Alice in Wonderland: Can't Wonderland Take Care of Itself?

by WinnielsNotABear (orphan_account)

Summary

Alice is back! At 18 year's she find's herself in yet another corner of Wonderland. Thing's have not been so good in the world, the Red Queen has taken over, the world of Media has leaked though and is mixing everything up (thank's a lot Cat!). Apparently the only thing that can make everything okay again, is Alice. But, what if she doesn't want to do it?
All she wanted to do was see the Monkey's

"Alice, please do be quite!" Mrs Puth called out in a rather annoyed voice.

Alice's family had decided to take a trip to the Zoo with the Puth family because there was a newly opened Monkey enclosure that the children (and Alice although she would never admit it) was just dying to see. You see, Mrs Puth is Alice's Aunt and her mother's siste, a rather plump lady that try's to hide it by wearing dark clothing. It doesn't help.

Alice was at back of the group talking to her sister about giant ant's that could speak and sing, that could build city's the size of London, and, and.. I could it here all day telling you about the amazing thing's the aunt could do, but that would take us away from the story being told. Beside's, to every other word Alice would say, her sister would laugh out loud. This made Alice feel rather silly, something she doesn't lake to feel, so Alice didn't continue after Mrs Puth's interruption.

"Sorry," she called to the front, "I was just talking about-"

But poor Alice could continue that sentence as Mrs Puth rudely cut her off, making Alice's lip's go into a straight line of annoyance. "Just talking about!" Mrs Puth repeated loudly, "All you ever do is talk about nonsense! You need to keep you mouth shut when you think, girly!" As Mrs Puth said this, some of the younger people present started to giggle, making Alice feel put out.

"Yes but you see-" Alice was trying to defend herself, her pale cheek's turning a soft rose. She was cut of once again, the group had started to talk about today's planning, dropping the subject of Alice altogether. Her eye brow's found themselves meting in a not on Alice's forehead.

Slowly, the group started to walk again, but Alice being the girl she is, found herself distracted by a aunt on a near by leaf. "Honestly, the nerve of that woman!" Alice said to the small black dot as though it was a person like you or me (unless you aren't, but that is between you, yourself and your person), "How can I think with my mouth closed? There isn't enough room in my head to keep it shut up in there." She explained, lightly knocking her head with her knuckles. "You're lucky Mr Ant, you can't speak people talk. You don't have to put up with you're fat aunt's that has a mind the size of a pea.. Oh come now! Don't defend her!" Alice has now moved on to speaking to the ant as thought it was talking back, "She deserves every word.. Oh yes she does! You don't know her as well as I!"

This confiscation would have gone on for hour's but the sound of her mother's voice interrupted the heated discussion. "Alice, come here at once!" The older lady that was Alice's mother stood at the end of the path with her hand's on her hip's, she had hoped that Alice would grow out of wondering with age, she was wrong.

"Coming Mother!" Alice called back, before turning once again to the ant. "Well, I am sorry Mr Ant, I must be off. Mother is calling, you see." With that Alice stood from the crouch she had to be in to be level to the ant, and started down the path. "Goodbye now!" She said the ant with a wave. The ant returned this, going no it's hind legs and moving the other's in suite...

"How odd.." Alice said to herself quietly as she turned slowly from the ant, thinking it must have been a trick of her mind. She started to walk quickly down the path toward's her mother.

"Alice!" Her mother called once again, this time in a louder, more panicked tone.

"Yes Mother I am coming!" Alice matched the tone, wondering why it changed at all. She picked up the pace.
With every step Alice took, the less people were on the path. It wasn't long that it was only her and her mother with what seemed to be miles between them. Still walking, Alice looked around at the empty path, thinking how odd that was. But when Alice went to look at her mother again, she was not there. Alice stopped walking, looking wide eyed at the spot where her mother was moments before. "Mother?" She called down the endless path. There was no response. Just Alice on her own. "This is not normal." She said out loud once again looking around. It wasn't long until Alice decided it was no good standing there doing nothing. So she started to walk again, "Hello?" she called into the tree's surrounding the path. After a few feet of walking and a fare amount of calling, Alice came to the end of the path. The blinding sun stopped her seeing ahead for a few moments as her eyes adjusted. But once they did, this is what she saw: A freshly cut triangular field around 40 feet per length. There was thick tree's and wild flower's around the outside of the field, in the centre of each tree wall there was a gate, one Red, one White and one Gold. On the floor there was matching path's coming out of the gates to a black circle in the centre of the field. In this circle were three statues of women stood back to back. The Gold statue was quite a lot shorter then the Red and White one. It was also the only one not shining or cared for in anyway. There were veins and moss covering most of the the short woman.

Alice looked back to find the Golden gate was open, it to was not cared for. This was the gate Alice came from. "How odd.." Alice repeated as she think's it might be time to think of a new saying. The young woman had started to walk down the gold coloured path to the short statue when a voice had stopped her on her track's. A man's voice that came from the Red Gate. "Well if it isn't little Alice.. Back to save day, once again."

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"Well if it isn't little Alice... Back to save day, once again."
"I'm sorry, can I help you..." Alice asked, waiting for a name. She did not appreciate someone knowing her name, when she hasn't even seen the person naming before. It's just one other thing she dislikes, perhaps she will make a list when she get's back home...

"You can't." The mysterious replied bluntly, Alice's face went a little sour at the lack of name information.

Alice looked over the dark clothing the man was wearing; a dark gray suit without the blazer, the parts where the light shone directly was shining like glitter. Alice has never seen this type of material before and had a hard time not staring at the man's chest because of it. His get black hair was combed into what we might now call 'plastic news hair' and his hand in his pockets made him look like a 1940's gangster who lost his hat and blazer. Not that Alice know that as this story is based in Wonderland/England/1800's.

He continued to talk after a slightly awkward silence, Alice actually jumped a little after being hypnotised by the suit's material, "But I'm sure there are many people you will help, Miss Alice." The drag of Alice's name made her a little uneasy, why, she wouldn't be able to tell you as her mind was racing with nothingness: a feeling Alice is not very accustomed to.

Thankfully she didn't have to say anything as the man continued, walking forward slowly to get a closer look of Alice's plainly pretty face, "I wonder who, I wonder when, Dear old Alice, Will know again." His voice was low and whispered, moving around Alice taking all the information he can for the outside of her mind.

"I would greatly appreciate if you would make scene, there is no time for riddles." Alice said, thinking clearer and taking a step back from the nameless man in her personal space. It is, Alice though, only polite.

The man's face was blank as he stopped mid step when Alice stepped back. "Tell me Alice," he said in the same low tone, "do you know who I am, where we are?"

What an odd question to ask, Alice once again thought to herself, "Of course not, I have never been here before." To her, this seemed like the most obverse thing she could have said and was quite shocked when the man let out a very loud and high laugh.

"Well, well, well, the queen of gold has turned to zwart. Confusion is not your colour, dear." After finishing his talk with one foot of the ground, he walked over to the golden statue. Alice, not understanding what he just said, slowly walked forward as the man reached out a hand to pull off the greenery. It had peeled off neatly, like when one pulls the netting off a parcel.

Alice couldn't do anything but look, her mouth open a little like a fish out of water. The man chuckled lightly at her reaction.
The golden statue was Alice. She was around 10, having her hair in mats and a wide eyed smile on her face. On top of little Alice's head was a crown that looked as though it was about to side over her head.

By now, Alice had just about had enough if this place; *First the ant, then the missing people, that man is starting to annoy me and now this!*

"Look," Alice said out loud, not wanting to look at the odd man next to her, "I don't know what game this is, but I would like my questions answered or I am living." Alice looked up under her eyes, a strong look that she had stolen of her mother on her face, "Who are you?"

The man blinked, he know that look, its the one his mother gives him every time they crossed paths. If you asked him after, this confiscation had never happened and he had stood his ground, but we know the truth (unless you don't because you have read the summery, then you will find out now).

"I'm Jack," He said stiffly, all hummer in his voice gone. Alice's stair was truly tariffing. "Jack Heart."

Alice smiled a little, not reaching her eyes that just screamed angry, "Thank Jack. Now where am I?"

Jack swallowed, his throat dry. It's odd, how one look form a woman can bring a man to his metaphoric knees. "You are in the equilateral crossing." Jack said, in a whisper, "The space between land."

"But.." Alice said, her face softening lightly, "Where?" Alice repeats still not understanding what he means.

"Wonderland," Jack said this like it was the ending to a story, like all mysteries are solved with this information. "Over there," Jack continued after a moment so the magical word can sink in, he nudged a thumb towards the scarlet gates behind him, "is the Kingdom of Hearts, or the Red Payer, if you will."

"I don't think I will." Alice said looking behind him into the dark forest behind the unlatched gate. For the first time, Alice could have sworn she saw a pair of bright green eyes string at her, but as soon as she blinked, there were no ware to be seen. "How profound.." Alice muttered, liking the new phrase.

It wasn't until Jack spoke again that Alice stopped looking into the never-ending darkness of the forest. "Over there," Jack turned his thumb to the purl gates, "Is the White Kingdom, fond of chess."

And indeed, Alice could see evenly spaced chess piece, made of shinning white marble and broken up with white leaved oks and ferns. The ending of the path was so fair away that all you could see in the distance was a light pink hung. Once again, Alice's eye found a pair of green looking from a tree. But soon, there was no sign of them.

"Finally is the Gold land, the land in which you came." Jack said looking over to the rusted gate, "I wonder what's over there.."

"Why, it's the zoo of curse," Alice said frowning lightly, what else would it be?

"And what is a zoo?" Jack asked, clearly not knowing the answer.

"It's a park, just opened, with exciting new animals like kangaroo's or lions. I haven't seen them all
yet so I must be off."

"You have Lion staying with you?" He asked, his eyes widening with frustration. "Why that little.. He's suppose to be on our side!" Jack looked as though he was going to punch someone.

"Oh, no.. I'm sure it's not that lion, this one's name is Sumba." Alice said, truly frightened for the Lion's life.

Jack looked at Alice blankly for a moment, not understanding what she means. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, there was a loud whine, like a cat complaining about something. It took poor Alice a moment that realise that it wasn't Jack that made the noise. He did though, react like it had never happened, moving on to the next subject.

"Ah.. Yes, I was going to see the White Queen. Care to join?" With a charming smile, Alice couldn't say no to the dark haired stranger.

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