Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained

by karrenia_rune

Summary

The Jack of Hearts tries his hand at being a minstrel with mixed results.

Title: Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained
Fandom: Alice in Wonderland, general book series
Author: karrenia
Character: The Jack of Hearts
Rating: General Audiences
Prompt: #18 harp, Table 1
Words:457
24/50
Disclaimer: Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass are the original creations of Lewis Carroll or whoever owns his estate now unless it has entered the realm of public domain. In any case, the characters who appear here or are mentioned are not mine; I claim only the words...

"Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained” by karrenia

He had been given a lot of time to think over his previous actions. During that time the Jack of Hearts still harbored a little resentment over what he perceived to be an excessive sentence for the theft of the Queen of Hearts strawberry tarts. He also was well aware that he could only stretch the King of Hearts’ mercy and understanding so far.

Glancing sidelong down the long stretch of the road, bordered here and there from the seemingly endlessly lopping checkerboard swatches of lawn and carefully tended manicured rose gardens, he realized that he was not completely alone.
In the distance, but still within sight of the palace the foot soldiers of the royal army stood at attention, the stiffness in their postures more or less enforced upon them by the halberds clutched tightly in their fists and their stiff nature.

Pretending not to notice the attention the Jack of Hearts skipped down the road whistling, the jaunty red and green feather that dangled from his beret slanted at an angle. Several skips along the Jack of Hearts stole one last glance back in the direction of the palace and turned away once more.

A sack of clothes, provisions, and a gear for spending a night out of doors had been stowed into the knapsack slung over his shoulder. At the moment his plans were not completely formulated, however, he would head for the home straight of the Duchess, and with amplitude of both flattery and goodwill he would exchange his burgeoning talent for music and an offer to he help the Duchess with shores around her home for room and board.

This sudden interest in music was not a whim that came upon suddenly, but serving in the royal court it was a hobby he had simply never had time for before. The Jack of Hearts fancied himself a decent musician, and the harp that he had carefully packed into his knapsack had been a gift from the day he came of age. And according to the records in the royal palace archives, the famous harpists were once called Jongleurs.

At the moment he would be fortunate indeed were to find shelter for the evening. Still, to take up playing music in earnest, with his harp as his muse, and his companion, to cause merry tunes to spring forth to set toes to tapping, or play a slow, bittersweet melody, ah, bliss!

And perhaps, just perhaps, once he had gained both finesse and confidence he would add lyrics to accompany his music. Ah, yes, a good plan, a wonderful plan. It might even be a plan worthy of the musicians of long ago and perhaps those to come along in the future.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!