A Hole In The Sky

by Shpamm123

Summary

The White Rabbit finds himself a pawn in the Queen's sadistic games (RE: Alice Is Dead games - see notes at beginning)

Notes

This fic makes MUCH MORE SENSE if you've played the 3 'Alice is Dead' games (http://www.newgrounds.com/portal/search/games/alice%20is%20dead)

If you haven't played them (And I really recommend you do they are great point and click fun - though this fic spoils the story about who kills who just so you know) then I hope you enjoy it anyway - In short Wonderland is ruled over by the murderous Queen in a very 1920's gangster style and you start the first game waking up in a cave with Alice's corpse.

The title came from the song 'Alice Is Dead' by Hania, which is featured in the 3rd game

Oh God this pain in my head why won’t it stop?

‘Alice please, don’t do this, you’re better than Her I thought you loved me.’

The gun, I can feel it digging into my hip, tucked into the waistband of my pants. There’s still a
chance. My vision blurs, her hands tighten around my throat once more but I can see the tears in her eyes before the blackness, a gurgle rising up my throat. Her grip relaxes, I’m winning with my pleas.

‘Alice, please, She’s lying, you know She is. I would never hurt you, I love you.’

You fucking hypocrite. Her hands are shaking, her breathing coming in sobbing gasps. She’s let go, she can’t do it. Oh sweet mercy, I don’t care about the horrible dankness of this hole anymore, the stale air feels so good.

Poor sweet Alice, we should never have found you. We’ve destroyed you and I’m sorry. I’m so very sorry.

She’s turned her back on me. I can’t believe I’m doing this. You bastard coward, you love her.

My arm slides easily around her slim waist, she’s shaking, terrified.

‘You’re the only one I ever trusted.’

Oh Alice, don’t make this any harder than it already is.

‘Alice, baby?’

Don’t let her turn around.

I can’t stop my hand, it’s already removed the pistol from its hiding place, pointed the barrel at the back of her head

‘Yes?’

‘I’m so sorry.’

She didn’t even scream.

My Alice, my poor Alice. Her lifeless body breaks my heart. I let her fall to the floor, my blood streaked hands aren’t my own.

‘Are you happy now? This is what you wanted, you Bitch, are you fucking happy now?’ I’m screaming at the sky to a voice I know isn’t listening, I can’t do this. The gun feels hot in my hands. It wants me to, I know it does and moreover She would hate it. Small victories I guess.

My hands don’t waver as I raise the pistol to my own head. Just one click and it’s all over. Alice is dead but she’s taking me too, the Queen can’t have me back. I’ve had enough, enough of her and enough of Wonderland and enough of these corrupt games for her enjoyment. All it takes is one little click, just one

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Oh god this pain in my head why won’t it stop?

Was I drinking last night? I don’t remember. Must tell that Mr Hookah to keep a lid on the gin, especially on a work night. Where am I? Is that ... is that dirt under my fingers? I’m not at home then, must’ve wandered into a cave, in my stupor. That bloody Caterpillar knows how to disrupt a quiet drink. Sitting up isn’t so bad, strange, hangovers usually involve nausea but this is new, just this God damn headache. Alice is going to be pissed at me, third time this month I haven’t come home. Right, Rabbit come on you’ve had worse than this, get up and go time.
Except what’s that smell?

Something has died in here, how horrid. I feel sorry for Alice, she has to deal with this on a regular basis, and god knows why she chose to be the Queen’s hit-man. I’ll keep my experience of dead bodies to a minimum thank you very much. Ok get on with it, you know the drill, deep breath, left eye, right eye –

Oh my God. It is a dead body, decomposing at my feet. Female, young adult, blonde.

Blonde?

Oh no.

The Queen’s emblem is stitched into her clothes, Hearts on the sleeve how fitting. It disturbs me to do so but I have to know. It’s not hard to slip my fingers into her pocket from here, they’re not deep and I can feel exactly what I don’t want to, the curved, cold case of my pocket watch.

Oh Alice, my poor Alice what has she done to you? How long have you been here? The bloated, mottled colour of your skin implies at least 5 or 6 days. But why am I here? And why am I still alive?

My pocket is vibrating. Staring at the screen I’m not sure I want to answer. Talking to Hatter never makes anything better but I need help and he’s probably going to be the one to do it.

‘Hello?’

‘Wotcha, ol’ boy! Still alive then?’

Charming. I’ll just sit here and listen to his peals of laughter while my girlfriend rots in a cave.

‘Silent treatment? Love it! Oh Rabbit you’ve missed a hell of a commotion. Madame Hearts is certainly not happy with you. You really thought you could off yourself and get away with it? Hah! You’re madder than me.’

Silence. Don’t let him get off on your fear.

‘What’s going on Hatter?’

‘Rabb’s? You don’t remember? Oh-hoh this is priceless! Oh you really hit the jackpot with that bullet didn’t you? Dunno why Her Royal Highness didn’t pick you for the killin’ jobs. Well I suppose you didn’t die anyway so that’s probably why...’

Stay silent. Don’t indulge his perverse pleasures. My hand rises to my head, prods a tender wound and wonders how it got there. Probably Tweedle Brother Treatments stopping it from killing me, but who’s been keeping me alive?

‘Mind you, She clearly holds you in some sorta high regard. Tendin’ to your, ah, illnesses herself the past few days. S’only fair I suppose, after the whole ordeal.’

‘Hatter. What happened to Alice?’ It’s a highly worrying sign that hysterical laughter is the answer.

‘Oh Rabbit! Oh you really hit a good’un with that shot didn’t you!’

‘Hatter just fucking tell me.’
‘Alright moody keep your... hat on,’ more giggling, ‘Alice is, uh, dead Rab. You should be able to see that for yourself if my sources are correct. Queenie baby wasn’t happy with our Alice. Seems she’s been liaising with that ugly old Duchess the Boss doesn’t like very much. And She picked you Rabs, you know She’s a sadist – you were there when Cheshire found that out the hard way. Doesn’t smile much anymore does he?’

I don’t know why we ever released this lunatic from prison. Oh wait, the Queen loves a crazy genius, court jesters get all the best treatment.

‘Anyway Rabbit, you want the truth here it is, raw and cold. You killed her, because She told you to. Even you can’t disobey the orders of the Queen to save the woman you love. You took the gun, placed it against her pretty little scalp and blam. Spattered her brains all over the floor.’

His words are too sputtered with laughter to understand anymore, and my ears ring with it. I couldn’t have, I wouldn’t have, did I? I can’t listen to this maniac anymore.

I hear the line crackle and die as the device hits the wall and I know it’s all true.

Oh Alice, my Alice. I’m so very sorry.

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