Wonderland

by jackson_nicole

Summary

Alice Stafford is a senior in high school and not the most popular girl. On the day of the Halloween dance, the most popular boy in school asks her to go! It being a costume dance, Alice goes as Alice from Alice In Wonderland, while her date is the White Rabbit. As she goes to meet her date at the dance, something happens that drives Alice into the woods behind the school. There, she tumbles down the rabbit hole and into the world of Wonderland.
 Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick

Come on. Come on...Come ON! Alice thought, tapping her pencil and staring at the clock. She glanced around the room and saw every other student was like her; not paying attention and waiting for the bell to ring. It was a Friday and the school Halloween dance was in a few hours. Being practically the most unpopular girl in school, she had doubted she would get asked and decided not to go.

RIIIIIIIINNNNNNGGGGGG

The teacher was drowned out by the clamor of students cheering and shuffling out the door. Alice sighed and gathered her things, slowly, and casually walked out and down the hall. She passed all the preppy popular girls talking about their fabulous costumes that they would wear that night, and who they were going with. Alice just rolled her eyes and walked out.

“Alice! **ALICE!”** Her best friend, Anna, called. Alice turned her head slightly, knowing her friend would catch up eventually.

“Hey, Anna.” Alice said.

“Hey.” Anna panted as she jogged up to her. “So...Are you going to the dance tonight?”

“Nope.”

“What?! Why not?! We were supposed to go as twins!” She pouted.

“I’m not gonna go and just stand there while you dance and have fun...Like always.” She said, glancing at her friend. Anna rolled her eyes.

“Oh, come o…”

“Hey, Alice!” Alice froze and turned. The hottest guy in town came up to her and smiled. “Hey.”

“Um...Tom. Hi.” Alice said with a small smile, tucking a piece of her dark brown hair behind her ear.

“Hey. Uh, has anyone asked you to the dance tonight?” He asked. Alice blinked in shock.

“Uh, I, I...No. No one’s asked me…” She said. Tom smirked.

“Yeah? Well...Did you want to go with me?” He asked. Anna stood next to her friend, looking slack jawed. Alice was in equal disbelief.

“Um...Yeah. I’d love to go with you.” She said, starting to smile. Tom smirked and nodded.

“Great. Uh, pick you up at 7?” Alice started to say yes, then her face fell.

“Oh. Um...actually I’ll just meet you here. Is that ok?” Tom nodded and chuckled.

“Yeah. That’s fine.” Tom said, smiling. “I’ll meet you on the front steps at 7?”

Alice nodded and smiled. “Yeah. Alright.”
“Did you want to do a couple costume or…?” He asked.

“Oh…Well…I’ve always wanted to do the ‘Alice in Wonderland’ thing.” Tom laughed.

“That’s…Kind of perfect for you.” He said. Alice giggled.

“Yeah. I know.”

“Alright so…I’ll go as the White Rabbit then?” Alice nodded.

“Yeah. That’s fine.”

“Alright. I’ll see you at 7.” And he walked off. Alice breathed out slowly and turned to her friend, who was still in shock, mouth hanging open. Alice giggled and pushed Anna’s shoulder playfully. Anna stumbled back slightly, and looked at her.

“Oh. My. GOD!” Anna squealed. Alice laughed and the pair walked home.

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“Mom? Dad? I’m home.” Alice called, as she unlocked and opened the front door of her house.

“Lewis! Your daughter is home.” Her mother called. Alice went into the kitchen and kissed her mother on the cheek.

“Hi mom.” She said, grabbing an apple. Her father, Lewis, came in and fixed his glasses, setting down some papers on the table.

“Hello, Alice. How was school?” He said.

“Hi dad.” Alice said, kissing him on the cheek. “It was fine.”

She took a bite out of the apple and leaned against the counter.

“Carol, have you decided what to wear tonight?” Her father asked.

“What’s tonight?” Alice asked, confused.

“You father’s boss insists on us coming over for dinner tonight…” Her mother said, glancing at Lewis.

“Oh. So…I can’t go out tonight?” She asked. Her father glanced up at her.

“Where were you planning on going?” He asked, going through the papers he brought in.

“Um…Well…The Halloween dance is tonight…” She started, slowly. Her mother looked at her for a moment.

“I thought you weren’t going?” She asked, going back to the dishes in the sink.

“I wasn’t. But…That was before someone asked me?” Alice said, glancing at both her parents. Her mother stopped washing and looked at Lewis, who had stopped going through papers. He didn’t look up at her, only stared at the table.

“And…Who was it who asked you?” Lewis asked, almost irritated, as if he knew the answer.

“Um…Tom. Remember? He came by while I was sick a few weeks ago to drop off my
homework?” Alice said, chewing her lip. Her father looked up at her.

“No.” He said, plainly. He stood and went back to his office. Alice sighed and followed him.

“But why not? It’s just a dance.” Alice said, leaning against the doorframe.

“Because I said no. We haven’t properly met him.”

“Well, you can meet him tonight.” Alice lied.

“The answer is still no, Alice. Now go up to your room.” He said. Alice sighed and stalked up to her room. She tossed her bag onto her bed and sat at her desk, spinning a few times in her chair before turning to her computer.

Meow. Alice turned.

“Hello, Dinah.” Alice smiled. Her cat, Dinah, jumped up into her lap and then onto her desk, rubbing against her wonderful master’s arm. Alice giggled and scratched the cat’s head, kissed it and opened her laptop. Dinah jumped back down into Alice’s lap and curled up. Dinah was a rather small cat and got lost rather easy. Alice couldn’t keep track of how many times she had sat, stepped on and almost tossed her into the washing machine. But Dinah always let out a rather loud, and rather screechful meow to let her dear owner know she was there.

Bing Alice clicked on the blinking icon at the bottom of her screen.

*AnnaBananna791: Hey Ali! Getting primped for your date tonight? ;)*

Alice rolled her eyes and giggled, typing back.

*MaliceWonderland9295: No. Dad vetoed it.*

*AnnaBanana791: WHAT?! So you’re not going?!*

*MaliceWonderland9295: Um…no? Dad said no. Why would I be going?*

*AnnaBanana791: Just say that I asked you to go to the movies or something and sneak out! Your costume will just be a blue dress right? It’s simple enough to get away with sneaking out to the dance.*

*MaliceWonderland9295: True…but will he buy it is the question?*

*AnnaBanana791: Well, try it. You have to go, Ali! It’s Tom! He’s the most popular guy in town! You could get so many cool points for this!* 

*MaliceWonderland9295: OK, you did NOT just use ‘cool points’, A.) and B.) It’s probably just a set up anyway. Why would he even be interested in me in the first place?*

*AnnaBanana791: Well, so?! What if he really does like you and this is a legit date!? Hello! Future Mrs. Stuart calling!* 

Alice rolled her eyes.

*MaliceWonderland9295: Well if you want me to ‘primp’ then you have to stop talking to me! :P* 

*AnnaBanana791: :P :P :P Whatever!* 

Alice signed out of her IM window and shut her laptop. She spun around in her chair to face her
Alice sighed, then stood, Dinah jumping down and moving to Alice’s bed.

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Alice skipped down the stairs after 3 hours of preparing herself. She wore a light blue dress with a white belt and white shawl. She had curled her long, brown hair and pinned some of it back. Her black heels clicked on the hardwood floor. Both her mother and father were getting ready to leave themselves. Lewis turned to her.

“And where are you going?” He asked.

“Anna called. Her date for the dance dumped her so she’s upset and wants to go to the movies tonight.” Alice lied easily.

“Why are you all dressed up?” Her mother asked, not looking away from the mirror as she put her earrings in.

“Um, you really think it matters to Anna? She’s going in her costume, so she wanted me to go in one too.” Alice said, going to the door.

“Don’t be back late.” Her father said. Alice was shocked that her parents had actually believed her lie, but given that the situation was something that would have happened with her best friend, she could also see how they could have believed it. Alice quickly walked out of the house and down the street before her parents could call her back. Just as she got to the front steps of the high school, she heard someone…or some people, rather, on the other side of the wall. She heard kissing and a few low moans, so she had a good idea of what was going on, but curiosity got the better of her, and she crept over to see who it was.

She peeked around the corner and saw, quite plainly, that it was the most popular girl in school, Linda. She had her hands all over a guy, but she couldn’t tell who it was. He was wearing all white, with rabbit ears and…

No. No. No. NO!!!! She screamed in her head.

“TOM?!” She screamed. The pair jumped and turned to her. Linda didn’t seem to care that she had been caught, and casually pulled out her compact to fix her makeup. Tom spun around so fast, Alice hoped he had broken something.

“Alice!” he said, wide eyed and looking like a deer caught in headlights. Alice’s eyes welled up with tears and she took off down the steps. “Alice, wait!”

Tom ran after her. Tears of hurt and betrayal streamed down Alice’s face as she tried to walk as fast as she could in her heels, without breaking her ankles. She heard Tom calling after her and chasing after her, but she didn’t care. After a while, Tom caught up with her and grabbed her arm. Fueling with rage, hurt and anger, Alice promptly turned and slapped him. Tom stumbled back in shock, holding a hand to his face.

“What the hell!?” Alice screamed at him. “Are you kidding me?! You ask me to go to the dance with you, then I find you making out with Linda?! Fuck! I told Anna this was a set up! I knew this was too good to be true!”

Alice turned on her heel and stormed off again. Tom took off after her again.

“Wait! Alice! Let me explain!” Tom said. Alice let out a harsh laugh.

“Explain!? Explain what, Tom?! You would rather mack on Linda than go to a dance with me.
“Alice, wait!” Tom caught her arm again. Alice turned to slap him a second time, but Tom was prepared and caught her wrist. “Just listen!”

Alice glared at him and pulled away from him.

“This wasn’t a set up. I really did want to go with you. I was waiting for you and Linda just jumped me.”

“Well you could have said no! She knew you were going with me, didn’t she?”

“Well...Yeah. I mean almost everyone saw me come up to you today after school...Look, Alice...” Tom reached out to touch her arm, but Alice jerked away.

“No. Don’t even start. I can’t believe I even said yes. I knew this would end up a disaster.” Alice took off for the woods behind the school. No one went back there cause a rumor had spread since the school first opened 100 years ago, that a creepy old man lived back there. Seeing as this was a story from 100 year ago, the man would be dead by now. But every Halloween a handful of kids swore they saw his ghost wandering around, so no one ever went back there. But at that moment, Alice didn’t care. She had to get away from Tom and she knew he wouldn’t follow her...Unless he was that stubborn and determined to talk to her. She had stumbled a few times and finally got fed up with her heels and kicked them off before running further into the forest.

It was still fairly light outside and with the dark background of the forest, the blur of bright white that streaked by was instantly noticeable. Alice turned her head as she ran and followed it with her eyes. She watched as it moved, rather fast, from the side to almost in front of her. Before she could stop and catch herself, she saw a huge gaping hole in front of her. She had no time to skid to a halt and went tumbling down the hole. She screamed and clawed at the air, feeling for something to grab onto and climb back up. But there was nothing.

After a while, Alice slowly realized that she had been falling for quite some time. She stopped screaming and looked around. The hole was rather large and there were odd and random things on the sides. She saw a grandfather clock that never stopped chiming. A shelf with a number of books on it. She started to realize she was falling quite slow and was able to grab a book from the shelf and open it.

She started reading it a little, then let out a small scream as a rocking chair came up beneath her. She had let go of the book but saw that it was floating in front of her. She watched as the book floated back up above her. Alice sighed and leaned back in the chair. She leaned a little too far and the chair tilted back and she slid off it, headfirst. She flipped back over and froze, slightly rattled. Alice sighed and looked around again.

“What the hell, man?” She said, aloud, to no one, obviously. “What is this even? Where am I!!”

Alice got more and more frustrated by the second. Just as she was about to scream in anger, she fell, rapidly, and landed on a lounge chair covered in dead leaves and sticks. She looked up and saw a white ceiling above her. Not the hole she had just fell from. Growling, Alice stood and brushed herself off. Just then, a white rabbit hopped by. It hopped three hops in front of her, then stood on its hind legs and turned to Alice. Alice jumped back, slightly, when she saw the rabbit was wearing a green tweed waistcoat.
Chapter 2

“What…?” Alice started, dumbfounded.

“Who are you? What are you doing here?!” The rabbit yelled at her. Alice blinked in shocked. Had this rabbit just spoken to her? The rabbit was no bigger than an grown Golden Retriever and it was talking to her. “Are you going to just stand there all day or are you going to speak? Can you speak?”

Indignant, Alice stomped her foot.

“I can to speak!” She said.

“Well why didn’t you answer me? It’s very rude to not answer a question.” The rabbit said.

“Well, you’re a talking rabbit…I was a little shocked.”

“Oh. Don’t rabbits talk where you come from?”

“No. In fact, they don’t. And they aren’t that big either.” Alice said. The rabbit placed a dignified hand, or paw rather, on his stomach.

“I shall have you know I am in very good shape. I eat 3 carrots a day.” The rabbit said. Alice rolled her eyes.

“That’s not what I meant…” Alice blinked and rubbed her temples. “Oh, my God. I’m talking to a rabbit. I’m arguing with a rabbit…”

“You are also talking to yourself, Miss…” The rabbit said. Alice glared at the rabbit.

“Yes. I am aware.”

“Very good. Now if you will be kind enough to answer my question…” Alice sighed.

“My name is Alice. And to be quite honest, I don’t know what I’m doing here…I fell down a hole and I…”

“You fell down a hole? Well why didn’t you watch where you were going?” Alice’s face flushed. “I didn’t do it on purpose! I didn’t see the hole and I didn’t have time to stop!” She shouted.

“There’s no need to shout. Now…” The rabbit was interrupted by a ringing. The rabbit dug out a pocket watch from his waistcoat pocket and opened it. “E’gads! I’m late! I’m late!”

The rabbit hopped around furiously, before taking off down the hall.

“Hey! Wait a minute!” Alice called running after the rabbit. “Where am I?!”

The rabbit was fast and took off down the hall and disappeared behind a white door. Alice sighed and reached for the doorknob. She turned it, but nothing happened. Alice blinked, confused. She had just seen this odd, talking rabbit open the door and go through it, not 15 seconds ago. Alice growled and stomped her foot in irritation.

“Are you kidding me?!” She shouted. Alice turned on her heel and crossed her arms. She blinked and noticed there was a glass table in front of her, which had not been there a minute ago. She
and noticed there was a glass table in front of her, which had not been there a minute ago. She glanced around, looking to see who might have put this table there without making a sound. But there were no other doors. She looked back at the table and jumped back. On the table, sat a brass key. Alice went over to it and picked it up. She turned back to the door. Alice turned to look at the key in front of her and jumped. There was a plain bottle sitting on the table, that she was 100% sure had not been there before.

“What the f…?” Alice started. She hesitated, set the key down, then picked up the bottle. Attached to the bottle was a piece of string with a piece of paper at the end, labeled ‘Drink Me’. Alice snorted. “Right. Cause I’m going to take orders from a piece of paper.”

Alice set the bottle back on the table and turned toward the door. She stood there for a moment or two, then turned back to the bottle.

“What the hell? Why not?” She said. She twisted off the cap and took a drink. She made a face ad put it back down. “UGH! What is that!?”

Alice shivered, disgusted, and turned back to walk back to the door. She took a step and felt her leg shrink.

Wait. How can you feel your leg shrink? That was impossible. Wait…How could your leg shrink?! Horrified, Alice looked down. Her leg, had, indeed shrunk. She pulled her leg back and felt her other leg shrink. She ran for the door. As she did, she saw the door get bigger and bigger. No. Wait. She was getting smaller and smaller!

By the time she reached the door, she was no bigger than a mouse. A normal sized mouse from back home, that is. She looked up at the doorknob and put her hands on her hips, irritated. How was she ever going to get through now? She looked down. Unfortunately, there was no crack under the door she could have slipped through. Alice sighed and turned back to the table.

Again, she jumped back, her back hitting the door. Yet again, something else had appeared. A small glass box. And there was something inside. Tentatively, Alice walked over to the box and opened it. There were cookies inside with the frosted words ‘Eat Me’. Alice sighed.

“Bite me.” She said, half in response, half cause she was irritated. She closed the lid and turned away, crossing her arms. She glanced back at the box. “Well…If that nasty drink made me shrink…These should make me grow…”

She turned back to the box and opened it. She reached in and grabbed a cookie. Alice shut the box and stared at the cookie saying ‘Eat Me’ in her hand. Alice sighed.

“Cheers.” She said. Alice hesitated for a moment, then took a bite. It tasted a lot better than the drink. She decided not to eat it all, and set it on the lid of the box. Alice waited for a moment, then turned, feeling nothing change. She started to walk away, but she started to feel things grow. She looked down and saw her hands got bigger and bigger. Then her arms, then her feet, etc. She grew, and grew and grew! She grew until she hit the ceiling, smacking her head rather hard.

“OW!” She shouted, reaching up to rub her head. She looked down and saw the key was still on the table. She picked it up and inched her way to the door. The door, before she shrank, was still rather large. She had hope she could squeeze through, though it seemed doubtful. She stuck the key into the door and turned it. The door creaked and clanked. Alice scooted back and watched as the door opened. She smiled and tried to squeeze through, but she was too big. Alice screamed in frustration. She turned and looked for the bottle. She picked it up with her fingers and drank it. It was just as nasty as before and she dropped the bottle. The bottle shattered, then disappeared. This time, she shrank quicker than before.
Once she was small again, she sighed and smiled, happy to be out of the uncomfortable position she had been in. She looked at the door and saw it started to close.

“NO!” She shouted, running toward the door. Just before the door shut completely, Alice managed to slip through. Alice sighed and leaned against the door, closing her eyes in relief. When she opened them, she found herself in a strange place. There were purple and blue trees and a yellow sky. Alice stared.

There were butterflies with bread for wings. Bread and butterflies. She thought. Hardy, har har. Alice sighed and looked around. She took a step and felt the grass move beneath her. She squeaked and jumped back, expecting to hit the door again, but it had vanished and she fell backwards into a puddle of orange water. She looked down.

“What the hell? What is going on?!” She heard rustling in the bushes next to her. Her head snapped up as she waited for some terrible beastie to come out and eat her. Instead, two heads stuck out and looked at her. Alice blinked. “Uh…”

“Hello.” One head said.

“Who are you?” The other said. Both heads bobbed out of the bush. Thankfully they were attached to bodies. The two looked completely identical. Red and yellow striped shirts with red suspenders and black pants. They were both very round and wore orange caps with a green flag on top. Alice looked them over, not sure what to do with the people that were in front of her.

“Oh, my name is Alice. Sorry, but I’m just…”

“What are you apologizing for, Miss?” One said.

“You haven’t done anything wrong, have you Miss?” The other said.

“Well…No, but…”

“Here…”

“Let us help you up.” The twins waddled over to her and pulled her up. Alice stood and wringed out her dress.

“Thanks. So…you know my name…What’s yours?” She asked. The two looked at each other, then back at Alice.

“Well, I’m TweedleDee…”

“And I’m TweedleDum.” Alice raised an eyebrow.

“Um…Alright…Can either of you two tell me where I am?” She asked.

“That’s not how you start a conversation.” TweedleDee said.

“No. You’ve stated your name, now state your business.” TweedleDum said.

“I…I don’t know what my business is. I fell down a hole and…”

“Well what did you do that for?” TweedleDee asked.

“Didn’t you see it before you fell into it?” TweedleDum asked. Alice sighed, irritated.

“I. Didn’t. Do it. On purpose!” She said, gritting her teeth.
“Well then why did you fall down it?” TweedleDum asked.
“I didn’t see it.”
“You should always look where you’re going.” TweedleDum said. Alice sighed.
“Goodbye…” She said. She turned on her heel.
“Well wait!” They pranced, hopped and trotted to stand in front of her.
“We don’t want you to leave.” TweedleDee said.
“Yes, the visit’s only just started!” TweedleDum said.
“Well, I’m very bored and irritated, so I’d rather not stay.” She said. She pushed between them and walked off.
“She’s an odd one that is, Tweedle.” TweedleDee said.
“Indeed she is, Tweedle.” TweedleDum said.
“What do you think the Queen will make of her?” TweedleDee asked. They looked at each other, then started laughing.
Alice had been walking for quite some time. She had seen a lot of strange creatures along the way. She saw a caterpillar and a dogerpillar. At least that’s what she called it. Seeing as they both looked like a cat and a dog, but they were caterpillars. She had seen a rocking horse fly and fish that walked on their fins.

“Ok…I’m not on acid, so…What the hell?” She said to herself as she walked.

“You are not acidic then?” A voice said. Alice squeaked and looked around. There was no one else around, so she didn’t know where the voice had come from. It sounded female, so she knew the Tweedles hadn’t followed her.

“Um…Hello?” Alice called.

“Hello, my dear.” The voice said. Alice was starting to get a little creeped out.

“Who’s there? Where are you hiding?”

“I’m not hiding. I’m right in front of you.” Alice whipped her head around and saw a beautiful red rose…With a face on it. It was talking to her.

“Oh…My God. I’m insane. I’m crazy…I…Am I asleep?” Alice said, more to herself than to the flower.

“You seem to be awake to me. Now tell me. Who are you?” The rose asked.

“My name is Alice.”

“Alice? What’s an Alice?” Another flower, a violet, leaned down and looked at Alice. Alice jumped back and stumbled over more flowers, Pansies.

“Hey!”

“Watch it!”

“Don’t ruin our bed!” They shouted. Alice was pushed up by the flowers.

“It’s very rude to not answer a question…” The violet said. Alice looked up.

“I’m sorry?”

“You said you were an Alice…What is an Alice?” The violet asked.

“Now now. That is very rude, Violet.” The rose said. The rose turned to Alice. “I am the Red Rose. This is Violet. Over there, is Lily, Tiger-Lily, Dandelion, the tulips, the Daisies, and these little ones are the Pansies.”

Alice didn’t speak. She could handle the talking rabbit, and the walking fish. She could even handle the purple and blue trees and the yellow sky and the orange water. But she drew a line at talking flowers!

“Have you lost your voice? I have already told you it is very rude to not answer a question!” Violet shouted at her. Alice’s face grew hard.
“She didn’t ask me a question. She was telling me who you all are.” Alice said.

“And the polite thing to say is ‘It’s nice to meet you all.’!” Violet said, indignant. Alice sighed.

“Hello. It’s nice to meet you all.” Alice said, with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. Lily leaned over to Red Rose.

“I don’t think she meant that.” Lily said. Red Rose waved her…Leaf at Lily.

“Never mind that.” Red Rose said. “She is visiting from our neighboring flower bed.”

“I’m not from a flower bed.” Alice said.

“Do you think she could be a wildflower?!” Lily asked.

“No. I’m not a flower at all.” Alice said.

“HAHA! Just as I thought. She’s a weed!” Violet said, pointing her leaf at Alice.

“I’m not a weed, either! I’m not even a plant!” Alice shouted.

“She’s an animal come to eat us!” One of the tulips shouted. A commotion broke out. The flowers began pushing at her.

“Hey! HEY! Stop that! Will you stop that?!” Alice shouted, pushing at their petals and leaves. They kept pushing her more and more away from them, until she tripped and stumbled down a hillside. She rolled and rolled and splashed, sinking in an orange river. Alice popped up and swam to a lily pad. She climbed onto it and lay on her back. She sighed and looked up at the strange yellow sky. The lily pad floated down the river. Once she was able to, she paddled to the bank and got off. She wrung the water out of her hair and dress and started off to find someone who was sensible and could help her figure out what was going on.

Alice weaved in and out of the grass, looking for someone…Or something that could help her figure out where she was. As she walked, she began to notice puffs of colored smoke. No. They weren’t puffs. They were letters. Colored, clouds of letters.

How odd… Alice thought. Once again, her curiosity got the better of her, and she followed the letters of smoke until she came to a clearing of mushrooms. She heard someone singing and looked around. On the biggest mushroom, she saw a centipede. A blue centipede. Beside it, was a hookah and a long hose connected to it. She wondered why the centipede would be smoking a hookah in the first place. She wondered even further at the fact he was able to create letters from the smoke. The best she could ever do were rather impressive clouds of smoke.

Alice went to the mushroom and watched the centipede. After a while, her feet started to hurt from being barefoot and rushing all over the place. She climbed onto a nearby mushroom and looked up at the centipede. Finally the centipede looked down at her. At first he seemed to notice her, but not see her. Then he did a double take and puffed out a bright red puff of smoke at her.

“Who. Are. You?” The centipede asked. With each word, a letter blew out of his mouth. An O, an R, and a U. Alice blinked, astonished at how he was able to do it. Alice shook her head.

“My name is Alice.” She said. “And I…”

“Alice? I don’t know any Alice.” The centipede said, slithering up onto a nearby branch. “What are you doing here?”
Alice sighed. “Well… I’m not sure. I was running and fell down a hole and I…”

“Why would you do that?” The centipede asked. Alice was getting quite tired of that question.

“I wasn’t…” Alice sighed and shook her head, not bothering to get into it. “Never mind. Do you think you can help me?”

“Help you with what?” He asked, sitting back against a leaf.

“Well, to start, I’d like to be my normal height.” Alice said.

“Why?”

“Well… I’m like… 3 inches tall. I’m normally 5’7”. 3 inches is so short and I hate it. I…” The blue centipede immediately turned red.

“What is so wrong with being 3 inches high?!” He screamed at her. Alice jumped and tumbled, backwards, off the mushroom. She stood and looked up at the centipede. “I am exactly 3 inches high! And it is a most wonderful height!”

He began to huff and puff and huff and puff. As he did, more and more smoke consumed him.

“So?! I’m used to being taller! There’s no need to be rude and shout at me!” She screamed back at him. The centipede hadn’t responded and his entire body had been consumed by the smoke. Alice curled her fists and growled. She looked around and saw a large piece of mushroom had broken off when she fell. She picked it up and hurled it at the smoke. The hookah hose had fallen and the centipede was no longer there. Alice blinked.

“You have got to be kidding me….” Alice went over to the mushroom where he once sat. Suddenly, she heard wings fluttering above her.

“So sorry. I have a very short temper.” The centipede, now turned butterfly, said to her. Alice spun and looked up at him.

“I can see that.” She said, crossing her arms.

“One side will make you shorter, and the other side will make you taller.” The butterfly said, starting to fly off.

“One side of what?” He didn’t respond. Alice tried again, louder. “One side of what?!”

The butterfly had been blue, just as he was when he was a centipede. Now he turned a very bright, cherry red and flew at her, furiously.

“THE MUSHROOM, OF COURSE!” He shouted. Then he fluttered off. Alice stuck out her tongue at his retreating form. She looked around. There were dozens of mushrooms.

“Ok.. Which one?” She asked herself. She looked at the mushroom the centipede had been sitting on. She didn’t want to have to eat a piece of every single mushroom, so she decided to lick it, quickly and briefly. To her satisfaction, she grew, rather fast, but not as big. She looked around and was happy to find she was her normal height again. Alice smiled, something she hadn’t done her whole time here, and sauntered off to find other help.

She walked and walked, until she came to a fork in the road. There was a wooden pole with a bunch of signs on it, pointing in different directions. Alice put her hands on her hips.
“Well, now where am I supposed to go?” She asked herself.

“Well that all depends on where you want to get to.” A voice said. Alice sighed.

“Not again…” She said. Alice turned and looked for the source of this new voice. Suddenly, up on one of the tree branches, a pink and purple cat slowly appeared. First the tail, then the back end, then the middle, then the head, and finally, an odd grin. “Can you help me?”

“That depends…” The cat said.

“Depends on what?” Alice asked.

“On what you need help with.”

“I need to figure out where to go.”

“That also depends.”

“Depends on what?!”

“On where you want to get to.” The cat grinned and grinned. Alice rolled her eyes.

“It doesn’t matter. As long…”

“Then it doesn’t matter where you go.”

“Why do you keep smiling like that?” Alice asked.

“I’m a Cheshire cat. Cheshire cats smile.” Cheshire said.

“Cats don’t smile.”

“Oh? Are you a cat?” He asked.

“No. But I…”

“Then you don’t know what can’t do or don’t do.” He laughed. Slowly, Cheshire started to disappear.

“Well, hang on!” Alice shouted. Cheshire reappeared fully and looked down at her.

“Yes?”

“Can you help me find someone who will be more useful then?”

“Well...There is the Mad Hatter over...There.” Cheshire said, pointing behind her.

“Mad Hatter?”

“And the March Hare in...That direction.” He said, pointing to Alice’s left.

“He sounds better.” Alice turned.

“Of course, he’s mad as well.” Alice turned back to Cheshire.

“Well I don’t want to be around mad people!”
“Mmm, can’t help it sweetheart. Everyone here is mad.” Cheshire said. Then he slowly started to laugh, hysterically. Alice rolled her eyes and stalked to her left, down the path.
Alice walked until she heard lively music and, what she assumed to be, tea kettles whistling. Confused and curious, she slowly approached the music. She saw a huge table set for a tea party.

*A tea party? Really? Who even has those anymore?* Alice thought. But she shook her head and went to the head of the table. There she found a hare, a talking hare no surprise, and a man with a rather large green hat. There was also a dormouse scampering around the table singing a tweaked version of ‘Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star’. The hare and the man didn’t notice she was there, even though she was standing right next to them. Bored of waiting, she sat in the chair next to her. This got their attention.

“NO ROOM! NO ROOM!” They both shouted. Alice jumped.

“What? What are you talking about? There’s plenty of room. Look how big the table is!” Alice said.

“Oh. So there is.” The man said. Alice gathered that this was the Mad Hatter and the hare, obviously, was the March Hare.

“Would you like some tea?” The March Hare asked.

“Um…Sure…” Alice said. The March Hare started pouring tea into a teacup, then turned to the Hatter.

“Now, my friend. What was it we were talking about?” The March Hare asked.

“Why is a raven like a writing desk?” The Hatter said, folding his hands under his chin and leaning on his elbows. Alice rolled her eyes.

“Please. A raven isn’t like a writing desk.” She said. Both the Hatter and the March Hare looked at her. The March Hare was still pouring the tea and her cup hadn’t over flown yet.

“It is quite rude to sit without being invited, and ruder still to be rude and interject in another’s conversation.” The March Hare said. Alice sat back and sighed.

“Well, then I’ll leave.” She said.

“Oh, no stay! We love company. Who are you, anyway, my dear?” The Hatter asked.

“My name is Alice.” She said.

“Oh. Didn’t we know an Alice, Hatter?” The March Hare asked, still pouring the tea. Alice looked into the cup and saw that it wasn’t filling up.

“No, no, no. We knew a ‘Malice’, old boy.” The Hatter said.

“Ah! Yes. That’s right.” The March Hare said.

“Is there even any tea in the cup?” Alice asked, starting to get irritated. The March Hare looked at her.

“Of course there is! You see me pouring it, don’t you?” The March Hare shouted. Alice blinked. Then a tall birthday cake came rushing down the table. The dormouse was underneath it carrying
“Oh goody! It’s time for our un-birthday cake!” The Hatter exclaimed, clapping his hands.

“Un-birthday? There’s no such thing.” Alice said. The Hatter looked at her.

“Of course there is, my dear. You have one day of the year that is your birthday, correct?”

“Yes. Of course. Everyone has a birthday.” Alice said.

“Then every other day isn’t your birthday. Therefore making it your un-birthday!” The March Hare said, finally setting the teapot down. Alice sighed.

“Well, then today is my ‘un-birthday’ then.” She said, slightly sarcastically.

“It is?” The March Hare exclaimed.

“It is?!” The Hatter shouted. They both hopped onto the table and danced around the cake singing, “A very, very unbirthday, to you! To you. A very, very unbirthday, to me. To you!”

Alice rolled her eyes and stood.

“Clean cup! Clean cup! Move down!” The Hatter shouted, jumping down from the table and grabbing Alice’s arm, pulling her halfway down the table.

“Hey! Wait a minute!” She shouted as she was dragged. The Hatter pushed Alice into an armchair and began pouring tea. Alice huffed and crossed her arms.

“Would you like some more tea, my dear?” The Hatter asked.

“I haven’t had any tea. So I can’t have more if I haven’t had any in the first place.”

“Ah but you can always have more of nothing!” The March Hare said, pouring tea. Alice sighed. Just then the white rabbit hopped through shouting, “I’m late! I’m late! So very, very late!”

As the rabbit hopped by the Hatter, the gold chain from his watch was sticking out. Without batting an eyelash and without hesitation, the Hatter reached out and grabbed the chain, pulling the rabbit back.

“Oh, goodness!” The rabbit exclaimed as he was jerked back to the table. The March Hare took the watch from the rabbit and popped it open.

“Oh. Well no wonder you’re late. This watch is two days slow.” The March Hare said. Alice rolled her eyes.

“Two days slow?! Oh, my whiskers, that can’t possibly be right!” The rabbit exclaimed, trying to get his watch back.

“We can fix it for you.” The Hatter said. He grabbed a butter knife and popped the face of the watch off. The rabbit squeaked.

“My poor watch! Oh, please be careful!” The rabbit said, chewing on his paw.

“Well. Here’s your problem. Harey, my friend, would you pass me some butter please?” The Hatter asked. The March Hare bowed and handed the Hatter the butter dish.

“Here you go, my good man.” The March Hare said.
“How can putting butter into a watch make it work better?” Alice asked, baffled.

“Butter can fix anything!” The Hatter said.

“You two really are mad.” Alice said, crossing her arms and wrinkling her nose.

“Oh, why, thank you, my dear.” The Hatter said. Alice rolled her eyes. “Jam!”

“Jam!” The March Hare screamed into the rabbit’s ear.

“Jam? Oh, yes, yes. Of course. Jam.” The rabbit said. The March Hare handed him a jar of jam and pushed him toward the Hatter.

“Oh. The jam. Thank you.” The Hatter said, taking it from the rabbit.

“Oh, dear. Oh, me. Oh, my.” The Rabbit exclaimed as he watched the Hatter slather jam over the watch and slap the face closed.

“There. Good as new.” The Hatter said, handing the watch back to the rabbit, dripping with butter and jam. The rabbit looked at the face of the watch. The arms were spinning around and around and around so fast, that they finally popped out of the glass and the watch stopped working.

“Oh, dear. My poor watch. And it was my favorite present too…” The Rabbit said.

“It was?” The March Hare asked.

“An unbirthday present.”

“It WAS?!” The Hatter shouted, clapping his hands. The Hatter and the March Hare grabbed the rabbit’s arms and spun him around singing their ‘Un-Birthday Song’. Alice sat back and watched, unamused. They spun him around faster and faster, until their grasp slipped and the rabbit went flying. Alice watched as the rabbit went flying out of sight.

“Well. That was fun, now wasn’t it?” The March Hare said, skipping around the table and going back to his seat. Alice shook her head.

“This is the most bizarre tea party I’ve ever been to…” Alice said.

“How many tea parties have you been to, my dear?” The Hatter asked.

“None. This is the only one I’ve been to..”

“Then how can you compare?” The March Hare asked. Alice sighed and stood.

“I’m leaving.” She said.

“It is very rude to leave without saying goodbye!” The March Hare shouted. Alice looked at him.

“Good bye. I’m leaving.” She huffed. She turned on her heel and stormed off. She went back up the path she had come down and looked around. Cheshire had said the way she came, was where the March Hare was. But both the hare and the Hatter were there.

So…What’s in the other direction? She thought. Hesitantly, she walked down the other path. She walked and she walked and she walked. Finally she got so fed up with how long it was taking, she plopped down on the side of the path and crossed her arms, irritated.
“Why the long face?” It was Cheshire. Alice sighed and looked up and found him sitting on a tree branch. Leaning against it, rather. Alice sighed.

“Now what do you want?”

“Oh, now. Come. Tell old Cheshire what’s wrong.” Cheshire said, diving off the branch and floating down in front of her. Cheshire crossed his paws and rest his head, watching her. Alice rolled her eyes.

“I just want to get out of here. Go back home. I don’t belong here.” She said. Tears of frustration began to prick at her eyes.

“Oh, now my dear…Don’t cry.” Cheshire purred. Alice wiped at her face, embarrassed.

“I’m not crying. I’m just…frustrated…” Alice said.

“Everyone cries, my dear.”

“I just want to find my way back home.” Alice said.

“Have you asked the Queen?” Cheshire offered.

“Queen? What Queen?” Alice asked, confused.

“You haven’t met the Queen yet?! Oh! She’ll be mad about you, simply mad!” Cheshire laughed, clapping his paws. Alice sighed.

“Who is this queen?” Alice asked.

“The Queen of Hearts? Oh, follow me, my dear.” Cheshire said. Cheshire did a spin and disappeared, but his paw prints marked a path for Alice to follow.