knew this was his chance.

When the tour ended, Harry looked at Alice with a searching pause and then said, "Hey, I am going to be right back. Chill, hang out, do whatever. I won't be too long. Okay?"

Before Alice had the chance to object, Harry had already disappeared into the crowd of people. Lost and no longer with a guide, Alice looked tall over the crowd of people for a sign of a friendly face. Now more than ever he wished he had known anyone. His anxiety was rising, bringing him to his boiling point. He searched every face looking for someone, anyone he knew. Where was Harry?

But just before his anxiety boiled over, he heard a familiar voice say, "Hey there, painter!" Her voice was sweet, yet taunting. It was Cindy Shin's voice "Are you lost?"

Surprized and relieved at the same time, Alice's eyes fell on Cindy, now wearing a purple bow holding her hair back from flooding her face. "Thank you for finding me." He smiled in relief, "What's going on?"

"Have you never been to a party?"

He hesitated and then, "Yeah, tons of parties." He smiled hopelessly hoping he had fooled her.

She smirked at his failure. "That bad," she gave a sympathy pout and then laughed.

Harry had walked back into view, "Stop making fun of him, Cindy." He smiled playfully.

Alice couldn't figure out why, but every time Harry walked into view, the crowd always seemed slightly more hushed. Or maybe it was that everyone else seemed less important.

"I wasn't being mean, I was just throwing fun at him!" She gave him a giggling wink.

"Let's not ruin things." He replied, still smiling.

"Oh, yes," she said hinting on sarcasm, "because you and I have the same prerogative!"

"What prerogative?" Alice asked if for no other reason but to remind them that he was still there.

"Nothing," Harry and Cindy said at the same time suspiciously. Then Harry quickly glanced down at Cindy and put his hand on Alice with his undivided attention, "really, it's nothing."

Harry's cool word put Alice's suspicion to rest and Alice grinned in acceptance.

Harry changed the subject, "I have have one more place to show you."

Alice followed Harry into the next room, which was the dining room, where there was a large oval table with a group of people surrounding it. Alice joined the circle as one of the guys announced, "The special of the night..." there was a pause for dramatic effect, "MUSHROOMS!" The surrounding crowd cheered, including Harry who was standing right next to Alice. Alice had no idea what was going on. He couldn't understand why everyone was so excited over the fungus.
Ugly dried out mushrooms at that.

"What's the big deal?" He realized he had said it out loud, though he only intended to think it. Fortunately, Harry was the only one to hear him.

"There not just any mushrooms," Harry's voice was a low smooth whisper. "We call them magic."

"Magic?" He turned to Harry, "that's nonsense!"

"There is no such thing as nonsense." When he saw Alice's disbelief, "Why don't you find out for yourself?" His head slightly tilted, "Why don't you try one?"

Alice was here, at a party, a place where people like him were never allowed. What was he going to do? He could ruin his newfound popularity right here. He quickly thought it over. He wasn't going to waste his chance now. Not when this is the moment he had never had the chance to have - popularity. And besides, they couldn't really be magic... could they?

He'd made up his mind. "How many do I eat?" He smiled shyly at Harry and Harry returned the smile.

Harry amounted some into his hand and pushed them towards Alice, "Here you go."
From that point on, Alice was having a little better luck at the party. He had found a couch with Harry and they started talking about art, the different possible mediums, techniques, famous pieces, and more. Eventually, Alice, like he does, formally excuses himself to use the little boy's room.

Alice walked through the crowded house, watching as people took shots, passed the pipe, and converge. Even in that one night of meeting people, they started to notice him; in fact, people were say 'Hi!' or 'What's up man?' and even one guy said, 'hey it's the artist!' In just a short time, people not only recognized him, they liked his company.

It wasn't until Alice had gotten to the bathroom door that he started to feel dizzy. He opened the bathroom door and let himself in. He turned to the mirror and checked for error and then used the restroom. When he finished, he had started to not feel well. He turned to the bathtub, but to his demise, the tub had been already filled with water. And worse, the water was draining in a circular motion. Getting more confused by the second, Alice leaned over the tub.

Eventually the dizziness was too much to take. Without the ability to stop himself, Alice fell in. 'What is going on?' Alice thought to himself as he attempted to swim in the six inch deep water. Or at least he thought it was six inches. In fact, it seemed deeper. It actually seemed feet deep, yards deep even, and Alice was sinking deeper and deeper, unable to swim. 'What's happening?' he asked himself, almost panicking.

But then he realized, 'Wait, I can breathe!' He waved his arms and then opened his eyes. 'I am not sinking in water, I am floating in air downwards.' He found himself floating towards the checkered tile floor of a round room. But just before he hit the ground he stopped in mid air, then dropped suddenly onto his butt.

"Ouch!" He looked at his surroundings and wondered, "Where am I?" The room was empty with stone walls and many doors. "This place is so bizarre... I must be dreaming." He found the balance to stand up. "I probably hit my head on the bottom of the bathtub." He thought over his options, but waiting to wake up seemed the least appealing, so he started at the doors.

It seemed as if he had already forgotten about his search for popularity as he checked each door, finding that each one is locked. When he got to completely around the room he looked down and saw an even smaller door connected to it. He crouched down to its level and pulled at the tiny door knob. 'crap, it's locked too!' he thought in frustration. But right before he started to re-contemplate the waiting to wake up idea, he turned around and saw a table on the other side of the round room.

'Was that here before?' he wondered to himself. He walked up to the table and saw a key. Next to it was a bottle labeled "Drink me!"

Alice saw little other option and picked up the bottle and examined it. He lifted the drink to his lips and tipped it, letting its contents fall into his mouth. It was sweet like sugar... almost sour even. He looked at the bottle and within a few seconds, it had begun to grow. He set the bottle down quick and realized that everything else was growing too... or he was shrinking. When Alice stopped shrinking, he looked over and ran towards it. He gave the knob a quick tug but it was no use. Alice had forgotten the key on the table. And at this point, Alice was too short to get onto the table anyway.

The answer to this puzzle he actually found on the floor sitting beside him. There was a little...
present with a purple bow, no bigger than his fist. Pulling the bow apart, Alice opened the box and relieved a cupcake. In the frosting was written "Eat me" in purple letters over yellow. Despite the fact that 'things went so well the first time,' he sarcastically thought, he leaned in to take a bite. Just as he had expected, everything started looking smaller, or he was growing.

But right when he had gotten to the right height, he kept on growing and bumped his head on the ceiling. 'There wasn't a ceiling there when I dropped in' he thought. How could there be now. He looked up and examined the crack that he had left.

It didn't look so bad until he saw a water droplet form and drop right into his eye. He blinked it out and watched as more and more water dropped from the ceiling. The floor was beginning to fill up with water and Alice started to get frantic.

His foot bumped into the table and due to his huge size, it broke. Floating around in the water, Alice found the bottle and reached for it, and before he knew it was swallowing it down. His size started to decrease and the watered seemed to increase, but he managed to land on a piece of wood from the (now demolished) table. Alice looked around and remembered the small door and knew what he had to do. First he needed the key.

His eyes grazed the surrounding waters and fell on something he didn't expect to see. Swimming along in the waters was a man with a key hanging out of each end of his mouth. But he wasn't an ordinary man at that. He wore a pin striped suit and a sophisticated pair of glasses, but that wasn't the weird part. He had humongous rat-like ears and he appeared to have a thin tail a well.

But Alice wasn't going to complain. He shouted, "Excuse me! Mr. Mouse! Would it be possible for me to borrow that key from you?"

The mouse-man looked up at Alice huffed to himself and started swimming towards him. When he got to the table-scrap-raft, Alice thanked the mouse-man for the key, to which the mouse-man huffed again and started swimming away. Alice didn't have time to question the it, so he started looking for where the door was supposed to be.

The water had been rising, but Alice could still see the top of the small door and jumped into the water. When he got to the door, he dove down and jammed the key into its socket and turned it. With a click the door was open and water started to exit like a broken dam. Water started flowing through, as well as broken pieces of table, the mouse-man and other animal-like things. When Alice was on the other side of the door, he was accompanied by a Dodo-bird-woman, a semi-familiar bird-man, a duck-man, and of course the mouse-man. It seemed all the people he had met were part animal like the Mouse. The Dodo had a very large colorful beak and the other bird looking person was tall with a much smaller, curled down orange beak.

Alice looked around at the group as they each examined their doused states.
"Now look at us!" The Bird complained with a nasal voice (due to his curled beak no doubt), "How are we going to get dry?!" Before anyone else had a chance to answer the tall bird continued, "I had better be the first to dry, seeing that I am the oldest." He stood up proud and with his beak raised high in the air, a snotty expression behind it.

Alice found fallacy in that statement. How did the bird know he was the oldest? He couldn't have. But before he could object to the lack of reasoning, the Mouse had already started into a solution to the soaking wet problem. "Well, I can't think of anything more dry than a good lecture!" Again, Alice had planned on objecting, 'in what way will a lecture dry us off,' but it had seemed that the gathering crowd agreed, so Alice played along and listened.

"Mind you all, this is the driest thing I know." The Mouse cleared his throat and adjusted his wet suit collar and then began, "Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him; and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable — "

"Found what?" the Duck interrupted.

"It!" The Mouse replied, now irritated. "You know what 'it' means, right?" the Mouse said pretending the duck was unintelligent.

"I think I should know what 'it' means well enough, when I come to find such a thing," the Duck explained, "but the question ask is, what did the archbishop find?" Alice was beginning to get annoyed with the ongoing argument

"Well," the Mouse pondered this, seemingly stumped, "well I... hm — "

"This isn't getting us anywhere," Alice finally broke out angrily in disapproval of the ongoing bantering. This was all too ridiculous. He couldn't stand a conversation that wasn't solving anything at a time like this.

"What are you trying to say?" the Mouse said defensively and speculatively.

"The boy is right," the Dodo answered gesturing his feathered hand towards Alice, "the lecture was dry, indeed, but it just wan't dry enough!" That wasn't what Alice was trying to say, but it sort of got the point across.

"Then what do you propose, Dodo?" the Mouse questioned, obviously still offended.

"I say that we should have a Caucus-Race!" The crowd cheered at the Dodo's proposal.

"What is a Caucus-Race?" Alice asked. Gasps followed the query, and Alice regretted asking at all.

"Oh, don't be so harsh on the boy; it is clear he is exotic, and not from here!" Alice was astounded at this, if anyone (or anything) was exotic, it surely wasn't him. The Dodo continued, "It is only a simple race, in which the winner gets a prize."

Alice nodded in agreement, although he did still feel insulted. "So where are we ra — "

"GO!" The word boomed out of the Dodo's mouth and everyone scattered running in every direction. Alice found no rhyme or reason. None of it made sense at all, but after a few moments of chaos, everyone was gone which only left Alice on the path. But he couldn't complain, things
made a lot more sense without anyone else.
To-Knight?

Alice walked the path, alone with only his thoughts. How strange things had been. Why was everything I've seen so peculiar? Was nothing to make sense in this dream? Where was this place anyway? It has to have a name. Then again, it wouldn't surprise him if the entire place hadn't a name at all.

Just then, out from behind a tree jumped a bunny. Well, it wasn't exactly a bunny. It was a person with bunny ears and a white puff for a tail. But not just any male. It was ... Harry? And he was wearing an off-white dress shirt under a pink vest with matching off-white slacks.

"Harry?" Alice's voice made Harry's ears perk up, "Where did you come from?"

"Well, from behind that tree, Alice! Hadn't you seen me?" He didn't wait for an answer, "You left to use the restroom, and I have been looking for you ever since."

"You have?" Alice was sure why, but he felt flattered.

Harry was smiling, "Well, of course I have." His eyes were green with sincerity. Alice hadn't noticed them before.

Although Alice was distracted by Harry's big green eyes, he decided to take this opportunity to ask some needed questions, "Where are we?"

"Here," Harry answered matter-of-factly as his smile widened.

Alice laughed, though he wasn't sure why he did, "I know, but where is here?"

"A better question is 'where isn't here.'" He laughed a little.

"China? Guam?" Alice answered, still confused. "There are a lot of places that aren't here."

"Oh, Alice, you are playing all wrong! The answer is there."

"Where?" Alice asked, tilting his head to the side.

"There isn't here. When you came here, you came to play a game right? Well, you just gotta play!"

Alice crossed his arms and squinted his eyes accusingly, "You don't know, do you?"

In response, Harry chin fell in slight embarrassment as his cheeks rosed up, "Maybe."

"Well, at least we found each other," Alice said with a sigh of relief. "This is such a strange dream."

"Dream?"

Ignoring the question, "Where did you get those ears?"

Insulted, "Are you calling my ears ugly?"

"No, no, no! Never mind." Alice started to continue down the path, hoping that he didn't hurt Harry's feelings.
They walked in a long awkward silence down the path. Alice looked up at the sky. 'It sure is a beautiful dream' he thought to himself as he noticed the sparkling stars. The twinkling made them look like they were laughing, which made Alice feel more nervous. He broke the silence, "What is there to do on a night like this?"

Harry took a moment to think of an answer, laughed, and then answered "Cover it in chocolate?"

"Cover the night in chocolate?" he said turning his head sharply to look at the smiling rabbit-boy.

"If you both like chocolate, that is." His smile grew into a playful smirk.

"Us both?"

"Are you offering?" Harry asks with a laugh.

Clearly confused, "Offering what? To cover tonight in chocolate?"

His smirk fell into a face of realization, his mouth cricling into an 'O', "Oh, you didn't include a 'K' in there, did you?"

Clearly there was something Alice was missing he was missing, "A 'K' in where?" Now getting frustrated.

"I am so sorry, I thought... never mind." Harry rolled his eyes at himself in frustration of the communication failure. Harry watched as the confused Alice tried (and failed) to make sense out of any of the past conversation. Harry's thoughts started to get all mixed up. His pulse started to race faster. "Look, Alice," Harry stepped in from of him to halt the walking. "There is something I need to tell you."

Alice looked up into Harry's green eyes and was shocked. His heart, too, started to race a little. Why was this? Alice was unfamiliar with being not in control of his body. Alice waited to hear what Harry wanted to say, searching Harry's face for an answer. Damn, his eyes were hard to stray from.

"I wanted to let you know..." He paused out of nerves. Alice guessed what Harry was going to say, "...that you are invited to a tea party!" But that wasn't what he thought at all.

"What?" Alice asked, expecting news more pertinent to the situation. "Of course I will go... Is that all you wanted to tell me?"

Harry paused again out of nerves and then nonchalantly flipped his hair, "Yeah, sure. Were you expecting me to say something else?" He slightly leaned in anticipating the answer.

"Oh, of course not," Alice replied bashfully.

Harry looked down at his watch and then quickly looked up in surprise, "Oh, shit!"

"What?"

"I am late!" He searched Alice's face frantically for an opening. Harry leaned in toward Alice as Alice's heart pace picked up. But Harry only backed out again and said, "I will be back, ok?" and then ran off without an answer. Alice was laft alone again.
After Harry bounced back into the woods, Alice was left alone. He continued walking along the path, thinking about his good friend Harry. He couldn't get over those eyes. Did Alice really have a crush on Harry? Did Harry like him back? Alice doubted himself. How could he ever be good enough for Harry White, a tall, hansom, popular straight boy... Or at least he thought Harry was straight.

Approaching him was a fork in the road. Though, ironically enough, there was a literal fork stuck into the earth separating the split road. This caused Alice to be confused. Where was he going anyway? When Alice was only a few feet from the fork, he stopped. "Didn't Harry say something about a tea party?" He looked both directions contemplatively and then back at the out-of-the-ordinary fork. Or was it ordinary in this "place" to have a literal fork in the road. "But which way should I go?"

A giggle that sounded like trickling water came from above. "Hello painter boy! Are you lost?" She didn't wait for an answer, "'Left' is a good word and safe word," She jumped down from the trees above and landed in front of him with great poise, "that is if you don't mind the sinistrality." She stepped froward. Her hair was purple with cat ears perky and joyous. Her skin was a lighter purple with eyes of sinister blue. "You know, sinistrality has many things in common with sinister and sin!" Her laugh chimed again.

Alice was wide eyed at the grinning purple cat-person. He gaped at her unnatural color, but quickly composed himself as he remembered that it was all a dream. Her tail flipped to and fro teasingly. "Pardon me, I didn't know anyone was listening!"

She stepped forward tilting her head and putting her paws behind her back, "Anyone wasn't listening. I don't even know who Anyone is." She laughed again, "She must be pretty for you to mistake her for me."

"You came here to play,' he remembered Harry's words, 'you just gotta play!' For once, Alice was keeping up with the game. "And who isn't this Anyone!" he played back.

"Her name is Checheface Grinvisiagi Smirktiliotsis" she replied with a wink. "But Alice may call her Lil"

Alice was bothered that she knew him, "And how does Alice know Lil?" he continued speaking in third person.

"He doesn't," she replied, "She knows him through the grapevine."

"Someone was speaking of me?"

"Indeed!" She stepped froward. "My master said that he heard you were in the forest and that I should fetch you."

"Fetch me?"

She grabbed his wrist, "Here take this" she said as she stepped forward and forced a grape into his mouth.

He struggled backwards trying not to choke from being force-fed by this insane purple person. He was suddenly struck with a mixture of confusion, anger, and struggle. The fruit slid down his throat as gasped for air. "What the hell is the matter with you?!" He jerked himself out of he grasp.
She smiled at his defiance. When he looked up at her he realized that her shoulders were beginning to disappear quickly devouring her arms and hands. She laughed with her chiming voice again, "Did I forget to mention that I have an acute evaporation ability?"

Alice gaped open-mouthed at her in horror, speechless. The emptiness began to encumbrace her torso and legs and feet, leaving only her floating head there.

She winked at him and chimed, "Bai!!" and then her head blinked out.

Suddenly, as a feeling of deja vu sank in, he started to shrink again. Smaller and smaller until the grass were as big as trees and the dirt turned into boulders. "What the fuck?!" he yelled out of frustration hoping that cat lady had heard. Alice never cussed unless he was really mad. In this case, he was. "Where are you? Fix this!" He shouted angrily.

"Stop making such a din," a sluggish voice mumbled from behind some stalks of grass. When Alice pushed through the thick green grass to find a blue male, with a face about the age of seventeen. "Who are you and what are you doing in my mushroom circle?"

Alice looked around and found himself in a large area blocked off by mushrooms. In the middle of the circle was a mushroom with man lounging on top of it, smoking from a rather large hooka. Alice looked down, ashamed in his lack of an answer, "Um, sir, I really don't know who I am." Alice was polite.

"What do you mean?" He asked dragging out the last word, "Explain yourself." He took a drag off of the hooka, waiting for an answer.

"Well, I don't exactly know who I am, for I have changed sizes and met many peculiar people who have influenced me, you see?"

"NO!" He said loudly and objectively, "Why don't you explain?"

"That is what I am trying to do!"

"No," he said lifting his bare, blue torso off of the the mushroom with his arms. "You are trying to do something else!"

"What?" he questioned now, beginning to get angry again.

"You have somewhere you are supposed to be," he said whimsically, "you have a tea party to attend?"

"Yes?" Alice answered, "but how-"

"I know a lot of things," the blue man said as he leaned in to take another drag from his hooka. Then as smoke exited his mouth with each word, he continued his predictions, "Ah, I see it all now!" Smoke filled the air, drawing pictures of his words, "Alice! Here for one reason," a detailed replica of a smokey Harry surfaced, "but his purpose is another."

Alice stared in horror as the familiar picture was distorted and morphed into a new picture. It had huge teeth and from behind the white-gray smoke its eyes grew red. A large claw stepped out of the smoke ring as the creature moved closer, staring intently at Alice. Alice watched as the dragon figure started to charge him. Alice's heart raced in fear as the figure bolted towards him. It moved fast as it began to growl, but when it made contact with Alice, he only felt a rush of thick air. He was petrified, the creature of smoke was nothing like anything he had seen, but as he waited there, wondering what it was, he remembered that it was all only a dream, and there is nothing logical to
be afraid of.

Alice didn't speak.

As the smoke cleared, Alice watched as the man started to stand up. He appeared to have been floating, but Alice began to see the truth of the floating blue man. Connected as the hip was a very long extension that resembled a caterpillar. His lower many-legged body crawled over towards him, making them eye-to-eye.

Alice squinted his eyes as he broke the silence. "Who are you?!" He asked accusingly.

"Me?" he asked placing his hand on his chest. "Well my name is Absalom, but many know me as Dr. C." There was a bit of silence as they examined each other, Alice had a snotty look on his face. "You look like you must be going." Absalom extended his hand and gave Alice purple berries. "These should get you back to normal." Before Alice could reply, Absalom blew smoke out of his nose and the area went white. Alice took one of the berries and ate it. He looked deeper into the smoke and jumped when he heard a brief sound of a dragon. But the sound quickly passed.

When the smoke cleared, Alice looked at his surroundings and realized he was back in the road where he had met Lil who was standing on top of the fork that was plunged into the road. Alice looked down at the ground, "thanks for returning me to normal size again!" he smiled. Alice once again looked both ways as he did earlier before, 'But which way do I go?' he wondered to himself. Just then, on the path to the south, he saw a house at the horizon. 'If nothing else,' he thought to himself, 'I could at least ask for directions.' He started towards the house.

He was a few yards away when he heard the crying come from the house. It was a quaint home. A pale sort of pink with green trim and yellow daisies at the base of the windows. Crying rang through the air and it made Alice question his own need for direction... but that was the problem. He needed the directions, for he didn't know where he was going.

As he approached the door the crying started to turn into an infant's scream. Alice knocked on the door. It opened and a very rotund woman wearing an elegant dress opened the door with a baby in her hand. "Hello there. Sorry, my maid was supposed to answer the door," the large woman had elegant jewelry and thumbsized diamond earrings hanging from her sharp angled ears, "there have been some problems lately with my piglet." She gestured to the baby in her hands.

A skillet flew out of the door just above their heads. Alice looked around her to see what caused the projectile only to be hit in the face with a spoon. His forehead stung a little bit, but he looked again. There was a tall, thin, and lanky woman, wearing a grimy dark gray apron. Everything she picked up she threw towards the door.

"As you can see," the woman continued, "not all royal positions are pleasant..." She paused looking at him, "do well to remember that," she said staring intently as two forks flew by her head. Alice nodded intently, forgetting what his original task was. "But where are my manners?" she sang as her voice went up a few octaves. "Greetings, I am the Duchess."

"Nice to to meet you!" answered Alice, "I was wondering if you know how to get to the Tea Party?"

But the Duchess didn't pay attention, "What is going on back there!" She continued to bicker with the cook for a few moments.

Alice just wanted to get those directions. He thought to himself, 'what do I do now?' The bickering continued. He wasn't sure what the conversation was about. There was something about peanut butter and low fat skittles. 'There is no such thing as low fat skittles,' he thought to himself.
Eventually, he was fed up enough, he was going to take action. He walked up to the Duchess, "I need directions-"

"You need to take this for me!"

The woman handed her baby and grunted something under her breaths as to calling the baby a 'pig' or something like that. 'How rude she is,' Alice thought to himself. 'How could she call this baby a pig?' He looked down at the baby's sweet sleeping face. It looked fussy before, but now it was passed out, probably from exhaustion of crying. But at least things were quiet. Wait! Things were quiet!

Alice looked up from the baby into the eyes of the the cook. Her eyes were red like the devil's, jetting out of her eye sockets. She took a step towards him, closing the distance, an estimated three meters away. Her face went beet red as her mouth opened, letting out a terrible sound, forming threatening words, "HE DID NOT PICK a PECK OF PEPPERS!!" She flipped up a knife in her hand leaned into to throw it at Alice, only a few meters away!

Alice dodged out of the way, sure that the angry cook was following him. It wasn't until he was sure he was safe in the woods that he realized he was still carrying the baby. He looked down at the baby, reassuring that it was still allright, only to find that the baby wasn't a child at all! In fact, it really was a pig all along. He kneeled down to let the pig free.

It was then that he started to hear the amused giggling in the distance. He started to walk toward it, but after just running for his life, he was ready to bolt at the first sign of danger. Leaves cracked under Alice's feet as he neared the giggling, that had now been altered and morphed into a kind of "uhn"-ing. Alice combed through the thick trees, only stopping to listen for the sound. Finally, Alice saw something, and to his delight, it was a cloth! A table cloth. He also saw steam and pots and platters of cookies. His heart started racing. Had he found it on his own? Alice started to run towards the "uhn"-ing and the smell of tea, but only to trip over a root and fall into the clearing. But it seemed that no one saw him. He looked up, wondering how no one say his "grand enterence," but, to his demise, he realized that the only two people at the table were WELL occupied!

No, he wasn't just hearing an "uhn"-ing sound, It was actually a moaning sound. When he stood up, he was shocked to see a beautiful woman with bright curly pink-red hair and a top hat, just as bright with green, dark red, and purple as her pink-red hair. She was the moaning one. Oh, how her faced flashed with terror as she saw Alice witnessing her vice.
"Oh my goodness!" the woman with the hat said, "there is someone here!!" As soon as the words left her mouth there was a thump on the underside of the table. This was followed by a pair of orange-brown ears that were connected to a dark and messy-haired, angry girl. "We charge for private show!" she announced.

Alice was taken back by this. He didn't know what to say but, "Sorry! I didn't mean to! I was looking for Harry! I am sorry!"

"Harry?" she interrupted, "What do you want to know about Harry?" She sat back in her seat, placing a delicate hand on her chin. She leaned back to get a good look at him, her eyes trailing up and down. "Please, have a seat, I think it is time we had a talk," she grinned.

Alice stepped forward gingerly, afraid to upset anyone further, and took his seat. Every chair was mismatched with the others. The woman with the hat was sitting in a bright green arm chair, with yellow golden trim. Alice was placed on a simple wooden stool and the Rabbit girl had lazily plunked herself down into an everyday rocking chair. It reminded him of the one his Grandma Alice had owned. The woman glared him down. "What is it that you wanted to talk about?" He felt like he was in trouble... Actually, this is what he thought it felt like to be in trouble. Since Alice really did nothing wrong, he didn't know what it was like to be 'in trouble.'

Her watching was intense but was immediately alliviated when she began speaking again, "My apologies. How rude I must sound." She leaned forward and extended her hand, "My name is Lucy, but I am known as The Mad Hatter."

Alice took her hand and shook it, "It is nice to meet you, Hatter, My name is Alice."

"Now tell me, Alice, what are you intention with that dearest Harry?" She pull her hand away and leaned in, over the table, placing one elbow on the table for support.

"I'm sorry?" Alice asked confused.

"What do you want from my illegitimate nephew?"

"I have no intentions," He replied quickly, afraid to give the wrong answer.

"LIAR!" Shouted the Bunny Girl, her hair jumped as her ears popped up.

"March, quiet down!" the Hatter objected, she turned back to Alice as the Bunny girl shrunk back into the seat she jumped out of, "But she is right, you ought to tell the truth. Are you fond of him?"

Alice's cheeks grew red and he shied away.

"Ahhh... the non-aggressive type," he Hatter mused to herself as March broke into a smile. "Well, if you want my help, then you are going to have to spill your guts and give us some details. He already told us that he likes someone-"

Alice's head snapped up and they suddenly had all of his attention.

"I can only assume that with your good looks, he was talking about you," the Hatter continued. Alice had never really been called good looking, so this took him by surprise a bit. "So, tell us how you met our dearest Harry?"
Alice cleared his throat and nervously began, "You see..." but by the end of the story, he did feel less nervous. The Hatter made a lot of *hmms* and *ahhs* like a doctor during a check up. Alice actually found this comforting, because it meant she was really paying attention unlike March who was rolling her eyes and pantomiming herself throwing up. "So, what should I do?"

The Hatter smiled in silence and then answered, "I'm glad you asked." She stood up out of her seat and circled Alice's stool pensively. "Well, the best way to get to a guy like Harry, is to tell him that you like him."

"Straight forward like that?" Alice objected.

March burst into laughter, "I don't see anything straight about it!"

"Well, Harry thinks like a guy, you have to be straight forward if you wanna get though his thick skull!" The Hatter explained. "The worst he can say is no."

Alice looked up at the Hatter with a look of terror, "What if he says yes?!"

This time both March and The Hatter laughed, but this time March answered, her voice snide and haughty, "You kiss him, stupid!" They laughed again.

Alice now looked twice as terrified, "Wait!" he said frantically, "What if I don't know how to kiss!?"

"Oh, now *that* is precious," The Hatter smirked and bent down to Alice's level. "This is how you kiss," She leaned in to kiss him.

Her lips press against his. He had never been kissed before, it took him by surprise. Her lips were soft and tasted sweet, like candy even. Her plushy lips gently cupped his. Her teeth lightly nipping at his lip. When she pulled away, there was a short "k" sound coming from there lips. He was dazed for a second, but the feeling soon passed as she said, "Now *that* is how you kiss him." She smiled and stood up tall again, only to return to here seat.

She fell into the chair heavily, and watched Alice with eyes rich with intense curiousity. He watched her in return clearly unable to find words, let alone speak them. She smiles at him. Under this smile dark intentions brewed.

The bunny girl cleared her throat in aggitation, trying to gain the Hatter's attention, "He has a lover... and you do too, REMEMBER?" running her hands over her curves as she spoke.

The Hatter's eyes widen as she turned her head to March, "Huh?"

The bunny girl smirked and the Hatter returned it.

For the next hour and a half the girls drilled him on how to impress a guy. Stressing that he needs to "be himself," "Be respectful," and countless other things. It was over all a lot to take in, but he admited that he did feel a little better after thier talk.

"So," The Hatter sang, "When are you going to see him next?"

"I...I don't know... I was supposed to meet him here."

"Well, aren't you going to the Queen's Cube?"

"What?"
"Oh, what a square!" March blurted, "He doesn't even know about the Queen's Cube!"

"Oh be nice, March," The Hatter defended him, "He is new to all of this, can't you tell?"

Ignoring it all, Alice asked "What is the Queen's Cube?"

"Well it is much cooler than the King's ball!" answered the Hatter. "The Queen's Cube is a party put together by Queen of hearts at the Castle of Hearts

"And your little bunny boy will be there too!" finished March in a mocking tone.

"But what would I wear to something like that?"

They giggled uncontrollably and Lucy finally says, "We will help you with that."

Before for Alice could object he was lifted out of his chair, rushing through the air. As if a cartoon tornado of rushing colors, everything a blur, he was spinning frantically in what seemed like a barbers seat. At last, the spinning stopped. When his eyes finally refocused, he saw two pairs of eyes looking down at him. "What do you think?" asked March pompously. She grabbed the back of his chair and turned it around where he found a mirror. *None of this was here before* he thought to himself. But the thought was quickly cut off by the vision in the mirror. He was a baby blue fitted vest and bow tie over a button down dress shirt, and pants to match the color of the vest and tie. His shoes were white dress shoes and matched his undershirt. Alice wasn't sure what to make of it all.

"Wow," Alice, in shock, spoke in a hushed voice.

"You like?" Lucy asked placing her hand on Alice's shoulder

"Fancy!" He answered.

"Oh my!" Lucy exclaimed, "We should actually be heading off now!" She moved away from the seat towards the tea table to gather her things and when she got back to Alice, they left for the Castle of Hearts.

"So, we are on our way to the Cube?" Alice asked.

"No, we are on our way to the bus stop." Lucy answered.

"To where?" he pried.

"To play croquet with the queen, silly." March continued to mock. "How else do you think you will get invited to the Cube. It is invitation only!"

The Hatter continued, "You really should put your game face on. Your invitation to see your little bunny rides on this game of croquet... No pressure!" She smiled at Alice.

"No pressure at all," he lied to himself, swallowing his nerves.
A Different Card Game

Alice, March, and the Mad Hatter had been on the bus for some time when it finally came to a stop at what seemed to be a castle, heavily decorated with hearts.

They were stopped at a gate with several other people when a speaker above buzzed to life. "Ok, the riddle of the day is:" the black box started, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

Alice pondered for a secnond concluding nothing. He leaned over to Lucy to whisper something to her, but the Hatter had already interrupted him. "I know," she paused and said loud enough for the mic to hear, "There isn't an answer" she then turned back to Alice, "there never is!" She giggled to herself, "That's the trick."

"Oh," he replied as someone gave the same answer to the speaker, "Thanks"

"Don't mention it," and with a click the double door gate was beginning to open.

The beautiful courtyard was soon being filled with hundreds of odd, yet well-dress people, one of which had to be Harry. Alice searched around looking for the bunny when she got a glimps of the center piece of the courtyard:
A giant fountain with beautiful stone carved roses, the centers spewing water...red tinted water. She must have paid a fortune Alice thought to himself as he approached the large, fountain center.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" a familiar voice asked, but Alice was in too much wonder to think about it.

"It is" he replied

The voice laughed, "I was almost worried you weren't going to make it."

Alice turned to see Harry, dressed in a nice, but purple, tuxedo. "Well," Alice replied lightheartedly, "I am glad I showed up." Alice looked around wondering where March and Lucy had gotten to, but when his gaze met Harry's he lost all recollection of them for a moment. He was hard to look away from with his confident smile and soft eyes. Oh yes, Alice thought, I am so glad I didn't miss this. Alice can't remember how long he looked into Harry's eyes, but it took him by surprise when Harry looked away.

Harry's face didn't change, but his voice did. "Bow," he whispered under his breath. Alice turned to see what direction Harry was looking and there she was. The Queen of Hearts. And if it wasn't her, then Alice was a donkey. She wore a great Victorian-style dress, equipped with red, white, and black roses, red hearts and white pearls. Her dark chocolate skin made the warm reds shine even more vibrant. Her hair was combed and tied and pinned high into a beehive hair-do with red gems. It was clear that she cared very much about how she appeared. And as she approached, Alice watched as each of the guests she passed bowed, so when he got to him, it was only natural.

Her pompous strut would have sent her striding by, but when Alice bowed with Harry, he looked up to her smiling down at them and motioned for them to stand straight. Alice nervously straightened his back so she could get a good look at him.

"Harry," her voice was sharp and haughty, "Who is this?" Alice did not like the way her voice sounded saying Harry's name like she owned him.

Before Harry had a chance to answer, Alice was already speaking, "My name is Alice!"

"And was I speaking to you, Alice?" She asked still smiling falsely.
Alice shrunk back and Harry continued, "Forgive him, he is new to all of this-"

"Then I expect you to take care of him?"

"Rest assure your majesty, he will be fit for your sight by the time of your Cube."

She leaned in and dropped her smile to a look of disgust, "For your sake, I hope so!"

Alice felt so stupid. He totally just fucked up... no doubt about it. He just fucked up and on top of everything else, he got Harry in trouble. "Oh my gosh, I am such a fuck up!!"

"Really?" Harry answered, "I think that went rather well." Harry laughed to himself "At least she didn't lop off your head..."

What's that supposed to mean? Alice asked himself.

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